The Montrose Democrat.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

George A. Chase, Publisher, Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, March 6, 1856. Volume 13, Number 10.

Select Poetry.

For the Democrat.

An Angel Now.

BY S. W. T.

During a morning ramble I met a little girl, whose brother had been ill for several days; and to my inquiry, "well Edith, how is Willie?" she replied, while tears sprang to her eyes: "oh, he's dead, sir, and 'ma says he's an angel now."

Hush the throbbing, little maiden,
Of thy breast with sorrow laden;
Dry those pearly tear-drops creeping,
Forth from blue eyes, dim with weeping;
Trill thy wonted notes of gladness;
Banish every thought of sadness;
Turn thy mind from inward grieving,
And young fancy from its weaving
Woofs of dreary, mazy bodings,
Anguish, doubt, and heart corrodings;
Smile shadows from thy peerless brow,—
For Willie is "an angel now."
Heavens, arrayed in dazzling white,
The mansions of celestial light;
His infant voice, in fitting song,
Is heard amid the seraph throng,
That welcome home, with joy, the child,
From sin's pollution undefiled.
Mourn not, fair girl, you soon will meet
The lost one in that blest retreat,
Where sad notes are all unheard,
Where hearts by grief are never stirred,
Where's nought but love, and peace, and joy,
And ceaseless anthems lips employ.
What transport then will fill thy soul,
As upward borne on angel's wings,
Alone where stars their courses roll,
And sphere to sphere exultant sings,
You clasp upon that shining shore,
Your brother as in days of yore,
To part with him—ah, nevermore.

Lathrop, Feb. 25, 1856.

REMEMBER ME STILL.

TO MY SISTER.

The days of our childhood forever are closing,
Our mission in life we are called to fulfill,
But when from the cares of the future reposing
Look back on the past and remember me still.

In our bright early days when each spot seemed enchanting
We strayed o'er the meadow, we played by the rill,
The hours flew unheeded—no pleasure was wanting
So when I'm far distant, remember me still.

When my bosom with grief and dejection was swelling,
How oft through my heart has thy voice sent a thrill,
Inspiring new vigor, all sadness dispelling;
Ah! Recall those blest hours and remember me still,

Though adversity's blasts rage around me congealing
The fountain of Hope, yet they never can chill
Affections bright fount, like a mirror revealing,
The joy's of the past; then remember me still;

If far from our home and its charms so endearing,
Misfortunes assail me, I'll bear every ill,
With an anguish less deep, with a prospect more cheering
If thou my dear sister, remember me still.

And when from life's arduous conflict retiring
My soul I resign to a mightier Will,
If thou art yet here, to salvation aspiring
Dear sister, wilt thou not remember me still.

St. Joseph's Pa. J. F. S.

Miscellaneous.

From Tait's Magazine.

MARY SUTHERLAND.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XII.

'I have not been so much disappointed as I deserved to be, dearest mother,' wrote Mary, a few days after she had left her home. 'Farleigh Glen is almost what I pictured it; and the Grange though small, being only a wing of the old house, is very picturesque—a turreted tower at one end, built by some seafaring ancestor, making it still more so.—I found my shady porch, even, and my bay windows; but instead of a mossy gray the house is red, with pointed gables and twisted chimneys, round which the birds wheel dreamily, making it look like some quaint old picture.'

'Heavy as my heart was, the kindness of my reception here could not but cheer me. Mrs. Hardwick seems to forget that I am a stranger and a dependent, and instead of complaining of my delicate appearance, as I nervously dreaded she would do, has taken quite a motherly interest in my health, and begins already to talk of my looking better. She is a gentle, sweet-tempered woman—very fond of her children. My pupils are a boy of eight years old, named Grenville, and his sister Charlotte, about twelve; I cannot tell how my heart leapt at the sight of the laddie—but you know how I love children, and boys especially. I felt a sudden horror that I should be expected to teach him Latin, and made up my mind at once that I would study all night until I mastered the rudiments, rather than give him up; however, I find he is very backward owing to delicate health, and the girl likewise, though with her it is simply from a want of tuition. Mr. Hardwick is at sea—but I must tell you of my boy before I go on farther; he is a singular looking child, not pretty, and yet most attractive. Don't think me fanciful if I add that he strongly reminds me of Cecil.—There are the same clear eyes that seem to look so far away from out of their earnest depths; the outline of his head, like Cecil's is beautiful, and there is a promise of the fulness of mouth and chin. It appears that they have lost several children between these two and the eldest, Alice, a pretty girl just budding into womanhood. I am delighted to have anything so fresh and fair wherewithal to feast my eyes; you know my weakness of old, dear mother, and I find I am no whit nearer a cure than I was three years ago.'

And so Mary scribbled on, over more than one sheet of paper, giving her mother a fair idea of the Grange and its inhabitants, but veiling with care the depression which even the kindness of her new friends could not overcome. Mrs. Hardwick's little son was her greatest consolation, both now when his childish confidence and simple love soothed her lonely heart, and later on, when, apt and docile, he drank in her words, and she watched his mind opening from day to day.—Whether from an accidental resemblance or from some wild fancy, the child did recall strongly the face which was her type of intellectual power, of manly tenderness, and of all that she held most noble. The labor of teaching, especially when the time was devoted to him, rather invigorated than wearied her, and the bracing sea breezes brought by degrees a faint color to her face.

The evening hours when her work was done, were the pleasantest of the day; and yet it was rather a quiet sadness than aught of her old buoyancy which fell upon her then. Little Grenville was often with her at such times, either in the twilight glen or upon the whispering beach; but even his presence, and the pressure of his hand in hers, or of his little head upon her knees, could not drive away the thoughts of her own home as once it was, nor make her forget that, at that still hour when fond hearts draw together, and parents and children meet together in loving converse, after the glare and noise of the day, she was a stranger beneath a strange roof—a lonely alien from her mothers side.

Still there was life and strength in her new occupation. She was gratified by Mrs. Hardwick's warm acknowledgements of her attention to the children, and amused, in spite of herself, by the study of character opened to her. It was a strange thing to her to find that Miss Hardwick, rather than her mother, ruled the household, and that, while she had tears to spare for the loss of a dance or a *dejuner*, she seemed ignorant of the very existence of real sorrow, and utterly unconscious of any real duty or purpose for which she had been sent into the world. Her complete neglect of her mother and sister, and the quiet selfishness with which she accepted her mothers devotion, were sufficient proofs of this; yet Mary found, to her surprise, that she passed in society as an amiable, loveable creature, and that, softened by her youth and beauty, even she felt a kind of compassionate fondness mingle with her contempt for the pretty creature's weakness and egotism.

As the summer set in the children begged permission to carry on their studies in the open air; but the heat made them fractious, and for the first time, Mary found some difficulty in exacting obedience. Charlotte was pettish and perverse, and Grenville languid and indifferent. Fortunately for them, Mary's hastiness had long since been tamed, she patiently asserted her authority, and insisted upon their attention. But was tedious work even with her favorite. His eyes, generally fixed inquiringly upon her, would wander over the beach, and, provoked as she was, it was hard to resist his 'Please, Miss Sutherland, there is a star-fish kicking—I would like to put him in the water? or 'May we dip our hands again, just for a minute; they are so hot.' She had reduced them to quietude at last by threatening an immediate return to the hot school-room, when the postman appeared in sight, and little Charlotte was on her feet in an instant.

'May I see if there are any letters, Miss Sutherland? Cousin Grenville was to write to-day, and mama said we would have a holiday when he came.'

'You will forfeit it altogether, my dear,' answered Mary, 'if I have to repeat that you must sit still while with me. Go to your place, immediately, and be silent.'

'Letter for Miss Sutherland!' shouted the man from behind them. Mary's face flushed for her mother's letters were always a treat; but turning her head she said quietly, 'Take all to the house, if you please; we are engaged just now;' and resumed her work as steadily as before.

The children were softened into obedience. They felt that she would not grant herself the pleasure she denied to them, and their affections for her was unconsciously increased. It was a relief to all parties when the books were closed, and Miss Hardwick strolled up to them and suggested a sail upon the water.

'How you can be so patient, Miss Sutherland, I don't know. Little tiresome things! What frights they look, to be sure; wherever did Charlotte get that poke bonnet?'

'I made it her,' answered Mary, smiling, 'but it was not intended to be ornamental; her skin tans so easily that it is necessary to protect her face.'

'It was very kind of you, but I wonder you took the trouble. Charlot te always was a fright, and always will be.'

The child reddened, but looked up with a quick, shy smile when Mary answered—'She is much improved in appearance since she took pains with her carriage; and I hope, Miss Hardwick, we shall live to see her a pleasing, as well as a good and clever woman; I prophesy great things for her if she will only persevere as she has begun.'

'May I fetch your letter for you, please?' interrupted she, pulling at Mary's dress.

'Yes, dear; thank you. Your feet are quicker than mine, and I want to see it very much.'

'Is it from your mama, do you think?' asked the boy gently, as his sister ran off.

'All my letters are from her, Grenville.'

'Then you have not any brothers and sisters.'

'I had a brother once' dear, and friends besides, whom I loved; but God took him away and parted me from them.'

'I did not mean to make you look so sorry,' said the child; 'would it be rude if I asked another question, only about a small thing?'

'No my dear, what is it?'

'Charlotte and I want to know your name, Miss Sutherland; I mean your own name that your mama calls you. We are going to christen her new doll to-day, and we can't think of any name that will do.'

'I am afraid mine is not grand enough, Grenville; it is Mary.'

'O yes; it is, though; it's just the thing. Dolly isn't pretty enough to be called Alice, but she has a kind face, something like yours.'

Mary laughed, and rose to meet Charlotte, who was running along letter in hand. She changed color as she took it—it was not her mother's handwriting; could she be ill? and this some frightened neighbor's summons? but no, there was something familiar in the characters—trembling, all but illegible, as they were. She tore it open. The signature, so well known and yet so strangely changed, was full in sight, for there were but three lines. 'Amy Evans!' How odd it looked! 'Mary' the letter ran, 'if you would see me alive, come; and for the sake of our old love, let it be quickly. I have a child, but I shall never hear it call me mother.'

The children wondered to see Mary so deadly pale, and Charlotte dragged her chair across the shingle, and put it comfortably for her to sit down and rest. But she motioned them aside and turned hurriedly to the house. As she entered she met Mrs. Hardwick. 'I fear you have bad news, my dear,' she said kindly, struck by her agitation and pallor. 'Can I do anything for you? Come in here and tell me.'

'O! I must leave you Mrs. Hardwick, today—now, if you let me. This is from an old friend, and—and she is dying.'

'Not your mother, my poor girl?'

'No, no; thank God! but it is a friend, a dear friend. She has a child, and writes that she is dying.'

'She may be mistaken in her real condition, my dear; you must not despair of her recovery. My maid shall put up a few things for you, while you lie down here and compose yourself.'

'You are very kind, ma'am; but I could not rest until I have seen her. We were at school together, and were like sisters for years. O! I cannot believe it.

It did not take long in Mary's present frame of mind to put a few necessary articles in her bag, and throw on her shawl and bonnet; Mrs. Hardwick, after vainly pressing her to take some refreshment, drove her to the train, which fortunately passed close by Mr. Evans' estate, taking between two and three hours for the journey. It rattled close by many of her old haunts, and at one time she could even see the spire beneath the shadow of which her brother lay; but the image of Amy, a mother, and dying, shut out all besides; and she lay back in the carriage trying to realize the awful idea, while old memories of the dark-eyed school-girl, in the first freshness of her beauty, seemed to forbid the possibility of death.

CHAPTER XIII.

In a darkened room, whose luxurious appartments were but as a mockery, Mary found her friend, face to face with death.—Her voice was changed, and a fierce impetuosity replaced her former softness; but, except for this, and for the exquisite clearness and hectic color of the face, Mary could have fancied, as she stood beside the bed, that it was the beautiful Amy of her school-days, awaking from peaceful sleep.

She received Mary's fond caresses in silence and rejected, with the utmost impatience, the possibility of her recovery. 'This was my mother's doom,' she said, sternly, 'and her fate has descended upon me. What has my life been that I should struggle against it? I knew my hours were numbered; but those poor weeping creatures around had no peace until they confessed that it was so—I wring the truth from them. Still, Mary, I *must* live until I have told you all. Sit down.'

'Amy, Amy,' entreated Mary, 'this is throwing away your chance of life; for your husband's sake, for your child's, cease. What have you to tell me, darling? There can be nothing but what I know. Wait awhile, I will stay near you, and to-morrow we will talk together.'

'To-morrow? To-morrow I shall be where you cannot come. What have I to tell you do you say? Then you guessed my secret, but no, you could never dream *how* I loved him. You who forsook him cannot know what he was to me. From the day I landed a lonely, shivering child, he drew me towards him; he had my worship; he was my dream by night and by day. I loved you once, Mary—I loved you even when you crossed my path, and shattered my vision of happiness; but what was it to the love I bore him? Did you never guess the secret spring that moved me to form this marriage? Speak girl!'

But Mary's tears came thick and fast, pouring through her fingers upon the pillow and choking her utterance. She could only shake her head.

'Know then that he held my cousin in his power. By debts of honor far beyond Aleck's means to pay, and by his unholy influence he was dragging him down. I saw it, and thought, poor fool, to stand between them, and save him. I fancied, in the plenitude of my power, that I could draw my husband away, perhaps, to better things, and that Aleck, safe with you, would live in honor, and in peace I could never know. Henry forgave his debts at my request, and I satisfied in Aleck's happiness, and never dreaming how I erred, believed that any girlish love had died out forever, and that all would be well. And it might have been—yes, Mary it might; but then came your part. You forsook him. But it was not enough to know that he might have been mine. In silence I stood by and saw him, tarn and wretched, fall again into my husband's power—I, who could have made him so blessed! I had sold myself for him, and it was in vain. My God! what that cost me!'

She closed her eyes and paused; Mary hoped that exhaustion, if nothing else, would force her to cease; but after muttering for a moment or two, she spoke again in a weaker voice.

'It was then, Mary, when the wife of one man I felt that I loved another—it was then I called upon God in my desolation to give me a child. I loathed myself, my marriage, my husband, and I longed that the yearning mother-love, the only thing unseared in my heart, might gush forth. I stormed heaven with my prayers. Mine was the cry of Rachel, and it was heard and answered like hers O! my babe! my poor, lone babe! must I leave thee behind, with my dear fate upon thee, to weep such tears as I have wept!—Come with thy mother, child; the grave is dark and chill, but there, at least thy mother's arms will wind about thee, and shut out the weary, weary world. Mary—is it dark so soon? Kiss me, dear; we loved each other once.'

Mary fell upon her neck, and strove to soothe away the agony of her face by promises of love and devotion to her child; but the spirit was gone too far—perchance the voice of cherubim and seraphim o'erpowered the sounds of earth. It must have been so; for lip and eye stirred not, though the child's wailing voice arose; and then Mary knew that the silence of those hushed lips could only be broken by the voice of the Archangel, and the trump of God.

Mary was scarcely more stunned by Amy's death than by the bewildering words which had poured from her dying lips. That she had loved Aleck in secret, from her childhood, was strange enough; but that she had tried to rescue him from Mr. Evans' influence by sacrificing herself, and that, through her own desertion of him, Amy had failed, and lay there now, broken-hearted and dead,—O! it seemed rather some mad, mis-shapen dream, than a real unravelling of that past in which *she* had moved and suffered.

Well it was for her that the motherless child claimed her thoughts, and softened the horror of that day. Again and again, she flung herself upon her knees by the bed of death, and reading nothing but reproach in the awful beauty of her face, accused herself, and bemoaned the irrevocable past with inexpressable bitterness.

It was only when the wailing babe died upon her knees, and she laid it in those cold arms, that Mary's eyes were opened, and she read the past aright. Amy's words came back to her—'the wife of one man, I felt that I loved another'—and they rung in her ears a desolate, warning knell.

'No,' she whispered, as she knelt for the last time by the beautiful corpse, enfolded in its silken masses of hair—'no Amy; I was right. *He* has fallen into sin, and thou—O! it is hard to see thee lying there; yet what could it avail thee to have pressed on another the cup which has poisoned thyself? Not even the voice of thy child, won by such cries, bought by such throes as thine, could heal thine anguish. What, then, must have been the loathings, the desecration, and the shame! Wouldst thou had suffered less had I, too, known that despair? No—no, sweet spirit, thou didst err grieviously, but it was in ignorance and in love; the burden was too heavy for thee to bear, and God has taken thee to him-self.'

Thus she communed by the dead mother and child through the solemn hours of that night, and the morning found her almost as calm as they. She was very thankful to be spared a meeting with the Laurences, and to see but little of M. Evans before she left.

He was evidently shocked by the suddenness of his bereavement, but she felt all her old dislike to his bland manner and bold stare revive, as she met him; and, knowing how little union of life and heart there had been between the husband and wife, her aversion was not softened by pity, as it might have been. He pressed her to remain; but the very idea of the pompous funeral and the cold mourners was revolting, and she longed to leave the dark stifling house, where a weight seemed to hang in the silent air. One more shock was in store for her before she crossed the threshold, for, taking up a paper which lay upon the table, she saw, not far from the announcement of Amy's death, that of Aleck Laurence's bankruptcy.

Mary whirled again in the rattling carriages within sight of the village spire, and hard by fields and hedge-rows where she had wandered, carolling for very lightness of heart, in the first golden days of her young love. Yet she did not think of visiting her mother, though comparatively near. In the first place her stipulated holiday was to be in the autumn, six weeks to come, and she could not feel easy in forsaking her longer than was necessary; then all her newly gained strength was shaken; visions of the mother and child folded together in that strange silence, and of Aleck, tempted, sinning, and ruined, swam before her eyes; and she knew that she was ill prepared to face the associations of home.

The sight of the sea as she neared Fairleigh, and its solemn chaunt, as it lay, like a silver shield beneath the sun, quieted and awed her spirit; yet it seemed to her that Amy's life and her own had been much akin to those tossing, aimless waves, driven hither and thither upon a stormy shore, until one, faint and worn, was stranded—laid up in haven forever.

Her face flushed with pleasure as the two little ones ran out eargerly to greet her: to be welcomed back—to gladden any one by her return, was so pleasant. Mrs. Hardwick met her on the steps, but checked her inquiry ere it was half uttered. Mary's face, to which the old, wan look had returned, told its own tale. Yet there was real sympathy, even in that sudden pausing of the voice; and Mary, on whom no touch of kindness was ever lost, answered her.

'She lived to see me, dear Mrs. Hardwick and her last kiss was mine; for they lie together—mother and baby—dead.'

'How very sad,' she answered; yet better, perhaps, except for the poor father's sake, that the little one should be taken too.—Was she quite young, my dear?'

'My own age, within a month or two.'

Mrs. Hardwick's eyes filled with tears.—'Poor mother!' If possible, that is even harder than following one by one to the grave those more dear than life. But come, my dear Miss Sutherland, I must show you into a new room, for we did not think of seeing you back just yet, and being short of beds, as you know, have put my cousin, Mr. Grenville, into yours. Shall you mind being squeezed in here for a week or so?' she added, turning from the broad staircase into one of the small rooms of the tower. 'We know so little of our visitor that I should not like asking him to move, if you will kindly excuse it.'

'Indeed, there is nothing to excuse, Mrs. Hardwick, it is a delightful nook; I shall feel like a very sea-gull nested up here, with this world of waters at my feet.'

'I am glad you like it, my dear; it was my favorite spot of the whole house, years ago; but I suppose I am no true sailor's wife, for, now that my husband is at the mercy of those waves, and my eldest boy sleeps beneath them, they have lost their fairness for me: and that murmur, which used to stir my pulses, is an everlasting dirge. But what am I thinking of! There is no need to sadden you with an old woman's troubles, I am sure.' And she bustled about cheerfully, putting in their places the little knick-knacks which had been removed from the other room; and then, telling Mary that tea was ready, left her.

Mary indulged in a few minutes' gaze from the window before she changed her travelling dress, and in spite of herself, her spirits rose at the prospect. The remainder of the Grange was shut out from sight, and through the rocky cleft in which the house was built, nothing was visible but a vast sheet of tumbling water; so the straightway fancied herself the guardian of some lone beacon-house, and then, thinking of Cecil Norton, tossed, perhaps, on some far-off sea, she wished that there really had been a ruddy light to tend and feed through the darkness, for the sake of benighted travellers.

A timid tap at the door aroused her, and her "come in" brought Grenville, with a bunch of flowers from his own garden to present to her. It was not a particularly elegant bouquet, being composed chiefly of marigolds and nasturchion blossoms—the only flowers, some how or other, that, thrown under Grenville's treatment; moreover, it was set off by a circlet of copy-book paper, elaborately ornamented by his scissors; but Mary took it with a pleased smile, kissed his blushing little face, and put it in the front of her dress. He was delighted to find her so pleased with his tower, as he called it; and after showing her his own room just above, they went down together to tea. In high glee he chatted away of what they had been doing in their holiday, and then, running off, threw the drawing-room door open, in spite of Mary's warning finger, with "here comes the princess of my tower." Mary entered, smiling; but her laugh suddenly choked her, and she seized the back of a chair to steady herself. At the open window was a chess-table, against which Alice was leaning, evidently learning the game; for as her glossy hair swept her teacher's shoulder, and almost mingled with his, he had seized her dimpled fingers, and laughingly arrested her move.—Mary would have known even that hand anywhere; but that head, with its breadth of brow, and its peculiar setting upon the massive throat—so firm and proud, as though it would face danger and death rather than bow to falsehood—did she not know it? Was not its every line graven upon her heart of hearts? Before she had time for thought, an involuntary exclamation escaped her. He turned, and her hand was once more clasped in Cecil Norton's.

CHAPTER XIV.

The mystery was soon explained. Fortune had smiled upon Cecil since Mary saw him last. A distant relative, from whom he had no expectations, had bequeathed him what, with his simple habits, was an ample provision for life, and he was now about to join his sister an independent man. His mother and Mrs. Hardwick had been first cousins, and though in the days of his pride and poverty he had held aloof from his connections, and, bearing in mind their opposition to his mother's marriage, had all but resented as an insult their offers of assistance, his heart was softened now, both by sorrow and by unexpected prosperity; and he was unwilling to leave England forever without making his peace with those whom his mother once had loved.

Mary did not marvel, as she had done once at the sudden lightness of heart, the impulsive, unreasonable gladness, which flooded her being at so unexpected a meeting. True, there was a nervous consciousness oppressing her, which she had known before; but even that, even the memory of Amy's dying face and the certainty that this gleam of happiness must soon be eclipsed, could not check her exhilaration. It was not long either before she felt practically the benefit of his presence. The very next morning, when with unwilling wandering thoughts she took her place in the schoolroom, he begged admission, and, laughingly deposing her from her post, declared that he must make a strict enquiry into the progress of her pupils; and that, lest her presence should disturb their equanimity, she must take herself out of hearing altogether—on the beach, he suggested, or in the glen. And the next few days, in spite of Alice's pretty amazement and half-angry pout, took Mary's place, giving her many a pleasant hour of freedom really needed just then, and suggesting here and there a rule, or introducing a book, that simplified the labor to both pupil and teacher. Often, too, he managed to spend an hour or two with her alone; and so vividly were old times recalled by his familiar voice, that Mary could have fancied it was but yesterday she had confided to him her girlish hopes and fears, and had watched with him by Arther's side.

'Miss Mary,' he said one morning, after they had been talking together some time, 'I am afraid you must have thought me very ungrateful for not having been to see your mother and yourself. I longed to see the dear old house again; but men are strange creatures. I did not dare to indulge myself so far.' As paused and then added, hurridly 'We were fellow-mourners there once, and you will understand, though yours was the deeper grief of a sister, that I dreaded the association of the place.'

Ah! thought Mary, it was I he feared to to meet; his love, if love it were, has long died out. 'Gratitude was surely your due, rather than ours,' she said aloud; 'but indeed, I can enter into that susceptability to sad associations. I almost think I should have died or lost my reason, had I staid at home much longer—I grew so wretchedly weak and spiritless.'

He gave her a quick look—it seemed of compassion; but he spoke firmly—almost with hardness. 'Nay, Miss Sutherland, you would have conquered that, if it had been necessary for you to stay there. God does not upon us more than we are able to bear, and it is rebellion against him to brood over the past until the shadow of his hand, which darkened it, is by ourselves dragged back to cloud the blessed sunshine of the present.—But you are young to learn that lesson. I grieved for you much, dear Miss Mary, when I heard this morning that death had bereaved you. I guessed that it was your old schoolfellow, Mr Laurence's cousin, whom you lost; is it so?'

'Yes, dear Amy is gone; but I do not grieve as I once did. Her life was not a happy one, and she bowed gladly to the stroke.'

'And her child?'

'I died in my arms,' answered Mary, a tear or two trickling down her face; 'it was best so, for there was one to love it here.'

'I never knew a marriage to prosper formed as that one was. All may seem smooth to the world; but that outward gilding only makes the inner wretchedness the more abhorrent.' He paused a minute or two, and then added, 'My sister's marriage, was as I think you have heard me say, a very heavy trial to me—selfishly speaking; for our hearts had been united from childhood. How could I have borne it had I known that her woman's nature was desecrated, instead of strengthened and ennobled, as thank God! it is. Like you Miss Mary, I think I should have turned coward, and said that it was more than I could bear.'

'It is very hard to brave,' answered she; 'I think it would require immense courage, too, though of another kind, to enter on such a path as poor Amy's was.'

'Not courage,' he said quickly, 'recklessness. A brave woman will hold the nature God has given her pure and spotless, and will face the world, ay, and dare its poverty and corn, rather than stoop to that degradation. I should not speak thus freely on a matter that touches one you loved, but that I saw how your every feeling was enlisted against that marriage.'

'Yes, it was so then; but now that I know all, I pity far more than blame. How often would our compassion, rather than our anger, be moved, could we see into the secrets of the heart.'

'That said compassion is an attribute of your women, Miss Sutherland; you certainly are far nearer the angels than we.'

'Nay,' she answered, smiling, 'you have strength and simplicity, which we lack.'—He shook his head. 'Our softness is too often selfishness, and where more tenacity of purpose and moral strength are given, the woman is commonly unsexed; the masculine element swamps all her delicate tenderness, and to me she is altogether unlovely.'

'Quite eloquent, I declare,' said Cecil, smiling, 'but quite spontaneous. You have thought over that subject, and made out a good case.'

Mary blushed. 'Yes I have often thought of, but seldom broached it. I admit that men do stand higher in my esteem than my sex; granting that we are by nature more self-denying and more enduring than they, how wanting are we in their large-hearted generosity! Then there are what Tennyson calls the 'sin of emptiness—gossip, and spite and slander;' how they over-run our hearts! Mind, I am speaking of men and women as I have found them.'

'And I too. I have known really but three women; my beloved mother, my sister, and one other. From them I learnt what woman should be, and your poet, Miss Sutherland, will tell you what that is,' and he repeated—

'There was one I loved; one
Not learned save in gracious household ways;
Nor perfect—nay but full of tender wants;
No angel, but a dearer being, dipt
In angel instincts, breathing paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and men;
Who looked all native to her place, and yet,
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread.'

'Nay this is hardly fiar; you overthrow my poor little quotation with one six times as long, but not half so much to the purpose, and then fancy you have triumphed. But I shall not give up my point, nor barter my experience for a fine sentiment in blank verse.'

'You appear to have carried your opinion into practice here, at all events,' said Cecil, laughing. 'My little namesake, according to my dignities, is certainly your favorite.'

'That he is, though I have never suffered my preference to be in the slightest degree perceptable to the children. Agreeably to my own theory there is a depth and generosity in the lad's nature which his sister lacks. Do you know how much he is like you? I wrote to tell mama so when first I came.'

'God forbid that he should inherit my fate with the resemblance,' said Cecil, hastily.—'There must be no cloud upon the threshold for him. I have made my cousin all but promise to send him out to me a few years hence. My dear sister lost her only child last year, and I shall need some one to chide in my old character of schoolmaster—shall I not Miss Mary?'

Mary did not answer. In the charm of feeling him near her again, she had almost forgoten the far-off, inaccessable India, which was to seperate them forever; and her heart died within her at his words. 'There is Alice, seemingly in search of us,' she said at last, fearing to betray, by her silence, what was passing in her mind.

'Pretty creature!' broke from Cecil; and again Mary felt a pang. This time it was akin to jealousy—a half envious regret, such as she had felt years ago, that she, too, had not been made beautiful. 'What is this?' she asked herself, as she trampled down the weakness. 'Is his presence to make me mean and selfish, instead of noble like himself? Shame, shame!'

Alice evidently had been looking for them though, as they approached, she coquettishly turned away her pretty head, and gazed into the water.

'Seeking mermaids there, Alice?' asked Cecil.

'No; I should look upon the land, rather than in the water, now-a-days, for such charmers,' she said, pettishly, though if beauty were a necessary ingredient of the spell—and an expressive shrug completed the sentence.

'Do you admit of no other charm than that of color and outline, then, my dear coz? Believe me, there is in many a face of whose beauty the mirror says a little, a far deeper and more potent spell, strengthened often by the sweet simplicity of the possessor, unconscious of the power she wields.'

Not a shade of self-consciousness tinged Mary's cheek with color though in truth it was of her gentle face, with its world of sorrow and of love, that Cecil was thinking.—Alice pouted her rosy lips significantly, and he changed his tone at one, saying playfully, 'I guess what my fair cousin was looking at; shall I tell her?' It was a face with saucy black eyes and long curls about it; not damp sea-weedy looks. (I wonder if the mermaids ever tried curl-papers, by the by.) Ha'nt, I guessed well, now?'

Alice laughed. 'The water is not clear enough to make such a good glass,' she said.

'O! then you own the correctness of my picture! But come here—and, smiling, he half pushed her to the edge of a pool which the receding tide had left behind.—Mary heard her ringing laugh, and saw his arm upon her shoulder; she could have turned and run away, but for very shame she pressed on, biting her lips.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Facts that are facts.

This weather ain't the warmest
Never yet did see,
Nor yet is it the coldest,
On as cold as it might be.
Cold! Law bless your soul, I don't call
zero cold. Why, when I was up on the frontier, 'tother side of Maine, there we did have weather which wasn't quite up to mild. The thermometars were all about seven hundred below par, even on Sundays. Fact it is, they made 'em there all bulb, like a tulip before it's planted, 'cause the tube wasn't of no use—the mercury wouldn't stay in it, no how. When they dig wells up there, they just make a big iron thing two feet through, put some quicksilver into it, and leave it over night. Bimeby the mercury sinks and takes the iron with it clear down into the ground till it bores a well. Up comes the water squirtin and freezes in a solid column—sometimes fifty feet high. Seen 'em myself!

But though the wintry breezes
Are often awful raw,
Still every thing that freezes
Some day has got to thaw.

Got to thaw!—of course it has. Talking of thaws, you oughter have seen the great thaw in Terry del Fago: I used to live there when I was a boy. Why, the snow generally fell on a level to about the altitude of seventeen thousand four-hundred and fifty feet four inches and a half on an average. When it *did* thaw, it came sudden. One day, as I was sittin' in front of the house, there came four or five fellers a tumbling down into a great brush heap before the barn. About ten minutes before, they'd been walking on top of the snow drifts, when the thaw came and melted the snow so fast from under them that they couldn't fall as fast as it sunk, and they didn't git to down to the ground till about ten minutes after the slosh had all run away. 'Glang there!' Seen it myself!

But the worst of winter weather,
Worse than the hail or snow,
Or sleet and slop together,
Is the way the wind does blow.

But then you don't never see any wind here in Pheladelfy. Bless you, you orter seen the typoon I was once in, to the leeward of China. The wind blowed so hard that it laid the waves out flat and pressed the water down so hard that it took the spring clean out of it. When the herrycane was over, we couldn't sail in it an inch; so we jest put the ship on rollers, tied a hawser to the end of the bowsprit, and hauled her into Canton.—fact—pulled it at myself.

A LEGAL QUESTION.—Thomas E. Franklin, Esq., Attorney General of Pennsylvania, to whom was submitted the question whether the State of New York has a right, by the construction of a dam across the Chemung river, to supply with water the Chemung canal, one of the public improvements of that State, and thus divert the water from the natural channel of the Chemung river into the Seneca lake thereby materially diminishing the capacity of that river to supply the North Branch canal in this State—has given his opinion, funded on the law of nations, that no such right exists, and that one State or nation cannot divert the waters of a public river from their natural channel, to the detriment of the State or nation below.

CONVENIENT ARRANGEMENT.—The ingenious French milliners have invented a hoop of Indian rubber, a thin tube in point of fact, which can be blown up or collapsed with great facility, to suit the convenience of the wearer. When a lady wishes to pass through a door, or enter a carriage, or any other narrow place, she touches a spring, which opens a valve and allows the air to escape. When the lady enters a place roomy enough for the fashion, she has only to put a delicate little pipe to her mouth and blow herself into the required shape. Could anything be more charming?

A GOOD REASON.—A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was very partial, and to the other very severe. One morning it happened that these boys were very late, and were called to account for it.

'You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?'

'Please, Sir,' said the favorite, 'I was going to California, and I thought the school bell was the steamboat bell I was going in.'

'Very well, sir,' said the master, glad of a pretext to excuse his favorite; 'and now, sir,' turning to the other, 'what have you to say?'

'Please, sir,' said the puzzled boy, 'I—I—*was waiting to see Tom off!*'

'I wonder what has become of the sufferers?' said Mrs. Johnson; 'I have been looking for them all the evening, and can't find them, high nor low.' Nobody could give any information. After awhile the hired Dutchman, getting sleepy, commenced pulling off his boots, preparatory to going to bed. 'All dis day,' said he, 'I tink I got some little grabble stones in my poot; I have I kit 'em out now.' He turned up his boot and poured out the snuffers.

'WILLIE,' said a doting parent at the breakfast table to an abridged edition of himself, who had just entered the grammar class at the high school. 'Willie, my dear will you pass the butter?'

'Thirtainly, thir—It tickles me to perthe anything. Butter'th a common subthantive, neuter gender, agreeth with hot buck wheat caketh, and is governed by dooty month maketh the understood.'

A young lady has written down in her album that kissing is a *capital* offence.