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TERMS.

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POETRY.



With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cul't with care.

THE RINGLET.

And is this all, sweet sister, in this all?
This little ringlet of thy own fair hair,
All that remains of what once was in thee
So beautiful—so good? Where is thy brow
Of sunshine and joy? thy voice of music
And thy sweet touch of midnight melody?
Oh! where are they?—Sleeping, thou dearest one,
In thy cold, narrow home. Come with thee love
To the bright dwelling place in yonder sky.
And let us laugh it all in memory.
She brings again the bright departed one—
I feel the gentle clasp of thy soft hand,
And see thee in that blue when frigid Death
Stole on thee, and thy pallid lips grown cold
Gave to thy sister's last earthly kiss.

MARY.

SELECT TALE.

From the Lady's Book.

LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE.

A stranger was ushered into the parlour, where two young ladies were seated, one bonneted and shawled, evidently a morning visitor, the other in a fashionable undress, as evidently a daughter or inmate of the mansion. The latter rose, with a slight inclination of the head, and requested the gentleman to take a chair. "Was Mr. Temple at home?" "No! but he was expected in directly." The young ladies exchanged meaningful glances, as the stranger drew nearer, and certainly his extraordinary figure might justify a passing sensation of mirth, if politeness and good feeling had not restrained its expression. "His extreme spareness, and the livid hue of his complexion indicated recent illness, and as he was apparently young, the almost total baldness of his head, was probably owing to the same cause. His lofty forehead was above the green shade that covered his eyes in unshadowed majesty, unrelieved by a single lock of hair, and the lower part of his face assumed a still more cadaverous hue, from the reflection of the green colour above. There was something inexpressibly forlorn and piteous in his whole appearance, notwithstanding an air of gentlemanly dignity pervaded his melancholy person. He drew forth his pocket book, and taking out a folded paper, was about to present it to Miss Temple, who drawing back with a suppressed laugh said—"A petition, sir, I suppose?"—then added in a low whisper to her companion—"the poor fellow is perhaps getting a subscription for a wig." The visitor was very low, but the stranger's shaded, though penetrating eyes were fixed upon her face, and the motion of her lips assisted him in a knowledge of her name—"He replaced the paper in his pocket-book—"I am no petitioner for your bounty, Madam," said he, in a voice, whose sweetness fell like a reproach on her ear—"nor have I any claims on your compassion, save being a stranger and an invalid. I am the bearer of a letter to your father, from a friend of his youth, who, even on his death bed, remembered him with gratitude and affection—will you have the goodness to present to him my name and direction?" Then laying the card upon the table, he made a low bow and retreated, before Miss Temple had time to apologize, if indeed any apology could be offered for her levity and rudeness. She approached the table and took up the card—"Gracious Heavens!" she exclaimed—"it cannot be possible—Sydney Allison that bald, yellow, horrid-looking creature—Sydney Allison! they described him as the perfection of manly beauty—I never will believe it—he is an impostor—the wretch!" The young lady who was with her, beheld with astonishment, the passion that lighted up Miss Temple's face, and her looks besought an explanation. "Have you not heard," said Miss Temple, "since you came to this city, that a friend of mine, Sydney Allison, was betrothed to a young girl, who was the daughter of a young gentleman named Sydney Allison, whose uncle was the bonneted friend of my father? You must have heard it, for my father has always taken pains to circulate the report, so that no one

might presume upon my favour. And this is the delectable bridegroom! the one who has been represented as clothed in every grace, calculated to fascinate a female heart—and I, a fool that I was, I believed it, and looked forward with rapture to the hour of our first meeting." Here she paused, and throwing herself back in her chair, burst in a passion of tears. Mary Manning, her more rational companion, endeavoured to soothe the excited feelings of her friend, and suggested to her, that whatever disappointment she might feel with regard to his personal appearance, his character might be such as to awaken a very ardent attachment. "Indeed," added Mary, "I thought there was something quite interesting in his address, and his voice was remarkably persuasive in its tones. He has evidently been very ill, and his bad looks are owing to this circumstance. He will become handsome by and by." Besides, my dear Augusta, what is mere beauty in a man? It is the prerogative of a woman, and you are so highly gifted, in that respect, you should be willing that your husband should excel in those qualities which men generally arrogate to themselves. "Husband!" repeated Augusta, "I would as soon take a death's-head for my husband. I care nothing about mere beauty, provided there is intelligence and spirit. But with such a bald, livid looking wretch at my side, such a living memento of mortality, I should sink into my grave in a fortnight. I never will marry him, unless I am dragged to the altar." Here Mr. Temple entered the room, and interrupted her rash speech. Miss Manning too retired, feeling that her presence might be an intrusion. He looked astonished at the agitation of his daughter, who handed him the card, and turning away leaned against the mantelpiece, the image of woe. "Sydney Allison arrived!" exclaimed Mr. Temple; "where is he? when was he here? and why is he gone?—why—what is the matter with you, Augusta? The first wish of my heart seems accomplished, and I find you weeping." "Tell me the meaning of all this!" "Oh! father," sobbed Augusta, covering her face with her handkerchief, "he is so ugly, and you told me, he was so very handsome." Mr. Temple could not forbear laughing at the piteous tone in which Augusta uttered this melancholy truth, though he immediately relinched, in an accent of displeasure, "I am ashamed of your folly—I have always given you credit for being a girl of sense, but you talk like a little fool—ugly! If a man is not ugly enough to frighten his horse, he is handsome enough. Besides, it is nothing but a whim—I saw him when a child, and he was an uncommonly beautiful boy. I hope you did not behave in this manner before him—why did you suffer him to go away?" "Why, I did not know him," said Augusta, in considerable trepidation, for she feared her father's anger—"and he looked so thin and woe-begone, I thought he was some foreigner asking charity, and when he took out a paper I thought it a petition, and said something about one—so he was angry, I believe, and went away, saying he had letters for you, from a friend, who was dead." "And is he dead?—the good old man—the best, the earliest friend I ever had in the world—dead and gone!" Mr. Temple leaned his face over on his hands, and sat in silence several moments, as if struggling with powerful emotions. After a while, Mr. Temple lifted his hands, and fixed his darkened eyes upon his daughter. He took her hand with affection and solemnity. "Augusta, you are the child of affliction as well as of indulgence; you are my only child, and all the wealth, which now surrounds you with luxury, will be at your disposal, after my death. "Oh! father, do not speak of such a thing." "Do not interrupt me. Mr. Allison, the uncle of this young man, was my benefactor and friend, when all the world looked dark upon me. He extricated me from difficulties which it is unnecessary to explain—gave me the means of making an ample fortune, and asked no recompense, but a knowledge of my success. It was through his influence I was united to your now angel mother—yes! I owe every thing to him—wealth, reputation, and a brief, but rare portion of domestic bliss. This dear, benevolent, romantic old man, had one nephew, the orphan child of his adoption, whom he most tenderly loved. When commercial affairs carried me to Cuba, about ten years ago, Sydney was a charming boy; and when I spoke with a father's pride, of my own little girl, whom I had left behind, my friend gladdened at the thought, that the union which had bound our hearts together would be perpetuated in our children; we pledged our solemn promise to each other that this union should take place at a fitting age; you have long been aware of this betrothal, and I have seen with great pleasure, that you seemed to enter into my views, and to look forward with hope and animation to the fulfilment of this contract. The engagement is now doubly binding, since death has set my awful seal upon it. It must be fulfilled. Do not by your unprecedented folly, make me unhappy at a moment like this. "Forgive me, my dear father, but indeed when you see him, you will not wonder at the shock I have received. After all you had said of him, after reading his uncle's letters so full of glowing descriptions, after dwelling so long on the graceful image your fancy drew, to find such a dreadful contrast. "Dreadful contrast, why surely he cannot be transformed into such a monster." "You have not seen him yet," said

she, mournfully. "Not you remind me of my negligence. After the strange reception you have given him, it is doubly urgent that I should hasten to him. Have a care, Augusta, you have always found me a very indulgent father, but in this instance, I shall enforce implicit obedience. I have only one fear, that you have already so disgusted him with your levity, that he may refuse himself, the honour of the alliance." "He refuse me?" murmured Augusta, in a low voice, as she glanced at herself in a mirror that showed above the mantelpiece. As the nature of her reflections may be well imagined, it may be interesting to follow the young man, whose figure had made so unfortunate an impression upon his intended bride, and learn something of the feelings that are passing through his mind. Sydney Allison returned to his lonely apartment at the hotel, with a chilled and aching heart. The bright day-dream, whose beauty had cheered and gladdened him, even while mourning over the death bed of his uncle, was now a shadowy vision, and he was languishing himself on the bed of sickness, and while a sea-sick mariner, he was tossed upon the boisterous waves—the dream was fled. She, who had always risen upon his imagination, as the morning star of his destiny—this being he had met, after years of romantic anticipation—what a meeting. He was well aware of the sad ravages, one of the violent fevers of a tropical clime had made upon his beauty, but never attaching much value to his own personal attractions, he could not believe that the marks of a divine visitation would expose him to ridicule, or unkindness; of an extremely sensitive disposition, he was peculiarly alive to the stings of satire, and the sarcastic whisper of Miss Temple, wounded him to the quick. "What!" said he, to himself, as he folded his arms in melancholy abstraction, in the solitude of his chamber, "what, if the dark luxuriance of waving hair which once shadowed my temples, is now gone—is not thought and intelligence still lingering on my brow! Are there no warm and animated veins of feeling in my heart, because the tide of health no longer flows through my veins and tides of health no longer colour my wan and faded cheek? These unclouded eyes, which I must now shelter from the dazzling light, can they not still emit the rays of tenderness, and the beams of soul? This proud beauty! May she live to know what a heart she has wounded!" He rose and walked slowly across the floor, passing before a large looking glass, which fully reflected his person. He could not forbear a smile, in the midst of his melancholy, at the ludicrous contrast to his former self, and acknowledged it to his former self, and acknowledged it to his present self, and to the charms of first sight, under the present disastrous eclipse. He almost excused the covert ridicule, of which he had been the object, and began to pity the beautiful Augusta for the disappointment she must have endured. It was under the influence of these feelings Mr. Temple found him. "My dear fellow," said the latter, warmly grasping his hand, and gazing earnestly at him—"My poor boy! how ill you must have been!—your uncle, too!—the warm-hearted man was incapable of uttering another syllable, nor moved at that moment, by the recollection of his friend, than affected by the transformation of the blooming boy, whose waving locks were once so singularly beautiful. His sympathy was so unaffected, his welcome so warm, and his affection expressed in so heartfelt a manner, that Sydney, who had just been arming himself with proud philosophy, against the indifference and neglect of the world, melted into woman's softness. He had been so long among strangers, and those of rougher nature—had experienced so cold a disappointment in his warmest hopes—he had felt so blighted, so alone—the reaction was too powerful, it unmanned him. Mr. Temple was a remarkable instance of a man, who retained a youthful enthusiasm and frankness of character, after a long and prosperous intercourse with the world of business. The rapid accumulation of wealth, instead of narrowing, as it too often does, enlarged his benevolent heart. When in a long and confidential conversation with Sydney, he learned that Mr. Allison had left but a small fortune for his support, instead of the immense one he had been led to expect, he was more than ever anxious to promote the union with his daughter. However mysterious it seemed that Mr. Allison's property should be so diminished, or have been so much overrated, he rather rejoiced at the circumstance, as it gave him an opportunity of showing his gratitude and disinterestedness. But Sydney was proud. He felt the circumstance of his altered fortunes, and thought not a poor man, was no longer the heir of that wealth, which was his, in reversion, when Mr. Temple had plighted his daughter to him. In his short interview with her he had gained such an insight into her character, that he recoiled from the idea of appearing before her, as her betrothed lover. "Receive me as a friend," said he to Mr. Temple; "let your daughter learn to look upon me as such, and I seek no more; unless I could win her affections, nothing would induce me to accept of her hand—under existing circumstances, I believe that impossible. Much as I feel your kindness, and sacred as I hold the wishes of the dead, I hold your daughter's happiness paramount to every other consideration. This must not be sacrificed for me. Promise me, sir, that it shall not. I should be more wretched than words can express, if I thought the slightest force were imposed upon her sentiments."

"Be satisfied on that score; say nothing about it; only let her get fully acquainted with you, and there will be no occasion to employ force. You must forget the mistake of the morning. This yellow fever makes sad work of a man when it gets hold of him, but you will soon revive from its effects." Sydney Allison became a daily visitor at Mr. Temple's. Had he assumed the privileges of a lover, Augusta would have probably manifested in a wounding manner, the aversion she felt for him, in that character; but it was impossible to treat with disdain one, who never presumed to offer any attentions beyond the civilities of friendship. Though rendered vain from adulation, and selfish from indulgence, and though her thoughtless vivacity often made her forgetful of the feelings of others, Augusta Temple was not destitute of redeeming virtues. Nature had gifted her with fervent affections, and opened her few channels, in which those affections could flow. She had the great misfortune to be the only child of a rich, widowed, and dotting parent, and from infancy had been accustomed to see every one around her subservient to her will. She had reached the age of womanhood, without knowing one real sorrow, or meeting with a being who had excited in any degree, the affections of her heart. Her warm and undisciplined imagination had dwelt for years on one image. She had clothed it in the most splendid hues that fancy ever spread upon her palette; and had poor Sydney appeared before her in his original brightness, the reality would probably have been dim, to the visions of ideal beauty, by which she had been so long haunted. In the greatness of her disappointment, she became unjust and unreasonable, violent in her prejudices, and extravagant in her manifestations of them. But after the first abolition of her grief, she grew more guarded, from the dread of her father's anger, and as Sydney continued the same reserved and dignified deportment, she began to think her father's prediction was fulfilled, and that their aversion was mutual. She did not derive as much comfort from this supposition as might be anticipated. She had dreaded the opportunity, but she could not endure his indifference. It was in vain Mr. Temple urged his young friend to a different course of conduct—he always answered, "Let her cease to dread me as a lover, then she may learn to prize me as a friend." One evening, there was a concert at Mr. Temple's. Sydney, who was passionately fond of music, forgot every cause of inquietude, wholly abandoned to his heavenly influence. He stood near the fair songstress of the hour, keeping time to the harmony, while in a pier glass opposite, he had a full view of the groups behind. Augusta was a little in the rear, leaning on the arm of Miss Manning. He could gaze on her image, thus reflected, without her being conscious of the act, and her brilliant beauty, her features of superb proportions, her hair forming on the model of oriental symmetry, while her eyes glittered through her dark sweeping lashes, like sunbeams through the forest foliage. She stood with her head a little averted, and her profile presented the softened outline of the lineaments, ascribed to the beautiful daughters of Judah. He forgot himself entirely in the contemplation of her loveliness; when he saw her turn, with an arch smile, and hold up her hands in a whimsical attitude in the direction of his head, as if in the act of warming them; for the full blaze of the chandeliers, seemed concentrated in that point, and all eyes, lured by Augusta's gesture, were turned upon his illuminated skull. For one moment Sydney lost his self-possession, and the angry spot was seen distinctly burning on his hollow cheek. The next, he smiled superior to such weakness, and retreating a few steps, bowed for her to pass forward. She had relied on the shade that covered his eyes, for security from protection, unconscious of the piercing glances that were gazing on her fully, and she felt with bitterness how low she must be in the opinion of the man, whose admiration she secretly coveted, notwithstanding the ridicule she dared to throw upon his person. After the company dispersed, she remained alone in the drawing room, dissatisfied with herself and sickening at the pleasure that surrounded her. The door softly opened. It was Sydney, who had returned for his gloves, which he had left on the mantle piece. It was the first time she had found herself alone with him, and she felt excessively embarrassed. In that tone, which even she acknowledged to be irresistibly sweet, he apologized for his intrusion, and taking his gloves, was retiring, when she, ever impulsive, arrested his motions. "Stay one moment, Mr. Allison—you have great reason to despise me—I have treated you with unparagonable levity and rudeness. Though I can hardly hope your forgiveness, I cannot withhold this acknowledgement of my errors—your calm forbearance has done more for my reformation, than a thousand reproofs, surprised and softened at this unexpected avowal from the cold, sarcastic Augusta, whose fluctuating complexion, and agitated vision, bore witness to her sincerity, Allison was at first incapable of replying. "Your present candour," although he said, "would indemnify me for much greater suffering than you have ever inflicted on me. Allow me, Miss Temple, to take advantage of this first moment of confidence, to disarm you of all fear, on my account. The relative situation in which we have been placed by others, has given us both much embarrass-

ment; but be assured my only wish is to be looked upon as your friend. Consider yourself as entirely unshackled. In bright hours I might have aspired to the distinction our parents designed for me, but worn down by sickness, the shadow of my former self, I feel but too sensibly, that the only sentiment I can now inspire in the female heart, is that of compassion." Augusta was so much impressed by his delicacy and generosity, she began to hate herself for not having more justly appreciated his worth. She raised her eyes to his face and sighed—"Ah!" said she to herself, "I must respect and esteem, but I can never love him." Mr. Temple, who had been absent the whole evening, returned at this moment, and his countenance expressed his pleasure, in finding them thus alone, in apparently confidential conversation with each other. "Do not go, Allison," said he, "I have been oppressed with business to-night, and I want a little social enjoyment before I sleep. Besides, I do not feel quite well. They now observed that he looked unusually pale, and pressed his hand upon his head, as if in pain. "Father," said Augusta, "you indeed look ill—you have fatigued yourself too much. A glass of wine will revive you." She brought him the glass, but just as he took it from her hand, with a spasm, a sudden spasm came over him, and he fell back in his chair, speechless and convulsed. Augusta's piercing shriek alarmed the servants, who rushing in, beheld their master supported in the arms of Allison, gasping for breath, while Augusta was trying to loosen his errand with hands nerveless from terror. A physician was directly summoned, who bled him profusely, and after a few hours, consciousness was restored. He was removed to his chamber, and Allison remained with him during the remainder of the night. Augusta sat by her father's bedside holding his hand, almost stunned by the suddenness of the calamity. Never, since her recollection, had her father known an hour's sickness, and now to be prostrated at once, in the midst of florid health, it was awful. She dared not ask the physician if there was danger, least he should confirm her worst fears. She looked at Allison, and in his pale and anxious countenance, she saw a reflection of her own anxiety and sorrow. Towards morning Mr. Temple opened his eyes, and looked earnestly round him—"My children," said he, "come near me—both—both." "Father," cried Augusta, "we are near thee—oh! my father, say that you are better—only say that you will live." As she uttered the last word she bowed her head upon the bed cover, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. "My child," said Mr. Temple faintly, "you must call upon God to sustain you, for there is need. I feel that the hand of death is upon me. Sudden and awful is the summons—but it must be obeyed. Doctor, I would see my minister. Not to give peace to my departing soul—for all is peace here," said he, laying his hand feebly on his heart, "peace with God and man—but there is one thing I would witness before I die." Sydney, who stood at the bed's head trembled at the import of these words—Augusta in her agony comprehended their not—"Sydney, my son, give me your hand—Augusta, is this your hand I hold? My children, if you would bless my last hour, you must let my dying hand behold your union. It will gladden my friend, when I meet him in another world, to tell him his last wishes are consummated. Do you consent, my children?" He looked up to Sydney, with that earnest expression which is never seen except in the eye of the dying, and pressed their hands together in his, already cold and dewy with the damps of death. Sydney sunk upon his knees unutterably affected. All the happiness of his future life was at stake, and it seemed as nothing at that moment. "Your daughter, sir," was all he could utter. "Augusta," repeated Mr. Temple, in a voice fearfully hollow, "will be your guardian, and you must take care of her." "Oh! my father," she murmured, "do with me as you will, only take me with you." The reverend figure of the minister was now called to the group, that surrounded the bed of death. Strange and awful was the bridal ceremony performed at such a moment, and attended with such solemnities. Sydney felt that he was mysteriously and irresistibly impelled to the fulfilment of his destiny without any volition of his own. It was with bloodless lips and deadened perceptions, Augusta repeated her vows; but low as they were, they fell like music on the ear, that was so shortly to close to all earthly scenes. "There is a blessing above mingling of mine," faintly articulated the dying man. "I bless you, my dear children, and ye will be blessed." These were the last words he ever uttered. Augusta fell almost lifeless on her father's bosom, but what was a moment before the temple of an immortal spirit, was now but dust and ashes. At the same moment an orphan and a bride, she was incapable of comprehending the startling realities that thronged through her mind, were like the phantasmagoria of a dream—a vague impression of something awful and indescribable having occurred, a wild fear of something more awful still impending filled her imagination and paralyzed her frame. But Allison had a full and aching sense of the responsibilities so unexpectedly imposed upon him. He mourned for the venerated and generous friend so suddenly snatched away, but he grieved most of all, that his last act had placed in his keeping that to which he felt he had no legitimate right. No selfish feelings filled his heart—but to find himself married, joined irrevocably to a woman,

who had given him so many proofs of personal aversion; who, never till that evening, had evinced towards him the slightest sensibility—a woman whom he did not love, and whose superior fortune burdened him with a painful sense of obligation—there was something inexpressibly galling and humiliating in these circumstances, to the sensitive and high-minded Allison. Tenderness, however, mingled with the bitterness of his reflections; and even then, he could have taken her to his heart, and wept over her tears of sympathy and sorrow, had he not dreaded that she would recoil from his embraces. He did not intrude on the sacredness of her grief, and for days she buried herself in the solitude of her chamber. She admitted no one but her chosen friend, Miss Manning, who represented her as inconsolable, either sunk in a torpor, from which nothing could arouse her, or in a state of nervous excitement still more distressing. He waited, hoping that time would restore her to comparative composure, and that she would be willing to receive from him the consolations of friendship. Finding, at length, that she persevered in her system of solitary grief, and that time, while it must, according to its immutable laws, soften her anguish for her father's death, probably increased her dread for the shackles that bound her, his resolution was taken. In a short time every thing was arranged for his departure to a foreign land. The ship, in which he was bound a passenger, was ready to sail; when he requested a parting interview with Augusta. A parting interview!—Augusta was not at that sound, from the selfishness of her grief. He was going into banishment, and she was the cause. For the first time since the bridal ceremony, she thought forced itself into her mind, that he too might have cause for sorrow, and that his happiness might be sacrificed as well as her own. Allison was greatly shocked, to see the change wrought in her radiant face. He was so much agitated, he forgot every thing he purposed to say, and remembered only the strangeness of their situation. He endeavoured to repress his own emotion, that he might not increase hers, while she, unused to self-control, abandoned herself to a passion of tears. He approached her with tenderness and solemnity, and entreated her to listen to him, as a friend, as one willing to promote her happiness, by any sacrifice she might require. "I go," said he, "Augusta, to another clime, whose genial influence may restore me again some portion of my former vigour. I go, in the hope, that in my absence you may learn submission to a destiny, which may reach you as inevitable. If you knew the anguish that fills my heart, when I think myself as the involuntary cause of your wretchedness, you would pity me, even as much as you abhor. Hear me, Augusta, while I repeat with all the solemnity of the vows that bound us to each other, that I will never claim the name of husband, till your own free affections hallow the sacred title. In the mean time I leave you to one, who will be to you as a loving sister, in whose father you will find a faithful and affectionate guardian—will you not part from me, at least in kindness?" Augusta sat, with her arms thrown around Miss Manning, weeping, yet subdued. All the best impulses of her nature were awakened and active. She would have given worlds to say something expressive of her remorse and regret for her selfishness and waywardness. Clasp her hands together and she exclaimed, "Oh! forgive me, Sydney, that I cannot love you"—then conscious that she was only wounding whom she deeply loved, she wished to heal, she only uttered, "What an unfortunate wretch I am!" "We are both unfortunate," said he, moved beyond his power of control—but we may not be always miserable. Something whispers me, that we shall meet again with chastened feelings, incapable of appreciating all that is excellent in each other, and both earnest in the endeavour to merit the blessing that hallowed our nuptial tie. I leave you that you may be restored to tranquillity—I may never return—I pray to God, that he may find me a grave in that ocean whose bosom I am about to commit myself, if I am only to live for the misery of others." "No, no," cried Augusta, "this must not be, you must not become an exile for me." "Listen to her," said Miss Manning, earnestly, her whole soul wrought up into the most painful excitement at the sight of their mutual distress—"indeed Sir, you are doing what is rash and uncalled for—oh! why with so much to inspire the strongest attachment in each other, will ye close up your hearts in this manner, and resolve to remain in this state, when what remains if I would, as I have taken steps, which cannot well be recalled, to your father, Miss Manning, knows and approves my intention. He is the delectable guardian and protector of Augusta. I will not, I cannot prolong the pain of these moments. Farewell Augusta! think of me, if possible, with kindness—and I live to return, I will be to you, friend, brother, or husband, as your own heart shall dictate." He pressed her cold and passive hand in his—turned, and was gone. Augusta would have spoken, but she seemed as if under the influence of a night mare. Her faculties were spell-bound—she would have returned the parting press of his hand, but her fingers seemed ice-cold. She shuddered with superstitious dread. Her father's upbraiding spirit appeared to her imagination, armed with the terrors of the grave, and threatening her with the retribution of heaven. Four Au-

gusta's heart required the stern, but salutary discipline of adversity, and that discipline was preparing. How she profited by the teachings of this monition, whose lessons however hard, have such high and celestial bearings, the events of after years may show. Augusta and her friend are once more presented to the view of the reader, but the destiny of the former is changed. They are seated in a parlour side by side, but it is not the same, rich in all the adornments of wealth and fashion, that Augusta once occupied. It is in a great, rural cottage, in the very heart and bowels of a few woods will explain the past. Mr. Temple's open, generous, uncalculating disposition, had exposed him to the designs of the rascally and treacherous. He never could refuse to endorse a note for a friend, or to loan money when it was asked with a look of distress. He believed his resources as exhaustless, as his benevolence, but by the failure of several houses, with which he was largely connected, his estate was involved in ruin, and his daughter left destitute of fortune. Mr. Manning suffered so much himself in the general loss, he was obliged to sell all that he still possessed in the city and retire into the country, with limited means of subsistence. But though limited, he had sufficient for all the comforts of life, and what he deemed its luxuries—books, music, the socialities of friendship, and the exercise of the kindly charities. A cherished member of this charming family, Augusta, no longer the spoiled child of fortune, but the chastened disciple of sorrow, learnt to estimate the true purposes of her being, and to mourn over her former perversity. With such enabled views of life and its enjoyments, she began to think she might be happy with a husband, with such irrefragable worth and exalted attributes as Sydney Allison, even though he had the misfortune to be bald and fallow. But him she had banished, and when would he return? He had written to her once or twice, in the most affectionate manner, as a brother, would write, he had spoken of amended health and reviving spirits, but he spoke of his return, as of something indefinite and even remote. She too had written, and her letters were transcripts of the progressive elevation of her character, and expressed with candour and warmth the just appreciation she now had of his own. She was uncertain whether they had ever reached him. It was long since she had received any tidings, and she felt at times that sickness of the heart, which suspends unity by hope creates. Conclusion next week. Here is something that will please the ladies and astonish the men: EXTRAORDINARY SYMPATHY. The singular sympathies that form a future union between the sexes, have, in some instances been most surprising. The following, which came within my knowledge, is perhaps one of the most singular. Mr. —, a brother officer of mine, was a man of taciturn and retired habits; seldom frequented public places of amusement, and when there, felt any thing but gratification. One evening after supper, he was, however, prevailed upon to go to a ball. We had not been long in the room, when to my utter surprise, he expressed great admiration of a young lady who was dancing—and what still more amazed us, he engaged her to dance. Such an act of apparent levity on his part struck us as a singularly, which might have been attributed to an unusual indulgence at table, had not the contrary been the case, for he was remarkably abstemious. The dance was scarcely over when he came to me, and told me with a look of deep despondency, that his lovely partner was a married woman. The tone of sadness in which he addressed me was truly ludicrous. A few minutes after he left the ball room. The strangeness of his conduct led me to fear that his mind was not altogether in a sound state; but I was confirmed in my apprehension when he told me the following morning that he was convinced he should be married to the object of his admiration, whose husband was a young and healthy clergyman in the neighborhood. He made no reply, and we both went abroad. We did not meet until three years after, when to my utter surprise I found that his prediction had been verified. The lady's husband had died from a fall from his horse, and the parties were married. But what rendered this circumstance still more strange is, that a similar presentment was experienced by the young lady, who, on returning from the ball, mentioned to her sister with much emotion, that she had danced with a stranger, to whom she felt convinced that she was destined to be married. The conviction embittered every moment of her life, as, despite of her strenuous endeavors, she could not dismiss the stranger from her constant thoughts, reluctantly yielding to the hope of seeing him again.—Allington's Medical Experience. Texas.—Late accounts received by way of New Orleans, states that Gen. Lamar had received a large majority of votes for President. The election of Gen. Baker to Congress from Galveston will be contested before Congress, when that body meets. The grounds of opposition are not stated.