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Select Tale.

From the Lady's Book. The Three Pictures

BY LOUISE H. MEDINA.

"Life may change, but it may fly not; Hope may vanish, yet can die not; Truth be veiled, but still it burneth; Love repulsed, but it returneth." -Shelley's Hellus. "Look upon this picture, and on this." Hamlet.

Bright, beautiful, bewitching yet faulty, Flo rence Rivers, how in these days of perfectioned paragons and unerring monsters shall your biographer attempt to describe you? How shall the record of your too often misguided actions, be submitted to those critical eyes used to peruse the faultless, godlike; heroic and sublime sayings and doings of such models of propriety, as the world ne'er saw! How shall the pen which relates your folly, your sorrow, and suffering, invest you with the name of heroine, when almost every attribute of such a being is wanting-when you neither attetudinized like the statue which enchants the world-talked blank verse like the player queen in Hamlet-lived upon immaterial air like a cameleon, nor achieved wonders of goodness enough to call Socrates from the tomb of the mighty past, to behold the impersonation of his goddess-Virtue. Nothing of all this did you or could you do Qh! fair and fascinating, but foolish Florence Rivers. Yet such as you were-yea, such as to this day you are, capriciyous as an April day, yet with all its sun shiny, showery beauty, impetuous as the rushing stream, yet bright and pure as its waters, such as you were and are-you are my heroine.

In the hall of your fathers, that spacious, low · built flower entwined southern mansion, which stands far away in fair Florida, there are three likenesses of you. I loved you ere I knew you by looking upon them. I loved you still more since I saw you-five times more lovely, and fifty times more mischiewous than even they bespeak you. There you ard in the first large, group, hiding in all the wild exuberance of bounding South, behind the Mburnam tree, tossing that non-lescript, bright plumaged bird which you have perched in your hand, so lightly into air, as if you would send it winging to its native skies, and you yourself follow after. With what a delighted glee you look back upon your baffled. seekers' How arch, how mischievous is the smile List is lightening over your face! Every disordered ringlet which is wantoning over your young heaving breast has grace and wilfulress in its curls-every careless fold of your torn and disarranged dress bespeaks a wild recklessness. of custom or control. You never gave sober, and Truth seemed to have chosen as a tablet to and pride. solemn sittings for the beautiful picture, fair and seek, and had that bending, buoyant form impressed all too forcibly upon his memory, 'painted the picture from recollection, and embo-

The second is a full length portrait, and was taken by your desire, as a lasting memento of grous palace. A slight scene at the early age of your severest trial. It represents you arrayed in the robes of a Suliana, for a masked ball, the rich Batin gorgeously embroidered with gold, seems to heave and swell beneath the proud panting of the breast it covers, and the tiara which binds the brow, expresses not more imperial command than the haughty eye and curling lip. No smile graces that mouth which seems made for the home of love, but in its place a bitter sneer seem to defy and scorn the world. The left hand holds a mask; the right extends a miniature, (just drawn from the bosom) with a cold and proud gesture. Can this be the same bright, joyous hider in the garden? The features are the same, but their expression-how different! It is an unpleasant contemplation, turn we from it to the third. Why how is this? Who have we here? By the side of a couch, but indistinctly seen, kneels a Sister of Charity. Her hands are folded in anguish on her breast, and her raised countenance seems appealing to Heaven for -mercy.-What unutterable wo is there! How hopeless, yet how resigned is that face! Yet the loose, coarse dress and close cap cannot hide the matchless symmetry of form and feature, nor yet can that despairing expression utterly change the lineaments of Florence Rivers. It is herself. How graphic, how deeply interesting are all the pictures; how full of moral lesson, how descripgive of life's varied changes; how corrective to 'passion and pride! '

PICTURE I. All thoughts, all passions, all desires, Whatever stirs this mortal frame, Are all but ministers of love,

· Coleridge. Colonel Wilton Rivers, the grand-father o Florence, might have had engraven on his tomb stone, that he was the friend and fellow-soldier of George Washington, in synonimous terms that he was a just, brave and honorable man. An Englishman by birth, an aristocrat by blood, and high tory by education; he was still, wonderful to relate, free from prejudice and pride; he served as a volunteer in the British service, under General Braddock, and fought side by side with his immortal friend through that disastrous campaign. Inspired by example, and elevated by his spatriotism and picty, with Washington, also, he nesigned the British service, and gave his arm to the cause of the cradled Goddess-American Liberty. He lived to see her in her full grown glory, spreading rich blessings over the favored-- land in which she had raised her noblest trophies -he lived to rejoice in a virtuous wife and at niggur." Sectionate children, then full of years and honors, Go and leave me now, Lucretia, go away!

ashes of his loved and honored friend had conecrated the spot to grateful recollection.

In the vast concourse of stranger's who visited the new Republic, came distinguished foreigners, of the name of Meronville. - Adele, the daughter, was seen by Washington Rivers, the only son of the revolutionary hero, and no sooner seen than loved. He was young, distingue and wealthy; Mad'elle Adele de Meronville thought he would be no despicable match. She threw on him the softest glance of those bright black eyes, and sighed, 'Ah! qu'il a 'lair noble!' then very prettily-blushed at remembering the Southerner spoke French. The heart of Washington became uneasy-it was dangerous ground.

'You gentlemens Americaine not at all feel de what you call love, ou ne comprered pas iu, une grande passion, une affuire, de coeur-ah! I much

What does Mad'elle de Meronville wish! isked Rivers, as the perspiration began to dropoff his nose; and if he had been sufficiently composed, he might have added, in the impassioned words of an English poet, Lord-Littleton, when his mistress gazed at the moon, 'Wish not for hat, beloved, alas! I cannot give it thee.

Only dat I not have no heart at all, responde he fair Adele, pressing a small hand most sen imentally over the region, where, embedded in cambric and lace, her heart might be supposed

"And why-wherefore?" gasped out Rivers. The odds were ten to one on Adele—the goal in iew, and the favorite as fresh'as at starting. -Because, parceque-ah! Monsieur Rivers, n

oust not tell dat to you!-Ah ciel! what do I ay? Pour l'amour de Dieu, let me go!' The game was up, the race was won, the Adele on the plate of matrimony, and the Washington

Rivers was a loser indeed. 🛬 This trifling sketch of the mother of Florence ias been given as an excuse for her foiblesbrought up until sixteen years of age, by a frivolous coquette, even the sound principle and sterling sense of her father, could not wholly ounteract the baneful inflence on her mind, and amidst the rich seeds of many virtues, the tares of bad example and worse precept sprang up, to be nsumed only by the purifying fires of adversity. We have said that Florence Rivers had little of a heroine about her, except one, however-her rare and marvellous beauty. Oh, glorious as the Creator's last and loveliest work was that bright face, where every God had seemed to set his

the Isle of Lounts, all heavenly things were dered at that Florence, at the age of sixteen, was glassed, and that the transparent cheek, Nature a mixture of generosity and caprice, principle record their purest feelings on. In the unerring music of every silver sound dwelt the charm, the might, the majesty of loveliness, and the beholder would feel, as he gazed on Florence fair brow, never did deceit dwell in such a gortwelve, will better describe her, than a volume of

Look, my beautiful Florence, what your faher has presented you, to go to the ball to-night, exclaimed Mrs. Rivers to her daughter, at the ame time holding up a pair of pearl bracelets. 'Mon dieu! is not this a charming birth day

Florence was in raptures. She tried on the bracelets-she turned to the glass and blushed. Plorence began to feel that she was beautiful. "Where is Phobe to dress me? That stupid girl is so slow! I am dying to see how my new white satin fits me. Phebe-why I say Phobe! Go some of the slaves to call her-how dare she

A dozen of negroes of all sizes came out o their burrows at this command, and after a short lapse, the tardy Phobe arrived to dress her oung lady, and stand a no gentle reprimend for her dilatoriness. The girl, who was a white ser vant, made no reply, but exactly as the white satin dress, richly ornamented with blonde, was to be put on, Florence's eye fell on Phæbe's ands. She started back. Why, you nasty untidy girl, what on earth ails your hands? They paws? Go and scour them.

The girl colored deeply. 'They are not dirty, Miss Florence, they are

'That's false!' exclaimed the Southerner's daughter, the very sight of them has made me sick. I would sooner stay at home for ever, than be touched by such hands-pray leave me, and end Marston, my mother's maid, to help me.? In much emotion, and with tears in her eyes, Phobe obeyed her young lady's rough command.

'Missee,' said an old slave called Lucretia. Well, responded Florence, fretfully. 'Dar's not dirt, dat white gal's got a poor ole

moder sick wid de rheumatize, she rub ole moder's legs wid doctor's stuff, and dar's what blacks Every drop of blood rushed in burning shame

o the cheeks of Florence. "Old and poor!" she said hesitatingly "Hay-ya, Missee, poor ole white woman, poor

cretur!—no such fortin as to be a niggur slave, with a good massa and plenty to eat. "Where does she live, Lucretia?" Whar does she live! -oh, dar yonder, in dat ole miser ble shanty. Think de store I'm ole

in agony unutterable. 'Shame-shame on me! what have I done? Insulted an affectionate daughvirtuous sufferer! And I have nothing, not one these delicate hands of mine were black as hers.

or as my own heart, to punish me! The carriage was at the door. Mrs. Rivers waiting, but Florence was not to be found. There lay the satin dress, but its tlestined wearer was invisible. Enquiries were then made, messen gers despatched, and scoldings given, in the midst of which entered Florence, with red eyes and a flushed face. Mrs. Rivers opened fire.

'Florence! where in wonder's name have you been all this time? 'Out. Madam."

'Out! and alone!' vociferated the unwise pa rent, taking no cue from the visible distress of her child. 'Out, and alone! Where I insist on Florence!

'Mother, let me be with you alone,' murmured

'No, Miss; here-explain to me here the meanng of all this. I want no private prevarications, let your account of yourself be public. All the moral pride of Florence rose to her aid her cheek flushed, and her downcast eyes vere proudly raised. She advanced and took the

and of Phobe, who was standing back, anxiously eeling for her dear young mistress. Publicly, then, be my shame confessed, and ny apology made. Mother, I have this night behaved in a manner unworthy my father's child, unworthy the name of Christian. My fretful vanity insulted this worthy girl, and I have sacrificed my darling vice, the love of dress, as an expia-

to your poor old mother; will you forgive my unfeeling insult? -Mrs.-Rivers actually-gasped with passion, but before her folly could turn the generous flow of her daughter's genuine humility into stubbor wrath, Mr. Rivers fortunately-made-his appear

tion.- Plicebe, I liave given my pearl bracelets

ance. He had heard all, and took his daughter's "My child, you have done well; reparation wa n your power, and you have made it. "I will re deem the bracelets at the price of comfort to Phæbe's mother, and you shall not wear an orna ment again until this day twelvemonth. Go, now, my Florence, and be light of heart; you are more dressed in your love and repentance, than seal! Bright as the twin-born stars were those if you were decked in the diamonds of Golconda. rence. dark eyes, in which as in the sleeping waters of it With such different preceptors can it be won-

> Among the distinguished visitors who thronge younger son of one of England's noblest families, and had chosen the sea for his profession, est, had speedily advanced him to the rank of Post Cantain.

Many years constant service abroad had much after her. npaired his health, and he had been attached to retary of Legation, on leave of absence for two years, for the purpose of recruiting it. Very soon did Mr Rivers discover in his quiet, reserved guest, one of the master spirits of the age: a man been a Brutus, a Leonidas, or a Buonaparte: stream of intellect and resolve which flowed below the unruffled surface; in all posts of danger requiring rapid presence of mind, and indomitable fortitude, De Vere was the man selected to fill them: with him action so instantly followed -'The Captain's word and blow, doubtful which comes first,'-and yet never had either fallen un justly. Stern and cold in matters of duty, he was feared as a martinet on the quarter deck. Generous and mild in private life, he was worshipped as an angel by those who knew his goodness: liberal to a fault-he was a miser only of human blood-yet even in that he was lavishly profuse with his own, and they who followed him to face danger, were sure he was the first men to brave are as black as a nigger's; are you not ashamed it in its fiercest onset. Little, it would be o handle my beautiful satin with those filthy thought, had such a man to attract the volatile Florence. But the mystery of the human heart no eye may read-the very contrast of their dispositions first moved her curiosity—the unbendng politeness of his attentions piqued her pride --- the profundity and power of his knowledge commanded her respect—the unpretending momanly dignity of his face and form, enchained her love. Yes, Florence—the flower of Florida -the sought-the courted-the wayward Florence, yielded to a stranger her heart's first love. "Why then idolatry! Aye, that's the word-

That ever woman's heart was swayed withal." And was De Vere, the phlegmatic, cool, resoning philosopher wholly unmoved by the beautiful Southerner? No: few men could be so, and certainly not De Vere: but he had early been the slave of passion—had sown the wind to reap the whirlwind, and bought at last, with the sacrifice of tranquillity and peace of mind the fatal the farthest wing of the house so densely? No of three not uninteresting persons; each busily necessity for controlling passion by reason. He it deepens and look gracious heavens, it is fol- employed in their several occupations. was fascinated by the youthful beauty's brilliant lowed by flame-the villa is on fire! Often and Reclining on a soft, with a heavy volume in manners, interested in her many excellent traits often had Wellesley, stood upon a gun, while his hand, is stretched a gentleman, in whose tale which his knowledge of woman, easily read him, but never before had he felt the sickening severe suffering he has endured; and who, but Francis Wellesly had commanded two hunhe was laid down to his rest, near to where the The slave obeyed, and Florence wrung her hands in her crimsoning blush, her faltering speech, fear which now appaled his heart, as he beheld that he still resis his left arm in a sling, might be dred men by a word—by a motion of his

To speak the deepest, broadest, wildest passion

and starting tear, whenever he addressed her, that part of the villa where Florence slept, on Still she was a coquette-yes, and a most tyran- fire. To drop from the balcony to the ground, nical and inconsistent one too; and De Vere sous not a picayune to give her! Oh! that face with a sigh. The struggle between philo- of a minute—the slight door gave way to his sophy and nature was soon to be resolved.

> De Vere, and after a little hesitation he deternined to accept it.

I will see her surrounded with admirers, and overwhelmed with flattery. I will narrowly watch if this paltry homage supersedes her feeldaughter! Beautiful as thou art, and dear as it proceeded, and beheld the father and daughter hou would'st be, were thy mind equal to thy face, I would sooner trust my ship on the breakers, than my happiness in thy hands, oh, loveliest

And the philosopher descended to the saloon, to await the appearance of Miss Rivers. She he agitated girl, who was now surrounded by all was already there, very simply dressed, and bending in exquisite grace over a harp, whose chords she was lightly touching.

Ah, Lord de Vere, I am bidding farewell to my harp; I am corry to leave my favorite harp even for a weck. There will probably, be other instruments at

Mr. Trevanion's, Miss Rivers,' remarked the unsympathizing philosopher. 'Yes, but not this one, she replied, thoughtfully, there may be hundreds handsomer to look

on, and sweeter to hear, but none endeared to me by the associations of this." Her eyes were cast down, De Vere felt sure that she alluded to duetts played on that harp

with former lovers. She is taking a wrong course to make me speak,' thought he, 'besides, I detest manou-

vering;' then aloud, 'may I be permitted to ask Miss Rivers what those soft associations were connected with this harp?"

It was my mother's."

The reply was but in four words, but the holy athos of a child's affection, infused into them a deep melody that spoke to the very soul. De Vere had heard no favorable account of Mrs. Ilivers-but she had loved her child, and dearly had that child returned her fove. She was gone, and her daughter's heart remembered not her faults, but sacredly enshrined her good qualities hourly to love and to regret them. .

The hand of De Vere had clasped that of Flo-

'Florence,' he said softly, 'dear Florence.' Her heart heaved the hand was softly stolen round her waist-she could not forbear her triumph, and sprang laughingly away, exclaiming-

Trevanion gave me, and I promised to wear it for his sake. You really are extremely amazing, where his own merit and his connection's inter- Monsieur Le Philosophe!" And stooping to re- gave way as his desperate step touched them; went out of the room carolling gaily. He gazed

"And you really are extremely fascinating, ma he-English embassy to America, as nominal Sec. | belle Florence: but you never will be Francis Wellesley's wife.'

They both were wrong. Above a week had passed away in the luxu rious villa of Mr. Trevanion, and, as De Vere who, had he lived in stirring times, would have had rightly conjectured. Florence yielded herself Grave and calm almost to a fault, deep was the tyrannizing over, a horde of flattering admirers Indeed, so numerous were her vagaries, so in constant her caprices, that daily was the nobl heart of her real lover becoming weaned from his attachment-and deeply was her excellent father shocked to behold the alienation of what words that it had become a proverb with his men he so anxiously coveted for his way ward childrational, manly husband. It was at this beautitiful sent, called Versailles, from its resemblance to its far-famed namesake in points of scenery, forded all the various amusements of boating, daughter in her parent's arms. fishing, and watching the steamboats, that the incident occurred which occasioned the first reward you, my noble son, faltered the old man,

Florence had made capture of an extraordinary her chirping pet, and Beatrice-like, hide, to hear- that heart beat alone; he smiled, strove to speak, ken to the dispraise of herself, which, unlike the reeled, and fell senseless at her feet. For weeks heroine of Shakspeare, gave her unmeasured the life of the gallant Wellesley was in exceed-

Amongst her suitors was one who, like young desty of his demeanor, joined to the report of his Edwin, bowed, but never talked of love. This chivalrous actions, won her admiration, and the was the talented young artist who befield and pourtrayed her hide and seek; and her heartless encouragement of this poor youth completed the measure of De Vere's disgust.

One night, when he had retired earlier than isual, sickened with gaiety, angry with Florence, himself and all the world, and terribly oppressed by the intense heat, he was awakened from his restless couch by a strange rushing

"It must be a steamer on the river," was his first thought; but the noise was too near too foud for

Can it be a fog from the water which encircles bouldoir in Broadway. This little party consists of temper, and not ultogether unmoved by the smoke and flame had whirled and blazed around frank and noble features few traces remain of the dare!"

to alarm the sleeping inmates—to rush wildly but he appears more interested in the rise and he had never mistaken or prailed. But he turned from the contemplation of her heavenly along to the burning wing, were but the actions tremendous rush, and in he burst, wildly calling An invitation to pass some days at the villa of on the name of Florence! And now, as if in a wealthy New Orleans merchant, included Lord fierce derision of them festal fires and gala lights, the magnificent but terrible element rushed up in mighty and forked tongues to the skies, blazing, crackling, rolling its volumed masses like a victorious loe, far and near, while its hot breath scorched the check of Wellesley, and seemed to ings for reason and me; if so, why then farewell woo him to his grave. A wail, a sound of wo at once, fair Florida, and this your sweetest directed him; he rushed to the direction whence

> locked in each other's arms. 'De Vere, thanks! oh merciful God!' exclaimed the agonized father: De Vere, save-oh, save my child!' and he sank senseless on the

'Florence! beloved, dearest Florence, come!' 'And leave my father! oh, noble, excellent De, Vere, save but my father's life-think not of me; twas I, 'twas I that brought him here! Leave im not to perish thus dreadfully, as you would save me from madness and despair-save, oh, save inv father!"

'I will! I will,' exclaimed the agitated man, but you are my first care! Delay not on your ife; come-come!'

She dropped from his arms to his feet. --'Hear me. De Vere-hear me on the brink o dread eternity! Hear the weak, the wayward Florence, call God to witness how she loves you! Aye, dearer than life to me you are; yet here I wear, if you make me guilty of parracide, in murdering my best, my noblest father, I never will see you more! No, my first, fondest friend, guardian, father, we will die together!"

In the commanding agony of majestic despair she wond her arms around her father's body, and fixing on De Vere her flashing eyes, seemed to efy him to tear her thence.

Bravest and noblest girl, he cried, the God that made you as his most perfect work will not desert us now! Wrap yourself in this cloak, and follow, follow closely my beloved!'

He raised the senseless form of Mr. Rivers Florence, with a shrick of joy, assisted him; then pressing her white lips fervently to the brow of

Blinded by the smoke, almost suffocated by

De Vore, she said-In life or death I loved you only?

the flame, De Vere felt nothing but that kissyet, when reaching the outer door, who shall speak his unutterable agony to find that Florence had not followed them. She had probably fallen' her high wrought strength had given way, and even in death her dauntless courage had uttered Madre de Dios, pray do not become sentimen- no cry or groan. Phrenzied with passion, infuriated with despair. De Vere dashed down the som from my girdle-the very, blessom young he threw off the hold of those about him, and rushed again into the burning building. All now was flame, the steps scorched, crackled, and cover her flower, she pressed it to her lips; and large flakes of fire hissed and shrivelled on his clothes and flesh, rafters rolled around him, vel with a strength mightler far than Death, yea, stronger than Fate, and immutable as Heaventhe strength of Love-he rushed along, and reached the chamber. Already had the dancing. billowy flame invaded the room-already had it encircled the form of the death-like Florence, as with a hallo of light-grosping and wrapping her in his ample cloak, De Vere cast but one glance behind him, then springing from the verandah, he leaped, with his precious burden, into the waves below, and at the same moment the roof fell in, and all was one crashing ruin!

A low convulsive murmur passed through the crowd, and seemed as the knell of the beautiful being, they believed to have perished, and her devoted lover; but it changed in a moment to apturous shout of joy, when the gallant sailor was seen buffetting the waters with one arm, while the other closely grasped his rescued freaand which, situated immediately on the river, at and unscathed, except by fear, has laid the

"May the God who delights in virtuous deeds 'and bless you both together! Take her--she is concern she did not feel. De Vere looked very 'yours--bless heaven, bless you, my children!' nondescript species of a bird, with which she A faint streak had come to the cheek of Flothe extreme discomfiture of her suitors. Noth- her small cold hand in his, and draw it against

ing danger: 'Oh! then to die had been to die most happy,' But fate had willed it otherwise.

PICTURE II. 'Alas! how slight a cause may move Dissention between hearts that love! Hearts that the world in vain has tried. And surrow but more closely tieds
A something light as air—a look
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love that tempests never shook, A breath-a touch like this hath shaken.

As we do not pique ourselves, like the cele brated Ariosto, on following one person exclu sively, through every hour of the time our story Asmodeious-like facility, transport ourself and readers-to:a-small group assembled in an elegant

veliest season, and although her dress be that of mourner's, her brilliant face, and gay employ, put her sables to shame. Before her lies a satin dress, already blazing with all the gold of India, but to which she was adding a stomacher, and at least dare to reject his impertinent and cestus of superb jewels, and so much is she occupied by her glittering paraphernalia that she heeds not how anxiously the student on the sofa is you, Sir, for showing me the bane, since I watching her. The third person is an old lady, who sitts knitting a purse in the recess of a win- er. Lord Wellesley will understand that dow, looking the very fac'simile of Pope's 'no Miss Rivers would be alone?" character at all'-the person to play propriety without being Madame de Trop, one who sees nothing but what is glaring as the daylight, or hears aught but what is loud as thunder. The

gentleman first broke the silence. You seem to be very busy with all that finsel and foilstone, Florence; it would not require a great stretch of imagination to suppose you a young lady about to make her first appearance on any stage.

"Tinsel and foilstone," indignantly retorted the offended lady; 'what sort of a judge are you, De Vere, il you can't tell the difference between gold-bullion-and precious stones, and their imitations only.

Well, all is not gold that glitters, Florence, you know, and the garish semblance is too often mistaken for the solid reality; but may I ask to what purpose all that gurgeous paraphernalia is to be applied? I came here to read 'Prometheus' to you this morning, and I find you too deeply involved in the study of satin and gems to bestow ny attention on Shelly. What are you about, I pray you?? ~ Florence blushed, and answered to that part of

nost conveniently replied to. I am sure, De Vere, I am most anxious to hear Prometheus; so pray begin, and I will give

you attention, for fine language and fine reading together is a treat for the gods.' ° A smile played over the features of the sailor

expression he took up the valume. Wait one moment until I find the fringestay, Mrs. Montague, have you any more gold spangles? Don't you think, Janson should have

rogressed half way. Mrs Montague sidled stems, and routed about in search of it, quite assured it was under De Vere, or covered by his book. He stopped good-humouredly, and assisted in the search; when the lost treasure was found, he proceeded uninterrupted towards the when at these sublime words—

'Let thy malignant spirit move In darkness over those I love. The utmost torture of thy hate. exclamation from Florence stopped him.

"Tis very magnificent,' he said, interpreting it

into one of pleasure. yould be divine did not the setting of the rubies

fray the satin. Oh, look Mrs. Montague! look, ben mere, the stomacher will fray the satin!" Prometheus again to women. Again did the subdued her feelings and manners to a quiez sure--another instant he has sprung on shore, splendid dress attract his eye, and his attention concerning its use.

"Tis for the bal costume of the Princess Pulaski, replied Florence at length, affecting an un-

would fool all day, and immoderately caress, to rence, and light dawned in her eye; she placed carried you too far, he said, ... You are spending your time, and even lending your personal jewlady who chooses to risk her good name, by visit ing a foreigner of such doubtful reputation as the Pringess (so called) Pulaski. Some lady!" repeated Mrs. Montague, with a

"Certainly I am," said Florence haughtily-'I

have never seen a bot enstume. And, as for the doubts or trembling fears appeared to disturb Princess, all New York visits her, and why "And did all the world visit her. Florence

Rivers cannot, must not, shall not?" said De might have a reason for wishing her in Heav-Vere. "Nay, Pforence, unbend that look of en soon after, There was a quiet command, pride. I say again shall not! Are you pot an acknowledged sort of superiority about my betrothed wife? Is not your honour Wellesley, that piqued her pride. And now mine, your happiness my care? Am not I that he had absolutely offended her, she reguard by a dying father? Shame! shame on possessing her affections. ou, Miss Rivers! Look on the sable garments which trap your person with a mockcause which has alone delayed our marriage,

forgotten as the hero of that terrible night at hand led them to risk life and death Versailles. The book he holds is Gibbon's Rome; through scenes of danger, horror and blood, progress of his companion's work than in the De-knew not how to rule a woman, and that cline and (at) of the Roman Empire. Indeed, woman the proud, impassioned Florence had the great historian himself viewed the object Rivers. To be thus reproved, shamed and of contemplation, he might have pardoned the commanded-and before Mrs. Montague, a inattentive reader, for never yet did human eyes dependant! To be ruled thus imperatively. rest on a fairer face than that which graced the and by a lover! The blood rushed wanton young lady of the group. She is in youth's lo- through her frame, and her limbs, shook with emotion; then rising with extreme pride, she said-

Lord Wellesley De Vere will find I can officious counsel, and cast from me with scorn the rude and unmanly counsellor. I thank bless Heaven, the antidote is still in my pow-

De Vere struggled with-himself and atempted to take her hand.

"Forgive me, my dear Florence, if I have too rudely spoken. I am, you know, a plain blunt sailor, and little used to dress my words for ladies ears. My blood too warmly resented the idea of my Florence, my sweet. pure, unsullied lily, mingling in the recking pollution of the liaunts of fashion. Nay, a nearer and more jealous resentment spurns the idea, that these sables, which alone have kept me from my coveted joy, should be put off to grace a demirep's assembly. Come, lay aside these hateful trappings, and with them our only disagreement! Think of the matter of my words, and let their manner be forgotten!"

Florence gazed full and coldly on his face as she made answer. Both are to me so indifferent, that I am quite willing to forget them. The dress I will assurdely lay aside, as certainly to resume it this day week for the Princess Pulaski's ball!"

her betrothed husband's speech which could be - As she spoke she slowly retired, bending to the last on him a look of mingled pride and defiance....

Mrs Montague spened a volley of common pluase, sich as, "Dear me I'm very sorry." "Bless me, if I had known I would have never told you," "Good gracious, why I at this bon bon to his vanity, and with a pleased declare she's quite angry," &cc. &c. -and followed Florence, leaving Wellesley in no enviable mood. He bit his lip, and walked the room murmuring to himself, -"Absurd! worked gold leaves between the diamond storks? positive! obstmate," and such other superla-The seduisantes should be brocaded to match the tives as served to vent his spleen. Soon howlappels. Oh! go on, De Vere-I'm all attention vever, it turned upon himself-"Blockhead. Before the first magnificent speech of the Titan that I was Did I think I was hailing the masthead, or giving the order to board, that on tiptoe up to. Florence with the spangles, and I must be so loud and rough? Surely she cana low whispering issued, which subsided into not mean to quarrel with me! Why did I dumb motion on the reader looking impatiently not coax or reason her into giving up the acup; then Florence dropped one of her jewelled cursed ball, instead of blustering like a land lubber, as I am? Hark! she is coming! Dear Florence!"

But no dear Florence, appeared; only a ser vant to remove the unfortunate cause of close of the celebrated, the unequalled curse dispute—the contested gala dress. De Vere sent a message entreating to see her. Miss Rivers was engaged. He wrote a few lines earnestly desiring the same_it was returned unopened. Miss Rivers had gone out. Thoroughly ruffled, the philosopher in love took his leave, heartly cursing forcign Princess and bals constumes, women's caprices 'Oh, it would be, replied the girl, eagerly, 'it and his own roughness. In fact, from the time that Florence had been so nobly rescued by De Vere, her intense gratitude, Up started the bon mere, and eagerly did both kept alive still more anxiously by his severe examine the ruffled satin. Wellesley threwdown a ifferings, had given him little to complain of the book with a scarcely audible Pish! resolv. from the variations of her temper; then the ing that nothing should tempt him to unbind rapidly succeeding death of her father had tude by no means natural to them. In the was now fully stirred. He repeated his enquiries first corrent of her-grief, she had refused to fulfil her engagement with De Vere until a year had elapsed, and he, respecting her sorrow, had unwillingly acquiesced in the decision, but fearing the effect of such absorbing grief on her delicate frame, he had drawn her to New York, and provided a situable establishment and chaperon to reside with -But half the stipulated probation had past, and the young heart of Florence had risen with a rebound, which, joined to her natural pride and coquetry, now threatened to disturb the hitherto uniform tenor of their loves ondering store, 'why, Lord De Vere, Florence In truth, the belief Florida was oftentimes inclined to demur at the coolness and reasona leners of her philosophic lever; no lealous

the rightful guardisn of your spotless name, solved to make him more humble and more embraces, we shall shift the scene, and with an the friend, the protector named as your safe grateful, for his upparalleled happiness in To bring a sensible man to folly is a difficult and unwise task. Few women who atery of wo! remember the sad, the recent tempt it succeed, or if succeeding, still fewer know when to stop in their dangerous tri-

his sober certainty of waking bliss; no rap-

tures or extactes elevated the woman he lov-

ed into an angel before marriage, that he

cause which has alone delayed our man too. umph. and then insult your father's memory, if you Every day, and almost every hour, did De Vere attempt to see Florence, in vain; at last he wrote.