

THE REPERTORY.

THE BRIDAL EVE.

A TALE OF BOSTON IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

In a retired avenue in the rear of Washington street, and near the ever-to-be-remembered 'Old Soth,' stands a venerable pile, surmounted by the uncouth figure of a grimson of the forest, yet known as the Province house. This building was once the gay head quarters of the commander in chief of England's colonial troops. Yes, that antique relic of a departed age where now the busy and important 'cit' resorts to enjoy his 'Havana,' and recruit his temporal man with life's luxuries, was, in olden times, the proud court of a king's military ambassador.

Some six months after the incidents preceding, were seated round a table in this mansion, a few gay young officers of the English army. Mirth and hilarity seemed to reign triumphant. Among the number not the least conspicuous, sat Lord B——; and if the "human face divine" be an index to the heart, he would have been pronounced the happiest of the group.

'Mr. Lord A——,' said young Col. G., a conceited and good humored officer, 'what a lucky dog are you. And then the mortification and envy you have caused a score of others by your good fortune. Poor honor, I was just on the point of attempting an assault on her myself. A lovely wife—and, what is better, a plum by the way of settlement on your marriage—a fine prospect for a king's officer in this cursed Yankee land. I wish to heaven there was another wealthy and beautiful loyal nymph hereabouts. I would make her happy, as I live, for we have nothing else to lay siege to at present. A rout of merriment followed the colonel's confident speech.

'My gallant colonel,' said a more grave major, 'I fear you will never succeed in your feminine sieges. You always get the lucre foremost in the articles of war. Believe me, you will never gain a damsel's heart by courting the daddy's breeches pocket.'

'Don't be too hard, my good major: my mind wanders to that which is most needful. These Yankee sharpers can drain British purses, even though they excel in nothing. But let us drop this, and drink to the health of the fair Miss H. and our good Lord Arthur, not forgetting the approaching festivity, which, thank heaven, will be one bright spot in our dark career.'

We leave this merry company, and return to the quarters of Lord B——. Seated on a coach in his apartment is the youthful messenger—Eugene. But how changed since the eventful night of his arrival. A few months of deep corroding anguish had a fearful contrast in his fair form. The jolly and short curling hair is throw aside and from her fair brow flow luxuriant locks of beautifully tinged auburn. The flashing, fearful eyes, the flushed cheeks, the firmly closed lips, and heaving bosom, reveal to the reader the ardent, devoted Lady Julia. Near at hand stands, regarding her with respectful look, the valet Ralph. After a long and agonizing indulgence in her woe, the lady raised her head and spoke. 'For this painful confirmation of my suspicions I thank thee, my kind Ralph. Now that this falsehood is truly unmasked—now that I feel he has filled my cup of bitterness to the brim—I will witness with my own eyes these blasting events to my young hopes. O, Ralph, what have I not sacrificed for this man? this base hearted monster? Have I not suffered exile from my native land, and passed even the bounds of my sex to behold his smile—to breathe the same air that is charmed by his presence? Have I not sacrificed home, friends, comfort, perhaps my own proud name, for this false wretch?'

'True, madam. But cannot your feigned report of loss of fortune, and your great assistance—the long period since his leaving England, be some atonement for master's untruth?'

'No, Ralph, this will not atone for wrongs like mine. It is but a foolish romantic whim of mine, to witness its effect on him; for this I bore to him my own letters,—and oh! the love and devotion he showed on my thirsty spirit on that night of our meeting. Little knew he who listened and feasted on his every word. Had the fond delusion of that night existed unbroken for one short week, how gladly would I have thrown off all disguise, and surrendered myself, my fortune, and my whole soul to him! But to be thus cast off, slight-

ed, and forgotten! Shall the last of my proud and ancient line be thrown aside by him who once thought, lived, and breathed but in my presence; and all this for an acquaintance of an hour. No, Ralph, I have fed upon his bounty like a dog, and of late, his very brute has had more smiles and kind looks than the neglected and despised Eugene. But I have passed the bound of maiden honor—from shame and an insulted spirit there is no retreat. There yet remains revenge! Revenge, such as woman's heart can only dream! My kind Ralph, you have been faithful to me—be silent yet, and leave.'

Another flood of scalding tears burst from her wild and flashing eyes, and she bent her aching head upon the couch in silent agony.

Bright and joyous was the festal on the night destined for the marriage of Lord Arthur B—— and the lovely Miss H——. Her father's mansion was filled with fair ladies and gay officers of the king, and the 'bright lamp shone o'er bright women and brave men.' Sweet music filled the hall, and proud figures, clad in scarlet and gold, blended with those of virgin whiteness, flitted through the mazy figures of the giddy dance. All present appeared joyful and light-hearted, save one. In the deep recess of a window stood a pale boy. An unnatural brightness beamed from his dark eyes, and he seemed not to note the gaiety before him. The gushing melody that floated through the brilliant apartment, and the ringing laugh of youth, fell not in gladness on his ear. There was no room for the joys within the bursting heart of that lone boy.

The hour for the ceremony drew near, but where are the happy beings for whom this festive circle is gathered? In a secluded arbor of the garden sat a youthful couple, conversing in a low and confidential tone; and how many blissful dreams of the future, and what high and happy hopes urged their delusive visions on the minds of that young pair. They are waited for at the altar. The aged father of the young bride approaches the pale Eugene. 'Tell thy master that the hour is at hand. The boy started like one awakened from a dream—he looked around with a wild amazement, then answered in a voice of hoarse, unearthly tone, 'I will.'

The agony expressed in those brief words rang strangely on the happy group around. The boy had vanished.

Suddenly a shriek rang through the mansion that blanched the blood from many a lovely cheek. All rushed to the arbor. The young nobleman lay stretched upon the earth—the life's blood gushed from his heart, tinged with yet deeper shade than his crimson attire. Sinking by his side was the slight figure of a youth; his open garment revealing the white bosom of a female, with the undrawn dagger yet flashing within its faintly throbbing heart. With the last exertion of fleeting life, she exclaimed, 'This is my Revenge! This the fearful price of a blighted name, of woman's wrongs!'

The bodies of these victims of broken truth were borne to their far distant land. The fair Emma H—— has long since been laid in the family vault of ancient 'Copp's.' All has since changed, save the certainty that mankind are prone to falsehood, and that vows, like bubbles, are as easily broken as made.

From the Boston Courier.

DUTIES OF WOMAN.

We are indebted to the Mercantile Journal for the following extract from a sermon delivered at the church, in Bowdoin street, by its minister, the Rev. H. Winslow. It contains a merited rebuke on those women who are perpetually exhibiting themselves before the public as officers of societies and aspirants for civil and political distinction.

'The physical constitution of the sexes plainly indicates that as a general rule, the more severe manual labors, the toils of the field, the mechanic arts, the cares and burdens of mercantile business, the exposures and perils of absence from home, the duties of the learned professions, devolve upon man, while the more delicate and retired cares and labors of the household devolve upon woman.'

'The intellectual and moral constitution of the sexes, as well as the bible, instructs us that all the affairs of state, both civil and political, all the affairs of the church, as respects both government and public teaching, all the enterprises for evangelizing and reforming the world, all the more public,

literary and religious institutions, especially those embracing both sexes, should be headed and controlled by man; while the modest and retiring, though not less valuable and powerful influences of her personal character and conversation upon her domestic circle, her neighbors and associates, and through them upon the world, together with the fruits of her intellect, imparted not in public lectures but by private instruction, or communicated to the world through the medium of the press, belong to woman.'

'But let it not be supposed that her agency is to be restricted to mere temporal affairs. She ought not, like a sister of old, be 'cumbered with much serving' to the neglect of other and higher duties. To 'look well to the ways of her household and eat not the bread of idleness,' to see that whatever her husband provides, falls to advantage, in the neat and tasteful apparel, the well spread table, the comfort and happiness of her family, is of course a duty never to be neglected; but more, much more than this, remains for her to do. It is her's also to nourish and adorn the young and growing minds; to cause her instructions to distil upon them as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as showers that water the earth; to bend and direct the infant twig in the way it should grow, that it may grow, that it may shoot erect toward heaven; to put forth a mother's restraining and elevating influence upon her sons, that they 'may be as plants grown up in their youth,' and to bestow a mother's guardianship and delicate care upon her daughters, that 'they may be as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace;' to exert a holy influence upon her husband, and by her sweet and tender sympathies to calm his anxious mind, smooth his ruffled brow, and cheer him in the path of self denying duty and of high endeavor—to diffuse all around her, as she mingles in society, the pure and mighty influences of female piety, always savoring of delicacy, modesty, good sense, intelligence, and transparent benevolence—and all this, if you please, adorned with a finished culture, sparkling with chastened and refined wit, and attended with whatever may be most attractive and commanding in the peculiar graces and beauties of the female character—these are the noblest virtues of woman, these are what render her what she was made to be, if we may credit the bible, the help that is 'meet' or suitable for man—such is the help he needs. And who will say that they are not as important, as honorable, as elevated, and that they do not invite and give ample scope to as high intellectual and moral cultivation, as the distinguishing duties of men?'

How sadly then do they mistake, who suppose that the sacred writers depress the female sex, when they so much restrict their influence to personal, essential, intrinsic elevation and goodness! This in fact is the only true excellence, the most glorious of all power. Even the man who must needs stretch for an office, or cover some public notoriety to make himself felt in the world, or to secure honor, is but a sorry man: how much more is she but a sorry woman, who must needs resort to these adventitious means of influence or distinction? No—so far from depressing the female sex, it was the wise intent of Providence in this arrangement to elevate her to the highest point of the most excellent worth and influence; to protect her who was to be the model of all that is lovely in character, and the source of the most transforming and benign influence upon the world, from all temptation to seek the more outward and vulgar forms of honor—to shine in the adventitious distinctions of office, to challenge for her fair name a place in the rude ballot box, or among the candidates for public office, or in the noisy halls of state—to covet for herself a share with those who shine in public exploits.—Hers was to be pre-eminently the intrinsic worth, the essential honor, the pure moral influence of personal excellence; always unassuming, always modest and delicate, always gentle and kind, always full of mercy and good fruits—whose subject is always most loved and adored at home, and then by all who knew her. Who can tell how great the influence, how wide and lasting the blessing, which a woman of such a character will bequeath to the world or how radiant the glory with which Christ will adorn her head in the last day?'

He who begins with severity in judging of another, ends commonly with falsehood.

THE DEATHS OF KINGS.

William the Conqueror died from the effects of enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions. William Rufus died the death of the poor stags which he hunted. Henry the First died of gluttony, having eaten too much of a fish of lampreys. Stephen died in a few days of what was called the iliac passion, which we suppose may be a royal word for prussic acid, or something like it. Henry the Second died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children. A broken heart is a very odd complaint for a monarch to die of. Perhaps "rats-bane in his porridge" meant the same thing as a broken heart. Richard Cœur de Lion died like the animal from which his heart was named, by an arrow from an archer. John died nobody knows how, but it is said of chagrin, which we suppose is another name of a dose of hellebore. Henry the III. is said to have died "a natural death," which with kings and in places, means the most unnatural death by which a mortal can shuffle off his "mortal coil." Edward the First likewise said to have died of a "natural sickness," a sickness which it would puzzle all the colleges of physicians to nominate. Edward the Second was most barbarously, indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own mother and her paramour. Edward the Third died of dotage, and Richard the Second of starvation, the very reverse of George the Fourth. Henry the Fourth is said to have died "of fits caused by uneasiness," and uneasiness in places in those times was a very common complaint. Henry the Fifth is said to have died "of a painful affliction, prematurely." This is a courtly phrase for getting rid of a king. Oh! that the glorious hero of Agincourt should have been got rid of by the priests "by a painful affliction prematurely." Henry the Sixth died in prison, by means known then only to his tailor, and known now only by heaven. Edward the Fifth was strangled in the Tower by his uncle Richard the Third, whom Hume declares to have possessed every quality for government. This Richard the third was killed in battle, fairly of course, for all kings were either killed fairly or died naturally according to the court circulars of those days. Henry the Seventh wasted away, as a miser ought to do; and Henry the Eighth died of carbuncles, fat and fury; whilst Edward the Sixth died of a decline. Queen Mary, the most heartless, or the most bloody hearted of wretches, is said to have died of a "broken heart," whereas she died of a surfeit, from eating too much of black-puddings, her sanguinary nature being prone to hog's blood, or blood of any sort. Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies. James the First died of drinking and of the effects of vice. Charles the First died a righteous death on the scaffold, and Charles the Second died suddenly, it is said of apoplexy. James the Second died abroad, thank God! and we trust that the Duke of Cumberland will do the same. William the Third died from a consumptive habit of body and from the stumbling of a horse. Queen Anne died from her attachment to "strong waters," or in other terms, from drunkenness, which the physicians politely called the dropsy. George the First died of drunkenness, which his doctors as politely called an apoplectic fit. George the Second died by a rupture on the heart, which the periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God. It is the only instance in which God ever touched his heart.—George the Third died as he had lived, a madman. Throughout life he was at least a consistent Monarch. George the Fourth died of gluttony and of drunkenness. William the Fourth died amidst the sympathies of his subjects, and may it be a long time before we have the means of describing the death of his successor.—*Vivât Regina.*—*Saturday Chronicle.*

A description of the person JESUS CHRIST, as it was found in an ancient manuscript sent by Publius Lentulus, Prætor, of Judea, to the senate of Rome:

'There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him a prophet, but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves, and to heal every kind of disease with a word or a touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped, his aspect amiable and reverend; his hair flows in

those beautiful shades which no united colors can match, falling with graceful curls below his ears, agreeably conching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head, like the head-dress of the Nazarine; his forehead is smooth and large; his cheeks without spot, save that of a lovely red; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parted in the middle like a fork; his eyes are bright, clear, and serene. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, and invites with the most tender and persuasive language. His whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegant, grave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh; but the whole world beheld him weep frequently; and so persuasive are his tears, that the multitude cannot withhold their tears from joining in sympathy with him. He is very modest, temperate, and wise. In short, whatever this phenomenon may turn out in the end, he seems to present a man of excellent beauty and divine perfections, every way surpassing the children of men.'

Recent occurrences.—Loafer, with red hair hanging over the collar of what had once evidently been a coat, brought before the Recorder. Recorder intimates that his mode of life is more economical than honest. Loafer suspends the tails of his coat over his reversed arms, and enquires of his Honor 'what he will take to drink?'

New poetess makes her appearance in Ladies' Magazine; fond of getting into the corner of a dimly lighted hall, sitting on a reversed flower pot, looking up at a starless sky, and weeping ever so much.

Charitable old woman calls upon editor to assist in relieving a family found drowned in tears. Editor assumes an expression of face disgraceful to no tombstone, and refers her to the Coroner.

Seven kittens, scarcely a day old, with their fruitful mother, the tenants of an old hat. Loafer walks off with the embryo hopes of future Whittington's. Officer stops him. Recorder sends thief to prison and kittens to the sausage merchant's—an institution for the blind.

Gentleman at Jersey City goes in to bathe.—Loafer steals his clothes. Gentleman standing on the shore without ragged stitch, asks a passer-by if he cannot suppose the perplexing delicacy of his situation? Passer-by says he can.

Frail young woman, with a cambric handkerchief, brought before the upper police. Crime, night walking. Magistrate enquires if she don't think she's a pretty creature? Young woman authorises him to say that when he writes home to his friends.'

Tavern keeper bawls across the street to ice merchant, 'How is ice this morning?' Merchant cocks his head like a magpie, and bawls back, 'Cold as ever.'

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—A lady, who had boasted highly at dinner of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him with

'Charles, will you have some more beans?' 'No,' was the ill mannered reply. 'No' exclaimed, the astonished mother. 'No what?'

'No BEANS, nia,' said the child.

Men of Letters.—The liveliest copy of Orpheus's descent into hell, is when a gleam of inspiration breaks upon a man of genius when surrounded with trouble. All the sound of the lyre, all his pains are at an end; the hot tear leaves the sparkling eye; the snakes of the furies are quiet; Ixion's wheel discourses music, and Sisyphus rests upon his stone, and praises to listen.

Fame.—How many tears, how much blood have been shed to nourish the tree of freedom, of knowledge, or of life eternal, and forgotten! The greatest and most heroic actions are done at home, and the spirit of the world will surely read our annals with a more indulgent eye than the historian, who can scarcely seize upon one in a thousand of our good and great deeds.

A witty Auctioneer.—An Auctioneer said of a gentleman who had bought a table, but never came to take it away, that he was one of the most un-com-for-table persons he ever knew in the whole course of his life!

Why is a dog, biting his tail, like a good Economist? Because he makes both ends meet.