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Poetical.

WANTED—ST. PATRICK.

I.

When Irish hills were fair and green,
And Irish fields were white with daises,
And harvests, golded and serene,
Slept in the lazy summer hazes;
When bards went singing through the land
Their grand old songs of nightly story,
And hearts were found in every hand,
And all was peace and love and glory;
Twas in those happy, happy days
When every peasant lived in clover,
And in the pleasant woodland ways
One never met the begging rover;
When all was honest, large, and true,
And naught was hollow or theatrick—
Twas in those days of golden hue
That Erin knew the great Saint Patrick.

II

He came among the rustics rude
With shining robes and splendid crozier,
And swayed the listening multitude
As breezes sway the beds of osier.
He preached the love of Man for Man,
And moved the unlettered Celt with wonder,
Till through the simple crowd there ran
A murmur like repeated thunder.
He preached the grand Incarnate Word,
By rock and ruin, hill and hollow,
Till warring princes dropped the sword
And left the fields of blood to follow.
For never yet did bardid song,
Tho' graced with harp and poet's diction,
With such strange charm enchain the throng,
As that sad tale of Crucifiction.

III.

Though fair the isle and brave the men,
Yet still a blight the land infested.
Green vipers darted through each glen,
And snakes within the woodlands nested;
And mid the banks where violets blew,
And on the slopes where bloomed the primrose,
Lurked spotted toads of loathsome hue,
And coiling, poisonous serpents grim rose.
Saint Patrick said: "The reptile race
Are types of human degradation,
From other ills I've cleansed the place,
And now of these I'll rid the nation."
He waved his crozier o'er his head,
And lo! each venomed thing took motion,
And toads and snakes and vipers fled
In terror to the circling ocean

IV.

Why is Saint Patrick dead? or why
Does he not seek this soil to aid us?
To wave his mystic crook on high,
And rout the vermin that degrade us?
Our land is fertile, broad, and fair,
And should be fairer yet and broader;
But noxious reptiles taint the air,
And poison peace and law and order.
For murder stalks along each street,
And Theft goes lurking through our alleys.
What reptiles worse does traveler meet
On India's hills, in Java's valleys?
And when we see this gambling host,
That 'mongst up practice this and that trick,
One knows not which would serve us most,
The Goddess Justice or Saint Patrick?

Choice Literature.

WHO SITTETH IN JUDGMENT?

THE STORY OF AN OUTCAST.

"THREE picayunes and a dime—enough for a rope, and enough for a dose of the 'never-wake-again.' Ha, ha, ha! Let me think, let me think!"

The room was a wretched one, the furniture none save a broken chair, and a miserable pallet, without covering of any kind which lay huddled in the darkest corner. The cold wind of a late December day swept unbarred through the broken panes, while an occasional flake of snow floated in and fell upon the rough, uncovered floor. Misery was written everywhere, upon the soiled and dusty table, upon the damp and smoke-blacked walls, upon the frosty pane, and on the long unwarmed or fire-lit hearth. It seemed to speak from every crevice, to cry in every gust, to breathe from every corner, and to whisper hoarsely and mournfully down the chimney and through the broken and hingeless door.—But nowhere else did it seem to dwell or give outward manifestation with a tithe of the terrible power that it did in the solitary tenant of this desolate room.

Near the window, on the broken chair, leaning her wasted arms upon the table, with her wan cheek pressed hard against her tight-clasped hands, and a few small coin lying before her, sat a woman upon whose face and form the short but wretched experiences of a life of five-and-twenty winters had stamped the lines and cares of forty miserable years.

"Three picayunes and a dime," she said, "enough for a rope, and enough for a dose of the 'never-wake-again.' Let me think, let me think," and the poor Magdalen sat, while the day grew dimmer and the snow fell faster, drifting oftener into the window, and thus soliloquized upon her wretched fate.

"Three picayunes and a dime! He little knew, perhaps, when he threw the paltry pittance to the miserable beggar who crossed his path, that he had put the dagger in his victim's hands to finish the tragedy which he began.

"This is Christmas Eve! Only eight years to-night since I was a girl of many hopes, and proud, oh, how proud, that he called me fair. Only eight years to-night, and I sat at a different board from this.—Let me drink from this vile bottle which has so often drowned my misery; perhaps it may bring back something of the joy which then was mine.

"I remember it well. He came with my brother Dick; he sat near me at the board, and I—well, well, I'll not think of that; 'twere better not, or I may forget what this night of all 'twere better I remembered. Ah, Jenny Irwin, you have never thought before!

"Will the world believe to-morrow, when the tale is told, that this is she—the outcast, in rags, brutalized, debased, miserable! Would it be believed that men ever called me beautiful? would it be thought that I was once the beloved of a mother, the idol of a father's heart? Ah me! I grow sick to think it all. Here, another drink!

"The night is growing very dark—a 'merry Christmas,' forsooth! Where shall I go?

"And yet, when I think, for very shame I would not be found looking thus by him. It matters not now what becomes of this bauble. I have kept it for many years as something to bind me to the past. I have nothing more to do with that now—nothing with the past—nothing more!"

The woman drew a rich diamond cross from her bosom fastened by a piece of common twine around her neck, which flashed from the rays of a street lamp through the window in strange contrast to the misery of all around.

The night had now set in, and the room would have been quite dark but for the light of the lamps in the street. The snow was falling steadily, drifting into the room through the window and down the broken and unused chimney.

"Yes, yes," the woman went on, holding the cross in her hand, and looking at it through streaming tears, "I have been starving, sick, homeless, friendless, dying for bread, or something to quench my thirst, and yet I never have parted with this.—How many times the temptation has come to me, and how many times have I said to myself, 'My mother's blessing shall never leave me, for she gave it with this cross.' Has it never left me? Ah! who can tell? If my heart has grown hard, and harsh, and cruel; if my conscience has ceased to judge and warn as when a child; if my lips have forgotten the early prayers which she taught, and now only utter curses and bitter oaths; if the cup is my only comfort, and crime grown so accustomed that I know it not, *can that mother's blessing still dwell with me?* No, no, no! the blessing has long since left me, and the bauble may as well go now. Let it all be finished now, while my brain is clearer than it has lately been. The night grows very cold. Let me think, let me think!"

The woman sat a long, long while in silence; the night grew darker, and the drifting snow crept further and further into the room. The sound of the merry bells of passing sleighs; the hearty salutation of the passers-by, wishing each chance-met friend a 'merry Christmas eve;' the mellow laughter of the home-returning apprentice boys, stopping to exchange an occasional snow-ball; and the jolly chorus of some German youths, who sang the Christmas songs of fatherland, alone broke the stillnes of the night; but they woke no happy response within the heart of poor Jenny Irwin. Her mind was busy with darker thoughts, and none of the genial influences of the sweetest night of all the year would ever bring back to her the joyous emotions which filled her soul when life with her was bright and pure, and she was thought the fariest girl of all who graced the merry board of Christmas eve.

"It must be so," she said at length, rising with difficulty from the chair, and putting on her tattered shawl and faded bonnet; "it must be so! My last game may as well be played now; I have nothing more to win, *nothing to lose!*"

Out into the desolate night she goes, shivering and staggering with cold, and misery, and pain. Forth into the street; a moment she pauses in irresolution at the threshold; a moment she shrinks from the bitter storm, and then, with compressed lips and shawl drawn tightly about her, she hurries on. The passers-by turn aside and give her the pathway, as, with head bent down, she makes her way through the snow. Some turn aside to look at her, and sigh to think of her misery; some greet her with ribald jests and coarse salutations; but nothing of sympathy, or kindness, or jibes, or any words for evil or for good, can ever make her pause or turn from the errand on which she is bound.

In a narrow and dirty street, where the few lamps burn dimly, and the faithful guardians of the night but seldom venture; where crime and misery have their constant abode, and the air reeks ever with the unwholesome vapors of all the concomitants of wretchedness, there stands a high and gloomy house, whose barred and bolted windows are seldom opened to the light of day, and whose threshold is never crossed save by the poor applicant who seeks by the barter of some needed trifle to "keep the wolf but a little longer from the door." The "three gilt balls" which hang above the door tell plainly enough the calling of its occupants, and they tell, too, to him who may pause to think, volumes of misery which I pray, reader, you nor I may never know. Like the *ignis fatuus*, they have shone on many a heart-sick traveler over the great moor of life, and kindling up from time to time some little hope, have led him further and further from the path of safety, until despoiled of all to care for, and separated from all to care for him, he has sunk exhausted in the marsh of misery and crime never to rise again.

Before this door the poor, half-frozen outcast stands; it was no unaccustomed place to her; it had swallowed up, little by little, all her store, and year after year the wages of her misery had been put in irredeemable pawn, till it might almost be said the youth, and health, and beauty of Jenny Irwin were moldering among the gaudy trinkets and faded finery which filled the house unto its very roof. The door partly opens to her summons, and after a quick scrutiny the chain is withdrawn and she enters.

An aged Israelite stands behind the high counter, and waits for her application, watching the while with something of pity in his look, but more of craft and distrust.

"What will you give me on this?" she says, taking the cross from her bosom.

The wily Hebrew reached his bony hand across the counter, and taking the jewel examined it with great care, the poor woman meanwhile standing and watching his face with a strange look of anxiety and ill-suppressed emotion.

"What will I give you on this?" he returned sharply. "If I gave you what you deserve, it would be a lodging in the Tombs. We do not receive *stolen goods.*"

"Liar, liar!" shouted the woman springing forward to clutch the jewel; "you know better; you know full well, whatever else she may be, Jenny Irwin is not a *thief*. Here, give me back the cross! give it to me back! you must not trifle with me now!" and springing upon the counter, she was about to snatch her treasure from the old man's hand, when the door of a back room opened, and a large powerful woman of sixty years dashed upon the scene, and lifting her up like a child, placed her again upon the floor.

"What means this?" she said; then seeing the cross in the old man's hand, she seemed to understand the whole. "Where did you get it, child?" she asked. "Here sit down, and tell me all about it." And she reached a chair.

Jenny took the proffered seat, and pressing both hands upon her heart, went on with panting voice, and said:

"I did not steal the cross; it was the last gift of my mother; I have never parted with it; to-night I am to see a friend, an old, dear friend; I have not seen him for a long time; I wished to appear somewhat as I used to; I wished some clothes just for to-night, and I thought—I thought I would come to you, and—and get some of my things, and a little money, only for to-night, or a few days; and then I, perhaps, could pay it all back, and—and you would never lose; I am not a *thief.*"

She paused, and looked up with an expression of painful anxiety in the woman's face.

"If I give you clothes and money, before morning you will get on one of your sprees, and be carried drunk to the station again," the woman replied.

"I shall never be carried drunk to the station again—never!" was the response, with much of sadness in the tone. "Look in my face," and she drew her long, disheveled, and moistened hair with both hands back from her forehead; "do I look as though I would get drunk to-night?"

The woman looked at her, and shook her head in silence; she saw an expression there which she had never seen before.—At length she got up, and going behind the counter, talked long and earnestly in whispers with the old man. After a while she returned, and seating herself beside her visitor, she:

"Now, Jenny Irwin, I want you to tell me the truth: do you really wish this money for the purpose you state? You wouldn't be such a fool, would you, as to go cutting up any theatrical suicides, or anything of that sort, would you?"

"Mrs. Levi, I tell you the truth; I am to meet an old friend; I would appear well to him to-night; I expect to be better off after I see him; this is God's truth!"

"Very well, say no more, child; you shall have your clothes and some money. How much do you want?"

"Give me my black dress, my velvet hat, one of those new pair of boots, my black mantilla, some under clothes, a pair of my best silk hose, a couple of handkerchiefs, a pair of gloves, and twenty dollars—this is all I ask; and here, you may keep all these as additional security," and she drew a large package of pawn tickets from her pocket, and placed them in the woman's hand.

"And there is one more favor I would ask, Mrs. Levi, if you would be so kind—I have paid you a great deal of money the last five years—would you give me the use of a room to dress in? I have nowhere to go."

There was something so different in the words and manner of Jenny Irwin from what they had lately been that the good Mrs. Levi's heart was touched, and she gave her all she asked. Perhaps she saw dim visions of future "pledges," which would come through the "old friend" of her once profitable client; perhaps there might have been some feeling of compunction at witnessing the suffering, and misery, and complete life-wreck of the shivering woman who pleaded for the temporary use of what had once been her own.

The articles were soon selected, and leading her visitor to a room, Mrs. Levi assisted her in many little offices in a kinder manner than she had ever done before.—As she afterward said, "it seemed as tho' she was made to do it—she couldn't tell how."

After a brief space of time the back door opened, and Mrs. Levi's melodious tones were heard ordering the shop-boy to go for a carriage.

"By Josh," says the boy, the boy, as he bangs the street door after him, "Jen Irwin's going to do it up brown to-night; a carriage! well, may I be ticketed if she didn't come it heavy over the old woman. I only wish she hadn't come out quite so quick; I guess old fifty per cent would have caught rats then!" and popping a snow-ball facetiously through a basement window, where a poor woman was striving in vain to keep alive the embers of a dying fire, he kicked up his heels after the manner of "Old Joe," and was soon lost in the distance.

The City Hall clock had struck ten; old St Paul's had taken up the strain, and Trinity was just joining in, as a carriage rolled noiselessly over the snow up to the mansion of Solomon Levi. A moment after, the door opened, and a lady, dressed in black, with her vail drawn, emerged from the dark hall and entered the vehicle.

"Where, madam?" said the driver.

"Taylor's!"

Slam went the door, and up the dark street the carriage made its way as noiselessly as it came.

A strange fire was burning in Jenny Irwin's heart, an unwonted energy buoyed her up, and seemed to carry her on a wave of supernatural life swiftly toward the speedy realization of the wild dream which had flitted through her mind as she sat a beggared outcast in her wretched room, with the cold winds drifting the fleecy snow through the broken windows upon her desolate floor.

Arrived in front of Taylor's, the carriage drew up and bidding the driver wait, she entered the rich saloon, and taking a seat in one of the unoccupied alcoves, gave her orders to the waiter.

"Coffee or tea, madam?" he asked as he was about to depart.

"Neither," responded Jenny; "bring me *brandy!*"

As soon as her supper, made up of viands such as had long been strangers to her lips, was placed before her, she moist[illegible] to partake, and, although faint with long fasting, by an almost superhuman effort she mastered the cravings of hunger and ate as slowly and negligently, as though such fare was an every day matter with her. Finishing her supper, and draining the last drop in the goblet, she paid her reckoning at the counter, and bowing with a slight, negligent grace with the same air, that once marked her training as a lady, she thanked the servant who ushered her to the carriage, and ordering the driver to stop at the St. Nicholas, entered and was driven noiselessly away.

The snow was still falling, and, although it was quite ten o'clock, merry parties of Christmas seekers thronged the streets, and the sleigh-bells mingled in vivid harmony with the discordant notes of rival horns which made the night hideous as they echoed from the passing sleighs.

Jenny Irwin looked from the tightly closed window of her carriage. Old memories came thronging wildly and tumultuously back upon her shipwrecked heart, she thought of the days when her father's equipage drove through that self-same thoroughfare, and she, with one who now sleeps beneath the snow—her mother—young, and beautiful, and good, wrapped in the comforting furs, drank in together the full enjoyment of the scene; she tho't of this and very many things beside. At length, drawing a little paper from her pocket, she unfolded a few small coins—the same which had lain upon the table before her when she sat alone in her desolate home.

"*Here it is*," she said, "*the* last gift, a generous gift to a poor beggar for Christmas! I'll not mock the gift; perhaps it was kindly meant, and it shall be used for a purpose fitting well the giver. What weapons destiny sometimes puts into our hands. Perhaps the thought might never have come had I not met *him* so strangely in the Park. *He* did not know me. Will he know me now? We shall see. Strange that all my hatred, all my vengeance, all of the deep sense of wrong which I have harbored so long against him, now that my mind realizes the *last*, vanish, and leave me only *pity*. Pity for him—pity, deepest pity, and scorn for myself."

The carriage drew up in front of the princely St. Nicholas, and the door was again thrown open.

"Driver," said Jenny, "I am suffering so much that I believe I will not stop to see my friends here to-night. Please step into the drug store, and get me some laudanum; here is the money, *three picayunes and a dime*. I do not wish much, only a little to apply to my face; get a piece of cotton, too—and stay—if the man asks for what it is required, tell him it is for neuralgia—that a lady is suffering very much, and her only remedy is a little laudanum applied on cotton to her face; *get the money's worth!*"

The man soon returned, and handed her quite a large phial, which she took with a steady hand.

"Where now, madam?" he asked, still standing by the carriage side.

"No. — Fifth Avenue," and once again the door was closed, and the vehicle rolled over the noiseless snow toward the upper part of the city.

The inmate sat like a statue upon the seat; she looked no more upon the gay world—gay in spite of the storm—which gave constant evidence without of an unwonted holiday. If, perchance, as the carriage turned through some well-known street, or glided along the avenue, she caught a glimpse of some happy home where the lights within the parlor revealed the family group gathered under the "mistletoe," or around the "Christmas tree," she gave no outward sign of heed, or any token that memory brought back to her such scenes when she, a maiden, fair and pure, was full as glad as they, and blessed with full as bright and proud surroundings. Her hand, pressed tight against her bosom, rested upon the viper phial, which nestled there unconscious of its fatal errand.

The contrasts of this life are very marked, and strange, and [illegible]. Beside the palace [illegible] the church; the prison, the [illegible] the deformed, the good, the [illegible] altar, the tomb. Within a great city [illegible] New York these contrasts are more [illegible] perceptible than in smaller places, or [illegible] the quiet walks of country life; but [illegible] else could one remark a stranger [illegible] than between the princely home of Gilbert Thorne and the miserable tenement which had been the abode of Jenny Irwin.

On the Fifth Avenue—that great thoroughfare which fashion, and wealth, and luxury have claimed as their abode—stands the house of Gilbert Thorne. Its exterior differs but little from the rest of the habitations in the block, but its broad and deep entrance, its *porte-cochere*, the heavy copings of its windows, and the gorgeous *curtains*, half revealed through the rich plate panes, will stamp it as the residence of a man of taste and wealth.

Here, on the evening of our story, was gathered a joyous group of youth and childhood, the guests of Mary Thorne. The deep parlors, lighted with brilliant chandeliers and furnished with a magnificence which might well compare with some of the richest Parisian saloons of the days of Louis XIV., were thronged with as joyous and happy a group as ever danced around the Christmas tree. The youthful hostess, a girl of some fifteen years, the daughter of Gilbert Thorne, and his only child, moved among her guests with a sweet and child-like grace, added to a queenly dignity of manner, which won the hearts of all beholders, and caused those of her parents to beat with unwonted pride.

Among this happy throng, with a smile and a cheerful word for all, with a hearty welcome and a joyous greeting alike for the children and their parents, and with an easy gracefulness of manner which adapted itself to every mind and state, now dancing with a child of ten, and now with a grand-dame of seventy, Gilbert Thorne, the host and the fond parent, mingled, to all outward appearances, as happy and light of heart as the gayest of them all. One used to study the human heart thro' its outward manifestations, through the subtle expressions which are caught in calm and placid eyes or in the firm and immovable mouth, or the vailed muscles of the face, might have formed a different opinion of the character of Gilbert Thorne from that usually entertained of him by his friends. Indeed, there were those who said, notwithstanding his wealth, and luxury, and position, that he would give them all to wipe out some of the experiences of his past life; that, wherever he went, in all of his brightest and proudest moments, in the midst of his triumphs, penetrating even into the peaceful sanctuaries of home following him through the courts and upon the mart, treading the busy streets, and keeping with him always, everywhere, a pale spectre of the past haunted his existence, and, like the "skeleton at the feast," dashed the cup of pleasure ever from his lips. But to the world at large, to his every day friends and to his accustomed associates, even unto his own household, he seemed, and was known only as the wealthy, gay, liberal, and successful lawyer, and votary of fashion, with something more of talent, perhaps, than is generally attributed to those who worship at her shrine.

The carriages, one by one had departed, and, as the clock struck eleven, Gilbert Thorne sat alone in his library, reading by the light of the low-drawn leader, and en[illegible]ing segar. The rich surroundings, the massive cases filled with books not only relating to his profession, but upon every subject, the elegantly carved desk, the rich secretaries, the heavy enamelled safe, the great arm chair, and the soft lounge, set invitingly for favorite clients, all these were in thorough keeping, not only with each other, but with the solitary inmate of the room.

There came a ring at the front door, an unusual thing at such an hour, and a few moments after, the servant appeared at the library door, *informing* Mr. Thorne that a lady in a carriage wished to see him on important business.

"A lady in a carriage! who can she be," and the lawyer sat abstractedly conning over which of his clients could seek him at so unseasonable an hour.

"Are you sure it is a lady, John?"

"Yes, sir."

"How is she dressed?"

"In black, sir, silk dress, mantilla, velvet bonnet; a real lady, sir."

"Very well, show her in," and the lawyer laid his segar aside, and took his slippered feet down from the chair on which they had been resting.

"Good evening, madam," said the lawyer, as a lady, closely vailed, a moment after entered the library; "pray be seated here, take this arm chair near the register. The night is a wild one for a lady to venture out. Pray, what may be your business with me, madam?"

"I have business of great moment with Mr. Thorne," the lady replied, in a low, husky tone, "and I would speak with him alone, and where there will be no fear of interruption, or of being overheard."

The lawyer went to the door just in time to catch sight of the retreating form of John, who had been doing servant's duty at the key-hole. Shutting the door he turned the key, and wheeled in front of it a large screen. He then drew down the curtains, and closed tightly the window shutters, and taking the large arm-chair near his visitor, and as he supposed, client, he signified that he was ready to hear what she wished to communicate.

The lady, without uttering a word, slowly, and with a quiet, determined deliberation, raised her vail and confronted the lawyer.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, as he met her gaze, starting up and staggering backward. "Is this Jenny Irwin?" Then, quickly recovering himself, he resumed his seat, and drawing up near to his visitor, asked her, in a hoarse whisper, what, in the name of God, had brought her there, and what she would have of him.

"I come, Gilbert Thorne," she said, "to have a final reckoning with you."

"A final reckoning with me? Did we not have it six years ago? and did you not sign an agreement, under oath, that you would never call upon me, seek me, speak to me, or in any way interfere with, or address me again? What do you mean, Jenny Irwin?"

"I mean this—that when, six years ago, you tired of me, and wished to cast me off, perhaps for another love, perhaps"—

"No, no! Stop there, Jenny; stop there. You know full well that it was not for another love. You know well that my sense of duty alone drove me to the step; that I provided handsomely for you"—

"False! It is false, Gilbert Thorne. You left me worse than penniless—helpless, friendless, hopeless, homeless, aimless!"

"Nay, nay, Jenny; be just. If you wish to obtain more from me tell me so plainly; but do not deny what I have really done. Give me the credit of, at least, generosity toward you. Did I not settle ten thousand dollars upon you, in cash, when you signed that contract, which you have this night broken? Did I not do more than one man in a thousand could have done? *Could I have done more?*"

"Now, hear me, Gilbert Thorne," she rejoined, in a slow, still voice, and with much emotion; "let me say what I have to say without interruption; let us not quarrel *to-night*; but let me simply call to your mind some things which you may have forgotten, and some, perhaps, which you may have never known."

He motioned her to proceed, resting his elbow upon the desk, and his head upon his hand, and gazing upon her with an abstracted, half sorrowful expression.

"You doubtless remember, Gilbert Thorne, eight years ago to-night. You will never forget it after I have called it again to your mind. You came with my brother Dick; you sat next me at the table; it was a gay Christmas eve; I knew not then, and scarcely, thought for a long time after, whether you were married or not; you said fair things to me then; you often came a welcome guest at my father's board; you were not rich then, Gilbert Thorne—far from it—well, you sought to win my love; *you won it.*"

A slight tremor over-ran the woman's frame, and drawing her hand across her forehead, as though to soothe its pain, she went on:

"Then my brother Dick went away to California, and who so kind and who so brotherly in his attentions as you? Then came the news of his death—shot by some traitor hand, pursuing his solitary way over the mountains; then my mothers illness; for Dick was all her love—her *death.*"

Another pause, and again the hand was pressed upon the forehead. Again she went on:

"We thought you very kind then, Gilbert Thorne. It was better, perhaps, for father that he went as he did—better for him and better for me—fathers are very blind, and mine was blinder than all the rest, or he might have seen what I too late understood. Was it strange, when he felt the chords of life loosened from earth, that he should have thought you most worthy of the sacred trust of being his daughter's guardian, and the executor of his will? Oh, fate! oh, fate! how cruelly thou dost use us! Well, well, Gilbert Thorne, you were my guardian. The world reputed my father rich.—All that he left on earth was in your keeping—his fortune—and his daughter. You did not take that daughter to your home, and cherish her as a sister, as you promised upon his dying bed. No, no. But I am as much to blame, perhaps, as you, for what followed, with only this difference: There was no excuse for you, as you were a man of mature years, a husband and a father, while I was only a girl of a loving heart—loving as a woman—without knowing or understanding what a fearful thing it is for a woman to embark all the rich freight of her affections on one who can never fill to her the sacred relation of a husband:—well, well—I became your mistress; but God above can bear me witness, *I knew not what I did*. I only knew that I loved you, worshipped you with all the intensity of a strong heart's first affection."

Again a pause and again the same hand pressed upon the brain, and again she goes on in softer, lower, and more tremulous voice than before:

"I was very, very happy in those few, brief months, Gilbert. I say it with shame, but yet I cannot help but say it. I used to watch for your coming the few times a week which you spared to me oh! so eagerly, so earnestly. I have thought sometimes that much might be forgiven for what I tried to be then. I have remembered since that sometimes you used to tell me about my father's property, and sometimes we went in carriages and signed papers in courts and lawyer's offices, and that after many months you told me that my father's estate would [illegible] his debts and the expenses of administration. I remember that I never scarcely heeded what you said, and that I only cared for the money as it was of need *to you!* I never even thought that you could wrong me, for I knew you loved me, and I was beautiful and worthy of being loved. I can recall all the foolish, yet tender sophistries with which I used to reconcile myself to my fate. I would say, 'I can never be his wife, but I will be to him such a tender and devoted friend, so true and disinterested, ever watchful of his interests, ever patient, enduring, and loving that he will cling to me more fondly than ever husband to wife, and hold me in such close relationship that nothing on earth can ever break the tie which binds us together.' Oh! weak and simple fool!—you little thought that at the very moment when you were building such airy castles, the cherished object of them all was planning to crush them down to earth!

"I well remember the night which decided my fate. I have thought of it many times, and never without bitterness and hate until to-day. You came to me as usual, and after our little supper—how sweet those little suppers were!—you told me that a great change had come over you, that your daughter was growing up—your wife, a good, faithful woman, was suffering from your neglect; that your friends shunned you; that your own conscience smote you; and many other things of like import; and then, to cap it all, *that I was the cause.*—You said you had determined, while it was yet in your power, to break, at a single stroke, the ties between us, and that each must go our ways, never to meet again.—You told me that it had been a matter deliberately thought of by you, and that, from the love which you had borne for me, you could not see me go unprovided for, and that, to satisfy your conscience and your heart, and to insure for me a permanent support, you would divide your fortune with me, and settle upon me the sum of *ten thousand dollars in cash.*

"Oh, Gilbert Thorne, what a wretched, wretched night was that! When life came back to me, after the full realization of your purpose had left me insensible upon the floor, and I found lying upon the bed where you had placed me, while you, bending over me, chafed my temples, and sought, by every tender epithet, to bring me back to reason—I felt all broken, and as though life was worth no further struggle. You asked me many, very many things—if I would promise never to see you more—if I would sign a paper, and if I would be satisfied to take ten thousand dollars, and call all things square. I said yes!—yes—yes—to everything. What did I care for? what was *ten thousand dollars to me?* Well, you left me, and promised to come the next evening. You came, and with you came a friend—you said a brother lawyer—to witness the settlement, and to make out the papers.

I remember I signed a great many documents. You told me to be calm, and not to let the stranger see me affected, as it would injure you if I did so. I was calm. I signed everything you told me and then, when all was finished, you handed me a paper and little book, and told me that there was ten thousand dollars in the bank, for me, which I might draw at any time. The stranger said it was all correct, and he thought Miss Irwin had received a liberal settlement; and then he went away.'

Here she paused again, and this time she pressed both hands upon her temples—remaining mute for many minutes.

The lawyer sat firm in his chair; he had not moved a muscle, and only the contraction of his brow told of the warfare within his heart and brain.

Again she went on, slowly and distinctly, but her voice was very low and soft:

"You closed the door of our little home that night, Gilbert Thorne, upon the most wretched being God ever permitted to live. You went away from the spot which, in my foolish pride, I had thought was the dearest one on earth to you—without even looking back, and without a single tear.—I watched you through the curtain from the window. I said surely, surely he will return; he cannot, cannot mean it—never, never to see me again. I saw you reach the corner; I said, he will turn back now; he cannot go; the magnetism of my strong love will bring him back again;—he will come back! *You turned the corner*; and, like an arrow through my heart, came the conviction, that you were gone from me *forever*. I fell insensible upon the floor, and, many hours after, was found by a neighbor—sick in heart, and body, and mind—ready to die.

"Now I come to your crime—and my disgrace and sorrow. You thought you did a generous thing, perhaps, when you gave me so large a sum as *ten thousand dollars*; but what did I know of money? I scarcely knew the difference between a hundred and ten thousand dollars. I had always been cared for in that respect, and had never been taught to take care of myself, or to believe I should ever be thrown upon my own resources. I will not dwell upon what followed. I loved you so sincerely and so devotedly that I had great difficulty in keeping my oath that I would not seek you—but I kept it. With returning health I sought new associations, and about this time learned that the gin-cup would drown much misery. Well, I lived a gay life. I had no one to love—no tie to bind me to virtue or a higher aim. You took from me everything but *ten thousand dollars*—and that soon followed. Then came more misery, more degradation, more shame; my beauty began to fade; my temper grew violent. Through my ignorance and improvidence, poverty came at a time when, having a little child, I found myself friendless and without the means of getting bread; then death came, and took away my little boy; then I was compelled to pawn my jewels to bury my child; then my appetite for drink grew more and more, and, one by one, everything went to the pawn-broker's, until, after long weary years of sorrow, and sickness, and wretchedness, and unhappiness, and misery, and crime, I came to be the miserable outcast to whom you threw the paltry coins this evening in the Park."

"What!" interrupted the lawyer, "were you the wretched being who crossed my path this evening, to whom I threw some change?"

"Yes!" she replied, "I am the same.—*Three picayunes and a dime*, and I have laid it out at interest—where I think it will help me to a better life. But don't interrupt me till I have finished what I have to say. I am going away to a distant country to live—I cannot live here more; and before I went, I determined to come and tell you plainly how well I have come to understand the great wrong which you have done me, as well as to those who are sleeping under the snow, away over the river in 'Greenwood.' I understand it all!

"Ah, Gilbert Thorne! I might truly have said to you, in the language of the wronged and gentle Tamar, 'This evil, in sending me away, is greater than the other that thou didst unto me.' You took me a child, as it were, from the home of my dead parents, with no one in the wide world to love but you. You took from me everything I had in life, and left me, more than ever before, unfit to take care of myself. You thrust me out into the world without a purpose or an end, or anything to cling to—with passions of whose existence, but for you, I might never have known, wrecked at the first breaker of life—with appetites needing but the excuse of wretchedness and remorse to kindle into a never-dying flame—with not a friend, a [illegible] counsel, none to encourage, none to aid, none to advise, none to warn, none to befriend, and none to love—thus you thrust me out into the world, and in the place of all these *you gave me ten thousand dollars!*

"Would it not have been better, Gilbert Thorne, had you kept your ten thousand dollars, or my dead father's money, whichever it was, and have kept me too. Would it not have been more like a man and a Christian—yes, better in the sight of God, had you turned my too loving heart to its best account, and permitted me to have lived out my little dream? I should never have troubled you or yours. The little child who sleeps now in Greenwood might have lived to some good purpose. I should have been contented always in my little home—oh, so happy! If I could have seen you only *once* a week, or even month, then this great grief might not have come to me, and life might have been put to better purposes. But your selfish heart had other plans, and poor Jenny's life must be sacrificed to minister to your ambitious and worldly pride. But the day of reckoning will surely come, and you will yet feel that you might have atoned for the great first wrong which you did to Jenny Irwin, had you cherished, and protected, and turned to its highest account the true and earnest love which she bore to you. When that time comes, Gilbert Thorne, I wish you to remember this night, and to call to mind that I came here on this Christmas eve, the anniversary of our first meeting, to have a final reckoning with you. I come not for money; you have placed the last in my hands which I shall ever receive from you—*three picayunes and a dime*—I only come to you to say that I know it all now. *I know the source of the riches of Gilbert Thorne.*"

The lawyer's face grew dark.

"But I come not to upbraid you; I come not to expose you; I come not to do you any harm; I only come, ere my departure, to bid you a kindly farewell, and to tell you that out of the great sorrow and wretchedness which has made me the miserable outcast which I had come to be, a holier, better spirit utters a full forgiveness for all the evil which I have received at your hands.

"This is all I have to say, Gilbert Thorne; all the reckoning I come to make, and now," slowly rising, "may the great God, through the intercession of Him whose nativity the ceremonies of this night commemorate, keep you and yours from all evil and harm, and *not* visit the sins of the father upon the children."

As she said this she had risen to her full hight, and her upturned face was lit with a radiance which it had never known before.

"Oh! Jenny, Jenny," groaned Gilbert Thorne, throwing himself at her feet, "for God's sake *curse me*. Do not say you forgive me. This is my punishment; I see it all now."

"Gilbert Thorne," she rejoined, and a deadly pallor overspread her features, "this is no time for impiety; my carriage is waiting, and I must go. I have said all I have to say; but kneel with me one little moment, that I may intercede for you."

Her voice was singularly distinct, but very soft and low, and faint tremors ran through her frame. The strong man was bowed; he knelt beside the outcast, and she, whom all men reviled, offered up for him a petition to the Throne of Mercy, which was taken up by angels, and borne to Him who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground unheeded. The words of that prayer dwell ever in the memory of Gilbert Thorne. Tears came back to him as when a child. The agony of the strong man, bowed, pen may not describe. In vain he pressed her to stay. In vain he told her that the house and all were hers; that he would go forth, and leave her to her possessions; that he would work as a galley slave, anything to make up for the wrong which he had done.

She only said: "*Too late, too late!* All is prepared for my departure, and I must not, cannot stay. We part now, Gilbert Thorne, and let it be quickly over. Good bye—" [illegible] hand in [illegible] of hers, [illegible] only to his heart [illegible] from [illegible]. Once only she turned to look back as she threaded the daily lighted [illegible], and through the [illegible] library door she saw the lawyer, [illegible] his forehead, and [illegible] standing in irresolution and agony, [illegible] the impulse which bade him follow her wherever she went, [illegible] snatch her from a fate which was already half foreshadowed in his mind.

She opened the [illegible] door, and as the cold wind rushed in, wrapping her frail form in its chill embrace, and moaning through the hall, it seemed to seek to drive her back again, saying "Go not forth."—A moment only she paused, while her shuddering frame had need of all its resolution to urge her forth into the desolate night. Perhaps, in that brief moment, standing in the half open door, looking out upon the falling snow, she had a lingering hope that a kindly hand might be laid upon her shoulder, drawing her back from the fell purpose on which she was bent. But no protecting hand came at the last moment, to detain her; no sympathetic voice to bid her stay. She closed the door, and forth into the desolate storm she went, out into the bitter night, amid the drifting snow and pitiless winds, leaving a blessing upon the threshold, which she was never to recross again, for him who had been the cause of all her ruin.

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On the 27th of December, 185—, the daily papers of the great metropolis contained among their city items the following announcement:

"DEATH FROM INTEMPERANCE AND EXPOSURE.—Christmas morning officer Styles, while patrolling his beat at day-break, found, partly covered in the snow, on the steps of a house in Fifth avenue, the body of an abandoned woman, commonly called Wild Jen; but whose real name is supposed to have been Jenny Irwin.

She was taken to the dead-house, where an inquest was held—Verdict: 'Died from intemperance and exposure.' She is supposed to have lost her way in the storm, while returning intoxicated from some revel the previous night, and becoming bewildered and chilled, sought refuge on the steps where she was found. She will be buried in Potter's Field."

Thus ended the life of Jenny Irwin.

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It boots not now to record the secret satisfaction which mingled with the remorse of Gilbert Thorne, as, reading this morning paper over the rich breakfast service, he learned for the first time the fate of Jenny Irwin. The world thrives well with him; honors and riches await his every step. They talk of making him a Judge, and if they do, as they doubtless will, it requires no great gift of prophecy to write his future life.

The ermine will fit him gracefully and well, to the world; his judgments will be clear, and impartial, and fair, to the world, his actions will be above reproach, to the world, he will be a constant church-goer and a devout Christian, to the world. He will write a book upon some hackneyed subject of the law, which shall to the world appear very profound and learned, and then, after not many years, he will die.—The courts will be closed out of respect for his memory; for it is meet that Justice should pause to weep when a good man dies. His distinguished brethren of the bench will meet in solemn conclave, and pass "Resolutions" of condolence with his afflicted family, expressive also of their high sense of his public and private worth, and of the irremediable loss to the country. There will be a meeting of the Bar, over which a distinguished Judge "will be called to preside." That bright luminary and celebrated advocate, David Little, Esq., will pronounce his stereotyped eulogy.—Counsellor Slasher will recall some happy reminiscence of the departed greatness, and will tell how "he knew him intimately and well, and that he held it among the proudest recollections of his life to have been the friend of such a man." The head of the great firm of Dragon, Bully & Dunn, the great special pleader, will "add his mite" to the occasion, and in a "few brief remarks" will move himself and his audience to tears; and then the usual "Resolutions" will be passed, and the Bench and Bar will attend his funeral. The Church of the "Holy Money-bags" will be crowded. Sexton Goldboy, in his "Customary suit of solemn black" will open the carriages of the great "law-givers" who come to pay their last tribute to departed worth. He will lead decrepid men—decrepid both in mind and body—who still dole justice from the bench; and venerable white wigs, who had long since retired, feeling that their age had gone beyond their Judgeship—through waves of crinoline, impregnable, save to his accustomed eye. The Rev. Dr. Silvercup will read the well-known service with peculiar unction, and in a short funeral sermon, will take good care to speak in no unmeasured terms of praise of "the divine calling of those who sit in judgment," and of that noble profession of which the departed was so distinguished a member. Then a grand cavalcade of prancing horses, and sable plumes, and gay equipages, will drive with measured tread and in mournful array to "Greenwood."

Then a monument, with appropriate inscriptions and emblematic designs, will be erected to his memory. Perhaps Justice, with blinded eyes, holding the sword and scales, is not out of place, surmounting the tomb of the departed Judge! Perhaps the inscription,

IN MEMORY OF
THE HON. GILBERT THORNE,
JUDGE OF THE CIRCUMLOCUTION COURT.
Died—18— Æt.—.
The learned and erudite Counsellor—the
upright and impartial Judge—the faith-
ful and affectionate husband—the
loving father and the devoted
friend—distinguished alike
for his public bene-
factions and his
private charities!

may answer well for the *world's* eye, and for the *world's* judgment; but when the time comes, *as it surely will*, those of us who may, perchance, be present, may find a different record written upon the docket of that great court whose judgments are eternal. Then you and I, dear reader, and all of us, may see—guided by a light, of which we can form no present conception—how fallible are all human decisions, how blind all earthly opinions, and how unjust the judgments of the world! Then, standing at that great bar, where, written upon our conscience, the deeds of life are brought to light, each his own accuser and defender, you, and I, and Jenny Irwin, and Gilbert Thorne, and all of us, will learn WHO SITTETH IN JUDGMENT!

WHAT'S THE PRICE OF EGGS.—One Saturday afternoon, as the Fakir of Ava was walking down Main street, he met a broad-brimmed countryman from the Dunker settlement, with a basket of eggs under his arm. The Fakir stopped him and looked into his basket. "Those are remarkable-looking eggs you have, sir; what do you ask for them?" "Bit a dozen," replied broad-brim. "Let me try a single one—here's a dime for it," said the Fakir.—Taking out his knife, he coolly proceeded to crack it, when, to the astonishment of the Dunker, out rolled a dozen shining half-eagles. Placing them in his pocket, and handing out another dime, the Fakir remarked: "I'll try another, if you please, sir." This, too, he cracked open with the same phenomenon of half-eagles. "I'll take all your eggs," said the Fakir, apparently much excited. "No, you don't," said broad-brim, who had just recovered his speech; and spreading the folds of his woolen "warmus" over the basket, he made tracks down the street as fast as his burthen, the amplitude of his breeches, and his hobnailed shoes would allow him. He has, doubtless, ascertained by this time that "eggs is eggs," however much appearances may sometimes be against the fact.—*Boston True Flag.*