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Poetry.

TRIP LIGHTLY OVER TROUBLE.

Tripl'g lightly o'er trouble,
Tripl'g lightly o'er wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp we's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unrightly?
Why not seek joy instead?
Tripl'g lightly o'er sorrow,
Though this day may be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gaily sing the lark;
Fate's path may be departed,
Though tribulation's feet;
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.
Tripl'g lightly o'er sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness,
On this side of the tomb;
Why sit we here sighing,
And heaven overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

Select Tale.

ONE OF THE BEST STORIES EVER PUBLISHED.

THE EXPERIENCES OF SUSAN CHASE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR TO ASHLEY."

CHAPTER VII.

(CONTINUED.)

THE END OF AN ILL-STARRED VISIT.

It was early morning in Barbadoes. A carriage, which had been on its way to Bridgetown, was suddenly stopped by its inmate, and ordered back to whence it came. So the black driver turned it round, whipped up his horse, and soon drove into the grounds of a pretty country residence.

A lady, young and nice looking, descended from the carriage, and entered the house. She passed into one of the sitting-rooms, closed the door, and sank down on the sofa; if ever tribulation was expressed on a human countenance, it was on hers.

"To bring herself to shame!" she cried—"to quit her husband's home clandestinely, and depart with another, over the wide seas! to enter deliberately on a guilty course!—to desert him on what may be her bed of death! And to leave me here unprotected, in his house, where I ought not to be! Oh, that I had known Emma better, and never come out to her!"

Susan Chase suddenly broke off her words and held her breath. A gentlemanly voice was speaking to her, and she looked up to see the gentleman, who like all his native fraternity, was taking his own time ere he drove off to the stables, and the conversation ascended to her ears through the open window.

"And you brought back your mistress, Jicko?"

"No," cried Jicko. "Mistress not anywhere. Mistress goes to England in the ship."

"Nonsense, Jicko. You are inventing."

"Ask miss," responded Jicko. "She know."

The gentleman turned from Susan, and entered the sitting-room. He was one of the clerical staff at Barbadoes, and had recently been appointed to a church there; previous to that, he had acted as an assistant, or missionary, though in holy orders. He was a fine, tall man, with a prepossessing, intellectual countenance. His name was Leicester.

"You have not found Mrs. Carnegie, Miss Chase," he said to Susan.

"What answer was Susan to give? This gentleman seemed from Susan's point of view, half an hour before, in search of her sister, had closed the carriage door for her, and agreed with her in assuming that Mrs. Carnegie had slept at the friend's house, where she had gone to an evening party the previous night. To confirm her opinion, when she sister had departed clandestinely for England was to betray all; yet how to keep the lidings from him? Confused words rose to her lips, but one contradicted another; and, bewildered, terrified and helpless, she burst into an hysterical flood of tearing, that a suspicion of the truth arose in the mind of Mr. Leicester—for he had been a frequent visitor, and had observed, with disapprobation, certain points in the conduct of Mr. Carnegie. Susan sobbed like a child. It was not often she could be aroused to such emotion, but when it did come it was uncontrollable.

"Strive for composure," whispered Mr. Leicester. "I fear you are in some strait, some deep distress, apart from the anxiety caused by the illness of Mr. Carnegie. You want a friend; my calling has led me amid suffering and sorrow of all kinds; dear Miss Chase, let me be that friend."

"Oh, that I had a friend!" answered Susan. "I am, indeed, in a strait; and I know not where to turn for advice or help."

"Turn to me; tell me all that is causing your grief; believe me, I have had so much experience in the varied tribulations of life, that I am old in them beyond what my years may seem to justify. All that the truest counsel, the deepest sympathy can do for you, I will do."

Susan listened. An adviser she must have, like to herself, she would sink under the weight of care that was upon her; and in all Barbadoes there was not one who would rather confide in than this kind, conscientious minister; no, not in any, even double his age. Yet she still shrank from speaking, as she turned her aching head away from the light.

"I hear from Jicko that Mrs. Carnegie has departed for England, and I infer that you and her husband were left in ignorance of her intention," he resumed, in a low tone, anxious to invite confidence in his words, and he was not unprepared for it. "May I tell you, Miss Chase, that I have almost foreseen this? May I also tell you that I remunerated privately with Mrs. Carnegie not a week ago, and entreated her to be more with her husband, and less with Captain Chard?"

"No! he knew it all. The crimson flush came into Susan's cheeks, but she dried her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Leicester, she may not have done away with him—in the worst sense of the term. Things between her and her husband had not been pleasant, especially on my sister's side. She had grown to dislike him—she told me so; and she is so strong and self-willed. She may have departed to separate herself from Mr. Carnegie, without—without anything worse."

Mr. Leicester could not adopt this unusual view of such a case, but he did not press his own. How did you become acquainted with her departure?" he inquired.

"As I was going along, one of the officers rode up to the carriage to ask after Mr. Carnegie, and remarked how unfortunate it was the fever should have attacked him, just when Mrs. Carnegie was called to England. He said he was on the ship last night, when she and her maid came on board."

"Which of them was it?"

"Lieutenant Grape. He also observed that it was lucky Captain Chard happened to be going in the same ship, as he could protect her," added Susan, eagerly. "Therefore he suspects nothing amiss?"

"Does Mr. Carnegie suspect it?"

"Oh, no. When he came home last night, he asked for Emma, but she had gone out then. How distressing that the fever should have come on so rapidly!"

"It has not come rapidly," returned the clergyman. "I was sure it was attacking him yesterday morning, and told him so."

"You have had more experience than I in these West-Indian maladies, Mr. Leicester—indeed, I have had some at all; do you deem him dangerous?"

"No fear. This step of my sister's has placed me in an inconvenient position," she resumed, without raising her eyes. "It is awkward for me to be here, and I wish to see her."

"Yes, it is. You had better come and stay with us, Miss Chase. Mrs. Freeman will do all she can to make you at home."

Susan reflected, hesitated, reflected again, and then spoke.

"I would most willingly and thankfully come; but do you deem that I should be acting right to leave the house at this moment—to leave Mr. Carnegie entirely to servants?"

"Of course your care and supervision would be worth more than all they can do. Your remaining would be better for him."

"Then I will remain," said Susan. "It seems to be a duty thrown in my way, and I will not shrink from it. As soon as he shall be out of danger, if you and your sister will receive me until I can make arrangements for my departure to Europe, I shall be thankful."

"You are not afraid of remaining in the house—afraid of the fever?"

"I have no fear on that score."

"I thought that was why you spoke."

"Oh, no. I thought—I thought—whether any ill-natured remarks might be made at my being here alone."

"Certainly not; oh, certainly not," said Mr. Leicester. "You are closely related to Mr. Carnegie's wife's own sister."

"True. But Susan knew that Mr. Leicester was not aware how ardently she and Charles Carnegie had once been attached to each other; how they had been engaged for years; where lay the chief reason for the discontinuance of the measure. Not in respect to itself; Susan was secure in her own self-reliance; but those at home, who had been acquainted with the engagement, might say his house was not the place for her now."

"I am not learned in these points of etiquette," resumed Mr. Leicester, perceiving that Susan still looked doubtful. "If you think it would be better, I can surely my sister will willingly come here and stay with you until you can remove."

"Oh, how pleased I should be!" uttered Susan, with animation; that would obviate all difficulties. Do you think she would really come? Would she not fear the fever?"

"She would not fear that. She had it a year ago. I will promise that she will be with you before the day is over."

"But should I have done without you?" exclaimed Susan, in the fullness of her gratitude.

The clergyman rose to leave. "I hope to be more useful to you yet."

"Stay an instant," Mr. Leicester. Will it be an imposition, if I sink her voice, and to favor Mr. Carnegie's supposition that my sister was called to England? You know a ship did come in, that day, with letters. It will be an intrusion; but in such a case may it not be justifiable—in charity and mercy? She may not have gone there wrongly; especially, inasmuch as that she has left her husband's home."

"You still cling to that idea," he observed.

"Well—I do not see why it should not be favored. If the impression is abroad that she has gone legitimately it will only be for your own good. I have no objection, thoroughly convinced as to what Mr. Carnegie's belief would be, though he might not be certain as to his course."

The promised friend came without delay—Mrs. Freeman. She was a young, lively widow lady, very much given to talking. She was opently lamented, and that ten times over in the course of the first day, the inopportune summons to England of Mrs. Carnegie. Mr. Leicester had kept faith, even with her, and Susan's heart thanked him.

"My dear, I admire you," she cried to Susan. "Many a young lady, situated as you are, would have flown off with Mr. Carnegie, and left the poor man to the mercy of the fever, and the natives, who are just as stupid and tiresome as so many animals. It was exceedingly good and praiseworthy of you to brave the infection, which, truth to say, is fonder of flying to fresh Europeans, like you, than of old acclimated ones—and to brave the chatter of the gossip-mongers."

"You think they will chatter?" cried Susan.

"I think they might—for you and Mr. Carnegie are both young—had you not hit upon the plan of having some one in the house as chaperone. Of course they can't now. My brother could not understand that they would, in any case; but his head's buried in his duties, like an ostrich's in the sand, and he judges people and motives in accordance with his clerical tenets. I know the set out here; it is whispering and scandal, among some days. Where is she staying?"

"You—your shall know particulars when you are stronger," replied Susan. "You must not talk of leaving Mrs. Carnegie."

Brilliana returned to the Chamber, and Susan left it, afraid lest the questions of Mr. Carnegie as to his wife's absence might become too close. She went to the drawing-room, and sat near Mrs. Freeman, better this evening, observed the latter.

"Much better," replied Susan.

"There was a silence. Presently Mrs. Freeman spoke again, but she received no reply. Susan's eyes had closed. Their lids looked swollen, and her cheeks were burning. Mrs. Freeman gazed at her in dismay.

"Miss Chase?"

She spoke loud and abruptly and it aroused Susan.

Susan longed to put a question—if she dared. How could she frame it? She wanted to know whether Emma had appeared there at all.

"Did—was this voyage of my sister's spoken of?" she said at length.

"Not at first. None of them knew of it; at least as I inferred. Mrs. Lettison was openly wondering what had become of her, as she had promised to be there. Towards the end of the evening—morning it was then—when we were breaking up, a note came in from Mrs. Carnegie, saying she had been called to England on urgent business, and had been too busy with her preparations to send an apology earlier."

Many people called that day and the succeeding one to inquire after Lieutenant Carnegie. They were mostly content with driving up to the door and driving from it; only a few entered, probably "old acquaintances," as Mrs. Freeman expressed it, who did not fear the fever. There was a difference in the evening of this day, Brilliana (the doctor's daughter) was present, even among medical men, whether it was infectious or whether it was not; many held that it was not so, though it frequently became epidemic. Mrs. Freeman saw all the visitors in place of Susan; and she unconsciously (without having an idea that the real cause would not be borne her out) helped to keep up the assumption that Mrs. Carnegie had gone to England on business. Susan might possibly have betrayed herself, for she was a bad dissembler, but she was too inwardly miserable to do so, and she was too prudent to attend upon Lieutenant Carnegie.

He was very ill. For four days Susan and the head servant (a native woman, who had grown up children of her own) scarcely left his chamber. At the end of that time the fever was started by the invalid putting out his fifth day, he lay in a half-stupor, his eyes only open at intervals; the sixth he was decidedly better; the sixth he was decidedly better, though he scarcely spoke, seemed to watch what was going on about him.

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