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TOWANDA:

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From Frader's Magazine.

The Dying Girl's Request.

"Music before I die!
Let me hear those thrilling sounds once more,
Ere I depart to a brighter shore,
To my home on high!
And sing me the strains which thou sangest before,
With a tearful eye.

"Sing hymns and songs of praise,
For my heart is panting again to hear
Thine own sweet voice, my mother dear,
Ere I hear the flays
Which shall shortly burst on my ravish'd ear,
Where no joy decays.

"Wipe off those bitter tears,
That scorching fall on thy pallid face,
Where anxious watching has left its trace;
For the form appears,
And I must depart from thy loved embrace
To celestial spheres.

"Mother, thine own sweet voice
Is the sweetest music now to me,
Forst soothes my soul with its melody,
And makes my heart rejoice!
And to die, with my thro' fix'd on Heaven and there,
Was my heart's first choice!

"We'll meet, my mother, there!
We'll meet above in that blessed clime,
Where glories we cannot know in time,
Nor can words declare
The peace, the joy, the joy sublime,
That our hearts will share!"

Then ceased the tones so mild!
And the mother her darling sang to rest.
Ere that song was done she was with the bliss!

Her beloved child,
With bright gems crown'd in white robes dress'd,
Pure and undefiled.

From the Union Magazine.

THE CITY CLERK.

BY MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

"A westerly breeze," I dwelt upon the theme—
The only hope of earth to which the earth
Has given no name but on a mortal's brow.

It is about the middle of November—a bright,
sunny day, when the genial spirit of the year looks
back with one of its farewell smiles. His warm
breath has spread a silver haze over the jagged hills,
The mountain tops are shining—the dried
leaves—littered off by the frost, turn round and round,
and drop without a sound. A rather narrow, brisk
stream runs rapidly, descending as it goes, till it
reaches the rear of a neat, one-story house, where,
being set back by a dam below, it seems like a plate
of burnished steel from which a soft vapor is rising.
About its edges is a thin coating of ice,
reflecting the cold of the preceding night. The
house stands on the declivity of a hill that slopes
gradually from the road, (a hundred yards from it)
with one end to the river, the other to the road, and
coming south. Behind it is a little garden-patch,
which in the winter adyertisy shows signs of being
sown and sowed; some plants being carefully
laid up, and a few covered with old boxes and barrels.
There are some other signs of refinement,
not too common about the humble dwelling of our
country parts; vines trained about the low door,
and rose bushes so nicely fitted around the old
windows that they seem to have come and to stay
there of their own accord. Neatness, that good
angel of a humble home, keeping all right with
her ever-rustling wings, hovers round this pretty
dwelling. A small woodpile is laid up, as if by
mathematical rule. No litter of any kind is any-
where to be seen, and one wonders what the splen-
did rock with his prodigious hammer can find to make
him pick so busily around the sunny doorway.

It is but nine o'clock, and morning at that hour,
on the fifth of November, had hardly dawned
on luxurious dwellers in great houses; but here
how much of the daily work of life had been ac-
complished. A pale, and in common parlance,
"unfortunate man" is sitting bolt upright in an easy
chair near a cheerful fire, his right arm and leg
well-dressed and useless. His wife, a woman with a
neat, thoughtful face, sits near the window making
a vest, and with the implements of tailoring about
her. With every stitch, and without hindering it,
she turns her eye on the lame man, and addressing
him as country wife's use, she says, "Do you find
my paper interesting father? Is it not almost
your father's drops?" and the answer is "Yes."
"No," as may be, but always in a cheerful tone,
"No, coming from that poor mutilated figure, is
anything like a light suddenly kindled in darkness."
"The little lass is putting the last touches to the
morning's house-work. She has cleared away and
knocked up, and is ready to sit down by her
mother to finish of the work that always accom-
panies Saturday. Both father's and mother's
eyes often turn to her, and who would not love to
look on a face so beaming with intelligence, so fresh
and cheerful. Never were there prettier or brighter
eyes more beautiful teeth, or in palace or cottage
a more electrifying smile than little Ruth Hathaway's.
Perhaps it derived this quality from a cast
of sadness and care on her brow; it was a shadow
from home from his new factory with the flesh torn
from his arm and leg, and there it remained indefi-
nitely. As to the rest, the face is pretty, and pleasing,
but not beautiful, her eyes are rather small and
greyish, and her complexion, clear and pure, is not
brilliant. Her hair not only does not curl, and is
rather brown, and only remarkable for the neatness
with which she arranges it on her very well-shaped
head. Ruth is said to be the image of her father,
and she rather prides herself on this resemblance.

Ralph Hathaway is reckoned by common ob-
servers, as we have said, an "unfortunate man."
He could any amount of ill-luck or calamity make
himself fitting him whose temperance is so
valuable that his sun will break through the heavy
clouds. His heart is a never-intermittent foun-
tain of love to God, and peace and good-will to man.
Ruth, what are you listening for?" asked the
father. "I hear nothing but the factory."

"Nor I, father; I wish we did not always hear
that."
"It puts you in mind of father's accident! I
know, Ruth, and so it does me, but then it sets me
off thinking how my life was spared, and how I
should never have known what a good woman
mother is, but for that—it is not every wife that
would care for such a poor rack as I am."
"O, father!" exclaimed both mother and child.
"Well, then, it is not every woman that would
give up the thoughts of being the wife of a rich
agent for a company, move out of a nice new
house, and stitch, stitch from morning to night to
support her family. Who has a right to be cheerful,
if I have not? I can tell you there's times when
the factory makes my thoughts go straight up."
"O, friend Hathaway's voice was rather choked;
he cleared it, and added, "but what were you list-
ening to, Ruth, dear?"
"Why, father, I was listening for the railroad
whistle; we always hear it, you know, when the
wind is west."
"Why, I heard it, Ruth, when you were setting
up the dishes."
"Oh, did you, father?" then Charlie's letter is
near the post-office by this time."
"Don't be too sure, my child."
"I can't help being sure, mother. Charlie never
fails to write when he says he will, and this letter
is to tell us whether he can come home to Thank-
sgiving, and its only twelve days to that, and I shall
be just sixteen that day."
"Yes, yes, Ruth," said the father, "come what
come may, thanksgiving day will always be thank-
sgiving to us."
"Oh, there's Colonel Miles!" exclaimed Ruth,
and she rushed to the door, not however, without
giving her father a kiss as she passed.
"Colonel Miles?" she shouted, "can't you
please to stop at the post-office, and bring our letter
from Charlie?" The colonel was not going to the
post-office, but his turning off place was near it,
and it was but the work of two minutes for Ruth
to beg a seat in his little wagon, to get her mother's
leave to go herself to the post-office, to take the
chance of the two miles' walk home if she did not
get a cab, and above all to obtain leave to open the
letter herself, as soon as received, to whichever
member of the family it might be addressed.

Three hours passed away, when Anthony, a
colored man, living at Mr. Gardner's in the village,
brought Mrs. Hathaway a letter from Ruth. It
enveloped one from Charles. On Ruth's letter was
written in large characters, "Read this first," and
the mother read as follows: "Dear mother, and
father,—don't feel too bad. I shall be on my way
to New York when you get this. Miss Emma
Gardner has lent me ten dollars, and what clothes
I shall want. Father can't go, and you can't leave
father, mother; and I—*I can't stay*. Father you
will keep up mother's spirits, won't you? I know
it will all come right."
"P. S. Mr. Gardner has gone to Boston, so Miss
Emma and I have had no one to consult with. I
would not tell any body else for the world."
"Mr. Hathaway, pale and trembling, gave this
letter to her husband, while she read that from her
son Charles.
"Dear father and mother, and Ruth,—I have
got into some trouble. I ask of you all not to feel
anxious or distressed. I expect (except what
is erased and hope substituted) to get out well, but
if I don't I shall still keep right side up, as father
would say. Now be calm, mother, dear. Just be-
fore we locked up last night, I observed a stranger
come into the shop; the doors were closed, and all
the clerks called into the middle of the shop, away
from the counters. Ois Jackson was standing
close to me at the time we were spoken to. I heard
him mutter "d—n it," but I had not the least
thought of what was coming. Mr. Brown stood one
side of the stranger, Mr. Wilson the other. Mr.
Brown spoke: "We have been missing," says he,
"three goods for the last month; a shirt was taken
last week, two yards of costly lace and one of the
five dollar pocket handkerchiefs are gone to-day."
"I have a policeman here, and you must all be
searched. One of you must be guilty. I am sorry
for the innocent, but no disgrace will rest upon
me.—do your duty, Ruston." The policeman
began the search. Some of our young men laugh-
ed and joked; I could not. I was afraid it would
prove to be Ois. He was the fourth searched,
nothing was found on him. My turn came next;
the things were found in my coat pocket, atop of
my handkerchief and everything, as if they had
just been put there. How the truth is to be found
I don't know, but feel as if it would. All I
can say is that father will keep up mother's spirits,
and dear Ruth, only think how you would all feel if
I had taken the things. I shall write daily, so don't
be anxious. Ever your loving son and brother,
CHARLES.

"P. S. Direct to me care of Robert Hathaway;
he is my friend among the clerks."
There was a dead silence in that home of the
Hathaways, till the father breaking out into some-
thing between a cry and a laugh, said, "Mother,
Charlie is an honest boy and well-trained, and that
should be comfort enough; how often have you said
to me 'Charlie never told a lie in his life.'"
"He never did, he never will!" sobbed out the
poor mother.
"Come here, mother—kneel down here—we'll
trust him with our Father and his Father, we'll
commit the case to him, and then we shall feel bet-
ter," and the still, small voice of their prayer arose
and God was there.

The next morning at nine o'clock, Ruth Hathaway
disembarked from a Hudson steamer on a New York
wharf, dirty, crowded, and noisy enough to
have confounded a head and heartless clear and
strong of purpose than hers. She had inquired of
the captain of the way to Canal street, where Brown
and Wilson's shops is, and with her little sack con-
taining her change of clothes in her hand, she
walked straight up Liberty street to Broadway.
Her quick step had caught the eye of an omnibus
driver, who beckoned to her, and she nodding af-
firmatively, jumped into the coach, thinking "how
very kind it was of him to give her a ride!" She
asked a man, one of four fellow passengers, to tell
her when she got to Canal street, accordingly the
man pulled the strap, the coach stopped, and with
her habitual impetuous movement, she jumped out,
and dropping a little courtesy to the driver, said,

"Thank you, sir." He, fancying she was tricking
him, called out "That's cool! Stop that hussey!
She's dodged her fare!" An impediment of yel-
low had accumulated the passengers on the side-
walk at the corner of Canal street. Every eye was
turned on our poor little stranger. She stopped,
turned round, and in a voice that indicated her
honest perplexity, asked, "What does he mean?"
"He means to be paid, my child," said an elderly
gentleman, who was struck with the simplicity of
Ruth's manner, and himself gave the fare to the
vociferating driver. Ruth now comprehended her
mistake, and repaying the sixpence, she said with
her characteristic good sense, "I am a stranger in
New York, sir, or I should have known better—"
He invited me to ride with him, and the people
where I live often give rides to strangers."
Her friend again smiled at her simplicity, ad-
vised her to keep a good look-out, now she had
come to the city, and they parted—she thinking
her sweet smile might pay her fare, and she to
look for the sign of "Brown, Wilson & Co.,"
which she soon found and entered the shop. It
was thronged with eager buyers and civil clerks,
intent on their sales. She looked up and down the
long counters, all were unknown to her, till at
the extremity of one, she saw Ois Jackson. His eye
met hers and instantly fell; she saw that in that
glance he had recognized her. He was her town-
man and an old schoolmate of her brother, 2 years
older than Charles Hathaway. Ruth went to the
end of the counter where he stood, and said, "Ois!"
her voice was low, but it had a heart-sound, it seem-
ed to come, as it indeed did, from another work-
man than that vanity-far that surrounded her. Ladies,
examining laces, turned to look at her, and one or
two of the clerks raised their eyes to Ois Jackson,
expecting him to answer, but he averted his eye,
and went to the extremity of the shop, to receive
some new customers. "Is Mr. Hathaway here?"
asked Ruth. She was civilly answered "Yes,"
and Henshaw was summoned. "Where is my
brother?" she said. There were tears in her voice
though none in her eyes. It was rather an indefi-
nite inquiry from a total stranger, but whether it
was her family resemblance to her brother, or the
tone of the voice supplying all that the words want-
ed, Henshaw was sure the inquiry was for Hatha-
way, and coming from behind the counter before he
replied, said, in a low voice to Ruth, "You have
heard of your brother's misfortune?"
"Yes; where is he?"
"Why, he—you cannot see him immediately;
if you will tell me where you are staying, I will try
to get leave to come to you in course of the day
and go with you to see him."
"Oh, I must go now. I shall stay where he is,
I have no other place."
"Henshaw" called out Mr. Brown, who are
you talking to there?"
Henshaw went close to him and explained.
"A pretty business this," said the surly master;
"look, she is fingering over the laces; they are bits
of a feather, brother and sister!" Poor Ruth had
unconsciously placed her hand on the box of laces.
"Go to your own business, Henshaw, behind the
counter," added Brown; and then striding up to
Ruth, and taking her by the arm, with a mixture
of savageness and familiarity, he said, "walk out
of my shop or I will send you to the police office."
"Tell me first where my brother is?"
"What all thieves should be—in the Tombs."
"The Tombs! where are the Tombs?"
"Go out and ask along the street—you'll soon
find out."

Ruth went forth with a burning heart. She
walked rapidly a few steps from the hateful shop,
and then stopped, confused and uncertain what next
to do. She looked up and down the street, and in
the faces of the passers-by. No one heeded her,
while it seemed to her that all the world should
know what she felt and what she wanted. She
was proceeding slowly, when suddenly a finger
touched her shoulder, and in a low voice spoke
kindly to her. It was Henshaw. His face was
agitated and highly colored, and hardly seemed the
same serene, mild countenance she had first ad-
dressed. "I will go with you now," he said, "to
see your brother."
"Oh, can you show him my way?"
"How much this kindness had cost Henshaw.
Ruth little dreamed. On her leaving the shop he
had not been able to repress the expression of his
indignation, at Brown's inhumanity. Brown was
abusive. Henshaw was hot and hasty, and declar-
ing his intention of attending the little girl im-
mediately to her brother. Brown told him if he then
left the shop never again to enter it.
"Is it far, sir," asked Ruth, "to that place?"
"No, a very short distance."
"I suppose, sir, it's a—prison?"
"Yes, a house of detention, where persons are
confined to await their trial."
"Then Charlie is not yet tried?—he is not yet
condemned, is he?"
"No, no, not yet."
"Not yet," struck like a tolling bell on Ruth's
heart.

"Your brother," resumed Henshaw, "wrote to
you the circumstances. He told you, of course,
that he was not guilty?"
"No, he did not say that."
"He did not," exclaimed Henshaw in an alarm-
ed tone.
"No, sir; why should he?" she asked, speaking
for the first time with an assured voice. "You would
not ask such a question if you knew Charles, Mr.
Henshaw."
"I do know him, and I fell a confidence in his
integrity—but—"
"But, what!—oh, do speak out."
"I only hesitated because I cannot bear to dis-
tress you. I fear we shall have difficulty in proving
your brother's innocence; but we will not talk
about that now. You have never been inside a
prison, and you must try and keep up good resolu-
tion."
Ruth did try. But when she saw that huge,
stern edifice, called the Tombs—when the massive

locks were turned to admit her—and when the
keeper, having been requested by Henshaw to per-
mit the young person with him to see Charles Hatha-
way, scarcely noticing her, led them along the
dismal corridors, with that hardened indifference
which use gives, her heart sunk, and her feet, mov-
ed draggingly. They were intercepted and impede-
d by a party visiting the prison from curiosity—
It consisted of two or three elderly people, two very
young ladies, from the country, full of pleasing ex-
citement from being for the first time within prison
walls—the scene, to their imaginations, of so much
possible romance—and their cousin, a young city
lawyer, who acted as exponent of the scene."
"Babe, the pirate," said he to them, "is in that
cell, No. 81."
"That horrid wretch we read the account of, in
the newspaper? How I should like to see him!"
"There is a still more curious monster, Cousin
Jane, in No. 82—the German who turned his wife
to death."
"Oh, horrors! And who can be between them,
in No. 82?"
"I don't know; somebody worse than either I
suppose. Who is it, Farrah?"
"I don't know his name; he had committed for
stealing."
"Let us pass, if you please, ladies," said Ruth's
conductor. Our amateur visitors stared at Ruth.
One said, touching her cousin's arm. "Oh, Henry,
did you ever see anything so pale as that poor girl,
Merry! Do you think she is going to be shut up
here?"
"No; that is impossible. What innocence, sweet-
ness, and misery!" Ruth's conductor was now un-
bolting the door of No. 82. The youngest of the
young ladies, impelled by irresistible curiosity,
followed close enough to see, when the door was
opened, a handsome youth, pale, languid, and sorrow-
ful, bending over a sheet of paper, on which he
was in the act of writing. She could not see that
the paper was wet with his tears. Ruth darted in-
to the cell; the keeper shut the door and rebol-
ting it, said to Henshaw, "You may call me
when she is ready to come out." Henshaw, walk-
ing to and fro, unoccupied, in the corridor, pre-
sented to tempting an opportunity to gratify the
young ladies' curiosity; and their cousin, being up to
asking some questions, they got possession of
Charles's story, and what was far more important,
Henshaw found out that the inquirer was Henry
Sandley, a young lawyer, whose very clever man-
agement of a criminal case had, a few weeks be-
fore, been much talked of in the city. Henshaw
gave him a retaining fee for his friend on the spot,
and Sandley engaged to get the trial put off till tes-
timonials of Charles Hathaway's good character
could be obtained from the country. On these
documents, and the testimony of his fellow
clerks, he said, they must find all their hopes of
clearing him; at the same time he confessed the
chance was small, against the overwhelming fact
of the stolen goods being found in Charles's pos-
session. "Was there," he asked, "among the
clerks, any one who could be suspected of the vil-
lany of putting the stolen goods into Hathaway's
pocket?" Henshaw hesitated, and only said, in
reply, that there was not a clerk in the shop he
should not sooner have suspected than Hathaway.
Henshaw was a man of strict principles. He did
suspect—he had all along suspected—Ois Jackson,
but he was too scrupulous to run the risk of wrong-
ing him by the expression of suspicion that had no
proof whatever.

After Charles's first moment of surprise at Ruth's
appearance—after the first burst of their young
hearts—and after Ruth had sat for a few moments
on his pallet, beside him, with her arms flung
around his neck, silent and shivering with emo-
tions, he said, "Now, Ruth, we must not give
way so; I bear it very well, only when I sit down
to write home; and then thinking how father and
mother, and you will feel, knocks me up. How
did you get here, so soon, Ruth? How did mother
bear it? What did father say?" Ruth told her
short story, and concluded by saying, "To-mor-
row Charlie, we shall certainly have a letter from
them."
"But! You cannot stay here, Ruth. Even if
you had any place to stay, you know father and
mother want you a great deal more than I do."
"I can stay here, Charles, and I shall—and they
would choose it—and there's an end on it."
"But, Ruth, you don't know what a place this
is: nor what New York is for an unprotected girl."
"Nonsense, Charles! I can protect myself."
"Where can you sleep?"
"Sleep! I don't feel much like sleeping; but
I can lie here on the floor, or I can get that man to
lock me up in some empty cell, like this. I can
do anything but go away and leave you; that I
will not do."
There was a knock at the door, the bolts were
turned, and Henshaw told Charles that a lawyer
was waiting to speak to him.
"Let him wait one minute," said Ruth, and tak-
ing from her little sack a bottle of cologne, and
comb and brush, provided by Miss Emma Gard-
ner, she smoothed her brother's tangled locks, and
restored to his sweet countenance its habitual as-
pect. "There, now you look like our own Char-
lie," she said.
Sandley entered, and he did not leave the cell
without being thoroughly convinced that Charles
was innocent, and nearly as well convinced that
they should not be able to prove his innocence,
and so impressed with the love of the brother and
sister, that he resolved to strain every nerve in their
behalf. He comforted Charles by assuring him
that he knew the matron of the prison—that she
was a humane woman—that he would engage her
to furnish his sister a bed in her own room, and to
see that Miss Ruth had every facility in going to
and from her brother's cell.

"Please tell them," said Ruth, "I will only
trouble them twice a-day. I shall come to Charles
in the morning, and go away in the evening."
"Angel for angel gloves with such regard,
This whole deep-wit is foregoing. Better on heaven
Waxes it in the clouds, 'tis blanching. Love,
Earth sees it in a sister's heart glow."

Ten days had passed since Ruth's departure for
New York; and on each of these days the parents
had received a letter full of affection, and of details
of every occurrence that could be put in a cheerful
light. Their children did not express strong hope,
for they would not embitter a too probable disap-
pointment; but neither did they neglect their fears.
"For if worst comes to worst," said Ruth, "mo-
ther will bear when I am with her." The
department of these young people—their mutual
affection—and the earnest devotion of the sister—
won for them unusual respect and attention from
the officers of the prison. "These those innocent
children are," said the turnkey, "both innocent,
I am sure of 'em. There they are, with a pirate
one side of them, and a murderer the other; en-
joying themselves. If that ain't innocence! I don't
know what is. I declare, if I don't expect some
day, when I unlock their door, to see the angel of
the Lord with them—the same as walked the Flo-
ry Furnace!"
"An uncommon girl is that," said the matron.
"Sometimes when we meet the vagabonds going
along the corridor, just turned in from the Five
Points, she looks scared, and gathers her clothes
close round her, as if she were afraid of the plague;
yet she'll stay the live-long day—yes, and till ten
or eleven at night—in that dismal cell, and talk and
read, and keep up her brother's spirits. She be-
lieves with the Bible in the morning, and ends with
it at night; and between times they read out of
Dickens and Punch, and every kind of nonsense
Mr. Henshaw brings; and they laugh together; and
their laugh sounds like the best music in a
dark night. She is a wise little thing too. Mr.
Henshaw sent her a basket full of every kind of
notions, from the confectioner's. She would not
take them to 82; the dear child gave them all to
me, and asked Mr. Henshaw—and so modestly too—
if he would send her brother every day a bit of
bread-stuff, or a mutton-chop, to keep up his
health and spirits. She has been what I call well-
trained!"

The last letter received from the young Hatha-
ways, was dated on Tuesday. Charles's part ex-
pressed not a hope, but a cheerful courage that he
was sure could not fail him, while his friends had
faith in him. "You have trained me up dear pa-
rents," he said, "to believe that the important
thing is 'to do right, not to seem right,' and now I
mean to feel and act accordingly."
Ruth wrote thus: "The trial comes on to-mor-
row morning. There is nothing new come to
light; so we are preparing for the worst. The
amount of the stolen articles put into Charles's
pocket is less than \$25, so that they cannot make
great havoc out of it; and he cannot be sent to
Sing Sing, only over to Blackwell's Island. The
penal of his detention there is at the discretion of
the Judge. Mr. Sandley thinks it cannot be long,
with such testimonials to bring forward as Miss
Emma has sent to us. Oh, thanks to her! The
worst—no the best—of it is, that Charlie positively
refuses to have any suspicion thrown on Ois. Mr.
Henshaw feels sure he is the real culprit, and Mr.
Sandley thinks it more than probable."
"You remember his exclamation when the
clerks were to be searched. Charles has an im-
pression that he felt something at his coat pocket,
which we both feel sure was Ois thrusting the
parcel into it. But we knew this would be no evi-
dence in court; so Charles would tell even Mr. Hen-
shaw, or Sandley of it. He says time will bring it
all out and meanwhile, let Ois have a chance—
is not he just like father? Let it storm ever so
horribly, he always believes it will be fair weather
to-morrow. Mr. Henshaw feels certain that Ois
will prove the rogue at last. "and," so he says,
"he don't see the use of sacrificing an honest fel-
low to him, in the meantime." He watches him
as a cat does a mouse. The reasons of Mr. Hen-
shaw's suspicions are these: Ois is out late at
night, and he comes late to the shop in the morn-
ing. He dresses far beyond his means, and goes
often to places of amusement, especially to the the-
atre, where Mr. Henshaw says clerks never should
go; and Mr. Henshaw says he has been seen in
"at the bed of company" at the theatre. I don't
know quite what he means by that; but I surmise
it's something awful. The people where Charlie
boarded were very fond of him; and they will
give their testimony that he was perfectly regular
in habits; and Mr. Sandley will call on Mr. Messrs.
Brown & Wilson to testify as to his conduct in the
shop. All this, Mr. Sandley says, may not over-
balance the one great circumstance against him;
but this, with the documents from Miss Emma,
Mr. Sandley says, will go a great way with the
governor. So if Charlie is sent to the Island, I shall
go straight to Albany, for the living voice, with a
throbbing heart under it, mother, is better than a
dead writing. And if we don't get a pardon, why
then patience dear father and mother—heavenly pa-
tience!—such as you can remember, and you, dear
mother, too—only just borrow a little hope and
cheerfulness from father, and be sure—be sure it
will all come right; and Charlie will shine out to
the world as he shines to us, who are above the
clouds, and can see the sun all the while; and if
the little never knows, still cannot be content
and thankful—We will, so, dearest mother/father,
courage! God will help us all! and I shall soon
be with you.

P. S. I could not feel easy not to make one ef-
fort with Ois. I thought if he had plunged us in
this trouble, he would feel when he came to see
me and remember the days when we were play-
mates and happy together. I saw him. I don't
know what I said. My heart was full, and it
poured itself out, but I got no satisfaction. He de-
clined—retired. But oh! dear mother, I feel sur-
er than ever that he is the guilty one. His eye did
not once meet mine; and he looked up and pale,
by turns; and when I came away the tears were
running down his cheeks. Who would not rather
be Charlie?"

family union—a day of merry meetings and merry
makings—a day for rustic weddings, and all sorts
of pleasant doings and starting points in life—
day, like other anniversaries, fraught with enjoy-
ment to the young, who have not yet felt the sever-
ing of heart-choords.

The Thanksgiving day connected with our story
came in heavily enough to the Hathaways. It was
Thursday. Ruth's last letter was dated the pre-
ceding Tuesday. The trial was appointed for Wed-
nesday morning, and as it would be deemed a
small affair by the municipal authorities, (albeit in-
volving the happiness of an entire family,) it would
probably occupy but an hour or two; and if it went
against them, Ruth would leave New York in an
afternoon's boat for Albany.

The day had come in with a furious easterly
snow storm. Mr. Hathaway was reworking Ruth's
letter, after reading it for at least the twentieth time,
when a sleigh stopped at his door, and Col. Miles,
shaking the snow from his lion-skin coat, and stain-
ing it from his feet, opened the door. "A pretty
delicious storm this, neighbors," he said. "No news,
of course, since the letter I brought you from the
post-office yesterday?"
"No, sir; none," replied Mrs. Hathaway, "we
could not expect it, could we, Colonel?"
"Of course not, ma'am; and I mistrust we shall
have no mail to-day. The river will feel this cold
snap. Ruthy, poor little girl, should be, according
to her letter, at Albany to-day; but I think there'll
be no boat up. However, if I there is a mail,
you'll be sure of a letter; so I shall go on to the
post-office after meeting, and wait till the stage
comes in."

"How thankful we ought to be for such a kind
neighbor as the Colonel," said good Mrs. Hatha-
way as the door closed after him.
"Yes, mother, we have great deal to be thank-
ful for, on the right hand and the left, and we must
not make a poor mouth if we have our share of
trouble."
"I know I ought to feel as you do, father, but
I can't help thinking all the time what is Ruthy to
do after Charlie is sentenced to that desolate
island."
"Do! why she'll do the right thing. Now, mo-
ther, wipe off your tears, and don't forget a Thank-
sgiving day, let us keep it. And who has more
reason. Is not it Ruth's birth-day?"
"To be sure, the children have been on a trou-
bled sea, but have not they lain their course well?
You know I have nothing to do but sit here, and
read and ruminate; and a happy life it has been
to me, since I was quite overtaken as to outside pros-
perity. I have got a habit of looking inward, and
I have come to the conclusion that it is not the cir-
cumstances we are in that matters, but how they
find us, and what they make of us. Look at our
dear children, mother, how they have held fast
their integrity. Look at Charlie—calm and manly,
and so generous about Ois. He is not of those that
hold to misery loving company; a mean company
that. And dear little Ruthy, her love for her brother
has carried her as it were, through fire and
water! I tell you, mother, we did not know the
children till now. A real Thanksgiving day it shall
be to us."

Poor Mrs. Hathaway would have smiled her as-
sent, but it was a sunbeam vainly struggling
through clouds. "I'll try to make it seem like
Thanksgiving," she said; "so she brought forth a
pious basket, sent by their kind friend, Miss
Gardner. "What a lovely plump turkey," ex-
claimed Hathaway, as his wife proceeded to un-
pack the basket. "and cranberry-sauce, I declare,
in that little jar! Yes; just like, Miss Emma,
in that jar. What is it that covered dish? Oysters,
I declare! just what I told her I liked best!
When she asked me the question. Mince pie!
—pumpkin pie! apple pudding! tarts! What's that?
—what's that, mother?"
"It feels like a loaf of cake, and it's marked for
dear Ruth."

Well, no disrespect to the rest of the world—
but Miss Emma is thoroughly to poor folks. A bot-
tle of wine, too! Well, Miss Emma and I are of
opinion that it's right for temperate people to take
a cheerful glass once in a while. On are a tee-
totaller, mother. But you won't object to my mak-
ing my heart glad according to scripture. Now,
would it not have been a shame for us not to keep
the day?"
Mrs. Hathaway assented by proceeding to get the
dinner in progress; and when the turkey was fair-
ly roasting in the little stove-oven, Hathaway said,
"Come here, mother—I can't kneel, you know,
I've never had that satisfaction since my leg was
broken; but I trust my heart is in the right position
—kneel down here on my well side, and we'll
have our worship, though it be a dark day outside
and in. The wife kneel, resting her troubled brow
on the arm of her husband's chair. Hathaway's
spirit of cheerful gratitude shone like a sun on all
the salient points of their lives. God's mercies
seemed to be sown at broad-cast around them. His
blessed God for the peace, prosperity, and progress
of the country—for their abounding political advan-
tages and gospel privileges; not in an inexpressive
mass, but in such detail that each seemed to have
made its impress on his heart. He spoke of the
rich harvest of the year with a glow that would
have left no one to believe that not an ear of it had
been turned into his garner. He thanked God for
his pleasant home, and his well-covered board—
for kind neighbors and bountiful friends—for the
dear mother, with industry that never tired, and
love that never abated. He thanked him for his
own health—for painless limbs—for a contented
mind, and a spirit of enjoyment. His voice trem-
bled slightly when he came to mention his chil-
dren—his dear absent children. He passed
for one instant, and then added, with a sincerity
of courage, and heavenly gladness, "We thank
Thee that they have manifested themselves Thy
children too. Though they have passed through
the waters, they have not overcome them, and
through the fire, it has not scorch'd them." We
[Concluded on Fourth Page]