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## Select Poetry.

From the Democratic Union. To the Susquehanna.

BY FRANK DOUGHERTY. No more upon thy verdant shores. The Indian maid her sorrow pours, Or sings to listless sycamores,
My native Susquehanna!

Nor does the warrior hunter roam, In search of deer so froliesome-Enticing him far from his home, Upon the Susquehanna.

No more adown thy rippling tide, The Indian warrior woos his bride, Or chants o'er him who battling died, Along the Susquehanna.

And flees her from the baying hounds, Along thy ancient hunting grounds, Melodious Susquehanna! The milk-maid on the vine-rope swings, Ere home her well-filled pail she brings,

The startled deer now lightly bounds,

And bird-like notes she sweetly flings Across the Susquehanna., The truant boy with ruddy cheek, Now romping plays at hide-and-seek, Or laves his form with many a freak,

In crystal Susquehanna. The villa fair with well shorn green, Reflecting in thy miry sheen, Lends double beauty to the scene, And gems the Susquehanns.

Thy shores no more by red men trod, Bursts forth in fruitful praise to God, And with its ripeness smiles the sod, Of blooming Susquehanna.

Again, and once again I hail Each craggy peak, each flow'ry vale; And though all other memories fail, I'll greet thee, Susquehanna!

The Magellauic Clouds.

BY J. WETT.

Our lone ship points her arms of white Up to the worlds of starry light, Which sparkle on the brow of Night,

To Heaven's broad dome I turn my eye, The Southern Cross suspended high, Blazes in glory on the sky!

In that grand star-set Cross we trace. Inwrought upon the debths of space, An emblem of redeeming grace.

Where the deep ocean-skies expand. Stretches the galaxy's bright band, A silver reef on unknown strand.

The Magelanic Clouds arise, Mist-islands on the Southern skies, White cloud-wreaths to the gazing eves.

And one dark cloud seems like a door, An opening through the heaven's bright floor

The stars that round its portals stand,

Are watch-towers of that unknown land, Where circling suts in space expand. Half would the fettered spirit die,

And to you distant opening fly,
To gaze on heaven with undimmed eye: Leaving its prison-house of clay,

It fain would rend the veil away, To bask in one eternal day

Serenading a Young Lady. exchange paper, I was extravigantly fond of attending parties, and was somewhat celebrated for playing the flute; hence, it was generally expected, when an invitation was extended, that my flute would accompany me. I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a of the human victims, might eloquently de but it failed. Taverns were only introduced gate religious opinions. Hoping to save complied with the request. The company appeared to be delighted, but more particularly so, was a young lady, who raised her hands, and exclaimed that it was beautiful, etc.of course, was highly flattered, and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the the fields weeps away with its excess, bridges, history of wine is curious. Its invention is bas been tried a thousand to roung lady the following night. Previous to mills and human habitations. If not drain-attributed to Noah, who certainly had seen failed, as this attempt will fail. heaving the past, I made inquiry respecting ed off it sours the land, and breeds the pesti-her residence. I started the next night, in lence in cities. The fire that warms our company with several young friends and arrived at the lady's residence, but made a most lorious mistake by getting under the window of an old Quaker. "Now boys," said L "behold the sentimentality of this young lady the moment I strike

up the 'last rose of summer.' I struck up, but the window remained

closed. The boys smiled. "Oh!" said I. " that's nothing: it would not be good taste to open the window on the

Still the window remained closed. The boys snickered and I felt somewhat flat. "Once more, boys," said I, "and she must

I struck up again-"My love is like the red, red, rose." Still there was no demonstra-

"Boys," said I, "she's a humbug. Let us ing Home, sweet Home," and if that don't ring her, we will give her up."

We struck up, and as we finished the last line the window was raised. "That's the ticket, boys," said I, "I knew we would fetch her." "But instead of the beautiful young lady, it turned out to be the old Quaker, in his

night-cap and dressing-gown. "Friend," said he, "thee was singing of thy sweet home—if I recollect right, thee said there was no place I ke home:-why don't thee go to thy home? Thee is not wanted here—thee nor any of thy party.—

We and our hats went home! Sketch of Luther.

BY CARLYLE.

words were half-battles, he, when he first be- battle fields of Balaklava and Inkerman before gan to preach, suffered unheard of agony.— him, attempt to restain, by human laws, the O, Dr. Staupitz, Dr. Staupitz, said he to the manufacture and sale of gunpowder? Who vicar general of his order, I cannot, I cannot shall die in three months. Indeed, I cannot do it. Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, ' Well, sir Martin, if you must die, vou must; but remember, they need good heads up yonder too. So preach, man pettifoggers defile the courts; ensuare the ig-

preach, and then live or die as it happens. So Luther preached and lived, and he became, indeed, one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world; and also before he died he wrote many, very many books -- books in which the true man wasfor in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, what touches of tenderness lay. Look | countries. at the Table Talk, for example.
We see in it a little bird, having alighted

it sunset on the bough of a peartree that grew in Luther's garden. Luther looked up at it and said: That little bird, how it cowers and fearless, though over it are the infinite immensity. Yet it fears not—it is at home. The God that made it too is there.' The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in the other passages of his books. Coming home from Leipsic, in the autumn season, he breaks and war and strife. Let the learned member

- How it stands there, he says, erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head with bread in it-the bread thoughts as these are as little windows. through which we gaze into the serenc depths of Martin Luther's soul and see visibly across its tempests and dlouds, the whole heaven of light and love. He might have paintedhe might have sung—could have been beau-tiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo.

Speech of Hon. Joseph Howe. In the Nova Scotia House of Assembly, on the 21st of February, 1855, in opposition to the Prohibitory Liquor Law.

After much reflection upon the subject, he had not been able to bring his mind up to period from the most remote antiquity with assume the responsibility of voting for the by the Temperance Societies, and wished them

wine. On the contrary he had given the as they cried, "Crucify him." grape to man, with immeasurable other bounuse of wine. He had sat with those who to each other what they shall eat, and drink, drank it, and had, by a miracle, replenished and wear, has been evinced in different counuse was denounced in the Koran, by the Sumtuary Laws, tried in many countries, at He could have done with so much ease, yet are nearly as old as drinking. It is curious had refrained from doing-he thought it not wise for man to attempt.

The evils flowing from the excessive use of

wine he deeply deplored, as he did the evils flowing from the over-indulgeance of any other passion or propensity. But who could argue from excess of any kind that the rational enjoyment of God's gifts was therefore sinful? Who could venture to argue that because mischief was done by many of God's circumscribed or prohibited by human laws? The atmosphere that fans the cheek of beauty-that invigorates the frame-that flutters face of the lake-that gives variety and majesty to the ocean when accumulated in masses, it with death. lashes itself into the temptest and strews the attempt to restrain the excentricities of na- the III, there were only three allowed in Lonture, or to forbid to man, by human laws, don. Now there are thousands, Edward the lence in cities. The fire that warms our hearth that clears our woollands and smelts our metals—that drives our steamers must be allowed that they have tea enough, and locomotives, is not less dangerous. they make and drink it yet. Wine was but water. Would he deny to man the use of these elements because the causalities by fire are quest. We are told that it impaires our most disastrous? Would he forbid their use strength, vet the people who drank it con-because people are burned in cities; drowned quored those who did not. It was only sold in the rivers; because a boiler bursts at sea, by the apothecaries (as is now proposed again) or an engine sometimes runs off the track, or in the 13th century. . In 1127, Henry the VI, kills hundreds by violence of colision? Wil- a sensible king, tried to restrain its adulteraliam the Conquoerr, it is true, once denied to tion, and we read "that 150 butts and pipes the people of England fire and light after the

how intimately interwoven, with all that ber from Annapolis to review this period of arouses to exertion, and rewards us for our English history. I refer to the time when toils. Yet, when even love is indulged in to the Puritan cause was most triumphant, when excess—when reason is overpowered—when Charles had been slain, his followers dispersed, would, reasoning from the perils of indul- all the Counties, when the May poles were gence, and the dangers of society, deny to struck down—the theatres closed—the tow-man the companionship which alone makes en shut up; when mirth was restrained and existence tolerable? The learned member of temperance enforced by the sword. Now, Annapolis might draw from the sinks of vice, what was the effect of all this? No sooner or even from the agony of a single victim, was the Protector in his coffin, than the peosome harrowing pictures; but would be on ple of England by a common impulse, threw that account imitate the Turks, and lock up off a system which they regarded as opressive. all the women! (Roars of laughter.) The So distasteful had their restraint become that victims of indulgence in opium I have never the people restored the Stuarta, forgot their seem, but even spirituous liquors do not produce civil wars and sacrifices—reopened their theathe extent of physical suffering and moral tres and taverns, and so disgusted were they dislocation that results from the use of this with Puritan domination that liberty was aid for she ask that without it she could drug. But would the learned member deny forgotten in the general joy which the restora-

to follow his example.

denies that law is the safe-guard of our lives and properties; that courts are indispensable institutions; that lawvers are the fearless advocates of the innocent and oppressed? But has not even law been abused? How many norant; waste men's estates, and embitter their lives! Walter Scott's Peebles and

How are these evils to be mitigated or re- lands, every one of whom drank wine? moved; I would say, by discussion, by exposure, by example, by honest and successful ble structures—the architectural wonders that portation from foreign countries. Woman, from her first appearance on the stage of life, had brought sorrow and suffering with her. In her train came rivalries, and jealousies, ces, peeping through the apple-blossoms, are Burn's pretty excuse upon their lips-

"A dear, loved lad, occasion sung A treacherous inclination!" No youths pleading, in the intonation of passionate repentance, that even-"The light that led astray

Was light from heaven?" Yet would the learned gentleman, in view of all these evils, point to the pretty girls, and say-" Touch not, taste not, handle not."-Would be, for fear of mischief, coop them all up like cows in a Belgian barn.

the winecup in its hand. David, the man this bill. He approved of the efforts made after God's own heart, drank wine. Solomon, the wisest of monarchs and of hum anbeings, success, so long as they sought to reform by drank wine. Our Savior not only drank it, persuasion, by argument and example. When but commanded Christians to drink it "in hey attempted impossibilities, when they rememberance of him." In strong contrast sought to coerce the people into temperance, with our Divine Redeemer's life and practice, he conscienciously believed they would fail- we hear of the Scribes and Pharisees, who lawyers-two judges so eminent as Lords he believed that all the good they had done, drank it not-who reviled our Saviour as a licans and sinners;" who would have voted Court. Yet it is on record that, at the very The Deity had not prohibited the use of for the Maine Liquor Law as unanimously

Such people have existed in all ages of the Almighty had not done or attempted—what of mankind. Laws restraining drunkenness to see what strange experiments have been tried at times. Zaleucus of Locris, 150 years before the Christian Era, ordained "that no woman should go attended by more than one of wine. maid unless she was drunk, and that she should not wear gold or embroidered apparel: unless she intended to act unchastely." matter by putting out one of his own.

land restraining drunkenness in the Clergy. the leaf upon the tree—that dimples the sur- And Constantine, king of the Scotts (who was a sort of Neal Dow in his day) punished convince his audience, do we permit him to

His law passed away as this law will pass, shore with the wreck of human life and pro- and a good deal of whiskey has been drunk enough of the evils of water. The Chinese made wine from rice two thousand years bebefore the birth of Christ, and although it little known in England till the Roman conwere condemned and emptied into the gutters curfew tolled, but the abhorrence in which in London, for being adulterated."

the act is held would not encourage any body | The Stoics denied themselves the use wine, but their sect soon died out. The Pu-Woman is God's best gift to man. The ritans tried the experiment of coaxing people ascination which she spreads around her into temperance and virtue, but they signally

So far as my reading extends, I may assert that heroic kingdom, around which lamentarion who has illustrated the pages of History, darnk wine. The apostles who were the companions of our Savidur, drank it. The prophets whose flight of inspiration still astonish Cicero and Demosthenes, and all the orators of antiquity and of modern times indulged in juice of grape. Who can say how much of the inspiration which gave them such power Planestanes, and Dicken's picture of the of language was drawn from its inspiration. Court Chancery, are familiar to us all. These Have these men been eclipsed by the Dows, are but sketches illustrative of the evils in- and Kelloggs of the Platform. What orators separable from the dispensation of Equity and have the State of Maine sent us forth compara-Law by the most perfect tribunals of civilized | ble with the Pitts and Burkes, and Grattans, and Foxes, and Sheridans of the British Is-Let the learned gentleman glance at the no

attemps to seperate the securities and legiti- embellish Europe. Who reared them? Men mate practice of law from its abuse. The of gigantic intellect, whose common beverage down its wings, and will sleep there, so still learned advocate of this bill, to be consistent, was wine. Let his eyes range through the should close the courts, imprison the lawyers, noble galleries where the sculptors have left starry spaces, and the great blue depths of and forbid the manufacture of law, or its im- their statues-where the painters have hung in rich profusion the noblest works of Art. Wine, we are foll, clouds the faculties and deadens the imagination. Yet it was drunk by those benefactors of their race, and we cannot, with their master pieces before us, forth into living wonder at the fields of corn go into his own country, where the pretty fa- believe the assertion till their works have been eclipsed by artists trained under this lovely to behold. Even there—are there no rigorous legislation. Has Maine turned us broken hearts, no pale faces, no blighted lives, out yet a statute that any body would look of man sent to him another year.' Such no damaged reputations? No girls with at, a picture that any body would buy? Look at the deliverers of mankind—the heroic defenders of Nations. Was, Washington a A league with Austria slie will never consent member of the Temperance Society? Did not Wallace "drink the red wine through the helmet barrel?" Who will undertake to say that Bruce on the morning on which he won the battle of Bannockburn—that Tell of two hundred thousand bayonets would the remnants of a heart, and reputation, and on that day when he shot the apple off his have been seen on the Danube. Russia has fortune? Me?" And I confronted him as son's head, had not tasted a glass of whiskey

or a stoup of wine! If then, Sir, all that is valuable in the past if heroism, and architecture, and oratory, sculpture and painting, -if all that has bul warked freedom and embellished life, has come down to us with the juice of the grape; if no age or nation has been long without it. I think it behooves the advocates of this bill to show us some country where their system has been tried-some race of men who drank nothing but cold water.

I turn to the learned member's own profession. I ask him to show me two such Eldon and Stowell, the one the wonder of the Admiralty as the other was of the Equity Herculean labors-when day after day they were delivering judgments so masterly and ties. Our Saviour had not prohibited the world. The desire of human beings to dictate profound that they defy all criticism, each of these great jurists drank his five bottles of Port a day. (Laughter.) I certainly would their cups at the Marriage Feast. The apost tries at different periods. The zealots in the not advise the learned member from Annapolis tles had not forbidden the use of wine. Its State of Maine are more plagiarists after all. to try in this country an experiment so hazpagan Mahomet, but was not, so far as he different periods of the world's history, are might be done, but not in the dry atmosphere perceived, in the Bible. What, then, the now universally condemned by the good sense of Nova Scotia. I have sometimes seen him, however, when a few glasses would have done him good. Indeed, I sometimes fancy that, not as poignant or his logic so acute as in the olden time when he used to take his glass

My honorable colleague and friend from Cumberland, whose sincerity in this cause I entirely respect, quoted to us last winter the sage Law giver punished adultry with the passage from Scripture-"If eating meat loss of both eyes. His own son broke the causest my brother to offend, then I will eat law, and the old gentleman, anwilling to de- no more." But would my honorable friend gifts that they should, on that account, be- prive his son of both eyes, compromised the shut up all the butcher's shops, and forbid by law the sale of meat, for fear somebody would eat too much? Again—he told us, "we have tried moral suasion, and have failed." If so, who is to blame? It a speaker here fails to coerce them into belief by force of law? I resist this bill because it is a violation of the voluntary principle. Because it is defended perty. The learned member, standing amidst in Scotland since. In England, in 305, an by the old arguments by which fanatics and the wreck of navies, and the whitening bones effort was made to restrain drinking by law, persecutors in all ages have sought to propascribe the scene; but would he, if he could, in the 13th century. In the reign of Edward men's souls, (more precious than their bodies) Catholics have burnt Protestants, and Protestants Catholics. The right of private the benefit of navigation! How beautiful is IV, tried to restrain them in 1542; 40 were judgment was denied. The right of one huwater! (the Temperance man's own element,) then allowed in London, 8 in York, 4 in Ox- man being to coerce others into belief, as is yet how dangerous. The rain which fertilizes ford. They were not licensed till 1752. The now sought to coerce them into temperance, has been tried a thousand times, and has

> [Schiller, the great German Poet, always omposed with two bottles of wine before him, and his feet immersed in a tub of cold

DRATION. Delivered at Harford University the Term ending July 3d, 1851, by Geo. A. Chase.

Politics of the Old World. Ten years ago Austria presented an unbroken front to the world. Her voice was listened to with respect at the council-board of how difficult to resist—the passions she inspires failed. I invite the honorable and learned mem- the arts were flourishing throughout her dominions,-prosperity was written on her past passion harries on to folly, how numerous the when Cromwell reigned in Whitehall, when no indication of an approaching dissolution, victims; how blasting the effects. Yet who his major Generals held military command of and the oldest statesmen regarded the House of Hapsburg as the bulwark of thrones, But, how changed het position !- from being one of the greatest powers of the Old World, she ed Harry. His greeting was constrained, became the slave of Russia. By violating her and I, who had been standing aside, now nofaith with Hungary, she quenched the loyalty of that brave nation, and lost forever her aid for she saw that without it she could to society the use of that which allays the detion of personal freedom occasioned. The never save herelf, much less, crush the Hun- you are not such a dreadful fright after all. lirum of fever-which soothes the infant up- wine cup went round and from that day to garians. Anarmy of Cossacks came at her and his old manner returned as he spoke. on the mother's bosom, and saves more lives this no attempt has been made to re-establish signal, but she was not to reap the fruits of know," I replied, nodding my head. than it ever destroys? Take gunpowder, Cromwell's system. Now, what I fear is this, their victories The Hungarian rebellion was

that every King, and Statesman, every War- tions have not been heard for the dead. Her plains have been wet with blood shed by Austrian hands,-and there is not a child in Hungary but will, among its earliest lispings, us, we have every reason to believe, drank it. utter a curse on the Austrian name. Russia is now master of Hungary,—she, not Austria conquered her,-and she, not Austria. claims the prey.

Great empires can furnish no surer indication of an approaching dissolution than the rebellion and loss of ancient provinces. When the name of Rome no longer inspired terror among mankind, the hour of her downfall was sounded. Every petty tyrant insulted the name of Napoleon, after he had lost the In the meantime we were constantly togethrestage of invincibility. And, if Hungary er, and I began to wonder about Nelly Hale. were told to-day, that the Cossacks would rouble her no more, and that she might cope with Austria alone, her heroic peasantry been for shame, I verily believe that the porwould once more darken the shores of the trait would have been restored to its original Danube. her victorious banners would again | place. be unfurled, and the dust-clouds be rising over her cavalry, on the road to Vienna.

complices may succeed in doing for the moment, is no indication of the future fate of France. He has risked all in his Quixotic dream of empire, and the nation will never allow him to make any more experiments,to, much less with Russia; and if the Czar had persisted in his demands on the Porte for the surrender of Kossuth, the gleam made one Poland, Europe will never allow her to make another. The memory of the Moscow expedition is still fresh in the minds, of the Frenchmen; they still hear the hungry howls of the Russian wolves on the retreating track of the grandest army since the time of Xerxes ;-in their dreams still sweep by the Cossack riders, on the rear columns of Napoleon, staggering back to France through the storms of a Polish winter.

Standing between Russia and Austria the Prussian power must resist their encroachments or be crushed. There is not in Euthe beginning, and they will oppose her still. now."

still; and this means that she is the mother of republics,-that history for twenty-five hundred years is filled with her glory,-and look calm, but her bosom is heaving.—she s biding her time,—she is not crushed, but

ike Hungary, she has yielded and recoiled. down the gauntlet to the Czar and fight with ted eyes, Kossuth to save Constitutional Liberty. Harry." Hungary is the martyr, Liberty the foot-ball of nations. Who knows, then, if Civilization may not have to battle for Kossuth,-one man against the million,-humanity, nations,

> From Peterson's Magazine. MY GOUSIN HARRY.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

CHAPTER III.

falling softly and silently all day, and as night | though he had ceased visiting me long before came on we drew the curtains in the little In truth he was a fortune or position hunter, parlor, and prepared to pass a cozy evening both of which he had found in the graceful together. The tea-table was already arrang-ed, and aunt Patty had the silver "caddy" the first evening of our meeting. in her hand, measuring out with scrupulous I had been in the room but a short time exactness the silver shell full of tea, which when a beautiful young girl, with a face as constituted her "drawing," when the hall

one to be out," said aunt Patty, as she peered into the tea-urn where she had just thrown the bohea. A stamping in the hall, as if some person was knocking snow from heavy nations,—her armies were invincible,—her boots, aroused all our attention; and before subject provinces obeyed her imperious will, we had time to speak, the parlor door opened -her commerce extended in all directions - and Harry Anstruther entered. There was the same open, boyish smile as of old on his face. Aunt Patty dropped the lid of the teaurn, and sprang forward to meet him with a cay in the future. Common observers saw on the impulse of the momont, had risen with unusual activity; but before her sister's greeting was over she had resumed her chair, and awaited her nephew's salutation with frigid

His aunt's manner very perceptibly affectticed that his face had a care-worn, sorrowful look, not natural to it.

Presently his eye rested on me. I enjoyhold on the nollest kingdom in her empire. ed the look of astonishment with which he "Goodness gracious! is it possible! Why

"No, I'm 'filled up,' tea and muffins, you

"And from there to the lumber room," interposed Margaret, sternly. The look, which overshadowed the hand-

some face of my cousin, made my heart ache for him; and I retired to my own room as soon as tea was over, that I might be no restraint upon him and his aunts. The next day aunt Patty told me there was something about Harry she could not find ise a set of pink coral.

out; only that he had acknowledged he had lost nearly all his money; that he was going to Europe for awhile; but that she believed he was still engaged to Nelly Hale. My cousin was not to sail till the spring .-But he never mentioned her name.

Aunt Margaret's manner towards her nephew softened in spite of herself, and had it not

The last week of his stay with us had arrived. Our aunts were entertaining a circle of friends in the drawing-room, and we were Whatever Louis Napoleon or his traitor ac- alone together in the little parlor. I was "How I envy you, Harry ; I wish I was going too," I said, enthusiastically. "Will you go, dear Bell?" he said,

denly. "Could you love such a worthless good-for-nothing scamp as I am ?" Nelly Hale, and the gambling, and the dual, all crowded upon my mind. I rose indig-

"What do you mean, sir, by offering me Alas! had I been more indifferent, proba-

ably I should not have been so angry. I think he was paler, though his laugh was light, as he asked in his old, mocking way. "Mercy, Bell! What would you have said f I had been in earnest?" I was so astonished, that for a moment my

novance," and I picked up the purse and vent on with my crotcheting. I know not what demon prompted that

-not so reproachfully, that I could scarcely restrain knows that was not true—and he one illuminated by brighter intelligence or my tears. He arose, walked up and down me on that horrible night, till from his own

mies of Russia,—they have fought her from me of my aunts' love. It is all I have left was a cause of thanksgiving. It seemed as

trust my voice to answer. I would not look I believe no earthly power could tempt Harcome,—intimidated from abroad,—betrayed, up lest I should betray myself. In a short ry Anstruther now to touch a card. And outraged, trampled in the dust, she is Italy time Harry left the room. That evening, at the tea-table, he told us ed his head solemnly as he spoke. that he should leave early the next morning, "And to think that papa so unjust to Haras he had some business to settle in New ry as to refuse to let him come to the house,

the love of liberty still burns a living, eter- their astonishmen, scanned his face narrowly truth. I was dreadfully frightened, for fear nal flame in her breast. Italy, all Italy is and no doubt wondered what new scrape papa would make me break my engagement but Rome in example and spirit, she may Harry had got in; but I swallowed my teal with a great gulp that nearly choked me lesson, and with such a friend as Harry, there was not much danger," and, as Nelly, spoke, I had foolishly wrought blug forget-me-nots the smiles had already dried away the tears. on the crimson ground. When I handed it . "But the due!" I asked. But how with Kossuth? England, and to him the next morning, I tried hard to perhaps America, too, will be forced to thow steady my voice and lip, as I said with adver-

"Do not think too unkindly of me. cousin

Aunt Margaret's spectacles were blurred when she bid Harry good dye, but poor aunt Patty cried as if it were the one great-sorrow the world drawing its sword for a single ed, but there was no tears, even of sympathy of her life-time. As for myself, my eyes burnin them now; but my trembling limbs al-most refused to support me, and the hand which he took at parting, must have sent un age drive from the door, then I went to my room, and the desolation I felt, and the tears Author of "Ada Lester's Season in New ly how indifferent's was to Harry Austruther. news.

A year after my cousin's denarture. I was It was nearly three years after my first in- invited to a bridal party at Mr. Welsh's .troduction to my cousin. The snow had been George and myself were on good terms, althe first evening of our meeting.

fresh as a rose-bud, and as bright as a sunbell rung violently.

"What a dreadful stormy night for any beam, left the circle surrounding the bride, and coming up to me with the confidence of one who was never repulsed, said, "Are you not Miss Hadley, Harry Anstruther's cousin?"

I bowed, and as I glanced at the beautiful creature before me, a sickening realization of who she was stole over me."

Alas! too well known. But I did not say emotion exhausted itself, but for all that, I history, and there was no visible sign of de- cry of glad surprise. Aunt Margaret also, so. I only buried my face in my boquet as think she is the darlingest little creature liv-I replied that I had often heard my cousin ing.

him more," she said.

I suppose not, but asked somewhat iron- brought the tears to my eyes. I had enough ically if "she knew what a brother's love to live upon economically without it, and I "No I never had a brother; and when Har-

were very much disappointed that there was are two things, however, that console me, o occasion for it, I believe."

She must have thought me dumb at first. the blame on himself. Aunt Margaret and The meeting was so unexpected, that it was yourself love me as of old, and if I ever offer. sometime before I could recover my faculties my hand to a woman, it will not be with on-to speak of him to her. And I felt most bit- by the remnants of a heart, and reputation. terly, for whatever her feelings might have and fortune."

Aunt Patty was very much embarrassed as saddenly, with his fine face sparkling with emotion, as he took my hand, saying. "You do not know how glad I am to meet you; to see any relative of Harry's." The waltz seemed now-to be forgotten, and Harry, and Harry's present doings, were fully

"I wish he would come home," said Nelly, gaily, "in his last letter he promised me a set

of pink coral from Naples."
I felt some comfort in thinking that I was a kind of woman to whom he could not prom "Do you know, Miss Hadley," said Mr. Graham, suddenly, "that I am indebted to your cousin for all the happiness of my life?" I looked inquiringly at Nelly, in whose

blue eyes the tears was standing. "Not only her," said he, with a happy augh. I took Mr. Graham's arm almost unconsciously, for I felt that much of what we had never known of Harry was to be revealed;

and we left the crowded room for the hall. " Anstruther is such a generous, noblehearted fellow, that I don't believe he has ever done himself justice to his friends at home," said my companion. "His gay, mischief-loving disposition was always getting him into trouble. He was at the head of all crotcheting a purse for my cousin, talking the harmless pranks that drove the profess-busily the while of his anticipated tour. ors nearly wild. But, unfortunately, his love ors nearly wild. But, unfortunately, his love of excitement took a quieter but more dangerous turn. He became very fond of cardplaying. He lost his money like a prince, but that did not seriously impair his large

There was a moment's pause in the narrative, and Nelly, who leaned on the other arm, looked up encouragingly in Mr. Graham's

face.
"The fellows at college always said Harry and I, hunted in couples," continued he. In truth, I did make him my model, but I soon surpassed him in my fondness for gambling and the extent of my losses. One night, oh, God! that right in my madness I lost all, more than all I had, and I knew if my widowed mother survived the knowledge of my shame, I had made her a beggar. Nelly,too, to whom I had been engaged for more than heart seemed to cease beating; but I quick-ly answered,

"Then I should have informed your aunts ready to commit suicide; but Harry Anwho would have speedily rid me of the an struther, who had witnessed all, saved me." Nelly's tears were flowing fast, and the

speaker's voice quiveaed with emotion. "He declared that it was his example ungenerous reply. My cousin looked at me which had first tempted me-but heaven fired with warmer patriotism. She, too, must some emotion, said, the room once or twice, as it conquering fortune ne had made allowed it have debts. I sometimes think now I must have been insane to have allowed it but my old been insane to have allowed it been insane to have allowed it. the room once or twice, as if conquering fortune he had made arrangemets to pay my sacks. Greece and Turkey are natural ene- gry at my supposed trifling; but do not rob mother and Nelly! As for Harry, he said it But there is Italy,—crushed by despots at My tears were gathering fast. I dared not the horrible precipice on which we hung, and if our eyes were opened for the first time to

York before he sailed. His aunts expressed till Willie heard of it, and told him the whole with Willie; but he said, that after such a

"Ah! did you hear of that too?" said Mr. Graham. "We thought it was kept pretty quiet, for Fuller hardly got a scratch, though he deserved something more. He unpardonably insulted a pretty little milliner girl, and boasted of it, in his cups; and when Harry remonstrated with him about it, high words ensued; he called your cousin a list and a coward, and it all ended in the duel."

A little more talk of college life, and we entered the parlor. Harry's entire vindication did not give the unalloyed pleasure it should have done; it was all mingled with regrets for my own hasty pride, bitter regrets for the love I had thrown away. I hurried home from the party and rushed into my aunts chamber. It was some time before I could make them comprehend the welcome

The next day Harry's portrait again hung over the mantel in the little parlor. My acquaintance with Nelly Hale ripened into friendship during her visit at A --- and the next winter. Graham had received an unexpected fortune sometime before from a god-father, and had already refunded the money which my cousin had so generously given him.

We had for a long time eagerly scaned turn home, when one day we read:

"I shall not probably be with you in two months. Graham is going to be married to my little friend Nelly Hale, which prodigious feat, he thinks, cannot be accomplished without my assistance. Dear Aunt Patty, how often have I mystified you with regard to that same Nelly. I believe I was passionately suppose I am not as well known to you as in love with her for one whole year, the first of my college life, though airs I the violent

"If he were my brother I could not love aunt, but your kind letter about the restoration of my property, nearly, mind I say nearly. feel somehow as if I had no right to that. My example was so near causing a suicide ry first went to C-, years ago, we had and two broken hearts at least. It was all such juvenile flirtations. We vowed regular my fault. It seems as if the sufferings of a ly twice a week to die for each other, and century were crowded into that night. There been, I believed that he had loved her sin- I was not forgiven.

He came, and we met, not as of old with A course, rugged, plebeian, face it was, with creat crags of cheek bones—a wild amount of garder energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and the deep dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and the deep dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and the deep dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and the deep dark eyes were floods for sorrow; and the good they have done, as the floods title good they have done as the table, and Harry's when a gentleman came to claim her hand disturbly in the subdued demeanor of my chusin; and into the subdued demeanor of my chusin; and into the sorifice all the reforms they had every law to feel the moment.—And Hungary when a gentleman came to claim her hand durk eyes were a solod to the sorifice all the reforms they had every the matter of the moment.—And Hungary when a gentleman came to claim her hand durk eyes were a solod to the sorifice all the sorifice all the sor She was chatting on in her light, gay way, gibe and jest, for there was more thought on