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O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

A SONG.

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HARVARD COLLEGE.

BY O. W. HOLMES

When the Puritans came over
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer,
With tomahawks and scalping knives,
That made folks' heads look queer;—
O the ship from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year!

The crows came cawing through the air
To pluck the pilgrims' corn,
The bears came snuffling round the door
Whene'er a babe was born.
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
Than the butt of the old ram's horn
The deacon blew at meeting time
On every Sabbath morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams down,
And pine tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
In shape of steeples slim;
And out the little wharves were stretched
Along the ocean's rim,
And up the little schoolhouse shot
To keep the boys in trim.

And when at length the College rose,
The sachem cocked his eye
At every tutor's meagre ribs
Whose coat-tails whatled by;
But, when the Greek and Hebrew words
Came tumbling from their jaws,
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to their squaws.

And who was on the Catalogue
When College was begun;
Two Stephens of the Parish rot,
And the Professor's son,
(They turned a little Indian by,
As brown as any bun;)
Lord! how the sophs knocked about
The freshman class of one!

They had not then the dainty things
That commons now afford,
But *succotash* and *hominy*
Were smoking on the board;
They did not rattle round in gigs,
Or dash in long-tail blues,
But always on Commencement days
The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans;
Their lot was hard enough;
But honest hearts made iron arms,
And tender minds are tough;
So love and faith have formed and fed
Our true born Yankee stuff,
And kept the kernel in the shell
The British found so rough!

Tales.

A $250 Prize Tale—Written for the N. Y. Sun.

THE HEIRESS;
OR
THE ROMANCE OF LIFE.

BY ESTELLE.

"I must die, Mansfield," said Mr Howard to his friend, raising himself feebly from his pillow, and resting on this elbow—"I must die—and die here in a foreign land My physicians have given me up. I had hoped to see my country once more—the forest covered hills, and broad rivers of America—but fate forbids. It has been a hard struggle, but I have learned at last to look death in the face, beneath the blue skies of Italy."

"Physicians are not infalliable, my dear friend," said Colonel Mansfield. "We will exchange the blue skies, for the blue ocean, and the invigorating breezes will give you new strength." "No, no"—murmured Howard sadly, "It cannot be—the hope you hold out to me is vain. We have taken our last journey together, my friend—it must end here."

"But why are you so desponding to-day? Come, take my advice, or rather Shakespeare's, and 'throw physic to the dogs.' Rouse up your energies—you are not a thousand dead men yet. Let me bar the doors against those canting doctors, and see if I cannot cure you myself."

"If you could, Colonel," said the sick man with a faint smile, "I have wealth enough to give you a princely fee; but the mention of it only makes me feel its impotence the more. Alas! gold can buy everything but life and health. Those must be the gift of the Almighty."

"So they must, Howard, so they must; but confound the doctors, for all that.—Their profession is worse than ours—they kill millions of the human race, with a long solemn face, under the pretence of healing them: while we do it openly with a sword thrust, or bullet, and our victims are not deceived by appearances—and as for real sympathy or feelings, I'll stake a soldier's heart against a doctor's, any day."

"*Your* heart is in the right place, my dear Colonel. Believe me, I fully appreciate your friendship and sympathy; but we must prepare for the worst. I would speak to you now of my little Florence—born in the city of her name, and at the price of her poor mother's life. She will be the heiress of half a million. I have no other relative, and, with the exception of twenty thousand dollars, a legacy bequeathed to yourself, all my property will be hers, to go, in case of her death before she becomes of age, to charitable purposes, specified in my will. I have left you sole executor of that, and sole guardian of my child. Will you accept the charge, and adopt her as another daughter, a twin sister to your Alice?"

"Heaven is my witness, that I will so do, Howard, should your fears be justified—but—"

"No buts," Mansfield, said his friend, interrupting him—"I am satisfied;" and he sunk back on his pillow, and remained silent, as if in deep thought.

Colonel Mansfield, had risen from his seat, and walked to the head of the bed.—Uncontrollable feelings of pity and grief were in his heart, as he gazed on the wreck before him. One little year ago, and he, who was thus cut down in his prime, had been full of glowing hopes, and active life—remarkable for strength of mind, energy of character, and a noble person. It was evident, however, that his rapid race was nearly run; and a tear rolled from the cheek of the soldier, and fell on the attenuated hand of the sick man.

Mr. Howard turned his eyes on his friend, and then drew his hand across the sheet. "For shame Colonel," said he with an attempt at pleasantry; "Do soldiers shed tears?"

"Never, on the field of battle, Howard, but you have made me as tender hearted as a woman, by talking of your child.—There is but a week's difference in the ages of your Florence and my Alice; and they are so much alike, they might easily pass for twins."

There was indeed a singular and striking resemblence between these two children.—Their features, as if by some freak of nature, seemed to have been cast in the same mould. They were both fair, with deep blue eyes, long lashes, and beautiful brows. There was the slightest possible difference in the shade of their light, curly hair.—Florence's inclined more to the golden tint, of which poets love to sing, and her complexion had the bloom and freshness of the spring blossom—while Alice inherited the delicate constitution of her mother, for whose sake her father had sought the genial clime of Italy.

Colonel Mansfield and Mr. Howard—old friends in their own country, had met accidentally in London, one year after the death of Mrs Howard in Florence. The widower was on the point of returning to America, bereaved of happiness, and shattered in constitution, by the morbid melancholy which was preying upon his mind.—His preparations were made with indifference, for there was no longer any charm in "native land," without her, whom he had borne away from it, as a bride. In this frame of spirit, Col. Mansfield found him, and had little difficulty in persuading him to change his plans, and spend the ensuing winter with himself and wife, at Rome.—The two children, Florence and Alice were placed together with an excellent nurse, and left on English ground, Arthur Mansfield, a fine boy of six years old, accompanied his parent.

The former history of Mr. Howard may be told in a few words. He had been first a merchant, and afterwards a banker in New York; and having amassed a large fortune, had given up business in order to enjoy it. He had married late in life, a young and lovely girl, accomplished and refined, enthusiastic and discriminating—with an eye and taste for the beautiful and imaginative and also a soul for high and vigorous powers. She did honor to his choice; and in the first flush of hope and love, he proudly bore her to the land of poetry and romance. It was then that he lived his youth over again in the freshness and novelty of her feelings His business trammelled thoughts were relaxed from their long accustomed bondage, and entered with a new spring into a higher order of enjoyment. His young wife had drawn out the treasures of his mind and education, and found a store of knowledge and sentiment, which had been forced from action by the arbitrary commands of commerce—In return for the *condeur de rose* which she was spreading over his existence, he surrounded her with all the appliances of wealth, and lavished on her the boundless affection of a noble heart: but it was in vain. His idol was taken away from him. The day that made him a father, left him a widower. The stroke bowed him to the earth, and but, for his child he would have had no wish to live. For her sake he struggled on with his grief. For her sake, he strove to turn from the memory of the dead to a brighter hope for the living. The name of Florence, in which was associated both his love and his despair, was given to his daughter. It recalled continually to his mind the young mother, who had there found her last resting place, and gave a sacredness to his feelings for the innocent being, whose first breath had been drawn in the same city.

It was in the month of October. The winter had not set in, and he could not think of remaining in Italy. He could not gaze alone on those magnificent works of art, which had excited such enthusiasm in her, who could look on them no more. The reflection that she, with her youth and beauty, had found only a solitary grave, where she had anticipated a delightful residence, and the fulfilment of all her early dreams of the ancient world—was more than he could bear. He took his child and returned to London.

CHAPTER II.

Three months had passed since the conversation between the two friends, with which we commenced our story. Mr. Howard had paid the debt of nature, and slept his last sleep in the "eternal city," beneath the shadow of the great St. Peters. Mrs. Mansfield's health continued to decline.—The insidious power of consumption had fastened on her vitals, and was gradually, but surely loosening the chords of life.—Colonel Mansfield, continually anxious, and restless from anxiety, traveled with her from place to place, and as a last resort took her to the South of France. The mild breezes of a Southern climate failed of producing any salutary effect. He saw her sinking day by day, and was oppressed with the thought that he, too, must bury his wife in a land of strangers. She was no longer able to leave her room, when he received a letter from the nurse of the two children in London, telling him that Florence Howard, his adopted daughter, was dead. She had been seized with a violent fever, which baffled the skill of the physicians.

Convulsions had followed, from one of which, she had never recovered. This was indeed an unexpected event, and also a severe disappointment. Colonel Mansfield was an ambitious man; and had secretly formed the plan of uniting his son to the daughter of his friend, and thus securing the immense fortune of the heiress in his own family. This plan was rendered abortive by the death of Florence. Arthur was precluded from the possibility of ever having possession of the money, but why should not Alice, by a little innocent deception, reap the benefit. There were no relatives of Mr. Howard, who could suffer by the fraud. His will had put it out of the power of any distant connexion to claim the reversion of his estate, which in case of his daughter's death, he had bequeathed to institutions of charity. Colonel Mansfield revolved all these things in his own mind, and at length persuaded himself, that he was committing no crime by substituting his own child in the place of the dead; and the infancy, and remarkable resemblance between the two children, favored his idea. His wife was so low that there was no necessity of imparting to her the intelligence he had just received. She would soon be beyond the reach of joy or grief in this world; and she was the only one who with a mother's instinct might possibly recognise her own Alice in the pretended Florence.

Colonel Mansfield had decided on his course; and instantly wrote to the nurse, that for important and imperative reasons, which could not then be disclosed, he wished to conceal the death of Florence Howard, and let it appear to the world that it was his own child who had been taken away. The secret must on no account be revealed—and she must immediately call Alice by the name of Florence, and endeavor to forget herself, as well as to make the child forget that she had ever had any other name. He also gave her instructions to quit her present place of residence, as soon as possible after the receipt of his letter, and proceed by easy stages to Edinburgh; saying that he believed the climate there to be more healthy; for which purpose he enclosed her a draft on his banker in London, to pay travelling expenses, and secure all necessary comforts to herself, and her charge. She must have no reference to expense, he added, in obtaining lodgings, but choose a pleasant location, and write him without delay, in what part of the city she might be found. This done, he threw off from his mind the weight of his first disappointment, and endeavored to believe that he had done no wrong to the memory of his friend.

Alice, or as she must hereafter be called, *Florence*, was two years old, when the mother, of whom she had no recollection, had faded slowly from the earth, in ignorance that her daughter was an heiress, without signed himself to the loss, which, from long anticipation was divested of part of its power; he had had no hope for months of the ultimate recovery of his wife, and no neglect of her in her illness, with which to reproach himself. He therefore turned with sadness, though not with heavy grief, to the living world and its concerns; his duty was henceforward to his children.

Arthur Mansfield was a fine, noble looking boy—of a disposition calculated to inspire love, and a mind capable of receiving the impression of great and generous sentiments On the death of his mother, his father took him to Paris, and placed him as a seminary for education; having determined within himself, that the legacy of Mr. Howard should go untouched to Arthur, as a small compensation for the splendid fortune he had hoped to manœuvre into his possession.

Thus disposing of his son for the present, Col. Mansfield left him, and bent his course to Edinburgh in search of his daughter.—There he found the nurse and little girl, the latter greatly improved in appearance. She had lost the paleness of her infancy, and had caught from the Highland breezes a tinge of health so bright and lovely, that her father began insensibly to identify her in his mind with the real Florence. Her hair had grown more glossy and exuberant. The clustering curls refused to be straightened, and the blue eyes looked out from under their long lashes, with an expression altogether irresistible. Colonel Mansfield was charmed with the beauty, already bidding fair to expand into full perfection. He had cast off from his name this little bud of his own—this little gem of beauty, which he would have been too proud to acknowledge—but what then? Had he not made his child the heiress of half a million? And tho' he called her Florence Howard, might he not still love her as Alice Mansfield? And would she not love him as her real father? Might not her future estrangement be his sorest punishment? No matter. It was done—and whatever the penalty of his avarice, hereafter, he must bear it as best he might.

Time sped on, and Florence had attained her sixth year. Col. Mansfield was anxious to remove her from the nurse, whose indiscretion he sometimes feared might lead her, in spite of her oath to the contrary, to reveal the secret. He therefore made a munificent present to the woman, telling her he was going to America, and should no longer need her services. She grieved deeply at parting with her foster-child, whom she loved as her own, and whom she would fain have accompanied to the new world, had she been permitted to retain her situation; but this the Colonel refused, though kindly, and with many thanks, and they separated.

He then took passage for New York, and on the ocean, felt for the first time that he was safe from the discovery of his unjustifiable conduct. Florence passed for his adopted daughter, and soon became with her infantile endearments, the idol of his heart. He procured a governess for her, and kept her with him. She was apt and docile, and as her education rapidly progressed, he obtained the first masters for her, and sought to make her excel as much in mind and manners, as in person.

Arthur was still in Europe. In his eighteenth year he had been sent to Oxford, and entered as a student in the College. There was not the slightest resemblance between him and his sister. He had a dark, rich complexion; such as one might imagine had caught its glow from an Italian sun-set.—An eye, black, yet soft, and of a half melancholy expression; and a beautifully formed mouth, which often smiled, but seldom opened into a loud laugh. In short, he was the very ideal of a *poet*, with his high, intellectual forehead, and thoughtful cast of countenance, occasionally lighted up with the scintillations of genius, which flashed out their fire, and disappeared from the surface. Though young, he had grown up tall, well proportioned, and had an air altogether *distingue*. His French education had given him ease and grace. His English one had given him dignity, and those quiet manners so admired by the highly bred, and so unappreciated by the vulgar. Col. Mansfield was desirous that he should complete his college course at Oxford. In the meanwhile, he executed a favorite design of taking Florence to Paris, in order to perfect her in the language, and give the prpoer finish, which he fancied could no where else be acquired Florence was an *heiress*, and on her no expense must be spared.

CHAPTER III.

It was at the close of a summer day, about two years after the return of Colonel Mansfield with his daughter to Paris, that two young gentlemen alighted from a Diligence, and threaded their way through the crowded thoroughfare, to the Rue St. Honoré.

"And is this your first visit to your father Arthur?" said Lionel Compton to young Mansfield, who was one of the travellers.

"Yes,"—said Arthur, with a sigh which he would fain have suppressed. "My father has been to Oxford to see me, but he wished me to be graduated before I came to Paris."

"The douce he did!" exclaimed Lionel, with a ludicrous affectation of dismay, at his friend's temerity: "and so you have come without her permission, and even ventured to bring me with you. I'm afraid you have got me into a devil of a scrape, my dear fellow—and you, yourself, will be likely to get but a cold welcome, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps so, Lionel, perhaps you are right—but cold, or warm, I was determined to come. My father shall not forget me entirely, in his overweening love for his adopted daughter, Florence Howard."

Lionel laughed a merry laugh as he relit his pipe. Miss Howard, the heiress of whom I have heard you speak, and is it not perfectly supposable that your father intends her as your future wife? You never see into anything beyond a greek problem, or you would not need my wisdom to enlighten you on this subject Don't you understand?—Why, it's as plain as the nose on a man's face—but no—that comparison is to common for your fastidious ear—It's as plain, then, as the *tail of a comet*, which shoots its light out of mystery, just as the horoscope of fate, is disclosing to my eyes, the brightness of your fortune."

"But why does my father forbid me to visit him, then? Can you tell me that?" asked Arthur.

"Condemn me for a braggart, if I can't,"—answered Lionel, laughing again, at the puzzled expression of his friend's countenance. "Don't you see through the artifice? He wants to keep you apart until the proper time, when you are both to fall violently in love at first sight, and marry while the fit is on. But I only hope she'll fall in love with me, and I'll promise to take her off your hands."

"Well, here is the number of the house," said Arthur. "I'll give you leave to try your fortune with the heiress."

"Thank you good friend. Very generous of you, I must confess—remarkably generous, truly when you know very well, that my florid English face and stout built frame, would stand no chance with sentimental, poetical, Byronic sort of beauty.—Hey-day! its all over with me, if I make my first appearance in your company."

By this time the door was opened, and they followed the servant to the parlor.—Colonel Mansfield was within. He started at the sight of his son, but nevertheless, greeted him affectionately, and courteously welcomed his companion.

"Your visit is unexpected, Arthur," said he, "but I am glad to see you—after the next two years, we shall live more together. Indeed, Mr. Compton," he continued, turning to Lionel, "Arthur and myself, are almost strangers to each other."

"So my friend has told me, sir"—said Lionel. "I have often heard him express his regret at being so long separated from his father."

"Circumstances, Mr. Compton, circumstances have made it necessary"—answered the Colonel, rather hurriedly—"My daughter"—he stopped suddenly—"my adopted daughter, I should say, bequeathed to me by her dying father, has stood more in need, from her sex and age, of my constant care." Arthur bit his lip and turned to the window to hide his vexation—but who can describe his astonishment, a moment afterward, at the vision of beauty which burst upon his sight in the person of Florence Howard. She was just fifteen, a half blown rose, of fairest, loveliest promise—but with all her training, wild as a fawn, and impulsive as a child. There is a Spanish proverb which says, "Chase the natural as you will, it comes back on the gallop"—and thus it was with Florence. Upon hearing that Arthur Mansfield had come, she sprang into the room without waiting to be summoned, and running up to the Colonel, exclaimed in a joyful tone of voice, "Dear father, tell me quickly, which is my brother, that I may speak to him."

The father fixed his eyes on her sweet, hopeful, gay, young face, and smiled, as he said "Come hither, Arthur, and answer your sister's question." Lionel Compton watched the meeting, and wished at that moment there was no Arthur Mansfield in existence—and Arthur forgot his own jealousy of the beautiful being who caught his hand with fervor and looked up into his eyes, with an expression of unaffected pleasure. A bright smile chased the gloom from his brow, and he returned her salutation with more than a brother's warmth.

Colonel Mansfield observed their mutual surprise and admiration, and was troubled. A vague fear took possession of his mind, that these two warm hearted young creatures who knew not the tie of blood which bound them together, might cherish feelings of affection, inimical to their future peace. Man knows not his own short-sightedness, thought he to himself, until it be too late. Starting from his reverie, he spoke to his daughter, who was entirely engrossed with Arthur. "Alice," said he, and then hastily correcting himself, "Florence, I mean; (I am always associating you in fancy with my lost Alice,) you have not spoken to Mr. Compton, I think."

"Mr. Compton, will excuse me, father. He knows, that is, if Arthur has had the grace to tell him, that I have never seen my brother since my recollection, until now. Oh, I'm so glad he's come! and so disappointed in him, too."

"Disappointed! how?"—asked Arthur—"Will you tell me in what way?" He was amused, as well as fascinated by her words and manner.

"Certainly"—answered Florence—"I intend to tell you; if papa will be done frowning on us. He thinks me a very outlaw, Arthur, and I can see by his looks that he is on the point of banishing me this instant from your presence, as if there were any harm in my saying what I think, to *you*. You are only my *brother*, you know, and I was disappointed in you, because I had no idea that you were half as handsome."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Arthur, with great animation, "I am delighted to hear you say that, Florence, for I assure you I had not the least suspicion that you had been sent to earth in the guise of an angel!"

"Come, come," said the Colonel, smiling slightly, although evidently annoyed at the turn of the conversation, "you are playing rather to largely on each other's vanity—Florence is giving a specimen of French compliments, which mean nothing—and you, Arthur, have been learning the art of flattery, I perceive to perfection. Pray, do they teach it at college?"

"No sir!" answered his son, "There is nothing at Oxford but all [illegible] the *spirituelle* of existence, is only found at Paris."

Florence laughed gaily, and shook her curls from her face; and then, like a frightened bird, darted suddenly from the room. Her father rose immediately and followed her.

Lionel Compton had been a silent spectator of the scene. At the disappearance of Florence and the Colonel, he cast a look of comic despair at his friend. "It's all over with me Arthur," he exclaimed, "just as I told you it would be, and I'm over head and ears in love, too—but hang me for a fool, for coming with you. That Italian face of yours, which by the way, you have no right to, being a born American; but still there is no gainsaying it. Nature, I suppose, mistook the climate. That Italian face of yours, with its proud melancholy, high-bred, resist me-if-you-can-expression, carries all before it. I am just in the humor, now, to shoot myself or you, I don't care which."

"Let your wrath fall on yourself, then, my dear fellow, I beg of you," said Arthur; "for I have just began to live, and have no desire to quit the world, at so short a notice."

"You are a lucky dog, Arthur. I never saw so beautiful a creature as that adopted sister of yours; but, for some reason or other, confound me if I can guess why, your most grave and solemn father does not seem particularly pleased at this pouncing down of Cupid with his arrows, upon his dainty bird."

"I'm of your opinion, Lionel. My father seems averse to anything of the kind; and would probably prefer that any one else, rather than his own son, should possess so great a prize."

He spoke in a tone of bitterness, which betrayed a feeling that he was injured—that he believed his father had not the affection of a parent for him, and no regard for his interest or happiness—and this feeling was far from being removed by a prohibition from the Colonel, to any further intercourse at that time, between himself and Florence. The pretence was made of its being an interruption to her studies, and she was sent, during their stay, to reside with one of her teachers. This arrangement shortened their visit, and on the third day after that Arthur and his friend returned to Oxford.

CHAPTER IV.

A little more than two years from the period of this first transient meeting between Arthur and Florence, they were again bro't together, as members of the same family. The young student had bidden adieu to *alma mater* with mingled feelings of joy and regret. Many pleasant memories, and pleasant friendships were treasured in his heart: for his four years' seclusion in the college at Oxford, had been like a little lifetime in another world—so different was it from the world upon which he was about to enter. He grieved most at parting with his friend, Lionel Compton, who, perhaps from the very fact of his being the most unlike himself, was the one whom he best liked.

Colonel Mansfield wished to return to America. Florence had entered her seventeenth year, and was at length permitted to consider herself a young lady, although still under the care and direction of her guardian. Arthur was twenty one, but appeared older, from his mature, reflecting mind, and manly character. On his birth day, his father had put him in possession of the fortune he had destined for him, with the proviso, however, that it was not to preclude his study of a profession. Arthur's choice had already fallen on the law. "It was a pity," the Colonel said, "that he would not be able to obtain as thorough a knowledge of it in his own country, as in England"—but this hint of his remaining behind, was disregarded by Arthur.

"No"—thought he to himself—"He shall not get rid of me thus—His plan of law, is against the law of nature. "The tree forsakes not the blossom—it is the flower that falls from the tree"—then why am I cast off from my father's heart. I have done nothing to deserve this strange alienation, and am determined to cling to him, now until I force him to love me

Little did he know the conflicting feelings of tenderness and remorse, which were alternately distressing the mind of this seemingly cold-hearted father. Col. Mansfield really loved his son, with a deep and powerful affection; but the perplexing maze of falsehood in which he had entangled himself, had beset his course with unforseen difficulties. He dreaded the danger of a familiar intercourse between Arthur and Florence, without the knowledge of their true relationship to each other, and that, he could not reveal—but, could he put the ocean between them for two or three years longer, he hoped that Florence, in the meanwhile, might form some other attachment, and perhaps marry, before they should meet again.

Arthur's settled determination, however, to return with them to New York, presented a serious obstacle to this plan; and the Colonel saw no alternative, but to adopt at once, a different line of conduct. He therefore acceded, with apparent readiness, to the wish of his son; and after canvassing the subject with him, in all its various points of advantage or disadvantages, he added carelessly:

"Well, at all events, it will be an advantage to Florence, who is just coming out, to have her brother for an escort and protector—and let me now enjoin it upon you, Arthur," he continued, "never to forget that you are to look upon Florence as your *sister*. My departed friend, Mr. Howard, gave her to me on his death bed, as a twin, to the daughter whom I lost; and from that hour, I have regarded her with the sacred feelings of a father—more especially, since the death of my own child, she has stood to me in her stead. She has grown up beneath that place, and character, she must remain. I would impress these sentiments upon both your minds, as you are now to dwell under the same roof, in daily communication with each other.

Remember, Arthur, it is to be only as *brother and sister*; which relation must always be considered as inviolable between you, as though it were really of blood."

Thus he endeavored to ward off from their ideas the possibility of any other attachment—but Arthur could neither sympathise with, nor understand his father's scruples. He could not consent to yield up his hopes of happiness, to a whim, so strange and unreasonable.

"The care of Florence and her fortune," thought he to himself, "has turned my father's brain. He is certainly crazy on this subject, though sane enough on all others Perhaps he is possessed with a monomania of *disinterestedness*, because Florence is an *heiress*—but he may rest assured the world will only laugh at, instead of applauding him. It is worth no man's while to affect such exalted notions. It argues a want of common sense."

Florence took the same view of the case, although her opinions were studiously concealed in her own breast, and thus, the trio returned together to America.

On arriving in New York, Col. Mansfield established himself in a handsome residence, and introduced the heiress into the world of wealth and fashion. He courted society for her sake, and sought to bring around her, gentlemen, who in manners and appearance, might hold a fair competition with his son. Arthur, at the same time, was free to seek her society, as that of a sister—for his father believed that an unrestrained intercourse would be best calculated to promote a fraternal affection. Alas! he knew not that the arrow of a stronger love, had been already sped. It was not unusual for them to walk out together, and one beautiful moonlight evening they had been enjoying a promenade on the Battery. Fatigued at length, with the exercise, they stopped by the side of the water, and gazed upon the magnificent Bay, glittering like silver crested with diamonds, in the glancing moonbeams.

"Where is your enthusiasm to-night, Arthur," asked Florence, "Is not this scene equal to Lake Leman, or the Bay of Naples? and yet you express no admiration."

"My enthusiasm is in my heart, Florence," he answered, "it lies too deep for words."

"But you are strangely sad, brother," said she, "why will you encourage this spirit of melancholy?"

"I am not your brother, Florence," said he in a wholy tone.

"Arthur!"

"I am not your brother, I say—"

"Then you do not love me, any longer—"

"Love you, dearest! yes, with a love exceeding that of a thousand brothers—a love which scorns this futile subterfuge, and refuses any longer to be trammelled and proscribed in its nature. Do you understand me, Florence?"

"Hush, Arthur, hush—I understand, but dare not listen to you—I am almost superstitious on this subject."

"Superstition is the terror of weak minds, Florence—the tool of witchcraft, and bug-bear of the ignorant. Leave it, I beg you, to frighten children, and the unenlightened—but let not its dark shadow come between you and me."

"It may be a shadow, Arthur, but I cannot drive it away. It has a strength which resists reason, and a power which even your voice cannot control."

"Florence, Florence," he exclaimed, in a voice of imploring passion, "will you sacrifice me to this frenzy of my father? There can be nothing but an aberration of mind in him, which could lead him to objects of our union. You are not my sister, and I know it. Would you wish it otherwise?"

"Oh no, no, Arthur! I could not think so now, that you were really my brother—now, with my present feelings. I would scoff at the jump into this river, than believe for life would be a curse with that belief. Do not speak to me yet. I am beset with temptation. What, oh what can I do?"

"You can be mine dearest-" said Arthur, in a low thrilling tone—"mine in the nearest and dearest ties—mine, in defiance of opposition. Let my father frown and storm if he will. His anger may perhaps restore him to his senses."

"His kindness is the refinement of cruelty"—replied Arthur—"which would make your gratitude, a bar to your happiness." I cannot account for his persisting in his singular conduct, unless he has absolutely wrought himself up into a fanatical persuasion that his adoption of you was so sacred, as to make a marriage between us sinful—but I have no such scruples of conscience or religion—and from this time forward, I abjure the name and character of your brother. I will be your lover or nothing."

"You have always been that, I think"—said she in spite of *names*."

"So I have, dearest—you are right"—he answered—"The heart will reveal itself in intelligible signs, though words may be wanting; but tell me now, that you will accept me, not only as a lover; but a husband."

"Press me not, dear Arthur"—said she in an agitated tone of voice. "I am not in a fit state of mind to answer you at this moment. Let me sleep, first, on our conversation, and then endeavor to review it calmly. One promise only will I make you. If I am not yours, I will never be another's.

"You will give me up, Florence"—he exclaimed sorrowfully. "I foresee the result of your reflections. You do not love me—for love, waits not, reasons not, fears not. It is sufficient of itself, for all chances and all events; but you have not *this* love, Florence, and you will give me up."

The young girl turned and looked up into his face. Her beautiful speaking eyes, seemed to search the heart which had prompted his last words.

"Arthur," said she, "the love that could not bear a night's reflection would scarcely be worth asking for a life-time. Should mine be weighed in this balance, and found wanting, you will have little cause to regret its loss."

He drew her arm within his, and pressed the hand which he held to his heart, exclaiming then," said he, "I will trust you."

"The evening was advancing, and the lateness of the hour warned them it was time to return. Arthur affected a greater degree of indifference than usual before his father, in order to conceal the sentiments to which, however, the conversation was renowned.

"You have reflected Florence," said Arthur. "What is your decision?"

"The same as at first," she answered, "that I will never marry any one but you."

"That is saying too little, dearest—say that you will marry me."

"I will," said she solemnly, "unless God prevent me."

"God is good, beloved one," answered Arthur. "None but the guilty need fear evil from the Deity who presides over mortal destiny. No, believe me, nothing will part us now—although we must still be cautious, and act in secret."

"But why this necessity, Arthur?—Would it not be better, openly to brave opposition, and proclaim, at once our determination. There is something so mean in a clandestine marriage."

"It would be risking too much, my Florence," he replied. "Let the minister put it beyond the power of man to separate us; and after that, we will acknowledge all."

"Be it so, then," said she with a sigh. "I am too much of an Italian not to brave every thing for love. Do you not think that climate forms the character of the mind, Arthur? Most of the Americans, with whom I have become acquainted, appear so frigid, so much the slaves of interest, and so governed by forms and prejudices, that the heart has no chance to show itself.—You are not like them; but you are scarcely an American."

Arthur smiled, as he replied—"And what has made you so much of an Italian, then, Florence? You have never lived in Italy. It would be a blessed climate, indeed, if it made all its children such as you are. No, it is nature, not climate, which formed you a perfect woman, the paragon of all countries, the angel of my life."

We will hasten on to the *denouement* which soon afterwards followed these interviews between the lovers, as they must now be called.

It was in the month of October, the fated month in which the real Florence Howard had first seen the light, and on the eighteenth anniversary of her birth day, that she, who bore the name, might have been seen with Arthur Mansfield, entering an obscure church in the suburbs of the city. A clergyman who had been well paid for the services, was waiting to unite them in the indissoluble bonds of marriage; and they walked up the aisle with unfaltering steps, and knelt before the altar. The priest opened his book, and began to read the ceremony; when the door was suddenly burst open, and a man rushing in with breathless haste, called out in a voice of thunder, "*Stop*." The empty galleries, and vaulted arches, re-echoed the word, till it seemed to be repeated from every side.—Florence gave one piercing shriek, and fell fainting in the arms of her maid, her only attendant. Arthur sprang to his feet, and turning quickly round, confronted his father, who advanced toward them with a countenance on which grief and horror, were fearfully depicted. The minister stood, as if petrified into stone, unable to speak or move.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Col. Mansfield, "I have come in time!"

"Why have you come at all, father?"