

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, EDITOR.
O. N. WORDEN, PRINTER.

LEWISBURG, UNION COUNTY, PENN., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1852.

VOL. VIII—NO. 37.
WHOLE NUMBER 405.

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

AN INTERESTING FAMILY JOURNAL.
Issued on Wednesday mornings at Lewisburg,
Union county, Pennsylvania.

TERMS—\$1.00 per year, for each volume in advance;
\$1.25 if paid within three months; \$2.00 if paid within
a year; \$2.50 if paid before the year expires; 5 cents for
single numbers. Subscriptions for six months or less,
to be paid in advance. Discontinuance optional with
the Publisher, and when the year is paid up.
Advertisements liberally inserted at 25 cents per
square one week; \$1 for four weeks; \$2 for ten weeks;
\$3 for six months; \$7 for a year. Mercantile advertise-
ments, not exceeding one fourth of a column, \$10 a year.
FOR WIRE and special advertising notices to be paid for
when wanted in or before.
Advertisements solicited from all sections of general in-
terest not within the range of party or sectarian contest.
All letters must come post paid, addressed to the real
address of the writer, to receive attention. If they
relate exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be
sent to HENRY C. HICKOK, Editor, and forwarded to the
business to O. N. WORDEN, Printer.
Office on Market street, between Second and Third, over
the Post Office. O. N. WORDEN, Proprietor.

THE GRAY OLD MAN.

BY T. HENNING.

There's a gray old man on our northern hills,
A stern and gloomy old man he is;
His eyes are deep and his forehead is high,
His nose is long and his hair is gray.
And his lips are thin and his teeth are white,
His hands are wrinkled and his feet are small.
He lives all night in the joy of youth,
He lives all night in the joy of youth,
He lives all night in the joy of youth,
He lives all night in the joy of youth.

When he is well, he is the best of men,
And his heart is true and his mind is clear;
But when he is sick, he is the worst of men,
And his heart is false and his mind is queer.
He is a man of many moods, and many ways,
And his heart is full of many things;
He is a man of many moods, and many ways,
And his heart is full of many things.

ELIZABETH BARTON.

(Continued.)

Such were my sensations under the first
shock of the threatening symptoms. The
flushed cheek and flashing eye; the nervous
energy, bordering upon delirium; the
throbbing, wiry pulse, and burning heat,
crisp and all that snowy purity of
complexion; all these arrayed against the
rouged resistance of that noble constitution
—unfolded like a battle-chart to my startled
apprehension. And the grouping
of the anxious family, which always has
its force in medical prognosis; the father,
with his look of fear and helplessness,
breaking into tears and tenderness, so
unusual with him; the mother, looking
that complete break down wretchedness
which she felt; Mary, busying herself with
nursing duties, which she is inventing to
crowd out the thickening thoughts of dan-
ger; and the children, with eager alarm
in their little faces, peeping from under
cover in every corner that could command
my countenance, to read their hopes and
fears in its expression! How electrical
the focus of such burning eyes, the centre
of such warning thoughts, becomes! and
how much depends, to the patient, family,
and physician, upon the impressions of
that first fronting with the malady! Its
intensity must be broken by a movement
of professional authority, and hearts get
relief in the activity of the hands, or mis-
chief will follow that can not be repaired.

"Bring me some water, Mary, fresh
from the spring—a large bowlful and a
thick towel for her pillow. We must
sponge her head and hands, till the excessive
heat is well reduced; and, Mary,
bring her a tumbler, lippin' full, to drink
too."

"Oh, thank you, bless you, Doctor;
I'm burning with this thirst and fever!
All day long the water in the spring run
has been rippling just beyond my reach—
the sound of its dropping falls like snow
upon my ear; it boils upon my hot tongue;
and the steam of it fills and soothes my
very brain. It runs away between my
spread fingers, when I try to dip it up, and
it bursts out into flames as soon as it touches
my hot lips. Oh, give me some cool,
fresh, sweet water, and let me rest, for
I'm so weary; and—and—I have so much
to do when I waken."

"The trouble on her mind is for us, as
it always is," groaned out the father; "and
she's just killed with labor. I wish it was
myself that was lying there, and as well
prepared, for I'm so used now; and she'll
be hard to spare in this desolate family.
She has kept us together, with hard strug-
gling, many a long day, and I thought she
would be spared to us, and then we would
hardly want anything else in life. Must
we lose her, Doctor, dear, do you think?"

"Lose her! No, it is not possible. It
is not in the harmony of things. We
love her as well, and need her more, than
the angels do; and we'll hold her here
with a heart-strength that will not fail us.
Fear nothing, believe and wait."
My own prophecy did but little to re-
assure me; but fear answered as well when
hope failed, and without bating a jot of
effort, I gave her such skill of medicine
and nursing, as head and heart could fur-
nish for nineteen days and nights; doing
double duty with half rest, in order to

distribute even justice to my other patients,
and watch for the changes that I feared
in her case. How still my heart stood at
that cottage doorstep, when I made my
visits in the night, while I paused to catch,
by the well known signs of the sick room,
how the patient was supposed to be by her
attendants, before the courage could be
summoned to meet the facts in all their
certainty. And when, day after day, the
same changeless stupor hung upon her
brain, the same hot pestilence rioted thro'
her frame, till she lay a wreck upon the
fever surges that were slowly wasting her
—oh, what questionings of my own com-
petency; what doubtfulness of my profes-
sion's truth and usefulness; what
prayer and wrestling with the Power that
held the issues of her life, for deliverance
from the impending danger!

At last, one fine November morning,
when faith and hope, and even affection,
had worn weak by their own exhausting
tension, and the suspense, grown into a
habit, held our hearts in a mechanical,
steady stupor, suddenly the clouds broke,
and the heavens and earth smiled out with
joy again, like the waking of a summer
morning after rain. The crisis was past,
and she was given back to us, and we at
once together like children, and played
with our recovered blessing, as with a new
toy, given by a loving parent on the
morning of a holiday.

Critical illnesses often work other
changes in the patient, besides the various
physical phases of their progress
—changes that become permanent in the
habits of feeling and character of
thought. These discovered themselves in
Elizabeth, during her convalescence, by a
happy consciousness of all the interest that
we felt, and a gaily frank acceptance of
the services which we rendered her. No
weight of work and duty lay heavy upon
her heart now, and her affections flowed
out rich, genial, and generous, without
check or censure from an over severe sanc-
tity of spirit. Affectionate tenderness,
flowing in upon her for the first time in
her hard life, had its natural effect; her
mental tension and strictly ruled emotions
lost their strained resistance under the
indulgence of loving kindness. The rigid
habitude of devotedness and self sacrifice
was relaxed by bodily feebleness, and her
present feeling of release from carefulness
of others; and, her long checked affections
opened broad and bright, like the flowers
of a late spring in the first full flood of
sunshine.

It was about the third day after the
happy turn, when the hope of her recovery
felt well assured, that I was first impressed
with these thoughts about her. Mary had
succeeded in thoroughly dressing her
luxurious hair; the bed, made up in the
tone of the new hopefulness, was snowy
white in its purity of appearance, and
manufactured by Elizabeth's own hands
the year before; and a pink gingham
bed gown, which I recognized as an old
acquaintance doing a new duty, lent its
delicately relieving tints to the exquisite
fairness and fineness of her pure complexion,
still too pale from her recent illness. The
windows were open to the genial air,
the sunlight lay mellow upon her pillow,
and a smile of holy sweetness played upon
her face. Wotud in the conscious com-
munion of her inmost life, and saw the
real as in a vision, and felt the true, as it
were a dream. The imagination had there
materials for its brightest fantasies; but
there was a soul within, and a simplicity
of fact beneath this transfigured life, that
might stand the ordeal of the hardest-
baked philosophy. I marked the fact that
she had now first awakened to the full
consciousness of her own loveliness. Its
proper joy gave it light to her eye, and its
melody to her voice, that morning, just
as the breezes, birds, and rivulets breathed,
and sang, and smiled out the gladness and
glory of their own beauty. The severe
restraints of her girlhood, which had gar-
nered while they repressed her life's
natural outflow, now gave way under the
new impulse. The reverent tenderness of
those whom she most loved had found
occasion in her illness for manifestations
that she could feel, without the abatement
of self-proof, her own real worth, and a
divine blessing in the sense of it. It
rested like a crown upon her natural
nobleness, converting that cottage into a
very presence chamber; and the bed, and
beauty which rested on it, seemed an altar
with its angel. It came to me like a
religion, and lent a lasting beauty to my
life—an abiding sense of the sacredness of
pure womanhood.

That winter I had devoted to the com-
pletion of my collegiate term of study.
Three precious weeks of the session had
gone by, while I lingered with Elizabeth;
for I could not leave her till her health
was certainly re-established; and I may,
perhaps, as well confess that I was in no
special hurry to take my own discharge.
After all, it was only one of the professors
whom I cared very much about losing for

the first month of the course, and so I
took a little more time than in strictness
might have sufficed for preparation of de-
parture.

Returning from the country town one
evening, two days before the morning fixed
for leaving for the city, a furious storm of
wind and rain drove me for shelter into
the farm house of a friend and sometime
patient, where I was delighted to find the
Rev. Mr. Ashleigh staying for the night.
He had been absent from the circuit for a
month or more, on a visit home. His
brother had died, and left him guardian
of two young children, whose care had a
little while detained him. His greet-
ings were unusually earnest and impressive;
they made me know that he had something
to say to me in trust, or that I could do
something for him. We had not been
friends before, exactly, but near enough
to it, to become so through the sympathy
of the first scrape that either of us might
fall into. A private interview was im-
possible, for the rain kept us in the house,
and the family wouldn't miss a word of
the conversation of the Preacher and Doc-
tor, or leave us a moment alone, for the
world. They were too polite and respect-
ful for that! And as it rained on severely
till early bedtime, I agreed to stay with
them.

That night we occupied the same bed.
Two hours, full, he talked, as I felt, about
everything but the matter on hand, until
I grew weary, and with solicitousness
know what exactly was the matter with
the fellow. At midnight the sky cleared,
and a bright moon burst gloriously out;
its light fell full upon my face, through
the window; I marked it, and turning
toward him, familiarly said: "Brother
George, did you ever walk out alone, on a
fine night, to talk to the moon, and when
you met her face to face, didn't you
know what to say to her, eh?"

His whole manner changed; his fine
face filled full of high emotion; he rose
upon one elbow, and laid his other hand
upon my heart; thrilling with the appal-
ling meaning of its touch, and looking
steadily and largely into my eyes, he said
slowly and impressively: "Doctor, do
you know Elizabeth Barton?" His look
held the question where his words had put
it, with such impressment, that I lay still
under its imposing earnestness, till it was
hard to make my answer fittingly. My
mind maneuvered for a moment or two, for
an escape, but it wouldn't do; "the truth,
the whole truth, and nothing but the
truth," was the demand, and in all plain-
ness it rose spontaneously, and I could
only touch it as it passed my lips, with a
relieving shade of humor.

"Know her! My dear fellow; know
her! why, I don't know anybody else."
He fell back upon his pillow, as if he
had been smitten, and gazed in turn into his
face. He hid it with his hand, and whispered slowly:
"Wait a moment, and I'll tell you."
"That's you," said I, "unbuckle your
budget freely, and let me look over your
assortment. I'm ready for anything that
you have on hand; especially, anything
about Elizabeth." My gaiety relieved
him; and rising again, quite as earnest,
but not quite so awful as before, he said
in tones as mellow as pity for himself
could make them.

"Doctor, I love that girl to desperation."
"Whew! whew!"

"Hear me, Doctor, do hear me; I
know what I am saying. It is true as
heaven, it is the only true truth left in
me. I love her as never man loved a
woman before. What shall I do?"

"Do—do—your superlative simpleton!
why, get up—this moment, go saddle your
horse, gallop over the ridge, kick the door
down, throw yourself at her feet, tell her
you love her, with your face set to the
same expression that you have told me;
and if she don't accept you on the spot,
take your boarding, or fall sick, and stay
till she does. Now, my poor fellow, lie
down and take a good cry, and you'll feel
better. I'll sit up with you till the crisis
is past. There—there—on your own side,
please! you're smothering me! and more
than that, Toby Myers will hear you
lawling out; I heard him turn in his bed
just now; he'll be up here directly if you
don't behave, and then I'll have to tell
some capital lie for you, about the night-
mare, to account for this blubbering. Come,
do behave yourself, will you?"

In a few moments he reined up and
carried himself steadily, and then he told
me how he had been impressed by his
first sight of her; how he kept thinking
about it; how he preached an entire ser-
mon to her, soon afterwards, and how,
after a little while, he could scarcely preach
at all, because she was present with her
earnest eyes fixed so steadily and coolly on
him; how he called as often as he could
invent occasion, at her father's; and how
incessantly that everlasting loom went on
with its work; how many efforts he had
made to gain some conversation with her;

and how completely he was always baffled
by her busy occupation, and her reserved
demeanor, until he felt worried out of his
life with disappointment and uncertainty.
"Uncertainly," said I, "what about?"
"What about?" he answered sharply,
almost angrily; "what about? why, Doc-
tor, what do I know about her? Can she
read and write? I'm hardly sure that
she can talk. Do you know that I am a
gentleman; or must I tell you? And
more than that, I am not quite a fool,
either. My family is fashionable; I am
wealthy—and I can not marry an unedu-
cated wife—a woman that I must blush
for, till I grow ashamed even to love her.
Oh Lord! what shall I do?"

"Do, I'll tell you what to do. Just
hold your tongue till you hear me; and
then hold it afterwards till you tell your
story to Elizabeth and hear what she has
to say; for you have not wit enough now
to take care of yourself!"

"That's not very hard to say, I reckon,
for it hasn't to be felt first," was his reply.
Then pausing for five minutes, he added
slowly, and as he thought, very resolutely,
"I'll do nothing more about it. I must
go home again in January to attend to
business, and (here he drew the clothes
right about his shoulders like a man de-
termined to sleep), I'll not be sent back to
this penitentiary circuit again, I suppose;
so, if I can forget her, she is dropt, that's
all. But if the good Lord thinks other-
wise, why, I suppose it will be brought
about somehow. Let me see—you start
for the city in a day or two. Of course,
you think it safe to leave her. And,
maybe, I shall never see either of you
again. God bless you, Doctor, I'm glad
and thankful that you are her friend!"

Another long silence, and he turned up
upon his elbow again. "See here, my
dear brother Doctor: you are in love with
Miss M. Now, I don't ask your confi-
dence—I don't want it; but tell me just
one thing. If you marry Miss M., and I
were to marry Elizabeth, would your wife
visit mine, there in that old cabin, among
those looms and pots, and rickety old
chairs, and I don't know what all?"

This brought me to my elbow decidedly;
and, thrusting him down upon his pillow,
and laying my shut fist upon his breast,
instead of an oath, I answered him with a
ring of the real metal of my meaning in
every word: "If she wouldn't, she shouldn't
live with me, that's all; so please don't
make a special fool of yourself!"

The poor fellow's eye mistened, his
face softened into a happy smile, and lay-
ing his open palms upon my temples, he
whispered, "The good Lord bless you,"
detaining every word as it passed his lips,
to give it all the earnest tenderness that
was welling up from his full heart.

The next morning, I inferred that he
had slept as I did; he looked as fresh
and happy. I waited for breakfast for the
sake of his company homeward, and I
noticed how Mrs. Myers mistook her
voice and looked more womanly than
usual when she spoke to him, at the table.
Something had turned up within him that
you have on hand; especially, anything
about Elizabeth." My gaiety relieved
him; and rising again, quite as earnest,
but not quite so awful as before, he said
in tones as mellow as pity for himself
could make them.

"Doctor, I love that girl to desperation."
"Whew! whew!"

"Hear me, Doctor, do hear me; I
know what I am saying. It is true as
heaven, it is the only true truth left in
me. I love her as never man loved a
woman before. What shall I do?"

"Do—do—your superlative simpleton!
why, get up—this moment, go saddle your
horse, gallop over the ridge, kick the door
down, throw yourself at her feet, tell her
you love her, with your face set to the
same expression that you have told me;
and if she don't accept you on the spot,
take your boarding, or fall sick, and stay
till she does. Now, my poor fellow, lie
down and take a good cry, and you'll feel
better. I'll sit up with you till the crisis
is past. There—there—on your own side,
please! you're smothering me! and more
than that, Toby Myers will hear you
lawling out; I heard him turn in his bed
just now; he'll be up here directly if you
don't behave, and then I'll have to tell
some capital lie for you, about the night-
mare, to account for this blubbering. Come,
do behave yourself, will you?"

blowing before he had climbed to the top
of the rough ridge. By the time he got
into my secret, as usual, I was quiet, and
waves that leave us by the way.
Mr. Ashleigh had been married almost
a month, and he looked already as if it
were quite a settled matter with him. He
gentleman with a sharp eye in his head,
children, a couple of old folks, and a young
gentleman with a sharp eye in his head,
were not to be taken deep into the con-
jugal confidences. I thought he did not
fully believe in my profound respect for
everybody and everything that surrounded
him, and I was for a moment shabby
enough to hope it was nothing worse than
that. But no matter—I had business
order the ridge a little earlier and more ur-
gent than I had thought of until now, and
was about shaking hands respectfully, when
Elizabeth, the Elizabeth of my memory,
peeped out of the new Mrs. Ashleigh, and
asked me for a word in private. I gave
her my hand,—we walked to the spring-
head, a few from the house, and quickly
found ourselves all right again.

Turning to me, she said, "Doctor, I owe
you along with other things, a bill for medi-
cal attendance."
"If you do, Elizabeth, you will have to
owe it, along with the other things, and
pay it the same way."
"I'm glad and thankful to have it so,"
she answered, in a manner full of beauty;
"I do not wish to owe you less, to take
one grain's weight of my debt from my
memory or affections, but I thought it due
to Mr. Ashleigh to renew it in his name,
if you would not let me pay it. We will
be separated soon; we may never meet
again, and I wish all your recollections of
me to be as happy as they can be; and I
cheerfully remain your debtor, that the
clink of money may not seem to cancel
any bond between us. God bless you,
Doctor!"

She took my hand, and stood for a mo-
ment in rapt devotion, as I had seen her
before under trials and in triumphs, and
I felt its influence,—like a new baptism.
Then, changing her whole manner, she
said lightly, "Doctor, I'm very happy,—
it is all right,—I have not a word to say,
that you need to know. Your warmest
wishes for me are more than fulfilled; be
sure of this. But, did you know that
Cousin Nancy was not at our wedding?"

"No."
"You must ask my husband for the
reason. He will tell you—I can not.
There, he is getting out his horse to go
with you, I suppose. What a talk you
will have! I shall be along with you, in
fancy, and overhear every word. Oh! I
wouldn't miss your part of it for the world;
especially, the sight of your face, which I
shall have by my own insight, in a place
or two of the story that I know of. Good-
bye. You will be with us to-morrow. We
dine with Miss M."

We were scarcely mounted, when Ash-
leigh looked at me, just as he did on the
morning after our marriage, and said:
"Like his wife, he thought and felt much
more than his face usually confessed, and,
like her, when his heart opened, the re-
velation was full and as late. The road
was narrow; but he did not want a wide
one. He seized my hand, and gave me a
look, that began with a pleasant, cunning,
self-congratulating meaning, which soon
soured down into deeply earnest feeling;
then rose again into the tone of a gay tri-
umph, and burst out, finally, into laughter,
which set every nerve in his body to dan-
cing in its own gladness."

There needed no introduction, and there
was no danger of impertinence in his story.
He began naturally, just where I left him,
and went on, only lightly now and gaily, with
his difficulty of getting access to his sweet-
heart's presence. He tried every way but
the right one, until, when there was no
other left, he discovered that, and then
his troubles were well over. He asked
her to walk with him up the valley, hav-
ing something to communicate, he said,
which greatly concerned himself; and they
were immediately on their way, and out
of earshot of all the world. He had
learned the necessity of directness by the
failure of all his little dodges, and he had
crossed the Rubicon himself, and felt the
overness of his position. His words were
few, but full. They needed no explana-
tion, and they left no doubts. And when
he had opened his heart, and emptied it
utterly before her, he turned, and asked
her if she could love him. She answered
him with equal candor and directness:
"Mr. Ashleigh, I do not love you. I have
never thought of such a thing. I have es-
teemed you as a preacher; and, as a man,
too, when that point has presented itself,
I have sufficiently admired you; but I saw
you were a man of good birth and gentle
breeding, good talents and education, with
the world open to you, by virtue of your
social position, and, perhaps, wealth; for
even the signs of that were not all con-
cealed under your careful modesty of man-
ner. Am I right about your circumstances?"
said she, pausing for a reply.

"Yes, Elizabeth," he answered, "I am
what you would call rich."
"Well," she resumed, "I knew all this;
and, if I had thought of giving you any
other regards than such as become our
church connection, the improbabilities
would have checked me, but I did not.
Mr. Ashleigh (reaching out her hand) I
tell you, truly, that I do not love you. It
is a new feeling to me. Perhaps, I do not
very well understand it; nor, will you
expect it to come like a ready answer to a
short question."

"Good! good!" I shouted. "What a
glorious girl! What a world of genius in
her simple straightforwardness! What did you
say to that?"
"Say to it! Just hold still, and hear. Of
course, you can't guess, for you didn't see
her face at that moment, nor read its
meaning, as I did. Ah, my dear Doctor! it
was worth living a better life than mine,
to witness that transfiguration of perfect
womanhood. Well," I answered, "you do
not love me, Elizabeth, but could you not?"
I waited long enough to read it all in her
face, and then it came in words:
"Mr. Ashleigh, it is in my heart to
love you, for you are very noble; as this
world goes, more than noble, generous,
without a parallel. And, sir, I am, what
I am; not unworthy of the love you offer
me, nor incapable of returning it. I can
marry you without a fear. Now, leave
me, please; I wish to be alone."
"And so did I," he added musingly; "it
seemed as if eternity had opened to me;
and I wanted to be alone in the universe
with my emotions."

A long pause followed, which I felt, for
his hand, and eye, and voice helped me
to understand it, or will, when you get
big enough. We have reached the spot
in the road, which I wish you to mark
particularly, for it concerns yourself more
than anybody else, I believe."
"You recollect," he began, "our talk
that night at Toby Myers's. Well, whether
our friend Nancy got it in gossip there,
or guessed her way to all she discovered,
I don't know; but it was not long after
I knew my own secret, that she had it
very fully. Of course, she noticed my
visits to the glen, and I had paid her
of them, after my return from home in
February, till she knew all they meant.
One day I was coming over, and she knew
it, and contrived to have me overtake her
near the top of the hill. Supporting that
she was coming down to her uncle's, I, of
course, dismounted, and, leading my horse
by the bridle, walked beside her. I didn't
like her, and I didn't like that she should
be in my road where I was going, either;
but I must be polite and bear it."
"We walked on, in the mood that you
may guess, and she occupied and agitated
in a fashion that was decidedly alarming.
Her manner was more than usually im-
pressive, touched with a little more of
that soft sensitiveness which coarse people
common with her. Sometimes she fell
suddenly silent, with an air of troubled
abstractiveness, from which she would
rouse herself with a sort of impassioned
recklessness, which would soon give place
again to a turn of tenderness, that, alto-
gether, made an object of me, and shook
my nerves into a state that put me at her
mercy."
"When she talked, it was in her style of
glowing eloquence, with, I thought, in-
creased concentration of conception
and utterance. She was, in short, inspired
with a strong purpose, and I caught it by
contagion. I didn't know what it meant,
nor whether tending; but I was feeling
and believing something great or terrible
in advance, and was prepared for the fact
or fancy, when it should come."
"When we reached the spot I bade you
notice, I was electrified to the right point,
and she knew it. She stopped suddenly,
turned full upon me, looking, I confess,
grandly—a little too grandly, to be sure—
but still it overcame me. Besides, she
had taken advantage of the ground, and so
had me in all respects just right for her
purpose."
"Brother Ashleigh," said she, with a
measured earnestness that made my heart
beat, you love Elizabeth. I know it; you
do; I wonder that it is so. She is an
angel of beauty and goodness. I know
her as her cousin, her playmate, her friend
and sister. I know her, as a woman only
can know another; and I declare to you
that I never knew her equal in every
excellence of heart and life. Her childhood
was pure; I believe, than any other, and
she has lived a saint's life, if ever human
soul did. Oh! she has borne the selfish-
ness, the very sins of others, like a saint
—she has borne mine, till I feel humbled
before her. And if she had but an equal
intellect, an equal sharpness and strength
of understanding for her own defence, she
would be the very paragon of the world,
and, alas! I would be as happy now as she
is good and beautiful."
"Here she stopped and looked me so

by without us, makes it a little difficult to
be liberal in sympathy with the dashing
waves that leave us by the way.
Mr. Ashleigh had been married almost
a month, and he looked already as if it
were quite a settled matter with him. He
gentleman with a sharp eye in his head,
children, a couple of old folks, and a young
gentleman with a sharp eye in his head,
were not to be taken deep into the con-
jugal confidences. I thought he did not
fully believe in my profound respect for
everybody and everything that surrounded
him, and I was for a moment shabby
enough to hope it was nothing worse than
that. But no matter—I had business
order the ridge a little earlier and more ur-
gent than I had thought of until now, and
was about shaking hands respectfully, when
Elizabeth, the Elizabeth of my memory,
peeped out of the new Mrs. Ashleigh, and
asked me for a word in private. I gave
her my hand,—we walked to the spring-
head, a few from the house, and quickly
found ourselves all right again.

Turning to me, she said, "Doctor, I owe
you along with other things, a bill for medi-
cal attendance."
"If you do, Elizabeth, you will have to
owe it, along with the other things, and
pay it the same way."
"I'm glad and thankful to have it so,"
she answered, in a manner full of beauty;
"I do not wish to owe you less, to take
one grain's weight of my debt from my
memory or affections, but I thought it due
to Mr. Ashleigh to renew it in his name,
if you would not let me pay it. We will
be separated soon; we may never meet
again, and I wish all your recollections of
me to be as happy as they can be; and I
cheerfully remain your debtor, that the
clink of money may not seem to cancel
any bond between us. God bless you,
Doctor!"

She took my hand, and stood for a mo-
ment in rapt devotion, as I had seen her
before under trials and in triumphs, and
I felt its influence,—like a new baptism.
Then, changing her whole manner, she
said lightly, "Doctor, I'm very happy,—
it is all right,—I have not a word to say,
that you need to know. Your warmest
wishes for me are more than fulfilled; be
sure of this. But, did you know that
Cousin Nancy was not at our wedding?"

"No."
"You must ask my husband for the
reason. He will tell you—I can not.
There, he is getting out his horse to go
with you, I suppose. What a talk you
will have! I shall be along with you, in
fancy, and overhear every word. Oh! I
wouldn't miss your part of it for the world;
especially, the sight of your face, which I
shall have by my own insight, in a place
or two of the story that I know of. Good-
bye. You will be with us to-morrow. We
dine with Miss M."

We were scarcely mounted, when Ash-
leigh looked at me, just as he did on the
morning after our marriage, and said:
"Like his wife, he thought and felt much
more than his face usually confessed, and,
like her, when his heart opened, the re-
velation was full and as late. The road
was narrow; but he did not want a wide
one. He seized my hand, and gave me a
look, that began with a pleasant, cunning,
self-congratulating meaning, which soon
soured down into deeply earnest feeling;
then rose again into the tone of a gay tri-
umph, and burst out, finally, into laughter,
which set every nerve in his body to dan-
cing in its own gladness."

There needed no introduction, and there
was no danger of impertinence in his story.
He began naturally, just where I left him,
and went on, only lightly now and gaily, with
his difficulty of getting access to his sweet-
heart's presence. He tried every way but
the right one, until, when there was no
other left, he discovered that, and then
his troubles were well over. He asked
her to walk with him up the valley, hav-
ing something to communicate, he said,
which greatly concerned himself; and they
were immediately on their way, and out
of earshot of all the world. He had
learned the necessity of directness by the
failure of all his little dodges, and he had
crossed the Rubicon himself, and felt the
overness of his position. His words were
few, but full. They needed no explana-
tion, and they left no doubts. And when
he had opened his heart, and emptied it
utterly before her, he turned, and asked
her if she could love him. She answered
him with equal candor and directness:
"Mr. Ashleigh, I do not love you. I have
never thought of such a thing. I have es-
teemed you as a preacher; and, as a man,
too, when that point has presented itself,
I have sufficiently admired you; but I saw
you were a man of good birth and gentle
breeding, good talents and education, with
the world open to you, by virtue of your
social position, and, perhaps, wealth; for
even the signs of that were not all con-
cealed under your careful modesty of man-
ner. Am I right about your circumstances?"
said she, pausing for a reply.

"Yes, Elizabeth," he answered, "I am
what you would call rich."
"Well," she resumed, "I knew all this;
and, if I had thought of giving you any
other regards than such as become our
church connection, the improbabilities
would have checked me, but I did not.
Mr. Ashleigh (reaching out her hand) I
tell you, truly, that I do not love you. It
is a new feeling to me. Perhaps, I do not
very well understand it; nor, will you
expect it to come like a ready answer to a
short question."

"Good! good!" I shouted. "What a
glorious girl! What a world of genius in
her simple straightforwardness! What did you
say to that?"
"Say to it! Just hold still, and hear. Of
course, you can't guess, for you didn't see
her face at that moment, nor read its
meaning, as I did. Ah, my dear Doctor! it
was worth living a better life than mine,
to witness that transfiguration of perfect
womanhood. Well," I answered, "you do
not love me, Elizabeth, but could you not?"
I waited long enough to read it all in her
face, and then it came in words:
"Mr. Ashleigh, it is in my heart to
love you, for you are very noble; as this
world goes, more than noble, generous,
without a parallel. And, sir, I am, what
I am; not unworthy of the love you offer
me, nor incapable of returning it. I can
marry you without a fear. Now, leave
me, please; I wish to be alone."
"And so did I," he added musingly; "it
seemed as if eternity had opened to me;
and I wanted to be alone in the universe
with my emotions."

A long pause followed, which I felt, for
his hand, and eye, and voice helped me
to understand it, or will, when you get
big enough. We have reached the spot
in the road, which I wish you to mark
particularly, for it concerns yourself more
than anybody else, I believe."
"You recollect," he began, "our talk
that night at Toby Myers's. Well, whether
our friend Nancy got it in gossip there,
or guessed her way to all she discovered,
I don't know; but it was not long after
I knew my own secret, that she had it
very fully. Of course, she noticed my
visits to the glen, and I had paid her
of them, after my return from home in
February, till she knew all they meant.
One day I was coming over, and she knew
it, and contrived to have me overtake her
near the top of the hill. Supporting that
she was coming down to her uncle's, I, of
course, dis