

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BURNES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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## MUSINGS.

I thought on one summer-night,  
"Yours was singing in the light,  
And I was singing too."  
The shadow fell upon the hill,  
And here and there a leaping lily,  
Was laughing on the gale.  
One fleecy cloud upon the air  
Was all that met my eye;  
It floated like an eagle there  
Between me and the sky;  
I clasped my hand and warbled wild,  
As here and there I flew,  
For I was but a careless child  
And did not know the use  
The waves came dancing o'er the sea  
In bright and glittering bands;  
Like little children, wild with glee,  
They linked their dimpled hands;  
They linked their hands, but ere I caught  
"That spirit that I feel,"  
They kissed my feet, and quick as thought,  
Away the ripples flew.  
The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,  
As lightly and as free;  
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,  
Ten thousand eyes were on me;  
For every wave with dimpled face,  
That leaped upon the air,  
Had caught a star in its embrace  
And held it trembling there.  
The young moon too with upturned sides  
Her mirror beauty showed;  
And, as a bark at anchor rides,  
She rode upon the wave;  
The sea was like the heaven above,  
As perfect and as whole,  
Save that it seemed to fill with love  
As thrill the immortal soul.  
As April the immortal soul,  
The leaves, by spirit voices stirred,  
Low murmure on the air,  
Low murmure that my spirit heard  
And answered with a prayer;  
For I was but a careless child,  
Beside the moaning sea,  
I learned at first to worship God,  
And sing such strains as these.  
The flowers, all folded in their dreams  
Were bowed in slumber free  
By heavy hills of dew-drops,  
Whence they chanced to be;  
No guilty tears had they to weep,  
No sins to be forgiven;  
They closed their leaves and went to sleep  
"Heath the blue eye of heaven."  
No costly robes upon their shone,  
No jewels from the sea;  
Yet Solomon, upon his throne,  
Was never arrayed like these.  
And just as free from guilt and art  
The dew-drops on the leaf;  
Ere sorrow saw her bleeding heart  
On this fair world of ours.  
I heard the laughing wind behind  
As playing with my hair;  
The rosy fingers of the wind—  
How cool and soft they were!  
I heard the night-bird warbling o'er  
Its soft enchanting strain;  
I never heard such sounds before,  
Then wherefore weave such strains as these  
And sing them day by day,  
When every bird upon the breeze  
Can sing a sweeter lay?  
I'd give the world for their sweet art,  
The simple, the divine—  
One heart  
As they have melted mine.

## FROM THE HOUSE JOURNAL.

The Emperor Alexander was dead—  
His next brother, the Grand-Duke Constantine, was the natural successor to the throne of Russia, but, by a deed, till then kept secret, Constantine, in Alexander's lifetime, had renounced his claim to the throne in favor of his younger brother, the present Emperor, Nicholas. The accession of the latter to the throne, on the death of Alexander, not only excited general surprise, but an unsettled feeling soon manifested itself amongst the people and the army. The time appeared favorable for the breaking out of a conspiracy that had been forming for several years; and an insurrection took place at St. Petersburg, on Christmas Day, 1825; but the movement of the conspirators was too hasty, and their attempt not being well seconded by the troops, failed.  
One hundred and thirty-eight leaders of the rebellion were seized, tried, and condemned; and almost all of them were sentenced to perpetual labor, or to exile in Siberia. The five principal chiefs were condemned to be broken on the wheel, but did not undergo that punishment, the gibbet being substituted by an ukase of the Emperor.  
Among these five chiefs, the first and most remarkable was Paul Pestel, Colonel of the long and arduous task which he had devoted himself had not wholly engaged the mind of this brave and persevering conspirator. Alive to the charms of the arts, he cultivated them with success, and, in particular, he was an excellent musician.  
The young and beautiful Catharine W. had conceived a devoted attachment to Pestel. Cited with an exquisite voice, she loved to sing his melodies; and with passion with which she inspired him was equally fervent as her own; and if ever the brave conspirator could forget his gloomy reveries, it was when he was seated by Catharine's side, and dreaming of love and happiness.  
On the eve of the day when the insurrection was to break out, Pestel, more absorbed than usual, scarcely answered Catharine when she spoke to him, and at times seemed not to hear her.  
"What ails you to-day, Paul?" she said, taking his hand, "you do not look at me—you do not speak to me as usual. I never saw you so cold, so absent, when you were with me before."  
Pestel looked at her sadly. "What would you do, Catharine, were you never to see me again?"  
"I should die," said Catharine, with enthusiasm, and then added in a voice of terror, "I should die."  
"It cannot be," said Catharine; "you have sworn to love me till death."  
"Yes, Catharine, but this heart beats it is yours. But," (embracing her with ardent but melancholy tenderness) he added, "promise me, Catharine, if I die that you will live, for the sake of your old father, and that, even when I'm dead, I shall never cease to occupy your thoughts."  
"I promise you to live as long as my grief will allow me. But, Paul, it is not I who shall have to undergo this cruel trial."  
"There are presentiments, Catharine, which I cannot mistake!" said Pestel, declining his head on his breast; "an inward monitor warns me that I must abandon my heart, even though it be warmed like my heart with love. If my long neglect be forgiven, and neglect in a proxy writer is scarcely an offence, you shall hear again from me."  
LIZZIE LINSLEY.  
INTERFERED CONDUCT OF A LITTLE GIRL.—I learn from the Boston Advertiser that on Monday afternoon as the children of Col. Thompson and Captain Alden Gifford were playing on the banks of the canal, in Woburn Centre, a little daughter of Col. Thompson, six years old, fell into the canal, when Isabella, the daughter of Capt. Gifford, immediately jumped in to save her little playmate. She seized her, but at the moment both got into deeper water, and their situation became extremely perilous; yet the courageous Isabella strove vigorously to keep her companion's head above water. Both would probably have been drowned, had not the mother of Capt. Gifford, Mrs. George, six years of age, brought to their assistance Mr. Atherton, who was working in a shop not far distant. The little boy was shouting to his sister to save her companion. Both children were nearly exhausted when taken out, and Isabella was nearly speechless for some time.  
AN AMERICAN COUNTRYMAN, fresh from the magnificent woods and rough clearings, was one day visiting the owner of a beautiful seat in Brooklyn, and walking with him through a little grove, out of which all the under brush had been cleared, paths had been nicely cut and gravelled, and the rocks covered with woodbine, suddenly stopped, and, admiring the beauty of the scene, lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "This I like; this is Nature with her hair combed."  
VERY NATURAL.—During the performance of the Italian Opera in Philadelphia, last week, and in the midst of one of the most touching and bewitching passages of the graceful and bewitching Norma, I was so deeply and so passionately interested, that I stepped quickly and passionately to the stage, and said something with so much earnestness that a poor fellow in the parquette started up and exclaimed: "If you don't understand you don't mean; but if you want any help, I'm here!" The magnificent prima donna joined in the laugh caused by this queer sally.—Bulletin.  
A tradesman in Bath has the following printed on his shop-bills:—"My books are so examined, and bad debts, I've so many."  
I'm resolved that in future, I'll not send a penny. Giving credit to friends often friendship endangers.  
And I hope no one will be cheated by strangers."  
SETTING A MAN-TRAP.—Is the title given to a picture of a very pretty young lady arranging her curls at a mirror.

## THE STAR OF GLENGARRY.

The red moon is up o'er the moss covered mountain,  
The hour is at hand when I promised to rove  
With the tartan's daughter, o'er Logan's  
bright water.  
And tell her how truly her Donald can love.  
I ken there's the miller, wi' plenty o' ailer,  
Would fain win a glance from her beautiful e'e;  
But my gin bonny Mary, the star of Glengarry,  
Keeps a' her sweet smiles and soft kisses for me.  
"I'm lang an' I'm first t'rod the highland's gither,  
"Two following bairns gaily starting the deer,  
When I'd o' her my life, my bonny was wife,  
And ne'er knew me joy as when Mary was near;  
And still she's the blossom I'd wear in my bosom,  
The blossom I'll cherish, and wear till I die,  
For my gin bonny Mary, the star of Glengarry,  
She's health and she's wealth, and she's a' good to me."  
THE TEMPTERS AND THE TEMPTED.  
BY CAMILLA TOLMIE.  
CHAPTER I.  
It was an exceedingly comfortable dining-room, in an exceedingly comfortable house. The month was January, and the air was so clear and frosty, that every step which passed seemed to ring upon the pavement. Thick warm curtains, however, excluded all draught and the brightest of fires blazed in the polished grate; while the clear light of a pendant lamp shone upon the desert of chestnuts, in their snowy napkins, and golden oranges. Amber and ruddy-tinted wines sparkled through the rich glass which had held them; but the "comfortable party" were only a trio—Mr. and Mrs. Dixon and their son.  
They were people whom the world had used very kindly, who never had a realizable in their lives. No doubt they had imagined a few; and imaginary sorrows differ from real ones, I believe, chiefly in this—that they teach nothing unless, indeed, their indulgence teach and strengthen selfishness.  
Mr. Dixon was a fine looking man, of about fifty, with rather a pleasing expression of countenance. He was often visited by good, kind impulses, but a certain indecision of character had made him fall under the rule of his partner early in their married life; and the instances, during twenty-five years, in which his best inclinations had been checked, were beyond all numbering. The lady, who was about five years his junior, bore every trace of having been a pretty woman, though on the *petit scale*. Yet there were people who did not like her face; and she certainly bright as her eyes were, they put you in mind of March sunshine, with an east wind blowing all the time. Her lips were thin, and she had a trick of smiling, and showing her white teeth very often, even when she said the most disagreeable things. Richard Dixon, the son, bore a strong resemblance to his mother; though, if the mouth were indicative of sentimentality, he would be a very serious charge, my dear," said Mr. Dixon, putting down the glass he had raised half-way to his lips; "are you sure there is no mistake?"  
"Quite sure," replied the lady; "quite certain Mary must have taken it. I put the piece of lace at the top of the drawer, and the key was never out of my possession, except when I handed it to her."  
"I never heard of a servant I should so little have suspected," returned Mr. Dixon.  
"Nor I either," said the son; and she is, out and out, the best housemaid I ever had—at least the best that ever has been willing to stay."  
Truth always hits hard, and the color rose to Mrs. Dixon's cheek. She was one of those ladies who cannot "keep their servants." "Then had is the best I am sure," she exclaimed angrily; "and for my part I am very glad she is going."  
"And I am very sorry," said the husband. But why did you not tell me a month ago that you had given her warning, instead of leaving it in this way to the last moment?"  
"Really I cannot see, Mr. Dixon, what you have to do with these arrangements. I mention the circumstance now, because the girl is leaving to-night, and because you will see a strange face to-morrow, and would wish to know all about it."  
"But what did she say, when you accused her of theft?"  
"Accused her! You don't suppose I should have done such a foolish thing. A pretty scene there would have been. I know the fact, and that is enough; you don't believe I should have got back the lace do you?"  
"But justice, my dear, justice; surely you should tell her your suspicions."  
"Oh! now that I have engaged another servant, I don't like to see you can tell her for me. But I don't see, myself, what use it is. She is sure to deny it, and then there will be a scene—and I hate such scenes as these as you do."  
At that moment there was a slight tap of the parlor door, and obedient to the "come in" of Mr. Dixon, the discarded girl entered. She was a genteel looking girl, of about twenty, attired in a dark cloak and straw bonnet. She came to take a dutiful leave of the family, and to ask a question which seemed not to have occurred to the party before. In engaging herself with any future mistress and referring to Mrs. Dixon for a "character," what was she to give as a reason that she was discharged?  
So innocent, so interesting, did Mary look, the tears starting in her eyes at the thought of leaving the home of many months, and her cheek slightly flushed, that neither of the gentlemen could believe her guilty. But Mrs. Dixon was in the habit of engaging and discharging about a dozen servants a year, of one sort or another, and was quite hardened against "appealances."  
Mr. Dixon evaded an immediate answer to Mary's question, by asking her whether she was going.  
"I am going into a lodging, sir."  
"That is a pity; you have no friends to stay with?"  
"My friends are all in Wiltshire," said the girl, with a sigh; "and besides that, it would cost me a great deal of money to go to them. I would rather look out for a place than make a holiday."

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she stood at the corner of a street, talking to a friend a few years older than herself. The latter appeared more a favorite of fortune than poor Mary, for she was the shirring girl. Now millionaires can afford to dress in rusty black, and a great many of the sterner sex are either careless to slovenliness about their equipments, or disfigure themselves by a horrible taste; but to be taken as a general rule, subject to but few exceptions, that women—especially young and pretty ones—dress as they wish their means will permit. Hence the warm and richer clothing of Mary's companion proclaimed her better off in the world.  
"It must come to that or worse," said Mary, with a shudder, and the tears stood in her eyes, which shone with that strange gleam of intense mental sufferings. "After all, as you say," she continued, "it would not be a false character, for I never wronged any one of a farthing's worth in my life. If it could be managed—if I could but get a place!"  
"Oh, it can be managed, never fear.—Do you suppose that I could not act the fine lady, when I have acted at a real house for three seasons, and done much harder things, I can tell you. I don't say but what I shall expect you to do me a good turn some of these days, if I should want it."  
"What can I ever do for you?" exclaimed Mary.—"You who are so much above me!"  
Poor Mary! how sadly had her heart been warped by temptation, how sadly must her self-respect have been lowered before she could have formed such an estimate of herself; fallen, or falling, as she already was! Perhaps it were best not to inquire what were the probable services this unprincipled woman expected in return for giving the false character. It is hardly to be supposed that she had sought the acquaintance of the friendless girl without some selfish plan or motive.—They stood talking a few minutes longer, and then walked away in different directions; the elder with the confidence of one who had carried herself successfully through many schemes of deception, the other trembling and abashed at the first breaking down of the barriers of integrity. Oh! ye thoughtless women in your homes applying her fine lace-bordered handkerchief to her eyes, she leaned back in her chair, and sobbed out reproaches to her husband for his cruelty in doubting her. Poor man! what could he think, what could he do? Chiefly, I believe, he resolved never—never again—to interfere between two of womankind; and hurrying poor Mary to the hall door, where a cab and her boxes awaited her, he put a sorrowful and heavy heart, as usual, upon her, and such other words. "The gold dropped from her grasp, as she exclaimed, "No, sir—my character!"  
Mr. Dixon stooped for the money, and pressed it upon her again—till trusting to his assurance that he did not believe her guilty, and that he would see her righted, she consented to accept it.  
It is a subject of painful interest to ask how the hundred and thousands of female hearts—"out of place" in this palatial heart—this Great Metropolis—contrive to exist so weak, and even months together as they do, upon their scanty wages? And plain as the duty is of employers not to deceive one another, by giving an unjust character of a servant, or hiding glaring faults, there is a terrible responsibility in depriving a young woman of a situation, which is not, I fear, generally felt. It seems too often forgotten that servants have peculiarities of temper and disposition as well as their mistresses, and that she who would not suit one family might be admirably adapted to please another.—Surely, it is the most truthful, as well as the most humane plan, in a mistress, to include only to the moral attributes of character, judging charitably—if there be no knowledge darker than doubt—of the general requirements. Servable people may commonly get on well with servants who speak the truth, and have a tolerable share of brains; so much that it is valuable must follow in the wake. If one cannot have both—truth is even more precious than sense. But all this is by the way.—What was poor Mary to do, robbed of her character for honesty?  
A day or two after her dismissal, she called on Mrs. Dixon, re-asserting her innocence, and imploring her mistress to give her such a character as would procure her a situation. But the mistress was firm in her resolve to tell the circumstances to any lady who might call on her as she had cured. It would be tedious to narrate the trial of the friendless girl. How one stranger would have received her into her house, but for this unfortunate episode revealed by Mrs. Dixon; and how, on Mary defending herself with tears and entreaties, the half-convicted lady declared she would have taken her, had Mary told the story at first. Prompted by this assertion, in her next application she confessed the suspicion which attached to her; but there is a very strong esprit de corps among mistresses, and they very seldom think each other wrong. The lady could not see to the moral attributes of character, which she had applied to the mistress occurred to her of applying to the mistress with whom she had lived previously to her service with Mrs. Dixon, and who had discharged her only in consequence of reducing her establishment. Alas! she had left the neighborhood, to reside near a married daughter; but as they had paid every bill with scrupulous exactness, not one of the tradespeople could tell her whether they had gone. The nearest intelligence she could gain was, "somewhere in Kent." Poor Mary! her last anchor of hope seemed taken from her.  
CHAPTER II.  
Winter had given place to Spring, but though the frost no longer bleached the pavement, or crisped all moisture, and although the sun seemed struggling to warm the atmosphere, there was a cold wind which would have rendered warm garments very acceptable, and which blew through the thin shawl of a young girl, as

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she could have a good character if she were not honest," replied the wife, whose mind seemed veering very much towards trying her.  
"That's true," exclaimed the baker, as if a new light were let in on the subject. "Come and see her," said the wife.  
"There were two or three customers waiting in the shop, but during Mrs. Allen's absence, her second child, a little girl about three years old, had made friends with Mary, and was clinging to her hand, and looking up in her face, as if she were an old acquaintance. It may be that this was the feather that pleased the parents and turned the scale.  
"The feelings with which Mary learned that she was to be received in this unusual manner, and that the falsehood which was planned would not be acted for three days to come, at least, were something like those we may imagine a culprit to entertain when he receives a respite of his sentence. A dim hope would make itself felt, a dim hope that something would occur to prevent its being carried into execution.  
With what wonderful activity Mary set to work, or how anxiously strove to please, words cannot easily tell. But the life was a haunting presence that seemed to banish even the hope of happiness. The honest baker and his wife were evidently well satisfied with their new servant. The advantage by which she had profited, of living in a family belonging to a higher station, enabled her to do many things in a superior way; and the Allen were people to appreciate all this. And the neat, nice manner in which she served the Sunday's dinner, of which a couple of friends partook, was commented on. Then the children "took to her," amazingly, and the circumstance of her discovering a half-sovereign which had strangely escaped from the till, seemed to give them the most perfect confidence in her honesty, so that on the afternoon of Tuesday, the appointment having been duly made with the fictitious Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Allen, equipped in handsome silk dress, ready to go "after Mary's character," almost felt that it was a mere form, so certain was she of the girl's acquirements and integrity.  
This was a dreadful moment to Mary. She felt as if her quickly-beating heart sent the blood to the crown of her head; and at the next instant it recoiled, and left her ready to faint; while all the events of her troubled career rushed in strange distinctions before her, even to the history she had learned of the baker's former servant having been discharged for telling a falsehood. But then he had said—"We would have forgiven her if she had not persisted in it!"  
By an uncontrollable impulse, as Mrs. Allen was leaving her parlor, Mary seized the skirt of her dress, and throwing herself a passionate torrent of tears, "it is your goodness that has saved me! Oh hear me, hear me!" And then in broken phrases she poured out the story of her trials and temptations.  
Strange was it to see the slurred looks of her benefactors, and to hear the cold and mournful tone in which Mrs. Allen said—"So you have deceived me after; you would have cheated me with a False Character!" and the good and naturally kind-hearted woman sank on her chair overcome with surprise.  
"We cannot help you," said the baker sternly.  
"Mercy—mercy!" exclaimed the poor girl, and, weak from scanty fare—for she had been too wretched to eat during even the few days that abundance had been before her—she fainted outright. When she came to herself she was stretched on a sofa, with master and mistress both leaning over her. "There was pity on their faces, and tears were rolling down Mrs. Allen's cheeks. In loosening her dress, in their endeavors to restore her, they had come upon a packet of pawnbroker's duplicates, the dates of which, and the nature of the articles pledged, were a touching confirmation of her story. From the "corollian brooch," so easily dispensed with in the necessary cloak, and a prayer book, the mournful chain was complete.  
"We will not turn you away," said the baker, "just now; we will try you a little longer."  
"Your goodness has saved me!" was all the broken girl could utter.  
"But," continued he, "my wife will go to your real mistress, and hear her version of the story. Certainly your confession is voluntary, and I do not believe you are hardened in deception."  
Mrs. Allen set off, and the distance being considerable, she was gone upwards of two hours. What an eternity they seemed to the poor servant!  
"Well, my dear," exclaimed the baker, when at last she returned, "what do you think?"  
"Why I think, James, that a great many people who call themselves ladies, are no ladies at all. Would you believe it, this Mrs. Dixon has found the piece of lace she accused the girl of stealing—found it slipped behind the drawer, or something of the sort; and except for her own regret for sending away a good servant, I don't think she feels her weakness a bit. Poor girl, I cannot help pitying her. It was very wrong to attempt to cheat us with a false character, but in my belief we were none of us, know what we should do if we were so tempted. And besides, you see she was not quite equal to carry out the deception."  
"Why, I don't know that we can," said Mrs. Allen. "Mrs. Dixon says she'll take her back, if she likes to go, for the lady has had three house-maids since she left, and you know it is a much grander place than ours. At any rate, she promises to give her an excellent character."  
"Did you tell this, Mrs. Dixon about the intended false character?"  
"No, I didn't; for I soon found out how matters were, and I felt I should have been wickied to do the girl a further mischief."  
"Quite right, my love," said the baker. "Mary was called in, and the facts relating to her were told."  
"With joyful, and amid the disapprobation of Heaven, she implored that her benefactors would allow her to stay with them, rejecting with something like scorn, the idea of the "grandes" place. Valued as she now served them for years; and pro-

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"There were two or three customers waiting in the shop, but during Mrs. Allen's absence, her second child, a little girl about three years old, had made friends with Mary, and was clinging to her hand, and looking up in her face, as if she were an old acquaintance. It may be that this was the feather that pleased the parents and turned the scale.  
"The feelings with which Mary learned that she was to be received in this unusual manner, and that the falsehood which was planned would not be acted for three days to come, at least, were something like those we may imagine a culprit to entertain when he receives a respite of his sentence. A dim hope would make itself felt, a dim hope that something would occur to prevent its being carried into execution.  
With what wonderful activity Mary set to work, or how anxiously strove to please, words cannot easily tell. But the life was a haunting presence that seemed to banish even the hope of happiness. The honest baker and his wife were evidently well satisfied with their new servant. The advantage by which she had profited, of living in a family belonging to a higher station, enabled her to do many things in a superior way; and the Allen were people to appreciate all this. And the neat, nice manner in which she served the Sunday's dinner, of which a couple of friends partook, was commented on. Then the children "took to her," amazingly, and the circumstance of her discovering a half-sovereign which had strangely escaped from the till, seemed to give them the most perfect confidence in her honesty, so that on the afternoon of Tuesday, the appointment having been duly made with the fictitious Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Allen, equipped in handsome silk dress, ready to go "after Mary's character," almost felt that it was a mere form, so certain was she of the girl's acquirements and integrity.  
This was a dreadful moment to Mary. She felt as if her quickly-beating heart sent the blood to the crown of her head; and at the next instant it recoiled, and left her ready to faint; while all the events of her troubled career rushed in strange distinctions before her, even to the history she had learned of the baker's former servant having been discharged for telling a falsehood. But then he had said—"We would have forgiven her if she had not persisted in it!"  
By an uncontrollable impulse, as Mrs. Allen was leaving her parlor, Mary seized the skirt of her dress, and throwing herself a passionate torrent of tears, "it is your goodness that has saved me! Oh hear me, hear me!" And then in broken phrases she poured out the story of her trials and temptations.  
Strange was it to see the slurred looks of her benefactors, and to hear the cold and mournful tone in which Mrs. Allen said—"So you have deceived me after; you would have cheated me with a False Character!" and the good and naturally kind-hearted woman sank on her chair overcome with surprise.  
"We cannot help you," said the baker sternly.  
"Mercy—mercy!" exclaimed the poor girl, and, weak from scanty fare—for she had been too wretched to eat during even the few days that abundance had been before her—she fainted outright. When she came to herself she was stretched on a sofa, with master and mistress both leaning over her. "There was pity on their faces, and tears were rolling down Mrs. Allen's cheeks. In loosening her dress, in their endeavors to restore her, they had come upon a packet of pawnbroker's duplicates, the dates of which, and the nature of the articles pledged, were a touching confirmation of her story. From the "corollian brooch," so easily dispensed with in the necessary cloak, and a prayer book, the mournful chain was complete.  
"We will not turn you away," said the baker, "just now; we will try you a little longer."  
"Your goodness has saved me!" was all the broken girl could utter.  
"But," continued he, "my wife will go to your real mistress, and hear her version of the story. Certainly your confession is voluntary, and I do not believe you are hardened in deception."  
Mrs. Allen set off, and the distance being considerable, she was gone upwards of two hours. What an eternity they seemed to the poor servant!  
"Well, my dear," exclaimed the baker, when at last she returned, "what do you think?"  
"Why I think, James, that a great many people who call themselves ladies, are no ladies at all. Would you believe it, this Mrs. Dixon has found the piece of lace she accused the girl of stealing—found it slipped behind the drawer, or something of the sort; and except for her own regret for sending away a good servant, I don't think she feels her weakness a bit. Poor girl, I cannot help pitying her. It was very wrong to attempt to cheat us with a false character, but in my belief we were none of us, know what we should do if we were so tempted. And besides, you see she was not quite equal to carry out the deception."  
"Why, I don't know that we can," said Mrs. Allen. "Mrs. Dixon says she'll take her back, if she likes to go, for the lady has had three house-maids since she left, and you know it is a much grander place than ours. At any rate, she promises to give her an excellent character."  
"Did you tell this, Mrs. Dixon about the intended false character?"  
"No, I didn't; for I soon found out how matters were, and I felt I should have been wickied to do the girl a further mischief."  
"Quite right, my love," said the baker. "Mary was called in, and the facts relating to her were told."  
"With joyful, and amid the disapprobation of Heaven, she implored that her benefactors would allow her to stay with them, rejecting with something like scorn, the idea of the "grandes" place. Valued as she now served them for years; and pro-