

# Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER:—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, AGRICULTURE, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

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## TERMS.

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## L'Farewell.

Oh!—would there were some orb on high,  
Some far, far place of rest,  
Where spirits worn with strife might fly,  
And be with quiet bliss'd  
Alone, alone I wander here,  
A thing for joy to shun;  
No eye my living steps to cheer,  
To weep for me when gone.  
My years have been as dreams to me,  
Strange visions, wild, and grand,  
Alas! dispell'd—how bitterly  
By disappointment's wand,  
The hopes, which once so freely sprang,  
Which seem'd o'er earth to dart,  
Now phantoms, chill'd, and deaden'd, hang  
Like ice around my heart.  
A cold and aching sense of grief  
Thro' each dim current flows;  
A pain, which seeks a dark relief,  
In brooding o'er its woes;  
Mid buried joys I love to lie,  
Like some spell-gath'ring priest;  
Where vampsyre thought with deadly eye,  
Comes to its nightly feast!  
One warm and living drop alone,  
In this sad prison dwells,  
Which, like a hidden gem, hath thrown  
A ray upon its cells;  
Within my bosom, galled and crushed  
This frozen cave of care,  
One little spring of life hath gushed,  
Thy smile dissolved it there;  
'Tis sweet! but ah! 'tis passing now;  
The spell will soon be o'er,  
A moment—and upon my brow,  
Hope sheds its light no more;  
I leave the one spot of earth,  
Which turned me to towards Heaven,  
And peace e'en in the hour of birth,  
From its sad home is driven!  
Well—be it so—I'll wend my way,  
Come Fortune's cross or crown;  
Cold—cold I'll deem her warmest ray,  
I'll brave her darkest frown!  
Her sunny smile is gay and bright,  
But loveliness will never be;  
I seek a softer, purer light,  
And that beams not for me!  
I'll name thee not—but ah! farewell,  
Now—now I feel thy power!  
No'er may'st thou know—I ne'er can tell  
The anguish of this hour;  
'Tis in my heart, and deep, and wide,  
A swol'n imprisoned lake;  
Venues—until the whelming tide  
Shall bid this prison—break!  
Farewell! perchance this form again  
May never meet thine eye;  
Strangers may watch my couch of pain,  
Tread o'er me where I lie;  
Or should my wayward steps once more  
Retrace the leagues which sever,  
'T will be to mourn thy image o'er,  
Lost—lost to me forever!  
Farewell again—and this—the last,  
Be blessed—be happy still!  
With no regret to shade the past,  
The future bring no ill!  
I'll love thee with a mournful love,  
My spirit's only bride;  
As some fair being from above,  
To earth's embrace denied.

## Women in Parliament.

A poet, in reply to the long talk in favor of woman legislation, thus hits off the matter:

Bill! should your plan, my friend be carried,  
And none but women that are married—  
Grave splinters of about three score;  
Or, if you will, say seventy-four,  
Should take their seats in Parliament,  
To such agreement I'll consent.  
But once permit the young and fair,  
To gain a legal footing there,  
Mark what I say, and I have done,  
(Believe me, I don't mean to pun,)  
Reform would never be prevented,  
And we be still MISS-represented.

## Select Tale.

From the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*.  
**THE GROOMSMAN.**  
A Tale founded upon Incidents in Real Life.

BY H. B. MOORE, AUTHOR OF "MARY MORRIS."  
(Continued.)  
CHAPTER III.

Mrs. West's absence from the breakfast table was immediately noticed by her husband, on the following morning. He instantly despatched a servant to her chamber to see if she was there. The answer returned was in the negative, at the announcement of which his relinquished coffee and started to his feet, pushing back his chair in surprise. "Not in her chamber?"

"No, sir," replied the servant. "Where, then? where is she? Go quickly—tell Manuel to come here," he hurriedly said, evidently alarmed at the circumstance, but endeavoring to conceal his anxiety from observation. At his side were three or four domestics in attendance. "Go you to the nursery," he continued, speaking to one of them, "see if she's there. If she is not, ask the nurse where she is—quick."

He ordered the rest out of the room, and up and down the apartment strode, with one hand thrust into the bosom of his vest, and the other pressed against his forehead. Manuel entered hastily, with an appearance of concern in his countenance and a look of surprise, assumed for the occasion. Use had made it second nature to him, and he could be sorrowful or glad at a moment's warning.

"What! my mistress gone!" he exclaimed, as if he knew nothing of it. "Yes—gone!" cried his master. "She is gone—gone, and I am left to misery and shame!"  
At this moment the servant sent to the nursery re-entered, and announced that Mrs. West was not there, and that the nurse knew nothing of her.

"Then this confirms it," vociferated the enraged husband—she has eloped with her seducer Byard! emphasizing the name of his relation with a bitter tone, whilst his very teeth gaped with the energy of his passions. "I saw the villain but yesterday, and told him to be gone, or that I would blow his brains out if I found him here again!"

"The child," hesitatingly articulated the servant, wishing to speak, but afraid to; disconcerted by the vehemence of her master's language. Faint as was her utterance, it was heard by the ear for which it was intended. As drowning men will catch at straws, Mr. West eagerly uttered the word, "the child—what of that—speak!"

"'Tis asleep in its cradle with the nurse," was the hasty response of the servant, crowding her words together as fast as her utterance would permit, for she was actually alarmed—her master, in the eagerness of the moment, having seized her by the wrist, fixing his eyes wildly upon her.

"Asleep in its cradle, say you?"  
"Yes—yes, sir," she replied, trying to disengage herself from the grasp of her questioner, who now burst out into a loud laugh of exultation, mechanically letting go his hold of the maid at the same time, whilst a beam of satisfaction lighted up the expression of his face. "Then I have wronged her," cried he; "she has not gone. That child she loves as fondly as ever a mother loved her babe; she would not leave it—no, she never could. No, never so much forget the sympathies of woman's heart! Confident of what he asserted, and calling the domestics together, he gave orders for them to seek her about the place, which they did thoroughly, but after an hour's search, it was distinctly ascertained that she was neither in the mansion or neighborhood. A horse was saddled, and Manuel sent to the city to inquire among her relatives—perhaps she was there."

All the time during the absence of Manuel, his master strode backwards and forwards; with a hurried pace, and anxiously and impatiently looking out for his servant's return. His eyes frequently bent to the floor, but at the slightest noise they would glance towards the road, expecting to encounter the object they desired to see. The longest day must have an end, and at last Manuel came. Mr. West hurried down the gravel walk to meet him, and instinctively taking hold of the bridle, stopped the horse, whilst he demanded in haste of the rider, if he had seen or heard anything of his wife.

"No, sir, replied Manuel, 'I have neither seen nor heard of her.'  
'What! they know nothing of her?'  
'Nothing!'  
'Then she is gone,' said the husband, emphatically giving utterance to his words, 'Gone! gone!' beating his breast

in the violence of his emotions. 'Gone,' and left her child—deprived the infant of a mother's care. I thought her incapable of such an act, but find I gave her credit for sensibility she never possessed.' As he finished speaking, he dropped his hand from the bridle, and walked backwards toward the house—sorrowful—dejected. Manuel rode to the stable, put the horse up, and went into the drawing-room where his master was seated.

"So," said the latter, as he rose and commenced pacing to and fro, 'her relatives have not seen her?'  
"No, sir."  
'Not heard of her, you say?'  
'They have neither seen nor heard of her, but are as much surprised as you are at her disappearance. In fact, they are alarmed, and purpose visiting you to-day.'

'Visiting me! I'll not see them! If they come, tell them I am absent, or, if you choose, tell them I am at home, but I won't be seen. Oh Manuel, my dishonor is now complete!—made public to the world! Little did I think, when at the altar I made her mine, that I was reserved for a fate like this! As he spoke, he clasped together his uplifted hands, and the tears of agony drenched his cheek! The tears of a woman are not unusual, and we may expect them on many occasions; but when a man weeps, when the sterner heart is subdued, we may of a certainty infer that the cause, whatever it is, must be painful indeed.

"Sir," said Manuel, 'let me advise you to forget it, and think of her no more, but take another in her stead.'  
"Another!"  
"Yes—another wife!—Get a divorce from the first, marry again, and you can again enjoy the advantages and the comforts that your wealth affords."  
"A divorce!"

"Yes, why you echo me, and seem amazed that I should propose it. It's but an every-day occurrence. Many like you, sir, have married with hopes of perfection in the choice they made, and have experienced a like disappointment. Many there are that live together, nominally man and wife, bound by the rites of the church, but who would willingly be sundered. They would, but can't; you can. Your wife has left your bed and board, and if you but ask a divorce of the authorities, they cannot refuse."

"Ask a divorce of the authorities?"  
"Yes; by all means I advise you to do so. Wed another. There are, many as fair as she is—marry one of them, and let the wife that has deserted you, see that you can live, and happily too. As for her, let her go: let her bask in the arms of her paramour. 'Tis but an accident that has happened to you, and you should look upon it in no other light. We are all liable to misfortunes, and why should you be exempt? Pardon my plain speaking, but I consider it my duty. If you marry again, the same may happen again, and it may not. Like every thing else, it is all chance. One man escapes the gallows that deserves it, while another that is innocent, hangs. One man is suddenly thrust to the steep-top of fame, without even desiring it; whilst others that have toiled their existence for it, fall short of it, and sink forgotten to un-heard-of graves. It is chance—I say again, get a divorce and marry another."

"No—Manuel, no! I do not wish the knowledge of my dishonor more public than it is. You talk of marriage as a matter of business, as a merchant would speak of a bargain; but to me there is something noble in the nature of it; more pure, more holy, than the thoughts you entertain of it. 'Twas not for the gratification of sordid appetites that I married Julia;—no; but because I loved her."

"Loved her! Nonsense! You were dreaming! This love of which you talk, may answer well enough for the rhymes of poetry, or the exaggerations of romance, but if analyzed, it falls beneath the test of criticism. 'Tis a Jack-o-lantern that flickers in the path of all every one, leading them into difficulties, if not to actual ruin. For example, your own case, sir—"

"No, you torture yourself—by letting it vex you. I am giving you good advice, if you'll take it."  
Here a pause occurred in the conversation for a minute or two, which was thus resumed by Mr. W. "In her I had centred all my joys, and in her my happiness was wrecked! I am now an object for the finger of scorn! The world will sneer as it points at my disgrace—as it tells the tale, and in mockery pities me! Approaching a mirror, and viewing the reflection of himself in the glass, 'see here, how I am altered,' he continued; 'cadaverous cheeks, and a hollow eye for the bloom of health and the

flash of fire!' For a moment he paused, while his bosom heaved with the throbs that oppressed it within; then dashed the tear from his eye, and called for wine, and with a vehement voice he cried, 'Give me the glass—I'll drink; drink! and drown my recollection in the sparkling fluid! Another, another glass—fill again; and another! I'll drink till my brain whirls, and my senses are steeped in Lethe's wave!'

As he said, so it proved. He continued to drink till completely inebriated, and actually staggered as he ascended the stairs to his chamber. This was early in the evening, and the domestics of the establishment had not yet retired, when, about ten o'clock, the report of a pistol was heard from the room of Mr. West. The door of his room was locked: the servants burst it open, and there they found their master upon the floor, drenched in blood, with the pistol at his side, and the room filled with smoke.

"Is he dead?" cried Manuel.  
"Yes," answered another, who was in the act of raising him from the floor.  
CHAPTER IV.  
Life! what is it? What else but a passage to the tomb, or else to the humbler mound where the long grass waves as the wind moans by; where decrepit age arrives at last, with crutch and tottering step, to end his pilgrimage;—where the middle-aged are sleeping, and youth lies at rest! For my own part, whilst bounding about in the insolence of health and the buoyancy of youth, it seems as if I could never die—as if I must live. But reflection calls me back to reason. The funeral train passes my path daily, with its long line of mourners and the hearse, winding slowly through the streets, with the active and the living throng, upon its way to the burial ground, there to deposit its dead. I pause as it passes me, and the thought inevitably intrudes, that I too must share the common lot. Perhaps, too, ere I have gathered around my brow the laurels I anticipate, or drank of the fame for which I thirst.

Mr. West was not dead, as the domestics at first sight were led to believe; for on lifting him from the floor, respiration was perceptible, and the effusion of blood being stopped by Manuel, one of the servants was sent off for the nearest physician, who luckily happened to be disengaged, and came at once. The wound, though serious, he did not consider mortal. His first care was to wash off the gore, and have his linen changed. The sufferer was then put to bed, and other remedies applied in place of the simpler applications of the servant. After being put to bed he was spoken to, but whether he heard or not, he returned no answer. The presumption is, that he was completely insensible from the exuberant loss of blood. He neither spoke nor moved, but lay quietly upon his back; and the only indication of life to be perceived, was the low wheezing sound so peculiar to the respiration of the sick; and which must be familiar to the ears of each of my readers who has watched by the couch of an invalid.

The whole house was hushed, and rendered as quiet as possible. The domestics, upon tiptoe and with a noiseless tread, went through their ordinary duties. For nearly a week he lay in a kind of torpor, without once speaking, and scarcely ever moving; taking no sustenance but the little that was forced into his mouth, and swallowed with the reception of the air upon his lungs. His eyes were almost all the time closed; when opened, it was but for a few seconds, with a spectre-like glare;—then shut again, like the faint flickering of a candle consumed to the wick, as simultaneously it revives and goes out.

The physician was constant in his attendance, evincing the greatest concern for the welfare of his patient, and eventually had the disinterested satisfaction of finding him convalescent. In a short time the wound began to heal rapidly, and the invalid recovered strength enough to sit upright in bed.

At the end of the second chapter, in the progress of our narrative, we left Mrs. West on board of the schooner, where she had been entrapped by the wicked artifices of her own cousin. Two months had now passed—nothing had yet been heard of her—inquiries had been every where set afloat, and it had even been advertised in the daily papers. Part of the time on the night of her departure was spent in writing to her husband, it will be recollected. She left the letter upon a table in her chamber, where, as a matter of course, she expected it would immediately be noticed upon the discovery of her flight. As it turned out, however, it was not observed until the second morning after she left. One of the female servants, who had entered the apartment to sweep it, upon approaching the table saw the letter—the first that noticed

it. Owing too the fact of her master's having shot himself the night before, it was not practicable to give it into his hands; so she went to Manuel with it in whose keeping it remained until his master was judged able to bear the excitement consequent upon the perusal of it. The contents of the letter were as yet unknown to any but the writer, but their tenor could easily be guessed, and it was the physician's desire that the showing of it might be deferred awhile longer;—but to the pressing solicitations of Manuel; he at last gave a reluctant consent. Mr. West was out of bed, when the letter was handed to him, seated in a cushioned chair, made for his convenience while sick, upon rollers, and—capable of being moved with ease from one part of the room to another.

"Here's a letter, sir, for you," said Manuel, as he delivered it to the hands of Mr. West with a respectful obeisance.

"For me! from whom?" said the invalid, as he gazed at the superscription, endeavoring, to identify the writing—it however had evidently been written by a trembling hand and was of very intelligible.

"From your wife I believe," said Manuel, "but I'm not certain of it." At the mention of his wife's bloodless cheek Mr. West faintly coloured. Having broken the seal, he unfolded the letter and read as follows:  
AT NIGR, October 10th, 1829.

My Husband!—I will yet venture to address you with emphasis by that endearing name. The name—alas! is all that I have left of you! Before this meets your eye I shall have escaped far enough to elude the possibility of being overtaken, should such a step be decided upon by either yourself or any of my relatives. Into a detail of the causes which have induced me to pursue this course I will not enter—it would be but upbraiding you, and I have not the heart to do that. My cause I place in the hands of Him who sees into the secrets of the soul—and there is comfort yet in the hope that you will in time be convinced of my innocence. I weep to think you should ever for a moment have doubted!

After an hour's intermission I resume the pen—with a hand still tremulous with emotion, but a heart resolved to brook its fate. My child—our child!—take care of it I charge you! By all the love with which you once caressed me, and which you felt—by that, and by the tears now I shed—I entreat you to cherish and protect her. Be a kind father to her—be to her what her mother would have been—and every night when you kneel in prayer, if you only remember her you cannot forget me! If the time passes on, and we are doomed to never meet again—oh! let her not know my story—let her not know it till grown to womanhood, but speak of me to her, when you speak of me as of the dead! These tears! these tears!—how fast they fall! Farewell!—but I hope forever.

Back on his chair, with closed eyes, Mr. West sunk as he finished the perusal of this letter. Manuel, as he gazed upon the agonized expression of his master's countenance, saw the tears steal down his eyelids, whilst his bosom heaved, and the heartfelt groan of anguish was audible. "Read it," he said, handing the letter to Manuel, who took it, and after the personal bluntness denounced it as hypocrisy!

"Yes—another with the feelings which she pretends to possess, would never have deserted her child as she has done."  
"By the by," said Mr. West, "where is the child? I should like to see it." "Did the nurse bring it here, if it's awake—if it's asleep disturb it not."

Manuel went to the nursery and delivered his orders to the nurse, who followed to the chamber of the invalid with the little Julia in her arms. Mr. West took the child, and raising it to his lips, imprinted a kiss upon its blooming cheek. It was smiling, and seemed grateful for the intention bestowed upon it. For an hour or better the parent fondled with it—he appeared delighted with its infantile caresses, nor resigned it into the hands of the nurse till the child itself grew tired. "What a resemblance between the babe and its absent mother," he uttered, addressing the remarks to Manuel, who admitted the truth of it; and added himself, "she is indeed like her mother, and is as she is called, the little Julia."

Julia! said, or rather exclaimed Mr. West with a voice in which were mingled the tones of regret and affection. Ah! what fond recollections the sound of that remembered name will conjure up! Over the present it casts a veil, and I am back again amidst the sum-

mer-days of life; when in sunshine and shade, midst flowers, fruit and foliage, the happy hours were passed—when existence was but love, and not a care embittered the cup of joy! Oh! those times, those happy times, they never will return!"

"Why speak of them?" said Manuel. "It only makes their loss more keenly felt. But, sir, had you not better get in bed again? You have been up longer than you are aware of, perhaps," speaking kindly, and apparently evincing the greatest interest in the welfare of his master. Mr. West was not insensible to it, but took the hand of the other kindly in that of his own. "Oh, Manuel, what a friend have I in you! She that should have been with me me has gone—deserted me—whilst in one of my servants I find an only friend. But for you, amidst these trials, what—what should I have done! You shall be rewarded—you shall—you shall!"

"Nay, sir, do not speak of that—a good action will always be its own reward"—laying his hand on his breast. The next day Mr. West asked for the child again, which, when brought to him, he affectionately held out his hand to receive, and tenderly fondled with it for a considerable part of the forenoon. On the following day the same was repeated—the next—and so on daily. He continued an invalid during the winter, and was not able to leave his room until the following spring when on a beautiful day towards the last of March, he sat out upon the piazza with little Julia upon his knee.

The child had by this time become so accustomed to the father, that it preferred being with him. The month of March passed away; April, with its showers and sunshine followed it, and by the beginning of summer Mr. West was entirely recovered. His melancholy was thrown aside, and he even took notice of society; for, on the anniversary of his country's independence—the 4th of July, 1827—he had a large party of his acquaintances to dine with him. He was sociable, affable, and appeared as merry as the liveliest of his guests.

About this time, too, his little daughter began to walk, and the inexpressible pleasure that this but ordinary occurrence afforded him, was truly remarkable. His whole soul seemed to be centred in his child—as in the mother it once was.

Another twelve-month passed around, and Julia completed her second year. But still of the absence of her mother there was nothing heard. The husband acknowledged to himself that there were moments when he wished she was at his side, to witness the pride of his heart, and see the growing beauties of her child,—their own—their only child! His belief in her guilt would often wax, as he gazed at the child, and mused upon the associations connected with its—its birth—and the tidings preceding that. Her letter to him he would read over and over, and "surely the heart that dictated such sentiments as these," he would say, "cannot be capable of crime. But yes, she must be guilty! If innocent why leave her home and me? Ay—and with Byard, too—Byard!"

Another year—and another—four years altogether passed away, and still his wife was not heard of. What had become of her? Was she dead? He knew not—she might be—no tidings came, no account of her.

The little Julia rapidly improved. In her childish prattle the husband listened once more to the musical tones of his wife's soft voice, and traced in the growing features of his child the well-remembered lineaments of her whom once to see was never to forget! By the hour he would stand, with his arms folded, before the portrait of the absent one, and think of other times—of happier times—when hope looked ever forward to a brighter scene, and every day went by in happiness and peace—unclouded by a single sorrow!—Oh! memory, how magical thy influence is!

CHAPTER V.  
Manuel Garcia, the servant we have so frequently had occasion to mention, was a Spaniard by birth. At the age of fourteen he emigrated with his parents from Spain to the West Indies, where they both died in a short time of each other, from the effects of an epidemical disease. The boy was himself attacked by the contagion, but survived it. Afterwards he shipped as cabin-boy in a brig, and came to the United States, where he passed a desultory kind of life for several years. The lowest kind of pilfering and dissipation he was familiar with, and was finally accused of murder. A tavern-keeper near Baltimore was found murdered in his bed, and suspicion of the crime fell upon Garcia. Guilty or not, he evaded the pursuit of the police, and had the address to insinuate himself into the service of Mr. West. In height he was below the middle size, but thick—had straight black hair, saf-

ron skin, and dark restless eyes. His lips were thin and bloodless—his forehead low, and when frowning his hair and eyebrows seemed to meet. But, whatever might have been the character of his life previous, Mr. West found him to be an attentive servant. He was assiduous in his endeavours to please—so much so that his master singled him out particularly to wait upon himself. He performed with alacrity, and apparently with the greatest good-will, the duties incumbent on him.

Eventually he became his employer's confidant—more like his companion than a servant. It was now more than five years that he had been with Mr. West—suddenly he gave notice that he was going to leave—and that gentleman expressed but the sincere dictages of his heart in saying that he was sorry.

"Then, sir," said Manuel, "since I have gained the esteem of an equally respected master, I will venture to ask a slight favor."  
"Name it—it shall be yours."  
"It is that you will take into your service, in my place, a desitute friend—one that has seen better days, but is now willing to accept of an humble occupation, for the sake of a livelihood."

"To grant so simple a request as you have named, would scarcely be conferring a favor—at any rate, but a slight one."  
"It is all I ask, sir—all that I wish."  
"It is granted," said Mr. West. "Is there nothing else that I can do for you?"  
"Nothing—I thank you. You have been to me a kind master, and I shall ever remember you sir, with gratitude."  
"When do you leave?"  
"To-morrow evening at dusk."  
"What is the name of your friend?"  
"Thomas Clark."

"Well—send him as soon as you please—and if he only proves as faithful a servant as you have been, I shall have no reason to complain."  
Accordingly, the next evening Manuel brought into the parlour, where his master was sitting, a stranger, whom he introduced by the name of Clark—Thomas Clark.

"The person you were speaking of," said Mr. West, laying aside the book he had been reading,  
"Yes, sir—the same."  
"He is welcome. Sit down, sir."  
Turning to Manuel, he said, "so—you are finally resolved to leave us?"  
"Yes, sir—to-night. But, you will find Mr. Clark as capable for your service as I was." So saying, he turned towards the door, and subsequent to bidding his master and Clark farewell, went upstairs for his trunk and &c. and left the mansion.

A week passed, and Clark acquitted himself very pleasantly in his new situation. As Manuel had predicted, he was every way capable. He had emigrated to this country from England, and in answer to a question put to him by Mr. West, who was under the impression that he had seen him before. He even thought the face was familiar, but where to place him he could not recollect. Weeks went by—months—a year—and eighteen months altogether—which brings us up to the date of October, 1831. Clark still remained in the service of Mr. West, and like his predecessor, had managed to gain the entire confidence of the man he served. The little Julia was, still her father's pet, quick at her lessons—lively—amiable—and her beauty increased with her years.

Mr. West continued unharmed, and her husband had resigned himself to the thought of never beholding her again, thinking of her often to be sure, but finding a source of consolation in the daily augmentation of his daughter's increasing attractions.

Cold weather had now set in unusually early, and the inmates of the mansion were mostly confined to the shelter of its roof. The sun seldom enlivened the scene with his rays, while the chill northern winds, as they sighed through the woods, scattered over the ground the last yellow leaves of autumn; and at intervals a momentary fall of snow flitted by, whilst the blast that followed it betokened the sure approach of winter and storm.

One intensely cold night, the stars were shining, but no moon, and after twelve o'clock, the figures of two men were indistinctly visible standing upon the piazza, in front of Mr. West's mansion. One of them was enveloped in a large throw-over-cloak and a cap of a dark cloth was slouched over his brows, effectually concealing the features of his face. The other was bareheaded, with his hand upon the latch of the door, apparently just risen from his bed, and evidently in a hurry to get his visitor off.

"So—he loves the child, does he?" said the first, in return to something the other had advanced.  
"Yes—he doats upon it—and in his fondness for it has forgotten his grief for the mother," replied the latter. "This must not be, for while he lives he must be wretched! The child must be taken from him." To which the one wrapped in the cloak answered that he would willingly undertake to carry it off.

"No," exclaimed his companion—"that will not answer—it must die!"  
"Die!"  
"Yes—it must die!" he repeated, in a positive tone, whilst the glare of a demon shot from his eyes, silently, but fiercely betraying the working of the fiend within.

"It must die—before its father's eyes; it must;—and you must procure me the poison. An ounce of arsenic will do—here's the money to buy it. Bring it out to-