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## Selected Poetry.

### THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

An old man sits in a high-backed chair,  
Before an open door,  
Before the sun of a summer afternoon  
Falls across the floor,  
And the drowsy click of an ancient clock,  
Has hushed the hour of four.

A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out  
From the scented summer air,  
And a fainter now on his wrinkled brow,  
And now it lifts his hair;  
And the leaden lid of his eye drops down,  
And he sleeps in his high-backed chair.

And the old man dreams,  
His head drops on his breast,  
His hands relax their feeble hold,  
And fall to his lap in rest.  
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,  
And in dreams again is blest.

For years untold their fearful scroll,  
His a child again;

A mother's tone is in his ear,  
And his own voice is in his ear;

He sees his father's face,  
He sees his mother's face;

He sees the rolling plain,  
He sees the rolling plain;

He sees the wild rose in the woods,  
And gathers eglantine;

He sees the golden buttercup,  
And the white clover in the meadow brook;

And the morning never were full,  
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young courier softened, his heart grew hard. Dis-  
solute in his habits, his chief anxiety was to keep  
from the knowledge of his grand father, excesses  
of a nature to be held derogatory by the stately  
old nobleman; and Sir Walter justly feared that  
the establishment of female espionage at Lovell  
House would be fatal to his superficial reputation.  
"I kiss your hand, sweet sister," cried he throw-  
ing himself without ceremony into a seat, in the  
gorgeous withdrawing-room, appointed to the mar-  
chioness's use, the day after Helena's arrival in her  
own country. "I was dining last night with Mus-  
kerry, or should have been at hand to assist our  
lady aunt from her coach, and took the chaplain and  
lad who followed her, to make their solemn entry  
into Lovell House."  
"The latter duty you would have been spared,"  
said Helena, smiling at his affection of dress and  
manner, which all but rivalled her own. "In place  
of chaplain and lad, the *chere marquise* travels  
with a pair of the prettiest and most adroit *soubrettes*  
that ever pined up a fountaine, or stretched a stom-  
acher; and neither Mademoiselle Paroline, nor  
Mademoiselle Celeste, is in the habit of being  
"tucked" under the arm of a cavalier so unlettered  
as to groan under the weight of Alencon point  
after Easter, or to sport boots of chamois leather,  
while Spanish morocco is to be had for money."  
"I faith well said," cried Sir Walter, enchanted  
by the grace with which the *belle Parisienne* ac-  
tossing a cascade of perfumes, affixed to her wrist  
by a golden chain, which ever and anon she  
caught in her snow white hand, to cast lightly forth  
again. "And I was wrong to talk of such old-  
world pets as lapdogs and chaplains to ladies of  
degree, who doubtless entertain a marquis and an  
astrologer! But tell me, sweet sister! what is  
the last news from the *Salle de Ciane*, and the cir-  
cle of its purest Diana, Athenee de Montespar? Is  
his business's Bolognese bull prounged yet by  
the cardinal, and sanctioned by a *bon compaignie*?  
And is it now received thing to interpose breast  
knots of lilac on an amber-colored bodice?"  
"Even as you see, good brother," replied Hel-  
ena; "but trouble not your fastidious eyes with  
a thing so trivial as this morning *neglige*. Sus-  
pend your judgment until Thursday night; when,  
having been presented to her Majesty in her  
private closet, we are to appear at the ball at court,  
and to behold a certain robe of silver  
gauze, embroidered on the seams in Parma violets  
whereof every eye hath an encrusted topaz,  
which even Lauzan protested the fashion to be on  
ique, when I danced in it, as one of the hand-  
maids of Flora, in the last royal ballet performed  
at S. Cloud."

"Silver gauze is altogether chitah and tawdry,"  
said Sir Walter, disdainfully. "Gauze of silk or  
thread is your only wear. I protest to you, my  
magnificent, that cloth of gold or silver is obsolete  
and unseasonable for this merry month of May."  
"Obsolete!" cried the young beauty with rising  
bloom; "how long, pray, has Scythian London  
presumed to affect principles of its own upon such  
subjects? Have we Parisians so liberally supplied  
you with tailors, embroiderers, and bulletins of fash-  
ion, in the overhauling of our goodness and fash-  
ion, that you end by setting up as dictators on  
your own account! Ah! Content yourselves—  
worthy fog-bewildered souls as ye are—with legis-  
lating in dusty parlaments, long-robed counts of  
justice, but presume not (as Elizabeth said in her  
haste to her senate) to meddle with matter beyond  
your reach. I maintain that gauze of silver is fitting  
wear for a ball-room, even were the dog-star tot-  
tering under the weight of her *rouge foncee* a salute  
on either cheek, if you love yourself my gentle  
brother. To kiss her finger-tip, as you did mine,  
would pass for most unneighbourly-like *song froid*."  
"My dear soul, how is this?" cried Madame de  
Castries, having courteously accepted from Sir  
Walter the gallant embrace suggested by her niece.  
"What is it but—that my brother has neither  
evening set apart for the reception of society; nor  
groom-porter, nor pharo-bank, nor ombro, nor bas-  
soo, nor anything usual or decorous, established in  
the house! What means such strange irregularity  
in an establishment of so much note and splendor?  
and what does he intend we shall do with ourselves  
when there is nothing going on at court, and nei-  
ther a ball or masquerade in question? Does he ex-  
pect us to mew ourselves up with him in an even-  
ing in this state prison, to the light of half a dozen  
scandles, and perhaps the tune of a couple of fid-  
dles, lullabying one to sleep, 'Damon, god of my  
affection,' or some other playhouse ditty?"  
"Doubtless, my dear madame," replied Sir  
Walter, having led to a chair, "my grandfather  
will accede to all your reasonable desires. Hither-  
to his household hath been neglected; his office  
detaining him chiefly near the king, and my own  
naturally studious and retiring disposition having  
engaged me in literary and scientific society,  
whence such toys as cards and dice are necessarily  
banished."

"I cannot live without my hocco," cried the  
marchioness, taking a long pinch of snuff from a  
glittering box, enamelled with a portrait of her friend  
St. Evremont, having a stanza from Voltaire en-  
graven on the golden reverse. "To sleep without the  
incentive of my nightly game is as impossible as to  
wake without the excitement of my morning cof-  
fee. See to this for me, Walter; consult the Che-  
valier Hamilton and the few other civilized beings  
you have got among you—make me up a little cof-  
fee, to wear me gradually from the custom luxuri-  
ous Paris down to the skim-milk of spleenetic Lon-  
don!—conversation, taste, or elegance, we do not  
look for from you; but, in pity to two forlorn fe-  
malems, give us that which even blockheads can  
provide, a pack of cards and a tolerable cup of  
Mocha."  
Thus adjured, Sir Walter decided that it would  
be more prudent to seek a confederate in the mar-  
chioness than to out-general her manoeuvres. He  
promised, therefore, to do his best for her ladyship's  
entertainment; and Lord Lovell was induced to an-  
dure, as the arched guests of his sister, the society

of the profligate companions of his nephew. As-  
sured by the marchioness that high play was one  
of the *vicies de bon ton* monopolized by the *grand  
monarque* for the delectation of his court, the earl  
submitted to see a bank established in the grand  
gallery of Lovell House, illuminated twice a week  
for the reception of visitors; and there, as a pretext  
for quaffing Spanish wines with the gay and bril-  
liant Sir Walter Lovell, and bandying light retorts  
with his beautiful sister, the Duke of Buckingham,  
Beau Fielding, Jermyn, Count Hamilton, and other  
leading fashionists and wits of the day, consented  
to sacrifice their patience to the tedious pater of  
the old earl, and a few gold pieces to the insatiable  
love of play of the Marchioness de Castries.  
It became one of the best frequented mansions of  
London; and Charles himself, sometimes laughingly  
deplored the etiquette which forbade him to be-  
come a longer in the gay saloons of his lord  
chamberlain.

But the fair Helena had not been educated in  
Paris to so little purpose as to imagine that the bril-  
liant homage of these libertines of fashion was the  
one thing needful. Her grandfather had promised  
her a noble fortune; but not even the broad lands  
he court of a Stuart, the shame of ignoble and round-  
head descent. The triumph of the new comer, in  
her robe of silver gauze and Parma violets, had ex-  
cited universal indignation among the maids of hon-  
or, both of the queen and the duchess. Who was  
this Miss Lovell that smiled so insolently as she  
walked a minuet with the young Duke of Mon-  
mouth, after fixing the admiring attention of Gram-  
mont and all his satellites! An impostor! The off-  
spring of a *retourner*, whose real name was besprink-  
led with the mire of the commonwealth. The  
whisper went round. Helena's eyes sparkled with  
indignation. "She should repent the ignominy cast  
upon her. She would soar above them, and sur-  
prise them yet." Already the Earl of St. Albans  
was among her rejected suitors. She had set her  
heart—(and heart)—upon a duke! The laurels  
whereof she would lay be crowned were straw-  
berry leaves; and it was after forming this resolu-  
tion (while apparently devoting her attention to the  
beauty of a pair of ears of cracked porcelain, grac-  
ing the marchioness's chimney piece), that his  
young grace of Glamorgan was invited by Madame  
de Castries to become her pupil in the mysteries  
of basnet. Lord Lovell was satisfied that the Duke  
visited so assiduously at his house, in compliment  
to himself—the venerable friend of his grand-  
father. Sir Walter found that the youth was ambitious  
of forming himself in his *ecole des bonnes manieres*.  
The marchioness decided that he came there to  
pay his compliments to her snuff-box, and the four  
aces. But Helena was equally positive that, what-  
ever the Duke of Glamorgan might come to  
seek at Lovell House, he should find nothing less  
important than a duchess. He was a gentle, in-  
genious youth; and leaning to alarm him by a dis-  
play of her Parisian levities, she gave up con-  
quering with Harry Jermyn, and bandying witticisms  
with Rochester, to edify the world of fashion, by  
the strict decorum of her maidenly resolve.

While these glistering pages were enacting in  
the vicinity of Whitehall, the desolation of Hel-  
ena's wasted gloomier, and yet more gloomy. War-  
ford's reason was now completely disordered. It  
was only by following him incessantly, in his wan-  
dering, that his matchless wife prevented him from  
becoming the victim of his delusion. Ofen did he  
rush forth upon the sands when the tides were roll-  
ing in upon a winter's night; and amid the bel-  
lowing of the storm, and the frightful violence of  
the night winds, command the waves to recede, in  
confirmation of his faith; nor could any thing but  
the persuasive caresses of his wife, (her voice be-  
ing inaudible among the tumults of the scene,)  
induce him to seek shelter at home from the im-  
clemencies of the weather. At other times she  
would follow him to Dalton, and from Dalton pur-  
sue her weary way to the mountains of Black Comb  
or Langdale, and while he wandered frantic among  
the ravines and recesses of the hills, attend his  
steps with bleeding feet and panting bosom, cling-  
ing to him protectively when she saw him about  
to precipitate himself from some frightful precipice,  
as an ordeal of the protection of the Almighty.

But alas! during these frequent absences from  
home, her gentle Lucy was left alone with a boor-  
ish servant on the solitary island; and the necessity  
was of all her trials, the most painful to Miss  
Wamford.  
"Not unto me should this day have been ap-  
pointed!" did she more than once murmur, while  
following the wanderings of the demented man  
through storm and toil, among perilous morasses,  
or shelving rocks. "It is his sin, with a strong  
arm to restrain, and a strong voice to overmaster  
the paroxysms of his fearful madness."  
But there was no son at hand to relieve her pain-  
ful efforts by the sacrifice of his filial duty. Wal-  
ter Wamford had ceased to exist: for the Sir Wal-  
ter Lovell, in whom his existence was merged, was  
a vain voluptuary, who would have pushed and  
pshawed at the mere mention of his absent parents,  
and their misfortunes.  
"I have been pestered with a stranger letter this  
morning," said Helena to her brother, producing  
one day at arm's length a clammy packet, by mere  
contact with which she seemed to think herself dis-  
honored. "Did you know that those people in the  
north were still alive? My aunt informed me at  
Paris, (on my inquiry about them on some occasion  
or other,) that they were all swept away by an in-  
undation—a conflagration—or the Heavens know  
what!"  
"Leave that knowledge to the Heavens, then,  
my pretty Helena," drawled Sir Walter; "for it is  
written in black and white, that we are either to  
know no parents or know no grandfathers; and I have  
a notion that our elderly gentleman with a rent-roll  
of sixty thousand per annum, is the acquaintance  
worth preserving of the two."  
"The more so, that our cousin, Saluzim and Man-  
dover, have lately been attacking the earl on his  
weak side, per favor of his ghostly comforter, Fa-  
ther O'Mahony," observed Helena.

"And what says yonder inopportune letter?" de-  
manded her brother, setting his ruffles.  
"Many things unseemly to repeat. 'Tis writ by  
little Lucy, (the child, though grown into a woman  
is endowed apparently with scarce instruction or  
breeding for a chambermaid,) who informs me that  
her father is a lunatic, and her mother, it would  
seem, scarcely more rational—since she trodges  
after him, up and down, like an equine of the body,  
leaving her young daughter to be devoured by  
rats and mice, and such small deer, but lacking  
nourishment of her own. In short, they are all crazy,  
and all starving. What is to be done?"  
"Nothing! The smallest intercourse would be  
followed by our expulsion from the favor of the  
Earl. Such, since I attained years of discretion,  
has been the reiterated lesson of old Rickatts, who  
stands so much our friend."  
"Tis a most misjudging thing of this young girl  
to have placed me in so sore a strait," observed  
Helena, tearing to pieces a rose, the gift of the Duke  
of Glamorgan, which she had taken from her bosom.  
"How am I to answer her letter?"  
"Take no note of it, child—as I do by those of  
my unruly creditors. 'T would be an encourage-  
ment to impunity were such applications favored  
with an answer. Miss Lucy will conclude that  
her petition miscarried, and we shall be trou-  
bled no more with her importunities."  
Lucy did conclude so; for, to her young heart,  
the monstrous idea of filial ingratitude had never  
presented itself. She pictured to herself her beau-  
tiful sister, shining like a star in the courtly re-  
sounding and the luxuries of life—she pictured  
to herself her brave brother, commanding the re-  
spect of society by the exercise of every manly  
virtue; (for, blest as both had been with the en-  
lightenment of education, how could they be other-  
wise than high-minded and virtuous?) and could  
not refrain from conjecturing what would be their  
anguish, could they dream, that while they were  
being pampered with the sweets of life, war was  
in the dwelling of their parents!

For want was there indeed! The fields of Hel-  
ena lay uncultured, the fences broken, the garden-  
ground a waste! Not a head of cattle—not a  
sheep—not a living thing in the ruinous sheds—  
not a handful of meal—not a root—to yield nour-  
ishment to the miserable family. For some time  
the neighbors were generous, and administered to  
their necessity. But the demand came too often.  
The season was a bad one, and there was a famine  
generally upon the land. Winter was coming on  
severely; fuel was unobtainable. Mistress Wam-  
ford had shaped her own warm clothing into gar-  
ments for the lunatic; while, one by one, Lucy  
insinuated her vestments into her mother's hoard,  
and with blue lips, and wasted, shivering ac-  
count, protested when charged by the tender woman with  
her good deed, that she could not work while en-  
cumbered with winter clothing. The poor girl grew  
weaker and weaker; yet every day she went  
lost on pretext of rural labor, though there was nei-  
ther stock nor crop to exact her cares; she only  
sought to hide from her mother the wanness and  
sadness of her hungry face.  
Yet, even in that depth of misery, the mother  
bore all with resignation. Her faltering voice had  
yet strength to talk of better days in store; her  
languid eye to look forward to some remote epoch  
of worldly felicity, when her absent children were  
to be restored to her, and all was well.  
"Heaven is merciful," was her constant exhor-  
tation to the gentle girl, who brought water to lase  
her bruised feet when she returned from her pain-  
ful wanderings—and water was the only offering  
that remained to Lucy as a token to her parents—  
"Heaven may endure for a night, but joy cometh  
in the morning." When your brother comes  
into possession of his independence, will it not be  
his first thought to fly to our relief? And what  
delight is to be rewarded for my past miseries, clasped  
in the arms of my lovely Helena, and beholding  
my dear beloved—walking at length in the sun-  
shine of prosperity?"  
But while talking thus with parched but patient  
lips of the sunshine of prosperity, "a hopeless  
darkness settled o'er her face." The miserable  
man, whose insanity had recently taken a furious  
turn, (the result of wretchedness, witnessed and  
shared,) was one day missing from the chamber  
where he was accustomed to lie, and howl away  
the intervals of his more restless paroxysms; and  
his wife, girding on her tattered raiment, pre-  
pared herself, as usual, to cross the mainland, and fol-  
lowing the direction of his course, follow and fol-  
low through the pitiless storm, till some lucid in-  
terval enabled him to recognise her voice, and to  
return with her to their desolate abode. But, lo!  
as she was about to go forth, Lucy met her upon  
the threshold, and in a silence prevented her depart-  
ure. "It was in vain that Mistress Wamford remon-  
strated or questioned. Lucy could reply only by  
the tenderest caresses—by clasping her mother's  
hand—by imprinting kisses on her mother's cheek  
till after some time, she gathered courage to lead  
her to the spot where lay the dead and disfigured  
body of the maniac.  
For a single moment the widow beheld in him  
once more the lover of her youth, and wrung her  
hands in anguish. But better thoughts succeeded.  
The sufferer had gone to his rest; though he had  
perished by his own hand, his will was guileless of  
the deed, and the poor friendless woman had still  
fortitude to exclaim, "The will of God be done!"  
She remained alone with the dead while the weep-  
ing Lucy went her way to the mainland, and J. Bro-  
ckton, who, with sore grumbling at the inter-  
ruption, dug a grave in the deserted island for the  
mangled remains of the poor unhappy Wam-  
ford.  
To abide longer on that calamitous spot, the two  
helpless women felt to be impossible. Gathering  
together the scanty remnant of their property, they  
set forth to beg their way to London. A charitable  
friend at Dalton gave them shelter on that first  
homeless night; and even at that desolate moment  
the poor widow felt, as she wept upon the head

of her lovely child, that a treasure was hers in the  
affections of her devoted Lucy, that counterbalanc-  
ed the evils of her lot.  
Weeks of patient perseverance conveyed them  
to the capital. But, alas! they arrived at a mo-  
ment disastrous as the history of their own des-  
tinies. The plague had broken out, and high and  
low were flying from the infected city. When at  
last the miserable wanderers made their way to  
the stately portal of Lovell House, a train of coach-  
es was at the door to convey the family in haste  
into Oxfordshire. The postillions were cracking  
their whips, lackeys uncovered, stood thronging the  
door steps, lining the way for the marchioness and  
her fair niece to reach the equipage; and when  
Helena, radiant with beauty, issued from the gates,  
her mother burst through the restraining throng,  
and flung herself at the feet of her bright and pros-  
perous child, with sobs of ecstasy and love.  
"Take her away—take her away!" his some  
poor infected wretch," cried Miss Lovell, recoiling  
with a piercing shriek from her approach.  
"No, No!" faltered the seeming mendicant;  
"I bring thee no evil—I would die sooner than  
bring the evil. I am thy mother, Helena—thy lov-  
ing, miserable mother!"  
Another shriek betrayed the consternation of the  
young lady, to whom the terms of this address were  
wholly unavailing, but who fancied she beheld a  
plague-stricken beggar clinging to her feet. But  
Sir Walter, who stood inspecting the packing of his  
travelling chariot, had caught sufficient insight into  
the matter to feel that the results of this vexatious  
scene might be fatal to his prospects in life, sur-  
rounded as they were by household spies, by idlers  
and above all, in the presence of the Duke of Glamor-  
gan, who was come to take a hasty farewell of  
Helena, ere he rejoined the family at Lovell Court.  
Rumors of the strange incident would be sure to  
reach the ears of the earl who had preceded them  
a few hours, upon the road. He felt persuaded  
that Lord Lovell would not fail to resent upon his  
grandchildren so indecent an intrusion, unless they  
promptly marked their disavowal of the measure.  
"Drive the woman hence," cried he, to the herd  
of lackeys around him. "Would you see the life  
of your young lady periled before your cowardly  
eyes?"  
"Walter! my own brave, beautiful, noble Wal-  
ter!" faltered the half-taming woman—"I die  
content to have looked upon your face once more.  
Walter! my sweet Walter have pity! It is your  
mother who is grovelling at your feet!"  
"Away with her!" cried young Lovell, deaf to  
those tender words, which were drowned in the  
sire and tumult of departure; and while Helena  
stepped into her gilded coach, a servant in the Lov-  
ell livery seized the helpless woman, who had  
sunk upon the door-steps, and flung her upon a  
stone-bench fronting the opposite wall of the Lovell  
Court.  
"Farewell," cried Helena, kissing her hand to  
the young Duke, as her heavy vehicle was dragged  
forth through the gate-way by six equally cumberous  
Flanders mares.  
"Farewell, my dear Glam—au revoir," added  
her brother, gaining his own gay carriage and fol-  
lowing the van "To-morrow, by dinner time, at  
Lovell Court."  
And away went the gaudy train of servants and  
outlets; and away the mob of idlers collected  
to gaze upon their bravery. No one remained in  
the place but the decrepit porter, yawning on the  
steps of Lovell House, the young Duke of Glamor-  
gan about to remount his horse and ride home-  
wards preparatory to his departure from town; the  
body of the beggar on the bench, beside which a  
miserable girl was now kneeling; and the all-  
seeing eye of Providence watchful over all. The  
suburn curls felt scattered round Lucy's beautiful  
face as she took the bonnet from her head, to lan-  
tinate the insensible mother, who lay there as at the  
point of death; and the eye of the young duke were at-  
tracted by its matchless loveliness.  
"Can I do anything to assist you?" said he, in  
a gentle voice, approaching the agonized Lucy.  
"A cup of water—in charity procure me a cup  
of water!" cried she.  
At the request of the duke, both water and wine  
were hastily brought forth by the old porter of Lord  
Lovell's house for the wayfare's relief. After  
some minutes the sufferer unclenched her eyes.  
"My children!" was her first exclamation;  
"where are my children?" Then recalling to  
mind what had occurred, she added mournfully,  
pressing the hand of Lucy to her lips, "but, no!  
there is only one child left me now, the dearest  
and best of daughters!"  
"You had better enter the house, my good wo-  
man, and rest a little," said the old porter, con-  
descendingly to the tramped, patronized by a duke.  
"You are welcome to the use of my chair!"  
While Glamorgan kindly added, "Ay, his into  
Lord Lovell's house and rest awhile—his into Lord  
Lovell's house!"  
"Steal like a thief and an outcast into my father's  
house!" exclaimed the almost distracted wo-  
man. "No, no! I should then deserve the cruel  
indignities heaped upon me. Renounced by my  
father, spurned by my ungrateful children, I can go  
and die elsewhere."  
But though these ejaculations remained incom-  
prehensible to his Grace, Ralph the old family  
porter, to whom the history of Lady Anne was fami-  
liar, and who knew the interdiction placed by the  
earl upon all intercourse between his daughter and  
her children, began to entertain suspicions of the  
truth; and tears gushed from the poor man's eyes,  
as he exclaimed—"My lady! my honored lady!  
my sweet young Lady Anne! and I not to recog-  
nize her in all this misery and shame!"  
Rapid as were the explanations bestowed by old  
Ralph on the noble spectator of the affecting scene  
that followed, they sufficed to rouse his utmost sym-  
pathy and indignation. His very nerve failed  
him on learning that he beheld, in the victims of  
desolation before him, the daughter and the grand-  
daughter of the Earl of Lovell—the mother and  
sister of Helena. It was to his own roof that he

now insisted upon her being removed; and when,  
as they were accompanying him from the spot,  
they arrived a servant on horseback, despatched  
back by Sir Walter Lovell, to have a care of the  
two beggars whom he had left at the gates of Lov-  
ell House, the duke commanded the man to bear  
back word to his friend, that henceforth he de-  
serted mother and sister abided under the pro-  
tection of the Duke of Glamorgan.  
Such an intimation naturally apprized Helena  
that all hope was lost to her of securing the hand  
of her noble admirer. But it did not forward her  
of the still more unwelcome fact, that, after a few  
weeks' intimacy, his affections were to be trans-  
ferred to her fair and artless sister, whose virtues  
gradually confirmed the conquest her beauty had  
begun.  
The Earl of Lovell, meanwhile, who had carried  
with him from London the germs of the prevailing  
epidemic, fell a victim to that frightful disease; nor  
did it surprise the world that a will, executed by  
the wayward man in his last moments, disinheriting  
his grandson, secured the whole of his vast prop-  
erty to the daughter of his daughter Anne, on the day  
of her becoming the Duchess of Glamorgan.  
"But what then will become of my grandfather's  
fortune?" inquired Lucy, when apprised by her  
mother's youthful benefactor, of the singular terms  
of the bequest. "Surely the legacy will never take  
effect."  
"That, dearest, must depend upon yourself,"  
was his fervent reply. "By becoming Duchess of  
Glamorgan, Lucy Wamford, the daughter of the  
Lady Anne Lovell, will not only render me the  
happiest and proudest of men, but be enabled to  
cooler peace and independence on the best of mod-  
erns; and exemplify to the world the comparative  
influence upon the human character and destinies,  
of the schools of—NATURE and ART."

## Causes of the Explosion of Burning Fluids.

The atmosphere, as is well known, contains ox-  
ygen gas, in the proportion of one-fifth part, by  
measure.  
It is also well known, that if hydrogen gas be  
mingled with atmospheric air, it becomes explosive  
when flame is applied. If the hydrogen be added  
in the proportion of two measures to one of oxygen  
and especially if the whole quantity be large, the  
ignited gases will explode with great violence.—  
The same is true of the illuminating gas be substi-  
tuted for hydrogen gas; but that gas being composed  
of hydrogen and carbon, requires more oxygen gas.  
If a drop of ether be agitated in a bottle of oxygen  
gas, its vapor will instantly mix with the gas, and  
then a burning candle applied at the mouth of the  
bottle will cause a loud, and it may be a dangerous  
explosion.  
A glass globe of two quarts capacity, which had  
been filled with alcohol, merely shaken in it and  
then poured out, was placed on the hearth of a  
Franklin stove to dry, its mouth being toward the  
fire, but at the distance of three feet from it, when  
it was soon shattered with a violent and dangerous  
detonation.  
These facts will explain the explosion of the burn-  
ing fluids now so generally used, and which are  
composed of oil of turpentine and alcohol. The  
inflammable vapor, which is constantly rising from  
the fluid, when there is any space above, (in other  
words, if the vessel is not full of the fluid,) becomes  
mixed with the air and soon makes it explosive,  
just as if hydrogen gas were mingled with it; on  
the contact or near approach of flame an explosion  
will or may ensue. The flame may be even some  
distance, because if the vessel be open the vapor  
will flow out of it, and being heavier than the air,  
it may even reach a candle placed on the floor and  
away from flame, as in the case of the glass globe  
above.

Wherever a lamp containing burning fluid is only  
partly filled—and the same with the canister or  
reservoir—the air above becomes explosive. This  
state of things occurs constantly in the lamp as the  
fluid burns away, and in the can or reservoir as  
the fluid is from time to time poured out for use.  
It is so common that the fluids are poured into  
the lamp and from the can with a flame near at  
hand, and perhaps burning in the lamp itself; that  
we must continue to expect these very distressing  
casualties by explosion and burning, because most  
persons who perform these duties are ignorant of  
the danger and its cause, and the few who know  
better are often rash and presumptuous. The dan-  
ger may be entirely avoided by the use of the wire  
gauze protectors which have been recently intro-  
duced.  
It may be proper to add that I have no interest  
whatever in the invention. B. SILLIMAN.

Smithers, on going home the other night, was  
run against by a three-story brick house which  
was chasing a lamp post up the street. On coming to,  
he thus reasoned with himself, "Is that mud,  
(hiccup) or is it brains (hiccup)? If it's mud I'm  
mentally 'toxicated.' If it's brains, I'm 'slightly  
dead, (hiccup) that's all!"  
A cracked brained man, who was sighted  
by the females, very modestly asked a young lady,  
"if she would let him spend the evening with her."  
"No," she angrily replied "that's what I want."  
"Why?" replied he, "you couldn't be so fancy;  
I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one  
when I can't go any where else!"  
An author of