"WE LIE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."-James Buchanan

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AGNES ARNOLD;

THE STORY OF A WILL. BY SAMUEL YOUNG.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES OUR HERO.

so handsome-so rich. There was magic in

the words, and he found himself sought after,

looked up to and flattered as the very para-

gon of his sex. Joseph understood it all, but

[The following lines were written on the death of EDWARD P., son of William and Lydin Cook, who died Dec. 23rd, 1857, at Newark, Alegan Go., Michigan, in the B6th year of his age. That fatal destroyer, consumption, that had claimed two of his brothers for victims, was not satisfied, his fatal dart was aimed at the only remaining son, one that fond parents leaned upon to com-fort them in their declining years. But he too must pass away.]

He died from home; in a distant land He yielded up his breath; No mother was near with a gentle hand,

To smooth his pillow in death. Anxious he thought of his cherished home,

And strove to meet that group; Alas! 'twas vain, the death-angel came, And blasted that fond hope.

Friends came at morn to his chamber door, To ask why he did not rise; But the death-angel had been there before

And invited him to the skies. Quickly they gathered around his bed,

And tendered their sympathy; But he could not stay, for the angel fled With his soul to eternity.

He could not die in his father's hall, Where a mother could smooth his pillow; Where the friends of youth could bear his fall, And plant o'er his grave the willow.

He died from home; in distant lands He obeyed the stern behest; And was borne away by stranger's hands

To a grave in the distant West. Why could he not with his parents remain,

To sweeten the journey of life; And comfort th' sisters whose love he'd gain'd Through this sorrowful world of strife.

The voice of God called EDWARD home, Quick he obeyed the command;

He's gone, no more on earth to roam: He dwells in the "Spirit Land."

Could EDWARD speak, methinks he'd say, Kind parents don't weep for me; In heaven there is unfading day, And there your son is free. . C. M. C.

East Bridgewater.

A Tennessee Squire.

There flourished for many years, in a certain village in the good State of Tennessee, an eccentric fellow who rejoiced in the name

From the Golden Prize. rapid description of each wonder they had ['change.'

een. He was a true philosopher, and while bought of the stern realities of life.

Well, Mr. Philosopher," said Miss Sallie Joseph Custar was just entering his twenty-Ward, addressing our hero, "What is your first year. He was a young man of much prompinion of the last fashion? ise, and having received a thorough education, "Indeed, ladies, to answer that question was fitted for any situation or position, in wich would involve me in much difficulty. The study of that branch of the fine arts is some-

circumstances might place him. His mind was enriched with all the knowledge which long study and close application could bestow; and what out of my line." "Well, I declare," said Miss Susan Walton; with highly cultivated manners, was everywhere received into the best society, making his mark among the many who were his aslife in the fashionable world, and yet you cannot give an opinion on a point so simple." sociates. Many a bright eye glanced pleas-antly upon him, and calculating mothers sought to win him for their daughters, as he "That, Miss Walton, is indeed true. My opinion, being crude, might possibly offend, was such an eligible match-so learnedtherefore I hesitate to pronounce it."

CHAPTER II. THE ATTORNEY. Will the reader believe it? Can any one who.

was not so easily caught. True, sometimes a feeling of pride would swell his heart as he heard the words of praise, or endured the tell them that, well, it may be that you will witchery of languishing eyes cast upon him. doubt it-but we cannot avoid the truth-Yet he did not seek the words of the flatterer, ycs, true it is, that the fashionable, highly nor covet the smiles which the ladies so laveducated Joseph Custar, the young gentleishly showered upon him. man so much courted by the ladies and en-

With all his wealth and learning, his life wied by his male companions-the refined was yet an aimless one; though carefully and elegant wonth, who, for months was untrained for the practice of the law. He loved able to decide whether it was worth while to knowledge for the pleasure which its posses- assume the resposibilities and duties of the sion afforded; he courted the delights of to profession he had so carefully studied and ciety because it served so well to destroy the for which he was theoretically prepared-was ennut of a purposeless existence. Still, now a lawyer. Yea, verily! he had rented though he presented no real design or object an eligible office, had, in modern parlance, in life, yet there was an unspoken mystery "stuck up his shingle," in bright gilt letters, about him that none who knew him could "JOSEPH CUSTAR, ATTORNEY AT LAW." solve. He was never sordid in his charities; never cold or distant in his intercourse. Always Frank and gay, full of spirits, and althat his talents should no longer be buried. ways ready to adapt himself to whatever He had wealth backed by a fine genius, but were the surroundings of his present life. Time welled on, and Joseph Custar added and now his highest ambition, was to carve knowledge to his years and manliness and for himself a name in the temple of intellect. dignity to his character. He still grew in He had the will, the energy, the mind to favor, and with the continued smiles of for- achive it, and he resolved that his advent into

tune at his back, he never lacked friends. Had he been poor, yet with his mind, he would not have sought their presence. With all his wealth and the *elact* which met him at all his wealth and the *elact* which met him at of Peter Izard. For many years he filled the every turn; surrounded with the gay and ble, the lounge was the very synonyme of important office known in various parts of fashionable, and coustantly a witness to the bookeness were filled with excelimportant office known in various parts of fashionable, and coustantly a witness to the bookcases were filled with excel-the Union as Magistrate, Alderman, or Justice of the Peace. The following is a sample | yet he never fell into their habits of debauch- his profession; and thus prepared, he only of Squire Izard's mode of proceeding. A gentleman by the name of McMurran bis well-earned dignity. He had an intellect years of theory into practice.

"We can learn something, though; and I

tleman's business might be.

though. I had an idea of calling on one of

place.'

cluded that she no longer lives."

this.

servient.

business at once.

if you are not the most provoking gentleman that a younger lawyer would like to underever met. Here, you've spent your whole | take the matter."

has read the initial chapter of this veritable history, not doubt our assertion, when we nected ake.

anxiety. nold, died, his wife having paid the debt of nature several years before. He was possessd of property amounting to fifty thousand His hitherto aimless life was too barren of vitalizing interest for him, and he resolved

he lacked a business reputation in the world,

cure his first brief, no thought troubled him

be smiled at their chatter, like so many mag-pies, he wondered if it could be possible that be was destined to wed with any such evanes-cent butterflies, whose life was composed of such conversation; and who never once thought of the stars of the superior financial should be possible that Mr. Arnold had better come at thought of the stars of the superior financial should be possible that Mr. Arnold had better come at thought of the stars of the superior financial should be to the said upon thought of the stars of the superior financial should be to the superior financial the superior fina such conversation; and who never once himself that Mr. Arnold had better come at nold became ashy pale, and he could scarcely had a very great desire to learn what the gen-

> frozen to the spot. The strange man watched bim with fiendish delight and appeared to en-But Tom stood "Why, yes. I have a little business I joy the age should like you to take in hand, a mere triffe, iar relish."

understand that ? Oh, ho! you remember me, don't you i Shall I repeat it !" And the man stepped up to Arnold as if he would reiterate the astounding words. But Luke instantly stretched forth his hand to keep him

are some nice points requiring a clear head to comprehend. You see I have many "Back-man, devil !--back !" and the eyes of the speaker glistened with terior. things in the way of business on my hands, "Ha, ha ! but you act it nice. You ain't and wish to keep everything in its proper "I sea; you wish to do business according

to law, and at' the same time render strict observers," and he must away from this. ustice to those with whom you are con-"Follow me," he said to his companion; and as Luke spoke he walked rapidly along "Right, sir; that is my wish. Now, I will the street, and entered a hotel a short distance tell you precisely what I wish you to underfrom where he had been standing. He led he way to a private room, where he invited

"Proceed," said Joseph, with considerable the strange man to take a seat. Being seated, Luke Arnold, his eyes yet wild with recent "In the year 1830, my brother, John Ar- excitement, gazed for a moment intently on the man's face, and then asked---

"Are you Tom Brunton ?" "That's what I was christened-sartain."

ollars. Before his death he executed a will, "Why, I thought you had died five years in which he bequeathed the entire bulk of his ago." And Luke again closely scrutinized wealth to his only living child, Agnes. The girl the man. was only then eight years of age; the will "That was the report, but t'wa'n't true, conferred on me the duty of executor, and though I am still about. At the time you also guardian over Agnes, until she should mention I had a very narrow escape, for the

attain her majority. In a codicil attached to ball grazed the top of my head and left me the will it was provided that, in case of the senseless." death of Agnes, I was to become heir to the "Strange-strange !" muttered Luke. "Yes, very strange," said Brunton. "The entire property. -Two years after her father's death, Agnes suddenly disappeared. The arrangement to get me out of the world was mystery which shrouded her departure was pretty well planned, but somehow Providence

so great that neither myself nor any of the saved my life for some purpose." neighbors could solve or peneurate it. Ten "What mean you by these instinuations? years have now elapsed since she was seen ; And Luke glanced angrily at Tom Brunton. and after spending time and money in the "I mean just this : that you were somewhat vain attempt to learn her fate, I have con-interested in that shot. You were afraid I would blow on you, and you thought to get

"Well, sir," said Joseph, drawing a long breath, and looking olocely at the ustrator of the strange story, "you say you have never heard of the lost girl, and that you cannot ain't fafraid of you. "Don't get mad, Luke. And, besides, I ain't tafraid of you. You paid me for acting account for her mysterious disappearance." the villain, and I am now, by your teaching, "Various surmises were made; some think- a ruined man. Ruined, yes, body and soul. "What course do you wish to take ! Do "Nonsense, Tom !" And Luke grew unyou desire that this will should be offered easy and nervous. "See here, Tom. Are at least in watching the objects we have for probate; and this done, place you in pos- you not satisfied ? Did you not get all you named. session of the property ?" asked of me for what you done ! And did "Exactly so; ab, I see you understand it. you not swear to keep the matter profoundly That is precisely my wish." And Mr. Arnold secret ?" evinced great anxiety at this stage of the | "I did that. But what's the oath of any watch-chain with somewhat of nervousness. | worth a copper." "It will require time to accomplish all' "Then what do you mean to do ? Surely When can you bring the will ?" after the lapse of so many years you will not "In the morning, if that will suit." "That will answer. Call at nine o'clok to-Luke trembled in every limb, as he thus apmorrow morning, and I shall undertake your pealed to Tom. "See here, Luke Arnold, I was an houes Mr. Arnold arose. He drew from a capaman once. But through your cursed schemcious pocket a heavy purse, from which he ing to enrich yourself, I am a villain-the selected a double eagle. The coin he poised daily and nightly companion of thieves—an of that city's prosperity are veiled in the overin his fingers for a moment and then passed it outcast from all that's honorable--a jailbird, to the lawyer. Joseph received the bright and a beggar, a nimp and a loafer. And coin, and that, too, his first fee, with highten. you only have I to blame for it all. You his weary head upon his pillow and dreams. ed color in his face. He was now fairly in- made me what I am; and while you are rich itiated in the practice at least the most im- and proud. I, who aided in your infernal portant part of it, that of taking a fee, to scheme to enrich you, must grovel in the very which all other requirements in law are sub- dust and cringe to the man who now may is asleep and fancy lends us wings-we imagclaim his thousands, because I was fool Mr. Arnold put on his hat, buttoned his enough to perform his villainous work." "Tom, you judge me harshly, I am not coat, walked to the window and looked forth, as though he wished to learn who was in disposed to let you suffer. You shall be supthat vicinity; or, in other words, seemed to pled with all you want for your comfort.

little tongues would not soon weary in this you folks were fully up to these gentlemen on guage ? Do you wish me to listen to these yet grovel in the very dust of infamy and know how strict old Ellerdecai is about nsulting words upon the public streets ?" | suffer for the crime of which you are the work,' answered the pale girl, as stitch fol-"I mean," said the man, placing his mouth principal. Down, down from your dizzy lowed stitch with ceaseless regularity, and

once to the object of his call; and besides he breathe. Fear and astonishment seemed to way by which I can escape the dreadful doom and besides, we will soon want a supply of overpower his faculties. He was unable thus spoken ?" and Luke Arnold clasped his other things. But, dear me, what is the use overpower his faculties. He was unable thus spoken it and Luke Arnoid clasped his other tange. July does up, when we only ob-either to speak or to move—he appeared hands in agony and turned a pleading look of toiling, toiling forever, when we only ob-frozen to the spok. The strange man watched on Tom Brunton.

But Tom stood unmoved. He had resolved | wear. If it were not for you, Aggy, I should joy the agony and terror of Luke with pecul- on his course, and no argument, no guilt, not now be bere." And a shade of deep. melancholy passed over the speaker's face. could change his fixed purpose. "Tom, for heaven's sake hear me. Do not

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Why, mother, how you talk. It is very sacrifice me now. Your silence is all I ask. true I have to work late and early, that we You have for years kept your promise- may linger out a miserable existence; but it break it not now, and all will be well with is only adding to that misery to constantly repine at our lot.' "And can we help it? While ourseleves and

gou." "Yes, I suppose somebody would make it all right with me,"said Tom, with a sneer. "An- thousands of others in this great city are other of your hired villains may come to help struggling for life, how many are there who me out of the world with a bullet in my brain. roll in wealth and enjoy every comfort! It No, sir, Luke, my mind has been made up to makes me complain-I feel that we are forscared, are you ? Nothing in it, man. Your this for some time and no coaxing or promises saken — wholly forsaken. It does seem as if fancy's only too strong. That's all." can divert me from my purpose. I leave no hope were left us but to toil on, toil ever, and then at last to sink into a paupers grave. Bitter, bitter thought." And the aged wo-Your sun will soon set. Farewell.!" And before Arnold could utter a word, the man covered her face with her bands and

door was opened and Tom Brunton was wept hot tears of misery-tears that welled gone. Luke Arnold was the very picture of up from the inmost depths of her crushed and despair and irroselution. For a long time he sorrowing heart, pondered on what he had heard and grew Tears, too, blinded the eyes of the sewing pondered on what he had heard and grew

girl, and she paused to brush them away, fearful for his darling scheme. He reasoned and again resumed her toil. The breath of suspicion has never been whispored against me. The child was al-

"Aggy, what a hard and cruel world this is, Once I was happy, surrounded with all ways treated well-and as for this scoundrel, the comforts of life. Then was my life a Brugten, no one will credit his story. I round of pleasure. These things now are all think the danger is not so great after all." gone, and Mary De Vere, the once young and By such a course of reasoning he soothed loved one, the courted and the flattered, now his feelings and in a few hours his fears had pines in a miserable hovel and must shortly entirely subsided; and had he met with sink into the grave unknown and forgotten." Brunton, that individual would have met A fresh burst of tears and sobbing overcame

the forlorn creature as she drew this picture of past joys. Aggy as she was called; laid down her

work and approaching the old woman en-deavored to sooth her-but in vain. The -It is a dark night. Not a star is seen in memories of the past were thronging her

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

OLD KENTUCK .- A Kentuckian at the

battle of New Orleans, who disdained the

restraints of a soldier's life, with his name on

the muster roll, preferred 'going in alone,'

fighting upon his own hook. While the

battle was raging fiercest, and the shot flying

thick as hail, carrying death wherever they

fell, 'Kentuck' might have been seen stationed

under a tall maple, loading and firing his

'Halloh'l my man, what regiment do you

'Regiment ?' answered Kentuck; 'hold on

'Whose company do you belong to l' again

Kentuck, as he buised himself re-loading,

'see that ar feller with the gold fixins on his

coat and hoss. Jist watch me perforate

The General gazed in the direction indi-

OUT OF OFFICE.-Lord Lyndhurst tells a

good story appropos of this surrender of the

great seal in 1840. "When I went to the

palace," says his lordship, " I alighted at the

grand stair-case, I was received by the sticks

of gold and silver, and other officers of the

household, who called in sonorous tones,

from landing to landing, and apartment to apartment, 'Room for the Lord High Chan-

cellor of England l' I entered the presence-

chamber, I gave the seals to her Majesty; I

had the honor of kissing her hand. I left

myself on a back staircase, down which I de-

scended without any one taking notice of me,

until, as I was looking for my carriage at the

outer door, when a lackey bustled up, and

with a patronizing air said, 'Mr. Lyndhurst,

It is a curious fact that the warmest

friendships are among persons of opposite

can I do anything for you !'"

the apartment by another door, and found,

yonder is a other of 'em,' and bringing his

he sky. Even the gaslights impart but a brain, and she could not banish them as they eeble gleam to guide the pedestrian through rapidly passed before her. the fog-clouded thorougfares of the Quaker City. The heavy mist which hangs like a "Nay, mother, do not give way thus. It is true, ours is a hard lot, but we must bear

pall over the hu hed scene vossesses a chill the portion which is laid upon us. God, in ing influence, creating rather unpleasant sen- his Providence, has seen proper thus to place sations in those exposed to it. The streets us, and let us trust the design is for our good. are muddy and disagreeable, and as you step Come, dispel this gloom, and brighter days along, the water greets your pedal extremities | may yet be ours to enjoy.'

with a rather unsatisfactory salutation. "Aggy," said the woman looking up thro Splash, splash as you go, drizzle, drizzle as her tears, "you have done much for me.you go, is the tune of the heavy atmosphere. Thus far you have supported me and proved The watchman feels the misery of such a yourself more than a child to its parent .---A gentientand by the name of Acsiderand by t night in performing his weary rounds, and For all this, I thank you; and pray God, he feels that he certainly performs his duty, this gray head will be laid in the grave.-What then, my child, will you do ? What will be your destiny in this great city ! I Yes, it is an unpleasant night, and none, tremble for you-for the scenes in your fusave those compelled by duty would venture ture." "I know that I will be called upon to enforth. The cry of the watchman is faintly heard, and the deep tones of the State House dure affliction : still I am reliant, on that conversation, and he rapidly handled his man who would do a trick like that. Not knell amid the solemn stillness of the night. I will throw my whole/trust on that The lumbering sound of heavy vehicles and God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, who is a shield to the orphan, and a worn and jaded horses, add a dull leaden come forward and disclose the secret ?" And sound, while all conspire to add to the drearwall of safety to those who rely upon His iness of the scene. The great city is hushed in profound_stillword." And that trusting girl clasped her thin bands together, turned her blue eyes ness. Midnight reigns. heavenward, and seemed silently to invoke the protection and comfort which she re-

"Is there anything in my way that you especially desire !" asked Joseph.

"Ha, ba ! that's what I mean ! Do you the older practitioners, but again presumed

"The case is not very deep, is it ?" asked Joseph, in a sort of careless, musing tone. "Well, no, not very deep. But yet, there off.

smith, whose name was Knos Bildo, charged jewels of his existence, he never sank to the reach of poverty, and while he waited to co the cool sum of an eagle-or, rather, two common level to which many fall-and even cure his first brief, no thought troubled him lower-to their utter ruin. sovereigns. Naturally indignant, our trav-

attack.

elor.'

"p.n him."

snare vourself!"

sweets of existence."

wrinkles-and be merry while I may."

plenty who will gladly watch over me in the

hese locks now so black."

eller refused to pay such an exorbitant de-

son of Vulcan. There being no other resource. Mr. McMur-

ran was escorted to the Magistrate's office, back of the bar.

After being introduced into the most august presence of the Squire, and the charge

stated, the following dialogue occurred : "Well, sir, what is your name f"

" McMurran, sir."

"Humph, McMurran-no other name !" " John McMurran, sir."

" No, Mr. McMurran-no alias !"

".Of course I have not, sir-I have no need

of one." "Where do you live, Mr. Carrion !"

"My name ain't Carrion ; I told you it i McMurrau."

"Well, Mr. Merton, did you make any bargain for shoeing your horse !"

No. sir.'

"Then Mr. Burton, you acted, sir-excuse

me-like a fool !" "I don't come here to be insulted, sir, and

no man shall talk so to me !" cried poor

Mac. "I know you did not, Mr. Fulton-keep silence, or I'll fine you-you acted, sir, don't

sontradict me-like a perfect fool, let this be a warning, sir, never to trust such a scoundrel as Enos Bildo, the smith, farther than you can aling a bull by the tail, sir; (to the

plaintiff) I mean you-you skunk! You would steal the coppers off your dead moth-

er's eyes, you poor, no-souled hog. "The sentence of this court is, that Enos

Bildo shall have two dimes for your work, which is all it is worth, and if you say another word I'll knock you down. Clear this

court." Fully satisfied with this verdict, and highly amused with this adventure, Mac went on

his way.

1 What are you digging for !" " For money." The news spread wide-the idlers collected. "You're digging for money !" ". Well, I'll tell you I ain't digging for any

thing else." "First rate luck-pays-you'd better take hold."

All doffed their coats and went to work vigorously.

After throwing out some cart loads the question arose: "When did you get any money !"

" Saturday night." "How much did you get ?"

" Four dollars and a half."

" That is very small."

"It's pretty well-six shillings a day is the regular price for digging cellars all over Ashton, and the joy and hilarity prevailing,

town. The spades dropped, and the loafers van-

ished.

"Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore red."

"But what are you going to dye it with !" "Beer, pa." "Beer! Who on earth told you that beer

would dye red ?" "Why, ma, told me yesterday that it was beer that made your nose so red, and I tho't

that-"Here, Susan, take this child to bed !".

At a fashionable city party, at which

low neck dresses were a prominent feature ----Miss B______ addressed her country consin : such mantillas, such matchless flounces, and "Consin Sam, did you ever see such a gloo ob! most charming of all, an additional rious sight before !"

Hushing.

so far as the wants of life were involved. The fair beings who loved him for his Every place of amusement, every select party, mand; and he was arrested at the suit of the wealth, and who lived only in the sunshine were honored with his presence; and he enof his presence, wondered that, from among joyed the varied scenes through which he so many fair girls with whom he mingled, passed with that real pleasure which only none possessed sufficient attractions to win such as he can manifest. his heart. He was undecided; but he did He was a happy man. Still, amid all these

not romain so from any want of effort on the enjoyments, there were moments of sober repart of the artful and beautiful beseigers, flection. He lived in a mighty city, where who sought so often and so unsuccessful to were mingled the rich and the poor, the high storm the citadel of his affections. All was and the humble, the honored and the down vain. The walls of the fortress were impreg- trodden.' Each day presented strange con-nable and the enemy were repulsed at every trasts to him, and his philosophy enabled him to study out the motley characters in

"Mr. Custar." said the fair Lucy Meadows, his every day life. Here rode the millionaire, "it is very strange that you still remain a and there hobbled the beggar-the one was bachelor. Why do you not seek out a com- adding by thousands to bis wealth, and the panion and settle down happily for life?" other was craving the coldly given pennies "The truth is, Lucy, I do not consider the which barely kept life in the broken down married life adapted to my temperament, be- | frame. Abl what pictures of misery does the sides to be tied down to the whims of any panorama of Philadelphia life present. Such fickle beauty who makes me a captive, is a reflections constantly occupied the mind of bondage I would break. I would be free. our hero while not otherwise engaged, and The imprisoned bird is robbed of half its thus enabled him to while away his hours. But the routine of his life was, to change-"Yes, without its mate, Mr. Custar," re-

new scenes would soon present themselves plied Lucy, laughing. "I see you will not and he must become a busy actor in many turn benedict, but are resolved to live out the of them. existence of a miserable, crusty, musty bach-He was comfortably seated in his office

reading "James last," and had just reached "There you are right. Miss Meadows, save the interesting chapter wherein the continued, that I shall not be a crusty, musty bachelor. history of the "two solitary horsemen," is in-I will be one of the happiest fellows alive; detroduced, when a rap at the door caused him termined to shame dull care and eschew to look up. He paused as his eyes tested on

gone. the door, for he was uncertain whether it was "That will certainly be very pleasant. But a client or a bore-but a sharp repetition of cannot see how a gentleman can be really the impatient visitor's summors instantly dehappy living alone without a smiling face to, cided him. His face assumed a thorough cheer him, and having no trusting heart to business look, and his right hand rested on a and finally concluded that somewhat of mysminister to him when years and cares come mass of papers, which he had recently been pondering over. "Believe me. Miss Meadows, there are

"Come in ! The door flew open and a tall gentleman days of my deline; and though it may not walked in, bowing, as he entered, and without

be a wife, still, I trust some kind pitying waiting for an invitation, sat down on the heart, will come forward to sympathize with table near our hero. Joseph glanced hastily me, and comfort me, when silver shall visit at the intruder, and in that look, he embraced the entire portrait of the individual. He

"Well, upon my word, you are the most was well-dressed, and displayed considerable intractable gentleman I have ever seen. There jewelry, which he involuntarily handled, and is no use irring to coax you - so I see the surveyed the lawyer and the furniture of the only way is to let you alone to fall into the room. room.

"Your name is Custar, ch i" asked the "That seems the only plan; but I will keep gentleman, trying to assume a very pleasant a sharp lookout for spring guns, traps, and even the barbed arrows of the sly god Cupid, ook.

"That is my name, sir." which he sometimes shoots at humanity, hal! "Ahem-well, happening to pass along,

aw your name on the shingle-thought I Miss Meadows pouted and tried to look had better drop in-no harm to make acdispleased, but our hero had too long studied quaintance, acquaintance you know, feads to the hearts of bewitching nymphs to be thus business, ch ?" and closing one eye, he placed deceived by such coquetry. He was surrounded with a bevy of young the index finger of his right hand against his

and very beautiful girls in the parlor of Mr. the lawyer, in whose mind was created a train of curious thoughts touching his strange visieviaced the happy state of mind enjoyed by tor, inducing him to scrutinize him more the circle. The opera, the concert, the theaclosely.

tre, and the last fancy ball, sy, the fashions, "Sometimes." responded Joseph slowly, entoo, all found votaries, and each expressed deavoring to find out the purport of the her unbounded delight in having witnessed visit. "Lucia de Lammermoor," another the beau-"My name is Arnold-Luke Arnold, sir tiful play of the "Lady of Lyons," in which

At present in the city, though my place of Mrs. Mowatt had so charmingly personated business is in an adjoining county. Come over to spend a few weeks." the gentle and loving Pauline; another who had enjoyed the luxury of dancing with a "A very pleasant place to spend your time

French Count, at the last fancy ball, spoke in. When do you purpose returning, Mr. in the wildest raptures of her exquisite part-Arnold 1" ner, and praised his dear, dear moustache, as "Ab, well really that is a poser. I suppose

the handsomest, most, recherche article of the I will leave as soon as my business here is kind it had ever been her satisfaction to look concluded." Having some spare funds to inupon; and Miss Emma Liley white was rapvest, thought I'd try my luck among your truops in her description of the last invoice of Philadelphia sharpers." fashions from Paris. Such loves of bonnets, "And pray, how do you succeed ! Which

s shead I" asked Joseph, jocosely. "Why-ah-well, really, I think they diameter was given to the hoops. Thus they "Never since I was weaped," said Sam, prated, and there ast our hero, listening to rather best me." "Ha, ha, ha l. I am surprised. I thought their volubility, and asking himself if their

back door. Joseph noted this perturbation, now ?" "No !" And Tom spoke in a voice of ex-

ject."

The lawyer was alone. His mind instant-

ly resurred to the scene just passed; he closely scrutinized and weighed the moral character tery invested the case which he had under-

taken. He would not be in a hurry, but keep it in abeyance until "something would turn up" to clear away the doubts which had sud-

denly agitated his mind.

CHAPTER III. A CURIOUS DEVELOPEMENT.

Luke Arnold closed the door bastily, and looking up and down the street, to see if any person who might recognize him, was in sight, and seeing none, crossed over and hastily

rather rough looking character with-"Ah, Luke, how are you !- been around. andeh? Well, I've been around some, too. Though I feel kind out of place-no money and no rich relations, I-

"Ahem ! Well, really, I don't know what you mean," said Luke Arnold, starting back I live, it is a knell to your infernal purnose and glanced in a quizzical manner on from the speaker, "You don't, eh ? P'r'aps I might refresh

your memory. Ha, ha, ha! how short some people's memories do get. Why, bless you, Luke Arnold, I was your hostler once."

"A very poor recommendation by which to cultivate a further acquaintance with me," replied Arnold, somewhat sharply, and he

moved a step or two, as though he would leave the very questionable company he was

"So it is, very poor. Ha, ha, ha! very poor, Arnold, but for all that I have some claims on your sympathy." And the fellow looked at Arnold with an

mpudent smirk upon his face. "And pray, sir, what claims may you have upon my sympathy ! I do not remember you even; but I suppose you were discharg-ed for some bad action."

"Well, that's a fact. It was a bad actionthief."

"And wicked dreams abuse to courtained sleep." ouired. The hum of business is hushed-the evidences Let us draw the curtain over this scene for while and turn to another of interest.

whelming gloom. The artizan and laborer repose from' their toils-fhe merchant lays of his profit and loss.

with himself thus:

with a very different reception.

CHAPTER IV.

POVERTY.

There is an oppression in this hour : an op pression that we cannot but feel. The world ine the dreams and phantasies which agitate or sooth the breast of the slumberers, thus

locked in the welcome embrace of "Tired nature's sweet restorer: balmy sleep."

that vicinity; or, in other words, seemed to pled with all you want for your comfort. "The nature's sweet restorer: balmy sleep." rifle, as perfectly unconcerned as though he feel as though he would rather leave by a Only keep quiet. Do you need anything The lover dreams of his chosen one—the phi- was "picking deer." Every time he brought losopher discovers new wonders in the uni- his rifle to his shoulder a redcoat bit the but said nothing. Finally, Mr. Arnold open "No !" And Tom spoke in a voice of ex-ed the door and without saying "Adieu," was treme anger. "No, I want no blood money money bags and takes alarm, as he imagines tention of 'Old Hickory,' who, supposing he -for as I live, the money you hold, is the the approach of the burglar-the sad and un- had become separated from his company, rode price of life. And could I now, by any act fortunate find hope-while the youth, full of up to him to bring him behind the redoubte, restore that, innocent to life, then would I die bigh aspirations perceives new honors hang as he was in a position which exposed his in peace, though in poverty and prison." dazzlingly before his enraptured vision.

We have presented the city in its hour of Hallah 1 mm "And will you not accept some money You need many things. Come, take some gloom, when the midnight hour is ringing belong to l' said the General. gold and furnish yourself with clothing. Try from the belfry of the old State House ; but and forget the past, for it is cursed uppleasant | can we not paint the inner life of that city. to have one's memory twitted on such a sub- whose quiet is but the prosecuter of another shooting iron to his shoulder, he isn, his day of toil and activity, in all the branches | eye along the barrel-a flash followed and

As Luke spoke, he drew forth his purse and which go to swell the arteries of its wealth ! another Englishman came tumbling to the offered some to Brunton. Tom arose and While we wander amid the gloom and drew himself up to his full hight and looking darkness of the city, is there no scene, which While we wander amid the gloom and ground.

"Luke Arnold, if you regard your life as tion of the mysteries of life existing ! worth anything, do not offer me your gold. Yonder is a low hovel, where Poverty has What I once took is still burning into my created her throne; a dim light is burning within, and throwing its gleams out amid the him." very soul. It is a canker which can never

tarned a corner, passed rapidly along toward be removed until death calls for me. No, no, gloom of this forsaken locality. The tene-Chesnut street. As he neared the State keep your glittering stuff, it has no charms ment is sadly out of repair, and everything cated by the rifle, and observed a British Col-House, he was unexpectedly saluted by a for me now. I leave you-but you will hear like comfort has fled. Let us enter. Peronel tiding up and down the advancing columns of the 'foe. Kentuck pulled the trigof me again-I know your business here, haps the light comes from those who are watching at the bed-side where sickness has ger, and the gallant Colonel followed his com-

"Hah! That was you I observed the other put on her mantle of sadness, or where the panions that Kentuck had laid low in death black angel of death is spreading his sombre that day. wings and waits to convey his departing 'Hurrah for Kentuck I' shouted the free day on Sixth street, dogging my steps. 1 feared as much and dreamed this meeting !

spirit to another world. The creaking door "And well might you dream it-for as fighter, as his victim came toppling from hisopens and we glance at the interior. The horse, then turning to the General he continued, 'I'm fighting on my own hook, stranger,' and leisurely proceeded to re-load. oom is small, and void of any real comfort. DOSe.

"Say not so, Tom. It will overwhelm me A fire is smouldering in the grate, but emitin ruin. Do not turn traitor upon me. I ting no heat; a few chairs, a rough table, s will make you rich-I will do anything you bedstead of questionable comfort comprise may demand if you but will remain silent ; all the furniture that is visible. But there say what you wish me to do and it shall be are two objects besides these. One is an aged woman, whose years count perhaps sev-

"Then hear me; restore to life the being enty; her gray hair straggling carelessly who has been destroyed through your vil- around her face, while her pinched features lainy, and when restored, do your duty, as and sunken eyes give evidence of years of suf you have promised your brother on his sick- fering and trial. 'She is seated beside the table, her open hands supporting her head,

bed." while her eyes are fixed closely upon her "Heavens, Tom, you but mock me by demanding impossibilities. What is done can- younger companion. The second occupant not be healed. The only course left to us is is a girl perhaps twenty years of age, who is to bury in oblivion the past and enjoy the busy sewing by the light of the tallow dip, present and future. You know, Tom, you and anon looking up and answering the reare so deeply implicated in this matter as I marks of the aged woman. am, and it will go as hard with you as with . There, Aggy, dear, it is twelve o'clock the bell is now striking; you had better me, if--"

"No, Mr. Luke Arnold, you are mistaken. cease sewing and let us to bed,' said the old a very bad action-but scripter says that Not so hard with me as you. My character woman as she listened to the tones of the the partaker of a crime is as bad as the is lost forever -my hopes in this world have bell.

thief?" 'Nay, mother, I must figish this vest. It friendships "What do you mean, sir, by this lan- must fall from your high estate! You will must be returned in the morning.' You qualities,