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TERMS—\$3.00 in advance. If not paid, till the end of the year, 50 cents additional will be charged. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the editors. RATES OF ADVERTISING. TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE. One square one or three insertions \$1.50 Every subsequent insertion less than 10 lines 10 cents. One square, 2,000 3,000 4,000 5,000 6,000 7,000 8,000 9,000 10,000 11,000 12,000 13,000 14,000 15,000 16,000 17,000 18,000 19,000 20,000 21,000 22,000 23,000 24,000 25,000 26,000 27,000 28,000 29,000 30,000

IN THE NIGHT TIME.

Through blinded streets and garden space, On trailing hedges, without a sound, On lead and lead, on stone and stone, The black rain clatters in the gouts. The dog howls from his kennel, and the cat, The red cock crows on outposts far, And, behind walls, one phony dog, Swears earth and air in dripping arms. Sit close to me, for I am faint, And heed this whole companion ship. The human pair that lightly glide From touch of hand, and without a word, Sit close to me, I sit delect. Horrendous round with prison bars, And only catch through barred shutters, One little strip of waving stars. Is it our neighbor's horse that snort? The stall it or with his restless hoofs? Or is it some poor creature, that is dead? The fact of Fate cross him the roof, Back, how the dark roused wainwrights groan, And he does clack on hall and stairs, And the wind whistling, up and leaps, From branch to branch of walnut bare. Sit close to me, for I am sick, And heed this whole companion ship. Alas the vision of the day, Is baffled in the heart of dark. From—sounded, the air, You clout is blotted with afloat, The bird chatters on the window sill, The bird chatters, in the sky.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Abolitionists and Abolitionism.

In the year 1857, an individual named Hinton H. Helper, who had been forced to leave his native State of North Carolina, in disgrace, published a book of which he was the reputed author, entitled, "The Impending Crisis." This book recommended direct warfare on Southern slavery, "be the consequences what they might." It was so extravagant in tone, and so diabolical in its designs, that it was at first generally supposed to be the work of a fool or mad-man. No one of good sense could believe that any sane or civilized person would entertain any such diabolical purposes as it professed. What, however, was the surprise of the public, when this disunion book was adopted by the Abolitionists as a campaign document, and its atrocious principles endorsed by SIXTY-EIGHT of their members in Congress. I will add an abstract of the principles this book advocates, taken from the latest edition of the work, published by A. B. Burdick, No. 145 Nassau Street, N. Y., 1860, and the names of their endorsers, &c. THE PROGRAMME. 1. "We unhesitatingly declare ourselves in favor of the immediate and unconditional Abolition of slavery," page 26. Although this will destroy the Union of our Fathers! 2. "We cannot be too hasty in carrying out our designs, for the Southern States has the exclusive right to establish and control its own domestic institutions. 3. "No man can be a true patriot without first becoming an Abolitionist," page 116. Hence General Washington, Thomas Jefferson and all the patriotic Fathers of the Union were not "true patriots!" What an infamous slander! 4. "Against all slaveholders, (such as Washington, Jefferson and Jackson) we Abolitionists wage an exterminating war," page 120. 5. "Slaveholders are a nuisance, and it is our imperative duty to abate nuisances; we propose, therefore, to exterminate slavery, than which no scheme itself is less a nuisance," page 132. 6. "Slaveholders are more criminal than common murderers," page 140. 7. "All slaveholders are, (by the Constitution) under the shield of a perpetual license to murder," page 141. 8. "It is our honest conviction that all the pro-slavery slaveholders, who are alone responsible for the continuance of the baneful institution among us, deserve to be at once reduced to a parallel with the basest criminals that lie fettered in the cells of our public prisons," page 158. 9. "Were it possible that the whole number of slaveholders (such as Washington and his associates) could be gathered together and transferred into four equal gangs of licensed robbers, ruffians, thieves and murderers, society, we feel assured, would suffer less by their atrocities than it does now," page 158. 10. "Once and forever, at least so far as this country is concerned, the infernal question of slavery must be disposed of. A speedy and absolute abandonment of the whole system by the Abolitionists, say, the true interest or policy of the South, and this is the policy, right or wrong, we propose to pursue," page 121. 11. "Slaveholders, it is for you to decide whether we are to have justice peacefully or by violence, for whatever consequence may follow, we Abolitionists are determined to have our policy one way or the other," page 128. 12. "We Abolitionists unfurl our disunion banner to the world." "Inscribed on the banner which we endorsers of the Helper book, henceforth unfurl to the world, with the full and fixed determination to stand by it, or die by it, unless it be more virtuous slavery which is presented, are the mottoes which in substance embody the principles, as we conceive, which should govern us." "The Mottoes on our Banner." 1. "Thorough anti-slavery organization and independent action on the part of non-slaveholding whites of the South." 2. "Ineligibility of slaveholders, never another vote to be trifled with in human flesh." 3. "No co-operation with slaveholders in politics, no fellowship with them in religion, no affiliation with them in society." 4. "No patronage to slaveholding merchants, no guests to slaveholding hotels, no fees to slaveholding lawyers, no employment to slaveholding physicians, no assistance to

5. No recognition of pro-slavery men except as ruffians, outlaws and criminals. 6. Immediate death of slavery, or if not immediate, unqualified proscription of its advocates, during the period of its existence," pages 155 and 156. 7. "Thus, traitor engenders of the South, have we Abolitionists fully and frankly defined our position; we have no modifications to propose, no compromises to offer, nothing to retract. From this, rest, cease, prepare your weapons, threat, strike, shoot, stab, bring on civil war, dissolve the Union, nay, annihilate the solar system if you will—do all this, more, less, better, worse, anything—do what you will, sirs, you can neither fill nor intimidate us; our purpose is as firmly fixed as the eternal pillars of heaven; we have determined to abolish slavery; and, so help us God, abolish it we will." Page 187.

THE ENDORSERS, ADERS AND ABETTERS OF THIS REVOLUTION AND TREASON. NEW YORK, March 9, 1859. Dear Sir—If you have critically read and examined the work, you will agree with us that no course of argument so successfully controverting the practice of slavery in the United States, and enforcing a precise and adequate view of its prostrating effects, material and moral has equalled that of the volume entitled "The Impending Crisis of the South: How to meet it," by Hinton Rowan Helper, of North Carolina. No other volume now before the public, as we conceive, is, in all respects so well calculated to aid us Abolitionists, and induce in the minds of its readers a decided and persistent repugnance to slavery, and a willingness to co-operate in the anti-slavery struggle, and to destroy that pernicious State institution.

The extensive circulation of a copious compend of the work in question among the (pretended) liberty loving voters of the country, would we believe, be productive of most beneficial results (in favor of Abolitionists and Abolitionism,) and to this end we will assist you in carrying out a plan we have devised for the destruction of the old Union, by the gratuitous distribution of one hundred thousand copies of such a compend, which will contain about two hundred pages bound in pamphlet form. This compend would contain very nearly all the matter for our particular use, now embraced in the regular volume, (which sells for one dollar per copy,) can be had well printed on good paper, for sixteen cents each—\$16.00 in the aggregate. This amount we propose to raise (to bring on war between the North and the South in such sums as you and other good friends of our (reasonable) cause feel disposed to subscribe.

Every person who convenient, contributors to the cause (of revolution) will please make their subscriptions in the form of drafts, or certificates of deposit, payable to the order of Hon. William H. Anthony, No. 16 Exchange Place, N. Y., our Treasurer and Disburser, who will regularly, through the New York Tribune, (the Abolition Bible) acknowledge receipts of the same. Every person who subscribes ten dollars or more, will, if timely application be made, be entitled to a many copies of the compend for distribution as he may desire, not exceeding the number that the amount of his subscription would pay for at net cost. Subscribers names, with the sums severally subscribed by them, in all cases where the amount is ten dollars or more, will appear alphabetically arranged, in the latter part of the compend.

Correspondence or personal interviews in relation to this Abolition enterprise, (for the destruction of the Union and peace of the States) may be had with any one of the undersigned (traitors to the Constitution) who will be pleased to receive subscribers, and to assist in the consummation. An early response from you is respectfully solicited. WM. H. ANTHONY, Treasurer. 16, Exchange Place, New York. S. E. SEWALL, Boston, Mass. W. B. THOMAS, Philadelphia. W. McCLELLY, Wilmington. G. L. WILKINSON, Baltimore. L. CLEPHANE, Washington. C. M. CLAY, White Hall. F. P. BLAIR, Jr., St. Louis. APPEAL OF C. W. ELLIOT AND OTHERS. The undersigned having been appointed a committee in New York, to aid in the circulation of Mr. Helper's book, on the plan proposed above, beg leave to recommend the subject to the public and ask their co-operation (in depriving the South of their personal and State rights.) Subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. W. H. Anthony, directly or through either of the undersigned committee. C. W. Elliot, David D. Field; C. A. Peabody, J. A. Briggs, R. H. McCurdy, Wm. C. Noyes, E. Ketchum, A. Wakeman, J. Kelly, B. F. Manierre. MR. SEWARD'S ENDORSEMENT. ALBURN, N. Y., June 28, 1857. Gentlemen—I have received from you a copy of your recent publication, entitled "The Impending Crisis of the South," and have read it with deep attention. It contains a work of great merit, (in misrepresentation of the South,) and is a valuable information and logical analysis, and I do not doubt that it will exert a great influence (in misleading the public mind) on the subjects of truth and justice. I am gentlemen, very respectfully, your obedient servant, WM. H. SEWARD. CONGRESSIONAL ENDORSEMENT. We, the undersigned, Members of the House of Representatives of the National Congress, do cordially endorse the opinion and approve the enterprise set forth in the foregoing circular: Schuyler Colfax, Anson Ferguson, George Lovejoy, A. P. Granger, Burlington, D. D. Morgan, G. A. Grow, J. R. Giddings, W. B. Wade, C. C. Chaffee, W. H. Kelsey, W. A. Howard, H. Waldon, I. Sherman, G. W. Palmer, D. W. Gooch, H. L. Dawes, L. S. Morrill, I. Washburne, Jr., I. A. Bingham, Wm. Kellogg, E. B. Washburne, G. Stanton, E. Dodd, C. B. Tompkins, S. Andrews, Geo. C. Washburne, S. G. Durfee, E. B. Potvin, DeWitt C. Leach, J. F. Potter, T. Davis, (Mass.), J. E. Farnsworth, C. L. Knapp, R. E. Fenton, P. Bliss, M. W. Tappan, C. Case, T. Davis, (Iowa) J. Pike, H. B. Boyce, L. D. Clawson, A. S. Murray, R. B. Hall, V. B. Horton, F. H. Morse, D. B. Wood, S. M. Parker, S. C. Foster, J. M. Gilman, C. W. Hoard, J. Thompson, J. W. Sherman, W. D. Brantley, J. Buffinton, O. B. Matteson, R. Mott, G. B. Cobbin, E. P. Walton, J. Wilson, S. A. Purviance, F. E. Spinner, S. M. Burroughs. A fund for circulating 100,000 copies gratis. It is believed that this institution of a Southern man, born and reared

generally listened to and profoundly needed, (and there are more who desire the people and accomplish our object,) than are equally able and conclusive works written by a Northern man. And it is very desirable, therefore, that a cheap compend of its contents, fitted for gratuitous circulation, be now made and generally diffused in those States—Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana and Illinois—which are to decide the Presidential contest in 1860.

James Kelley, Chairman State Central Committee, Horace Greeley, B. S. Herrick, J. A. Kennedy, J. Jay, T. Weed, M. Spring, J. C. Underwood, A. Wakeman, W. H. Anthony, W. C. Bryant, T. D. Smith, R. H. McCurdy. In aid of the general fund for circulating 100,000 copies of the work in hand, subscriptions up to the 15th of June 1859, amount to about \$3,700, of which the following, as will respectively appear, have been received in sums of from \$10 to \$250: Beers, Abner New York city, \$10. Bonney, B. W. do do, \$100. And so follow the names and sums till \$3,700 is reached. We have not room to give each name and the amount contributed to this disunion "enterprise," and work of destruction! Such is the record, however, and we now ask, in all candor, whether these men, the leaders of the Abolition party, who endorsed and circulated the above book, are not morally, before High Heaven, responsible for the revolution and bloodshed which has followed? If they really intended to carry out their threatened designs, when they got into power, then every man can see why the South took such steps as she thought would insure her safety. If they did not intend to carry out these threats, they are none the less responsible, for they convinced and alarmed the South that they did intend to carry them out. There is, therefore, no escape for us as being justly and mainly responsible for bringing on the late civil war. They did do this, and the object was to divide the Union, and remain in power, and for this party purpose they oppose the President's reconstruction policy now.

Can the people be any longer deceived as to who are justly responsible, before God, for our late horrible, fratricidal and devastating negro equality, civil war, and all the sorrowful consequences that have followed in its bloody train? I think not. In confirmation of the truth of this black and damning record, I refer to the present anti-Abolition tracts No. 3, pages 18, 19, 20, 21 and 22, and the Helper incendiary publication, as cited above. JEFFERSON. A BITTER LESSON. "Don't go, Helen. Can you not for once sacrifice your pride to your husband's happiness? It may save you years of regret and pain." "No; Charles is unreasonable, Annie, and I will show him that I am not a child to be driven by him into his way and wishes. The young wife's beautiful face bore a hard, determined expression, as she stood before the long mirror in her elegant dressing room, fastening a spray of scarlet flowers in her black hair. The gentle eyes of a middle-aged lady regarded her sorrowfully, for Mrs. Tilbury was not naturally willful or unamiable, as she saw in her present action the result of her brother's mistaken policy, in refusing to accompany his wife to the evening party which she had set her head upon attending. He was domestic and home-loving in his disposition, while she was gay and lively; but she had ever deferred to his wishes, and sacrificed much for his pleasure. Unfortunately, the longing to go out in the olden way had proved so strong as to cause her to plead for the indulgence, and she had refused her without any reasonable grounds for that refusal. She was made to feel that he was selfish in the action, and her proud spirit rose up in rebellion against what she came to regard almost as tyranny, in the excitement of the moment. There had been sharp, bitter words for the first time in the course of their married life, and each felt that she had been wronged. The next day, the appearance of Mr. Tilbury at the usual dinner hour, and the firm resolve of his wife to go without him, and against his will—Miss Tilbury, who was residing with them—an only sister, an invalid, and a quiet, gentle, intelligent woman—had seen and heard all with a heavy heart, clearly perceiving the dangerous ground on which those two young people were standing. Knowing how vain it was to strive with her brother's will when he had declared his purposes, she turned to Helen, hoping an appeal to her better nature and State rights. Subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. W. H. Anthony, directly or through either of the undersigned committee. C. W. Elliot, David D. Field; C. A. Peabody, J. A. Briggs, R. H. McCurdy, Wm. C. Noyes, E. Ketchum, A. Wakeman, J. Kelly, B. F. Manierre. MR. SEWARD'S ENDORSEMENT. ALBURN, N. Y., June 28, 1857. Gentlemen—I have received from you a copy of your recent publication, entitled "The Impending Crisis of the South," and have read it with deep attention. It contains a work of great merit, (in misrepresentation of the South,) and is a valuable information and logical analysis, and I do not doubt that it will exert a great influence (in misleading the public mind) on the subjects of truth and justice. I am gentlemen, very respectfully, your obedient servant, WM. H. SEWARD. CONGRESSIONAL ENDORSEMENT. We, the undersigned, Members of the House of Representatives of the National Congress, do cordially endorse the opinion and approve the enterprise set forth in the foregoing circular: Schuyler Colfax, Anson Ferguson, George Lovejoy, A. P. Granger, Burlington, D. D. Morgan, G. A. Grow, J. R. Giddings, W. B. Wade, C. C. Chaffee, W. H. Kelsey, W. A. Howard, H. Waldon, I. Sherman, G. W. Palmer, D. W. Gooch, H. L. Dawes, L. S. Morrill, I. Washburne, Jr., I. A. Bingham, Wm. Kellogg, E. B. Washburne, G. Stanton, E. Dodd, C. B. Tompkins, S. Andrews, Geo. C. Washburne, S. G. Durfee, E. B. Potvin, DeWitt C. Leach, J. F. Potter, T. Davis, (Mass.), J. E. Farnsworth, C. L. Knapp, R. E. Fenton, P. Bliss, M. W. Tappan, C. Case, T. Davis, (Iowa) J. Pike, H. B. Boyce, L. D. Clawson, A. S. Murray, R. B. Hall, V. B. Horton, F. H. Morse, D. B. Wood, S. M. Parker, S. C. Foster, J. M. Gilman, C. W. Hoard, J. Thompson, J. W. Sherman, W. D. Brantley, J. Buffinton, O. B. Matteson, R. Mott, G. B. Cobbin, E. P. Walton, J. Wilson, S. A. Purviance, F. E. Spinner, S. M. Burroughs. A fund for circulating 100,000 copies gratis. It is believed that this institution of a Southern man, born and reared

at all, or make some sacrifice for my gratification. I must look to others for what he refuses me. Jenny, ring and ask if brother Arthur is waiting in the parlor." Miss Tilbury sighed wearily. The long speech which Mrs. Tilbury had just uttered was not devoid of truth. There should not be sacrifice all upon one side. She knew that she was fully conscious also that her brother had not meant to be selfish. If Helen would allow herself to be influenced in the matter, now that trouble had arisen, she felt persuaded that Charles would see his error and appreciate his wife's forbearance, while, on the contrary, if she persisted in her course, the breach might be irreparable. With a very heavy heart she heard the arrival of Mr. Arthur Orton announced, and saw Helen sweep toward the door with the step of a queen. One great pang forced her to follow and make a last appeal. "Oh, Helen, you will go?" "Yes, Annie, you will go?" "My dear sister, and turned a royally beautiful haughty face to her sister-in-law. The anguish in the gentle woman's eyes softened her a little, and she hesitated a moment. Then she re-crossed a room, put one little jeweled hand over Miss Tilbury's shoulder, and kissed the pale cheek. "Do not worry and look so miserable, Annie. Am I going to commit a crime, that you should dread to do? Charles must be taught what is due to his wife, if he will not see for himself. Do not sit up long, but go to bed in peace. I will not be out very late. Now, good-night, dear, sister sister." Tears rained over that sister's cheeks, and the beautiful vision glided away, not happily, but with that proud spirit of defiance and wilfulness that brings its own punishment. As she entered the parlor, her brother exclaimed in rapture at her appearance, and his eyes danced with pride and fondness as he thought of the admiration she must see. No man entered the brilliant drawing-rooms of the great man of the town that night with such feelings of contentment as strolled in Arthur Orton's company excited, and with a sense of anger Mr. Tilbury's refusal had caused him when his sister apprised him of her need of him as all escort, faded away in the delight of the sensation he created with so lovely a vision before him. It was a failing of the Ortons to take inordinate pride in their beauty and gentle bearing. This one weakness had arisen errors that had marred the happiness of more than one of the unfortunately gifted race. And yet it is not to be wondered at if his head erected itself more triumphantly, or her cheek kindled as they moved through the crowd, hearing upon all sides the complimentary expressions and gentle bowing. Her re-appearance in society was in itself a noteworthy event. Ladies so unusually handsome are seldom known to give up all the attractions of the world for a quiet fire-side, and her retirement had occasioned no little wonder. Now the re-appearance of an acknowledged belle, more beautiful than in her first year as a debutante, drew scores of eager and curious and pleased friends around her.

In a short time her tablets were filled, and she found herself in the bewildering saloon, gliding through the dance, under a blaze of lights and ravished by the sound of entrancing music. Her eyes burned, her lips wreathed with smiles, while the soft glow on her cheeks deepened to vivid crimson. In the pleasure of the hour, all her unhappy feelings passed away, and she was joyous. Never had she been so witty and brilliant, never so courted, admired, surrounded, flattered. It was all like a bewildering dream, a fairy scene of eastern splendor and delight. "Mrs. Tilbury, it is possible this can be you?" A tall stately gentleman had made his way to her side, and bent over her hand with courtly grace. He had once seen her name with her, and he had seemed to wish to see her, for he had given her much pain, for he was too unprincipled and calculating with all his wealth, polish and refinement, to win a heart like hers. Many eyes were upon the pair now, conscious of the past in relation to them, and she was compelled to appear cold and unmoved, and to receive the congratulations, even while she trembled in every limb. "Yes, it is indeed," she laughed, "were you at a loss to recognize me? Fie, I had not thought to be so soon forgotten." In her effort to appear at ease, she had said the very thing she ought not to have said. "Not forgotten," he murmured, "I was but surprised to have so long forgotten you. How could you be so cruel? Or rather, how could Mr. Tilbury be so selfish as to rob us of our queen? Some valiant champion of society's claims should call him out."

What a pang shot through her heart. Did this man dare to imply a reproach in his speech about her husband? Was the old leaven of his fierce jealousy a work to mete out to her with the air of an insult? The disappointment she had caused him in wedding another and a better man? Already the spell was fading and the intoxicating cup was tinged with bitter drops. From another those words might have sounded meaningless badinage; from him they could not be so; and as she trembled more violently with involuntary remorse, she fixed her eyes on the man who had just spoken. She had not expected or thought of this trial! And now spring in her heart the longing for that safe-she had abandoned so wilfully—its safety, security and peace! "Will you take my arm for a promenade, Mrs. Tilbury? You look weary." Mrs. Tilbury's eyes gleamed, her gloved hand reluctantly upon his sleeve. He quietly drew the little member to a firmer resting place, and walked on ignoring her agitation, and talking, animatedly on indifferent topics until she regained confidence. With her confidence, pride returned, and a sort of self-possession of reasoning with which still she thought of going away. How silly she was! Did not her position as Charles Tilbury's wife furnish her sufficient protection; and was not her own brother near her, to shield her from misconception? Better if she had followed the first natural impulse that rose in this man's presence, and fled the scene at once.

"Helen, you had better shun that man," whispered Arthur once as he passed near and found an opportunity to speak unheard. "His devotion excites my head!" Mrs. Tilbury lifted her head haughtily. "Arthur! This from you! Am I first that people should dare to comment upon my actions? Have I not the blood of the Ortons in my veins? I am not a conventite or a coward, and I defy the world, if it dares to criticize my actions." "Oh, child, be careful! Such a spirit can do you harm only—not good. Your Orton pride and courage will not prove an invulner-

dal. I am your brother and a man of the world. Be advised by me." Evidently he was a man of the world, for he covered his earnest words by only a slight show of brotherly attentiveness, and laughingly left her. Mrs. Tilbury had a great deal of natural delicacy and tact, which she managed without seeming intent, to keep Mr. Hudson at a distance. If sometimes he got near her after that warning from Arthur, she made him retire in spite of himself, and leave her to others, a course which gained him credit, and inwardly cursed her, and he was unmanly enough to delight in a triumph born of her fears of public opinion. But the battle was a severe one, and intensely weary. She longed to escape, and looked around for Arthur that she might ask him to take her home. At that moment a lady at little distance, and had not his watchful glance upon her. Wishing to escape without being noticed by him, she glanced through the crowd eagerly. "For whom are you looking?" asked a gentleman with whom she had just finished a quadrille. "My brother. Ah see him over there by the folding doors. Will you be good enough to conduct me to him?" "Shall I not bring him here?" "O, no! I prefer to walk. These rooms are hot, and it is nearer the conservatory." They made their way through the crowd till they came near him, when suddenly Mr. Orton disappeared. They followed and caught sight of him as he passed on to the green-house with a lady on his arm. Mr. Carleton smiled. "I think not this moment. Please to leave me here on this chair. I feel like resting, and when he returns he will be surprised to see me. I am much obliged and will not detain you longer." He would have lingered, but the tone and manner deferred him. With a low bow he withdrew and left her alone. Through the open door came the low splash of a fountain and the odor of spicy plants. She could not see the fountain, but she felt the light place and rest under the leafy shadow, and so arose and glided swiftly within the conservatory. "I shall see Arthur as he goes back," she said to herself, "and I am so weary."

She dropped upon a rustic chair and leaned her hot brow against a marble vase which she had just passed. A shower of rich petals fell over her as she dozed, breathing their rich fragrance all around her. Amid the cool freshness and beauty, she sat and thought—thought regretfully of the step she had taken, wishing that she had possessed the power to stifle pride and spare herself this heart-ache. "Helen, not yet is thy lesson complete! Not yet is the cup more than tasted which contains the bitter draught." "Helen, why do you fly me?" The young wife started up with a cry, striving vainly to shake the hot, close grasp of Mr. Hudson's fingers from her hand. "Be still," he said in low concentrated tones, "for you must hear me. I see how it is. You are not happy with your despotic husband. He shuts you from the world as he would imprison a captive, and wastes your superb beauty on senseless walls. He is jealous of you, and wrongs you with his want of confidence. Where is your womanly pride, that you submit to it? Oh, Helen, had you been mine it would not have been thus. I would so have loved and cherished you. You should have been proud to wear before all men, and I should so exalt myself in the honor of your possession, no thought of jealousy could ever enter my mind. He never loved you as I did—as I do still and must."

Helen struggled, threw up her hands and sank like a crushed thing to the ground. She had never so loved and cherished her husband. They had struck her dumb with indignation, and before she could break the spell, a pale face gleamed through the leafy covert between them and the door. That pale face and those gleaming eyes which seemed to blaze upon her, instantly disappeared, and as Charles Tilbury turned his back to Helen from the spot, his wife sank senseless at Mr. Hudson's feet. He had not been quite prepared for this, and for a moment knew not what to do. But the first thing that occurred to him, was to dash water in her face. Seeing nothing near to convey any in to the lady, he dipped his handkerchief hastily in the little fountain, and applied it to the white face. She stirred and gasped, struggled and sat up. He raised and supported her with his arm, not daring to speak, and by the dim light she saw his face as she looked up in bewilderment. Instantly the color rushed back to her white lips, and with an imperious gesture, she wrung herself from his grasp, sweeping from the place with the air of an insult. He could not see how she trembled, or hear her heart beat with the sudden weakness that had been the result of her illness; he only saw the proud carriage of the beautiful head—the fierce flash of the blazing eyes.

Straight through the crowd to her brother she made her way, and placed her hands upon his arm. "Arthur, I am ill. Take me home." He looked down at her in alarm, as well he might, for already the blood had again receded, leaving her as pallid as snow. "Why what is it? What has happened?" "Take me home," she gasped, "and ask me no more questions. My head aches, my arms are numb, and I feel only in my carriage and prepared to follow her. She put out her hand. "Stay here, Arthur, and do not come with me. I ask it as a great favor, and you must obey my wishes." "Why, Helen, what is the matter?" "I simply do not want you. Let me go home alone, and at some early date I will tell you why. Now good night." The carriage drove away, and the bewildered man stood looking after it in amazement. "What is the reason that all women will be enigmatical?" he muttered discontentedly. "Sick and will not let me take her home. By Jove, if that Hudson has had anything to do with this I will can him within an inch of his life!" In some excitement he returned to the drawing-rooms and passed them in search of that gentleman. It was with a deep sense of relief that he found in the room farthest from the conservatory, quietly seated beside a lady with whom he was conversing in calm serenity. If anything had occurred between him and his sister, he would not soon have been there and so coolly engaged. He had forgotten that men of the world are most

speaking. Satisfied upon this point, he came to the conclusion that it was merely a woman's whim and dismissed it from his thoughts, lingering for half an hour longer in the parlor ere he took his departure. Meanwhile Mrs. Tilbury had reached home, and hastened up to her room. Had her husband been there, she would have humbled herself at once, thrown herself upon his mercy and acknowledged her fault; but the room was silent and the gas burned dimly. She would hear the heavy throbbing of her own heart with painful distinctness as she restlessly paced back and forth. What had become of Charles? Why had he not returned? She expected to find him there, and furiously angry, but now a new and terrible fear arose—a fear that he had lingered to demand satisfaction of her cowardly indifference. She would have been glad to arise out of it. There was no one whom she could send and if there had been how could she give directions by which her husband could be found? It was a trying hour.—Truly she was now beginning to taste the bitter cup of repentance.

Back and forth she paced with hands clasped together in speechless agonies. The dawn that found her night-black hair fell off and lay in a glittering heap at her feet, but she did not heed it. Jewels flashed from her arms and bosom—glowed in her dress, sparkled on her fingers, but their powerful beauty had no charm now to still the anguish of her heart. A picture of splendid misery she swept up and down the long room, scorning the peerless beauty that had given her the sound of a custom step ascending the stairs, which brought her to this strait. "Oh, my God," she prayed fervently, "save me the consequences of my folly." "Save my husband from harm and from rashness. The fault is all mine. Let the punishment come upon me, but not through him. My husband! Oh, Charles! Charles!" She fell upon her knees beside a chair, burying her face in the cushion, smothering the sobs that rose wildly in her throat and struggled for utterance. Hours passed. The gray dawn was dispelling the darkness of night, when the strained ear of the young wife caught the sound of a cautious step ascending the stairs, she sprang to her feet breathlessly and waited his entrance. In a moment he came in, his hands and linen covered with blood! "Charles! Charles! oh, my God, have you murdered him?" The words rang in a wall through the grand room. "No; you need not be alarmed madam. I have only caned him as he deserved. I had to wait a long time before I could catch him, but when I did so, I gave him a souvenir of this night's folly he shall never forget. So pitiful a pout I would never stoop to fight. Caning was all that was entitled to at the hands of an honorable man." Helen's eyes flashed. Before he was aware of her intention her arms were around him, her kisses on his face. "Oh, Charles, my darling! thank you! I am glad, glad! All that I feared was ill to you. If he had injured you I should have murdered him! Oh, that he should dare to utter such words to me!" "Helen, I held her from him sternly. "I charge you as you value our future, to tell me truthfully if you did not know Clement Hudson was to be at Mrs. Burton's tonight?" "No; as I live, I did not know he was in America. When did I ever stoop to falsehood that you would take a horse through the room. He was much disturbed. Finally he paused and looked at her. "Helen, I cannot be otherwise than open with you always. I have loved you so, I was jealous of everything. Do you think I did not know that I wronged your feelings in keeping you from the world? But you are so beautiful you cannot help exciting admiring glances, and to see a set of contemptible puppies following you would make me wretched. Whenever you have mentioned balls, parties or operas, it has filled me with fear. Doubly so has it been since you spoke of this one, and I knew that he would be there. I thought you knew it, and my jealous heart whispered that in this way the cause of my obstinate persistence, and I may be pardoned if I agonized me. I resolved to follow and see for myself. Was what I did calculated to calm my fears—or what I heard him utter to you soothing? Concealed, I watched your returning consciousness, and saw your manner of leaving him. That saved my faith in you. By a side door, he reached the street and saw you leave. Then I watched for him, and castigated him well for the insult. Oh, Helen, I ought to have killed him. To think of the words he dared to utter in your ear!" "Charles, forgive me! It was my own wilfulness which brought it upon me. I did not dream of harm or danger, and I felt only that I thought an innocent wish. God only knows what I suffered this night. The lesson has been enough for a life time, and out of such folly can come no more like it." She bowed her proud, beautiful head upon his arm, and wept while he put his other arm around her and pressed a kiss upon her cheek.

It was not a lesson for her only. He had extracted one as much needed, and in after time was less selfish, and more careful of her wishes. He knew that he had not been blameless, and in giving her the protection of his presence, made his own happiness and hers, by securing her from harm, and ministering to innocent desires, which, however seldom required indulging by going into gay society. A YOUNG fellow was taking a sleigh ride with a pretty girl, when he met a Methodist minister who was somewhat celebrated for being the matrimonial knot on short notice. He stopped him and asked hurriedly: "Can you tie a knot for me?" "Yes," said the brother B—, "when do you want it done?" "Well, right away, if it's lawful here in the highway?" "Oh yes, this is as good a place as any—as safe as in the Church." "I want a knot tied in my horse's tail to keep it out of the snow!" shouted the wicked wag, as he drove rapidly away, fearing lest the minister in his profane wrath, should fall from grace.

"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I often read of people poor but honest; why don't they some times say rich but honest?" "Tut, tut, my son," said the father, "nobody would believe them."

When a fellow is too lazy to work, he paints his name over the door, and calls it a tavern or grocery, and makes the whole neighborhood as lazy as himself.

Of what song are you reminded by a flash of lightning in New Orleans, the other day, shivered the crystal of a lady's watch, in her belt, without injuring her; and a hurricane in the night moved a house seven feet from its foundation without awaking

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