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C. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

"Rejoice with the Wife of thy Youth."

BY J. D. BANGS.

Rejoice with thy companion, the partner of thy youth.
With her who pledged to thee alone her fealty and truth;
With her who gave thee long ago a maiden's richest boon;
Turn, turn thou not from her away so coldy or so soon.
Have ye not wandered, hand in hand, among earth's pleasant bowers?
Or sat upon its sunny slopes, and culled its fairest flowers?
Have ye not floated many years together down that stream,
Where, on an ever-rolling wave, life's transient bubbles beam?
And now that time hath placed his palm on that once polished brow.
Oh, canst thou, all so heartlessly, speak rudely to her now?
Remember! let the rapid thought trace back the flight of years
Doest though not dream how trustingly, how joyous in her tears,
Some bright-browed being tendered thee, for aye, long time ago,
A true yet trembling hand and heart, thine, thine in weal or woe?
And when thou on her virgin lips, so fresh, so pure, and young,
Imprinted thy first nuptial kiss, did not thy joy grow strong?
Did not thy cup of bliss o'erflow, when, pillowed on thy breast,
With all a woman's trusting love, she laid her head to rest?
Perchance, on many a pleasing dream oblivion's seal is set.
But those, the hours of early love, thou never canst forget.
And then, thou may'st mind it well, when pain and sickness came,
And wan disease, with fevered clutch, had grasped thy weakened frame—
Whose noiseless tread was ever nigh—who watched thee when thou slept,
Nor turned, but that her tearful eye might pain thee when she wept?
Who moistened then thy parching lip—who raised thy languid head,
And bathed and cooled thy burning brow, and smoothed thy restless bed—
Who sat beside thy wasting form, and held thy hand so dry,
Who bowed in silent agony, that thou perchance would die?
And then, when hope grew bright again, who knelt in grateful prayer—
Who guided then thy feeble steps with more than mother's care!
And canst thou now, with bitter words, requite that heavy debt?
Nay, nay; those deeds of early love thou never may'st forget!
Thou never may'st forget that oft, when weariness hath come
Upon thee in thy pilgrimage, as with a shade of gloom—
When sadness or adversity hath bowed thy spirit low,
And thou hast almost hopelessly bowed down beneath the blow—
How, like a soothing, healing balm her gentle tones have fell.
And buoyed thy fainting spirit up, as with a saving spell!
Deal gently, then, with her, thine own, the trusted and the tried:
She may not be, what once she was, thy proud and peerless bride—
But thine was all her loveliness while yet the flower might bloom;
Thine, thine hath been each petal bright, and thine the rich perfume:
And though time's shadowy wing hath dimmed the beauty of her brow,
Yet shouldst thou still deal lovingly and gently with her now!

[illegible]

Written for the N. Y. Sun

THE INTRODUCTION: OR THE TWO CLERKS.

In those years of speculation when money was made very fast, when a few water lots would realize a fortune in a week, John Nelson was head clerk in a large importing house in South street. It is in the year 183–, that our tale opens. Jack was a whole souled fellow, he was open, frank and generous, and possessed a well informed mind, which was constantly improved by reading and well digesting everything that he did read. He had reached his 22d year, was good looking, also, but he was one of the most bashful fellows in existence. Place him in a room with a young female and Jack was nowhere. He could shine anywhere else but there. With the male sex he was on hand. He had been a clerk with a large mercantile house 7 years; he commenced with sweeping out the store, and rose from the station of youngest clerk to the station he now filled, and his salary had risen in proportion from $50 per annum to $1500. It is needless to say he enjoyed the entire confidence of the firm he was with. Jack had a mother, (his father was dead,) and she resided in a village in Connecticut; he had no brothers or sisters.—Every year his employers gave him two weeks play spell, this would come off in July or in August, and was spent with his mother. Jack was from that section and when he came to New York for the first time he was a stranger—knew no body, and no body knew him. An advertisement appeared in a newspaper 'Boy wanted; Jack applied, the merchant liked his looks and he got the place. For the first year he got a plate of 6¼ cts. pudding at George W. Brown's, down in Water street for his dinner, and slept with a crony who had come along to New York with him. They hailed from the same place. Frank Candee loved Jack, and he had friends and money, and a nice snug room in a boarding house; he gave a cot bed in to Jack. Next year Jack's star shone brighter, his salary was increased to $100, and he felt that he was independent.

There were never two young men so entirely different in every respect as Jack and Frank, although they were of the same age. Where men were concerned, Jack was first; where women were in the case, Frank fled off. Both had early joined the old Mercantile Library association, and at the time our story is dated, our friend Jack had been recently elected Vice President of that institution. They both boarded at a house in Beekman street, near old Dr. Milnor's church, had a room together, and paid $3 50 each for board. The landlady was very pious and a thoroughgoing Finneyite at that, and she had a perfect hankering to provide for the immortal souls of young men who boarded with her, as well as to provide grub and feed for their mortal bodies. It was a regular thing to have grace at meals and evening prayers. But Jack kept his room, and Frank was rarely there, until after the prayer hour had passed by.—Jack was rather inclined to religion; he was strongly in favor of early piety, but he had his own ideas in that regard; and he was decidedly and most emphatically opposde to the interferance of Mrs. Milkum his, landlady. Jack believed in Dr Milnor, and attended his church twice on Sunday, and for some time he went to prayer meetings on Sunday and Friday evenings.—But on one occasion, a leading warden, (who had had his eye on Jack for several nights) learned his name and openly asked, 'Brother Nelson, will you *put* up a prayer.' The horrified but modest Jack *put out* at once, and never showed his face in that crowd again. But the church was still open Jack had no fears that Dr. Milnor would call on him either to preach or to pray, and became still more regular in his attendance He never missed a sermon.—Dr. Milnor was not the only attraction; close by Jack's seat (for he had a seat there and paid six dollars a year for it too, and had a prayer book of his own,) was a pew. There were a great many other pews of course, but none so interesting to Jack as that pew, for there was seated every Sunday a beautiful girl with dark brown hair, dark eyes, red cheeks, and decidedly the prettiest mouth Jack had ever looked at. Jack was in love, downright, real love, and yet he did not know her; he had, it is true, learned the name of her father, and all about him. He was an extensive merchant in Broad street and lived in St John's Square, had a daughter, and her name was Alice. This was all Jack knew, and things remained in this state a year or more. Jack brooded over the matter and gazed at those bright eyes till he was nearly deranged about them. 'But what chance have I?' thought Jack. 'I never danced attendance upon any female; I know no body, have no means of getting acquainted with her, and if I had, I am such a perfect idiot I should disgust her.' But Jack did not neglect his business, nor his mother. No, no; he wrote to his mother every week, and early and late he was at the counting house. But Sundays—why Sundays he devoted to religion, and—Alice. He followed her home, and at night he walked backward and forward modestly in front of the house, and wondered what she was doing and whether she ever gave a thought to the poor S[illegible] who loved her so deeply and devotedly, but who had no friends save those he had made for himself, and no female friend save his excellent mother who was far away. Jack kept his love to himself; he had no confidants. Frank was his only intimate friend. On Sunday nights Jack went home more low spirited than ever, he felt determined to get acquainted with her some way or other. But how?—That was the question to be solved. He knew no one who knew her. The darkest hour of the night just precedes daybreak.

'I have it,' said Jack, as an idea flashed across his brain, 'and I'll do it. I will confide it all to my chum, to Frank; he knows how [illegible] girl in New York [illegible] Frank night [illegible] and [illegible] and think of it. Before the week was over the confession was forced out of Jack.

We have said Mrs. Milkum was a pious woman; she was decidedly so; and about this time Burchard of great celebrity was preaching at the Chatham-st chapel, (formerly the Chatham street Theatre) and drew crowds of the unconverted, fun-loving citizens after him. Mrs. Milkum idolize that holy man Burchard. She had a niece living with her named Helen, and Frank, who fell in love with every thing that wore petticoats under 25 years old, was particularly sweet on Helen Milkum, and had engaged that night to accompany her and her aunt to hear Burchard After tea he requested Jack to come up stairs. Jack complied. Frank shut the door and said—

'Jack, my dear boy, I have a particular favor to ask of you. Will you grant it?'

Jack thought of Alice, and his design of asking a favor of Frank, and replied—

'Yes, what is it?'

'I want to take Helen to hear Burchard to night, and I don't want to take old mother Milkum, her aunt. Now, that's a good fellow, just you ask, and take the aunt with you?'

Jack agreed, and that night found the four seated in the very centre of what had been the pit of the old Chatham. Mrs. Milkum had chosen the most conspicuous seat inthe building in order to astonish the natives in a way that we shall explain hereafter.

Jack cast his eyes around, when lo! in the very next slip behind him, there was Alice and her father and mother She had noticed him, and there was an intelligent gleam in her dark eyes, and a pleasant smile upon her lip. They belonged to Jack, but he did not know it; he never dreamed that she or any other woman but his mother ever thought of him. Why should he? But so it was; she knew his name, and knew all about him, and had begun to love him for the same modesty of which he himself was so ashamed. The chapel is crowded to excess, the services have commenced, the sermon is preached, and the Rev. Mr. Burchard leans over the pulpit and says: 'If there are any unconverted, God-hating sinners, and bound to be damned, in this house who desire to be prayed for, let them speak out and come up and take a seat on this anxious bench.'

There is a pause; a dead silence prevails: you could have heard a pin drop; but look, it is old mother Milkum. She rises—all look at her, she speaks—listen;

'I desire the prayers of Christians for these unconverted persons setting with me—John Nelson, Francis Candee, and Helen Milkum,' and down sat Mrs. Milkum.

Had a thunderbolt fallen—had a woman tumbled over the third tier—or any ordinary occurrence, Jack could have stood it, but *this*, and Alice too in the chapel, he was hopelessly crushed, and seizeing his hat he rushed down the aisle more like a maniac than a sane man, and left the place for very shame.

Poor Alice felt for him; she understood it all and was indignant. Helen blushed, and bowed her head out of sight, and Frank—looked at the reprobate!—he rises, as the man Burchard is about opening—he speaks, every word is heard distinctly.

'I beg your pardon, sir, but while your hand is in have the goodness to pray for one more sinner, it is the old hatter I board with, Mrs. Milkum, No.—Beekman street, who has just made the last request; put the whole party through while your hand is in;' and down sat Frank smiling pleasantly upon innumerable phizes, who were looking at him with astonishment all this while; and Mrs Milkum's eyes glared at him with the ferocity of an enraged tigress.

The prayer was made and the congregation dismissed. Frank managed to lose Mrs. Milkum, and he and the pretty Helen did not reach Beekman street till full two hours after she reached it alone.

Frank was evidently excited, and when he reached his room, where he found Jack almost in despair, he exclaimed, 'Jack it's all up, now, and the sooner we evacuate these premises the better.'

'What is all up?'

'Oh! never mind Helen and I left the old woman and took a stroll alone, and she declares she will tell all; if she does—there will be something broke.'

This was all Greek to poor Jack, who now began to unbosom himself to Frank, and finally told him all his troubles. Frank forced it out, for he saw that Jack's mortification was very much enhanced by the presence at the chapel of some young lady; and the moment he got this clue, Jack had to unravel all of it.

'So, so, Mr. Sly—you are in love, and with the young girl on the seat back of us to-night, and she was a witness of the whole scene,' and here Frank laughed till all rang again

'Don't, Frank, have a little mercy.'

'Mercy! didn't I give old Milkum fits? Oh Santa Maria!' and here Frank told Jack what had passed after he shot out.

There was comfort in it, and he blessed Frank for making a request which threw ridicule on the whole transaction.

'Now, Jack, I will introduce you on the very night we get a new boarding house.'

'What, Frank, are you acquainted with her?'

'Of course I am; know her mother like a book, take you to the house any time, go out riding every day.'

Jack agreed, and did get a new boarding house the next morning, paid the bill for both and moved to a Spanish house in the next street

That day was a busy-day with Jack. His mind was wandering up in St John's Square, and thinking what he should do and say when for the first time he should sit side by side with the gentle Alice—for he had seen Frank, and that worthy was so much delighted with Jack's promptness in getting a new place that he had insisted upon taking Jack to see Alice Rich that night.

Jack did an unusual thing that afternoon, he asked permission of his employers to be absent from the counting room, though it was packet night.

'Certainly, Mr Nelson,' was the reply.—We must excuse you when you do ask, for it is rare. I hope nothing serious has happened.

'Nothing, thank you, sir', said Jack, and home he went at 6 o'clock, and fixed and refixed until half past seven, when home came Frank.

'All ready Jack, eh,'

'Yes'

'Come on then.'

And away went the two heading for St. John's Park.

'What number is it Jack?'

'Why I thought you said you had been there? it's 40.'

'Oh, that is all right; a man may know a house without knowing the number, hark you Jack, I cannot stay but a minute; I will introduce you, and then you will know what to say.'

'But Frank—'

'Never mind, here we are' and Frank pulled at the knob.

Jack was getting speechless. The servant answered the bell.

'Is Miss Alice at home?' asked Frank.

'She is, walk in.

They entered, the servant closed the door, and then showed them into the parlor. They seated themselves. 'Quite a nice place,' remarked Frank, 'evidently respectable people.'

Jack was too much abashed to notice Frank's singular remark, and his heart got up in his mouth as Alice, looking more sweet and lovely than ever entered the room. She smiled and yet seemed rather astonished.

Frank approached her. 'Good evening, Miss Alice, a charming evening. I called for the special purpose of introducing my most intimate bosom friend I may say.'

'Mr. Nelson, Miss Rich, Miss Alice this is Mr. Nelson,' both parties bowed mechanically and awkwardly when Frank observed—'I told you John, I was in a hurry and must now leave. You are now acquainted and I hope you will have a pleasant time of it. Good evening both,' and the imperturbable Francis took his hat and deliberately left the premises.

'Well, I never—this is very singular,' commenced Miss Alice—'It is, but my friend is—is in a hurry; I suppose—in fact—he said so—'

'In a hurry, why I never saw the man before in all my life.'

Reader did you ever in your life find yourself in a fix—in a tight place, where you would have liked amazingly to have oozed quietly out backwards through a gimlet hole, and then died decently for very shamefacedness; if so, then fancy the feelings of our friend Jack For an instant he was speechless—it was but for an instant, and then out came the man; it was there, and had to come out, and it needed but this. He was outraged, indignant, and to feel that she, perhaps, would think him an accomplice in such a miserable piece of trickery. His face was pale as ashes, he rose from his seat, and went to her side, and in a deep feeling voice thus addressed the astonished girl.

'Miss Alice, do not for God's sake do me the cruel injustice to suppose for an instant that I am a party to such a base attempt to make your aquaintance. No, no, for long months I have looked forward to such a pleasure as the greatest in my life. I knew no one who knew you until my friend—I told him all—and he said he knew you, and that is why I came Forgive me, and believe me, I would not for worlds have done this. I will bid you good evening, and hide my mortification in the street.'

He was about leaving the room, when she extended her hand—'Mr. Nelson, do not go yet. I am sure—in fact I know you have been imposed upon.'

A mountain was removed from Jack's breast She remembered his name—that was something.

He pressed her hand for a moment it was only for a moment, but it sent a tingling sensation through every little vein in his whole body.

'Come, Mr. Nelson, sit down: you I am sure need not be in such a hurry as that impudent friend of yours.

Jack felt better, decidedly better. She certainly was not very angry, and he did sit down, and she sat down by his side, and then they were both together, and Jack had to explain how it all happened, and about the boarding house woman and the chapel scene, and then came in his mother, and he had a long story to tell about his dear old mother, and how they loved each other, how he was poor, very poor; and that he left her alone, and came away from his native village to try and do something in N. York, of his early struggles, Frank's friendship, and days and nights of hard work in the counting house and the confidence of his employers, and how ambition had grown up within him to be somebody, to be a merchant; and then it leaked out that he went to Dr Milnor's church to see *her* that for many months he had thought of her, and her only; and now he had no more ambition to rise for her sake that he might be more worthy of her, and— Jack stops; she has held her head down, and her handkerchief up to her eyes. What a fool I am, thinks Jack, she is laughing at me; but no, she has been listening, she could have listened all night, and she looks up to see why he stops. She withdraws her handkerchief, and her watery eyes meet Jack's, two bright pearly tears are trickling down her cheeks.

'Don't laugh at me; but indeed I had to cry. I was thinking of your darling mother, John.'

'What a lovely affectionate girl, how kind of her,' thought Jack.

'Laugh at you! No. But on the contrary I was thinking how silly I must appear in telling you all that story that you can care nothing about.'

'Oh, you wrong me very much, indeed you do. It was very interesting. And do you mean to tell me that impudent wretch Frank, as you call him, really aided you when you only got $50 a year?'

'He did, and was always my friend till now. I never had any intimacy with any young man but him. I cannot forgive him this.'

'Oh, you must not have any quarrel about this. You will think differently about it bye and bye.'

'Never! I will tell him what I think of it, and never speak to him again; and I must endeavor to find some other way to be introduced to you.'

'Indeed!' And there was a very wicked smile about the pretty mouth of Alice, and a singular sparkle in her bright eye as she gazed rather fondly at the innocent youth seated by her side, when she said '*in-deed*'

'Yes,' replied Jack; 'he shall apologize, and to *you*, too. I will bring him here to-morrow night if you will let me?'

The pleased girl noticed Jack's quandary, but she was a sensible shrewd girl for her age. She saw at once that his modest diffidence was working its way clear of all obstacles, and that he was becoming aware of resources in his own character that had slumbered and lain dormant, and that he was never aware of before, and instead of relieving him and opening his eyes at once, by the simple words, "we are acquainted, well enough acquainted now, and the first opportunity I find I will introduce you to my parents,' she acquiesced in his decision, and really had a sort of curiosity to know what he would do next. 'Certainly you know better what to do than I do.'

'And will you allow me to call and see you when I am regularly introduced?'

'With pleasure!' said the laughing girl; and Jack again and again and again trusted she would not think he had any hand in the impudent imposition of Frank that evening; and being assured she would not, he bade her good night. After he had gone she mused for some time. 'Well, he is a noble fellow, and I like him—like him—I *love* him. And he, so modest, and thinks so humbly of himself; and every word he said about his feelings towards me for weeks and months, during which he did not dream I even noticed him; it went right pat to my heart. Bless him—I'll try to do it some day. He is worth a hundred every day lovers, rich men's sons and hangers on. As for his being poor—pshaw! so was my father. But John, he has business habits; he is head clerk; he only wants money and then he can go into business and be a merchant, and then I shall be Mrs. Nelson. But Miss Alice you may as well wait until he gets into the good graces of your worthy papa, and I'll contrive to send him to papa, and see how he gets on in that quarter. As for that Frank, he must be a bird, his requesting the prayers for that old woman, and then fetching that poor innocent here, and leaving him so cooly. He must be a deep one; but 'nous verrons,' and up stairs went the happy girl to her mother, and to make the mother a confidant of all her plans, which she did do that night long before her beautiful eyes were closed in slumber.

When Jack left his lady love, he did not recollect that he had been there hours, and though he hurried home to meet Frank before he went to bed, he found on his arrival, that worthy snoring fast asleep. He roused him.

'Frank! Frank! I say.' Frank turned over and looked at him. 'Hallo, Jack, is that you?'

'Yes, Frank, this is a serious business.'

'What, about Helen? Yes, it is serious; has the old woman been here?'

'What old woman? You must be crazy; get up. I want to talk to you.'

Frank raised himself up in the bed, and lit a cigar very deliberately. 'I am ready; go ahead. What's in the wind?'

'Frank, you have been my friend, my dearest friend. I have loved you and trusted you, and—'

'Well, what's out? Go ahead!'

'And you have deceived me cruelly, and trifled with my feelings.'

'Pshaw! What is the matter? What have you been doing? I introduced you to a devilish nice girl, and here you come blowing. Jack you are ungrateful.'

Jack was now really indignant; human nature couldn't stand it. '*You* introduced me! *You*—that cock won't fight; you did not know Alice from Adam.'

'That is no sort of consequence. Now keep perfectly cool and calm and tell me all that occurred after I left.'

Jack did so.

'And pray my most verdant youth, what more do you want?'

'To be introduced to her by some one who knows her.'

'John, you are without exception, the most unqualified specimen of antediluvian simplicity and Paradise greenness that is at present extant on this continent. I shall withdraw my patronage if you go on in this way.'

'Alice herself requested me not to quarrel with you, because I told how you were my friend in years yone by.'

'She is a sensible girl. So you told her *that*, did you? How long was you there; its near 11!'

'Deuce it is! I must have stayed three hours'

'Good again! Three hours alone with a girl you love!'

'She said I might come to-morrow and bring you to make an apology; and you must go, Frank. She said after she was introduced she should be glad to see me always.'

'*I* go up there; over the left I will.—Now listen to me, Jack, for exactly ten minutes, and be a good boy, go to sleep and dream of Alice. You do not know yourself. I do, and fool that I am, I love you better than any other human being. When you told me that you loved this Alice, I knew that it was a serious business. I knew your worth, and that you would make any woman happy, and what did I do? Sacrificed myself for your sake. The end justified the means. I introduced you, and left at once in order not to embarrass you.—What I foresaw took place; you fancied you were aggrieved; you became a man at once, you acted like a man; that girl if I don't mistake her, read you like a book; and you told her as plainly of your devoted love to her as if you had been staggering through an ordinary acquaintance of a year. She has in fact accepted you as her lover; it amounts to that. For if she was not as anxious to know more of you as you are to know her, she would have settled matters very quietly and quickly by telling you to go about your business, and have no more humbugging. The girl loves you; now get acquainted with old Beeswax, her father. I'll fix that.'

'Now don't, Jack, get me into any more scrapes. Will you go up to-morrow night?'

'Not I, faith; but I will write a very penitent apology, and you can carry it up; you can tell her you cow-hided me or any thing else you like. Now go to bed. I have got some troubles of my own about old mother Milkum's niece to sleep off.'

In the morning Jack thought over the events of the previous evening, and half made up his mind that Frank had in reality done him a real service, and he went cheerfully to his counting room, having agreed to meet Frank at their room in the evening. Poor Jack, he little dreamed that Frank had another shock of the earthquake to give his sensitive modesty before evening would come around.

As we have said before, Frank had wealthy connexions and a prospect ahead of a large fortune for himself. On this morning he went to see an uncle, who was a merchant and extensively engaged in commerce, and was well known and respected. A long and interesting conversation ensued, and after Frank took his leave, the old merchant took his way to the employers of John Nelson. An hour afterwards Frank met him, and as he extended his hand, he remarked, 'I congratulate you, my boy, perfectly satisfied; gave him a first rate character for integrity and business habits. I will advance you $20,000 to start, and Messrs.——, your friend's employers, will allow him to refer to their very respectable firm. As you requested, nothing is to be said by them at present to your friend.'

'Very good, dear uncle; I have told you all about Jack; may I ask another favor. I will refer a merchant whom you know to you. He has a pretty daughter, and Jack loves her. If you make all that straight, ten chances to one but Jack will have some capital. Put it strong about moral character, &c. The merchant is Mr. Rich.'

'Ah! Frank; well, well—I'll say what you say, for I believe you, and I don't think there will be much trouble. Mr. Rich and I are old friends.'

Frank next visited Mr. Rich. He found him in his private office alone and entered.

'Mr. Rich, my name is Frank Candee; I have been brought up in the counting room of Messrs. G. & Co., and my uncle is Mr.——

'Know him well, and shall be happy to serve you.'

'I am about making a partnership with Mr. John Nelson.'

'Ah! Know him; attends Milnor's church. Daughter speaks of him frequently; good arrangement no doubt.'

Frank having paved the way with Russ pavement thus far, now opened rich and extensive. He lauded Jack to the skies; his business habits, his love to his mother, and finally opened the eyes of the astonished merchant to Jack's love for his daughter. Mr. Rich was a sensible, straight forward man; he loved his daughter and preferred to have her marry a man who had made his way in the world to any other. He asked Frank if he had any reason to think the attachment was reciprocal.'

'No doubt about it—not the least,' replied Frank, 'but my friend would not dare ask her, and has not done so, and will not I am perfectly certain, until he gets your consent.'

'Perfectly right on his part, I like him the better for it.'

'Will you call and see my uncle; as John is to be my partner I feel interested in his prospects, and I should like to have you satisfied that the arrangement he is about making is a good one, the more so, as if you become his father-in-law, you will feel interested; but one thing I wish to assure you, he wants no financial aid; his business habits balance the $20,000 my uncle puts in for me.'

'Go you along. I will see about that. If my daughter loves him, she shall marry him, and shall bring him equally as much capital as your uncle gives you.'

Mr. Rich and the uncle met, and both the worthy old gentlemen chattered merrily over the partnership prospects of the young people, about friends, and the marriage of John and Alice, and when Mr. Rich got back to his counting-room, he felt that he had become so heartily introduced, that he should really be disappointed if Alice did not love John. He seated himself at his desk and wrote the following notes. The first was to John.

Broad-st, Tuesday morning.

'Dear Sir—If you have time to spare, I shall be pleased to have you come down to my office at once. I will wait until you come. We can then talk quietly over your future prospects at our leisure.

Very Resp'y, &c., J. RICH.

To Mr. John Nelson.

The amazed John received this epistle from the hands of Mr. Rich's porter, and read it, told the porter he would come, and then took his hat and started, taking a turn round the Battery first, in order to collect his thoughts. It is all up with me—'future prospects.' I see how it is, he intends to get me removed from my present situation, and wants to give me warning—It's kind in him, however. Oh! that Frank, that rascally introduction has been my ruin.' So mused poor John.

The other note read as follows—

'Tuesday morning.

My Dear Daughter:—So you have dared to fall in love, have you? Well, I'll forgive you, for he is, from every inquiry I have made, a most estimable and deserving young man. He will go into business next month with a nephew of an old friend of mine under the firm of Nelson & Candee. They are to do a general commission and commercial business. The uncle puts in a cash capital of $20,000, and I have agreed to give John the same amount the day he marries you. I have just sent for him to come round and talk over matters, and shall be detained down town too late for dinner—all on your account, you hussy. To-night have tea for one more than usual. You can guess who that *one* will be. J. RICH.

What said the charming Alice to this? What did she say? She was surprised, confounded; and yet the reader cannot for a moment doubt that she was ineffably happy. There was a mystery about it that she strove in vain to unravel—but trusting that time would explain all, she went to her own room, and there, kneeling by her bed-side, poured out her grateful soul in devout thanksgiving and prayer to the Giver of all good for his myriod blessings, and especially for the felicity of the present hour. Arising, she returned to her room and read her father's note to her fond mother, from whom she had no secrets.

Jack found Mr. Rich waiting for him.—For the last hour, doubts had been passing through his mind as to the possible course the father of Alice would pursue. He had no doubt that it was all in consequence of going to his house the night before, but whether he would murder him outright, or reserve him for a more lingering death, by depriving him of his means of existence, was doubtful. He can't more than kill me, tho't Jack, and to receive even that notice from the father of the girl he loved, was rather flattering than otherwise. When Jack entered the merchant's sanctum, he was, to his surprise, received very cordially. 'Mr. Nelson,' said Mr. Rich, 'I am very glad you have come. I have become aware of your attachment to my daughter, and have been making inquiries this morning in regard to you, and the replies are very satisfactory—entirely so, I may safely add.'

Jack was silent, and gazed at him in stupefied astonishment—he felt for his head. Was he dreaming, or did his ears play him some confounded trick?

'You love her sincerely, I am told?'

'Devotedly—oh, my dear sir, this is more than I expected. Is it possible that you do indeed intend to let me have her?'

'I don't know at present of any reason why I should not. That is to say—if she loves you.'

'She does not love me. Love *me*—what on earth is there about me, for such a being as she is to love. I am only a clerk.'

'Being a clerk has got nothing to do with it; I was a clerk once; it did't hinder me from getting married.'

'But I never dared tell her I loved her, or asked her if she loved me.'

'Shows you are a sensible, correct young man, and have done what was right and proper. You wanted my consent first, and now you have it. You must go up to tea with me to-night, and if you don't go to work and get *her* consent, now that you have mine, then you are a couple of fools; and that's all I have got to say about it.'

The merchant then led Jack, who was completely bewildered at what had occurred, to relate to him the principal events of his history. The more he heard, the more he fancied Jack, and when he took his departure, he shook him heartily by the hand, and calling him by his Christian name, said;

'The day you marry Alice, I shall give her $20,000 to put in your new concern.—Now, be up at the house at 7 precisely.'

While Jack was pondering over what the new concern might be, or what it meant, he reached the counting room of his employers. They called him into their back office, told him they were loth to part with him, but that a proposition had been made, so clearly to his advantage, that they must consent, and then they related to him all that our readers know.

Jack went home and wrote a letter to his mother. His darling object had been achieved He would now be a merchant.—He had struggled against every difficulty; he had succeeded over all. More than this, he could now have a home—a loved wife. His mother would be with him. Tears of happiness were in his eyes as Frank entered the room. He flung himself into his arms—he was overcome, and could not speak; he owed all to Frank.

'What is to pay now, eh? Any thing else broke?' said the indomitable Frank.

Jack would have related what had occurred.

'I know it all, my dear fellow. I say how long do you suppose the firm of Nelson & Candee will last, eh?'

'Forever, I hope,' answered Jack.

'You would want the company I suppose, then, Nelson & Candee & Co., which is to be Miss Alice; but that won't do, as she is only to be the sleeping partner of one of the firm.'

'Don't, Frank, talk that way. You know I never like to hear any jokes in connection with those I esteem and love.'

'Nonsense; I intend to marry, myself—in fact, Jack, I am married.'

'You?'

'Yes, *I*, Frank Candee, am a Benedict. Know then, most sapient, I am the husband of Helen Milkum. I was married the night we were prayed for at the Chatham.'

'Helen is a good girl, Frank. I always liked her.'

'So did I—and hated her Aunt the worst kind. That night capped the climax. Burchard has bewitched that woman. She is a regular hatter on religious topics, and it was in mercy to poor Helen that I married her that night to save her from her Aunt's clutches. We have made an agreement in regard to the old woman.'

'What kind of an agreement?'

'Simply this. Helen and your humble servant go to housekeeping as soon as we (that is, you and me) go into business, and Helen gives her consent that I should shoot her Aunt with salt, if she ever ventures to come within a block of our future residence. And now, my boy, can you keep Bachelor's hall alone, for I mizzle to-night. I am going for Helen, and when I get her, we will come here, pack up my traps, and go to a hotel and spend our honey-moon. I say—do you want that letter of apology?'

'Pshaw, Frank, that is all over now.'

'So I supposed—you got a new introduction by the hands of the father. Give my love to Alice, that's all, and now adieu, as they say down stairs, and about all the Spanish I have learned by stopping here.'

It wanted a quarter of seven when John reached the residence of Mr. Rich; he entered the parlor, Alice was there alone. She rose as he entered, and with the simple word 'Alice,' he met her with an embrace.

'Alice,' he continued, 'this has been a bright day in my existence. It depends upon you, dear girl, whether it shall close in darkness and disappointment. I have loved you long, though kept at a distance by my own reserve. Have you seen your father?'

'I have, and he seems to take it for granted that I am in love with you.'

'Alice, raise those beautiful eyes, and look me in the face. May I hope that you do? What, no answer! Have I offended you?' Now her eyes are raised, and meet his in full, eloquent in expression of confidence and the warmest affection. The father and mother are standing behind them, witnesses of the scene upon which they had noiselessly entered, and when that first kiss of love had been exchanged, their blessing followed. The happiness enjoyed by that tea-table circle that evening, we shall not attempt to describe.

The first day of the next month, the two following notices appeared under their respective headings in the New York Sun.

"Married, on Monday evening, at St. George's church, by the Rev. Dr. Milnor, JOHN NELSON, to ALICE, only child of J. Rich Esq., all of this city.

"NOTICE.—The undersigned have this day associated themselves together under the style of Nelson & Candee, for the purpose of doing a general Commission business.

JOHN NELSON.
10td FRANCIS CANDEE."

The success of these new combinations which our friend Jack had made, will form the ground-work of another tale, which will appear on the future occasion.

☞ The best remedy for passion is silence; if you say nothing, you will have nothing to unsay.