

BY MOORE & THOMPSON.

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## THE BROTHERS.

Some men are born to greatness—some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Henry Manning belonged to the second of these three classes. The son of a mercantile adventurer, who won and lost a fortune by speculation, he found himself called upon to choose between the life of a western farmer, with its vigorous action, stirring incident and rough usage, and the life of a clerk in one of the most noted establishments in New York.

Miss Harcourt was coming from Washington, to spend a few weeks with her friend Mrs. Duffield. And what was Miss Harcourt's visit to Mrs. Duffield to do with George's visit to her? asked Mrs. Manning.

A great deal—at least, it has a great deal to do with my regret that he should come just now. I told you how I became acquainted with Emma Harcourt in Europe, and what a splendid creature she is. Even in Paris, she bore the palm for wit and beauty—and fashion, too—that is in English and American society. But I did not tell you that she received me with such distinguished favor, and evinced so much pretty consciousness at my attentions, that had not her father, having been chosen one of the electors of President and Vice President, hurried from Paris in order to be in this country in time for his vote, I should probably have been induced to marry her. Her father is in Congress this year, and you see she no longer learns that I am here, than she comes to spend part of the winter with a friend in New York.

Henry rose at this, walked to the glass, surveyed his elegant figure, and continued to cast occasional glances at it as he walked backward and forward through the room. He resumed the conversation.

All this is very encouraging, doubtless; but Emma Harcourt is so perfectly elegant, so thoroughly refined, that I dread the effect upon her of any *outré* association—by the by, mother, if I obtain her permission to introduce you to her, you will not wear that brown hat in visiting her; a brown hat is my aversion; it is positively vulgar—but to return to George—how can I introduce him with his courtly, boisterous, western manners to this refined lady? The very thoughts chill me.

And Henry Manning shivered—and yet how can I avoid it if we should be engaged? With December came the beautiful Emma Harcourt, and Mrs. Duffield's house was thronged with her admirers. Her's was the form and movement of a huntress queen, rather than one trained in the halls of fashion. There was a joyous freedom in her air, her step, her glance, which had she been less beautiful, less talented, less fortunate in social position or in wealth—would have placed her under the ban of fashion; even Henry Manning, the very slave of conventionalism, had no criticism for her. He had been among the first to call on her, and the blush that flitted across her cheek, the smile that played upon her lips as he was announced, might well have flattered one of even less vanity.

The next day, before Henry had time to improve these symptoms in his favor, on returning home, at five o'clock, to dinner, he found a stranger in the parlor with his mother. The gentleman rose on his entrance, and he had scarcely time to glance at the tall, manly form, the lofty air, the commanding brow, ere he found himself clasped in his arms, with the exclamation, "Dear Henry! how rejoiced I am to see you again!"

To George Manning the physical and intellectual man had been developed in rare harmony. He was taller and larger than his brother Henry, and the self-reliance which the latter had laboriously attained from mastery of all conventional rules, was his by virtue of a courageous soul, which held itself above all rules but those prescribed by its own high sense of the right. There was a singular contrast, rendered yet more striking by some points of resemblance, between the pupil of society and the child of the forest—between the Parisian elegance of Henry and the proud, free grace of George. His were the step and bearing which we have seen in an Indian chief; but thought had left its impress on his brow, and there was in his countenance that indescribable air of refinement which marks a polished mind. In a very few minutes Henry became reconciled to his brother's arrival, and satisfied with him in all respects but one—his dress. This was of the *great* cloth, but made into large, loose trousers, and a species of chauffeur shirt, trimmed with fur, buttoned round the waist, and descending to the knee, instead of tight pantaloons and closely fitting body coat prescribed by fashion. The little party lingered long over the table—it was 7 o'clock when they arose from it.

"Dear mother," said George Manning, "I am sorry to leave you this evening, but I will make you high amends to-morrow, by introducing to you the friend I am going to visit, if you will permit me. Henry, it is so long since I was in New York, that I need some direction in finding my way—must I turn up or down Broadway for No. 10?"

"Number 10?" exclaimed Henry, in surprise. "You must be mistaken—this is Mrs. Duffield's house." "Then, I am quite right, for it is at Mrs. Duffield's that I expect to meet my friend this evening."

With some curiosity to know what friend of George could have so completely introduced him to the fashionable Mrs. Duffield's house as to make an appointment to go with him, and show him the way. There was a momentary hesitation in George's manner before he replied.

"Very well, I will be obliged to you." "But, excuse me, George—you are not surely going in that dress—this is one of Mrs. Duffield's reception evenings, and early as it is, you will find company there." George laughed as he replied: "They must take me as I am, Henry. We do not receive our fashions from Paris at the West."

Henry almost repented his offer to accompany his brother; but it was too late to withdraw, for George, unconscious of his feeling, had taken his cloak and cap, and was waiting his escort. As they approached Mrs. Duffield's house, George, who had hitherto led the conversation, became silent, or answered his brother only in monosyllables, and that not always to the purpose. As they entered the hall, the hats and cloaks displayed there, showed that as Henry supposed, they were not the earliest visitors. George paused for a moment, and then said, "You must go in without me, Henry—show me to a room where there is no company," he continued, turning to the servant—and take this card to Mrs. Duffield herself."

The servant bowed low to the commanding stranger, and Henry, almost mechanically obeyed his direction, muttering to himself, "Free and easy upon my honor." He had scarcely entered the usual reception room and made his bow to Mrs. Duffield, when the servant presented his brother's card. He watched her closely, and saw a smile playing over her lips as her eye rested upon it. She glanced anxiously at Miss Harcourt, and crossing the room to a group in which she stood, she drew her aside. After a few whispered words, Mrs. Duffield placed the card in Miss Harcourt's hand. A sudden flash of joy irradiated every feature of her beautiful face, and Henry Manning saw that, but for Mrs. Duffield's restraining hand, she would have rushed from the room. Recalled thus to a recollection of others, she looked around her, and her eyes met his. In an instant her face was covered with blushes, and she drew back, with embarrassed consciousness—almost immediately however, she raised her head, with a proud, bright expression, and though she did not look at Henry Manning, he felt she was conscious of his observation; as she passed with a composed, yet joyous step from the room.

Henry Manning was awakened from a dream. It was not a very pleasant awakening, but as his vanity, rather than his heart was touched, he was able to conceal his chagrin, and appear as interesting and agreeable as usual. He now expected with some impatience the denouement of the comedy. An hour passed away and Mrs. Duffield's eye began to consult the marble time-piece on her mantle. The chime for another hour rang out, and she left the room, and returned in a few minutes, leaning on the arm of George Manning.

"Who is that?" "What noble looking man is that?" were questions Henry Manning heard from many—a very few only, the exclamation—how oddly he is dressed! Before the evening was over, Henry began to feel that he was eclipsed on his own theatre—that George, if not in the fashion, was yet more the fashion than he."

Following the proud, happy glance of his brother's eye a quarter of an hour later, Henry saw Miss Harcourt entering the room in an opposite direction from that in which she had lately come. In this was a ruse on her part to veil the connection between their movements, it was a fruitless caution. None who had seen her before could now fail to observe the character of her beauty, and those who saw a thousand blushing apparitions start into her face whenever her eye rested on her, could scarcely doubt his influence over her.

The next morning, George Manning brought Miss Harcourt to visit his mother, and Mrs. Manning rose greatly in her opinion of Henry's estimation when he saw the affectionate deference evinced to her by the proud beauty.

"How strange my manner must have seemed to you sometimes," said Miss Harcourt to Henry one day, "I was engaged to George long before I met you in Europe, and though I never had courage to mention him to you, I wondered a little that you never spoke of him. I have doubted for a moment that you were acquainted with our engagement."

"I do not even yet understand where and how you said George met me." "We met at home—my father was Governor of the Territory—State now, in which your uncle lives—our homes were very near each other, and so we met almost daily while I was still a child. We have had all sorts of adventures together,

for, George was a great favorite with my father, and I was permitted to go with him anywhere. He saved my life twice—once at the imminent peril of his own, when, with the willingness of a spoiled child, I would ride a horse which he told me I could not manage. Oh! you know not half his nobleness, and tears moistened the bright eyes of the happy girl."

Henry Manning was touched through all his conventionalism, yet the moment after he said, "George is a fine fellow, certainly, but I wish you could persuade him to dress more like other people."

"I would not, I could," exclaimed Emma Harcourt, while the blood rushed to her temples; "fashions and all such conventional regulations are made for those who have no innate perception of the right, the noble, the beautiful—not for such as he—his is above fashions."

What Emma would not ask, she yet did not fail to recognize as a proof of correct judgment, when George Manning laid aside his western costume, and assumed one less remarkable.

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## A Railroad Incident.

I had, with a special selfishness, placed my small valise upon one seat in the car, while I took another, so that I occupied a bench to myself and a lady, who seemed to be unattended, had quiet possession of the bench immediately in front of me. Most of the other places in the car were occupied. At a stopping place, another lady was admitted, and the conductor, with due regard to propriety, placed her on the bench with the solitary female in front of me. It was not until we had run several miles, that some trifling matter arrested the attention of all the passengers, and brought the two in front of me, face to face—and such faces I have not often seen. They were alike in features and expression, and they were also alike in the exhibition of feeling; surprise, anger and mortification.

"Is that you, Elizabeth?" "Yes, Mary, it is—but I certainly did not know you were here; I should have found another seat, and will seek one now."

She looked around, but was evidently struck with the impropriety of such a movement. "I should suppose if you could find time to go to the city, you could have found time to attend your father's death-bed?" "If I did not attend, it was because I knew you had been sent for, too, and I had no wish to see you there."

"You might have gone, for I supposed, of course, you would attend, and so I stayed at home." "Unwilling to listen I attempted to read, and succeeded in avoiding a considerable portion which followed. It was evidently altogether domestic, and required neither assistance nor listener. At length it became almost impossible to avoid hearing a portion."

"Your husband might have helped it; if he had chosen to do right." "Most people can judge better of their people's husband's bad character, than of that of their own—at least they seem to hear more of it; my husband tried hard enough to settle the difficulty."

The whole family peace might have been preserved, and the family property have been saved, if you had not undertaken to rule us all for your own good." "I rule! Well, that is well; I rule, indeed!"

"Did you not say to me, that you would never have read, until you had driven us off the homestead?" "No, never!"

"Did you not inquire of lawyer M—, what amount of money would satisfy a mortgage?" "My husband did."

And was not that in order to take possession of the place?" "No; my husband had received money, and he was anxious that you and yours should have the advantage of it; and he sought to become the proprietor himself. I confess that it was against my wish, as I knew he could buy the place at auction for less than he would advance on it; and I had no reason to wish you better off."

"And, why not?" "Did you not say to me, that you would never have read, until you had driven us off the homestead?" "No, never!"

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kindness, were punished. The old widowed father, had been allowed to die, without the sacred offices of his daughters, the blessing and the tears of paternity. The property had been wasted, and the stranger had been benefited by the wrong. It was some time before either of the party in front of me could speak. At length one turned to the other and said: "So father died, and was buried without us? A band of such was dropped between the seat; they met in a firm grasp."

The ladies alighted at Lancaster, and went into one of the houses at the depot; in a room, they evidently discussed their domestic estrangements, and in view of the sufferings which their folly had caused, the one threw herself upon the bosom of the other, and they lifted up their voices and wept.

"Let us not part now, Elizabeth; come with me—put your trunk into my carriage, and go home with me now." "But what will your husband say to see me coming?"

"What would your husband say to see me at your house?" "I will go! they will both be delighted, and father's grave." "The plain carriage swept up the hill, and I thought that the bridal pair, which took an opposite direction, were not as happy as the reconciled sisters, who had sacrificed upon a fathers grave all the ardor of youth; and smiles and joy must have been in and around the house, whither they went."

The sunlight that follows the shipwreck is not less beautiful, though it shines upon the remnants of a broken bark; what is saved is so much more precious than that which has been lost. The domestic circle is always too precious to make excusable any neglect to prevent or heal disturbance. There are enough to minister, by hints and reports, to domestic unhappiness; and, unfortunately, the best, under such circumstances, are much prone to mistake, and thus misinterpret motives—and render, with no direct object, are magnified into mountains of intentional offence. It is the same in social life. Let us guard against it. Delicate relations are like the polish of costly cutlery; dampness, scrodes, & the rust, though removed, leaves a spot.—U. S. Gazette.

COL. DONIPHAN and COL. ZENOPHON.—The New York Post compares Col. Doniphani's expedition from Missouri through New Mexico to the march of the Rio Grande with the famous expedition of the five hundred Greeks under the renowned leader of nearly similar name—Col. Zenophon. The last has become classic because it was told in so charming a manner by Xenophon, and all Doniphani has to do is to write as perfect a history of his expedition to make it be read two thousand years hence. The Greeks were led from near Babylon through Armenia to the Black Sea, and thence to Chrysopolis, three thousand four hundred and fifty-three English miles. It was accomplished in fifteen months, and a large part of it through an unknown and mountainous and hostile country, and in an inclement season; the Greeks losing every thing except their lives and arms. Doniphani and the Missourians travelled over six thousand miles in twelve months, neither receiving supplies nor money, but living exclusively on the country through which they passed, and supplying themselves with powder and balls by capturing them from the enemy. They fought three battles, of each of which they were victorious, over greatly superior numbers. There are, the two, most remarkable expeditions that have ever occurred.

The St. Louis Revue tells from a gentleman from New Mexico that "an American of distinguished name, who had been massacred at the time that Wardo and others fell, still lives, and that he has from the first been one of the prime instigators of the butcheries that have taken place, both at the Moro and Taos. It is alleged that he has been seen long since the massacre, among a band of outlaws, and that he appeared to be their leader. Strange and seemingly incredible as this story is, we are assured that at Santa Fé it is generally believed to be true."

One of the chief reasons why Mexico could not to an immediate settlement with this government, is the expressed and widely circulated sympathy of some of our own countrymen, whose intellectual power and prominent political position through long years are supposed to have overwhelming influence upon the action of our administrations. If it were not for this unfortunate sympathy, a sort of consideration among our people, but of much magnitude in Mexico—this deluded country would have come to terms long ago.

A contemporary pronounces the following cure for the gout, taken from an ancient work, to be a sure remedy, which you believe.

1st. He must pick a handkerchief from the pocket of an old maid of fifty years, who never had a wish to change her condition.

2d. He must wash his throats with the handkerchief.

3d. He must dry it on a person's hedge, that never never covetous.

4th. He must send it to a doctor's shop that never killed a patient.

5th. He must mark it with a lawyer's ink that never cheated a client.

6th. Apply it to the part affected, and a cure will speedily follow.

7th. Virtue gains and maintains friendship.

for, George was a great favorite with my father, and I was permitted to go with him anywhere. He saved my life twice—once at the imminent peril of his own, when, with the willingness of a spoiled child, I would ride a horse which he told me I could not manage. Oh! you know not half his nobleness, and tears moistened the bright eyes of the happy girl."

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