"The Democrat."
O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Montrose Democrat.

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Poetry.

For the Montrose Democrat.

THE POETS OF "MODERN TIMES."

Hail "jingling" muse! whate'er the name,
Thou hast assumed in modern times,
I pray thee now attend my call,
And aid my rhymes;
For, unless from thy sounding shell,
I hear the magic numbers swell,
How dare I hope
The public ear, with my rough lay,
To please? and more than this, O say,
How can I cope

With *Poets* of the *modern school*:
Who sing by measured feet and rule,
And fain aspire,
With far-fetched phrase, and sounding carp,
To rival the famed Delphian harp,
Or Orpheus' lyre?

But as the strains of *Thracia's bard*,
Inclined the fierce Tartarian guard
To let him in;
And bear his lost Eurydice
Forth from the realms of misery—
Those gates of sin

Perchance—but hold!—altho' inclined,
I greatly fear to speak my mind;
(O yes, I do!)
But all my scruples fail, alas!—
As Orpheus' music gained a "pass,"
Perhaps they, too,

May sing themselves to—who knows where?
And knowing not, I do not care,—
But all in vain
Will be their songs, they would come
From Hades or Oblivion,
To Earth again

Ah! poor, deluded aspirants!
For "fickle Fortune's" fav'ring glance,
Aspire awhile
The *squeamish maid*, nor follow still
A guide that leads to certain ill;
But "turn your style."

The "Pegasus" that Byron rode,
Which bore secure thro' storm and flood
Moore, Pope and Scott,
Goldsmith and Burns, has now grown tired,
Dismount him straight, or he'll be jaded,
And cease to trot.

Then, on a Donkey *minus wings*,
In vain you'll strike the knotted strings
Of your lone harp,
No longer will your numbers thrill—
The sighing air no longer fill;
You'll only carp.

Brooklyn, Oct. ; RON.

The following exquisite Poem is said to be the last literary production of the late EDGAR A. POE:—

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes,
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

VERDANCY.—We listened, says an exchange, not long ago, to a short dialogue between a "wag of Gotham, and a six-foot "green 'un" from Vermont, which was, almost word for word, as follows:—

Scene—HOTEL *Steps, in Boston*

Wag—[Approaching "Legs" with a bland countenance]—You are from Vermont I take it, sir?

Legs—I am, sir.

Wag—You have very green mountains in your State?

Legs—Yes, sir—the mountains are rather green. [Circumflex accent on "mountains," and emphasis on "are."

Wag—Very high, too.

Legs—Yes, sir—rather. And there's another circumstance about 'em that 'praps you never noticed.

Wag—Ah! what's that?

Legs—Why—between any two of 'em you are sure to find a valley.

Wag—[A little disconcerted]—Your soil is rather hard to cultivate, eh?

Legs—Why—yes—rather. But it isn't true that we are obliged to plant our corn by shooting the kernels into the cracks of the rocks with a rifle. That's a York story.—You come from York, didn't you?

Wag—Yes—why?

Legs—Oh, nothing—it's a good State to *come from*.

Wag—[Rallying]—I say, mister—Vermont is a great State for raising *sheep*, isn't it?

Legs—Oh, yes—famous! famous for sheep and horses; but for *asses* and such cattle, York beats it all hollow! [Three cheers for "Legs" and *exit* "Wag" looking foolish!

Miscellany.

For Godey's Magazine.

A YEAR AND A DAY: OR THE WILL.

BY MRS CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

There was once in the city of Philadelphia a poor author whom chilling disappointments and the biting stings of adversity had brought nigh the grave—whose high hopes, ardent ambition, and glowing aspirations for fame, were all quenched and broken beneath the pressure of penury and woe. The wife, too, of his bosom had passed on to the shadowy land before him, and now beckoned him to that blissful home beyond the grave where sorrow and trouble are unknown. One fond tie bound him to life. He was a father. No other guide—no other friend than that fair young girl, over whose innocent head scarce sixteen summers had flown, and for her sake he still clung to a world whose charms else had long ceased to attract.

And there was an old man whom the world called unfeeling and miserly, who day by day passed by the humble home of the author. And day by day as he passed along, saw at the window a pale young face bent over the endless seam, and a small white hand never tiring busily plying the needle. Or sometimes marked the child's own feeble strength tasked to support the tottering steps of suffering manhood to the open window, that the air of heaven might revive that languid frame, with its hollow, racking cough, and the fever spot on the cheek, like a rose to tell of the grave and blossoming in beauty above it. Too plainly consumption had made its victim sure.

And then one day when the window was darkened, and he missed the pale young face, the heart of the old man smote him as he passed along, and turning he gently sought admittance, and from that time over the bed of the sufferer, the thin, white locks of the old man mingled with the golden ringlets of Florence.

Heaven surely had first softened his heart, and then guided his footsteps thither, for, like a ministering angel he came to the house of sorrow to soothe the last moments of the dying man, and protect the fatherless child.

Cheered once more by the voice of kindness—his feeble frame invigorated by healthful nourishment—surrounded by comforts long unknown, or remembered but as a dream in the dark night of poverty he had passed through—what wonder the sick man rallied, and for a time gave way to the flattering hope that he might yet leave a name with imperishable fame. His mind, long shattered by sickness, caught back something of the fire of youth, and once more his trembling hand seized the pen as the powerful instrument through which riches and honor were to crown him. But, as the meteor which for an instant shoots over the wave its sparkling light, and then sinks in the darkness of the fathomless gulf below, was the momentary outflashing of that once brilliant mind, ere the darkness of the grave encompassed it.

When he felt the power of death too surely pressing upon him, he took the hand of the old man and placed it on the head of his kneeling child with a look pleading for kindness and protection. The heart of old Abel May answered to this silent appeal and stooping down he imprinted a kiss upon the brow of Florence, solemnly promising never to forsake her. The dying man raised his eyes in gratitude to heaven, and with a last effort clasping his beloved one to his breast, expired.

The sad duties left for the living performed over the venerated dust of those we have loved, were ended with tears and lamentation—and now in the wide world had Florence no friend but old Abel May.

"Florence," said the old man, "I have long since buried the ties of kindred—they could not survive ingratitude and distrust. I had but one left to love—but one whom selfishness and sordid expectation did not bind to me—and now he too has gone. I am now as much alone, my child, as you—I in the winter of age, you in spring's freshest bloom. You shall be to me as the dearest of daughters, as pure and precious in my eyes as God's sacred word—although as my wife the world only must know you. Then, Florence, will you give yourself to me; will you look upon me in the light of that beloved parent whose loss you now deplore—will you confide yourself to me in your loneliness and helplessness?"

And the innocent girl, lifting her meek blue eyes to the furrowed countenance of the old man, threw herself confidingly upon his bosom, and wept her thanks.

They were married; and then, as some priceless jewel committed to his charge, which to guard and cherish was henceforth to be his pride and happiness did Abel May bear home the young orphan.

For many years he had occupied a large mansion near the outskirts of the city, whose dark granite front and heavy wooden shutters kept constantly closed, imparted an air of chilliness and gloom to the neighborhood of flashy brick houses and light airy cottages by which it was environed. Abel May lived alone, keeping no domestics, and either preparing his own meals or partaking of them at a restaurateur's. Occasionally the woman whom he employed to do his washing was admitted to sweep and arrange his sleeping room and the little parlor adjoining. The other apartments were always locked, baffling all the curiosity of which no doubt the good woman partook with others.

Various opinions and rumors were afloat concerning him in the neighborhood through which however the old man steered steadily and regardlessly.

Not greater was the surprise of the captive princess in the fairy tale on awakening one morning and finding before her window, a sumptuous palace rearing high its golden columns, where alone frowning rocks and dark turbid waters had before stood, than was the amazement which pervaded the neighborhood, when early one morning they were aroused from slumber by the *clink—clink—clink* of the busy hammer, the crashing of tiles, and sonorous fall of boards upon the pavements. And behold, every window of that gloomy house was thrown wide to the glare of day—workmen were on the roof—workmen were scaling ladders—workmen were tearing off those clumsy shutters, while within, workmen in paper caps and white aprons were busy wielding the several instruments of their handicraft. Day after day their labors went on and day after day added to the astonishment of the neighbors. Plate-glass and light Venetian blinds soon supplanted the small window panes and wooden shutters—a tasteful portico and marble slabs supplied the place of the clumsy iron railing and high stone steps so jagged and worn. Carpenters, masons, and painters speedily completed the interior renovation, and then followed heavily laden drays bearing rich furniture—and upholsterers flew from room to room giving the last graceful touch of taste and fashion to the arrangement of the various articles.

Next came the overwhelming announcement that old Abel May was married, and that the sylph-like, graceful form, and sunny ringlets of the fair young girl sometimes seen bending from the window, or leaning on the arm of the old man, like a [illegible] grafted on some withered branch, belonged to no other than the bride—and wonder ceased not, but rather grew with the food it fed on.

Not much less was the surprise of Florence at finding herself suddenly the mistress of a home so charming. She had never connected the idea of wealth with the plainly dressed humble old man who had so benevolently administered to the comforts of her dying parent, and cheerfully did she prepare to follow him to a home, no matter how lowly, so that love and kindness were to be found there. When, then, old Abel May, lifting her tenderly from the carriage which bore them from the church wherein the solemn rite making them man and wife had just been pronounced, and led her into apartments so splendid, with all that a refined taste might approve or a fastidious eye applaud, was it strange that for a moment the young orphan doubted whether all was not, indeed, a dream or a fairy creation such as the pen of her father had often sketched for her amusement—for never did her waking eyes or her sober senses dwell on aught so rich and beautiful. Yet neither the elegance by which she was [illegible] time withdraw her mind from dwelling on the irreparable loss she had sustained. Happily youth is not prone to despondency; hope in the bright future buoys it exultingly over the billows of [illegible] [illegible] on it [illegible] and they are as true [illegible] smiles [illegible] the countenance, chasing away the tears [illegible] this dear child [illegible] had been [illegible]. [illegible] careful tuition of [illegible] under [illegible] mind, regulated [illegible] father, and [illegible] application. In [illegible] languages she was [illegible], and had attained some [illegible] in drawing; yet of music [illegible] elegant acquirements she knew [illegible].

[illegible] the lessons of adversity; and [illegible] humble means [illegible] the [illegible] accomplishments [illegible] which nature had so eminently qualified her, was often a source of deep regret to her. [illegible] parent, but now, under the [illegible] of the old man, how splendidly did her talent develop themselves. Music and painting opened for her a new world of enjoyment, and no expense did her kind [illegible] withhold to gratify to the fullest extent her eager desire for improvement. He engaged the most eminent masters to attend upon her, nor did the proficiency of the pupil shame their skill.

Very limited was the society which Abel May admitted within his walls, and those only such as he considered worthy of his friendship and confidence. This gave no disquiet to Florence; indeed, company rather pained than pleased her. Her most delightful hours were those in which she could add to the happiness of the old man, by the exercise of those agreeable sources of entertainment owing their origin to him, or when with pencil or book, alone in the beautiful little apartment which the same kind hand had fitted up expressly for her use, the moments flew unheeding in the all absorbing interest they inspired.

Occasionally, at the Opera or Theatres, old Abel May appeared with his beautiful young wife; or perhaps, in the delightful coolness of a summer's morning, ere yet the noisy din of the city pervaded the air, or the dust of its countless thoroughfares swept over the dewy freshness of night, they sauntered through the silent streets or shady avenues of Washington Square. But more frequently still within the sacred precincts of Laurel Hill were they seen to wander. In one of its most retired spots where a cluster of drooping willows brushed the dew-drops from the tall, rank grass, and the murmur of the wave below came up sadly yet sweetly upon the ear, a plain monumental stone was planted. "My Father Sleeps" was the only sign it bore; and to this consecrated spot did their steps most often turn, for well did one fond heart know *who* slept so peaceful there, and over this hallowed grave the fair form of Florence bent in filial devotion.

Wherever she appeared the admiration she attracted was universal; and if some were prone to pity her lot, as being bound by such indissoluble ties to old Abel May, they were quite at fault by her bright, sunny countenance which certainly bore no traces of hidden sorrows for their sympathies to probe. This might have flattered the pride of the old man while it aroused his fears. His own life he knew, in the common course of nature, could not be prolonged many years and then what was to become of that young girl thus thrown a second time upon the world, so beautiful and so unprotected.

There was but one person whom he ever mentioned in terms of affection to Florence, and this was his nephew, and the only son of a favorite brother, long since dead, who bore his name, and whom he had destined for his heir. But for many years young Abel May had not been heard from, and his friends finally had given up all expectations of ever seeing him again. It was said that being repeatedly repelled by envious relatives on account of the interest his rich uncle manifested for him, calling him a poor gentleman—a hanger-on—only waiting to step into dead men's shoes, with remarks of the like nature, originating in low, vulgar minds, and that being a lad of high spirit, he became disgusted and angered vowing he would either make his own fortune or never return, young May suddenly disappeared.

At length age and infirmities pressed more and more sorely upon the good old man. Soon he could no longer leave the house or even his chamber—and then it was he felt how rich a treasure he possessed in Florence. With how much tenderness and love did she watch over him, patiently enduring with all the petulance and complainings of an old age racked with torturing pains; never wary, neither by day nor by night, ever devising ever executing some plan which might soothe his troubles either of body or mind.

The old man died leaving his fortune to Florence, upon one condition—the strangest, surely, that ever guided the pen of a dying man.

Never was so singular a will written—never was any thing more absurd! And for more than a month, which is certainly a long time for any wonder to stand its ground against the constant pressure of newer marvels, for more than a month after the coffin and the tomb had alike received their due, the city rang with the whimsicality of the last will and testament of old Able May, who by this said will had compelled his young, blooming widow either to marry within a year of his demise, or otherwise forfeit to relatives innumerable that fine fortune which, with this proviso, he had bequeathed to her alone. The motives which actuated him were doubtless intended as a kindness to the young girl whom his death would [illegible]. He overlooked her innocence and [illegible] shield her against their artifices.

From marble-columned squares and by-lanes—from suburban cottages and distant villages, disappointed relatives came flocking in like a flight of hungry crows, one and all croaking forth the will a forgery; or that their beloved relative, for whom weepers a yard long streamed in the wind, and black veils fluttered hopefully, through weakness of body and consequent imbecility of mind, had been influenced by an artful young wife to draw up the unrighteous instrument to which his signature was attached. A likely story, truly, that passing by uncles and nephews, aunts and nieces, to say nothing of innumerable cousins of the first and third degree, he should have thrown his whole fortune into the hands of a young girl, one, too, whom they all were convinced he had married only that she might nurse his old body when gout or rheumatism should rack his bones, but that he also should have added to this unheard of folly his commands to her to marry, and by that means allow his hard-earned riches to pass into the hands of nobody knows who—any beggar she might choose to call up from squalid rags to his linen and broadcloth, why that passed all bounds of belief. There had been intrigue and treachery somewhere; poor old Abel! it brought tears into their affectionate eyes even to think of it.

But, unfortunately ate to their jealous affection and hopeful senses, the lawyers possessed a quietus in certain document drawn up and attested by competent witnesses, which ran thus:

"Whereas jealous and evil-minded persons may seem inclined to dispute my last will and testament I hereby declare in the presence of —— and ——, that, as my dear wife, Florence, has been to me the kindest and most tender of wives, denying herself for my sake the pleasures and amusements natural for youth, and has cheerfully devoted her-to nursing a poor, feeble old man, I do in token of my love, approbation, and gratitude, give unto her without reserve all the property of which I may die possessed, both personal and real. And furthermore, I most earnestly entreat of her to choose a deserving young man whom she may love as a husband, and that she may be happy in such choice, and be rewarded thereby her goodness to me, I pray God! And that she may be influenced the more readily perhaps to comply with this, my last request, I do hereby declare that unless within one year from my demise she does so such choice, and marry in accordance [illegible] annul and make void my will in her favor, my fortune in such case to be disposed of as stipulated in my will and testament."

Now when the sage lawyers holding such a damper over high hopes of the solemn conclave of mourners, made known to them the existence of this last document, uncles and aunts bowed out of the house like roasted chestnuts, seething and smoking with the fire of anger.

Not so the young nephews and the gallant cousins. Do they went on their knees before the fair widow, swearing she was divine—angel—a goddess—and right glad were they that the sensible old gentleman had given her his fortune, for she deserved it, in faith she did—and they hoped she would marry immediately; heavens! any body might be proud to receive her hand—what was the paltry gold in comparison.

And each one of the seven secretly resolved to woo and win her, and—*the fortune to boot!* But Florence only cast down her eyes and wept unfeigned sorrow for the loss of a kind old man—her husband and benefactor.

CHAPTER II.

Florence May was indeed, a bewitching little widow—only eighteen, and, with nearly half a million of dollars in her rosy little palm. The evening star bursting through a cloud was not more bright than were her eyes twinkling through the veil of sable crape, or if perchance some saucy zephyr brushed aside the envious *weed*, what charming flowers were thereby disclosed—what tempting roses and lillies, and sweet, blue violets, all bathed in the golden sunshine of her glittering tresses. Ah, yes—and then the golden sunshine of those glittering guineas—truly was she not a most adorable widow!

And never was a poor little widow so tormented with lovers since the world began. *Dingle, dingle, dingle*, quoth the door-bell incessantly, *tap, tap, tap*, urged the maid at the entrance of her private sitting room, until the poor child wearied of shaking her little head, and uttering a "No!" to their various demands for admittance. With cards, and tender *billet-doux*, her tables were overburthened, while pluming themselves upon their relationship, the seven cousins and nephews intruded without ceremony into her presence, eyeing each other with jealous defiance, and snarling and snapping like a parcel of angry lap-dogs.

"Do you bite your thumb at us sir?"

"I do bite my thumb, sir."

"Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?"

"No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir—but I bite my thumb sir."

The neighborhood were kept alive with surmises as to who would win the rich heiress daily expecting to see a gay wedding party issuing forth, in contrast to the gloomy funeral spectacle so lately before them—Yet weeks and months rolled on uneventful. What could it mean? Was the widow crazy or bewitched? How could she remain so unconcerned when her fortune was at stake? Day after day was poverty stealthily drawing nearer, inasmuch as she still neglected to fulfill the terms on which her fortune rested, and yet she moved about as careless and indifferent as though the [illegible] Venice."

Six months of widowhood were passed. Florence was still unmarried; and once more the relatives took heart against despair, and golden visions mingled in their day-dreams. Her obstinacy was to them inexplicable—for they knew upon the separate assurances of the several nephews and cousins that she had had *unexceptionable* offers, and if from those choice specimens of of man she could not select a husband, why, of course, they had reason to hope she never would be married.

Such was the state of affairs, when one day Florence received the following note, written in an unknown hand, accompanied with a bouquet of beautiful flowers:

"MADAM,—I have seen you, and who that has once looked upon you but must adore you! I dare not approach you, nor would I mingle with the flatterers around you. Enough for me to worship at a distance, and to guard with my whole soul that treasure which may never be mine. My life I would willingly lay at your feet, but there are important reasons why you should not know me. Of one thing, madam, rest assured, you have a friend who will secretly watch over you, and guard you from every danger."

Upon a mind so artless as that of Florence, this singular note, which was without signature, produced a very pleasing influence, and excited a lively interest for the unknown writer. The idea of possessing such a friend inspired her with a degree of confidence such as she had not known since the death of her husband. Nor to that one note did the unknown limit his attentions—they were manifested in various ways. Ofttimes in the sweet language of flowers they were spoken—or to her little boudoir some rare and exquisite painting found its way. Books, too, with pencilled margins, all evincing a pure and elegant perception; music, which, when awakened by her fingers, breathed the very spirit of melody; and when from the same unknown hand there came a beautiful cage, whence the tiny warbler trilled forth in sweetest notes her favorite airs Florence was lost in amazement. Who, then, was this mysterious person who so well understood her tastes, and who was thus ever studying her happiness. The note had stated: "There are important reasons why you should not know me." And Florence was possessed of too much delicacy, and had too much respect for the writer of the note to seek to penetrate the mystery. Yet by the use which she made of his gifts, her silent thanks to the donor were expressed, and insensibly yielding to the delightful associations they called forth, she felt as if some kind guardian was ever near shielding her from evil.

Oft amid the rich braids of her hair those fragrant flowers were intertwined, or rested above a heart not less pure than themselves. The books acquired a new interest that other eyes had dwelt also upon their pages; and never did her fingers so skillfully or so tenderly touch the keys, as when before her was the music which the unknown had conveyed to her; many times, too, the soft, sweet tones of a flute were heard echoing the strain. When first they reached her ear, Florence hushed her instrument and closed the window; but at midnight, again and again the same sweet strains floated around her, and then she felt it could be no other than the unknown, who, in music's gentle voice, addressed her, and this belief added greatly to the charmed life she was leading, thus mysteriously watched over and protected.

It was now that chance brought her acquainted with a person whom we must allow to introduce himself to the reader by the following letter:

"*From Charles Crayford to his friend Hastings.*"

"I am in luck, my dear fellow; give me joy, for Fortune, blessed goddess, hath at length waited me to the favor of wealth and beauty. 'Pon my soul, I know not which I am most in love with, the fortune or the divinity. Her name is May—Florence May. She is a widow—a young, blooming, bewitching widow, with half a million at her own free disposal, and, happily, without a relative in the world, or a jealous guardian to cavil about disparity of fortune, or pry into secrets.

"'But how—and when—and where—did you meet your divinity?' you ask.—Listen, then, and admire my policy.

"Passing down Chestnut street in a somewhat moralizing vein—unheeding the light forms and bright eyes flitting past me, and coining some new device to elude the importunities of my landlady and tailor, when, just as I reached the Washington House the whole moving multitude came to a sudden halt—the cause of which I never thought to ascertain—for 'more attractive metal' at that moment drew my attention. On the steps of the hotel, my eye caught the fairest vision ever mortal beheld! It was that of a young and beautiful girl, but whether descending from the house, or newly alighted from Paradise, may I forfeit her guineas if I can tell. She was accompanied by a respectable looking middle-aged woman, whom I judged to be a domestic. I noticed the heavenly eyes of this beautiful creature were bent with pity upon a pale, sickly little girl, who was trying to sell a few bunches of flowers among the crowd.

"'Will you buy my flowers?' said the child to a fashionably dressed lady—'Will you buy my flowers—only a *fip*.'

"'Really,' exclaimed the fine lady, taking no notice whatever of the gentle voice and beseeching looks of the little girl—'these genteel beggars are an insufferable nuisance!'

"'Will you buy my flowers?' again asked the child of a pompous old gentleman, who [illegible] the pompous gentleman, elevating his gold-headed cane and shaking it over her head. Hastings, you should have seen the bright glow of indignation which flushed the cheeks of my charmer as this rude speech met her ear. My good genius nudged my elbow, and prompted me to pity the poor child. 'Come here, my dear, and I will buy your flowers,' I said. The frightened little girl sprung quickly to my side and looked imploringly up in my face. 'And where do you live?' I continued, confident that the eyes of the fair one were upon me, and taking out my tablets, I affected to note down her answer—then slipping some money into her hand, (what improvidence you will say,) I added—'Keep the flowers, my dear child, perhaps you can sell them again.' 'Pon my soul, the look of approbation which beamed from her eyes, as mine *casually* glanced toward the beautiful unknown, would have melted the heart of a miser to compassion. The crowd now began to move. In passing the little flower-girl my divinity endeavored to slip some money into her hand but in the confusion and press of the moment it fell upon the pavement. I quickly picked it up and gave it to the child, and—lucky dog—received a bow of thanks and a sweet smile as my reward. Now mark the continued favors of the jade Fortune. That very evening, I don't know what tempted me to call upon those prosy, clever people the Livermores, and there who should I meet but the same bewitching fair one. Ah, Hastings, 'there is a divinity that shapes our ends;' have I not proved it to you? I saw at once she recognized me as the hero of the morning's adventure, and having then made my appearance in the character of *excellence*, I now topped the same part to perfection. I found her as far superior in mental as in personal charms to those around her, and when my hostess whispered me that she was also the uncontrolled mistress of a fortune, my heart melted at once—*in the crucible of mammon!* The next day I took the liberty to call upon her, and was most graciously received, and have been a frequent visitor since. You should hear my conversation, Hastings—you would discredit the evidence of your senses. I affect morality and virtue—quote Cowper and Milton, and hint at charities committed *sub-rosa*. Think of becoming the husband of such a young, pretty dove-eyed creature—ay, and to husband the money, too, instead of marrying age and deformity for the sake of the gilding! By the way, I find my fair one wastes her fortune prodigiously upon paupers and charitable institutions. I shall look after this by and by; in the meantime, I am willing she should consider me a pattern of disinterested goodness. Yours,

C. CRAYFORD."

CHAPTER III.

It was no wonder that Florence should have been deceived by one so artful and designing as Crayford. Her first introduction to him was calculated to impress her strongly in his favor—a vantage ground which he knew well how to maintain. His conversation so artfully fraught with morality—the correct and refined taste he manifested for music, and all those acquirements which were so delightful to her—his well argued schemes of philanthropy, added to an elegant person and insinuating address, might have deceived one less ingenuous and confiding than Florence. In him all those delightful influences with which the unknown had surrounded her seemed concentrated; in fact, as one and the same she began gradually to blend them in her imagination.

Day after day, therefore, was the dangerous Crayford admitted to her presence, and each day more securely planting himself in her favor. In the meantime the seven nephews and cousins made common cause, and fought bravely against the new aspirant, whom they saw plainly was fast bearing off the prize from them, until alarmed by several very unequivocal threats from Crayford, they vanished, leaving the field to him.

But where, all this time, was the friend who had so ardently pledged himself her protector, surely now was the time when his voice should not be silent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Lawyer vs. the Fool.

Deacon Frost, a wealthy drover, residing in K., one of the most flourishing towns in the Granite State was taking a large number of selected beeves to the Boston market. It chanced that on his way thither, several stocks belonging to Christopher Grant, an extensive farmer residing in an adjoining town, accidentally strayed among the drove of Deacon F. The good deacon of course not noticing the addition to his herd, could not be expected to separate them, and in time, all, including those belonging to friend Grant, were duly disposed of, (if not according to the law, certainly according to his custom,) and the proceeds safely deposited in the pocket of the worthy deacon.

It so happened, however, that Bill Dykes better known as 'The Fool,' saw the cattle as they passed, and recognized those of Grant's.

'Bill,' says Mr G. are you sure it was my cows you saw in Deacon Frost's drove?'

'Sure,' said Bill, 'well now I guess I are. I knows old Brindle and old Lopped horn just as easy as nothing—hai't I driv 'em out of our cabbages more times than their pesky necks are worth, anyhow?'

When Deacon Frost returned home he was politely waited upon by Mr. Grant, and requested to fork over a fair amount of the needful for the missing cows, which he politely declined to do. The result was, counsellor Dony's services were invoked. The Fool was the chief witness; and counsellor Gray of K. a man of some celebrity in his profession was retained to defend the suit. The trial came on—Dykes was placed on the witness' stand. Counsellor Gray interposed an objection to the witness being sworn, on account of incapacity, and proceeded to state to the court that the witness was a perfect *non compos mentis*—in other words a fool, and well known to be so by everybody in that vicinity—that he had no definite or distinct idea either regarding himself or respecting anything else—that he could not give an intelligent answer to the most simple question; and says counsellor Gray with emphasis, 'I do not believe he can even tell who made him. If [illegible] us William who made you?'

The fool, screwing his face and looking thoughtful and somewhat bewildered answered. 'M-o-s-e-s I spose.'

'That will do! Now says counsellor G. addressing the court, 'the witness says he supposes Moses made him, that is certainly a more intelligent answer than I supposed him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of the scripture. But I submit that it is not sufficient to justify his being sworn as a witness in the cause. No sir, it is not such an answer as a witness qualified to testify should give.'

'Mr. Judge,' says the fool, 'may I ax the lawyer a question?'

'Certainly,' says the Judge, 'ask him any question you please.'

'Wall then, Mr. Lawyer, who'd you 'spose made you?'

Counsellor G. (Imitating witness,) 'Aaron I spose.'

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness continued. 'W-a-a-l, now, we do read in the good book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd a tho't the darned critter had got in here.

Verdict for the fool.

"Ned Buntline," or Judson, one of Astor Opera riot convicts, has refused to take sustenance since his commitment to prison, and the doctor has recommended him to kindly treatment. The New York Express says:—"He wanted time to edit his 'Own' but this was refused him as against the rules, and he was ordered to array his comely person in prison clothes, submit to discipline, and go to work in the quarry, like an honest convict. At first he refused, complained of being indisposed, (very likely,) &c., but after a while he concluded it would be better to obey orders, and did as he was commanded."

A girl, who has been some five years disguised as a common sailor, was recently detected on board a steamer, lying in Cork harbor. She stated that her family connections reside at St. John's, New Brunswick: that her motive for thus forsaking her home in favor of a sailor's life, was in order that she might meet with her seducer—a Capt. Bradford—and be revenged upon him for forsaking her and her child. The magistrates propose to send her home to her native place.

CHARLESTON AND THE WEST.—Preliminary steps have been taken to form a company having in view the construction of a Railroad from Nashville to the Ohio River, opposite Evansville, Indiana, being an extension of the line now constructing between Charleston and Nashville. By this chain of roads, Charleston will be connected with the trade of the great West, for which our Northern cities are now making such vast efforts.

THE VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS.—Bayard Taylor, who is at San Francisco, says 1,500 Tribunes were sold in that city for one dollar apiece, and at the mines five dollars is the price for late papers.