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## POETRY.

From the Ladies' Combanion. "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By."

Watcher!—who wak'st by the bed of pain, While the stars sweep on with their midnight train Stifling thy tear for thy loved one's sake, Holding thy breath lest his sleep should break; In thy loneliest hour there's a helper nigh, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Stranger!-afar from thy native land, Whom no man takes with a brother's hand, Table and hearth stone are glowing free, Casements are sparkling, but not for thee;\_ There is one who can tell of a home on high, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Sad one, in secret bending low,

A dart in thy breast that the world may not know, Wrestling the favor of God to win, a .. His scal of pardon for days of sin. Press on, press on, with thy prayerful cry, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Mourner!-who sitt'st in the church yard lone, Scanning the lines on that marble stone. Plucking the weeds from thy children's bed, Planting the myrtle and rose instead; Look up from the tomb with thy tearful eye, " Jesus of Nazareth passetlr by."

Fading one, with the heetic streak, In thy veins of fire and thy wasted cheek.

Fear'st thou the shade of the darken'd vale? Seek to the guide who can never fail: He hath trod it himself, he will hear thy sigh, " Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

## SELECT TALE.

From the Southern Literary Messenger. ALICE RICHMOND. (Continued.) CHAPTER III.

The first sound that I heard in the morning was the voice of my host, who came himself to awake me, and make an apology for the occurrences of the previous evening. He assured methat nothing of the kind had ever been known in his house before; and that he never allowed any liquor to be drunk on the premises, except as a medicine; though obliged to keep a little on hand as a provision for sickness. I inquired after Bill Davis, and learned that he had become sober, and gone home before day-light. My breakfast would be readythe Captain said at whatever time I chose to name.-As soon as he left me, I rose, and not without many thoughts of Alice, arrayed myself in my best black suit, wishing if possible to make a favorable impression at Briar Hill; at my first appearance. This done, I surveyed myself, as much at large, as a glass eighteen inches square would permit, with great self-satisfaction.

I should here inform the reader, that I was about five pardoned for saying 50-of by no means an uncomely mingled with the rich or fading green, and the sober face or person. At least, I arrived at this latter con- russet. As I looked over the scene, all the mournfulclusion, before leaving the glass.

course, pointed to eleven, and then sallied forth on the road to Mr. Richmond's. It was a most delightful morning, and the sun had taken from the air the chilliness of the preceding night. I soon reached Briar Hill. The white, antiquated building, with a portico before the the lawn on the road-side, at either extremity of which was an arched gate-way, opening upon a gravelled carriage track, that formed, altogether, a semi-ellipse, curving gracefully in front of the portico, and lined on the whole of the inner circumference, and on the outer, almost to the angles of the wings, with double rows of over eighteen months, and resume my narrative at exhibited a vaulted covering above, and nearly concealed the mansion from view. The space inclosed within the curve as an open, velvet-carpeted green, withthe office floor fell upon my car. I walked forward, and refined by the presence of that pure, lovely creaher retreat by the entrance from the wing into the fervor of her worship, that they seemed to me less with every charm; and the reality of what was revealed tial then, my own conscience. Excepting in church to sight fulfilled my most ardent fancies of Alice Rich- where, indeed, the fear of giving pain to Alice, and of mond. She was above the middle height, and dressed in a tasteful neglige, which exhibited, without any
continual restraint upon me, I had only occasional of the common disguises of fashion, the outlines of an glimpses of her, as she sometimes flitted past the winexquisitely formed person, slightly inclined to embon- dows of the house, while I was approaching or leaving point, and a refined grace in every movement. Her it. Once or twice, when, on suddenly looking back, I dark chestnut hair was still suffered, as in the first saw her for an instant lingering at the casement, I days of girlhood, to fall in a rich profusion of ringlets "laid the flattoning unction to my soul," that I had over her shoulders, confined only by a slight band of been the object of her attention. the same color round her head. And that ankle—ful- Mrs. Richmond, as our acquaintance grew more fadelicate a mould! The foot too-so light its tread, she adverted to the subject. From her I learned again

lovely confusion of her looks. How glad would been to have assisted her in her search!

had given any definite shape-any reality, to the glo-

The evening came, and again I found myself, upon the road to Briar Hill. Mrs. Richmond received me in the most kind and affectionate manner; but Alice did not make her appearance. I inquired after her health and the mother made a sort of apology for her absence, though without giving any particular reason for it.---Yet I could not help looking towards the door every time it was opened, with a sort of nervous expectation that she would at length enter; and I believe that Mrs. Richmond half interpreted my feelings. She was a woman of about forty, retaining much of the comeliness of person and of feature, which had distinguished. mon degree, her youth. A shade of chastened melancholy lingered over her countenance, softening, while it slightly saddened, each lineament,-Her manner towards me was already that of friendship. She made numerous inquiries about different members of my family, and talked much of the time when she

and my aunt Stevenson had been schoolmates at Bethlehem. Tea was brought in, but still Alice came not; and, at length, I was so fascinated with the mother's conversation, in which there was a sprightly case and grace, her features becoming animated, and losing nuch of their usual melancholy expression, as she lwelt on tonics in which she felt an interest, that the laughter's charms were for a time almost forgotten A portrait hanging against the wall, which I had not t first observed, drew my attention. I instantly recogised its likeness to Mrs. Richmond it had been taken, she said, just after her marriage, I remembered that my aunt's letter mentioned such a portrait, which had een thought like Alice.

"It was never a very good likeness," remarked Mrs. Riichmond: "the painter sacrificed something of the truth to the beauty of his picture. I value it now chiefly for its resemblance to Alice, which is quite striting. It is, perhaps; more like her, than it ever was ike me.

I examined the painting, as may easily be imagined with no ordinary feelings of interest. As a mere work of art it was of exquisite beauty; and I could not but be-lieve it a fathful delification of the original; not only from the still clearly visible resemblance, but also from an ideal expression, giving soul and character to the face, which alone, if true, to nature, must have deternined the likness; and which no painter, had it been the reation of his own fancy, could have so intimately blended with the corporcal features. I shall attempt to describe the picture. My love was fast becoming an idolatry. A window of the room where we sat opened upon

the grounds back of the house. First came a large garden, thickly planted with fruit tress, with here and there a close arbor, covered with vines, bearing luxurlant clusters of grapes. On one side was a yard containing capacious barns and stabling; on the other a large orchard, while behind, a rich meadow, skirted on both sides by woodland, sloped gracefully down to the borders of a small lake, about a mile-distant, and three or four miles in circumference, beyond which rose a hill thickly wooded. The woods were clothed feet hine, standing in my boots, and,—if I may be in the hues of autum—the gay purple and scarlet, story contained in my aunt's letter came l'ack to me as Breakfast over, I waited with impatience till the a sad remembrance then the prospect brightened; but Alice was still the companio thought I, "she wanders—the fairy spirit of the hill, the forest and the lake. I will watch her going forth, and in fancy, at least, follow her rambling footsteps." Mrs. Richmond desired me to take my place in the house was very finely situated, about fifty rods from the highway, on an eminence, from which the ground slop-cordingly, the next morning I began my studies. ed almost imperceptibly in front. It was a large, though it seemed as if Alice had breathed such an in lucace over the scene, that the inspiration of Black- ly. door, and two wings. A handsome pale-fence skirted stone had lost its charm. Mr. Richmond returned in three days: I need say only that I found in him all I could liave hoped for in a preceptor and a friend-almost father's indulgent kindness and care.

But I fear that I am growing tedious, if indeed have not been so from the first. I must pass lightly towering elm-trees, which, interlapping their boughs, point where it will be more likely to interest the reader. During this period I was a regular student in Mr. Richmond's office and a constant, and I flattered myself, a welcome visitor in his family. Every sabbath mornout a tree or shrub. Between the inner rows of elms ing, Alice, with her father and mother, attended was the foot-path, and along it I slowly sauntered up to church in Larksborough, and I felt no temptation to the door-of the right-hand wing, on a tin fastened to depart from the way in which from a child I had been which the word "office" was to be seen. The door led; but was always in my seat at the house of worship. stood ajar, and, after ringing the bell I stepped in .- Even the temple of God became the shrine of my idola-The rustling of a silk dress and then a light step on trous devotion; and yet my feelings were so elevated and caught a parting glimpse of a female figure making ture, who appeared always completely absorbed in the body of the liouse, up two or three steps. Her face earthly-less allied to sense, than they must have apwas turned from me, but imagination supplied that peared in the sight of a judge higher and more impar-

ly displayed as she bounded on tip-toe up the stair | miliar, talked to me of Alice with much less reserve; the perfection of nature's workmanship, shaped in so but a sadness always stole over her countenance when that it seemed scarce resting on the floor .- One troub- at different times nearly all that my aunt Nancy had led with far less susceptibility than myself might have communicated. Still she often seemed to think some fallen in love even with the little shoe that clasped it. apology for her daughter's absence necessary.

"No," thought I ait can be none other than Alice | Harry Bowne I saw frequently after the adver-Richmond; and the bright vision is realized!" I look- recorded in the previous chapter. A I have already ed around at the office. One of the book-cases was said, he was the son of a furmer residing but a short open, anda chair stood before itr Alice had, perhaps, distance from Briar Hill. His father's circumstances been searching after some book. I almost wished dust were slender, and since the death of his wifelind grad-1 had entered without ringing the bell; and pictured to ually declined. Harry was by no means fitted, either myself the blushes mantling on her cheek, and the by nature or education, for the lot in which fortune ion of her looks. How glad would I have had placed him. His mind, strong and vigorous, seemed preying on itself for want of sustenance. Feelings The entrance of a servant awakened me from the so acute and sensitive—capable of being aroused into delightful trance, into which I had been momentarily the fiercest passions, yet susceptible of the nicest shades cast by the lovely apparition. Mr. Richmond I found of expression, and of the softest touches of sympathy— Richmond expressed her regret that her husband was cumstances imposed. He had been his mother's fa-absent, and begged that I would take tea with her that vorite—had lingured still at her side, at an age when evening. The remainder of the day passed wearily most boys undervalue a mother's companionship and it was a lover's probation; for I loved Alice love. Her death had been a rude shock to him; he and, already, with a fanciful devotion in fact loved others, but none with such a carefully nurtured more recent sepulture, and the care of a yet cherished presence.

kind-hearted charity of Alice Richmond, who follow- as a narrow path leading to the grave, had been cleared the mourners in the lowly funeral. But what a dif- ed. Here Harry and myself sat down upon the fresh, een all the while unconscious of that burning look.

ions, for he found little sympathy, and still less akin until, in pity, I sought to turn his thoughts in another o his own sensibility of heart, in those among whom fortune had east his lot. Becoming deeply interested in him, I strove, by various trifling acts of kindness, to gain his confidence, and in some measure succeeded. He seemed, at length to court my society; and though he always disowned his love, I could at any time call forth the wildest expression of it, by the mere mention of the peep with you among the trees on the top of yonder feared what he himself had hinted at on the evening of down; so I must say good-night." our first interview—that his intellect was sometimes disordered. While disclaiming his own passion, he frequently seemed jealous of me; and, in the midst o his raving, would stop short, and eyeing me for a moment with a scarching look of suspicion, ask, doubting-

"Do you love Alice!" I always evaded the question, yet he seemed usually tisfied with my answers. "Poor Harry!" I often thought within myself, while listening to the outpourings of his melancholy-"Thy love, already, is but despair: how soon shall thy despair be madness?"

CHAPTER IV. One morning in the sunny month of May, I was sittable and a book spread open before-me, my thoughts. the meanwhile, dwelling on things in general and on Alice in particular, when Mr. Richmond entered, and requested me, as he had often done before, if any person should call on business, to step around into the garden and let him know. Very soon after his exit a to the spot, I gazed after her as she walked rapidly gentleman came in, and requesting him to sit down, I away, without looking back, until she was far out of mediately went to inform Mr. Richmond of his nce. He happened to be stooping over a bed, in ne corner of the spacious garden, examining a plant which had lately sprung up, and I did not at first see After ranging through the principal walks in my search without finding him, I turned aside upon a ling lines.by-path, leading to one of the close arbors mentioned. the door of which being ajar, I thought that he might possibly be within. On reaching it I threw the door wide open; but, instead of my finding Mr. Richmond lo! there sat Alive, her eyes intently fixed upon a book which she held in her hand! I stood rivetted to the spo by surprise and admiration. She evidently perceived my approach, and dropped the book to her lap, still: however, keeping her eyes upon it while she marked the place.

"Oh father," said she in a sprightly tone of voice did you see the flowers that I got--She looked up and saw me standing before her! . A faint "Oh!" escaped her, and the blood mounted to her cheek, suffusing her transparent complexion with a deen crimson blush. A smile seemed contending i cordingly, the next morning I began my studies; fright; her color went and came, and the book fell to the ground. I thought she had never appeared so love-She was dressed very much as when I had seen ter retreating from the office: her hair still flowed in luxuriant curls over her shoulders; her deep blue eyes vere fastened upon me, her confusion appeared to

eighten every charm. In an instant I stepped forward and picking up the book, presented it with all the grace that I could muster for the occasion. "I beg pardon, Miss Richmond, for my intrusion. was looking for Mr. Richmond, and thought that he might be here. I should perhaps say," continued I, after a moment's hesitation, "that I am sorry to have in-

terrupted you, but excuse me if my chief regret-be, that I must suffer the punishment of an intruder." After delivering myself of this speech I bid her good ng, and, bowing as I spoke, hastened off in pur-The rest of the forenoon I spent in pacing the floor of retracing my steps toward the grave and, in a momen rupted me, thinking over the words in which I had ad- the paper I wrote the following with my pencil: dressed Alice, and practising my bow to her, until I came to the conclusion, that the adventure might have been turned to much better account, and had prepared a brilliant speech, and perfected a most graceful form of obeisance, to serve for any future lucky occasion of

the same kind. Days passed before the beautiful visio

began to fade away from my sight. It was about three weeks after this occurrence, that I had been spending a day with Harry Bowne, in fishing on the lake which lay at the foot of Briar Hill. The sun had not yet descended to his bed of glory behind the green eminence which rose from the western bor der of the lake, when, tired of our sports, which had been rather unsuccessful, we moored our boat, and set off on the returnshome. We did not take the most direct path, but went a little out of our way to visit the Stockton had found their lone resting place. This my book for the evening, and made my exit from the spot I had often visited; indeed I had made a pilgrim- office at Briar Hill; the recollection that I had not age thither the day after my first arrival in Larks- seen Mrs. Richmond for more than a week deterhalf a mile from Mr. Richmond's house, just on the wered my knock, showed me luto the front parlor, edge of a wood, through which a narrow lane, now over- and without looking to ascertain the fact, told me that grown by the bushes that had once formed a hedge on she was there, and immediately retired. I found myeach side, so as to be nearly impassable, led to the ad- self alone, but, observing that the folding doors beacent highway. Here had once stood a church, of tween the front and back rooms were thrown open, which nothing remained but a portion of the southern | walked forward, expecting to see Mrs. Richmond in wall, and piles of gray stones, covered with moss and the latter. In a corner of the recess of one of the probably, had ever been sepulchred in this quiet se- posite corner, and reflected upon her face, and shinclusion, and of fewer still were the burial places yet ing, fuxnelant hair. She sat in a pensive attitude, her

had loved her, before the adventure of the morning affection. When the green sward had been levelled affection. Around the grave of Edward Stockton had over her resting-place, the world seemed to him the been placed a slight iron railing inclosing a narrow abode of spirits all cold and uncongenial with his own. bed of freshly turned mould, covered with May flowers But existence, without some object for the carefully and surrounding a plain marble slab, on which aprained tendrils of his heart; torn from their first em\_ peared no other record than the simple "EDWARD," brace, to twine themselves around, was impossible.— and no ornament but a delicately carved wrenth of roses And, over his mother's grave, a part of the love which twined with ivy encircling the wood. Without the he had borne for her, went forth as a tribute to the railing the green sod, for several yards around, as well

> ference! The love of despair, glowing in the fire of velvet sward. It was the first time we had ever been opeless passion, instead of the screne, livly, softly- together on that sacred spot, and having never conversed sushing emotions of filial affection! He, too, made the with him on the subject, I felt curious to know what louise of God the scene of idolatry; sitting afar off, he remembered of him who slept under the cold marfrom the object of his devotion, and gazing at her with ble, and what feelings the place excited. I found his ais lustrous eye, until the left the sanctuary, having recollection of Edward Stockton very indistinct; but he told me that he had often watched Alice coming to the sustain the part of my mother's representative. How-To the neighbors poor Harry was incomprehensible: grave, and seen her kneel beside it, and gaze for a ever, she will return in a few moments." they called him a "queer-fellow," and make sport of long time upon the name sculptured in the stone. He his attachment to Alice Richmond. He had no com- then began to talk of her in his accustomed wild strain,

"The sun is quite high still," I said. "It seems unwilling to bid good-night to our side of the world." "In less than an hour," returned Harry, measuring with his eye the lengthened shadow of the old churchwall—"In less than an hour you will have it playing at name of Alice. Often he talked so strangely that I hill. But I promised father to be home before sun-

"Good-night! I will sit here a little while longer, as e do not go any farther in the same direction. In a moment Harry bounded over the low stone wall inclosing the yard, and in another was lost from view in the wood through which the path led. I renained sitting upon the grass in deep reverie, with lie bright vision of Alice, as I had seen her in the garlen, floating before my senses; and trying to picture and looking up, saw a female figure retreating along the path-way, at the distance of a few rods from where steps, thinking to have retired unobserved. Rivetted sight, and then seeing that the sun was near the orizon, slowly followed in the same direction. Just at the edge of the wood I observed a piece of white paper, neatly folded together, lying in the path; and, picking it up, found written on the inside these touch-

"I stood by thee when death his ley finger. On thy pale brow and quivering lip had pressed. But yet thy parting spirit seemed to linger-Thy cold cheek softly pillowed on my breaster

Once more to whisper, in earth's love, my name:-"I was the last breath that stirred thy shuddering fr I stood by thee again when death had given, Back to the spiritless, cold, ruined clay, The forms of beauty which disease had driven

And fondly watched them as the light of heaven, "That treasured image shall love cease to cherish; The echoed whispering of that voice grown still Ere memory, itself in ruins, perish Or heaven earth's shallowed destinies fulfil:-

E'en from the memory of love away;

Life trembling o'er the beauteous repose;

The whisper hushed where angels' music flows? Alas! the soul in hope and love once single, Is now divided: other forms, unblest Rise in bright vision, and glad voices mingle.
With the soft tones that murmur from thy rest. Where life flowed coldly, warmer currents tingle; 9

And hopes, which sadness breathes not, thrill my h My holier thoughts have fled, but still they hover Around thy grave=a spirit vigit keep= Rise with the incense of the Howers that cover Thy quiet bed, to upbraid me as I weep.

Yet on the cold stone will I pour my grief;

For tears the tears of bitterness, will bring relief." The verses were in a neat, feminine hand and gave internal evidence of their authorship. I came at once to the conclusion that Alice had dropped them in the hurry of her retreat, and would probably return the next day to look for them. As the thought struck me, suit of Mr. Richmond, who now appeared in sight. I found myself, almost without any well defined purpose the office, except when the entrance of some one inter- was seated again upon the green sod. On the back of

> "Mourner, is this thy sorrow-That on thine hour of darkness dawns a morrow; That bright-hued flowerets in thy path are springing; That happy voices in thine cars are ringing; That o'er life's visage is not always spread The gloom that palls the dead

Would he whose ashes slumber---Clay with its kindred clay, least aught encumber The spirit in its rest, where pain and sighing Come not, all tears are wiped away, and dying Invades no more, nor e'en Denth's brother, sleep-Say, would be hid thee ween

Folding the paper as before, I returned along the path, and dropped it on the spot where I found it lying.

On the following afternoon, about the same hour at which I had been sented beside Edward Stockton's secluded grave-yard, in which the remains of Edward grave, writing the above "woful ballad," as I closed rough. It was situated on a gentle acclivity about mined me to pay her a visit. The servant that ans-

overshadowed by the wild shrubbery that had struggled back windows, upon an ottoman, sat Alice, the rays up through every narrow interval and crevice. Few, of the evening sun streaming obliquely upon the opwas expected home in a few days. I sent in to Mrs. I have seldom known. His slight, though symmetriRichard my letters with a card, saying that I should standing for the hour days and the first and remembered to me, that the first and remaining the tolls of a low mound, or half-sunken tomb-stone, which had mounted higher this cheek and the first had remained to the first and remaining to the first and r visible. Here and there in making your way through foreticad resting on one hand, while in the other, upclear away the dry, matted herbage, of a former year's drawing a little nearer I could distinguish the faint growth, that concealed the neglected memorial from traces of my own pencil upon the side which she held growth, that concentrate the neglected meaning and never revenged night, and she was no bet, if record of mortality. Yet there was one spot within pletely absorbed in thought, that I stood at last within had told me, a good-hearted fellow when sobers I hope cannot die, if one self for his defeatat the lim, and that he was, as Harry say is inserpressed in thought, that I stood at last within had told me, a good-hearted fellow when sobers I hope cannot die, if one self for his defeatat the lim, and that he was, as Harry say is inserpressed in thought, that I stood at last within had told me, a good-hearted fellow when sobers I hope cannot die, if one self for his defeatat the lim, and that he was, as Harry say is inserpressed in thought, that I stood at last within had told me, a good-hearted fellow when sobers I hope cannot die, if one self for his defeatat the lim, and that he was, as Harry say is inserpressed in the lim, and that he was, as Harry say is inserpressed in the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self-for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self-for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self-for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self-for his defeatat the lim, and the was a self-for his defeatat the lim, and the was a sel record of mortality. Yet there was one spot within pletely absorbed in thought, that I stood at last within had told me, a good-hearted fellow when sober. I hope capnot die it can, at least, fade and wither." we came upon the path, leading through the word between those ruined precinets, which exhibited the marks of a yard of her seat, without her being conscious of my thought, too, that he was now hardly drunk enough. It was thus that the lovely girl artlessly poured out fore mentioned, so the grave yard, and as she turned.

"Good evening, Miss Richmond." She started at the sound of my voice as if it had given lier an electric shock, and blushing deeply, and, at the same time shutting up the verses in a book, which I had not before observed, lying open in her lap, ose from the ottoman.

"Good evening, Mr. Drayton. My mother just left the room: I will let lier know that you are

"I did indeed ask for Mrs. Richmond but I am not on that account the less indebted to fortune for having saw at once that hostilities must ensue, and hurrying thrown me once more into your company. If I dared to hope that the fickle goddess would be propitious I should beg that she might not so soon desert me." "If your prayer were granted," returned Alice, still blushing, but resuming her seat, "I should not knife that Harry had before exhibited, and catching

"Ifear that I shall not look very anxiously for he eturn, if on laying down your representative character, you must disappear from the scene. Though, even in that case, I shall have another bright recollection—the brightest one of all—to store up in my

"A truce to all compliment, Mr. Drayton. You must remember that for the present I am but a proxy, and must address me as you would my mother."
"I beg pardon, Mrs. Richmond. May I ask how Miss Alice is this evening ? The last time I had the pleasure of seeing her, she was in so great a hurry, that I had not an opportunity to inquire after her

"What ?" returned Alice quickly, her cheek again uffused with a crimson flush, -"Did you see me?" and she looked carnestly in my face.

I had made the remark thoughtlessly, and saw tha it had given pain. Answering her question by a monosyllable, I instantly changed the subject, and o myself the appearance of Edward Stockton, and, in she appeared soon to forget it altogether, as I continmagination, to associate the young lovers again in ued, in the tone of badinage, to address her as her their rambles over the seene before me. I had been mother. Her conversation was sprightly and playsitting thus alone for about half an hour when I thought ful, though reserved; her eye beamed with intelli-I heard a step on the dry, rustling herbage near me, gence; and a glowing soul seemed embodied in the expressive lines of her countenance. It was full half an hour before Mrs. Richmond, returned: of course ting as usual in the office at Brair Hill, my elbows on the I sat. She disappeared behind the church-wall, and I should have thought it just half a minute, if there then for a moment was visible again hurrying through had not been a clock standing on the mantlepiece. On entering the room, she stood for a moment in pay her accustomed tribute at her lover's grave, and evident surprise at the spectacle before her, and, as seeing me seated on the turf, had quickly retraced her she greeted me with an unwonted expression of pleasure, I thought a tear glistened in her joyful eye. "Well, Alice!" said she. "So, to make up for

past neglect, your first interview with Henry has been a tete-a-tete. I do not understand by what art he has encompassed this fairy region."
"O mother, Mr. Drayton's visit is to you: I have been acting only as a representative, during your ab-

sence; and I must now resign my place." "I must beg that before you accept the resignation, you will taketime to judge for yourself how Miss Richmond has executed her trust. I confess, that I have not been able constantly to bear in mind her representative character; yet perhaps, I am not much blame for this occasional forgetfulness." Mrs. Richmond invited me to stay to tea, and, as

day be supposed, I readily accepted the invitation, and spent the remainder of the evening at Briar Hill. ad been, but said nothing on the subject, though I thought his spirits , were lighter, and his tone more gay than usual. Almost out whenever she was not actually addressed or engaged in talking herself, she appeared to fall into a state of abstraction or reverie, and to take little inerest in what was said.

Mrs Richmond informed that she had that mornng received a letter from my aunt Stevenson, accepting an invitation to visit Briar Hill, and promising to be there in a week or ten days; and that she had asked two or three of Mr. Richmond's relatives to spend a few weeks, with her at the same time. This was delighted to hear; for I had always been a faorite with my aunt, and felt a very sincere attachment her. Besides, her visit would give me a pretext for being a great deal more at Briar Hill, than I could otherwise venture to be; and then I should see Alice much the oftener: in comparison with which last antiipation every other was as nothing

The evening passed away, and I found myself once on the opposite foot-path approaching; but, as it them; but am I wrong in acknowledging that they were affection was not the strongest feeling of my soul? He Harry Bowne and Bill Davis, until they came quite near. Both recognized me, and walked across the road to meet me, the latter showing a disposition to have a parley. He had evidently been drinking, though only enough to elevate his spirits and make him a little boisterous.

"Ship ahoy! How d'ye do Mr. Drayton? Harry said it was you, but I could'nt believe that you'd be walking so fast away from Alice, and not look back

Under other circumstances perhaps I should not have borne this rough salutation so well a but I felt in good spirits myself, and not atall disposed to quarrel with any body ; and I saw, notwithstanding the darkness, that Harry's face was flushed with ill-suppressed anger.

"You are out rather late to-night," I rejoined. "Have you paid our cold-water Captain a visit?" "Harry has I believe," returned Bill; "but I've een at the Black Hear. You can get a glass there in a genteel, quiet way; though I must say that a little cognac, filched from the Captain's lock-up, tastes see the prettiest gal in all natur, if they didn't put conversation occasionally.

peace would be broken before they acparated. I tainly, I can never again be what I might have been knew indeed that Bill Davis had never revenged him. it my fond hopes had never been crushed. Hope they to be quarrelsome; yet I could not help looking back her soul to me I was affected by her words, and into it the mapicion first crossed my mind, that the

oud horse-laugh, and threw his arm round Harry's body, as if prompted by a sudden feeling of friendship, and, pretending to be more drunk than he real: y was, staggered on, drawing the other along with him in sundry evolutions. Harry after struggling for a moment in his grasp, freed himself, and raising a

slight stick which he used as a cane, repaid his friend's rude familiarity by a sharp cut over the shoulders. I back, reached the spot where they stood, just as Bill had wrenched the stick from his compa right hand was buried in his bosom, as if in the act of drawing a weapon. With horror I recollected the Davis's arm, as it decended to return the blow, stepped between the two. Not being so far gone in either itoxication or passion as on the night of the former onflict; and, perhaps, respecting me more than he had Captain Smith, Bill desisted, and I succeeded in res\_ toring apparent harmony. Still fearful, however, that the quarrel might be renewed, I walked along

with them until they parted, Harry and I turning-off to the stile before mentioned, and Bill passing on. of your sex. I cannot promise to feel nothing more, Until the latter was out of sight I stood talking with but it is all I dare ask." Harry; then we separated, and I made the best of my

I saw Alice several times again before my aunt Nancy, who came about the middle of June, somewhat later than she had promised, arrived. These interviews served to wear off still more of her reserve. and increased my admnistration so greatly, that I could scarce prevent myself from declaring the leve that had so long struggled for utterance. But seeing that such a declaration, then, would be permature, I prudently deferred the avowal. The day before my Alice!" aunt came, Mr, and Mrs. Dueachet, the former a cousin of Mr. Richmond, and their daughter, a girl of about fourteen, reached Briar Hill; and when I called on my aunt the day of her arrival, I formed an ough were invited to tea at "The Hill," as Mr.

acquaintance with the whole party. The next evening, three or four ladies and gentlemen from Larks-Richmond's place was fainiliarly called, and I, of course made one of the little company, of about a do-zen persons, assembled. For come lime; as is usual n small companies, the conversation was general, and Alice took little part. But after ten, just as a glorious full-moon-was-breaking over a low barrier of clouds, that skirted the castern horison, my aunt proposed-a-walk-in the garden; and all agreeing, ve sallied forth into the mild evening air. I gave my arm to Mrs. Ducachet ; but before long, various chan ges had been made in the disposition of the parties, and I found a pretext for putting myself at the slide of Alice, just as she linggred behind the rest, to pick a

lower for my aunt. Well, Miss Richmond, if you do not take pity on me, I shall be entirely deserted. Anna Ducachet seems to think me too old for a companion, and 'clings to her mother's apron; and all the rest pass me by as a boy. However, I shall not complain, if my loneliness attract your compassion."

"I am sometimes afraid," answered Alice, "that the objects which most excite our sympathies, are di-When tea was ordered, and Mr. Richmond came in ten not so pitiable as they seem ; expressions of disfrom his office, he seemed, as much surprised at the tress are so easily affected, and cover so many differ-

"But you will find me really deserving of pity, and in return therefore I offer you my arm. If those hyammediately after the table had been removed, bust \_ cintha have imbibed a love of nature and of seclusion ness called him away, and I was left with Mrs. Rich- from the same air that has breathed it over you, or mond and Alice. The latter joined occasionally in from the touch of the fairy hand that nurtures them, the conversation, and always with vivacity and ease; they will not thank you for transplanting them to aunt Nancy's fingers."

Alice took my arm, and, for the first time, I felt the pressure of her hand, which slightly trembled. "You nust think, Mr. Drayton." said she, "that my love of seclusion is rapidly dying away. Perhaps it was foolish to shut myself up so entirely from the world; yet I confess, that I feel some regret—even some pain at leaving my retirement." She spoke in a low, tremulous voice, and her eyes were downcast.

"No Miss Richmond; I will not say that you have done foolishly: you have yielded to natural and commendable feelings, in thus shunning society. If you have erred, it has, at least, been an amiable error." "You know perfectly well," continued Alice, "for my mother, as well as your aunt, has told you, the reason of this seclusion. I knew very little of the real world-indeed I know little of it even now, but still less then when the world which I had created and peopled for myself—a world of bright fancies and more upon the road to the inn. After walking some and distance from Me Bibby or the road to the inn. After walking some and distance from Me Bibby or the road to the inn. distance from Mr. Richmond's gate, I sawtwo figures er and father yet remained, and you know I love

> the thought ot forgetting was a cruel visitant. I could feel that Alice sobbed convulsively as she spoke, though scarcely an audible sound escaped her. The rest of the party were some distance in advance and upon another path. We walked a few steps in

sides, we do not think of life and hope in mourning

over the dead-the lost. It was hard to forget. Ever

illence.
Alice proceeded r "But memory cannot last forey er; or if it live in the head, it dies from the heart Time has gradually changed my feelings, though not always soothing them; for I have sorrowed almost as bitterly over the wearing away of my first grief, as over the desolation that caused it. The idea that my constancy could fail—that I could cease to be true to him-preyed incessantly upon my spirit, until time has diminished even that—that last comfort—for if weder indeed a comfort, though you may think a strange one. You wrote those lines upon the back of the paper uniformly gay and cheerful. Her education had been which I dropped in the wood-I knew your hand, conducted entirely at home-before Edward's death and besides, there was none other to do it. I confess under private teachers, and, since then, under the eye sweeter. But you look as if you hadn't seen a drop that they influenced h somb degree my determina-, of her father, who, in the midst of constantly pressing to-night, Why, man, don't they do the thing that's tion, even previously half formed, of seeking, in reandsome up at the Hill? Well, I wouldn't go to newed intercourse with the world, that peace of mind ter's studies- more than direction, the half more which seclusion no longer afforded. My mother needed. In fact, her superior knowledge of books something on the sideboard just by way of splicin the knew of these feelings, and, without telling me of her ntention, invited your aunt and our cousins to visit. Disgusted with the follow's noarse humor, I hade Brian Hill; thinking that in such society I might best them good-evening, and passed on; though not with wear off my first distrustful impressions of the world.

after them, as they walked slowly on. They had still more from sympathy in her emotions. Silense proceeded but a few rods, when Davis burst into a Again ensued for several minutes. I thought that she perhaps, would proceed; but she had done. At

> "Happy, Miss Richmond, must have been the one who deserved such love. Happy will he be whom it shall yet bless. I flare not hope much less ask for that happiness; but I thank you for this mark of con-

'No, Mr. Drayton, I can never again feel for any as I did for him. The miserable remnant of a crushed heart of blighted affections, which is all I can ever bestow, would be a boon of wretchedness to both giver and receivel. No, no!, When I enter the world again, it is not with the expectation of reviving anything more than the common, every-day hopes and interests of the world: as to all else, I expect but to deaden old emotions; not to replenish the sources of long forgotten delights. Irrespect you, Mr. Draytons l can never do much more. If you can feel a friend. ship for me, and care for my friendship in return, it is yours. Ask nothing further."

"Your friendship then, Miss Richmond-give me that .- I shall prize it far beyond the love of any other

"Recollect, then, that our friendship depends upon your discretion. You can never, even if you should desire it obtain aught beyond-I have it not to gives but you deserve no less than this."

"O yes, Miss Hichmond, you may bestow Idmebrother, and vet be true to him !" "As a brother then-even as a brother;" and she

pressed my arm convulsively. At have never known what a brother was. Yes, I will be your sister "Alice, dear Alice! God bless you for those

words ! I too have never before had a sister. Sister Alice! How sweetly the name sounds!"

"There, Henry, you must leave me for the present 30, join-lic rest: I will be with them in a moment.™ She relinquished my arm, and I moved slowly tolected round a strawberry bed, listening to a very learned dissertation from Mr. Richmond, on the culture of this delicious fruit. They were all in a gay ood, and did not seem to have taken much notice of our absence. A few minutes afterwards, Alice joined the company and, with a faint binile, presented the hyacinths, which she had picked, to sunt Nancy and Mrs. Duchachet. Soon after this we all returned into the house. During the rest of the evening Alice conversed very little, and appeared sad. was not sorry when these who had come from Lorksborough rose to take leave; or to find myself at length quietly scated in my own chamber, by an open window, from which the tall trees on Briar Hill were plainly visible, in the clear moonlight, and left to my

-In my conversation with Alice Richmond, I had poken just as the feeling of the moment prompted but I had knowledge enough of the world to see, in looking back over what had passed, that I had gained a great hilvantage--nearly all, in fact, that the most ardent lover could have hoped to gain in so short a time, Friendship, between two persons of different

sexes, and of suitable age and condition, is certainly the high foad to love. Some have doubted whether riendship can even exist at all under such circumstances. I think it may; but only in the state of a chrysalis; and no one can ever tell at what moment a warm breath may blow over it, giving it strength to burst its shell, and explinding its wings to flutter in the sun-slifne.

- While the company remained at Briar Hill I was a daily visitor, and saw Alice so often that it did not seem probable that my aunt's departure would much disturb our intercourse. All of the party took a walk or drive every clear day, and an invitation to me was never omitted. Sometimes we made pleasure excursions upon the lake : in short, near a month glided away most agreeably, and no one hailed the approachof the day fixed for taking leave with satisfaction. Te came however, and Alice stood by me on the front porch as my aunt's carriage drove off, about an hour offer the Ducachets had left the door.

"A month has gone like a day, Alice. It lias been most delightfully spent; but I hope the future will give me no reason to regret the past. Sixteen months more and I shall have finished my sudies; and hen -- "I hesitated. "And then, what ?"

"I don't know, Alice. But even brothers and sisters

nust part. I count the months and even the day

that I shall remain in your father's office, with a jeulous care, and they seem to glide away almost imper-ceptibly. Happily enough, indeed, for memory, but ot for hope."

She did not speak, and after a few moments, I ad-

ed. ... Well, I must not lose the present in gloomy forebodings. I hope we need not give up our rambles, because our friends have gone. Will you walk this afternoon ?"

"Yes; at half past five o'clock, if you have nothing else to do then."

"At lialf past five. Do notforget." During the rest of the summer I continued to ride on liorseback, of walk with Alice about dally. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond seemed to favor our intimuer ; and, as I knew that they had seen too much of the world to he deceived by mere names. I felt sure of their approbation, if Alice should ever consent to look at me in a still more endearing character, than at of a friend or brother. She was all confidence and affeetion, and appeared to be gradually becoming more business, had always found time to darcet his daughsometimes put me to the blush though I had the advantage in point of augualntance with the world. We frequently read together, and our intercourse often recalled to me my aunt's description of the happy

and woods, between the house and the lake. Alice appeared rather sad, and little was said by eltlier as we walked slong, she choosing the way. At length