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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"Poet's Corner."

For the Register.

Legend of Music Lake,

SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PA.

It is said that musical sounds are sometimes heard, at night, on the shores of a small Lake near the Tunkhannock Hills, or Elk Mountain, in Susquehanna county. Hence it is sometimes called "Music Lake." The following version is by an amateur huntsman:

The autumnal breeze had sunk to rest,
The dark blue lake was still,
The pale moon sinking in the west,
Illumed Tunkhannock's hill.

On couch of hemlock boughs I lay,
A pine tree o'er my head;
My dogs to keep the wolf at bay,
Were watching round my bed.

The night fire burned with flickering light,
At times 'twould glare around,
Then flash across the waters bright
Or stream along the ground.

I thought of times then long gone by,
When chieftains in their pride,
Had shouted high the warrior's cry,
And stemm'd the battle's tide:

Of him, whose vows Lantanna won—
'Twas there he met the foe—
'Twas there his youthful course was run—
He sank beneath the blow:

Of her who there in silence heard
The fate her warrior met;
No sighs she gave, nor uttered word,
Not e'en her eye was wet.

But on that shore, near where I laid,
Is seen a rising mound;
In it was placed a lifeless maid;
Dark hemlocks waved around.

While musing thus, my dogs rushed past,
As though the wolf was near,
Then backward shrunk, with looks aghast,
And trembling, crouch'd from fear.

A sound was heard from neighboring height,
The tones were wild and clear;
They broke the silence of the night
As wafted through the air.

'Twas music floating o'er the lake,
Re-echo'd from the hill;
A wild deer bounding in the brake,
Stood listening to its thrill.

Then thro' that dark, drear hemlock shade,
Two forms were seen to glide;
A bleeding chief in arms arrayed;
A pallid love-worn Indian maid,
Moved mournful side by side.

1825. J. W. M.

Miscellaneous Selections.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

The Lucky Dower,

OR, THE STEP-SISTERS OF ABBOTSON PARK.

When Mr. Abbotson, of Abbotson Park, married to please himself, it was not without reason that his relations and friends were displeased, for he only waited till he became legally his own master, to espouse a young woman of low degree, whose blameless character and amiable disposition did not compensate for the want of those other essentials he ought to have sought for in a wife. But Mr. Abbotson was more distinguished for a kind heart and a yielding temper, than for strength of intellect or fine perceptions; and he thought it particularly hard that he could not marry as he liked, without the interference of other people. A short season of domestic happiness and seclusion ended in the death of Mrs. Abbotson, when the little daughter she had presented to her husband was but a few weeks old. He mourned the loss of his wife with sincerity, and for a long time refused to be consoled, seeking and finding comfort only in caressing the motherless baby, named Anna, after its deceased parent. Mr. Abbotson's only sister, Mrs. Churton, a lady some years his senior, and wedded to a wealthy landed proprietor in the adjacent county, vainly offered either to become a visitor at Abbotson Park, or to take charge of the poor baby; both overtures were rejected by the bereaved husband. But Mrs. Churton, a sensible and shrewd woman did not despair. She smiled and said something about time and patience. And Mrs. Churton was right; for by the time Anna had completed her second year, Mr. Abbotson again emerged from the solitude, and by degrees renewed his acquaintance with the world and with his former associates.

Being of a temperament very likely to run into extremes, it soon became apparent that he not only determined to seek matrimonial happiness a second time, but that he resolved to seek it in a very different sphere from that in which he had first chosen a bride. Mrs. Churton who had been the only one of her brothers kindred who had countenanced or shown kindness to the first Mrs. Abbotson—notwithstanding she had used her best influence to dissuade him from the marriage—now exerted that influence again in endeavors to persuade him that something more than mere empty rank would be desirable. But no; Mr. Abbotson's election was already made—the penniless sister of a Scotch nobleman who made up in pride what she lacked in silver—becoming his second bride. His estates were strictly entailed in the male line, and he ardently desired the birth of a son, there being indeed, but slender provision for daughters, owing to an accumulation of pecuniary embarrassments. Great, therefore was the disappointment of himself and Lady Janet when four daughters made their appearance successively; no heir arrived to inherit the property and preserve the name. From the very commencement of the marriage, Lady Janet had evinced coldness and contempt for the step daughter, whose maternal ancestry she always alluded to with a strong abhorrence, that had they been outcasts from respectable society, instead of industrious workers, she could not have been more virulent in prejudice and invective. And not only did she cherish the feeling herself, but she took every pains to instil it in the bosom of her daughters, who too readily inherited the lesson taught by their mother. Daily insults, daily slights, Anna had been accustomed to from infancy, heaped unrelentingly upon her young defenceless head, by the coarse minded, unfeeling woman, who ruled with iron sway over her weak minded husband. Covert taunts and insinuations respecting her plebeian origin on the maternal side, were so habitually listened to in silence by the poor girl, that at length Anna became absolutely half ashamed of herself, and ceased to wonder whether she was really as plain and as vulgar as Lady Janet on every occasion declared her to be. Mrs. Churton, now a childless widow, witnessed in silence much of this cruel injustice, but she had a dislike to interference in families. She knew Lady Janet to be a violent, woman; and she was well aware that Mr. Abbotson had no longer any will of his own; in short that hen-pecked gentleman was a confirmed invalid, and seldom quitted the precincts of his library. The only means by which Mrs. Churton judged it possibly consistent with her principles, to alleviate Anna's unhappy position, was sometimes to ask her on a visit to Churton Place accompanied by one or more of her young sisters—a request not always acceded to by Lady Janet, who grudged the loss of Anna's service, and who also evinced a jealousy, ill concealed, of the notice bestowed by Mrs. Churton, on the eldest Miss Abbotson, a notice which Anna repaid by the warmest affection and gratitude, secretly clinging to Mrs. Churton as her best and dearest friend and benefactress. But it did not suit Lady Janet to quarrel with Mrs. Churton, who was a queer eccentric old lady, and who though perfectly courteous and affable to them all, had a certain mischievous twinkle in her keen grey eye, which troubled and puzzled Lady Janet on more occasions than one. Then at Churton Place they were sure of meeting pleasant society, for Mrs. Churton was extremely popular, and a universal favorite with the gay young bachelors of the neighborhood, who delighted in her good-natured cheerful conversation, and perhaps also relished the unique wines with which the late Mr. Churton had stocked his capacious cellars.

Proud and insolent, like their mother, Anna's half-sisters regarded her with almost equal dislike; and had it not been for Mrs. Churton's kindness, Anna's warm and sensitive heart would have been hopelessly crushed. There was another individual at Churton Place, whose smile of welcome and affection had made a deeper and more dangerous impression. This was not altogether unobserved by Mrs. Churton, who however, conceived that she performed her duty in speaking very openly of Charles Churton's prospects, and of her late husband's will, in connection with his nephew's actions. By this will Charles was to inherit his uncle's large fortune on Mrs. Churton's decease, who enjoyed a life interest only; but, alas! there was a proviso which prevented the young man from suiting himself with a wife. Had it not been for that proviso, it is more than likely that Anna Abbotson would soon have been removed to a happier home, as Charles Churton's bride; but unfortunately, he had been brought up to no profession, and he could not think of dooming her to inevitable poverty.

It is more than likely, too, that Lady Janet and her handsome girls would have treated him with a little more consideration, had it not been for that fatal proviso which rendered their case hopeless—a fact which caused both aunt and nephew to exchange many sly smiles, when witnessing the perfect nonchalance with which these ladies regarded him, though Charles was good looking and agreeable enough to endanger the peace of less mercenary damsels than the four prudently brought up Misses Abbotson. He was a generous, warm-hearted fellow too, one in whose hands the happiness of a gentlewoman could safely be entrusted. However, Charles was not worth wasting a thought about, for Lady Janet had but one object in life—the securing rich or suitable matches for the portionless beauties; and Charles Churton was prohibited by his whimsical uncle's will from any lady whose dower was *less* than £10,000; a marriage, too, which was to take place within a given period—the limit of which Mrs. Churton began to think was rather startlingly near. Failing these conditions, Charles forfeited all claim to the fortune, which then would be dispersed among various charities.

It was time for the busy old lady to bestir herself, for Charles seemed wonderfully apathetic in the matter. Mrs. Churton's kind heart felt for poor Anna, for, with quick perception, she had read that Charles was not indifferent to this eldest neice, though he was too honorable to breathe a word of his passion in the ear of one whose early trials were so severe. But Charles had speaking eyes—and eyes *will* speak truth, despite the most prudential resolves—but the case was hopeless for Anna had not £10,000. Mrs. Churton laughed, and said they *must* find a bride for Charles; but it wo'd be a difficult task, for Charles was so very particular—yet it must be accomplished. Lady Janet reviled old Mr. Churton for making so ridiculous a will, feeling assured that if Charles had been unshackled, he would have chosen one of her darlings. It never entered into the heads of any of them, that Anna was the lady-love of Charles Churton; such a conjecture would have been too wild, too unlikely for sober imagining. Compared with her dashing young sisters Anna was a homely creature; but those who looked beyond her mere externals, beheld the light of truth beaming in her soft blue eyes, and were struck with the patient sweetness with which she endured her many wrongs. Anna's graces of person and mind were all unobtrusive; as for Mrs. Churton, she deemed Anna Abbotson peerless, and the worthy dame sighed deeply when she thought of loosing such a wife for Charles.

When away from the atmosphere of Abbotson Park, Anna became quite a different creature, and it did Mrs. Churton's heart good to hear her merry musical laugh and to behold her sparkling ways; she appeared like a tender flowret reviving in a pure and more genial climate, after having bowed down beneath an unhealthy and crushing power. At home, she was never asked to sing, and although she possessed a fine voice, and her four sisters were deficient in vocal accomplishment, confining their display to brilliant instrumental performance; hence Lady Janet always made a point of declaring that she did not care for squalling, except at the Opera—she preferred concerted pitches for the harp and piano.—Anna sketched beautifully in water colors—views from nature, sweet little bits of rural scenery; her sisters excelled as caricaturists—a humorous but dangerous talent. Lady Janet detested wishy-washy drawings, with blue skies and green trees—she could look at nothing but life like sketching, where each individual could be immediately recognized, and she might have added, laughed at.—Anna's sketches were kept in the back ground, and Anna's voice was silent. Anna's temper was pronounced bad and unsociable; and in short the poor girl with a fund of native refinement and elegance, which Lady Janet and her daughters were incapable of appreciating, was regarded by most of the visitors at Abbotson Park, as a bashful, uneducated, disagreeable young woman, far inferior to her four handsome, amiable, obliging, sisters.

The crowd in Vanity Fair are prone to such judgments; a little veneer, a little French polish, and the flimsy ground work of the article is never scrutinized or detected, the outside presenting a fair and fashionable aspect. Anna passed so many of the days of her life in solitude, that she had plenty of time for self examination and serious thought; she had learned the lesson of universal charity, and made many allowances for her step-mother; endeavoring by gentleness and forbearance to soften that obdurate, selfish heart. But, alas! it was too stony for any such process and Lady Janet always regarded her step-daughter with a jealous and suspicious eye as a natural enemy to the interests of herself and four blossoms. Such a rankling jealousy was fostered towards poor Anna, that many a time when she might have cheered and comforted her disappointed father—soured in temper and broken in health as Mr. Abbotson was—she was witheld from the attempt by the surveillance placed over her actions, and the domestic tumults which ensued. Nevertheless, although he did not fully know the worth and sweetness of his eldest born, Mr. Abbotson saw and knew enough to know that Anna had not fair play; but he could not venture to contradict Lady Janet, or to reason or to expostulate with his womankind. They were too much for his nerves. So he let them settle matters their own way, and battle it out among themselves; only thinking secretly, that Anna was in respects far more refined than any of them; earl's daughter and grand daughters though they were. And so thought Mrs. Churton also; and she quite agreed with Charles when that young gentleman pronounced Anna Abbotson's smiles very bewitching, and her more frequent pensive moods very touching.

At Churton Place, Anna warbled like a nightingale, and sketched like an artist; Mrs. Churton, who reigned in her house with despotic sway, insisting on bringing her accomplishments into requisition, although by no means disparaging those of the four beauties. Lady Janet had no just grounds for complaint, although she secretly hated Mrs. Churton—a fact that observant dame was perfectly aware of, though appearing innocently unconscious. 'Your sister's lynx eyes are everywhere,' exclaimed Lady Janet to her passive husband; 'and she can mar as well as make a match, I believe as well as most troublesome old ladies; so for the sake of your four poor girls, Mr. Abbotson, I must beware of offending her, or I'd tell her a bit of my mind pretty plainly."

'Well, my dears,' said Lady Janet to her daughters, 'I wonder what is in the wind now with that tiresome old aunt Churton of yours? It is months since we received an invitation to Churton Place, though to be sure, the old soul has been absent from home with her hopeful nephew, Mr. Charles, hunting about for a wife with the required dower, I suppose. She writes in such high spirits, and so full of fun, that I don't doubt she has succeeded; and now she asks two of you girls, and Miss Anna of course (no denial for her, says madam) to accompany me on a visit to meet some particular friends of hers.

She mentions also that young Mr. Passingham is expected. He's a friend of Mr. Charles Churton's, girls, and an 'eligible,' in the best sense of the word—young, rich, handsome and unmarried. So we must go, of course, and take that moping Anna with us, or Mrs. Churton would be offended. She has moped herself pale and thin enough lately, and has been pining after precious aunt; however she'll be all the better foil for you my dears, and set off your brilliant beauty and fashionable *tournure* by the contrast.—Your papa is invited—but of course he *won't go*—and Blanche and Laura will stay with him. It's absolutely abominable that Anna should be forced forward in the place my children ought to fill—vulgar creature that she is and so quiet too, and humble, yet so impertinently self-possessed and soft-voiced, that I've no patience with her cat-like ways—that I've not."

Here Lady Janet paused for breath. How frequently we hate those whose very presence causes self upbraiding, and is in itself a silent reproof!

'Who can the friends be aunt Churton alludes to?' said Henrietta, the eldest of the four sisters. 'I hope they are people of fashion and consequence. I should think so, as you are asked, mamma.'

'Yes, my dear; from the way the letter is worded, it strikes me that your aunt particularly wishes that we should be introduced to them; and although she is a very odd personage, your aunt Churton, my dears, yet she is a lady and has a nice set of acquaintances, I must say,' replied Lady Janet, kissing Henrietta as she added; 'She must feel pride in her neices—it is impossible she can help it; and I'm sure I pity poor Charles Churton from my soul.'

'However, you see Mr. Passingham is to be there, so of course I shall accept for Henrietta, Caroline, myself and Anna—no fear of *her* proving a rival, I think.'—And Lady Janet laughed at her own conceit, and the Misses Abbotson laughed in chorus.

Anna felt strangely nervous as she once more approached Churton Place, and pale and silent, she shrank from observation while her three companions were more talkative and amiable than usual, not noticing or even seeming to be aware of her presence. Mrs. Churton received her guests with even more than usual urbanity, and her round face beamed with smiles, as she welcomed them each in turn. On Anna she gazed a moment with scrutinizing attention, and then embracing her, turned to Lady Janet, saying—

'I am so glad you have come, Lady Janet, for we are such a delightful party here, that I was quite anxious you should join us. You know James Passingham?—he's here, and Charles is quite a school boy when he gets with Passingham, and my particular friends are very charming folks, quite unique I assure you.'

Mrs. Churton looked quite radiant, and Lady Janet felt convinced the dowered lady was found to the perfect satisfaction of all parties. She dared not ask the question but with a little mincing and ambling she softly inquired if she might ask who were the particular friends of Mrs. Churton whose society she was about to enjoy.

'Who are they?' replied Mrs. Churton, smiling pleasantly; 'why they are a dear old couple named Harrismith. Mr. Harrismith is a millionaire, and Mrs. Harrismith is still in mourning for an only daughter, whose loss nearly broke the hearts of both parents. However they have a sweet neice; but she too, will be disposed of in marriage.

'Oh, oh!' thought Lady Janet; 'so the cat's out of the bag. I've no doubt the neice of Mr. Harrismith, the millionaire, is Charles Churton's intended bride. I hope we are to have the pleasure of being introduced to the young lady?' said Lady Janet, aloud.

'O yes; she's here,' replied Mrs. Churton, carelessly, pretending not to see the meaning glances which were interchanged between Lady Janet and her two daughters. These young ladies, attired in the height of the mode, and with all the airs and graces of experienced flirts, watched with well-concealed interest, the desultory and tardy movements of Charles and his friend, who at some distance were engaged in what appeared to be an intensely amusing conversation, their peals of laughter reached the assembled party on the lawn, whither they had followed their hostess.

'Mr. Charles seems in boisterous spirits,' remarked Miss Caroline; 'we should really be glad to share his merriment, and Mr. Passingham's, who is usually such a quiet, sensible person.'

'Insensible, I have often heard James Passingham pronounced, my dear,' remarked Mrs. Churton, with a sly smile, 'because he has not hitherto taken unto himself a wife to share all his riches and happiness.

'Perhaps when Mr. Charles marries,' simpered Miss Henrietta, 'James Passingham may be induced to follow his example.'

'Then he must not be long about it,' responded Mrs. Churton, mysteriously, for Charles has no time to lose, you know; and between ourselves, I don't think James *will* be long.'

Here was a hint to work upon, for Mr. Passingham was decidedly a marrying man, rich enough not to care for wealth with his bride, and a professed admirer of female loveliness. Lady Janet looked complacently at her daughters. How could it be possible that Mr. Passingham should fail to be riveted by their attractions! Surely his only difficulty would consist in choosing! Never before had they appeared to greater advantage; and it was quite true that Anna's pale serious face contrasted strongly with the blooming beauties beside her. But there were many who would have preferred the intellectual repose of her countenance to the more dazzling charms of radient smiles and bright eyes—the rounded grace of her somewhat full form, to the tall, stately, and rather masculine proportions of her sisters. She had a soft, low voice too,—and every body knows that is an excellent thing in a woman.

She had listened with great interest to the previous conversation, and her heart throbbed faster as she listened. Poor Anna had come to the same conclusion as her step-mother; and when she heard Mrs. Churton speak of the 'sweet niece of the Harrismith's and of her approaching marriage, despite all of Anna's excellent resolutions of heroic endurance, a deadly pallor overspread her countenance, which fortunately, was observed by no one but Mrs. Churton. That lady seeing Mr. Passingham at length approach with Charles Churton, whispered a few words in the latter's ear, and without any further ceremony, led Anna off. Mr. Passingham soon succeeded in engaging the attention exclusively of the mother and her two smiling daughters, who brightened up wonderfully on receiving the gay gallant compliments of so unexceptionable a cavalier.

'You are not well my dear Anna,' said Mrs. Churton, kindly, when they were alone. 'I dont want to encourage you in giving way; therefore, my dear girl, before I lead you to Mrs. Harrismith I want you to look a little less pale, and miserable.'

'Oh, Aunt Churton, what do you want to lead me to Mrs. Harrismith!—she wont care about me, when my handsome lively sisters are here, besides, you know her niece——'

Here Anna stopped short; she was unable to utter more, although with a desperate effort, she struggled to appear composed. Mrs. Churton regarded her with a scrutinizing earnestness, and at length a smile broke over the old lady's face as she said with archness—

'Well my dear, what of Mrs. Harrismith's niece? I assure you she is all I could wish for a wife for Charles; for to let you into the secret, though between ourselves, I am not sure that Charles would be pleased with me for telling you, he is devotedly attached to Mrs. Harrismith's niece.'

Poor Anna! Pride came to her aid, and she murmured something rather unintelligible about "being glad to hear it,' asking in a lower voice, if the young lady returned his affection.

'Yes, I think she does,' responded Mrs. Churton. 'I fondly hope she does; but she is not one to be won unsought; and with true maiden reserve she has concealed her affection; but there is no time for any more reserve or nonsense, and as Mrs. Harrismith dowers her nobly, and fully approves the alliance, all we have to do, is to shorten the courtship, and so keep within the specified time. But come I want to introduce you to Mrs. Harrismith, before Lady Janet returns. James Passingham and Charles will keep them amused for awhile; we must have your four pretty sisters for the bridesmaids at our wedding.'

Poor Anna! She dashed a tear away and trying to force a smile—such a feeble moonlight smile—she followed Mrs. Churton, who tenderly embraced her, and who seemed herself in a condition between laughing and crying, as, entering an appartment where a fat old gentleman was reading, and a fat old lady was engaged on carpet work, both with spectacles on nose, she pushed Anna gently forward saying—

'There she is, and don't make more of a scene than you can help.'

We pass over the introduction of Lady Janet and her daughters to the millionaires; her condescending bend, and Mrs. Harrismith's formal courtesy—Lady Janet surveying them through the medium of her eye-glass, and inwardly pronouncing them vulgar quizzes:' while they for their parts, stedily gazed at her from beneath their golden spectacles, silently determining that she was but ordinary for an earl's daughter. But how impossible to depict the astonishment of Lady Janet on beholding Anna tearful and trembling seated between the two strangers, with either hand clasped in theirs, and covered with blushes, as Mrs. Harrismith said with considerable dignity—

'We are indebted to Mrs. Churton for the great comfort and happiness of this first introduction to our niece, Anna Abbotson, the only child of my deceased sister. And it must be a great comfort and happiness likewise to your Ladyship, and no doubt will be to Mr. Abbotson, that we have it in our power to make her future life, poor thing, happier than it has hitherto proved.'

Lady Janet drew herself up and reddened, and said something about the hard duties of a step-mother—the ingratitude of step-daughters; and finally, that she did not understand the matter at all, as she did not know any thing about the family connections of Mr. Abbotson's first wife,' with a toss of her turbaned head.

'Then it's quite time you did, my lady!' exclaimed Mrs. Harrismith, her cap vibrating with some suppressed emotion; 'and you would have heard of them long ago, had we thought our interferance would have benefited this door girl; but we have had a dear daughter of our own till lately,' here a heavy sob broke from the depths of the mother's bosom: and we were selfish, perhaps, and did not think of others as we ought; and we knew that Mr. Abbotson was ashamed of his marriage with my poor dear sister, and said that he would be ashamed to own us, because my Jonathan—that is, my Mr. Harrismith—made his money in trade, and by fortunate speculations in tallow and the like. But we were led of late to make some enquiries about my niece, and now I hope your ladyship and her papa will allow us to relieve you of such an ungrateful burden as this naughty child,' turning to Anna, and embracing her warmly: 'her prospects will be our care—at least, if she can endure the taint of trade and tallow and our homeliness.'

'I realy do not know what Mr. Abbotson will say to this very extraordinary proceeding,' commenced Lady Janet' haughtily, and looked at the same time very much embarrassed.

'But *I* do,' broke in Mrs. Churton; 'for I have written to my brother and he is deeply grateful to have his eldest daughter so tenderly cared for, and nobly provided for; and he desired me to say so, with his blessing—a father's blessing, which Anna Abbotson so well deserves, as well as all other good,' added Mrs. Churton, in a lower tone, for she was a generous soul, and never cared for money except as it could benefit others. 'Then I suppose that we may congratulate you on Mr. Charles having found a suitable wife at last,' said Lady Janet, spitefully, intending to be sarcastic.

'If Anna Abbotson will honor him by acceptance, and Charles is worthy of her in all respects: and when I say *that*, I can say no more. God bless them both,' replied Mrs. Churton, not wishing to exasperate her ruffled ladyship by saying more. Anna's pleading looks also silencing the spirited old lady who could not resist adding, 'and if Anna consents to marry Charles—and here is no time to lose, or Charles will lose his fortune, according to my late good man's will, why, then, I hope that Charles Churton and James Passingham will marry on the same day, for Jamie's been engaged a long time to dear little Mary Seymour. But, dear me! what's the matter with you, Lady Janet? I am afraid the wonderful news of poor Anna's good fortune has overcome your feelings.'

'I am overcome, Mrs. Churton, said Lady Janet in a faint voice, 'and I beg to retire:' and supported by her two daughters, the disappointed trio disappered; and Lady Janet, pleading serious indisposition, her nervous system being liable to derangement from any excitement or surprise, at once returned to Abbotson Park with her supercilious darlings, who declined for themselves, and also for their sisters, the part assigned them by Mrs. Churton, of bridesmaids to their eldest sister. And as to James Passingham, and 'dear little Mary Seymour,' they pitied him for such a taste! Anna remained with her new found relatives at Churton place; they worthy, simple-hearted souls, only regretted that as their acknowledged heiress, of twice £10,000, she would be carried off by the happy Charles before they had learned half her worth.

'However, it's just as well,' sobbed Mrs. Harrismith, 'for if there was time for this excellent creature to twine herself around our old fond hearts, when she did leave us we should miss her next to our own dear daughter, who is now an angel in heaven. Should we not, Jonathan, my dear?"

'Yes yes, my love!' replied Jonathan cheerfully: 'depend upon it, all is for the best, if we can make up our minds to think so, and the kindest thing we can do for this ill-used sweet niece of yours is to reward her for all her patience and goodness, by allowing her to marry that gallant good youth Mr. Charles; and I wouldn't say so, if I did not feel sure he loved her, and would have married her, had it been possible without any dowry at all.'

The Legend of Bucharest.

Once upon a time there lived in one of the seaport towns of Bulgaria, an Armenian merchant, celebrated for his riches in lands, houses, brilliant stuffs, and precious stones; but more celebrated still for the possession of a beautiful daughter whose name was Guzla, known among the youths and maidens as the Star of the East. Her fame, from a very early age, spread throughout the whole country, and she had more suitors for her hand than Penelope of old. It is said even that a Moslem prince offered to abjure his religion for her sake; but, as she is supposed to have lived before the time of Mahommed, we may question the truth of this tradition. Her father, Boukor, often talked of marrying her to some noble person of whom he could approve, and was delighted to count up the number of times he had been able to refuse what the world called advantageous offers; but, as refusal succeeded refusal, the public began to think he had no mind to settle her at all. However, Guzla at length determined to choose for herself; and one night when the winds blew and the dogs howled as if there were spirits in the air, she and young Severin fled away into the storm.

Boukor grieved for his loss with the bitterness of aged grief; and, turning on himself, heaped reproaches upon his own head for his selfishness. Why had he not detected earlier what was passing in the mind of his gentle spirited daughter? Why had he not understood the reason that had paled her cheek and made her eye downcast? Why had he not guessed her thoughts of love, and won from her a confession by kind words? These questions came too late; but he determined to do what he should have done at first—namely, endeavor to overtake the young fugitive, and bring her back to her nest. The difficulty was to know in what direction she had fled. No neighbor could give him any information.

The old man was waiting, perhaps, for a revelation, when a neigh of a colt from the stable came to his ear. Kebir was complaining of the absence of his dam, Zarah. The truth now was manifest.—Guzla had taken her father's favorite mare to bear her on her love-journey.—She was quite probably by this time far away, 'but by St. Pacomo,'—so swore the old gentleman—'it would have been wiser for her lover not to have separated two parents from two children. The deserted infant shall aid the vengeance of the deserted father.'

Yes, old Boukor was making terrible vows in his own mind, and revelled in anticipated slaughter. He called his head clerk, committed to him the management of his affairs, filled his purse with money, and mounted a good horse, not inferior to the stolen Zarah. This done, he gave orders to drive the colt out of the stables. What he expected came to pass. Kebir, after frisking about a little, began to snuff the air and paw the ground, and then, with flashing eyes, and ears thrown back, away he went towards the north.—Boukor was after him in a moment; and, though at first left far behind, soon gained ground, and came up with the colt which soon continued pursuit. In this way they traveled five long days, during which they halted occasionally, beneath the shadow of trees, on the green grass, to rest and sleep. The colt took the management of those hours, and if its tired master prolonged them overmuch, reminded him of his duty by an anxious neigh. At length the poor little animal's strength began to fail. Instead of galloping or trotting, he crept slowly along, pausing every now and then to look wistfully from the blue horizon to the face of the aged Boukor. On the sixth day it could scarcely move, and at last lay down to die. The merchant mourned over it, and, picking up bunches of moist grass, endeavored to make it munch them, but it would not.—Then he went a little apart to fetch water from a spring, and beheld a sight that filled him with emotion. A group of wild horses were careering through the wilderness, and passed near the prostrate colt. They seemed in a hurry; but yet a mare observed the familiar thing, and, detaching herself, came and offered it suck. Kebir accepted gratefully, and when he was satisfied, leaned his nostrils against the nostrils of the mare, as if to kiss her or confide his sorrow. They communed for a moment; but then the stranger beat the earth with her foot, and went away to her old companions, which were careering impatiently to and fro in the distance. They soon disappeared.

Thus refreshed Kebir went cheerfully along, still in the same direction, until he led Boukor to the borders of the Danube. Here, having stretched out his neck over the waters, he lay down to rest; and, evening drawing near, the merchant, seeking the shelter of a tree, was glad to sleep away his fatigues. In the morning when he awoke, his trusty steed was still by his side; but Kebir—unfaithful Kebir!—had disappeared.

Boukor mourned the loss of his guide and companion bitterly. He examined carefully the banks of the river, but could find no trace of footsteps. Evidently Kebir had breasted the current, and had been punished by death for his ingratitude. The stream was broad, so that scarcely the opposite land could be descried. How could a colt, enfeebled by fatigue, cross a current which no war-horse could breast?

It seemed now impossible to continue the pursuit with any chance of success.—Yet how was it possible to abandon all hope of again seeing the truant Guzla!—Whilst it seemed certain that she would be found, Boukor had cheated himself into the belief that he was in a most ferocious state of mind; that the pursuit was undertaken for the purpose of slaughter. But now that the clue was broken, he was obliged to confess that all his terrible resolves were feigned, and that his furious ride was undertaken once more to kiss his Guzla on the temples, and to scold her with tears for her disobedience. So he sat with trembling lip on the dreary banks of the Danube.

A fisherman approached, and seeing this man of sorrow, asked whence he came and what ailed him. Boukor gladly related his history. The fisherman, having listened attentively, advised him to continue the pursuit.

'But how cross that mighty river, and who henceforward will guide me?'

'I have a boat. Let us cross, and I will be your companion.'

They crossed in safety, and penetrated together into the country beyond. The land was marvellously fertile, the air pure, the hills and valleys beautiful. But no inhabitants showed themselves. It seemed as if they had discovered a new world. Boukor went on admiring, until he came to the borders of a river that watered a paradise of mountains, plains, and woods.

'What is the name of this river?' said he.

'The Dimbowitza,' replied the fisherman.

The merchant was pleased with the aspect of the place, and proposed that they should rest awhile. As he spoke he perceived a little hut among the trees, and the two together proceeded towards it.—A trampling and brushing of boughs on one hand attracted their attention, and suddenly Zarah, followed by her colt, Kebir, came bounding towards them!

It was certain now that Severin and Guzla could not be far off. Boukor bade his guide proceed towards the hut, while he scoured the plain in the direction from which the colt and mare had come. He did so in vain; and, after several hours, found himself once more alone, lost in the wilderness. This time he gave himself up to despair, and, throwing himself upon the ground, wept. As he lay he heard footsteps approaching, and presently this dialogue fell on his ears:

'Come under the boughs, love. The man admits that his companion is from the south. If it should be he we are lost.'

'Nay, I hope it be not; and yet if it were—'

'He would slay us both.'

'Perhaps he has already pardoned us.'

'The aged are hasty, and strike before they think.'

'But sometimes they kiss before they strike.'

'Guzla, shall we return to the hut?'

'Nay! if he should not pardon thee! Let us fly, Severin.'

The old man started to his feet. The first movement of the lovers was to press together, as if for mutual protection; and then they rushed into the old man's embrace, and mingled their tears of repentance with his tears of pardon. It is sweet to be forgiven, but it is sweeter still to forgive. The old man spent the pleasantest hour of his life as he strolled with Guzla on one side and Severin on the other—each supporting his footsteps—back through the woods and glades towards the hut, where the good fisherman awaited their return.

The happy family spent some time together on that spot; but at length the fisherman wished to go back to his boat.

'Nay,' said Boukor, 'let us not separate. I will found a city in this beautiful place, and spend my wealth in adorning it.'—So he brought all his fortune thither, and collected workmen from the surrounding countries, and they built a city, and called it Boukor Aske—the City of Boukor; and it is known unto this day by the corrupted name of Boukarest, and has become the capital of Wallachia.

☞ Yes, yes, natur balances all things admirably, and has put the sexes and every individual of each on a par. Them that have more than their share of one thing, commonly have less of another. Where there is great strength there aint apt to be much gumption. A handsome man is a gineral way aint much of a man. A beautiful bird seldom sings. Them that has genius has no common sense. A fellow with one idea grows rich, while he who calls hisself a man dies poor. The world is like a beautiful pie; the upper crust is rich, dry and well done; the middle is not bad generally, but the smallest part of all is that which lays the whole.—*Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances.*

☞ The Turkish army numbers 200,000 men under arms.