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POSTRY.

To the Digarted Out. There is a sadness in the autumn breath That whispering comes to play among the tombs: A melanchely sadness-not a leaf Bat hath a song of sorrow for the ear, And not a blade, a yellow blade, but tells Its solemn tale of ruin to the heart. Roll on ye sable clouds and pall the moon! I would not have a ray to light my tears Ere they are fallen from my check to earth. How beautiful is night when stars are out, A summer's breath comes whispering to the ea Filling the heart with raptures like the tones Of one beloved returning in our dreams. But oh how doubly sad when clouds prevail, And sutama winds come rushing through the

I've felt its sadness oft but not as now, For shadows of the grave are on my soul. Here sleep the broken hearted-calmly sleep; But could we lift the coffin lid and gaze Upon their pallid brows-and read the lines That life with burning finger wrote thereon, Strange histories would freeze the living heart. Soft-youder is a spot; the yellow leaves Have drifted o'er it; but I know it well; Yet scarce a month hath vanished since her voice Was heard amid the crowd of merry hearts, And now the silent city is her home-The clod her pillow-and the grave her rest. I call upon thee, Sister, but thy name Dies on the autumn wind-no answer comes. Would I could draw the veil aside that hangs Between the world invisible and this-How would it cheer my heart to see thee there With angels joined in the eternal home, Robed in thy rainbow glory yet more bright Than when thy virgin lips first breathed of God, With Heaven's sunshine dancing on thy brow. Thou didst not live to bear the blighted heart-Thou didst not live to tread the thorny way-To share in life's vicissitudes and woes; Death came so softly in the sunny hour And stole into the chamber of thy heart, That watchers deemed it sleep, without a pang He barst the hands that held thy spirit here, And left a smile so light upon thy check,

It seem'd to mock the triumph of the grave. I would not weep-but I have wandered back To our own mountain stream where oft we sat, When stars kept watch above us-and I hear Again thy sweet voice swelling in their praise-The green leaves whispering o'er us, and the song Of joyful water rippling at our feet. would not weep-but memory will draw Those glowing pictures past-and then the heart, The lovely heart, must either bleed or break. The Sabbath organ lifting up its voice. The parting spirits wing their way to God. Sister-the worm is busy at my heart. And soon they'll lay this weary soul with thee : Twould make me sad, but that I saw thee die-

And then I learned how light a thing was death. Swee are Spirits. O there are spirits who dwell in the air, On land, in cave, and in ocean, And gentle ghosts braiding their starlit hair In natures wildest commution

And I hear their voice in the habbling springs Which among the rocks are gleaming, They seem like the tones of unearthly things, With heavenly message beaming.

ometimes in the darkness of midnight deep They restlessly shine and quiver, Dancing till the sun is waked from his sleep,

In whose rays they're lost forever.

Of a near and wondrous story, Of their doeds within the watery main

Which Neptune with wrath makes hoary. Again I bear them in weird winter nights Faintly mean through the wildernesses Or their joyous chorus of dancing sprites Lit by stars and joweled tresses. \ CARL

DEATH OF AN INFANT. BY MES. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Death found strange beauty on that polished brow, had called her 'Mary.' And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose On cheek and lip. He touch'd the veins with ice ed. Forth from those blue eyes bere spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt Whether to grieve or sleep, which muoceuco Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he boun The silken fringes of those curtaining lids re ever. There had been a murmuring sound Charming her even to tears. The spoiler set
The seal of silence. But there beam d a smile,
So fix'd, scholy, from that cherub brow,
Daniel State of the seal of th

a citizen, with whom he was on bad terms.

MISCELLANY.

THE END OF IT.

BY ERASTUS STEPHENS.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI. We have given the reason for Frank's never dence in New York. He had often thought him in great danger of becoming thoroughly you? of her, however, and regretted the interruption dissipated. of an acquaintance so agreeably begun, so that the prospect of renewing it, was exceedingly pleasant. His toilet was made with more than usual care that evening, and eight o'clock found him at the door of No .- Bleeker st.

De Lancey gave him a most cordial welcome, and conducted him up stairs into his mother's parlor. No one was present when

'How did matters go on at the store?' said Frank to him, after a few general remarks had

De Lancev related all that we had said, and That Mr. W___

said Frank. 'Indeed he is-and by the way, Mr. Wilmot, he is very anxious to become acquainted with

16 I should be proud of his acquaintance, certainly.

'I should be very happy to introduce you to him, and also to my mother and sister. I don't know, though, but you are acquainted with my sister?

'I believe I am somewhat. How did you appen to know it?

'I did not until a few hours ago. I have always made her a confident, and therefore, although in some respects it was anything but pleasant, could not help telling her of my adcentures last evening, and your kindness to me-no disclaimers now. She told me then of an acquaintance she had made some time since, with a gentleman of the same name, and from her description I thought it must be you. 'I presume it was'

De Lancey excused himself, and soon returned. In a few moments after, Mrs. De water. Lancey and her daughter entered the room, and Frank was introduced. The former was lady of commanding figure, and her face still bore the traces of beauty. She greeted Frank at Yale. cordially, but her manner was cold in comparison with Mary's, who gave him the warm greeting of an old friend, while her kindling three score years and ten, with an unchafed eye spoke the thanks she was eager to ex-neck.

flowed smoothly and agreeably. Frank pos- Will you not, Mary? sessed fine conversational powers, and they never did him greater credit. Before long, What holy sounds-methinks on tones like these Mrs. Wilmot was obliged to withdraw, and then Mary contrived to have her brother leave for a few moments; and this done, she referred briefly to what she had heard, and all the modest remarks which Frank could conceive or utter, availed little against the strong tide of thanks which gushed from her warm, glow-

And when the clock had struck ten, and Frank had found, to his astonishment, that a half hour apparent, was two hours real time, it that he will sacrifice everything for it. was with great refuctance that he arose to leave. But as he did so he thought that only upon the expiration of an interval most unfushionably brief

And it did. And he went again, and again and before long began to call De Lancey Harry,' and De Lancev to call him 'Frank.' Afmethicks they write strange dreams on my ter a few months he became bold enough to say 'Mary,' instead of 'Miss;' and he seemed every day more and more like one of her own children to Mrs. De Lancey. For most commentators are agreed that every day Mary seemed more and more a golden girl, and that one evening Frank had bent the knee, he never had bent before, except to the God he worshipped, to her-the girl he loved, and when she had answered a simple question, with a simple 'yes,' he had sealed the compact in a most impressive manner, and always after that

During the remaining period, prior, to Frank's admission to the bar, his mental tastes and habits remained as they had been. His social life, too, was much the same. He was guilty world. of no excess, drank with a friend whenever inwhich the base would claim its mother's car, posed; and although there might be at times vited, drank moderately himself whenever disan unwonted flow of spirits, and a brightness of the eye not altogether natural, yet none

The following is a pretty good hit up- or canger.

We must hurry over a considerable interval on those who expect newspapers to fight out of time, during which, agreeably to the artheir personal controversies, or to be permitted rangement mentioned in our first chapter four to do it themselves through anonymous com- out of the five had met at Yale, four years from ounications—thus shifting the responsibility that commencement. Frank had then been from themselves upon the papers:

Entropy A noted chap once stepped but his prospects were most flattering; and it bone of expected success spected editor, and indulged in a tirade against was in the pride and hope of expected success a citizen with whom hope of expected success 'I wish,' said he, addressing the man of the Eaton was likewise a lawyer, located in a vilresult said ne, addressing the man of the Eaton was likewise a inwyer, rocased in would write a very severe article against B—— and put it in your paper.' lage in Massachusetts, with a fine practice for and Kate. You know the work was the reply, and after some a beginner. Smith had an account to render this great while.' In the number killed and cured by William Fifteen months I core conversation the visitor went his way.' of the number killed and cured by William The next morning he came rushing into Smith, M. D., during a brief sojourn as a disconce in a violent statement of the office in a violent statement of the off

But where was Thorndike all this while !tance that Smith related, and with sadness and I wished very much to see him.' they heard, that Thorndike's habits had grown having met Mary De Lancey, since his resi- very irregular, and that his friends considered stay later than four to-morrow morning, will

> It was over wine they related to each other, jealous of my club, have you, Molly? whatever of interest had occurred to them since they separated. They talked, and laugh- dies? ed, and proposed, and planned, right pleasantly and merrily, and there had been no draw- soon as you have learned to smoke. But I'm drank a little too freely, that's all. There's facts the interest of fiction. back on their merriment had not thoughts of sorry you feel jealous of the S. U. I don't nothing dreadful in that, Thorndike-poor Charley-stolen like an 'un- think I shall kiss you for a month to come, by dertone of sadness,' over the minds of each.

From this we must run on to an evening From within came a murmur of many voices, two, which were received with very good grace, and the forms of a large assemblinge of per- considering the fearful nature of the infliction. Were we to enter the house, we should see lief that thus far the bondage of matrimony Mrs. Wilmot scated in her easy chair, in one had proved to him a very pleasant servitude. parlor; the Judge upon one side, and Mrs. De Mrs. Wilmot went up stairs to her room, detail, if we tarry but a moment more, we young image of herself, was sleeping in its meet another Mrs. Wilmot, it would be a very extraordinary stories, said Mr. Wilmot. 'I marked gladly the praises of wine, and the shall see the venerable Dr. T transform cradle. She bent over her for a moment, to Mrs. Mary De Lancey into Mrs. Francis Wil- give a mother's love-kiss, and the infant smilmot, and Miss Kate Wilmot into Mrs. Heñry ed in sleep, as though it had been from the

traist, the rare and costly wine, which filled an years. She took a book, which was lying uparray of elegant decanters upon the supper ta- on her dressing table, and sat down to read it. ble, would have seemed ominous of evil. For It was 'Irving's Sketch Book,' and she became he would have said that the wine at many a so absorbed in its fascinating pages, that she dest funerals. And if told that wine is indis to sleep, was surprised to find the hour of pensable at weddings; he, perchance, would eleven had arrived.' have replied that there was one wedding, held 'What can detain Frank?' she thought and dozen others. The doctor, for instance, was do you think about it, Kate?' in the most sumptuous drawing room, that rang the bell. earth ever saw. A wedding at which God You may lock the door, and go up stairs, himself was the officiating priest, and the Bridget. I shall sit up for Mr. Wilmot." 'morning stars sang together.' And at that first and noblest wedding, Adam and Eve drank

What is it, Fred? The matrimonial yoke; may you wear it arm of an intimate friend.

'Thank you, Fred, that's worth drinking, The first few moments passed, all restraint and I know my 'yoke fellow' will join us,' and you It's f-f-fine evening, but the ice on the

'Oh, certainly. What is it? Frank repeated the sentiment, and the glasses clinked.

indirectly from Thorndike the other day.' 'Did you?' 'Yes. Poor fellow, he is going on sadly.

His case is considered almost hopeless.'

power of self-control. 'So did I. But it does seem strange, that a asleep. man can become so infatuated with drinking,

'True as gospel. In the game of life, the assistance be needed. to the Devil's hand.'

most delightful evening. And of all the gay tance. This was as the cloud no bigger than Don't blame yourself, Frank. I must own danger, Mary? fatigably for every single gentleman within a fore three. her ('single') self she wouldn't marry for the Mrs. Wilmot went to the sofa.

Among the company, there were some who What time is it? came sensible, and went silly; some who come straight, and went crooked. There were two or three who saw more stars upon the earth yet?" Death gard, and left it there. He dar'd not steal would have dreamed of anything like excess heaven and who scolded at themselves all the feel as if you could walk up stairs, Frank.'

Yes—I think I could, and he arose as than they had ever dreamed there were in Mrs. Wilmot simply said in reply: Do you way home, for not having brought their skates 'Yes-I think I could,' and he arose as he incidents, and do not prove that wine at wed- seized hold of the sofading is unscriptural, or unnecessary.

> CHAPTER VIL ning, are you?

'Yes I was-why Molly?'

Fifteen months had passed since Mr. Wil.

large capital, 'The Weekly Ninetcenth Cen- acter, and the vivacity of the girl was only mod- what abruptly, as he arose, who had accompa- discuss with Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Wilmot stain. So you must feel anxous any more. ified by the quiet dignity of the woman.

Where was good-humored, full faced, full- But the club meet this evening, and I expect- going to the office. souled, warm-hearted Charley? And when ed to meet Mr. H who has just returned each had asked the other, it was with reluc- from Europe. He has been absent two years.

'Oh, go by all means, Frank! But do not

'I'll try not. You haven't begun to grow 'Yes, I have. Why don't you admit la-

'I intend proposing you for membership, as way of punishment.

'How dare you talk so, Frank? I shall when the hospitable mansion of Judge Wil- kiss you now, as a punishment for that very sons, could be seen dimly through the curtains. and Mr. Wilmot left the house, in the firm be-Lancey upon the other. And not to go into shortly after. An infant daughter, the fair

lips of one of the angels, that are said to keep Richards; but, honestly, I would rather give Arthur Middleton, and read it. All who an embodied warning. Like pilots with all Possibly, to a superstitious temperance ul. spirit-watch over the couch of our youngest wedding, had been a remote cause of many read almost uninterruptedly for nearly two Why, a man with one-tenth of your self-conunkind words, hours of bitter sorrow, cruel hours. The awaking of her child then dis- trol is perfectly safe.' neglect, and even of broken hearts, and sad- turbed her, and after she had again hushed it

'Yes, ma'am.' Frank! Ive a sentiment for you, said Ea- fore, and she was just beginning to feel really for the purpose of assisting you home. My know but, upon the whole, it is safest for a then, however, there were some who were of ton, who was present upon the strength of a anxious, when a carriage latted in front of the very philanthropic intentions were met with a person to sign the total abstinence pledge.— opinion, that when God made the human frame renowed invitation, first given in a joking way house, and in a few moments the bell, rang.— who the devil are you? at Yale.

Hurrying down, she open to what where Why, I'm Richards. Y

stood her husband, leaning heavily upon the enough, Frank. Let us go home!"

'Good evening, Mrs. Wilmot,' said the lat-

was removed, and the stream of conversation he turned to his bride who was standing near. pavements is r-r-rather troublesome. must; its very late. In an instant his wife comprehended the her husband's situation. Mr. Richards assist- That is to say, w-w-when I get ready I shall 'Well, you are leaving me completely alone. By the way, Frank, said Eaton, 'I heard ed him into the parlor, and then, as his farther go. Here's to the health of our f-future and I must think of this subject if for no other reapresence would occasion only embarrassment, cestors." immediately withdrew.

the sofa, swaying unsteadily back and forth, was entirely ex parte. And when he had more educated and wealthier classes. I really 'Is it possible? Poor Charley! He was either muttering to himself or addressing an thanked his friend for his kind assistance, as feel very anxious, but you should view the a noble boy, and yet I always mistrusted his unmeaning remark to his wife. Very soon the latter bade him 'good morning' it was matter as I do, and enroll your name with eral stages; let us observe each. During the his head rested upon the sofa, and he fell with a feeling of complete shame that Wilmot mine.'

than have one of the servants see her hus- ers that to lose one's self-control is an assent. Was it possible that even then Mr. Wilmot 'Yes, indeed, it does, and the saddest of all band's situation, herself brought down some in the dignity of manhood. is, that the best and noblest do become so.— bed-clothes, and arranging them upon the sofa A friend dined with him that day. Of course to sign, but that his love for wine influenced noise which prevents their being heard. But half so urgent an invitation to call again soon, Charley, for example, is worth a dozen other made him as comfortable a couch as she could, no allusion made to the occurrence of the previmen who are not in the slightest danger, be- and then shading the light of the small lamp ous night. But when they were again alone, at to the voice of the tempter, telling him there a state as this, for any body can be sober, cause they are too mean to become drunk- she had brought with her, seated herself in a tea, and Mr. Wilmot had tried to be unusually was no danger. rocking-chair, that she might be near should agreeable, and his wife seemed to have for- I wonder what can have persuaded Harry manly drunk, If a wife could be present now,

> scarcely knowing until now what sorrow was, ry for what happened last night. It was ow- 'I'm sure I don't know. It was as new to or for him. If a sister could be present note, The company dispersed at a seasonable hour, Love sees things through a false medium, and ing to thoughtlessness and a slight excess, and me as to you, but I am very glad that it is so? she would feel proud that her brother could each expressing the opinion that it had been a trivial things are distorted into undue impor-shall not occur again."

throng, there was not one who predicted aught a man's hand, but to Mrs. Wilmot it seemed I have felt anxious, but perhaps my love makes 'Not in the ordinary acceptation of the word. but happiness for the married ones, save a sin-spregnant with a prophecy of hurricane and me unduly so. gle superstitions old lady, who never knew storm. Her fear was no less real, because it Mr. Wilmot scaled his promise with a kiss, be altogether safe, and if there is the least any good to come of two marrying each oth- was indefinite, and she felt the very deepest which seemed to grow sweeter with each danger in the least indulgence, would prefer maiden lady, of an uncertain age, and green husband. She fell asleep at length, overcome confident and happy. apple disposition, who, having labored inde- by weariness, but awoke a few moments be Suppose we call upon Harry and Kate this quent temperance speaker. For self-defence,

circuit of twenty miles, had at last, with great The clock had but just struck the hour reluctance, retired to private life, and 'didn't when Mr. Wilmot awoke. Raising his head put little Mary to sleep. see why Kate Wilmot wanted to get married; from the sofa, he looked around for a moment she was better off where she was; and as for like one bewildered. The instant he awoker vored the visit, for a less time than usual was

'Why, Mary! Is that you? Where am I? pheus, and they then proceeded to Mr. De

'It has but just struck three, Frank.'

I wanted you to call with me upon Harry soon fell asleep. For herself, she prepared a rangement. dawned ere sleep drowned her anxiety.

Twing balled and been kicked twice. em city. And last, but not least, trying was still standing, to bid his wife 'good even-deavored to conceal her anxiety. But her of child had never been born, by making out a suit from his pocket two papers of very important taken from his pocket two papers of very important to be sufficiently reduced, would make the forts were only partially successful, and the single exception, and listened very attentively ces to err upon the safe side? could be sufficiently reduced, would make the forts were only partially successful, and the single exception, and listened very attentively ces to err upon the safe side? could be sufficiently reduced, would make the forts were only partially successful, and the single exception, and listened very attentively ces to err upon the safe side? awood cut of a Western city, flanked by a for the better, inasmuch as with all the fresh scarcely spoke during it, and remained at the she might claim the same privilege in return. less for your great anxiety, and whenever I mandarins. Before long a few attempts are

'I will remain at home with pleasure, Mary. his library, and did not see her again before Lancey.

He had been there but a short time, when Mr Wilmot, taking up from the table the Mr. Richards came in.

'Good morning, Wilmot! How do you feel after last night's meeting?" 'Not very well, Richards. My recollection what is that?'

would give fifty dollars if its existence was temperance tales, written, as I am informed, by equally so.'

Perhaps not for bachelors!" Why, Mrs. Wilmot wasn't angry, was she? 'Not she. For my own comfort I wish she had been. But when you are so fortunate as mot was lighted with unusual brilliancy. improper speech, and so saying, she gave him to get a wife like mine, Ben, you'll be very ing a convert of Kate. sorry to cause her any anxiety, and not less so, if you see that she strives with all her be somewhat remarkable then, for I have all ry, when the closed leaves of time shall be remight to conceal it.

Well, then, the occurrence is rather fortunore fully what a treasure a good wife is __ influenced by brotherly examples." voke.

happened last night happen again.*

count of one slight excess, is preposterous. - which was almost painful.

What did I say and do last night?

Another half hour passed. It was later by different from the ordinary language of my written, said Mr. Wilmot, 'Temperance is per or dinner party, without wine, would to an hour than he had ever been detained be- dignified friend Mr. Wilmot. I went to you a good thing, an excellent thing, and I don't very many have seemed impossible. Even

'Mr. Richards, y-y-you are laboring under a

'Oh! ah! Mrs. Wilmot, hey! How are master at law and attorney in Chancery.' Well, Mr. Wilmot, let's go. Come, we

'We must hey? How do you know we; Mrs. De Lancey replied, by writing her name whole, and blushed and trembled as she saw must? I s-s-shall go w-w-when I get ready. under Mrs. Wilmot's.

estors.'

Son. ont of respect to you.'

The recitai of these circumstances afforded 'I hope you will, Frank, for the chief sup-For a few moments Mr. Wilmot sat upon Mr. Richards no little quiet amusement, but it port of this enterprise must come from the

thought upon what had happened. He was I certainly think of it, and perhaps may and what he says himself. Each one is able Mrs. Wilmot-returned up stairs, and, rather not of that constitution of mind which conside conclude to do so.

trump eards always seem to find their way in- It was a sad and lonely night watch to her, felt, he said, at length: Mary, I am very sor- Wilmot to his wife, as they were returning.

er's sisters upon the same evening, and one anxiety, as she sat watching her unconscious month of marriage, and again his wife was that they should avoid that little,

evening, Mary. 'I would like to very much, as soon as I can any more temperance tales."

The responsibility mentioned evidently fa-

Lancey's residence. It was a very tasteful and convenient house, distant only a few mo- but still, I could not help feeling very anxious plough handles. The puns fully establish "Three o'clock! and you have not retired ments walk from their own, in a pleasant part last night and to-day. I could not restrain their reputation of being the lowest order of of the city. They found Mr. De Lancey read- the fear, that possibly you might become too wit, and such are some of the characteristics ing in the parlor, while his wife was up stairs fond of wine, and perhaps become a-a-be of the second stage. assisting the refractory will of Miss Kate De come intemperate. I don't know but my fears To this succeeds a third. There is more Lancey, the younger to bow to the sceptre of ore wholly groundless, and that my love comor come in a sleigh, since the walking was so said so, but his head was still very dizzy; he the divinity, who sids the growth of oplum pletely blinds me; but while Harry was readexceedingly slippery. But these were trivial staggered, and would have fallen had he not and invention of chloroform, and receives the ing, all those thoughts and fears returned fresh ing, nobody could tell at what. There is shoutnightly petitions of care-worn nurses.

Take my arm Frank, said his wife, when I It was an autumn evening, and quite cool, them.

the office in a violent state of excitement—penser of health, calomel, and jalap, in a south-lad my nose pulled and been kicked twice.

Smith, M. D., during a brief sojourn as a dismot's marriage. He had just looked in at the when Mr. Wilmot came down in the morning, door of the pleasant tea-room, where the table it. But does not the immoderate always redeavored to conceal her anxiety. But her of child had never been born, by making but a sult from the moderate use, and is it not wish a sure of conceal her anxiety. But her of child had never been born, by making but a sult from the moderate use, and is it not wish a sure of conceal her anxiety. But her of child had never been born, by making but a sult from the moderate use, and is it not wish.

nied him home the night before, he went into much to say that was interesting to Mr. De and will think of something else,

By the way Harry, what book is that? said

of what happened is rather uncertain, and I It is one of a series of very interesting

Why, really! You talk like a thoroughgoing total abstinence man, Harry." 'And so I am, didn't you know it?'

4 No.3 'Yes, and I have almost succeeded in mak-

'You have? Your persuasive powers must nate than otherwise. It has only taught you always behaved like a good sister, and been ruined, genius perverted and abused, to gratify

strong temptation to assume the matrimonial should like to hear it very much, if there is no precepts to its use, should think that the life objection."

up drinking twenty times over than have what have done the same will not think it strange sails set, and a straight rudder—they have Oh you're nervous this morning! The very fested during the reading. Mrs. Wilmetdrank rocks upon which those who, follow in their idea of giving up your wine, merely on ac- in every word with an intensity of interest wake shall split. There is inspiration in gin?

'I have had a very attentive audience,' said in the brimming beaker; oh, quaff it at the Mr. De Lancey, when he had finished. 'And grave of Burns. 'Well, perhaps so! But how did I act! now I think of it, I've a pledge here n total We have spoken of a club, with which Mr. abstinence pledge-and I've some curiosity to Wilmot was connected. It consisted of some Why, you didn't act any worse than half a sec whether I've made any converts? What four or five members of the bar, two editors,

completely stuck, and you didn't actually drink . Why, I don't care much either way, I don't others. They were all men of cultivated so much as I, but I believe I have a very strong live to disagree with you, in anything, and I minds and refined intellectual tastes. It was head. I was a little amused though, at one would sign it in a moment if Mary would. in days when temperance was more unfastionor two of your remarks, for they were slightly 'The story is certainly most graphically able than now. In days when meeting, sup-

Why, I'm Richards. You know me well ing and I rather think Mary agrees with me, citement, and so constituted the external world don't you Mary ? d-d-delusion, sir. My name isn't Mr. Frank : pledge, and subscribed her name, while an un- essary. There were some who thought that

wrote it.

fairly challenged."

Well? · Certainly not.

mot's marriage. He had just looked in at the wheu Mr. Wilmot came down in the morning, cerning the precionsness of her little Kate, and posely, Frank. You would rather die than do this time, the heads of several are noticed to ern city. And last, but not least, Irving had was still standing, to bid his wife good evendeavored to conceal her anxiety. But her of child had never been born, by making but a sult from the moderate use, and is it not wis-

to the contract the ment of the property was the second of the property and the track of the property of

steamboat and locomotive; and above, in a ness of youth, her face had acquired more char- table but a short time. Asking his wife some- Mr. De Lancey had many business topics to see myself in danger, I pledge myself to ab-

CHAPTER YHE

Who thinks, that is sensible, that wine at book which the former had been reading .- class and danner parties can be dispensed with Temperance Tales-The Stage Coach-No. What scholar that has read the classic praises - continued he, reading the title. 'Why, of the sparkling cup, and of the glad infinences of the jolly god at the nectes canaque Deum. can derive so great inspiration upon festive occasions from any other source? And who Mr. L. M. Sargeant of Boston. I don't con- that is familiar with the evening gatherings of Indeed. Why, you take things altogether sider this the best, although it is very excel- the gifted ones who have enfiched their own too seriously, my dear fellow. Like the rest lent. The stories present important truths in literature, and whose names, now that they of us, you were so glad to see II and a very pleasing form, and give to temperance are gone, are spoken with love and reverence. does not know that they sat during the annall hours over wine as pure as their own high converse, and sparkling as their own with La not the use of wine then if at no other time. enforced by wise precept and most venerable example? Yes, indeed it is, and how many have stumbled over that example, and fallen forever! In the perusal of this world's histoways considered her rather a difficult subject. opened among the saddest, darkest pages, will 'Certainly,' said Mrs. De Loncey, 'I have be those that record passion wasted, and mind a mere physical appetite. The scholar who in I'm almost hopeless, to be sure; but if I could Suppose you read a part of one of those the works of departed intellect and genius less of many an one, who spoke those praises and 'I don't know but I make too much of it, Mr. De Lancey turned to the narrative of penned those precepts, was a strible example, that no fatigue or lack of interest, were mani- dashed their stately vessels against, the very oh, think of it at Byron's tomb. There is joy

two or three physicians, and some four or five But still, I don't see any necessity for my sign. he endowed it with a capacity, for healthy exas to satisfy that capacity fully, thus making a Mrs. Wilmot made no reply, but took the resort to artificial stimulus altogether winecit is Mr. Wilmot; F-F-Francis Wilmot, Esq., noticed tear dropped upon the paper as she moments of such excitement, as were sucwrote it.

'There, Kate,' said Mr. De Lancey, 'you're purchased—that the man who could not be sensible, or witty, without resort to wine, had ded minority.

If you had looked into a room of the Hotel, several years ago. you might have seen the counterpart of the following description: Surrounding a table were some twelve or fifteen persons, and among them Mr. Wilmot. It was a supper night, and they were now discussing the dessert. To this there were sevfirst, each one is conscious what the other sava to lift his glass with a steady hand. A piece of information given, a witty remark made, or wavered in his mind, and was almost resolved question asked, are listened to, and there is no while it requires a gentleman to get gentlegotten all the anxiety which she might have to become such a temperance man, said Mr. she would hear nothing, which would cause her to blush for her husband's acquaintances. Why, you certainly didn't think him in any be numbered among such associates: for this far, they have drunk quite as much water as Not in the ordinary acceptation of the word. Wine or brandy.

But I would prefer that those I love should From this stage there is a gradual transition.

A deeper flush of the face, and an unwonted brightness of the eye, begin to be perceived. Each will observe that his neighbor speaks 'Why, Molly, you would make a most clo- with an utterance somewhat less distinct though he will remain utterly unconstious of it never will do for me to ask Harry to read any change in his own. Soon two or three are talking unusually loud, the general noise increases, all talk faster, and all laugh louder. Before long it requires profound attention to You will not feel offended, if I tell you perceive the precise point of many of their required to toss it into the arms of Mrs. Mor- what I thought of while Harry was reading! lokes. There are many anchronisms in the classical allusions. Virgil is yoked with Sir 'I did not mean to say anything of the kind, Isane Newton, and Martin Luther holds the

noise at its commencement than there has to my mind, and now I cannot help expressing ing to one mother across the table, and if this fails, the attention is effectually secured by he had stood for a moment. She led him to so that a cheerful fire was a blazing in the 'I intemperate? Mary, I'm not at all offen nut shells and orange peels. Applance, bethe stairs, which he succeded in ascending by grate. The parlors were finished very similarly ded, but I am astonished. Intemperate? A fore long, is manifested by pounding with fists On, Frank! You're not going out this evelening heavily upon her, while one hand to Mrs. Wilmot's. There was nothing unman with a reason, and a will giving him the and tumblers, and the latter being somewhat grasped the bannister. Entering the room, necessary, nothing showy, but everything in ability to decide when to drink, and how much unsubstantial, are not to blame for breaking. Mrs. Wilmot helped him upon the bed, and he perfect taste, as respects both quality and are and when not degrading himself lower than Que of the number, after long practice, has acthe brute by becoming intemperate! Why, quired the art of placing his knee at the canand Kate. You know we haven't been there hasty couch upon the sofa, but daylight had The desimble end mentioned above being Mary, my attachment for you would of itself tre of the underside of the table, and by a at length effected, Mrs. De Lancey came down prove all-sufficient to preserve me from that. dexterous jerk causing each individual pleca Breakfast had waited much later than usual into the parlor. She was full of news con- Lknow you would never become so pur- of crockery to tremble for its integrity. By hang upon the breast as submissively as if in