Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

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TERMS.

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POETRY.



-With sweetest flowers enrich'd. From various gardens cull'd with care."

For the Carliele Herald & Expositor.

Stanzas. Give me that leaf, by thine own hand Plucked from its native tree;

Twill teach me in some other land Still to remember thee. Aye, give me that fading leaf,

Eresh from its tender bough; Twill cheer me when old wrinkled grief Bits brooding on my brow. Its withered form shall greet my eyes,

Still welcome to my sight And thoughts of thee as oft shall rise. Replete with chaste delight. -Then give it me, I ask no more

Ere I from thee shall part; Yet give me what was mine before-Give back to me my heart. · November, 1838.

For the Carlisle Herald & Expositor:

Stanzas. Originally designed for a better purpose. Tis well ;-I leave with no regret, Though friends remain behind mea The heart of love and friendship yet.

I fain would linger yet awhile Where friendly voices greet me; And woo affection's welcome smile Where e'er that smile should meet me

But Fortune rears her ample crest And spreads her waving pinion; I yield me to her stern behest,

And yield myself her minion Ambition marks a lofty track, And fancy gilds it over; But coming years may bring me back A cheerless, friendless rover. November, 1838.

From the New Yorker.

Stanzas.

Fare ther well! if this be only As a lightly spoken word,
Wherefore should this heart be lonely As a mate-forsaken bird? If its meaning be not deeper Than its simple sound would seem, Wherefore should it haunt the sleeper, Like a murmur in his dream?

Lowly was the cold word spoken, With a pale and trembling lip, When the chance of earth had broken On our early fellowship. Pale the stars were bending o'er us-Emblems of thy rarer charms, And the streamlet ran before us With the moonlight in its arms!

With the brilliant tear-drop starting From thy fringing eye-lid forth, Like a summoned angel parting With a weary son of earth-Still in slumber I behold thee, Even as we parted there-But the arms that would enfold thee

Clasp the cold and vacant air !

Quiet is thy place of sleeping, In a brighter clime than ours, Where the island-palm is keeping Watch above thy funeral flowers; And the tall Magnolia lingers Near thee, with its snowy blossom, That the breeze, like Love's own fingers, Scatters o'er thy sleeping bosom.

Fare thee well !- my heart is near thee, And its love is still as deep, While the soul can see and hear thee, In the dreamy hour of sleep; Dear one !- be thy blessing o'er me. And thy sinless spirit given, As an angel-guide before me, Leading upward unto Heaven!

SOLITUDE

I am out of humanity's reach, I must finish my journey alone, Never hear the sweet music of spec I start at the sound of my own.

. O An iron steamboat was naking very short trips between London and Antwerp.

SELECT TALE.

From the Wilkesbarre Farmer. PAUSANIAS, OR THE EPHOR OF SPARTA.

BY J. H. SIEWERS. Cu. How .- Friend have a care, Your next step may be fatal. Sr.-Old man--away, away!

HER,--I've heard thee darkly speak of an event Which happened hereabouts by this same . tower. WITCH .-- With thy hand ?

It gazed on mine and withdrew. Oh, she was changed. As by the sickness of her soul--her mind Had wandered from its dwelling. My dream was past, it had no farther change.

MANER .- Not with my hand, but heart-

Did we abide by the vaunted precedents of Antiquity, did we admire its institutions as we cherish the classic lore of its poets to injured humanity

"For her deep sinfalness." direct the Exodus of the dark browed captives, and national policy, instructed from the page of history and revelation, may find it prudent to acquiesce. The spirit of enthe South forbids the thought that when that appeal shall come, it will be in vain. Were slavery under any circumstances justifiable, there were specious reasons for its existence in ancient times, which plansibility can never obtain in advocacy of modern slavery. The captive was then a part of decimated from subjugated provinces; then the serf of feudalism or the subject of vased as a bold pioneer to a more fearful oppression. Such is the consistency of man; while with one hand he signs the charter of his own rights, he affixes with the other the seal of despotism to those of his fellow. The Helots of Sparta occupied a station inby law, and only when freed were they althe state, they furnished the city with provisions, conducted the mechanical employright of suffrage, was his reward, and in-

similar transgression. "Dost go to the Loshe to-night, Pausanias?" said Circe to her brother, as he rose from the repast of the evening, and then without waiting for an answer, she playfully whispered him, "I would I had the ring of Gyges to listen unseen to the wisdom of Lacedæmon."

deed it was an honor but few received.

Their turbulence was perhaps a conse-

quence of the barbarity and contumely with

which they were treated, for many of them

were murdered without cause, and com-

pelled to drink to intoxication, that the

vonth of Sparta might be deterred from a

thou hast an errand for the favored, right gladly will I be thy Mercury."

A deep blush suffused the cheek of the Spartan maiden, yet quickly recovering, she answered, "Go! we can spare thee right well, for the aged Alemene is a betterompanion than the haughty-Ephor." "Or a handsome Archon," continued the brother, smiling at the rebuke with that recktess glee, which the confidence in his sisventured a glance towards her as he left the apartment, as if he thought she might misconstrue the motive. She read its meaning, and passing him, bid him tarry a moment, while she hastened to the wardrobe to procure his mantle. "With it or upon it," she said jestingly, for the youth of Sparta-were sometimes borne home from-

the hanqueting hall by their Helots. The state had departed from the simplicity of her ancient customs, and luxury had driven frugality from the abodes of the wealthy aristocracy-and who spent their time in dancing, feasting, hunting, or at Lesche, though there was still an appearance of moderation and equality kept up in

Pausanias understood the sly allusion, and reiterating her words, he bestowed a warm salute upon the lips of the laughing ed not any more to he instructed out more ly for companionship in pleasure, for the degeneracy of morals had infringed sadly upon the proverbial modesty of the youths

Lacedemon, No more The young keep silence while the old man spake, And bowing down before the heavy head, Revered the wisdom that doth wait on time."

guest at the convivial party, and only tole-

awe, and we start as if we heard the tones him, for she knew yet how strong to bind us when we waver. He feared to meet the ready glee of Circe, whose sportive words had made so deep an

for glory then was purchased cheaply with life, aye, even with that of the only begotten.

He leaned against an antique building whose marble columns, massy and cumed from the lofty brow of Agamemnon to with the peers of Heaven. There was a his indignation at the interruption. bright glare from the interior of the build- "I have lived to see it, but it argues well Bible, where Agamemnon is about sacrificing his daughter to Diana at Aulis.

in their very presence, and so complete imploringly,-"come, come away!" moved a muscle upon the haughty ruler. of Styx, thou shalt not die!"—then as sud- traved the varying emotions of his breast; of passion; the frail reed that can bear no above, and threw a sickly light from among afflicted mother, dealy recollecting himself, he laughed wild- and the silently entered her mansion. There have been those who have the interlaced undergrowth, and her worst burden. There have been those who have of Circe.

Old age was indeed honored in council, and ollo. Our sire hath told us often, there aged stranger comes, haste, we will place a Little did the brother know the priceless all others, and win you. Do I not love public homage paid it in the Phiditia or was a time when wisdom counselled there bright lamp at the lattice, and stand with jewell he gathered to his bosom; little could you madly?" "Away, bacchanal?" ex-Gerusia, but it was deemed an unwelcome -when the black broth went round."

rated in private; for corruption had made and delaying her,-"Art not these orgies ed. An enquiring glance fell upon the here." They were soon on their way, in her voice none but the chiding tone of truth and rebuke synonymous. Restraint inviting! hark! dost here the Archon utter lamp, and for a moment there was a mani- Entering the cabin on the outskirts of town, the affrighted recluse. Again he poured had grown irksome, and the aged had gra- the drivellings of the bachanal? let us enter fest indicision in his manner that escaped where he had parted with the Helot, he forth the treacheries of his soul, and undually withdrawn from those halls, once and chide him. Even now his love to thee none of the trio, and heaving a deep sigh, he enquired of the residence of the freeman, masked his turpitude to one who had heard the oracles of wisdom and science, to de is made the derision of the whole sympos passed on. "Tis the Helot, Pausanias! and after obtaining all the information the the most soleum protestations of unalteraplore the glory that had departed. As jum!—hark to your name!" A burst of dost thou not know the old slave of thy fa-cottages could give him, he provided himwhen the Holy of Holies was scorched by merriment followed, and the Archon's ther, that purchased his freedom by his da- self with a torch and joined Circe. Pru- unconscious to whom he spoke, and conthe Roman faggot, and the blaze of Judah's laugh died away at last. "By the bowl of gorgeous temples lighted the rapine of the Alcides," said a voice in answer, "he western legionary, a voice was heard from would beguile us of the evidence of eyes what has beautiful Hermine, who knelt has beautif the precinct: "Let us go hence!" so, here, and ears. Art not thou as drunk of love with him at the temple of Nemesis, when any contingence. The light betrayed the his veriest scorner. He had worn a mask too, was a desertion that foreboded ill.— as of wine, Lysander? Why bandy words the state bestowed upon him the gift of li-paleness of Circe, and he eagerly enquired so long, that his villainy had grown familiar, There are, perhaps, few who know how to to awake mistrust. Could the keeper of berty and citizenship? His altered garb the cause. "I will follow, lead on," said and he had collected every thought of basegrow old well, to maintain unimpaired the Hades resist the spell of Circe, with his deceived me. O, I mind me of that affect. she, and taking his arm, they quitted the ness to compass his purpose. Her silence blameless dignity, which was a study hundred heads; and Lysander, with but ing scene, and the glance with which the spot among the ancients. Few know how to one, hope to escape the witching charms fair Helot received the boon from my fablend the experience of years with the bland of her Sparta calls her fairest? And yet the ther, and the myrtle garland from these dwelling of Gobrias is among the crags of life, and he uttered a fearful shrick, as she teaching which delights while it-instructs, effect on ye both has been different, for hands. That simple act levelled the proud- Mount Thornax." Gloomily did that sum- dropped senseless from his grasp. instead of repelling attention and regard. while one has been fulled to sleep, the other est of Sparta with the franchised slave. mit heave its brow to the sterless sky, and Severity and giddiness undermine the sanc- has wrought sleeplessness-while it stayed Yes, I remember it all-I verily believe the no guiding light-shone out to beacon their broke the appalling silence that followed, tity of old age—and its imprudence, while both mouth and foot of the one, it has busicity could claim none more lovely." way. "I fear thee, gentlest; the carpets and Causanias encountered the staggering it robs youth of the respect, which it will ed both in the other;" and the speaker "You are as disdainful as romantic, of our home are not more yieldingly soft Archon. Each recognized the other by and scholars; were we guided by the teach one day covet in vain, takes away the sal-laughed at his own conceit, in which he Pausanias! There was a fine when you than the mountain, but the the faint light of the dying torch, and ings of its political creeds, Africa had been utary discipline of virtuous restraint. I was joined by the rest. Few, if any, unthought otherwise; say, was there not, tri- deer have left little upon the track, and the wildly did they grapple each other upon the said they had retired. A sense of delicacy derstood the real meaning conveyed. Ly- flef?" and she crimsoned, for she was con- hunters are not over careful in their jour- verge of that frightful chasm. The strug-America had one atonement less to make had dictated this movement, and instead of sander, however, was not so far gone as not scious of her own unrivalled charms. The neyings. Much I marvel that I have so gle was fierce but short. No word was the sage and disciple, the frivolous sciotist, to understand the insinuation; but in a tone memory of other days came over him, and often struck across this path, without foll uttered, not even as they swayed over the or the young sophist, there aspired to dis-jof careless gaiety he answered - By the he gaily answered,-But the jubilee of restoration is approach stinction.

Thirsic of Sparta is be, but report spoke of one not unlovely, as my people go." there will be found a Moses state, had reigned triumphantly, there Velous and the path seem brother's form, balanced over the abyss. the loved of thy brother. You jest, sister, solitudes." Often did Pausanias stop to "Hold! hold!" cried she, grasping her and yet, with all your curiosity, you never lift her from crag to crag, and the path seem. brother's form, balanced over the abyss. telian, were courted with as cordial honors. this goblet of Samian! I have set the toil fathomed one secret-but I must follow ed purposely selected for its difficulty "It is Circe, the wretched Circe that claims Instead of dissertations on the laws, or pass and taken a noble proy-but the game is him-good night;" and he was lost in the over fallen trees, whose yielding mould a respite. Oh, Lysander?" An exclamasages from the sublime Homer, the old not my coveting." "No, Lysander, thou darkness. quiry abroad is not the least augury of walls rang with the revelry of the caraou- hast eschewed hunting, lately, and art be-

emancipation, and the high generosity of sal, to which liberal quotations from Sphen- come a magnanimous fowler thou wouldst don gave a double zest; instead of the pure entangletthe mountain bird of Thormon, strains of patriotic fervor, were heard the and rob the eyric of the parent bird; but licentions song, the hardy boast, which its plumes are ruffled, its pinions droop, would have shamed a very Ajax. "twill be an easy capture." "By Zeus!" would have shamed a very Ajax. 'twill be an easy capture." By Zeus!"

To such a communion Pausanias was shouted the Λrchon, dashing the goblet from hastening, and as he passed along the si- him, "what dost thou mean?" "This, lenf-streets, the last-words of his sister this!" said the other, calmly, shaking an the spoil of victory, purchased by blood, or himself to that thoughtful mood, which is most run out—"Another croak, owl, and often the omen of good in the prodigal, and thou shalt hoot amid the blackness of Tarsal, Reparlimientos, which Spain establish- the guardian of tempted innocence. He tarus? A wilder scream would ring in thy thought, and at the very threshold he paus- ears than the omen of the Lesche-a deeper ed. How often has the word of monition, wail answer than an echo from the mounthe scrious prompting of memory, forestall- tain! I have warned thee of the truth." -- ken me." ed profligacy! how often has even the jest, At once the passions of Lysander were when its attendant circumstances and asso- quelled, and, spite of his bewildered state, your name may undeceive me.

ciations are gone, recurred like a warning he read the hidden meaning. The Helots of Sparta occupied a station intermediate between slaves and citizens, as the deep pathos of a mother's persuasion, they were prisoners of war taken at the assult of Helos, a Laconian town. Although that could not win us over when present, fell thou his hand, he clasped her silently

"And who is she, venerable man?" sault of riesos, a Laconian town. Although her admonitions so often slighted, her tears to his bosom, and then descended the porstate reserved to itself the right of manu
solutions so often slighted, her tears to his bosom, and then descended the portice. The jeer of the Archon again revived the temper that was the side of the Hoplites and in the galleys. If any distinguished himself by a feat of time did the promise come back like a me-chon, should an idle word make my bropointed, he returned home. hardy bravery, the gift of freedom, with the mory menacing his peace. There was re- ther an assassin! obey me this once---Do I joicing within; he recognized the voice, not love thee better than all else---by that the laugh—he heard the poet's weakness love I conjure thee to be collected." "Bet-demon ladies are as inquisitive as fair, but Gausanizs had left Circe, and she had leimade a spell of strength, and for once he ter!" repeated he, gazing on her with a till now have I doubted turned away. How weak is pride! and fearful expression. "By the sacred affection of our mother!----by the name of Pausanias! glut your dagger in this defenceless half deemed his departure a str bosom-but spare him! hold! hold! rave!" cy to return to the symposium. impression. "With it or upon it," he repea- and she struggled to drag him away.--"A ted slowly, as he dwelt upon every syllable; way! leave me--never more shall your "So said the Laconian to her patriot son name issue in scorn from those lips."

that moment advancing footsteps were heard, and Circe resumed her pleadingcome! hark how the hushed Eurotas pours its fertilizing blessings--while these profane the sanctuary of Minerva. Could brous, exhibited the unadorned attempts of that statute speak its indignation, how "Thou art better equipped with the gir- incipient architecture. In bold relief were would it shake its spear, and pour forth the dle of Cytherea, sister, and if report be represented the tumult of the camp, and the bitter taunt at their apostacy." "Son of true-but more of that elsewhere-vet if agrestic labors of the Helots. His know- Spartal she speaks well," said a voice at ledge of Homer suggested a ready denounc- his side, and both were silent. It was a ment of the stirring scene. His eye glanc- hoary man, and the placid kindness that shone from his open countenance, furrowed the "cloud compelling Jove" in council and weather-beaten, robbed the youth of

ing, that gave the features of grouped war-to hear the daughter of a proud name riors an air of life, while the varying light counsel thus wisely." Pausauias was athat played on them, often wrought a change bashed, and before he replied, the shadow which might be deemed sudden animation. of the patriarch passed. Who may he be, ter's affection for him inspired; and yet he Immediately before him was that beautiful Circe? By Zeus, I might deem him the scene, so like the Jephthatragedy of the shade of the Ithacan, or the law-giver of Alemene must not know it now. Even shuddered with fear, for a few paces from Sparta, but for the kindling of eyes that age thy love must fear to reveal it—she is dy- her stood a figure that seemed contemplahas left undimmed.": "I know not, though Parting from the last embrace, the de- methinks I have seen him oft," said Circe, voted Iphigenia stood with clasped hands, gazing after the receding passenger, and and instinctively advancing, Pausanias was then turning swiftly she repeated the words nal-affection. There was a vow offered, was the dilusion, that he bent eagerly for I have promised!" "Thou hast!" "Soward, as if to eatch the music of that voice lemnly." "At our father's grave?" No

whose silver tones of filial pathos, scarce answer came to that enquiry, but yielding he shall pay its price." In the wildness moved a muscle upon the haughty ruler. to the gentle impulse of his sister's arm, of the moment sne answered with ner tears, dark precipice, with no prospect of retreat the walked forth, subdued and unresisting, as she clung for support upon the arm of the her helpless situation burst upon her with grided into his arms. Yet so spell-hound Circe know too well what passed in his her brother. as the tears burst without control from his sudden pressure, the pause, the rapid sten, ous re you innocent?—you that deem her grasped a tree, and clung breathlessly to it. eyes, he exclaimed: "No! by the waves the abstraction, and the compressed in be mind the changling of caprice, the captive

warm salute upon the lips of the laughing maiden and strode away. The Lesche of Sparta may have furnished the hint to the tashionable conversation and Wistar parties of our day; and the rich and noble, collect.

"Art thou the inspired of Delphus, browns signed himself to reverie, and so absorbed than the ever dated perit—not to parade pring and than the ever dated perit—not to parade pring and compass fame, but to drive in site was rudely scized by the unknown virtue, and compass fame, but to drive in site was rudely scized by the unknown secret, blighted, and yet struggling hardly "Hermione! my own Hermione! why against the fearfulness of the heart's despair, this agitation! it is I, your faithful Lysan-of our day; and the rich and noble, collect.

I never have seen the hetrayer of wo-der!" He breathed the fumes of wine a gift from thee." "Then would I never halls of his ancestors; for Circe is a sad he has stumbled upon the dark mountains," again. "Do you doubt my devotion? Do you hall so his ancestors; for Circe is a sad he has stumbled upon the dark mountains," again. for the Trojan mahiac was unheeded."— you go, she weeps when you tarry so registered forever. It whispers in the si- I not sacrificed all for you forsworn the the admired of all for his virtues and hon- "As I am ever, by thy proud heart, Paus- long." Circe burst into the room as the lence of solitude, it speaks the unrest of love of all? Have I not spurned the weal- est fame; while mothers pointed him out

out to scrutinize him." All three were at he divine the cause of that wild emotion.

-It-was not long before he joined the Hehis side in silence, waiting an opportunity of addressing him. Once only, did the aged paused, nor did he slacken his pace, till he stood before a hamlet at the borders of the lives in its descent. city, for Sparta was not yet surrounded by walls. The youth stopped, and his comoanion said-

"Perhaps, young man, thou hast mista-"It may be," returned the Ephor, "I am Gobrias, the franchised of Sparta.

None can need me at this hour but one, and

There was a pause.

mitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing of them. Not only ed within us, and wrung even from the harmitting or deposing o to be worthy of that love, whose calm so for Pausanias trembled with passion, and lemnity breaks in upon us like a vision of she threw her arms around him to detain may hinder delay. My daughter is dying: above, and I will reconnoitre the old man's darkness. How had a few moments awe, and we start as if we heard the tones him, for she knew the temper that another.

| darkness, whether I ought to answer that another. | darkness, whether I ought to answer that another. | despendence; in the cleem of enduring may hinder delay. My daughter is dying: above, and I will reconnoitre the old man's darkness. How had a few moments. to perpetual slavery. Their garb was fixed to be worthy of that love, whose calm so- for Pausanias trembled with passion, and question, but it can concern none, and it of the sleeper. Pausanias had seen his fa- stirred, and the violence of his feelings drugs, and offer an humble gift at the shrine a few moments ago, that betokens a speedy hour of silence proceeded—each had a ther borne to the grave, and there he had might demand a retribution that might make of Esculapius—good night." The old end of our wayfaring. Rest you upon this theme for sorrowing recollection—when ments-of-those-days, and in-war, served at held the head amendment. He both unhappy. "The treachery of the man turned rapidly away, before Pausanius bed of moss, and stir not, as you love your the old man addressed himself to Causanand broken the vow, and now for the first Bachanal may yet be the faith of an Ar- could make himself known, and disap- life-that ravine were a fearful leap." ias:

"How now, Circe? you vigil like a sen-

"What said they at the Lesche?" archly replied the laughing girl? for she more than half deemed his departure a stroke of poli- man, between the light and the opposite spell has bound the daughter of my ancient

"Circe, do you doubt me; dolyou loveme?" "Can I help either?"

"Yes, and all else." All else, maiden ?--recollect that were a severe monopoly!"

"I have spoken." "Then hear me-can I trust thee imolicitly?"

"As thy own soul."

after, they left the city, and I heard, the instinct with life. How could she aid the them wealthy! I bade them farewell at away towards the silent city. A dim light this very portal. Let this be a secreting, and wants immediate aid."

bosom-love, ancestral pride, and frater-"But silently, firmly, "Thou must be to the in the abode of the recluse. Was it only "So- Archon a stranger! He has betrayed my a shadow, or an unreal mockery, for fear confidence and thy love, and if we meet can excite like a familiar, or was it what to the gentle impulse of his sister's arm, of the moment she answered with her tears, in a strange place, and upon the brow of a

anias! but come away, a good genius last words were speken, and without waitwatches o'er thee, or then hads not tarried ing to interpret the kindness that beamed without the hall of the Lesche, to play Apwithout the hall of the Lesche, to play Apwhere speken are room as the reach of solution, and without waittroubled dreams; conscience is the sconged thiest trampled upon the heart that he and the licentions, say worthing to interpret the kindness that beamed of the past; and never your rival l. Yes, sworn faith and of the lesche, to play Apupon her, she exclaimed eagerly, "The remorse of the future.

The possibility and glory of reform."

lowing it up the mountain; but 'tis a wild deep descent. Circe had fallen with his formed an insecure stepping place; often tion of bewildered surprise burst from the leading them to the very edge of a preci-lips of the Archon. Caralyzed by the sud-Lot, and saluting him kindly, he lingered at pice, and then almost losing itself amid den revelation, and his own conscious tangled underwood and lacerating thorns, treachery, he relinquished his hold on his Nothing broke the stillness, save the foot rival, and with it his chance of life. A freedman turn to gaze upon his fellow-tra- falls of the adventurers; the plash of water moment he spun round, and catching at his veller, it was too dark to distinguish fea- over head, and the low murmur of a stream antagonist as he recled backward, he seized tures, and he went on in silence. Pausan-sweeping away among the olives at the the mantle of Circe, at the very instant that ias was weary, but the old man seemed to bottom. Now and then a stone fell from the lamp of the recluse burst upon them. possess the vigor of manhood. He never its precarious hold, and rumbled down the and dragged her with him. The light fell mountain, waking, seemingly, a hundred down the bank, and circe was seen clinging

> said Pausanias, holding the torch before his own selfuttered knell. By the aid of him, whilst its light glanced over a slieet Gobrias she was rescued from a miserable of falling water, issuing from a dark ravine, fall, but not to a happy life. and was raflected from a pool at their feet. | . The three sat at the bedside of the death-

not stop here."

Upon the other side of the basin the path wound off, and upon the opposite rock, lay upon the solemn features of the dead. the trunk of a young tree, still dripping, "Were I any other, and elsewhere than which had evidently just served as a cros-

While he yet spoke, a light flashed before

to betray the workings of his face.

There he stood! stricken and solitary, "Could you sacrifice a little vanity for at the bedside of his only child. Was he bitter bereavement? She heard a faint sob, and the hoary man knelt. His hand wined the tears from his aged cheeks. Oh! had agony taught his tongue unwonted devotion, or was it a ray of faith, vouchsafed the heathen in that fearful hour, striving with the heavings of despair, and shining "Then listen: Years must be forgotten. upon his wo, through the miasma of doubt? Sparta was a pageant. There was a pro- Occasionally she heard the rustling of leaves cession-I saw but one-the daughter of over head, and saw the flaring of torch-Gobrias! I loved her, but the pride of a light upon the rocks and trees, causing grim father, and the high name of Pausanias shadows to fall around with every change were barriers I dared then not pass. Soon of its motion, till she almost funcied them country. So the Archon told me with his dying Hermione! Had she toiled thus far own lips. Report said they were bound to see her fail? She thought of the Archon for Colchis. They were poor-I made -the treacherous Lysander, and she gazed whelmed her, and in the despair of the mofell upon the spot where she stood, and she ting her. The lamp was borne out of the There was a struggle in that virtuous sick charaber, and the darkness was unrelieved. The torch of her brother was extinct, or he had crossed the glen and was she dreaded. Alone, at the dead of night, Again the torch emerged from the rocks

ly as he encountered the wondering gaze. Throwing himself to reverie, and so absorbed than he ever dare forego— fears were confirmed—it was a human besigned himself to reverie, and so absorbed than he ever dared peril—not to parade ing. A wild scream broke from her, and

claimed Circe, struggling to release herselfl "Circe," said the brother, temptingly, the spot proposed when the old man pass- Prepare to follow me, I will await you But he heeded not her efforts, recognizing started him; the coldness of her brow, and "A weary way lies before us, and the relaxed limbs made him tremble for her

The dash of advancing footsteps only "I fear thee, gentlest; the carpets and Causanias encountered the staggering to a rock midway, while her screams min-"This is a noble tribute to the Eurotas!" gled with a wild yell from beneath, - 'twas

"A step beyond, and life would have smitten. Oh! what a contrast was there! been a sorry boon," said Pausanias .- The bereaved, mourning, solitary, the prodi-"Stay, and I will search the path. It can- gal of Sparta, the wild and restless glances, roving vacantly from one to another, till they rested where every gaze was fixed

Misery is not so tardy as joy, it consummates its purposes in a moment, and changed the prospects of so many! An

"To this moment, I did not recognize them, and the cabin of the hermit was but you. I owe you much, noble Spartan! let me ask one more favor-that you will tarry till the morning; for, if Gobrias has sure to reflect upon the strange chance that not lost all penetration, you came to aid had brought her to that wild retreat. But we.-You were too late.-I would there her attention became riveted upon the old were but one death to deplore. A fearful lattice, and just enough turned towards her master." . Causanias was silent; only once did he raise his eyes to the listless countenance of the silent Circe, but that glance read the awful truth. Between the graves thinking of a life of joy, or a moment of Lysander and Hermione, Gobrias related his sad history. He had removed from Sparta and built a cabin upon the mountain, at the foot of which the city lay.
Lysander was aware of their abode, and often had he been an inmate of their rude dwelling. Of a noble family and of pleasing address, he had won the heart of Hermione. By chance, a hunter, whom the reader will remember as the companion of Lysander at the Lesche, had, the day before, halted for refreshment at the cottage, recognized the Helot, and been entrusted with the family history. From him the gentle Hermione learned that the Archon was betrothed to another, and that their nuptials were at hand. The news overment, she drank the fatal portion, the hemlock draught of the condemned of Sparta. The immediate cause of her death was only revealed by the livid shadowings upon her

At the instance of Causanias, Gobries returned to the city, and every means was employed to mitigate the chastisement of his peace, but he refused all comfort. He had no tie to bind him to earth. He vigilled at the grave of his departed, child and there the last anguish tear mingled with the damps of death. Circe was the victim of monomania, and was removed to a temple of Diana, where she officiated as priestess, weaving the sorrows of her own dark spirit with the oracle of the shrine.
That night was long remembered in the

desolate house of Causianas -yet she, the

"Though in her eye and faded check, Is read the gift she will not speak, The memory of her faded joys,"

lived to see pleasure in her only son separating himself to the happiness of his surviving parent, and the interests of his country; and Alemene's last days were peacecompliment, and yet I may hold that life as every night from the Lesche, to gladden the man's faith prosper. From that moment over her brow, as he kissed her again and ful. Nor was the example lost upon the gitt from thee, "I nen would I never halls of his ancestors; for three is a sad no has summed upon the dark mountains; again.

Lo you struggle to thrust me from you? Have the ball of science, where Causanias moved, believe thee, thou might speak the truth, girl, and though she wears a smile when pursued, haunted, wretched. The vow is you struggle to thrust me from you? Have the all of science, where Causanias moved, the pursued of all for his virtues and both Circe burst into the room as the lence of solitude, it speaks the unrest of love of all? Have I not spurned the weal- est fame; while mothers pointed him out