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Poet's Corner.

From the Boston Post.

A Domestic Duett.

AS PERFORMED AT BREAKFAST TIME.

Romantic Husband—
"Thou art my love!—I have no other
But only thee,—but only thee"—

Sensible wife—
"Now Charles do stop this sily bother,
And drink your tea,—your cooling tea!"

Romantic Husband—
"Your eyes are diamonds,—gems refined
Your teeth are pearl,—your hair is gold,"

Sensible Wife—
"O nonsense now!—I know you'll find
Your cutlets cold,—exceeding cold."

Romantic Husband—
"Where'er thou art my passions burn;—
I envy not the monarch's crown!"

Sensible Wife—
"Put some hot water in the urn,
And toast this bread, and toast it brown!"

Romantic Husband—
Had I Golconda's wealth, I say,
'Twere thine at will, 'twere thine at will;

Sensible Wife—
"Then let me have a check to pay
The butcher's bill,—The baker's bill!"

Romantic Husband—
"Oh heed them not my trembling flower!
If want should press us, let it come!"

Sensible Wife—
"And *apropos*, the bill for flour
It is quite a sum,—an unpaid sum."

Romantic Husband—
"So rich in love,—so rich in joy—
No change our cup of bliss can spill"—

Sensible Wife—
"Now do be quiet:—you destroy
My cambric frill,—my well starched frill."

Romantic Husband—
"Ha! senseless, loveless girl,
To sentiment and passion dead!"

Sensible Wife—
"A moment since I was your 'pearl.'
Your 'only love'—at least you said."

Romantic Husband (gravely)—
I spoke it in the bitter jest
Of one his own deep sadness scorning."

Sensible Wife [rather foolishly]—
"Well candor is at all times best;—
I wish you, sir, a fair good morning!"

H.

A Busy Pay Day.

A profligate young fellow a son of a lawyer of some eminence in Rhode Island, on a certain mustering or inspection day, purchased a horse of an ignorant farmer, and engaged to pay for it the next inspection.

When the inspection day had come, and the farmer unsuspicious of the trick, supposed the note to be due, he called on the young man for payment. The latter expressed great astonishment that he should call on him before he note was out.

'But it is out,' said the farmer; 'you promised to pay me the next inspection day; the time is come and I want my money.'

'If you will look at the note again,' said the young man coolly, 'you will find it has a very long while to run yet.'

The farmer was sure the note was due or ought to be, but on spelling over carefully he found to his astonishment that it was not due till the resurection day. He remonstrated with the young scape grace, but all to no purpose, and he finally laid the case before his father, the lawyer. The latter took his son aside, and told him he had better settle the claim at once.

'For,' said he; 'though the pay day is far distant, you are in a fair way to have business enough on your hands that day without having your notes to settle." The advice was taken.

WARNING TO BACHELORS.—Bendict Arnold never married until he was forty years of age and see what an end he made.—*Saturday Cour.*

Yes, but we never heard of Arnold doing anything bad until after he was married.

☞ A commissioner said to an insolvent debtor,—

'Pray sir, how could you, wilfully, contract such a numbor of debts, with no means to pay them?'

Sir, said the insolvent; 'I have done my best to enlarge them.'

☞ A Gentleman on placing his hand too familiarly on a lady's knee, was told by her that he was rude enough to be a savage.

'What tribe madam?'

'Of the *Paw-knees*,' replied the lady.

INSANITY.—'Did you say that you considered Mr. Smith insane?' asked a lawyer of a witness in a criminal case.

'Yes, sir, I did.'

'Upon what grounds did you base that inference?'

'Why I lent him a silk umbrella and five dollars in cash, and he returned them both.'

☞ Joy makes us grieve for the brevity of life; sorrow causes us to be weary of its length; care and industry can alone render it supportable.

From the New York Organ.

The Creole Wife,

A Romance of the West.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

CONTINUED.

Every little while he would pause abruptly, and listen with a face as rigid as iron. Grace's room was overhead; it was strange, awfully strange that he heard no footstep—all was so still; he could not resolve what to do; go where he might, now, act as he would, he was henceforth to work in the galley of retribution, loaded down with the chains of infamy; his honorable name lost; his proud fame that he had so slowly, yet surely built up for himself, irrotrievably blackened; his dearest, sweetest, brightest hopes crushed, forever; what cared he for life, now?

'Not for myself; not for myself,' he would murmur, raising his clenched hands, while the beaded drops of perspiration rolled over his face; 'I would strive not to murmur at my own disgrace—but oh! my child—that darling helpless one; the very core of my heart—dearer, far dearer than my life, what shall I say to her? can I meet her I have so deeply injured? How fearfully true thy sentence,' he added, raising his hands to heaven, 'the sin of the father shall be visited on the children; how awful a destiny—and yet, this power laid within the compass of my will—to refrain from sin. How was it shadowed out before me, in the long perspective of reflection, I saw the evil; but it seemed a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand; and now it has spread over the whole heaven of my future, ready to burst in storm, in thunder upon the devoted head of my hopeless lamb, whom within an innocent breast I can no longer shelter.'

And again the hot, burning moisture stood trembling upon his swoolen veins. He longed to see Grace, and he dared not meet her; his soul was assailed by a thousand fears.—Why this dread stillness, more fearful than tears and more horrible than reproaches.

The supper bell rang; beside that there was silence; no footsteps—no Grace.

Summoning the nurse, who was the only motherly being his child had ever known, he dispatched her to her room, and while his heart beat as it never did before, no stood below, listening for the voice of his child.

'Heavens; mercy—Judge!' shrieked the woman, coming to the door and wringing her hands; 'Miss Grace is awfully still—oh! my dear darling—and she's not asleep either.'

At a bound the father was in the chamber, he lifted his child from the chair in which she sat, her motionless head bowed down upon the table—he laid her upon his throbbing bosom, and as wildly as he had longed for her death, he now prayed for her life.

Yet he displayed outwardly no emotion; his great misery had made him compartively calm; 'send for the doctor,' he said, 'lose no time; she cannot be dead;' a great sob swelled his bosom.

'I feel a faint beating at her heart—so faint—father's poor dove,' and he held her convulsively to his breast. 'Tell the housekeeper to come here, immediately;' and he laid his dear burden upon her bed.

The physician was soon beside her; one little hour more and he would have been too late. He succeeded with great difficulty in restoring animation.

The poor child opened her heavy eyes; they rested full upon her father's face. A convulsive shudder passed over her frame, she threw both hands above her forehead and pressed it tightly, then lifting herself from her couch she exclaimed, 'tell me; tell me it is false; father tell me, am I not your lawful child?' and exhausted with the passion of her entreaty, she fell helplessly backward again.

The physician gazed curiously at the judge.

'She is delirious,' he murmured.

'Would to heaven she was!' was the almost inaudible reply.

'Tell me father; your silence will kill me, I am not so disgraced.'

'My child,' murmured the sorrowful man, in a smothered tone, bending nearer to the pillow and lifting her clasped hands from her face, 'my darling, do not question me now, my precious child.'

'Her nerves must have received some severe shock,' said the physician, with another scrutinizing glance, as he filled some little papers with powder; then feeling again her rapid pulse, enjoining strict silence and extreme care on the part of father and nurse, he left the room.

'Go, for a while, nurse; leave me with father; I feel better,' whispered Grace, now fully conscious; and good Madame Leland, full of mysterious forebodings, obeyed her young charge, first entreating her not to talk, and expressing her willingness to sit with her all night, if it was requisite.

When she had gone, Judge Stanton started nervously from her bedside, and snatching the lamp from the table, placed it away in one corner, so shading the room that all objects grew obscure; then returning, he said, soothingly, 'Be quiet, be silent, dear Grace; the doctor orders it; to-morrow you shall ask me what you wish, and I—I will answer you.'

'This will not satisfy me, my father,' said the poor girl, with mournful emphasis; 'you must tell me now—this moment—if that terrible letter is true. Oh!' she continued, piteously, grasping his arm with all the strength of her delicate hands, 'tell me—for my dead mother's sake—tell me it is all false, father.'

The strange earnestness with which she spoke the last word thrilled his heart; her allusion to his buried wife unmanned him; and then the pallid whiteness of that sweet face, so dim in the gloom; the earnest gaze of those unearthly eyes. A great temptation beset him. He was sure that if she knew the truth in her present excited state, it would be her death, or worse—destroy her reason. How could he withstand her imploring glances—how behold her perish before him.

For a while he resisted; but the anguish of his child, as she asked repeatedly, 'Is it true father?' weakened his resolution. He yielded to beggar his soul yet more, and in a husky voice murmurrod, 'Believe, it not my dear child.'

'It is all false—it is cruelly false,' she whispered, twining her arms about the neck of her parent, and drawing his clammy brow towards her lips. 'Some enemy hath done this; it is all false.'

'But, father, do you know how strange your manner was?' she murmured, after a short pause. 'And your eyes looked so—and your—your—'

'Say on, my child.'

'Your breath father—it was wine. I tremble when I think of it, for don't you know what you have said so often?'

'What have I said, Grace?' he asked abstractedly.

'Why father do you forget? That you would never dare, in the greatest sorrow, to drink deeply of wine, for you knew it would master your reason, and that it would not take much to make you the slave of strong drink?'

'Drown reason—memory—all! It would be sweet, methinks,' he muttered, gloomily.

'Father, father, you are in that dreadful mood again. I hardly wonder, it almost killed your poor Grace,—but it is a resort so dreadful. I don't know why it is, father, but I can't bear the thought—of your tasting wine, I mean, you know.'

'Grace, does a thing so trifling trouble you, my child?' asked the Judge, mournfully.

'Oh, my father! trifling! Is it trifling to become a by-word—a reproach—a—a—I do not like to say the word, father, for you never will be one; but strong minds have fallen; and do you remember, you have told me I am your good angel,—is it wrong for me to warn you?'

'Wrong! my good angel! Yes, you are my angel; my very idol, I fear,' he exclaimed, clasping and holding her tightly to his bosom.—'Wrong! no, you can do nothing wrong; you know not what it is to have conscience eating in—to feel the long years of guilt! But what—what was it, Grace?' he exclaimed suddenly rousing himself. 'Was it wine? Oh the wine! Do you fear for me, my child?'

'Yes, father,' said Grace, softly and earnestly.

'And would you have me promise you, my child—my good little, protecting angel—shall I promise you never to touch this enemy?'

'Oh, if you please, father. Come what may whatever disappointment, don't touch it. I have often wanted to ask you, at dinner when sometimes it has made you act so wild-like; but I had no courage. Oh, father, will you promise me?'

'I will, Grace.'

'Never to touch it—not even to sip it?'

'Never to touch it—not even to sip it,' repeated the judge solemnly. 'Grace, the habit was gaining on me. Thank God! you may save your father from crime more than once yet.'

'From crime?'

'I mem—— You know I speak as all men do, Grace. We are liable, in strong temptation to do wrong, and let those thank God who have an angel daughter, as I have, to put forth the protecting hand.'

Had Grace beheld the quivering lips, the tears rapidly chasing each other down those furrowed cheeks, her sensitive heart would have taken the alarm instantly; but she was sweetly resting, her head half on his bosom, half on his arm, delighted that she had found courage to ask the monotonous question, gratified at her father's promise. Her faith in him was unbounded, and she never questioned his sincerity.

It is not the first time that an innocent child has been the instrument of saving an erring parent. It is not the first will not be the last. Silence succeeded for one little moment, and the Judge answered, 'It is false.'

'I knew it,' she exclaimed exultingly. 'Oh, my father! who would wish so wantonly to bruise my poor heart? I knew not that I had an enemy. That terrible, terrible letter! I remember nothing of its contents, save one thing.'

'Never mind it now, Grace; but sleep, love sleep.'

'If it had been true, father, I should have gone mad, I do believe I should.'

'I doubt it not,' he replied, moodily.

'Oh, dear father, it is so sweet to feel relief from such a burden. Now, father, go to your own rest. It is late is it not? You can leave me; I shall sleep soon.'

'Not till I have seen you in dream-land,' he murmured, in his own playful manner, though his very brain was burning, as though coals of fire had been literally heaped upon his head.

She smiled and soon sank into a gentle slumber, but the wretched man did not leave her room. All night he knelt in the same place, almost motionless, fading in a kind of stupor the relief that sleep denied.

The next day, early in the morning, Grace, calm, but pale, followed her father into the study, and hesitating as he sat down by his writing desk, she said very softly, 'Father you will forgive me that I put my faith in that letter yesterday; I am afraid I said some strange things.'

Judge Stanton started, and turned his keen eye upon her.

'You look so very sick this morning, dear father, so pale and haggard—indeed it must be very hard, very, to be charged by your child with such—such a crime—do forgive me father, I think I was hardly in my right mind indeed it all seems like a dream—like a painful dream;' she murmured, striving to smile.

She had but ceased to speak when Sheriff Courtney entered the room hastily in company with a lady, closely veiled; he looked extremely agitated, and approaching Herman, said, 'My dear sir, this is very painful to me, pardon me—and above all, explain the meaning of the strange situation in which I find myself unexpectedly placed. I say it with reluctance, sir, but I am forced to arrest you at the instance of this lady, who perhaps you recognize.'

Grace, half fainting, had sunk back upon a chair; the judge sprang from his seat, stamped upon the floor, and gazed furiously around him.

'What means this interference?' he asked in tones whose startling emphasis had often made the guilty turn white with terror. 'Why is the sanctity of my home invaded, and the feelings of my child made sport for your reckless farces? And I the Judge of this community? or the tool of every foreign impostor that chooses to blast my fair fame? I warn you,' and his lips, deathly pale, were covered with froth; his eyes glaring with maniac fury 'I warn you that I will not abide this mad sport much longer.'

Rosa, alone dared to face him; she threw back the thick veil that clouded her beauty, and fixing those glittering eyes upon him till he quailed, she said, in low determined tones, 'Do you dare call me an impostor? Look again upon my face—these garments; and her shawl falling to the floor displayed her mother's bridal attire.

Grace flung herself at his feet, and grasped his knees. 'Dear father,' she exclaimed, 'who is this strange woman?—oh! my poor head is so dizzy—what is the matter with you? with me, father! why has the sheriff come? why do they persecute us thus? they surely will not take you to prison, dear father—they cannot make me believe my father is a crimnal;' and she turned her eyes full of tears towards Sheriff Courtney, who hardly less in the dark than herself, looked on in surprise.

'I only know, Grace, that I have orders to indict the judge,' he said in a less steady tone.

'O! you will not take him from me. What has he done? not that—not that;' she said wildly, her mind for a moment referring to the cruel document of yesterday. 'Father, don't glare so—if you knew how you distress me—oh! what an awful hour it is—father speak—don't glare so, you make me fear you—father!'

'What, my wretched child?'

'Wretched—wretched—why am I wretched? I am not wretched except that I know not the cause of this cruel treatment.'

'Father,' exclaimed Ross, in a deep voice, while Grace looked at her with an anguish she did not try to conceal; 'Father—for such I must call you, though you have forfeited all right to that holy title,—unless you confess me your child by an *honorable* marriage, before this young woman, your disgrace must be made public. You cannot avoid it. Your poor wife still lives, and there are clouds of witnesses ready to testify to the fact of your desertion. Tell her, then,—it is all I ask.—that I am your *lawful* child, not she.'

Grace relaxed her hold upon her father's knees; an awful pallor overspread her face.

'It is false,' muttered Stanton, fiercely, feeling everything at stake.

'False!' exclaimed the excited woman,—'Do you so dare to perjure your own soul? Did you not marry Lelia Velasquez, in Cuba and desert her three years afterwards, before I was born? Did you not marry again, when God and your conscience said no? and is not this child of yours illegitimate?'

During this speech Grace had slowly crouched down to the floor; her long, fair hair sweeping the carpet in rich masses; her hands clasped till the veins seemed bursting; her whole attitude one of the most abject shame. Crushed, humiliated most cruelly, a strong sense of her father's guilt weighed heavily upon her.

'Save yourself, father,' she whispered, averting her head; 'never mind me. Oh! father, peril not your soul for my sake. I will be calm. I will bear it. God will support me. I will try to bear it. Confess, father—do confess! I—will—not love you—any the less,—you will still be my father,' she faltered.

The haughty West Indian stood looking with astonishment upon that noble, fragile creature. How she could thus bear so heavy a trial, was far beyond her comprehension.—She would have upbraided him, she would have cursed him—nay, been tempted by the hot, impulsive temper that her poor mother had bequeathed her, to have silenced him forever; and she shrank from the white, angel-like face, as if it was too pure for the gaze of one so much less hallowed.

'Father, father,' again said the pleading voice; 'do not peril your soul for me—do not,' whispered Grace again. 'Oh, I entreat you, listen to me. Father, confess everything, if it will save you from public disgrace—such a disgrace!'

'Then may Heaven forgive me!' faltered the wretched man, suddenly awakening to a sense of the enormity of his double crime 'You who have brought the keenest anguish to a father's heart—you, daughter of Lelia Stanton—are my lawful child; and you dear Grace, whom I love better than anything else on earth—better than my life—my blessed, my adored child—you are the offspring of an unlawful marriage. Now curse me, and let me die!'

'No, no; I cannot curse you! It all desert you, I will not;' and rising hastily, she flung her white arms around her father's neck, while the stern Judge wept like a child.

'Are you satisfied with the wreck you have made? Does the misery of this poor child annul the debt?' he continued, hoarsely, turning to Rosa, who stood with quivering lip. 'This angel was soon to be united with an honorable man, allied to a proud family; but now that my name is sullied, how can he wed her? O! my God! is justice satisfied?'

Lifting her hand with a depreciating movement, Rosa only murmured, 'My mother then, with blanched cheek and streaming eyes, she left them abruptly.

'This will be a secret with me, Judge,' said the sheriff, much affected.

'Thank you from my heart, Courtney; but it will out. The girl, if she has the diabolical temper of her mother, will leave in no means untried to make it public. But I deserve it;' and he wrung his friend's hand; 'I deserve it Courtney, and for myself I could bear the shame; but this sweet child must suffer for her fathers sins. It is a hard thought.'

'We may suffer together,' whispered Grace. Poor child, she was scarcely conscious she lived.

CHAPTER VII.

"In that dread hour, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement."

The ride—The sin of the father visited on the child—An Accident—The Desperate man—Timely intrusion—Gossip—The Maniac—Generous lover—Search for the lost one—The Cave.

Rosa urged her steed at a rapid pace down a dangerous declivity. A most beautiful ravine had tempted her rashness; and the chancellor, more gallant than daring, had followed her at the risk of his bones.

Her delight was unbounded, and her lover felt amply rewarded by her expressions of intense delight, as she surveyed the enchanted spot.

"It revives my fairy-tale days," she said, joyously. "This is just the spot for the tiny creatures to hold their court in, and I am almost inclined to come here some moonlight evening, and, surprise them at their revels.—By the way, I am getting in love with this wild western life; what do you say to a winter's sojourn? It will be a novelty to me, you know, to see hill-top and tree-top sparkling in their crystal robes."

"You will perish!" replied her devoted lover, reining up his steed as the beautiful woman paused for a moment.

"Not I," she answered, laughing merrily.—'I vorily believe that, among the Arctic regions, my heart would keep my body warm; don't you?' and she gazed archly into the chancellor's face.

'I would willingly go that distance for the sake of possessing such a heart,' said he gallantly.

Her reply was a ringing laugh, and she dashed on with such eagerness that her companion, who bestrode a heavy and somewhat dull animal, could with difficulty keep pace with her.

'Have you heard anything further of the judge?' she asked again, turning her brilliant face toward the chancellor.

'Only that he keeps himself in seclusion, and has resigned his office.'

'Is this affair generally known?'

'It appears to be. I learn that your father is making preparations to move further back."

'That will be well;' and Rosa sighed unconsciously. More than once the image of that fair-haired girl had intruded itself between her and happiness; more than many times she had felt that the gratification was a bitter one, but she satisfied her conscience by saying, 'He shall suffer till I think proper to release him. He deserves all.'

Grace was still pale and silent; she conversed but little; she was drooping daily.—Herman saw the change, and with satoical determination prepared himself for the worst.—Grace had received a letter from Horace, full of the most endering terms, yet manly and consistent. He deplored that he must delay his return, perhaps till spring. His honored father had deceased and left his affairs much embarrassed. He wrote as if full of trouble, and lamented his loss in terms of the most heartfelt grief.

It came like a sad foreboding to the desolate spirit of the suffering girl. Alas! how had her young life been suddenly darkened! This then was the substance of the shadow which had so long cast its darkness over her soul. Oh, how sad it seemed that she, the gentle, harmless child of a sainted mother should feel constantly such bitter, intense anguish, so terrible that at times she longed for death.

Now yet did she for once find it in her heart to hate the author of her misery. No, her pure love turned with a steady, undying flame for the guilty father. The more his heart was scathed with fires of remorse, the more she yearned towards him. But she had grown so sensitive that she secluded herself almost constantly; her drooping eye was seldom raised in muto reply to the thought of another; she shrank from contact even with her dearest friends—all of whom sought her society for her own sweet sake, and with the affection of olden times. Every day this gloom and melancholy increased. She became sensible of a peculiar nervous dread at the sight of her nearest associates; and so painful was its nature that her whole being thrilled with cold horror, and she would often fly to some dark corner and weep unrestrainedly.

The letters of her lover, impassioned tho they were, would send that undefinable shudder through all her veins—the same mysterious creeping awe, the same fainting at heart—and she would wish, ardently as she loved Horace, that she could bury herself from human sight and sound.

These impressions, or forebodings—call them what you will—gained fearfully upon her. The scarcely perceptible tinge faded wholly from her cheek, leaving it marbled and thinner; and a line of purple, in no way marring the sweetness of her youthful face, had settled around her eyes.

'Grace,' said Harman Stanton, one day, as he sat watching the poor girl's white fingers, busy with her work; 'would you be willing to go back into the woods, where we might live by ourselves till the return of Horace?—Could you bear the seclusion of a forest life?'

'Oh, father! if you will!' exclaimed his daughter, clasping her hands, and gazing fixedly upon him; 'I shall be—happy again,' she would have said; but the words died in her heart, and she murmured instead, 'Since grandfather died, I have longed to go from this place.'

'I was looking at a very comfortable little cabin last week, some ten miles from here to the eastward. It is owned by Hartley, and much dilapidated, but can be repaired, and made quite a convenient residence.'

'Let us go, father.'

'And when Horace comes back.'

Grace shuddered perceptibly; her father hesitated, and did not resume his sentence.

Both felt a vague and uncomfortable fear, which neither dared to divulge to the other.—As they sat in silence, there came a sound of horses feet tramping furiously over the ground.

They turned to the window; a high mettled steed dashed past, his reins dangling after him, the thick foam dripping from his lips, his wild eye distended and glaring; on he fled as if a legion of pursuers were after him.

A lady's saddle hung dripping from his reeking side.

'He has thrown some one, father,' shrieked Grace, in terror.

'See,' was his answer, pointing to a crowd gathered a few feet from their dwelling.

There was a great uproar; Judge Stanton's name was vociferated. 'Yes, to Judge Stanton's,' chimed in a dozen of voices. Grace looked trembling from the window; two or three men were lifting the body of a female from the ground; they bore the burden on, and paused at the Judge's entrance.

'Bring her in,' exclaimed Herman, hastening to the door, while with face half averted, Grace stood timidly near.

They bore the woman up the steps. Her long black hair unbound, hung in spotted masses over her face, nearly hiding its outline. They laid her, helpless and moaning, upon the low study couch, and Grace, with unsteady fingers, and nearly closed eyes, loosened the corsage of the rich habit, and then shrinking at the gasping breath of the sufferer, crept from the bedside to make way for the physician.

Judge Stanton—he still bore the prefix, had just entered the room as the doctor parted the matted hair, and threw it back from the ghastly face upon the pillow. With one look, his own face blanched, he shut his eyes, shuddered, and breathed a whispered groan. Grace heard it; her quick woman's instinct divined the cause. She moved slowly by the side of the physician; a suffocating weight oppressed her brain, as she beheld the never to be forgotten face of Rosa, her father's child. Even in her distortion of feature, the pale woman was very beautiful, and for an instant the tho't intruded itself, how could he desert one whom she must resemble? In another moment a sense of utter forlornness came over her; and when she saw Herman bend above his insensible child, and even press his hand upon her pallid forehead, when she marked the expression of tenderness that lighted up his sad countenance, and the large tears shining in his gloomy eyes, her strength left her, her sights grew dim, she heard only the beating of her own heart, and shrank into a seat, lost in painful reverie.

Not that she was jealous, for a moment, or feared that the beautiful stranger would become an usurper; it was a feeling of utter desolation.

'O! that I could die,' she mentally ejaculated, again and again.

A faint moan parted the lips of the sufferer, and with effort unclosing her eyelids, she whispered, 'Where am I?'

'You are safe,' answered the physician, motioning the Judge to stand aside, but not before she had detected his presence.

'Carry me home; I will not stay here,' she exclaimed, faintly.

'Your wounds are serious; at present you cannot be removed.'

'Carry me home; I had rather die than stay here; I will not stay here,' she exclaimed, again rallying all her strength for the effort.

'Come and speak to her,' murmured the physician to Grace, thinking that her face, all gentleness as it was, would subdue the naughty creature; he saw by the rolling eye of the invalid, that delirum was near.

Grace, scarcely conscious of what she was doing, moved to her side, as directed.

'Who are you?' shrieked Rosa, glaring at her with distended eyeballs, as her senses evidently wandered; then turning to the physician, and fastening her wild black eyes upon him, she exclaimed in a thrilling voice.—'Would you send me this——' she need a chilling word.

Poor Grace! with one loud, piercing, agonizing cry, she fell to the floor. That word—the terror of her life! revenge had done its work—Grace was a maniac!

That terrible word! It served the last golden chain that bound reason to her throne.—Again and again her agonizing shriek sounded through the room. It was the thrilling wail of a gentle heart broken. Judge Stanton raised her rigid form from the floor, praying her for his sake, for Heaven's sake, to desist, but nothing could soothe her.

With eyes uplifted, hands clutching convulsively at the empty air, her cheeks made fearfully hollow by the distension of her mouth every feature fixed and white, she uttered scream after scream till her unnatural strength failed her, and she fell fainting and helpless into the arms of her distracted father.

A great and curious crowd had gathered about the house. 'Send them away, send them away,' he shouted; as the doctor left the room to disperse the people, he bore his child to another apartment, and placing her upon the floor, locked the door, then with a firm, determined countenance, took from a private drawer, his pistols and commenced deliberately loading them.

'Forgive me Heaven,' for I am a desperate man,' he muttered, while his breath came hard and his eyes shone unnaturally, 'I am desperate,' and kneeling, he imprinted a passionate kiss upon the cold forehead of his child grasped one of the murderous weapons, and was bearing it with a firm hand to her temple, when a choked, half audible voice exclaimed, 'Oh! sir—don't murder her, sir—don't harm her, oh! mercy—have mercy.'

Turning furiously, the frenzied father confronted the livid face of the frightened housekeeper; her teeth chattered with terror as she half shrank from, half bent towards him.

'Woman, what business have you here?' he exclaimed furiously.

'O! sir; excuse me—do sir; be merciful to me and excuse me; I came here to listen, sir; I did'nt intend no harm; I heard the noise and I was frightened for Miss Grace sir;' then alarmed at the blacker frown that for a moment gathered over his face, she threw forward her arms, and in a voice so hoarse and choked with agitation as to resemble a howl, rather than human articulation, she strove to shriek 'murder.'

'Hush! woman; be silent I tell you; she is saved,' and he drew a deep, sobbing sigh; 'thank God—you have saved us both; I am myself now—I was wild, I believe—you have saved me from a crime, darker, deeper, than any—all the rest! Keep this to yourself, if you would not ruin me; Heaven, how have I been tempted. My poor dove—see; she opens her eyes—speak to her; oh! the fond heart that could ruin so sweet a creature.'

'A—what—did you say? oh! father, never take me to your bosom again; oh! it was so cruel—leave me Horace—dear Horace; you know I cannot be your wife now.'

Herman Stanton threw himself upon his knees and buried his face in his hands.

'Father, where are you?'

'Here my beloved one;' he sobbed, completely overpowered.

Half lifting herself from the floor, she murmured, beseechingly, 'Father, who is this dark woman that stands mocking me? her cold eyes are fastened upon me; do you hear her, she curses me! do you hear?' and she covered her ears with her delicate hands.

'Grace there is no one here but your father. Grace, you do not see her now, be calm Grace, and listen to me.'

'She is angry; she threatens me;' shrieked the poor girl, cowering down, 'father, hold me—shield me—carry me away from this terrible place—how could you, father, how could you, and Horace too? I am insulted, despised by everybody—no longer worthy, no longer honorable,' and for the first time blessed tears came to her relief. Herman raised her tenderly, and held her in his arms, over and anon wiping the burning drops from her face.

'Dear heart,' whispered the housekeeper, holding her apron to her eyes.

'Miss Amy?' she continued, quickly, 'did you ever feel great coals of fire on your brain, I see them burning, and she pressed her folded hands over her temples—'so heavy they are, I cannot hold my head up.'

'Come to your room, darling, and lie down, they will not trouble you then, perhaps,' murmured the housekeeper, taking both in her generous hands.

Grace obeyed, and as she left the apartment, turned once and smiled upon her father—such a smile; it was worse than the bitterest reproach; it thrilled him to the heart; for a