

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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Past Memories.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

How thrills, once more, the lengthening chain,
Of memory at the thought of thee!
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams come thronging back again,
And boyhood lives in me,
I feel thy glow upon my cheek,
The fullness of the heart is mine,
As when I learned to hear thee speak,
Or traced my doubtful eyes to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thine arm within my own,
And timidly again
The fringed lids of hazel eyes
With soft, brown tresses overlorn,
And memories of sweet summer even,
Of moonlit wave and willow way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
Of smiles and tears more sweet than they.

Ere this, thy quiet eye had smiled,
My picture of thy youth to see,
When half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And fully self seemed wise in me;
I too can smile, when o'er that hour,
The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have passed on and left their trace
Of graver care and deeper thought,
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
On life's rough blast, for blame and praise,
The schoolboy's name has widely flown;
Thine, in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet, in thought and deed,
Our still diverging paths incline;
Thine, the General's stern creed;
While answers to thy spirit's need,
The Yankee simple line;
For thee, the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day and solemn psalm;
For me, the silent reverence, where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress Time has not worn out,
And something of myself in thee,
And shadow from the past, I see
Linger e'en thy way about;
Not lightly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hour,
Nor yet has Time's dull footsteps worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

The following amusing parody on the burial of Sir John Moore, was put up by some correspondent of the Philadelphia Daily News, as a sort of burlesque on the late writings of the Pennsylvania over the removal of one Simon Drum from a Post Office in a western county of this State.

Sir Simon Drum.—A Parody.
"Not a drum was heard," etc.
We buried him deeply, far out of sight,
[His forty year's service remembering,]
By the struggling Union's misty light,
By the gas-lamps dimly burning.

No useless parchment enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him,
But he lay like a martyr, taking his rest,
With his friends all sobbing around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
[You had better believe nothing shorter,]
But we earnestly thought of the fate of poor Stubbs,
And we joyfully spoke of the "morrer."

We thought as we laid him up on the shelf,
And took away his commission,
How shockingly bad old Ritchie would feel,
That we hadn't first asked his permission.

Lighly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But nothing he'll wrack, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where Fitz Henry laid him.

Quickly and gladly we laid him down,
From the place he had managed so queerly;
We carried not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we "left him alone most severely."

More Truth than Poetry.
Want sense, and the world will overlook it,
Want feeling,—'twill find some excuse;
But if the world knows you want money,
You're certain to get it abuse.

The wisest advice in existence,
Is to be on his kindness to call;
The way to get it assistance,
Is—show you don't need it all!

Snowed.—The following is an anecdote of Dr. Johnson.
Boswell once asked Johnson if there was no possible circumstance under which suicide would be justifiable.
"No," was the reply.
"Well," says Boswell, "suppose a man had been guilty of some fraud that he knew would bring infamy upon him and that he was equally certain would be found out."
"Why, then," says Johnson, "let him go to some country where he is not known, and not to the devil where he is known."
A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one evening, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.
"How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?"
"I really don't know, sir, but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."
"How is your wife today?" said a friend of ours to a French gentleman. "Oh! mon dieu, monsieur, she is as good as better, and I am 'frid ver' little was. If she is going to die, I wish she would do it soon. I feel so unwell, my mind is troubled unwell. When she dies, I shall not be much distressed."

We were looking for the latest report upon gentlemen's pants lately; a York York house says "there is not much change in gentlemen's pants this month." Very likely.

A barber observed to a learned brother in law a short time since, that the wearing of whiskers was unprofessional. "Barber," replied the friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

CHANGE OF FORTUNE. A Plain Statement of Facts.

Some sixty-five or seventy years ago, a vessel from Boston arrived at one of the wharves in London. Among the hands on board, was one by the name of Tudor, a steady, respectable, and well-looking young man, who acted in the capacity of both cooper and sailor. Very early one morning and before any hand that Tudor had come upon deck, a young, beautiful and tolerably well-dressed female came tripping down the street to the vessel, and inquired of Tudor, for the Captain. Tudor told her that he had not yet awoke, but she insisted upon seeing him without delay, and with Tudor's permission, proceeded to his berth, and arousing him addressed him with,

"Good morning, Captain, I have called to see if you will marry me."

"Marry you?" replied the astonished captain, believing her to be a suspicious character. Leave me resting instantly, if you know what is for your interest."

She next went to the mate's berth and asked him if he would marry her, and receiving an answer similar to the captain's, she went upon deck, where Tudor was engaged in some business, and put the same question to him.

"With all my heart," answered Tudor, in a half serious and half jocular manner.

"Then," said she, "come along with me."

Tudor left his work and followed her, with motives which he afterwards declared he could never satisfactorily account for even to himself. By the time they had reached the principal streets of the city many of the shops had been opened. The lady entered a barber's, followed by Tudor, beckoned him to be seated, and ordered the knight of the razor to take off his beard and hair, both of which operations he unquestionably greatly stood in need of. She footed the bill, and they left the shop, but soon entered a hat store. She requested that the best lot of beavers in the store might be placed upon the counter, and then told Tudor to select such a one as suited him. He soon did this, the price was paid by the lady. Tudor threw aside his old Tarquinian, and left the store with his companion, in a beaver that would not have disgraced his Majesty the King himself. The next visit was to the shoe store, where Tudor was seen long in selecting a pair of boots, nor the lady in paying for them.

Tudor by this time was puzzled to divine the object the lady had in view, and it must be acknowledged he was apprehensive all was not right. But fully aware that he had committed no crime to make him dread the face of any man, he was willing to see the end of the farce which he considered them fairly commenced, he was determined to press forward, prepared for the worst, trusting every thing to his guide and companion. He solicited from the lady an explanation of her designs, but she told him to be silent and ask no questions, and immediately led the way into a clothing store, with Tudor on her side. Here she was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store that fitted him, with corresponding articles of clothing; and the sailor in his doublet, tar-bedecked pantaloons and checkered shirt, was in a few minutes metamorphosed into a fine gentleman, as far as appearance was concerned, as had walked the streets of that great metropolis in the company of his companion, and he sat at the others, was paid by the lady.

Tudor's amazement was now complete. He neither knew what to say or think. Who the lady was, what her intentions were, he could not even surmise. He again asked for an explanation insisted upon one; but the only answer he received was, "Follow me and be not alarmed, you will be explained to your entire satisfaction."

One thing Tudor was obliged to acknowledge—the lady, thus far, had done by him as well as he could have wished; he therefore resolved to ask no more questions, and to comply with all her requests and demands. Presently she conducted him into a magnificent office, and politely requested the matter of the law to unite her and companion in the bands of matrimony. This was something of a damper to Tudor, but nevertheless he silently yielded, the ceremony was soon commenced, and in a few seconds the couple were pronounced man and wife.

Without uttering a word, or even exchanging a kiss, Tudor and his wife now left the magistrate, but not however, until she had given him a guinea for his services. The couple passed through the streets in silence—Tudor hardly knowing what he was doing, or what he had done, certainly ignorant of where he was going or what awaited him; and the thoughts that occupied his wife's mind, the reader will soon be able to judge for himself.

Turning the corner of the street, Tudor beheld a few rods distant from him, a splendid dwelling, towards which the wife seemed to direct her steps as well as his own, and into the front door of which they soon entered. The room into which Tudor was ushered by his wife, was furnished in a style of the greatest magnificence. She sat him in a chair, telling him to make himself comfortable for a minute or two, and then passed into another room.

The first one here to address her, was her uncle who, on seeing her enter the room, jumped in astonishment from his chair, and calling her by name, demanded how she had escaped from her room, and where she had been. Her only answer was,

"You find in human shape, I allow you just one hour to remove your effects from this house. The actual possession of my property you long deprived me of, and vainly thought you had made arrangements by which you could have deprived me of it through life; but I am now mistress of my own house, for I was this moment married, and my husband is now in the front room."

"I must now leave the newly married couple for a short time, for the purpose of reverting to the previous history of Mrs. Tudor. She was the only child of a wealthy gentleman, whom I shall designate as Mr. A., not recollecting his actual name, and for the same reason, I shall give his daughter the name of Eliza. He had spared neither time nor expense in the education of his daughter, she being the only object of his care and regard, his wife having died when she was quite young, and before his death, which took place when she was 14 or 15 years of age, he had the satisfaction of witnessing her one of the most accomplished and beautiful young ladies of London.

A short time previous to his death, an arrangement was entered into between Mr. A., and a brother of his, by which his property was to have possession of his dwelling house, his servants, horses, carriage, and such other property as had not been deposited in banks for the benefit his daughter, to the time of her marriage, when the possession of them was to be given up to her husband. It was the condition of the agreement that in the case Eliza died without marrying, the property was to go to her mother and her family.

Immediately after the death of Mr. A., his brother removed into his dwelling, Eliza resided in his family; and everything went on very agreeably for some months, when Eliza discovered in her uncle and his family, the manifestations that she should never marry—the reason for which from what has already been said, must be obvious to every reader. Unluckily for Eliza, she did not discover the diabolical plot in season to frustrate it

in its bud. It was nothing less than this: to shut her up in one of the centre rooms in the third story of the house; to prevent her leaving it by keeping the doors and windows thoroughly bolted, and refuse her associates, by telling them, when they called, that she was either at school or was at some of the shops on business, or had taken a ride in the country for her health, and to see some of her lovers, as they unaccountably called something else equally destitute of truth.

Eliza generally received her meals through a small door, in the evening, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from the lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the air, while she unaccountably understood the meaning of these incoherent sobbing, and said, herself unable to speak from emotion, "Hush, hush, Eliza, mistress, speak not, I understand all. Your tyrant aunt was taken suddenly ill last night, and the doctor says it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon and at evening. Some of your old servants have long been planning some mischief against you, and are now at the point of effecting it," and without waiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings, tripped down stairs.

Eliza although unable for some time to partake of her simple repast, did so at last with a better relish than she had ever known before. Her old servants were still about the house and were bent upon her ruin; she most welcome, soul-inspiring intelligence.

"What!" said she to herself, "is it possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place of confinement? Is it possible that there lives one who seeks my liberation and happiness? Is it possible that all connected with the establishment—my own establishment do not possess hearts of adamant?—God forbid!—I have seen that this, and thy associates, in thy work of love and mercy."

It is unnecessary to detail all the minutia of the scheme for Eliza's escape, and the several interviews held between her and Juan for the three days and nights, on the evening of the fourth day after the above interview, Eliza was furnished with an instrument to unbar her window, and was promised a rope ladder the following evening from one of the windows in the room adjoining; but having loosed the bars of the window the same evening, she determined not to wait till the following evening for the promised ladder, not knowing but the plot of the servants might be discovered by her uncle, or by some of his children, and she accordingly went to work making a rope (if such it may be called) from her bed clothes, by tearing them in strips and tying the ends together. After a few hours labor, she was told to descend, but fearing it might not be strong enough to support her, it was some time before she dared attempt a descent.

But preferring death to a longer confinement, and fearing that she might be detected, she resolved to make the attempt, resigning herself into the hands of Him who relieves the penitent in whatever he pleases. The bill at this place, she determined to pay, and then returned to her husband, when the promised escape was made.

The amazement of Tudor and the transport of his wife, at the sudden change in their fortunes and conditions, may possibly be conceived, but they certainly cannot be expressed. Being incompetent to the task, I will not attempt to describe the scenes that successively followed, the embraces of the happy couple, and the kisses exchanged—the joy of the servants at seeing their old mistress once more set at liberty—the daunt, mortification, and disappointments of the inhuman uncle and his family—the kind congratulations of old friends and acquaintances—the parties that were given by Mrs. Tudor, as well as those attended by her and her husband, to the friends and family of the bride.

One pleasant morning some four or five days after the marriage, the attention of the officers and hands belonging to the Boston vessel was directed to a splendid carriage, drawn by two cream colored horses richly compared, which was approaching the wharf, and in a few moments halted immediately in front of the vessel. The driver dismounted and handed the lady, which she read, and handed to her husband.

"I do not deserve to be tormented thus," said she, while tears of indignation suffused her beautiful eyes.

Smith regarded her with surprise, and read as follows:

"I will call this evening at twilight. If you are faithful to your early love, receive me as your uncertain light."
"Nonsense, Amelia, the fellow's a fool!" said Smith. "I'll give necessary orders to the servants, and take care that you shall no longer be annoyed by his importunities."
Many a fiery husband would have horse-whipped the offender, and thus given a ruinous publicity to the affair. Not so Mr. Smith.

The liver came at the appointed time, and was shown into the parlor, where the twilight was deepened and darkened by the window drapery. Mrs. Smith was abroad, but her husband demurely summoned her handmaid.

"Dinah, your mistress is suffering from headache and seasickness; carry her velvet ribbon and brooch and fasten them about her neck. Stay—do not carry a light, and tread softly. You will find her on the sofa in the parlor."
The colored girl went in search of the ribbon, and her master stole noiselessly into the back parlor, to note the result of his directions. Presently, Dinah entered and paused a moment at the door, then perceiving a figure in a reclining attitude on one of the sofas, she lightly advanced, and stooped over her supposed mistress for the purpose of adjusting the ribbon. Mr. Dashwood recognized the shadowy outline of a female figure, he felt the soft touch of an arm about his neck, and the measure of his joy was full. He ardently returned the supposed embrace, when Mr. Smith quickly drew a match along the wall, and applied it to the gas-burner, beside which he had stationed himself. The apartment was illuminated with a flood of light, and revealed the afflicted negroess struggling in the arms of her pertinaacious lover. Mr. Dashwood released his prisoner as Mr. Smith advanced.

"I beg you will not allow me to disturb you," said Smith blandly.

Dashwood stood for a moment confounded, and then rushed into the street, where he was received with expressions of surprise, by half a dozen of the P. club, who had surrounded the window for

the purpose of witnessing his interview with Mrs. Smith.

The discomfited hero departed in the night boat, and was never heard of afterward, while Mr. Job Smith preserved to this day, as mementoes of his precipitate flight, the hat, gloves, and cane, as well as the coat he left behind him.

Easy Joe Bruce.
BY H. HASTINGS WELLS.
"When-come-er" whistled Mr. Joseph Bruce, or perhaps we should rather say Joe Bruce, for as he was a noble, easy fellow, nobody thought of calling him more than half his name, or of anything else that belonged to him—"I see by the paper that Hawk & Harry have assigned. I meant to have secured my debt, yesterday." He left his coffee half drunk, stumbled over the threshold, and went almost at a run to the counting room of Hawk & Harry. One half that speed on the day before would have saved his debt—as it was, he was just in season to put on his name at the bottom of a dozen and a half preferred ones, to receive ten per cent. He went back to his unfinished breakfast with what appetite he might.

"Why did you neglect this so long, Mr. Bruce?" said his helpmeet and comforter.

"I meant to have attended to it yesterday, my dear."

"You meant! That is always your way Mr. Bruce. You carelessly neglect your business to the last moment, and then put yourself in a haste and a heat for nothing, my dear."

But Mrs. Bruce did not allow him a chance for him to defend himself. On the vent in the most approved conjugal manner, to berate him for his carelessness and inattention.

"Really, Mrs. Bruce—"

"And it was really Mrs. Bruce, for few of the females, and none of the masculine gender, could have kept their heads so long, as Easy Joe Bruce. The clatter of a cotton-mill would not have been a circumstance, to the din she raised—may we doubt whether a philippic against some of those said mills, from the lungs of Benton Towns, could have been heard above her voice. Easy Joe pulled a cigar-case out of his pocket—clapped his feet on the fender—and in a moment the smoke rendered his ears impervious to the bleat of that gentle lamb, his spouse, so placid was his countenance, as the vapor escaped in graceful volumes from his mouth. People overshoot the mark sometimes—Mrs. Bruce did. Had she spared her emotion, the morning's loss would have indicated her husband to have been punctual to his business for one day at least. As it was, he took a sort of pride in neglecting it under her lecture.

"Breeze away, Mr. Bruce."

"Breeze away, sir! Breeze away! I wish I could impart one tittle of my energy to you, Mr. Bruce—I!"

Bruce springing to his feet, and crash! came an elegant mahogany clock down upon the heads of the three months without fastening—a single screw would have saved it—but—

"You meant! Mr. Bruce, you meant what you said, the damage, nor Hawk & Harry's note!"

Bruce seized his hat and cloak. In a few minutes he was on "Change. Nobody would read in his face any traces of the late matrimonial business, and nobody would have suspected from his countenance that Hawk & Harry failed in his debt, Easy Joe Bruce.

"Well, Mr. Bruce, they've routed him."

"Who?"

"Our friend Check Pingree was chosen President of the bank this morning. One vote would have stopped him."

"How very lucky. I meant to have been present to vote for Check myself."

"Never mind, Bruce," said another. "You are a lucky man. The news of the great fire at Speedville has just reached town by express, and I congratulate you that you were fully insured."

"Not a penny!" said Bruce. "My policy expired last week, and I meant to have got it renewed this morning."

Joe posted home in no very happy humor. When an easy man is fairly up, he is the most uneasy and unreasonable man in creation.

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"Why did you not do it yesterday, Mr. Bruce?"

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"Don't I beseech you, Mr. Bruce. They put mad beggars in Bedlam."

Bruce sprang for the door. His wife intercepted him. "Here, Joseph, is a paper I meant to have shown this morning."

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"Yes you meant to get it renewed to-day—meant it should be done yesterday—so I told your clerk, from you, to do it. Am I not an abominable woman?"

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"Really, Mrs. Bruce—"

"And it was really Mrs. Bruce, for few of the females, and none of the masculine gender, could have kept their heads so long, as Easy Joe Bruce. The clatter of a cotton-mill would not have been a circumstance, to the din she raised—may we doubt whether a philippic against some of those said mills, from the lungs of Benton Towns, could have been heard above her voice. Easy Joe pulled a cigar-case out of his pocket—clapped his feet on the fender—and in a moment the smoke rendered his ears impervious to the bleat of that gentle lamb, his spouse, so placid was his countenance, as the vapor escaped in graceful volumes from his mouth. People overshoot the mark sometimes—Mrs. Bruce did. Had she spared her emotion, the morning's loss would have indicated her husband to have been punctual to his business for one day at least. As it was, he took a sort of pride in neglecting it under her lecture.

"Breeze away, Mr. Bruce."

"Breeze away, sir! Breeze away! I wish I could impart one tittle of my energy to you, Mr. Bruce—I!"

Bruce springing to his feet, and crash! came an elegant mahogany clock down upon the heads of the three months without fastening—a single screw would have saved it—but—

"You meant! Mr. Bruce, you meant what you said, the damage, nor Hawk & Harry's note!"

Bruce seized his hat and cloak. In a few minutes he was on "Change. Nobody would read in his face any traces of the late matrimonial business, and nobody would have suspected from his countenance that Hawk & Harry failed in his debt, Easy Joe Bruce.

"Well, Mr. Bruce, they've routed him."

"Who?"

"Our friend Check Pingree was chosen President of the bank this morning. One vote would have stopped him."

"How very lucky. I meant to have been present to vote for Check myself."

"Never mind, Bruce," said another. "You are a lucky man. The news of the great fire at Speedville has just reached town by express, and I congratulate you that you were fully insured."

"Not a penny!" said Bruce. "My policy expired last week, and I meant to have got it renewed this morning."

Joe posted home in no very happy humor. When an easy man is fairly up, he is the most uneasy and unreasonable man in creation.

"Mrs. Bruce, by staying at home to hear you scold, I have lost thousands. I meant to have got insured this morning—I did not—Speedville is burned down, and I am a beggar."

"Why did you not do it yesterday, Mr. Bruce?"

"I was thinking of Hawk and Harry."

"Thinking! Why did you not secure yourself?"

"I meant to, but—"

"But—use no buts!"

"You are in excellent spirits, Mrs. Bruce."

"Vastly fine, madam. We are beggars."

Mrs. Bruce sat down, clapped her feet on the fender, after her husband's manner in the morning.

"We are beggars, madam," Bruce repeated.

"Very good—I will take my guitar, and you shall shoulder the three children. We'll play under Mr. Hawk's window first, and then under Mr. Harry's, and then we will beg our way to Speedville, to the aid of the ashes of what was once your factory—just what you meant to have insured. I should like begging above all things."

"You abominable woman I shall go mad."

"Don't I beseech you, Mr. Bruce. They put mad beggars in Bedlam."

Bruce sprang for the door. His wife intercepted him. "Here, Joseph, is a paper I meant to have shown this morning."

"A policy! And dated yesterday?"

"Yes you meant to get it renewed to-day—meant it should be done yesterday—so I told your clerk, from you, to do it. Am I not an abominable woman?"

"When I said so, I was in a pet. I meant—"

"No more of that, Joseph. Now tell me who is first on Hawk and Harry's assignment."

"Your brother."

"His claim covers you both."

"You are angel!"

Easy Joe became an altered man, and his wife was released from her watch over his out-door business. She died some years before him—but we are half inclined to suspect, that after her death Joe partially relapsed into his old habits—so true it is, that habit is a second nature. Both were buried in the graveyard at Speedville, and our suspicions are founded on something like the following conversation—between the grave digger and his assistant:

"Where are we to dig Mr. Bruce's grave?"

"I don't know exactly. His will says, next to his wife."

"Where was she laid?"

"That I don't know. Easy Joe always said he meant to place an obolus over her, but it never was done."

Reason.—A few days since a Grand Jury out South ignored a bill against a negro for stealing chickens, and before discharging him from custody, the Judge made him stand reprimanded; he concluded as follows: "You may go now John, but (shaking his finger at him) let me warn you to beware of appearing here again." John, with a broad grin displaying a new row of beautiful ivory, replied—"I wouldn't be in dis time Judge, only de constable P. club, who had surrounded the window for

From the Lady's Wreath. DAVID DASHWOOD'S ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. JULIE H. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. Smith was a superb woman! So declared the doting Job Smith, and so said a score of lovers, as they unaccountably called something else equally destitute of truth.

Eliza generally received her meals through a small door, in the evening, from the hands of her unfeeling aunt, to whom her cries for liberation from the lonely and dismal prison house, were no more effectual than they would have been had they been directed to the air, while she unaccountably understood the meaning of these incoherent sobbing, and said, herself unable to speak from emotion, "Hush, hush, Eliza, mistress, speak not, I understand all. Your tyrant aunt was taken suddenly ill last night, and the doctor says it is doubtful whether she long survives. I will see you again at noon and at evening. Some of your old servants have long been planning some mischief against you, and are now at the point of effecting it," and without waiting for Eliza's thanks and blessings, tripped down stairs.

Eliza although unable for some time to partake of her simple repast, did so at last with a better relish than she had ever known before. Her old servants were still about the house and were bent upon her ruin; she most welcome, soul-inspiring intelligence.

"What!" said she to herself, "is it possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place of confinement? Is it possible that there lives one who seeks my liberation and happiness? Is it possible that all connected with the establishment—my own establishment do not possess hearts of adamant?—God forbid!—I have seen that this, and thy associates, in thy work of love and mercy."

It is unnecessary to detail all the minutia of the scheme for Eliza's escape, and the several interviews held between her and Juan for the three days and nights, on the evening of the fourth day after the above interview, Eliza was furnished with an instrument to unbar her window, and was promised a rope ladder the following evening from one of the windows in the room adjoining; but having loosed the bars of the window the same evening, she determined not to wait till the following evening for the promised ladder, not knowing but the plot of the servants might be discovered by her uncle, or by some of his children, and she accordingly went to work making a rope (if such it may be called) from her bed clothes, by tearing them in strips and tying the ends together. After a few hours labor, she was told to descend, but fearing it might not be strong enough to support her, it was some time before she dared attempt a descent.

But preferring death to a longer confinement, and fearing that she might be detected, she resolved to make the attempt, resigning herself into the hands of Him who relieves the penitent in whatever he pleases. The bill at this place, she determined to pay, and then returned to her husband, when the promised escape was made.

The amazement of Tudor and the transport of his wife, at the sudden change in their fortunes and conditions, may possibly be conceived, but they certainly cannot be expressed. Being incompetent to the task, I will not attempt to describe the scenes that successively followed, the embraces of the happy couple, and the kisses exchanged—the joy of the servants at seeing their old mistress once more set at liberty—the daunt, mortification, and disappointments of the inhuman uncle and his family—the kind congratulations of old friends and acquaintances—the parties that were given by Mrs. Tudor, as well as those attended by her and her husband, to the friends and family of the bride.

One pleasant morning some four or five days after the marriage, the attention of the officers and hands belonging to the Boston vessel was directed to a splendid carriage, drawn by two cream colored horses richly compared, which was approaching the wharf, and in a few moments halted immediately in front of the vessel. The driver dismounted and handed the lady, which she read, and handed to her husband.

"I do not deserve to be tormented thus," said she, while tears of indignation suffused her beautiful eyes.

Smith regarded her with surprise, and read as follows:

"I will call this evening at twilight. If you are faithful to your early love, receive me as your uncertain light."
"Nonsense, Amelia, the fellow's a fool!" said Smith. "I'll give necessary orders to the servants, and take care that you shall no longer be annoyed by his importunities."
Many a fiery husband would have horse-whipped the offender, and thus given a ruinous publicity to the affair. Not so Mr. Smith.

The liver came at the appointed time, and was shown into the parlor, where the twilight was deepened and darkened by the window drapery. Mrs. Smith was abroad, but her husband demurely summoned her handmaid.

"Dinah, your mistress is suffering from headache and seasickness; carry her velvet ribbon and brooch and fasten them about her neck. Stay—do not carry a light, and tread softly. You will find her on the sofa in the parlor."
The colored girl went in search of the ribbon, and her master stole noiselessly into the back parlor, to note the result of his directions. Presently, Dinah entered and paused a moment at the door, then perceiving a figure in a reclining attitude on one of the sofas, she lightly advanced, and stooped over her supposed mistress for the purpose of adjusting the ribbon. Mr. Dashwood recognized the shadowy outline of a female figure, he felt the soft touch of an arm about his neck, and the measure of his joy was full. He ardently returned the supposed embrace, when Mr. Smith quickly drew a match along the wall, and applied it to the gas-burner, beside which he had stationed himself. The apartment was illuminated with a flood of light, and revealed the afflicted negroess struggling in the arms of her pertinaacious lover. Mr. Dashwood released his prisoner as Mr. Smith advanced.

"I beg you will not allow me to disturb you," said Smith blandly.

Dashwood stood for a moment confounded, and then rushed into the street, where he was received with expressions of surprise, by half a dozen of the P. club, who had surrounded the window for

the purpose of witnessing his interview with Mrs. Smith.

The discomfited hero departed in the night boat, and was never heard of afterward, while Mr. Job Smith preserved to this day, as mementoes of his precipitate flight, the hat, gloves, and cane, as well as the coat he left behind him.

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