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POETRY.

Translated from the French of *M.* De Lamartine.

Autumn.

Welcome ye trees in dying verdure clad,
Weeping your golden tears on all below;
Hail, lovely autumn day, whose aspect sad,
Delights my sight and softens all my woe.

With thoughtful step in lonely woodland path,
I love to mark the year's retreating form,
When, sombre as the mournful shades of death,
The sun's veil'd rays scarce tell the approach of morn.

Yes, in these autumn days, when nature dies,
Her glory gone, all bounteous things I see—
The farewell of a friend, the last two sighs
That waft from dying lips the last sweet smile to me.

So ready from the shore of life to spring,
Weeping for summer days of hope long past,
I still look back with cheery's pregnant sting,
And view departed joys which yet no joys possessed.

Earth, sun, vales, nature, beautiful and fair,
For you, on death's dark verge, a tear I'll shed,
So lovely is the light, so pure the air,
That shines and breathes around the dying head.

Yet to the dregs this cup of life I'll drain;
This mingled cup of nectar and of gall;
Still, in its depths, all hidden, may remain
One drop of life to compensate for all.

Perchance, all shrouded in futurity,
Some bliss, by hope unseen, I may discovery;
Perchance, some sister soul, my soul may see,
To read my spirit with a kindred eye.

The flower resigns its perfumes to the gale,
Breathing its latent sweetness ere it die;
My exile exhales in sorrow, like the wail
Of some low whip of mournful melody.

From the Louisville Journal.

To My Mother.

As some lone bird, bereft and deserted long
By the soft winds which o'er it forced to sweep,
My lyre is mute, my voice turned to song,
And my sweet muse, *forsaken*, turns to weep.

Yet still, methinks, if some light breeze of even,
Laden with rich perfume, should wander by,
That spirit harp, would by the breath of Heaven,
Would wake once more its magic melody.

And thus shall thy low-toned voice my song inspire,
And while for thee again I strive to sing,
The sweet word *mother*, echoing o'er my lyre,
Shall break the spell that binds each golden string.

I'll weave a wreath for thee, of childish hours,
Culled from the vista of departed years,
A mystic garland, of heart-treasured flowers,
Fast twined by hope, now wet with memory's tears.

Bright was our home, and in a sunny clime,
Where, gay, laughing child, I loved to dwell
Tangled as vine, as bold in summer time,
My light-up heart as the wood gazelle.

To it dancing by the lake, in baby glee,
Free as the lovers that we watched my shining hair,
I had a wish that was unknown to *thee*,
No thought, sweet mother, that *thou* did'st not share.

When to the stars with anxious gaze I turned,
Wishing in vain to count those orbs of light,
They seemed to *watch me*, and my spirit yearned
To know who formed the million eyes of night.

Oh! then thou taught'st me *Him* best name to call
That Holy One who dwells beyond the sky,
And told'st me that the word which formed them all,
Had power to *crush* each shining world on high.

And oft, when home upon the storm's dark wing
The deep-toned thunder's startling voice was heard,
Swinging precision there, to thee I'd cling,
As trembles like some pure delighted bird.

Then pointing up to the red lightning's blaze,
My mother! thou did'st say the Almighty arm
Which made the flowers we love and sun's bright rays
Rules the swift hurricane and raging storm."

My childhood passed, as some enchanting dream
Of joy, it seemed one long sunny day,
A rainbow's light, a radiant meteor's gleam,
Transient, as beautiful, it fled away.

We left our home—that home of perfect love,
The deep, lone valley, with its gushing spring,
The sandy oaks, the still and peaceful grove
Where the first summer birds were wont to sing.

All, all, were left—and we, o'er morning sky
Serene and bright, a gloomy shade is cast,
Sorrow's first tear then dimmed my laughing eye,
And my young spirit *felt there was a past*.

Yet soon it fled—this childish grief away
And far, in other lands 'mid stranger flowers
My step was light again, my voice was gay
As when *at home* I roved 'mid Southern bowers.

For with thee still, as some fair star whose ray
Sheds its soft lustre on the midnight hour,
Thy smiles, to charm my every care away,
Have proved a talisman of magic power,

My mother! Oh! could there descend *one gleam*
Commissioned to return to realms above,
Into my true heart, upon its winged beam,
I'd read my mother's name—that name of love.

ROSA.

INTER ENTERPRISE.—A business firm in Boston is loading a vessel with ice for Alexandria, Egypt. She is also to carry out an ice-house also.

MISCELLANY.

From Arthur's *Home Gazette.*

HETTY AND NELL;
OR THE FACTORY GIRLS.

BY MRS. C. W. DENNISON,
Author of "Gertrude Russell," &c. &c.

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(Continued.)

'Well it wasn't your money,' Hetty retorted

'I know it Hetty; but it would have been much better to have bought comfortable clothes for the coming winter; however let's say no more about it, we won't quarrel, Hetty; but I wish you had put on anything but that; it looks so like trying to appear above your station.'

'And may be I'll be a good way above my present station one of these days,' said Hetty exultingly.

Nell did not reply; but she went to Mrs. Grey's with uncomfortable thoughts, and sad presentiments, that were in no way banished, when a short time after they arrived there, Mr. Atherton and his English friend were announced, with a lady whom they had often seen before. The gentlemen were surprised and evidently gratified, though the Englishman lifted his delicately-pencilled brows, as much as to say—'Well, who have we here! Really!'

The lady had always admired Miss Meredith, and treated the sisters with great respect, though after hearing of Mr. Grey's indisposition, she determined to make the visit a short one. Horace Albert in could not disguise his open admiration of Hetty, whose heart, he said to himself, he would win, if it was possible; factory girl though she was. 'But can it be from necessity she is there?' he thought as he scanned her rich attire.

The Englishman was chagrined to find all his smart sayings, all his impressive looks, utterly lost on Nell, who only answered with a cold smile, or a slight bow, scarcely deigning to speak to, or glance at him, except when he addressed her. He was dreadfully mortified. He could not understand it; he an object of so much attention in aristocratic circles, slighted, regarded with perfect indifference, by a factory girl. 'It is unaccountable,' he murmured to himself, 'unless American women are all prudes or coquettes, but waiting, heartened at the core.'

As the company was departing, Horace availing himself of a moment when the rest were conversing, ostensibly took the miniature from his breast as if consulting his watch, and as the blaze of the candelabra fell upon its rich setting, he turned quickly and gave Hetty one expressive glance.

It was enough: she saw the picture, and knew it. He carried it rapidly to his lips, observed by none but her, and then, with a graceful bow, took his departure. It was a bold experiment, but it answered all the purpose for which it was intended. Hetty at first felt as if she should sin to the ground. How, where had he obtained possession of her miniature? That she was beloved by one who was her ideal of manly beauty and grace, one who was in all probability rich, distinguished, was almost too much to realize; and before her dazzled vision floated strange, bewildering phantasies, golden, and glittering, of future exaltations, herself a shining star, worshipped by the great and foremost in the ranks of beauty and fashion.

V. In girl!

For sometime after their departure she sat silent and abstracted; but the varying glow in her cheek, and the too intense light in her eyes, were watched painfully by her sister.—Nor did she start from her reverie, until Hannah mentioned the names of the visitors.

'I have heard aunt speak of this Mr. Atherton,' she said, 'uncle has business dealings with old *Mr.* Atherton. They say he is immensely rich, and one of the proudest men in Boston.'

Hetty's heart leaped at this intelligence.—Connor Lee was forgotten!

'I understand this young Atherton is rather wild; I should judge otherwise from his appearance, shouldn't you, Nell?'

Nell shook her head.

'Well I don't know; perhaps if he is getting married will reform him. Report says he is engaged to a lady of great wealth in Boston, one of the Rawdons, I believe. She is a very estimable girl, only so young. I should hardly think she would know her own mind. She is a very amiable creature. I should think from what I hear of her. Ella Castano, the Spanish girl, you know, told me this. For all Ella is so reduced in circumstances, this wealthy girl in Boston keeps up a correspondence with her, and seems to think as much of her as ever.—That shows a good heart. The match was made long ago, when both were mere children and I guess she thinks more of him than he does of her. I always feel a repugnance to that sort of betrothing. I think a man is never so apt to make so good a husband as when he exercises his own free will.'

Nell was glad that Hannah had told of this engagement in the presence of Hetty; but her previous impressions of his character were strengthened. In a few moments they returned home, having staid, in all not much over an hour.

When they got to their boarding house they learned that Conner Lee had been there. Mrs. Fellows said he looked quite dejected, when she told him the young ladies were gone.—But Conner had suspected—thought it strange—Hetty should not have told him, when she had seen him but an hour before. He had hurried there, and learning by the servant who were the visitors, and obtaining a glimpse of Hetty's retreating face, as she threw aside the curtain for a moment, a sudden anger, a momentary and sharp pang of jealousy drove him from the house; and he went home to his solitary chamber, threw his German books and his Latin grammar across the floor, and sat himself down with a burning heart to indulge in the bitterness of his forebodings. One idea only, came to him like a little sunshine breaking through a heavy cloud, the thought of Hetty' engagement to himself—her plighted vow. In the course of half an hour he had worked himself into the belief that he was a great fool; and acting upon this impulse, he returned to Mrs. Gray's found the sisters had gone, hastened to their boarding house, they had retired, so he went home again no wiser, and much less happy.

CHAPTER VII.

Hetty's conduct began to occasion a deal of talk among the mill girls. 'Was it not a shame,' said one and another, 'the way she treated Conner Lee?' 'And how scandalous, to receive the attentions of that stranger—clandestinely too.' It did not argue anything good. And then the way she dresses! Ridiculously extravagant. And the haughty airs she puts on, as if she was too good for any of them.—And did any one notice that in the subscription for little Mrs. Daniels' orphans, how pompously she put in a gold piece.' These, and many other quite as serious hints, were slowly undermining Hetty's character. Many of her companions looked upon her with contempt—and some of them would not deign to speak to her. And she richly deserved it: but so all absorbed was she in her new love, and so elevated at the prospect of being the wife of Horace—though she knew long ago that it must be secretly, as such, that she scarcely noticed the change in her position. As for Conner, it seemed to him that his heart was slowly breaking. He had borne her coldness, and striven to fancy it maiden coyness; but when he unobserved, saw that still need bride walking with the cold man of the world; when he felt that she could not become his wife, and might be, oh! so degraded, his passion burst out like long pent up torrents; and he was not himself.

Nell saw it all—and wept, and grieved, and expostulated, but in vain; and she entered the factory, and attended her work, mortified, conscious that her name and Hetty's—were upon every tongue.

One evening most of the girls were attending a fair that was held in Lowell. Nell and Hetty were the only occupants of the house where they boarded. Atherton was not in the city, and Nell knew it; otherwise, she would not have allowed Hetty to go, even down to the parlor alone, for of late she had followed her sister whenever it was possible, and that was not very often. But this evening she sat in her little chamber, gloomy and abstracted, thinking of Hetty; forming project after project for her rescue from the fate she feared awaited her. She had implored Hannah's assistance, and the latter had sat for hours with her arm around Hetty's waist, urging her in her own quiet manner with her soft late tones to break off an acquaintance that might end in sorrow, if not disgrace. Sometimes Hetty would push back her curls, and looking proudly up, exclaim,

'Do you think, Miss Meredith, I have no command over myself? Do you think I would submit to insult?'

At other times she would promise, and weep, though within lately it would be of no avail. As when water is cast into the ocean the tide rolls on as evenly and there is no increase in the depth, so little did the advice or opinions of others affect her heart.

And yet she was not hardened—far from it. She was like one groping through a dark passage rejecting the guide or the friendly light that would disperse the gloom, and render discernible the lurking dangers in her path.

As Nell sat musing, she was startled by a loud quick voice; which she soon recognized as Conner's. Fearful that in his present mood he might commit some act of violence, she ran hurriedly down stairs. She could not but pause with a wildly beating heart as she came in view of the parlor; for there stood Conner in an attitude that was painted upon her memory, in the posture of defiant scorn that her imagination had made him assume in the little skeeza with which Miss Green had been so much impressed.

'Never, Hetty Alloway, never,' he muttered between his clenched teeth, 'never will I give up my right to you!' You may play the heartless coquette—you may love another—marry another—but before high heaven and in the sight of God, you are as truly mine as though our vows had been uttered before thousands and consecrated by the blessing of God's minister. You will never know how you have wronged me.' He paced the floor hurriedly—'never, till we meet in eternity.—You know not, how I have toiled and struggled to become worthy of such a being as I imagined you; and now—O! God—now that my prospects are so flattering—a chain of black despair, yawns at my very feet—my—broken trust in you,' he added bitterly.

'Conner'—said Nell, in a low voice;

He started—'Oh! you too Nell, have you come to bewail my misery? but you shall see no tears, you shall hear no regrets—I am a man—a man,' he shouted—and he held his arm high, while his eye shone with a unnatural fire. 'You would never deceive one who loved you, Nell; I know you would not.' He took her hand and led her pale and trembling into the room; his own hand was hot and dry, but on his forehead stood large drops of sweat. 'I believe I am not wholly myself,' he continued, striking his brow repeatedly, 'but heaven knows I have been wronged, I have been wronged.'

Hetty shrank from the flash of his dark eye.

'Conner, be calm,' whispered Nell, her whole frame shaking with emotion, her whole soul pitying him.

'Calm!' he shouted, 'Oh, yes, Conner is calm, very calm, so calm that, God is my witness, I would plunge this blade,' and he drew from his vest a small dagger, 'deep, deep into the heart of the villian who would betray you Hetty.'

Nell was motionless with horror; Hetty shrieked and hid her face.

'Don't fear,' he continued, with the reckless smile of insanity, 'I would not harm that sacred head, Hetty Alloway—sacred, because it has been pillowed upon my bosom, in dreams; pillowed as a wife's head should be—not a wretched minion's—ha! ha!'

He went to the window, the soft breeze lifted the damp hair from his forehead, and its gentle breat seemed to bring him more to himself. When he turned back Hetty had gone, she had flown in fear to her room, and locked herself in. Nell was alone with him, but she was not frightened. As soon as he saw Hetty had gone he began to rave again; but Nell, fixing her clear eye upon him, spoke so soothingly with words so fitly chosen, that she gained his attention, and finally persuaded him to sit down beside her. She talked with him till he was comparatively sane, and during that brief hour gleaned from his own lips, what she was assured of by his strange manner, that he had been quaffing large draughts of wine, and in his excited state of mind, it had made him nearly mad; for it was the first time he had resorted to what he fondly hoped would be a lethe to his tortured soul. By her persuasion, he gave up the dagger into her hands and as the fumes of the deceitful liquid worked off from his brain, he even promised her he would go home.

'Yes, I will go to my mother; she at least will never turn from me; she will never desert me; all others are false.'

'Not me,' said Nell, with a quivering lip.

'I believe you, Nell,' he exclaimed, after gazing at her earnestly a few seconds, 'I believe you, but oh! you, who are so good, can you not save poor Hetty?' he continued, imploringly. 'I know this may be a just punishment, for setting up an idol in my heart; I have worshipped Hetty—worshipped her; I had almost said that is a true word. But the dream is over now; the wild, the delicious dream of happiness. I will go Nell,' he rose up, 'I will never trouble her again—never; but, as I have said, in the sight of heaven, Hetty is mine; if it is an illusion, it will last me my life. Tell her I will trouble her no more; tell her I pray she may be as happy as I am wretched.'

'And, Conner, for your mother's sake, and mine, never touch wine again—you will soon be more calm, and perhaps,' she hesitated, 'and perhaps Hetty may repent—may—may take back what she has said.'

'I do not wish her to,' he said, gloomily, and bitterly, 'that she would repent, I have no doubt: but it may be years before. Good night, Nell: you will see how bravely I will bear myself; good night, my friend, my sister.'

'You will promise not to touch wine again?'

'Yes, I promise you; farewell?' and he was gone.

'I tremble for you, Hetty, I tremble for you,' said Nell as she sought her sister

'I can't help it; I do not love him,' she replied hysterically.

'Do you love this Atherton?'

'And do you think he would marry you?' said Nell wildly.

'He has said he would.'

'And do you think he would marry you, here, publicly, or go before his proud uncle, and acknowledge you as his wife?'

Hetty was silent, but weeping violently.

'You know he would not, my poor, infatuated sister,' exclaimed Nell; 'you know he would not, for worlds, breathe the thought to his haughty relatives. You know he is affianced.'

'But, he will never marry her,' said Hetty, desisting from her tears.

'Then why does he not win you openly? Why does he appoint meetings at the houses of his uncle's dependents. O! make a resolve Hetty, never to see him again; or at least never till he is not ashamed of you, because you work in a factory.'

'He is not ashamed of me,' retorted Hetty, angrily, 'and I shall do as I please.' Her sister did not dare trust herself to speak: for her indignation was getting the better of her feelings.

In a few days Horace Atherton returned, as commanded by the Englishman. But an adder will poison, and one corrupt man will influence another: thus the Englishman had exerted a baleful influence upon the mind of Atherton. Once his principles excited horror, but a companionship, even of three short months, had done much toward obliterating the good example of the young student, Ernest Grafton. It was an exemplification of these words of the poet:

"Vice is a monster of so hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

He thought he loved Hetty passionately—perhaps he did, as much as his volatile nature was capable of loving; but, then, he did not know whether he would marry her or not.—He had not thought much, nor very seriously about that: he had, at times, spoken of it, to be sure; but that was to make her more secure. If she would be contented with his promise, well and good—if not, no matter: he did not want to think of that contingency. He met her now very frequently, and urged her to take some decisive step; but it was long before she yielded her consent to go with him clandestinely.

Miss Green had now gained strength enough to be taken home. But, alas! she was to go as an invalid for life; her spine was severely injured. Hannah Meredith, as the girls said, had been amply repaid; for Miss Green had asked her forgiveness for her past unkindness, had almost thrown aside her old free-thinking notions, and, to all appearance, had become a humble Christian woman. And there was a great change in her manners: her countenance was now mild and beautiful; her language, sweet and loving. She took her departure amid tears and regrets. No one was more missed than she, with her pale, placid face and patient smile.

The time drew near when Nell and Hetty were to accompany Hannah Meredith to her country home. Hetty, of late, had seemed more like herself. It was not known if she met with Horace Atherton at all now, for they had adopted a new method. All was arranged, and communication was carried on by letters; so that the girls began to reinstate her in their former good opinion. The girls had packed their trunks, and arranged everything for their departure on the following morning. Hannah and the sisters were to pay some long projected visit that evening, but Hetty excused herself on the plea of fatigue, and Nell and Hannah departed alone. It was nearly nine o'clock when they returned, and then Nell proposed that they should go into the circle for a few moments, as it was Wednesday night; but Hannah declined, and Nell went in alone. A half hour glided away before she retired to her chamber; and when she opened the door she started to find the room empty. She went down into the parlor, enquiring at every door for her sister, but none had seen her. 'She may be gone to meet him;' she sighed, 'I will go to my chamber and await her return: she must come soon—she was never away so long before;' and with a heavy heart, scarcely daring to think, she sat down to watch and listen. Little by little came the most terrible forebodings to her lonely spirit; but she crushed them back, and taking her crayons, strove to employ herself with her drawing. Her hand trembled, and she threw them down again, arose and stood at the little window, gazed out, but saw nothing, for her eyes were full of tears. Turning away, and slowly pacing across the narrow room, she suddenly missed the trunks—her own and her sister's trunks, with the carpet bags; nothing was left but an umbrella in the corner, and her paid shawl lying folded on the floor. Catching up the lamp, she stood staring wildly at the vacant place where they had been, in that sort of agonie, dreamy horror, which we feel when some unwelcome and sudden sorrow is first realized. Then an ashy paleness overspread her face, like one stricken with sickness, but before she could reach the chair, she sank fainting on the floor. For a long time, poor girl, she laid there insensible; then slowly coming to herself, she tottered to her feet, and gathering her strength, with a great effort, she seized the lamp again, and creeping to Hannah Meredith's chamber, she opened the door and beckoned to a young girl who had not yet retired, and who stared as if in fear, at her ghastly face.

'Has Hannah gone to bed?

'Yes, long ago;' was the response, 'she is asleep.

'Wake her, then; tell her to come to my chamber now; I must see her—I am ill; I must see her;' and she hurried back, for she felt the dreadful faintness coming on again.

'What is the matter?' exclaimed Hannah, who had hastily dressed herself, and now entered Nell's room; 'why, Nell, what ails you? are you sick? Where is Hetty?'

'Come and lie down beside me,' murmured Nell, who was extended, helpless, upon the bed; and as Hannah complied, she threw her arms around her neck, and bursting into tears, sobbed out, 'Hetty has gone; Hetty has left me.'

'No; you cannot mean what you say,' replied Hannah, with energy.

'Yes, she has gone, and taken both my trunk and her own. Oh! Hannah, I never dreamed she could do so.'

Hannah was silent for a few moments; 'it cannot be,' she said, at last, soothingly, 'Hetty went to see some friend: she will return in the morning, or we shall meet her at the cars, may be; don't be alarmed.'

'Now, I remember, I saw some trunks in the entry; yes just at the foot of the stairs, as I came up to bed to-night. Now you may be sure that Hetty had them carried down stairs this evening, that they might be handy in the morning.'

'Did you, did you?' said Nell, with a hysterical laugh, so sudden was the revulsion of feeling; 'well, we will just go down there to be certain; oh! thank God if it is so.'

They descended the stairs, there was one trunk there—it was Nell's, and a carpet bag, that was Nell's too. The poor girl gave one despairing glance at Hannah, as she murmured, 'You see now; you are certain now; oh! this sharp pang,' putting her hand to her heart. 'oh, such disgrace, it will ruin us, ruin us both, Hannah!'

'It won't hurt you, dear Nell, don't disquiet,' said Hannah, assisting her up the stairs, while the tears rolled over her own cheeks, 'don't take on so; if she will be so wicked, it is not your fault, dear. Look to the Almighty, try to have faith that all is not lost.' Hannah's kind efforts were not entirely useless. Nell walked her chamber the whole night, inwardly frenzied, but outwardly calm, her hands clenched, and her eyes tearless.

'What will you do?' asked Hannah, as she looked compassionately on her fever flushed cheeks, in the pale light of the early morning.

'Leave Lowell instantly,' said Nell; 'and go to Boston.'

'But, my dear Nell, you are sick now, burning up with fever; you must not venture out.'

'Yes, I must go, I must find her. O! my heavenly Father! Hannah, do you not think for a moment on her miserable future?'

'Yes, I suffer with you, Nell believe me, only not so keenly; all may turn out well, however. But, my dear child, how will you find her in Boston?'

She did not know, nevertheless she would go, and go directly to this rich Atherton too—go to the uncle, and unfold the iniquitous conduct of his nephew.

'They would not stop in Boston, of course, where he is known; they would most likely go on to New York, or farther still,' said Hannah, musingly.

Nell left her boarding house at an early hour, almost insane with the conflict of her feelings. She could hear no definite tidings, except at his hotel. They told her he had not been there since noon of the previous day, and as she was going away with a sinking heart, an Irish servant girl came up to her, and with her broad brogue, said that perhaps the lady knew him, and would give him that; and the honest girl held out the golden locket in which was enclosed the miniature of her sister.—'And I found it, Miss, with the black chain, under the pillow of his bed, ma'am.'

Nell could scarcely restrain her tears, as she gazed on the innocently sweet face of her sister. She told the girl she would take care of it, and with an aching heart, hurried back to counsel with Hannah. Every one she saw there, looked upon her with pity. It was soon noised through the factory that Hetty had gone off—eloped—and those who loved it had full license for scandal.

But Nell did not go to Boston that day nor that week, and Hannah Meredith did not go home, but sat watching by the bed of her sick friend, ministering to her both bodily and spiritually. Nell's intensity of mental anguish had wrought upon her frame, and prostrated her with a violent fever. It was pitiful to hear her mournful lamentations over her sister; it was pitiful to listen to her almost hopeless prayers, that God would restore her.—Very often the widow Lee would come and sit beside her, herself worn out with grief, and the fear that her idolized son was declining in health. He, too, sometimes accompanied his mother, but alas, he was not the hopeful energetic man of olden time: his cheek was no longer round, and flushed with health, but sunken, and sallow: his eyes more bright, more beautiful, but hollow, and circled with dark lines.

Thus, how many loving hearts were fraught with the most intense misery, by the departure of a single being from the paths of rectitude.

'She will come back to me,' said Nell, often, as she sat, during her convalescence, emaciated, and pale, a fortnight after the commencement of her illness. 'I have a strong impression that I shall see her again—that perhaps I shall hear from her.'

'And if you should,' said Hannah, one day, after she had been gone some time, 'I have no doubt it would overcome you and make you sicken in.'

'No! I feel quite certain it would restore me to health; it would be a glorious medicine.'

'Are you sure?' asked Hannah, smiling.

'I should get well immediately; it would give me new strength.'

'Well—' Hannah hesitated for a moment, 'I have heard from her.'

'Where is she? where is she?' asked Nell, trembling violently, and grasping Hannah's arm.

'Be calm, Nell—she is in Boston—at a Mrs. Armstrong's, in Salem street.'

Nell sank back in her chair, and bowed her head; when she raised it again, though her face was paler than before, a sweet serenity sat on every feature.

'See,' she exclaimed, rising to her feet, 'I feel this glad news strengthening my whole frame, but I had forgotten; oh! Hannah, is she the same Hetty, the innocent sister of other days?'

'She is your sister,' whispered Hannah.

'Yes, my sister, true:—oh how the very word makes my heart bound. I could not live alone, but tell me, is she with——?'

'No, I should judge not,' replied Hannah, comprehending her silence; taking from her pocket a note on which was scrawled the following and which she read aloud to Nell.'

MADAME:—

'There is a young lady here, who appears to have no friends here, and she will not tell her name. She works very hard on slop work, but she don't make enough to pay her board, and mother is very poor, and can't board her for nothing. My sister is here from the Lowell mills, and she says she is sure she saw her in one of the factories, and told me to write to you, and perhaps you would know her; so I thought I would take the liberty of writing to you. If we should not hear from you soon we must warn her out, as we don't know what sort of a character she may be, and at any rate, can't afford to keep her.

Direct to Mrs. Armstrong, Salem st.

'O!' said Nell, clasping her hands in agony, 'if they should turn her out, where would she go? and she is working on slop work for almost nothing, I suppose; how can she pay her board? I must go there—must go directly—do write, write now, Hannah. Poor Hetty!'

'I have written already,' said Hannah, as soon as she could get an opportunity to speak. 'I wrote when I received this, and enclosed five dollars.'

'O! thank you, thank you, Hannah Meredith; how good you have been to me; how shall I ever repay you for your kindness?'

'By trying to get well as quickly as possible, and living near to God,' replied Hannah, tenderly.

CHAPTER IX.

Early on a bright December morning, Nell, still looking pale and exhausted, took a carriage from the depot in Boston, and directed the driver to set her down in Salem street, at Mrs. Armstrong's boarding house. She was ushered into a respectable looking parlor, and sent up word that a lady wished to see the stranger from Lowell. Answer was returned, that she might come up into her apartment, and Nell, trembling with apprehension, ascended two flights of stairs, and silently stood for a moment at the top, for she had a complete survey of Hetty's room. She herself sat there, for her heart told her who it might be, her face buried in her hands, her work, a large pea jacket, having fallen at her feet. In a few moments she looked up, and seeing Nell, flew towards, and fell upon her bosom. As soon as she lifted her tearful face, Nell led her into the little chamber, and sat down beside her. She was surprised, at the change in her countenance, so mournful, so haggard, she looked, and for a moment, she conversed with her in a low tone.

'Thank God, my poor sister! that you are innocent,' exclaimed Nell, a beautiful smile breaking over her face, while Hetty clung sobbing to her: 'but why did you not come back to me, you knew how joyfully I would receive you?'

'I could not, I did not dare, I had not the courage. I knew I should be scoffed and jeered at, I felt like a guilty thing—no—I would have shrank into the earth sooner: but oh! Nell, if you knew how I have suffered, you would think my punishment sufficient.'

Nell had not been there but an hour, and Hetty had told her all her story. On the day of her elopement, word was sent to Horace, that his uncle was dangerously sick, and wished his immediate presence. This he did not tell Hetty till they were on their way to Boston, when he said he would leave her properly provided for, and return as quickly as his uncle should be out of danger. In the carsette her horror and indignation, she overheard a conversation carried on in French, between Horace and a young fop, enough of which she understood, to gather that he did not intend to marry her: and the young man seemed to enjoy the affair mightily, and treated her, she thought with diminished respect. When they got in the city, he carried her to a fashionable boarding house, and left her a purse of money, promising to come back soon and journey on with her to Philadelphia, where they would be married as speedily as possible, and after a short incognito, come home as man and wife. Her anguish was almost too much for her to bear; and her self accusations, with regard to Conner, who, she dreamed came to her the night before, and said in hollow tones, 'Hetty, you have killed me;' were intolerable.

She locked the money, but her heart was so full that she could not vent her indignation, nor give back the purse without exciting his suspicions, for she meant to leave the house immediately. She did leave it, and found this humble spot, where the woman took her in, and she had been heartsick ever since.

'But, oh! Nell,' she continued, 'I will work my fingers off before I will go back to the factory. What do they think of me? What can they think of me? I have disgraced you—disgraced myself.' Every good person must despise me—no wonder, no wonder,' and she covered her burning face.

But Nell held the repentant girl more closely in her arms, while a prayer of silent thanksgiving went up from her happy heart to heaven.

'And, my dear sister, you certainly can no longer love him?'

Hetty was silent for a few moments, and then said, sadly—

'Ah! Nell, if you knew how he has striven to win my love. O, I wish I was dead!'

'Hush! dear Hetty, hush! that is wicked. You have had great courage—you have acted nobly—you will have your reward. Now, where is the money he left with you?'

Hetty gave her sister a silk purse, heavy with gold.

'I could not touch a farthing of it, Nell, and I was mean enough to bring the little box, thinking I would let him open it. There it is,' and she pointed to the mantel. 'I have tho't two or three times, I would try, but then *her* fearful word came to my mind, and I did not dare. But where are you going, Nell?'

'Not far; rest quietly here till I return, it will be very soon;' and kissing her sister's brow, she hurried from the house.

'He shall hear of his base conduct,' murmured Nell, as she stood before one of the granite palace houses of the merchant in Beacon street?

She rang the bell and enquiring for Mr. Atherton, was ushered into a magnificent room, where she seated herself with dignity, while the servant carried up her name. In a few moments she stood before him. He was a tall, commanding looking personage, with rather a benevolent cast of countenance; still there was a kind of arrogant expression, which for a moment, made Nell almost fear to speak with him, and he looked pale as if from recent illness. He seemed impressed with her manners and her fine countenance, and immediately requested her, with a bland voice, to be seated.

Simply, and without comment, she told her story; and as he listened to her eloquent words, his face grew pallid, but that was his only manifestation of feeling.

'So, this is a pretty story of my madcap nephew. So, he came near bringing a fine disgrace upon his family—humph! she was a very nice, virtuous girl—only imprudent, to leave her home with him, and very foolish to believe him. Young woman, if money will recompense your sister, name the—'

'Money,' exclaimed Nell, rising and straightening her tall form, while her eyes flashed and her lips quivered with indignation. 'Money! dare you, sir, insult me with such a base proposition? Will gold heal the broken heart, or give back its blasted happiness, it's innocent love! No! There is the money your nephew left with my sister—it is untouched; as I spurn this, and she threw it on the floor at his feet, so I spurn your heartless proffer. No, Mr. Atherton,' she continued, growing calmer, 'rich as you are, all your gold, all your houses, all your lands would be beggarly recompense for the injustice that wicked young man has done my sister.'

'You do not expect he will marry her?' said Mr. Atherton, after his momentary surprise was over.

'I should consider her disgraced by an alliance with him, now,' said Nell, calmly and proudly.

A deep flush mantled the white cheeks of the merchant.

'And, farther,' continued Nell, still standing before him, 'the lady, to whom he is engaged, shall hear of this—and from my own lips.—She will believe *me*; she will despise him.—For, if report be true, she is too noble to marry a base trifler with a woman's heart.'

'Young woman,' said the merchant, his voice trembling with passion, 'this is a plot, a well-laid scheme; she will *never* believe you.'

'Very well, we shall see,' replied Nell, as calmly as before, and preparing to go.

'Young woman,' said the merchant, more vehemently, 'what does your sister want? what do you want? How can we adjust this matter? Would you ruin his prospects?'

'Would he scruple to ruin an innocent girl,' asked Nell again, almost losing her self-command. 'Look at that, sir,' and she placed the miniature before him. 'Has he scrupled to betray that young heart into perhaps fatal fondness for him? What if his wiles had made her an outcast for life? What if the grave closes over one so young and lovely? She was only a poor, helpless orphan—only a factory girl.'

(To be Continued.)

KOSSUTH IN AMERICA.—We have warmly seconded the sympathy in favor of Kossuth, as well as the idea of extending to him such a reception as his services in the cause of freedom, his eloquence, and his exalted personal character, entitle him to. We do not doubt that such a reception will be extended to him; nor do we doubt that it will be aided by all classes of our countrymen, notwithstanding the efforts making to render it ineffective. The sentiment that welcomes Kossuth is no sectional sentiment. It is all-pervading and universal, and will be elicited and aroused wherever the occasion shall demand it. We cannot doubt that the release of the Hungarian hero, by the Mahommedan authorities, will be followed by the release of Meagher, O'Brien, Mitchell, and the other Irish exiles, on the part of the British authorities; and we are stimulated in this belief and in this hope by the formal and favorable manner in which Kossuth has been greeted in England—a confession, as that greeting is, of the injustice of the English policy as exhibited against the Irish patriots, and, let us trust, a promise of the speedy deliverance of those brave, intelligent, and persecuted men. It seems, indeed, as if the release of Kossuth by the Turk had been wished for by the Englishmen, in order that the latter might have an excuse for giving freedom to the eloquent and chivalric Irishmen. But whatever the motive may be in regard to Kossuth, the same feeling displayed in his favor must operate to secure the liberty of the expatriated patriots now confined in the inhospitable colonies of Great Britain.—This, then, being the course in England, what course is left to us? Clearly, to welcome the Irish as we have welcomed the Hungarian exiles. And not this only. We should call upon England to break the fetters of the Irishmen, as our Congress called upon Austria to set the Magyars free. Kossuth is a great statesman, but he is not a whit better than Meagher, O'Brien and Mitchell. Like him, they have been unsuccessful; and though, unlike him, they led no armies to battle, their courage and their constancy in the hour of danger were hardly less conspicuous. England is now in the mood to recognize the services of Kossuth to freedom: and of course she cannot be blind to the merits of those who struck in the same cause, even against herself. We certainly cannot afford to discriminate; but will be called upon to repeat the welcome now in preparation for Kossuth, wherever the glorious leaders of Irish liberalism shall be free to set foot on the American continent.

How Glass Beads are Made.

BESIDES the invention of mirrors, reticulated glasses, for which we have to thank the Venetians, the art of making glass beads was also first discovered in the glass houses of Murano, and is practiced there at the present day, on a extensive scale. The small glass beads are fragments cut from pieces of glass tubing, the sharp edges of which are rounded by fusion. Glass tubes of the proper size are first drawn from 100 to 500 feet in length, and of all possible colors, (in Venice they prepare two hundred different shades,) and are broken into lengths of two feet. These are then cut by the aid of a knife into fragments of the same length as their diameters; they now present the form of beads, the edges of which, however, are so sharp that they would cut the thread on which they have to be strung. The edges have consequently to be rounded by fusion, and as this operation must be performed upon a great number at once, and they must not be allowed to stick together, they are mixed in coal dust and powdered clay, previous to their being placed in the revolving cylinder in which they are heated. The finished beads are then passed through sieves sorted to their size, and strung upon threads by women. Besides the ordinary knitting beads, another kind is manufactured, called *perles a la lime*, which are firmer and more expensive. These are prepared by twisting a small cord of glass, softened by a glass blower's lamp, around an iron wire. The Glass made in imitation of pearl for toilet ornaments the invention of which dates from the year