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Select Poetry.

MAY.

BY J. F. PERCIVAL.

I feel a newer life in every gale; The winds, that fan the howers, And with their welcome breathings fill the Tell of screner hours.—
Of hours that glide anfel I away Beneath the sky of May. The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls From his blue throne of sit,
And where his whitswering voice in music falls Beauty is budding there; The bright ones of the valley break Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verduce rolls along the plain And the wide forest waves, To welcome back its playful mates again, · A canopy of leaves; And from its darkening shadow floats. A gush of trembling notes. Pairer and brighter spreads the rein of May;

The tresses of the wood, With the light dallying of the west-wind play As gladly their goal they run, Hail the returning sun.

[From the New York Ledger,] LINES.

As distant lands beyond the sea When friends go thence, draw nigh, So Heaven when friends have thither gone, Draws nearer from the sky. And as those lands the dearer grow.

When friends are long away, So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead, Grows dearer day by day. Heaven is not far from those who see With the pure spirit's sight, But near, and in the very hearts Of those who see aright C. D. STUART.

Miscellaucous.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS. A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Author of "The Last Heiress," "The Deserted Wife, 'The Missing Bride," Retribution, ect.

CHAPTER I. AN INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

It was the first day of May, the marriage day of the Viscount Montressor of Montressor Casile, Dorsetshire, and E-telle, only daugh ter and heiress of Sir Parke, Morelle, Hyde Hall, Devoushire

A glorious morning I the cloudless, blue sky smiled down upon the green hills and dewy dales and deep woods of Devon; and the park around the Hall was all alive and musical, with the joyous songs of birds, and the merry laughter of young men and maidens gathering to celebrate their May day festival, and to do honor to the marriage of their landlords daughter.

The elm shaded, winding avenue that led from the highway to the house, was arched at each terminus by a mammoth wreath of flowers, and many were the carriages that passed under them, on their way to arast at the wedding: and these contained only the bridesmaids, and the nearest friends and relatives of the family, whose relationship or position gave them the right to attend the bride to church; -- for a still more numerous party had been invited to meet her at the altar -The villagers and tenants, grouped about under the shade of the great old trees, or wan dering over the greensward on either side the avenue, watched these equipages as they rolled on, commenting as usual on such occa-

Oh-dear me! the weddingers won't pass till nearly twelve | and here we are to wait two mortal hours! said a young girl to the game-keeper. Hush! my darling look, here come his Lordship's carriage, itself, just as sure as

you're the prettiest lass in the country." It was Lord Montressor's carriage. Early that morning a note from his affianced bride had been put in his hands sum-

moning him to a private conference with her at the Hall before they should proceed to the church. Surprised and filled with raque uneasiness, his lordship lost no time in obeying ilie behest. Within the most secladed of her suite of

richly furnished appartments at the old Hall, half-buried in the depths of a cushioned chair reclined the bride expectant, in bridal array. She was alone, her attendants having, by her own desire, withdrawn.

Estelle Morelle-or "la belle Estelle." full, curved lips, ever patiently closed as in an unchanged heart at your feet!" resignation. The prevailing expression of her dark, brilliant countenance was a profound melancholy.

The announcement of Miss Morelle's apthe oldest, wealthiest and hautiest baronet in then passed away forever!-and so forget the West of England, her heart had been her? much the object of appiration to the youthful and ardent, as her hand and fortune had

den and calamitous breaking up of the insti- as that?

of girlhood closed in patient sadness; the eyes to mine, one moment, that you may read of the bride, that from the day of her betrothsparkling eyes sheathed their beams under my soul while I speak!" long shadowy lashes, now seldom lifted; the silvery, elastic voice, sank into deep and

She never entered another school, but completed her educa ion under the best masters at home. To dissipate what was considered a transient melancholy, her parents traveled with her over Europe, pausing at each capital and chief town to show her all; that was he passing scenes. And though everywhere her ex reme beauty as d sweetness of disposition, not less than her fortune and position, drew around her many friends and admirers, Estelle remained alone in her isolated thoughts and feelings. Every most distinguished physician in Europe had been consulted upon her case, and the result of their wisdom was a decision that this melancholy give you that ! She is poorer than the poorwas not the effect of ill health, still less of seet sorrow, but that it was a constitutional phase that would probably pass away with maturing years.

They returned to England, presented their daughter at court, and introduced her into all the gaines of fashionable life. But with me without apparent reason, and refuse to no happy effect upon the spirits of Estelle, give me the slightest promise or the most who remained profoundly unmoved amid the distant hope, yet I repeat-should you in the eclat that greeted her debut. Her picturesque long future, change your purpose, and write beauty was the theme of all tongues—her mournful glancs was fascinating—her deep tones thrilling—her touch magnetic; all felt long by God be with you! and raising her long to the property of the p her power, yet she who could move all others remained unimpressed. She who sought no conquests, for that very reason perhaps, made many. A peer and two commoners, in succession, laid their fortunes at her feet, and were in turn kindly and firmly rejected. So passed her first season in London, at the close of which her parents took her down to their seat in Devoushire. Here, in her ting in a tediously protracted convalescence. thoughtful, quiet, unostentations manner, she The town season was at hand before Estelle engaged in works of benevolence among the was able to re enter society. vill gers and tenantry. And her father, hoping much from this employment, gave her full liberry of action, and smiled to see that she seemed less pensive than before.

At the beginning of the pulliamentary term, the family went up to London. And it was here in her second season in dready known as a man of the most highevent of a change of ministry would be like and sank fainting from her seat. ly to fill a high official position in His majesty's calinet. Aside from the glare of rank was a glorious specimen of the Creator's workmanship. Above the average standard of height among his countrymen, broad-

nevolence clear intelligence, and pure spirit feel in any other that approached her. He the world for eighteen months. drew nearer to her than any other had been permitted to come; he crossed the magic circle of her isolation, and conversed with her as no other had been allowed to do. The world looked and said that the beautiful Stel-In had at last met her master and was conquered.

At this stage of affairs the parlamentary term being over, Sir Paike Morelle, and his family left London for Hyde Hall. Lord Montressor asked and recieved per-

mission to follow them, and in less than a month availed himself of the privilege to do so. Thus it was in the home of her ancetors after having obtained the cordial sanction of her parents, and believing himself sure of the affections of their daughter, Lord Montressor offered his heart and hand to the lovely Estelle, and was to his, profound autonishment instantly and firmly rojected! In thus rejecting his suite she wept long and bitterly pracing his forgiveness, that the happiness this declaration, and beseeching him never 171 to renew his suite; but to leave and forget her. There was something in the tone of her

refusal which confirmed and deepened his previous conviction that—even in rejecting him—she loved him 1 But with his high- for one word from you, and at last, beloved, era ed. toned settiments he would not in the least degree presume upon that knowledge. Taking her hand with deferential tenderness, he

whole existence, loves a woman as I love you! I will not inquire the cause of the rejection. which rou have certainly a right to make w thout assigning any reason for the act .-"Beautiful Stella," "The Midnight Star"-as And after having received this repulse, I may for her resplendent dark beauty, she was po n it in honor distress you by a renewal of my it always! I never doubted it! Could I be writers in the country contribute, and which etically named—was at this time twenty five | suit! But this, in parting, I must say to years of, age and more lovely than a poet's you-that, though I go hence, I shall not go lovel? No! and that was the secret of my or an artist's ideal. Her form was of medium out of the reach of your friends; I shall nevheight, and very slender though well-round- er address another woman; so if ever in the ed, with a graceful head, over which fell rich course of future weeks, or months, or years, masses of jet-black silken ringlets, shading a however long, you may think proper to reface of pure, pale olive complexion with large view the decision of this evening, Stella, I and without hope, I sent you from my pres- office, the publisher of the Ledger will mail mournful dark eyes, habitually welled by the implore you to let me know! Write but ence, and why now, without apparent reason, long, dropping lashes, and delicate, though one word, 'Come,' and I will return to lay

Estelle was weeping too bitterly to reply. 'Stella! will you promise to do this?' Lord Montressor, best and dearest friend !do not seek to bind yourself to one who can proaching marriage with the Viscount Mon- give you nothing in return! Try to think tressor had created a profound sensation in of the melancholy girl that you have pitied the fashionable and a tistacratic circles. A and loved—only as a shadow that fell for a peerless beauty, the only child and heiress of moment across the sunshine of your path, and

Sella! I have pledged my honor never to renew this suit, unless you reverse in my been the end of desire to the mercenary and favor the sentence you have pronounced upon it; but, inspired by the deep and death-At the early age of seven years Estelle had less love I hear you, and hoping against an angel, she would wish you to be something been placed at one of the first-class female hope,' I feel impelled to implore before leav- far higher—a god!" institutions of learning at Paris, then as now ing you, that, in the event of a favorable considered among the very best of their kind change of sentiment or purpose towards me, tions, or the world and its people will disapin the world, and there had been left to re-you will not hesitate to give me leave to re-point you! Be not an idolator; worship main until her sixteenth year, when the sud- turn. Stella, will you promise me so much only God, my St lla.

Noblest friend that I have in the world I save in the world I have in the world I save in the world I went up very close to Jen how gladly would promise, but must not, but on any look will not work the more save look than a sudden shadow, like the recurrence of a su

Estelle lifted her, dark orbs to meet the

'Siella, in the presence of the heart searchgentlest docility, she showed no interest in know in care of a change in you sentiments." For an instant the light of an unutterable

face, and her smiling lips parted to speakwhen—as if a sudden memory and warning untary revelations. had griped her very heart-she uttered a fow, sharp cry, turned paler than before, and then said-'No ! no ! my Lord! Stella cannot even

est, in gifts to you! She can only pray that you may forget ber and be happy. He looked profoundly disappointed and troubled. But soon mastering all despondency he said hopefully— Well, dearest Stella, although you reject

hand he bowed over it, pressed it to his lips, turned and left the room

Some moments after Ludy Morelle, who came to seek and congratulate her daughter upon what she imagined to be the only posible result of the interview-found Estella lying in a swoon upon the floor! It was followed by a long and terrible illness, termina-They went up to London, and once more

the 'star of beauty'arose upon its world. And though the cloud upon her life settled darker and heavier day by day, she was more followed, flattered and courted than before. Thus three years had passed away, when

one morning, while the family, then occupytown that Estelle formed the acquaintance ing their town house in Berkley Square, were of Lord Montressor, a young nobleman but seated at a late breakfast, and Sir Parke was lately accorded to his titles and estates, but changed in reading aloud frow the London already known as a man of the most high. Times on account of the saving of the French toned moral and intellectual excellence, as a Ship-Le Duc D'Anjou-wrecked off the tising statesman, and as one, who in the coast of Algiers-Estelle uttered a low cry

This attack was not, as the other had been, followed by illness; on the contrary, from and wealth and power, Charles Montressor that day the cloud seemed lifted from her head, and even those who had most admired her face in its shadow, were enchanted to see how brilliant was her beauty, in its sunshouldered and deep-chested, with a noble shine! Her health and spirits daily improvhead and a face full of wisdom and goodness ed, yet in the midst of all this flowing 'ide of his appearance truly indicated the warm be- improved life, Estella astonished her friends by suddenly, in the height of the London of the man, . His presence soon inspired Es. Season, retiring to her father's country seat, ille with a faith that she had not been able to where she remained in strict seclusion from

At the end of this period, Lord Montressor, ed at breakfast when the morning mail was deceived you!" brought him. Among his score of letters the first that attracted his attention was a dainty white envelope superscribed in a delicate betrothed to me, you do not love me!" handwriting. He took that up first and opened it-it contained but one word-

The light of an ineffable j y broke over his face! Oh! he had waited patiently, hopefelly, years, for that word, and at last he horses put to the carriage.

you have written- Come, and I am at your feet, is I said, with an unchanged heart." held both hands to raise him, I, my Lord, 'Stella! a man never but once, in his have not an unchanged heart! for longer | The above is all of this beautiful and high-

thought forever!'

patience!' he replied, taking his seat on the sofa by dier side. I summon you back!' she said, as a shade of the old sadness fell upen her beautiful face. 'Your motives, dearest, were, and are vour

own. Not until your spirit moves you to do so, shall you give them to me! I have full confidence in you, beau iful Stella! · Confidence! oh my God! she exclaimed n a low, deep, thrilling voice.

Why; what is the matter, dearest ?' She looked up suddenly, a smile of wordark face, and said-" Nothing, nothing, my lord! but that all

youd your poor Estelia's! And yet she

would almost choose it so! for could she be 'Sweet euthusiast, moderate your aspira-

Such was their meeting! Yet, occasionally, throughout the interview,

al, her spirits had been marked by the strangest fluctuations. Sometimes with her beauclear, pure, blue eyes bent with so much love | tiful dark face illumed with a deep, still, althrilling tones; the free, glad motions were measured and controlled.

She never entered another school, but comas he said—

clear, pare, one eyes sent with 20 indents to ind a happy trance. At other times, she fell ining God who hears and sees me, I assure you to deep gloom and anxiety, as inexplicable that I shall never love another woman as I as it was alarming to her friends who greatly

love you, therefore, of course, can never wed feared her relapse into the deep melancholy another; so that whether you give me the that they had grown to dread as a serious interesting and instructive. But though their slightest of hopes or not, I am equally and constitutional malady. But they hoped evdaughter repaid their attentions with the sweetest gratitude, and obeyed them with the Stella? Remember, it is only to let me the man she loved. Lord Montres or observed with the deepest interest the uncertain moods of his betrothed; but with the highlove and joy broke on her beautiful, dark toned sentiments that distinguished him; refrained from inquiring, and awaited her vol-

At last the first of May, the marriage day. upon which I have presented the parties to the reader, arrived, and all the haut ton, as I said, were gathered at the Hall or at the Fou see my boy, cousin Jenny was always church to do honor to the solemnities. And the expectant bride, in her bridal robe and veil, waited within her boudoir the arrival of the b.idegroom, whom she had summoned to a private interview before they should proceed to the church. She had not long to wait. He who quickly responded to her slightest inclination, immediately obeyed her call.

Yet when she heard bis firm clastic step approaching, Now God have mercy on mel' she prayal, and covered her face with her hands.

He entered unannounced, and saying. 'My beautiful Stella ! I am here, you per eive, by your commandal? She dropped her hands, and revealing face pale with misery, spoke in a deep, thrilling, impassioned tone-

You are here by my supplication, my lord I have no right to command.' "We will waive that! What is your will my dearest Stella! * My prayer, my lord-is first, for cour

* Forgiveness?-my Stella! Ah! my dear lord! you see before you penitent and a supplicant, who may soon be omething far more wretched!

'My Stella! what mean you?' Come to the window, Lord Montressor ! she said, rising and preceding him: Look my wry faces! Didnt she play tantalizing ter, did I set foot in Beechwood again. out, she continued, putting aside the rose-waltzes every evening in the parlor, regret-colored hangings, and revealing a view of ting so much that cousin Ned didn't dance; colored hangings, and revealing a view of the park below, alive with its restless multitude. What are all these people waiting.

. What are they waiting for, my Stella ?for that, for which I also wait, with how ed the bronchetis, purposely to render me loving school-girl, I had left over five years of Pindar was not lost to his country until he much more impatience! he answered, while the victim of those, same old ladies, who before. a deep flush of love and joy, for an instant forthwith thronged about me with receipts, supplanted the unxiety on his face. They wait to see a bride past, where a

Stella! great Heaven! what say you! he exclaimed, gazing on her with profound astonishment. 'That the bride they expect is unworthy bils: to stand before God's boly altar beside Lord Monterssor !

'Unworthy, Stella ! You!' ' Most unworthy, my lord !' she said, dropping her arms, and dropping her head in an who had never left England, or lost trace of attitude of the deepest misery. I should his beloved Stella, and who was now staying have made this confession long ago, Lord at his castle in Dorsetshire, was one day seat- Montres o ; but I have deceived you-I have

'In what respect, Stella? My God ! It cannat be! No, it cannot be! that while a brave boy, and an honor to the Wilders; ' Not love you! O! my dear Lord!' she

murmured, in a voice of thrilling tenderness that carried conviction to his deepest heart. What mean you then, dearest one I if indeed you return my deep love.' 'Oh! I do, I do, Montres o ; whatever received it! Thanks to heaven in the first happens, wherever you go, take that assurinstance! and then pushing all the other ance with you! I love you my lord! shall letters unopened aside he sprung up, rang ever love you, even though even after what I for his valet, ordered his valise packed and shall have told you, you repulse and hate me, and go to our friends and sav,- That In twenty more minutes he had reached woman whom I was about to wed, is but a

the railway station just as the cars were whited sepulchre, whom I have proved, and about to start, and in three hours he was at whom I now reject - and so, leave me to she had experienced and exhibited in his so- Hyde Hall and standing in the presence of the scorn of men, still I say—ever shall say ciety should have letrayed him into making Estella !- she looking so beautiful and hap - I love you, Lord Montressor! I love you, and the conclousness of being unworthy of, is the bitterest element in my punishment,' votion, he dropped at once to his knee, and she said in a voice of such profound misery, that Lord Montressor could scarcely continue raised her hand to his, saying—that Lord Montressor could scarcely continue For four years I have hoped and waited to believe her agitation unfounded or exag-

> He dropped upon a seat, and sitting still and white as a carved image of stone, gazed And I,' she said, deeply blushing, as she upon her, waiting her further communica-

than four years I have loved you better than ly interesting story that will be published in woman's tongue may tell-and never more our columns. We give this as a sample.than at the hour when we bade forewell, as The continuation of it can only be found in thought forever! the New York Ledger, the great familydeceived in the dear heart of the woman I can be found in all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the New York Ledger of May 30, and in it you will get the contin-And yet you never inquired and do not untion of the story from where it leaves off even now inquire, why, wi hout explanation here. If you cannot get a copy at any news von a copy on the receipt of five cents.-Fanny Fein writes only for the New York Lodger; Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., writes only for it; Emerson Bennett writes only for it; and

nearly all the eminent writers in the country. such as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth and Alice Cirey, contribute regularly to its columns. Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper hereafter. Geo. D. Prentice, Esq., of the Louisville Journal, prepares the Wit and Humor Department of shipping love, breaking like sunlight over her the Ledger. It is mailed to subscribers at \$2 a year, or two copies for \$3. Address Robert Bonner, publisher, 44 Ann st., New rour thoughts and see it gs are so elevated be- York. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, elegantly illustrated, and characterized by a high moral tone.

> An Irish girl seeing her mistress feeding a pet Canary, asked, blow long it tuck them creatures to batch ! Three weeks "Och, sure, that's as long as any other fowl except a pig."

HOW JENNY WAS WON.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN. Jenny kissed me when we met, Jumping from the chair she sat in ; Time, you thiel, you love to get

Sweets in your list-put that in ! Say I'm weary, say I'm sad, Say health and wealth have missed me Say I'm growing old, but add— Jenny kissed me!—Leton Huer!

En. Phil-want to know how I won her?' Well, I'll tell you the modus operandi, hough its sub rosa of course!' And Ned Wilder, Esq., flung his half smoked cigar into the grate, ran his white fingers through a cushioned office chair. Want to know how I won her? Well,

just the sauciest witch that ever laced a gaiter, shook a curl, or piayed the deuce with a masculine heart. And I was always her boy. lover. Can't remember the time, for my life from the day when first I went to Beechwood blushing, stammering school-boy of fifteenin the presence of the incipient belle and beauty-tan't temember a minute, from that hour, but I was her slave—her out and out slave, Phil. And the witch knew it .and tangling her worsteds committing countless blunders at table, all this to the gratifishe'd always have stopping at Beechwood on least bit contrary, she visits—didn't I make myself a target for all So uncle-Dick wrote.' kinds of practical jokes from those same

rolipsi And Janny, herself, wasn't she the ringleader of them all? Didn't she beg to do table honors, on purpose to put salt in my oled old ladies, that ' Mr. Wilder was afflictcomposed of all the roots and herbs in chrisesolved never to surrender. But it bothered me most, that Jenny

could turment me so. I was in love-I knew it-but had not the least power to fice her

touch of her little white hand would set my contact of her floating curls would make my frame tingle to my fingers cuds. That's what I call a gal-vanic battery. · Well I came off with college honors, at

twenty, and went home to Beechwood. Uncle Dick shook my hand until he wrung tears (of pain) from my eyes; and called me annt Mary got out the best china, and petted me like a grown up baby; but Jenny danced before me, ridiculing my newly-fledgedbeard, calling every pet hair I had been assiduously cultivating for the past few months pig feathers,' vowed I hadnt graduated but was expelled, and hoped I wasn't going to stop at Beechwood long, for she'd invited her dear friend, Seraphine Love, to pass the summer months with her, and I should only prove a 'torment' and botheration,

Seraphine Love came—a tall, tallow-candle, sentimental damsel, with stiff curls, light blue eves, lackadaisacal, moonstruck air .-There was no similarity between her and Jenny; and I fell to wondering about their mutual liking, and soon discovered the cause. Seraphine Love wrote poetry, rhyme, and levelled her Parnassian darts against those in verse; and various were the sonnets, acrosties, and lampoons, with which I was favored. They greeted me everywhere! On my chamber table, in my portfolios, between the gov ers of my Greek lexicon, even in the pockets place was I safe.

· Had I been particularly sensitive, I must have been driven from the field; but I withstood them. Besides, there was a reason. other than my resolve to seem in lifferent. sometimes, looking up suddenly, I had caught the glance of two blue eyes-and though speedily withdrawn, I could have vowed that had something earnest, almost in it, quite belying her sauciness of words or manner .--Was it possible that Jenny was playing a

. The thought emboldered me; and, one moonlight evening, coming upon her suddealy sitting in an unwonted pensive mood on the back piazza, I found myself actually saving sentimental speeches, with my simi about Jenny's waist. 'The vixen! she heard me throughsmoth-

ed with a pin, the hand I had thrown aroud her, slapped my cheek smartly, and then discousin, and I passed my arm about her.— of old bachelorism. Cradbally age grows appeared through the low French window Let me go! Edward Wilder, release me this upon him, chalk stone gathers upon him appeared through the low French window. opening into the back parlor. Scarce three moment! Let me go, I tell you, Edward knuckles, gout scizes upon his toes; served minutes afterwards, going up stairs, I beard her recounting to Seraphine Love, between been actually quoting Tom Moore, and made ther foot with passion, and struggled hard, solutely rejoiced over up his hereat in the king love to her after the most approved but I held her tightly. Let me go I Your wall of about six inches thick has this time. her gusts of laughter, that cousin Ned had

sorer with) wounded pride, on the impulse of struggle so. Busides, I want to tell you formed to make a happy couple hatead of the moment, I pushed open the door of their something. I do intend to marry one of two miserable units. room. The two girls sat at a window in these days, but no other than her I have al-the moonlight. I went up very close to Jen- ways loved, and who, if I mistake not; does

shall vet touch with your lips. A kiss for a blow, you know, and I left ber. A sound smote on my ear as I shut

door behind me; but whether laughter or a.b I knew not. I went straight to my soom -packed my truiks-found nucle Dick in from Beechwood. In three years I had gained my profesa-

ion ; and, during that time, had never once visited home. Letters, many and kind, came from uncle Dick and aunt Mary, but never a word from Jenny. I heard of her often as a ropa; and in a formight they are to belle and beauty, and flirt—since she invari-doubled. But she's promised to go down to belle and beauty, and flirt-since she invariably rejected all serious wooers. The latter Beechwood first, so as to be Jenny's bridesmass of clustering brown curls, removed his item pleased me atrangely; and straight- maid. feet from an elevation of an angle of forty five degrees on his paper-strewn desk, and settled himself comfortably in the depths of a softly hundreds of thousands, and in my letters er. They say she's got a volume of poems home, I was always careful to speak of Miss in press—Blighted Buds, or some such pa-Drew the beautiful heirese."

to re-visit the old place; but I put them off. Ih advance of the trade, to distribute among Business before pleasure, I urged in seturn. our friends as literary bijoux! But enough! Coke, and Blackstone, and—Kato Drew, detained me, so I wrote uncle Dick. En pasBeechwood, this day week, to kins the brids as my uncle's ward, and stood—an awkward sant, let me mention, Phil, that Kate was and eat wedding cake." engaged to an old classmate of mine, in Italy those last two years, and you will perceive the drift of our plans.

One item in uncle Dick's letters pleased me more than fatherly advice or invitations Did you ever see one of the sex but knew to Beechwood. Jenny, he wrote, has just of longevity. According to the census of whom she had entrapped? It's their nature refused the best match in the county—your 1840, when the ropulation of the United mom she not entrapped to the gift of second with the gift of second sight, every mother's daughter of 'em.

'And so when I came home from the academy and college vacations, not a whit less embarassed and awkward as ever-acting like in the finest families in New Hampshire. I be the slaves, there were no less than 1,333 above that age, and 647 free persons of college vacations, not a whit less embarassed and awkward as ever-acting like in the slaves above that age, and 647 free persons of college vacations her workbox and tangling her workbox and tangling her workbox and tangling her workbox and tangling her workbox like way, nephew, did you and she quarrell above 100, the oldest while male being 110, and tangling her workbox like way, nephew, did you and she quarrell the dilute action and the collect while male being 110. before you left us ! She flouts like a very and the oldest colored male 130. According cation of the mischief-loving flirt, and the the matter, nephew ! Better come back, and above 100 are 11 times as great among shrew when your name is mentioned. Whats to professor Tucker, the chances of living settle up old scores; for though Jenny's the slaves, and 43 times as great among free meleast bit contrary, she has the best heart.'- groes, as among the whites of the U. States.

time hadn't come. I wrote home, that I was off for a foreign tour-took the next steamer | Plato, 82 : Isocrates, 109;. But for the cup. ten, and pepper my muffins, in order to watch from Boston-and not till fifteen months af-

'It was as I expected. Jenny was yet un-

she danced, sang, played, and flirted with The census instituted by Vesposian furnished tendom. I tell you Phil, it was almost pur- them all-but not a pin did she care for one results as to longevily a ngular enough bride may never go? she said in a solemn gatory to me, there at Beechwood; but I was of them. But she did care for me still ! I to suggest doubts of their entire accuracy. couldn't tell. Her old gaiety of manner was The instances given by Pliny are taken all gone; she was corthously, chillingly po- clusively from the regions between the Ap-lite-but never affable or familiar; polite, penines and the Po; and upon the recorded nothing afore. Every approach to intimacy was repelled. She seemed building higher, had reached the age of 100, 14 of 110 years. Talk about electric shock ! Why, one day by day, the icy wall b two n us.

Well, so it went on for weeks and weeks, years. In the single town of Valciatium, heart to thumping against my ribs. The Jenny chatting and playing the agreeable to near placentia, he mentions 8 person of 116; all others, but decidedly icebergy towards 4 120, and 1 of 150 years. There round me. I was in tortures; this, must come to numbers are somewhat suspicious as to the

> and I. A lucky attack of ile gout confin d means noted for its salubility, is so much in uncle Dick to his room, where nunt Mary excess of any similar record in other counwas kept busy with bandages and lininent; visitors went away early in the evening; and ting it. According to a modern French phis we were alone for the first time since I had losopher, man ought to live the average. been at Brechw. d for Jenny h d n anng d length of one hundred years, and would do to avoid me, never riding or walking with so if he attended closely to the doctrine of me, as of old. Now she was stately and on m moderation, and could only contrive to as ever, but talked little; and when the cape the many epidemic liseases which preclock struck ten, arose, gathered up her em- vail in certain climates and localities. All broidery, and took up a night lamp. 'Good this is very well in the way of theory, but night,' she said.

'My time had come. 'No-it is good byc I replied, proffering my hand. Good bye? a d she glanced up inquiringly, I-Mr. Wilder. I don't understand you, she exclaimed. Perhaps not, I said, indifferently. Its only this-I am to leave Beechwood by the morning stage, and shall not see you so early.'
Leave Beechwood? and she slightly faltered, looking surprised and replacing the lamp on the table. I did not know, had not of my diessing gown, I found them in to unwelcome here. You shun me; and I am

She dropped my hand, and again took up of maternity which have been so long the Jenny's guiety, an under-current of feeling; the lamp. 'Good bye, then,' she said me- master-spirit of her thoughts. Her affections chanically, turning away. I held open the door to give her egress. She advanced a some sympathetic answer, turn in with bitter, step within the hall, hesitated, then came ness upon her own heart, and she remains. back. The door swung to. Cousin Ed. that melancholy of all spectators—a nature ward, and her voice slightly trembled, you with aspirations unfulfilled. In the next have thought me proud and cold, wanting in the duties of hospitality, even. I acknowledge I have seemed so, but you cousin, you' -have you not neglected us all these long of society, female society especially, a knowledge years? did you not go away angry, and edge of his own brusqueness of manners at she broke down. Jenny, let by gones, be first prevents him find coming in contact she broke down. Jenny, let by gones, be bygones, I said magnanimoutly, acting my

part to perfection. I have hearded up no anger. On the contrary but no matter. You will come and visit me in my new home is the fact that some men are much more ered a laugh in her handkerchief, slyly prick. at Springfield, some time ! One of these afraid of women than women are of men, and days I am going to beginarried. Good bye, cousin, and I passed my arm about her .-

lips fluttered against mine. Not a word was apoken; but there was small need of any But just the very spirit of mischie promped me to whisper then, Jenny my row is fulfilled ! You remember it! Duis! his library, and told him my resolve, and be- I warn you I'd appropriate this band than fore Jenny or her dear friend had made their for the rest, the kist for the blow, you know. appearance next morning, I was miles away And Jenny answered not a word, stided well smiling, for the witch was fairly caught in

her own trap. But Kate Drew l' queried Phil, laking long whiff at his cigar. Oh, Tom Ashley came home to the Eu-

Anl Seraphine Love ! 'Is Seraphine Love still, lacksdaishes! sentimental, and devoted to the Nine, as evrew, the beautiful heiress."

thetic title. Jenny and I have sent in orders to the publisher for a hundred copies or as

We recently alluded to the case of an individual in Georgia, who is 130 years of age. This must be regarded as a remurkable case How are we to understand there results! The And you went back to Beechwood? said Edinburg Review contains an interesting article on longevity, in which Zeno is stated to have lived a hundred and two years; Damo: critus, 104 : Pyrtho, 90; Hippocrates, 92; of hemlock, and the sword of the Roman soldier, the 70 years of Socrates, and the 75 of Archimides, might well have reached the

from the Œdinus Coloneus. a trace of the hoydenish, tomping, muschief then sanity of mind. The lofty lyric genius had reached eighty-four verrs. Somonidet 'Many gentleman came to the house, and wore his elegate laurels to the age of ninety. this census he enumerates 64 persons who two of 125, 4 of 130, 4 of 135, and 8 of 140 on cond.

Treality of the ages in question; and the whole.

One night we were left together—Jenny statement, derived from a district by no tiles, that we cannot but hesitate in admit-

What makes Old Maids and Rache

there are very few who can practice it with

We will paint a picture one in which the lights and shades appear strong, perhaps, but. which every one will recignise as not outraging the truth of flature. There are two. houses built side by side. In the one dwells a widow and her daughtenfair, light-hearted; whom Jenny disliked; this was the secret, thought, that is you make us a short visit, the sunshine of her mother's declining years, She had been sent for to do up cousin Ned cousin, she stammered. It was the first time but alas I not rich. With all the affectionshe had called me cousin. And why should are instincts of a woman's heart, with alf. I prolong it, Miss Wilder l' I asked, since at capabilities to create happiness in a man's least one here does not desire my presence ! house, she remains unseen and unchosen. As. Going over to her, I took her hand. 'Cousin time passes on, she gradually deepens into Jenny, I said, I can plainly see that I am old maidism. Where once she was beare unwelcome here. You shun me; and I am singing about the home, like Una making a going back to Springfield. So it must be sunshine in the shady place, her voice is now good bye, cousin. You will think kindly of heard shrill in complaint | parrots and cate accumulate, taking the place of a more litter There was no answer. I heard a hard man love, and her words are those of sharp drawn breath-but pride crushed it back .- reproof and spite against those very instincts after in vain throwing themselves out to seek house lives a bachelor, young, open hearted, and generous. Busied in the struggle of life, he has no time for parties; he sees little

with womankind, and this shyness in time becomes so strong as not to be overcome. It might seem strange, but we are convinced it, fearing "to break the ice" is a fruitful cause, of old bachelorism. Gradually age grows by menials, he is a stranger to the soft and Zounds, Phil you should have seen her careful hand of affection; and he goes to the black eyes flashed! She absolutely stamped grare, his death not only unlamented but abber foot with passion, and struggled hard, fashion.'

'Zounds! that was a drop too much—
and with my face still tingling under the Kate Drew isn't the least bit falous,' I although by nature they might have been blow she had given, and my he art smarting laughed, smoothing down her curls. 'Don't although by nature they might have been