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POETRY.

"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

From the Knickerbocker.

TO MY TWIN-SPIRIT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I linger at the twilight hour,
And gaze upon the gorgeous sky,
And revel in bright dreams of thee,
Thou guardian of my destiny!
Though never in earthly commune, we
May meet, to counsel or to love;
Yet am I thine, and thou art mine—
Eternally our fates are wove!

Methinks I see thee in my dreams,
Gazing with fond and earnest eye,
While from a low and touching voice,
Springs forth celestial harmony;
That vision haunts my after hours,
It lingers in my earth-born cares,
It scatters wild-flowers round my path,
And sunshine on its bosom bears.

No angel form my path doth cheer,
No speaking eye responds to mine;
None fairy-like my wish fulfils,
No kindred thoughts my thoughts divine;
Perchance in some far distant sphere,
Thou seek'st in vain a counterpart,
And feelings all unanswered throng
Back on thy chilled and breaking heart.

As when the first bland breath of spring,
Plays round the brow of manhood's prime,
And summons from their quiet graves
The memories of by-past time;
Thus gaze I on God's glorious earth,
My inmost soul its beauty thrills;
A throng of feelings undefined,
With rapture strange my bosom fills.

They fit like birds athwart my mind,
Their swift-winged course I may not stay;
Like blue-eyed lightning now they flash,
And evermore they seem to say:
'This life is but an episode,
And I have lived and loved before;
And oft in hallowed beauty basked
On some far distant, glorious shore!'

Farewell, twin-spirit of my soul!
I will not think the thought is vain,
That pure, as when from God we sprang,
In some bright world we meet again.
May the blessed spirits which cluster here,
And guard these mortal frames from ill,
To thee a kindly message waft,
Of love and faith unfaltering still!

E.

SELECT TALE.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

DORCAS LINDSAY:

Or, the Bachelor's Writing Desk.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR'S DEATH BED."

Oh sex, sex, sex! *Young.*

The wounded dove, when dying, feels the smart,
Closing her wings, conceals the cruel dart;
So, love abandoned flies from every eye,
Conceals its woes, in solitude to die. *Irving.*

"His breath became harder and harder—his groans less and less audible; when suddenly raising himself, he grasped my hand with a dying effort,—said faintly—'You will—find—all—explained—in—that—.' I followed with my eyes the motion of his hand; as he pointed to a small writing desk, and when I turned them on him again, he was dead!—*The Bachelor's Death Bed.*"

The gallant ship dashed on through the billows, as proudly as if she were the pursuer, instead of the pursued. The aching hearts with which she was freighted were receiving the inspirations of hope, on the wings of the freshening breeze. But as the heavens began to frown and the storm to gather, the siren rode swiftly away on the rushing blast, and the leaden veil of despair shut out the sunlight of her presence.

The pirate ship, that, for a time, seemed waxing dimmer in the distance, now came flying, swift as a judgment, through the boiling waves. Her crew were noted as the bloodiest of their craft. Their hearts were not softer than the red-mouthed cannon that spoke death to their victims, and as the cannon to the match so were they true to the voice of their leader. Had their thirst for blood been insatiable as the cravings of the horse-leech, it would never have wanted gratification while he was its caterer. His name was their watch-word, and whenever it rose above the din of carnage,

"Hope, with ring fled, and mercy sighed fare well!"

But the present conflict was not to be surrendered without a struggle. The tall Indiaman, for the sake of the loved and lovely who crowded her decks, would gladly have avoided it; but since come it must, she was ready both for the onset and the issue. She had been manned and equipped with special reference to the pirates who at that time swarmed the seas, and moreover left her port in convoy of one of the first ships of the line. But adverse winds had separated them, and now she was to encounter, alone and unaided, the most daring of the ocean scourges. However, the discipline to which his men had been subjected, the desperate ardor that inflamed both crew and passengers, and more than all the holiness of their cause, armed them not only with the panoply of might, but of right.

"Oh God!" exclaimed a lovely girl, as she clung to the manly form of a youth, and shuddered at the warlike implements with which he was girded—"it is not for myself, for I am alone in the world, but you! that you should die."

"Say not alone, dearest," replied the youth. "If God has taken to himself your father and mother, he has left one who will be father and mother to you.

But there is no time now—come with me to the cabin—although my doubts are not quite so gloomy as yours, yet Heaven only knows what may happen; but if I die, the last word on my lips shall be your name, and if I live, my first aspirations shall be those of gratitude for your safety—come."

"Tyler Ethelwaite," said the maiden, and the fire of her eyes dried up the torrent of her tears while she spoke—"Tyler Ethelwaite! You know not Dorcas Adelmar! She has not plighted you her love in the season of mental anguish, to forsake you in the hour when only the body is in danger. It is true that for a moment she felt a woman's weakness—but it is over! where you are, there will she be; and if you are to die, and the last word on your lips is to be her name, it shall be breathed forth to her, ere she dies with you; and if you are to be spared, she will be by your side, to pour out her soul in thankfulness for your safety, while your praises are going up in gratitude for her's."

"Dorcas—deeply as I love you—this is madness! What will you, what can you do, amid the rain of bullets that will soon be pouring in upon us? What if a chance shot should take away the better half of my life, by depriving me of your's?"

"Is it Tyler Ethelwaite that dignifies the devotion of a fond, trusting heart by coupling it, even in thought, with the ravings of a maniac? If such be his estimate of true love, it is indeed madness to feel it for him."

"No, Dorcas; you wrong me. Imagine if you can my sensations at the thought of your exposure to the tender mercies of a band of ruffians!—of the signal danger you must incur even in the event of our success, and the awful fate that must await you in case of our defeat and my death! and then ask yourself, if I love you less, when for my sake and your own, I insist upon your retiring to a place of comparative safety."

"It will matter little to Dorcas Adelmar, what may await her in the event of which you speak. Her cold clay will be insensible to insult when her spirit has accompanied your's to God who gave it. The men of blood, who even now are upon us, if victorious, will be too much occupied in their orgies over the living to feel any concern for the dead."

A shot from the pirate interrupted the remonstrance of Tyler, who reluctantly obeyed the command that summoned all to the guns. The pen even of a master could convey but a poor idea of the horrors of the conflict, and we are glad that it falls not within our range to attempt them. Suffice it to say that victory was perched now on the mast of one vessel and now on that of the other. The band of pirates had evidently no previous idea of the force they were about to encounter, but the contest once opened, they maintained it with vigor, and at length succeeded in boarding. Now came the crisis of horror. Each fought for their all; these, for their friends; for the endearments of life; for the homes of their childhood; for the sight of the loved ones who were far away—those, for blood! These had every thing to hope in case of victory—those, every thing to fear in case of defeat; and, thus nerved, each fought fiercely and in silence. They needed no word of encouragement. Blade to blade and breast to breast, the work of carnage went on, till the worn-out crew of the good St. Catharine were about to resign themselves to despair. But suddenly the cry came from the mast-head of the pirate, "a sail! a sail!" and the sound was hope itself to the almost vanquished. Slowly and with deep curses the pirates were securing their retreat, when one of them, more daring than his fellows, rushed to where the shrinking girl was supporting herself by a rope, and snatching her in his arms, was about to leap over the side of the vessel. Swift as thought, Tyler intercepted him, but as he struck him dead, received from him in return, a stunning blow on the forehead, and fell prostrate beside the lifeless maiden.

The fight was over. The ship which had relieved them was the convoy under whom they had started. Her accomplished officers and gallant crew administered every comfort to the wounded, performed every office for the dead, and then proceeded in pursuit of the late baffled enemy.

When Tyler was restored to consciousness, he was relieved the necessity of inquiring for Dorcas, by the sight of her bending over him. Her joy seemed like the joy of the other world. No violent manifestations broke from her—what she felt, she felt in silence. The spirit of joy is like the spirit of grief. Its feebler sensations may be communicated to our fellows; light occasions may make us loud in our expressions; but as the sense increases upon us, it absorbs our words—it concentrates, for the time, every thought, feeling, passion and emotion of the soul into one grand point, and our tongues are chained as by a spell. The babbling rivulet, that winds its shallow tide through a rocky channel, has a laugh and a sound for every beholder; but when the stream swells to a river, it borrows a dignity from its dilation, and rolls on, broad and deep, but in silence. It is so with grief, and so it is with joy. The current of gladness that ripples for every happy heart, has a double office to perform—it must not only gladden the one who feels it, but those with whom that one is brought in contact. But when the current is swelled to a spring-tide, it is locked up within the recesses of the single heart, and appeals not to the sympathies of others, save by the eloquence of tears.

Between this heavenly, elevated joy, and that displayed by the other passengers, the difference was as great as that between the holy of hollies and the vestibule of the temple. Here was the nabob, rejoicing that he still remained alive to be able to roll in luxury; here the trafficker, chuckling that his gains still enriched his own coffers. An epitome of the whole world was to be found within the sides of that noble vessel, and each had his own selfish reasons for rejoicing in the general good. One of the noisiest of them all was an individual who was well content to share the glory, though he had kept himself aloof from the danger of the deed. He was one of your fat, bustling characters, who make up in sound what they want in sense, and in boasting what they want in courage. Prior to the late emergency, no one had been louder in exhorting others to do their duty, and as he was not seen during the battle it was supposed that he had fallen a victim during the early part of it; but after it had been decided, he suddenly made his appearance, and was as bustling and active as ever. Nor did he seem at all disposed to take any discredit to himself, but according to his own account, had played Richard the lion-hearted, instead of Bob Acres.

"You see, gentlemen," said he, "I never in my life could shoot straight without a rest, and it seemed impossible to get one here. Providence, that there was one convenient to the very place where I had taken my station. A high coil of rope seemed to have been placed there just on purpose for me, and the way I popped over them devils, when I got behind it, was a rarity. You see I knew it wouldn't do no good for me to let them know I was there, because in that case they might just have put me out of the way and seized on the place themselves. So I just kept my eyes pretty wide open, and every time I saw them all looking some other way, I would let fly at 'em and then dodge behind again. I thought moreover that I could in this way keep a good look out to see if any of you were in danger, and if I saw any of you likely to be overpowered, I could send a quiet ball and settle the matter. But you see when the pirates got to moving over that way, I knew it would be nothing short of madness to keep the position; so I slipped along, Providence only knows how, behind the gang-way house, where I thought I could act as a *corpse-de-reserve*, in case of your being driven back so far. When I seen that young lady was there too, I felt a double thankfulness, for her own and her dead father's sake, who was my particular friend, and so I tried to get her to slip down along side of me out of the way. But she would stand up, and took no notice of me except once, when she asked me to lend her my sword, and she would go and take my place among the men. This looked like an insinuation, but I said nothing, and only longed for an opportunity to defend her. And gentlemen, it came! thank Heaven, it came! For when you were falling back upon me, just as I put my sword between my teeth, and took my pistol in one hand and gun in the other, to run out to your assistance, you know we heard the cry of "a sail!"—and just as that fellow rushed out to snatch the young lady, I fired my pistol and gun at him both at once, and he fell dead, but not till he had given that young man a dig on the head to pay him for his rashness. Where was the use of his running out in that way at the man, when he saw I had finished him? I don't suppose he wanted to deprive me of the honor of killing him, but"—and here the little big man folded his arms across his breast, raised his eye-brows, and accompanied each word with an oracular nod of the head—"but—it—*looked* like it. But I won't harbor malice. I look upon this act, gentlemen, as the crowning act of my life, not only worth living, but dying for; and I here repeat solemnly that I would this moment give my life to have it in my power to perform such another, or my name's not Sam Blaze."

During this declamatory burst, sundry sly winks had been passing around the audience; but when the hero had coolly and deliberately appropriated to himself the honor of a deed, to which his fear had made him hardly able to be even an eye-witness—the expression of disgust predominated, and each one turning away, "left him alone in his glory." One of them, however, made him a sign, and withdrew to a place where they could converse together, unobserved.

"You say," said the stranger, a short, stumpy man, whose nose was a perfect note of interrogation, "you say you knew the father of that young lady; perhaps you can give me some account of herself. It's not often you sees so pretty a creature and so young know so much about grief as she seems to. Why, she's rigged out in black, as if she had stripped a half a dozen hearses to provide herself with mourning."

"Well she may," said the little big man, glad to find another vent for his self-importance; "well she may; for such fathers and mothers as she lost don't die every day—but, sir, it's because they don't live, sir. If the world was only made up of such people, I'd never ask to go to heaven, sir, because I'd think I was in heaven a'ready. Intimately acquainted with both of them, sir, and a better man I never saw, and his wife, sir, seemed an angel sent direct from heaven to keep him company, sir. Because, sir, it would have been just as unnatural, sir, and the Lord knew it, sir, for such a good man to intermarry with the children of this world, as it was for the Israelites to intermarry with the heathen nations around them."

"And how did they go to India?"

"The old story, sir; married for love and found it wouldn't do to live on; so they took ship for where they wouldn't have the rich old folks to be all the time casting it up at them, and saying, 'We told you so.' And depend upon it, sir, this opposition of parents has been the means of making more happy marriages than all other causes put together. You see, sir, a young man courts a lady, and her parents don't like him. They think him a sorry, no-account sort of chap, and don't want their daughter to have any thing to do with him. May be he is, sir; but he's got human nature enough not to like to have it cast up to him, and so he runs away with the daughter, and not only that, but makes a first rate husband, just purely to spite the old ones. I believe in doing things out of spite, sir; and there are some people, sir, that won't be influenced in any other way. They are like the Irishman's pig, sir; he could be driven to Cork very well, if you'd only turn his head towards Killkenny."

"But you don't mean to say this young lady's father was one of that sort? If you do—"

"Bless your soul, no, sir! Their families, sir, were tip-top; but some old quarrel had been kept up between them, ever since the old rebellion, and they'd no more have agreed to intermarry, than they would to have jumped into Mount Vesuvius! And when they found these young folks had run away together, they made no more ado about cutting them off with a halter a piece, than they would about snatching a bone from a dog's mouth. But it made no great odds. They went to India, sir, and made something right pretty, sir; but they lost it all, and what's worse, themselves, too. That horrid climate, sir; if it was a man, how many murders it would have to answer for!"

"And this young lady!"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. You know life's a thing that wasn't made to last for ever, and by-and-bye the time came for the old folks in England. The wife's father, as wives' fathers generally do when their daughters marry against their will, died cursing her; and the father of the other one would have done so too—but a day before his death, news came that his son and son's wife had gone to their account before him. I suppose he didn't like the idea of meeting them at the judgment seat, without having done something to repay for his cruel treatment of them; so he left their daughter something, and ordered in his will that she should be sent for to come over and live with her relations."

"And this young man?"

"Why, sir, he's the one that was sent over to take charge of her. His servant tells me that he is a fatherless young man of handsome fortune, who with his mother, is residing with a widowed aunt of his in the north of England. This young lady is to receive an annuity from her grandfather's executors, and the aunt, who belongs to the family, was bequeathed a legacy on condition of receiving her under her roof. The servant tells me that the young man's mother is one of your easy, timid, good-hearted sort of women, but that his aunt is a real devil. The gentleman seems to be quite a nice young man, and I liked him very well, till he rushed forward in that cowardly way, and tried to deprive me of the honor of killing that pirate."

They were interrupted by a loud laugh from another part of the vessel, and a call for Mr. Blaze. This personage went forward to comply with the summons, while the queer-nosed man, having taken out his note-book, sat down to add his newly acquired information to its contents. His informer was none other than the former butler of the young lady's grandfather. He had been allured by the prospect of bettering his condition, to make an apparently disinterested offer of his services to his young master, and accompanied him to India. In that country, where every body must make money, he had contrived, in the service of his master, to amass something considerable, and it was now on his return to England. He found the party who had called him engaged in inspecting a couple of shot-holes in the back of the gang-way house, behind which he had ensconsed himself, during the engagement.

"We were making up a subscription," said the most quizzical looking one of the group, "to buy that gun and pistol of yours with which you killed the pirate. They must be natural curiosities—something like the Irishman's gun that was made for shooting round a hay stack. Look here; your two bullets went through this plank, and when they got to the mouth of the gang-way, turned short round the corner, picked out the fellow that was jumping overboard with the young lady, and knocked him in the head. It's a God's mercy that they didn't complete the circle, and come on round where they started from and kill yourself. But I suppose the pirate's head was so hard that when they had gone through it they had to stop, and couldn't go any further."

Blaze was a man in full possession of some of the happiest faculties of our nature. Among these was a settled, well-regulated impudence, that was perfectly indomitable. On the present occasion he merely glanced around an expression of complete wonderment, and said,—

"Why, gentlemen, I really cannot see a great deal of meaning in all this merriment. I certainly never pretended that my bullets made such a circle; as that gentleman is disposed to insinuate. Them holes I made there myself, I know—but I made them there to fire through; one for my musket, and one for my pistol. You see, I didn't want the pirates to know where I was, or they might have cut off my usefulness."

"But it seems to me," rejoined his tormentor, "that if more than one charge had passed through, the holes would have been a little larger."

"May be they would, if I had been one of your trembling, cowardly rascals, that can't hold a gun steady or shoot a black-bird, without shutting their eyes. But I tell you I put the musket as steadily to the hole as if I was pointing at it with a broom-stick, and how then was it possible for it to grow any larger? The bullets were all of the same size."

"But if you meant it for a port-hole," said the other, "you *ought* to have made it a little bigger so that you might take sight through it. How did you know but that your balls might save the pirates trouble, by doing their business on some of us? And how do you know but that some of the poor fellows, whom we have just thrown overboard, were sent to their long account by you? Several of them, I noticed, were wounded in the back, and if you murdered them, may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

"Why in that respect," said Sam, pausing a moment, and looking for the first time a little foolish, "why in that respect, I must say—I trusted to Providence."

"Yes! trusted to Providence! and the next time we are placed in such a predicament, I trust to Providence! may be any where, rather than on the range of your bullets. But you lie! you poor pitiful wretch," said he, loosing his temper and advancing upon him, "you know you do! and we know it! you were so frightened that you didn't know what you were about; you only fired once, and that when the danger was all over; and you wouldn't have fired then, only your gun and pistol were so ashamed of not having been used during the fight, that they went off themselves! I wish to Heaven I could give you what you deserve; but I do not want to stay on quarantine forty days longer than the rest of the passengers, for having been contaminated by the touch of such a leeper as you are!"

Sam blushed—as much of an epoch in his life as the Hegira was in Mahomet's; but like all men of his calibre, pocketed the insult.

"And how is my mother?" said Ethelwaite to the coachman, who was on the wharf, awaiting his arrival.

"Very well, sir; only a little fretted about your being away so long."

"And my aunt?"

"As usual, sir," said the man, with some degree of significance, at the same time touching his hat. "The coach is this way, sir."

In a few moments, Tyler and his betrothed were seated in the family vehicle, and whirled on rapidly towards their destination.

"I do not know why it is," said Dorcas, "but instead of feeling my heart uplifted with gratitude to the Author of our recent and various deliverance, I find it weighed down by an indefinable dread—a lurking presentiment, that all will not be well. My dear Tyler, I seem to myself doomed to be the child and sport of affliction."

"I do not know, Dorcas; it is just as natural for us to be troubled with the fore bodings of grief, as it is for us to be enlivened with the anticipation of joy; and these feelings are not only inherent in our nature, but exert upon us a tempering, a moderating influence, that may make us less violent, but certainly more uniform in our temperaments. Anticipations of grief are often sent to moderate the wild zest, with which we indulge in our revellings of joy; and prospects of happiness often float over our sky, when the horizon is darkened by the shades of grief. Perhaps your present forebodings are but a discipline, preparatory to your entrance upon the scenes of happiness that there is in store for you."

"God grant it! and if so it is well. But you have told me very little of the friends whom we are so soon to meet."

"I am sure you will like my mother," said Tyler, "and equally sure that she will like you, for my sake, until she has learned to love you for your own. Your opinion of my aunt, will depend very much on her opinion of you; and that is giving you every thing to hope, and nothing to fear. She is a woman of violent prejudices, and has no hesitation to manifest them, whatever be their nature. Her daughter you will find a passable companion, and only passable. But you will never lack society, so long as you can have the communion of your own thoughts, any more than I shall, so long as your thoughts can be communicated to me. On the whole, you may prepare yourself for a very comfortable time. I have written to them something about you, and can predict for you a very cordial reception."

"A man may smile and smile and be a villain"—so may a woman! and there is a concentration, an essence of meanness, in a woman's villainy, that makes even devils blush! The very masculine cast of a man's vices gives them for the most part a towering feature, and they are, generally, redeemed by some relics of a better nature. Thus, we have honor among thieves; chivalry among brigands; and we often see the beautiful millennial peace, exemplified in the subordination of the swart pirate, to the gentler dictates of the child of love. The pride of sex—the conscious dignity of manhood, is seldom wholly eradicated, and prevents a total prostration of the moral sense. But a mean woman is the meanest thing in nature. It may be from the contrast between what she is, and what she ought to be—but we never gaze upon her without feelings of the most unqualified abhorrence. So soon as, Esau-like, she leaves the exalted standing which is her birthright, she exchanges the throne for the footstool, and is prostrated irretrievably. She even seems to acquiesce in her own degradation. The sense of her social inferiority becomes merged in a damning conviction of moral weakness, and she displays the depravity of the lost angels, without the majesty of their ruin!

Such a woman was Mrs. Harris. She had read the letter which her nephew had written, and from the terms in which he spoke of his fair charge, prognosticated the overthrow of what had been her most darling hope—the union of Ethelwaite with her daughter. It is true that for purposes of security she had refrained from the divulgement of her expectations, and been content to play her card in silence. She had never even dreamed of disappointment, but calculated as confidently on the issue as if the game had already ended in her favor. But now, when the revelations of a moment had dashed the cup from her lips, she felt all the workings of the fiend. She loved her daughter—as it goes loves her young; and she felt chafed and revengeful, that her daughter had been slighted. She was a woman who plumed herself greatly on that low kind of ingenious shrewdness, which the fox displays in its doublings, and she felt a something stronger than chagrin, a malicious spitefulness, that for once, her shrewdness had failed her. But she was not one to bear disappointment with folded hands. She vowed that if Tyler would not marry Martha, he should not marry Martha's rival, and rejoiced that Dorcas was to be under her own roof, and therefore the more exposed to her designs. There was one circumstance that operated greatly in her favor. Mrs. Ethelwaite, Tyler's mother, was a weak woman and completely under her control. Her violent character was a rod of iron over the yielding disposition of her sister-in-law; and a certain terrible secret in regard to the latter was in her possession, and she used it as a whip of scorpions.

"You are my own husband's sister, Mrs. Ethelwaite," she would say, when she had a difficult point to carry, "your are my own husband's sister, but were you ten times his sister, you should not trifle with and triumph over me. I have no malice towards you, Mrs. Ethelwaite, but if I was to mention a Mr. Somebody's name in a particular way, I could, and you know it, put you in a condition that nobody would hire you to scrub their kitchen. I don't say I'll do it, but I do say I can't see the use of so much obstinacy when I only ask a small favor of you." While she would be going on in this way, poor Mrs. Ethelwaite would sit, pale as a corps, and trembling like a leaf, and such was the effect upon her, that she would have been willing to sign her soul over to external perdition in the next world, if she only could have avoided infamy in this.

On the night when the travellers were expected, the three inmates of Bellevue were seated around the parlor fire. Mrs. Ethelwaite was running to the window every few moments to listen for the sound of the carriage; Martha was hitting the nails of one hand and thrumming the centre-table with the fingers of the other, while Mrs. Harris was gazing moodily on the fire, and making a final disposition of her plans before entering on their execution.

"I do wish, Mrs. Ethelwaite," said she, breaking the silence, "you wouldn't keep flying about the room so. They'll be here not a bit the sooner for it, and so much fuss is enough to shatter one's nerves to pieces."

"Well, sister," said Mrs. Ethelwaite, her eyes filling with tears, "I beg your pardon. Indeed I did not mean to disturb you. And to punish myself, I won't stir from my chair again till he comes."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, and go to crying about it. I declare you are the strangest woman I ever saw. A body can't speak to you but you must make a baby of yourself."

"Well, sister," said she, forcing a smile, "don't scold me, and I'll sit just as still as I possibly can, and do whatever you wish me to do; only let us all meet Tyler with a smile on our faces."

"Why, as to that, I love the boy, just as much as you do, and as much as I could if he was my own, but I am not going to make a fool of myself for him, or for any body else. I will do my part towards meeting him with a smile, but I doubt much whether you will do yours, unless you get a little of the tombstone out of your face, before he makes his appearance."

"I shall not have much time to do it in, then, for here he comes now," said she, running out of the room, as she heard the carriage coming up the avenue.

"Has he come?" drawled out Martha lazily, as if it was an effort to speak; "well, I believe I will go out and meet him too. And has Dorcas come, and may she sleep with me, mother?" And without waiting for an answer, she left the room in a slipshod gait that she took to be the ne-plus of refinement.

"Fool!" muttered her mother with the deepest scorn, as she closed the door. "Sleep with you! yes! you'll hug her to your bosom, and find her a viper!" and with her hands clenched, and the face of a fiend, she fairly stamped with rage. Mrs. Harris would have been wanting to her nature, had she lacked the common attribute of meanness—hypocrisy. She had a perfect control, an absolute despotism over her emotions, that would have made the fortune of a diplomatist. And she needed it all; for her plot was no child's whim, that a breath might alter. It was grounded deep as the foundations of her malice, and as she unfolded to herself its various windings, she became so elated with the certainty of success, that to meet the party, with a cheerful smile, required not even an effort.

"Well, my boy," meeting them as they entered the door, "how do you do? and you, my dear? I am glad to see you. We have been expecting you a long time, and you are right welcome to Bellevue. Let me assist you in taking off your things."

Who then thought that this affability, this cordiality, this excess of frankness, was but the playfulness of the painted snake, before it darts upon its victim!

The acute observer might have noticed a slight, momentary shade of vexation on the features of Mrs. Harris as she removed the bonnet of Dorcas, and saw revealed a face like those that tempted the angels. But she easily recovered herself, while she turned to give the article to a servant; and perhaps the very beauty of her victim gave her additional complacency from the thought how much more signal would be her triumph. She therefore conducted Miss Adelmar to the fire, and used all her fascinations to inspire her with affection and confidence.

"You find us in a rather retired situation, my dear. We have but few visiting acquaintances, so that for our enjoyments we are very much dependent on ourselves."

"You certainly have no lack of resources," replied Dorcas, as she glanced at the centre table, loaded with the choicest books.

"Why, yes; Martha is fond of reading, and I am always happy to encourage her taste. Some of them have just arrived from London, and I hope will please you. I sent for them on your account, fearing that you would, in such a lonely place, find little enough wherewith to amuse yourself."

"I cannot call any place lonely, ma'am, where my friends are so kindly solicitous to anticipate my desires," said Dorcas, overjoyed that she had succeeded in making an apparently favorable impression, which she had been assured was all that was necessary, and completely fascinated with the affability and tenderness of her companion.

A gleam of satisfaction darted across the features of Mrs. Harris, which Dorcas very naturally construed into an acknowledgment of her own sensibility.

During this time, Mrs. Ethelwaite had been sitting on Tyler's knee, examining him with all the minuteness and curiosity with which the South-sea islanders inspected the first white man; ever and anon throwing her arms around his neck; weeping, kissing him again and again, till in the course of her fondlings she discovered the scar which had been cut out by the death-blow of the pirate. Her loud exclamation of surprise was followed by the most repeated and importunate inquiries as to its cause.

"Why I forgot to tell you, mother," said Tyler, "that we had a pretty hard scuffle with the pirates on our return home."

"And did they kill you?" said she, hurriedly; and then recollecting herself, "no, they couldn't have killed you, or you wouldn't have been here. But did they almost kill you?"

"No, mother; they neither killed me, nor almost killed me. One of them, however, set his mark upon me, but I soon recovered, and here I am as safe and sound as when I left you."

"But you have not told," interposed Dorcas, "in whose behalf, and to save whose life, you so generously exposed yourself."

"It was to save my own life, Dorcas."

"Come, come; that will not do. I am much obliged to you for the compliment, but I must insist upon your telling the whole story."

"Why I should have shown myself a strange pattern of manhood, to have let that fiendish pirate jump overboard with you; and I'll warrant, every one there was ready to die with envy, that I had deprived them of the honor of rescuing you themselves."

"Mr. Blaze, in particular!" said Dorcas, smiling.

"We will tell the story about him, to-morrow. In the meantime, aunt, Dorcas is fatigued, and I think would be glad to retire—I know I can say as much for myself."

When the party had retired to their dreams, and left Mrs. Harris alone in the parlor, she gazed stealthily about the room, and then rising from her chair, muttered, "Yes! saved her life! another difficulty in my way; but I'll make him wish and her too, that she had been made food for the fishes instead of having come here to tamper and interfere with me! I have got to go to hell, any how; and since it is no use for me to try to go to heaven, I'll make up for it by doing as much harm as I can while I stay here, to recommend me to the favor of the devil!" and with this blasphemy on her lips, she snatched the candle and strode out of the room like a fury, to seek the darkness, but not the slumbers of midnight.

For several days after the arrival of Dorcas and Tyler, a growing change in the disposition of Mrs. Harris was universally perceptible. Her tone of voice was subdued and bland; her address to inferiors considerate and mild; her intercourse with equals self-denying; and all her aims, to promote the general happiness. She was conscious that such a change must necessarily excite wonder, and a most finished plan did she adopt to prevent it from appearing unaccountable.

One day, when seated alone with Tyler, she remarked to him seriously, "there is one thing my son, that ever since your return, I have been anxious to confide to you. About a month ago, I found in my head a white hair, and it has had upon me the strangest effect imaginable. I am continually haunted by the thought that the day is not far distant when my head will be entirely silvered over; and when I think that from that stage of the journey of life it is but a hand-breadth to the tomb, the question repeatedly occurs, 'am I prepared to die?' Oh Tyler, I cannot tell you what I have felt. I cannot speak to you of the sleepless nights I have passed, and how much worse than sleepless my nights have been, when slumber has chanced to fall upon me. The midnight visions, the lurid forms, the semblances of the other world that have affrighted me are known but to myself and to Him who sent them. Of late I have felt more peace. Your return; the dear disposition of the angel whom you have brought home with you; her fondness for me, (for our souls have become perfectly knit together in love) have all had an assuaging influence; but oh! that I might hope my peace proceeded from a higher source—that He who pierced me with the arrow of conviction has had compassion on me, and bound up the wound with the oil of his grace!" and here, applying her kerchief to her eyes, she sobbed bitterly.

Tyler paused a few moments, and replied, "I am sensibly affected, my dear aunt, by your disclosure, and only wish that my competence to give you spiritual counsel equalled my solicitude in your behalf—But I shall ride by the parsonage this morning, and should be happy to invite the minister to call upon you."

"Do not ask him to day, Tyler, I will send for him, but just now I feel as if I could unbosom myself better to one of my own sex, and of these I know of none in whom I could confide unless in our own dear Dorcas."

"And a truer Christian you will not find this side heaven—let me send her to you now."

Tyler left the room to fulfil his commission; and that evening Dorcas told him, "I had before been bound to your aunt by the ties of nature and affection, but to-day a new tie has sprung up between us—the bond of christian fellowship. I do love her next to the best friend I have on earth, and if you knew how devotedly she speaks of him, you would not wonder at the strength of my attachment."

At the next communion season it was publicly announced that Mrs. Harris had connected herself with the church; and the simple peasantry remarked that the Lord had not performed such a miracle since the day of Pentecost.

Since the arrival of Dorcas, Walter Roberts, a young man residing a few miles off, had been an almost daily visiter at Bellevue. He was of fascinating address, and possessed of every accomplishment, but at heart an unprincipled libertine. He had, however, the discretion to keep his principles, or rather want of principles, to himself; and in consummate hypocrisy, his only superior was Mrs Harris. He was very familiar with polite literature, and had always an abundance of news, which made him what ladies call a right charming fellow. He was more showy than Tyler, and perhaps generally more agreeable as a companion. There was this difference between them; the one had read a great deal, but thought very little; the other was a man more fond of communing with his own thoughts than with those of others. The one had read more from a desire to pass with the crowd as a man of parts; the other looked upon knowledge as a sacred spring, and felt too much reverence for the holy fountain to let its bubbles flash up incessantly to win the admiration of the common herd. The one was calculated to be caressed by the many and despised by the few; the other to be cherished by the few and overlooked, not despised, by the many. Roberts had a ready self-conceit that gave him, in his own opinion, a high place in the estimation of others; Tyler, on the other hand, had a distressing humility that made him think others as blind to his real merits as he was himself.

Roberts, on his visits to Bellevue, was generally accompanied by his sister—a young lady who embodied many of the follies and few of the virtues of her sex. Mrs. Harris, during their riding and walking excursions, invariably managed it that Miss Roberts should be under the charge of Tyler, while Dorcas was handed over to the charge of Roberts himself. This part of the plot was the more easy to be effected, because Roberts on a party of pleasure, would not of course be expected to gallant his own sister, any more than would Tyler to devote himself exclusively to one of his own household. So that indeed it was hardly necessary for Mrs. Harris to interpose her agency here, for matters went on just as she wished, without her interference. This was an art of hers. She had a most profound knowledge of human nature, especially of its weaknesses,—for of these she had a chart within herself—and she knew exactly when it was necessary for her to come forward with her open influence, and exactly when it was necessary for her to remain behind the curtain and pull the string in secret. She knew the fascinations of both the Roberts'; she knew that Walter was the directly opposite of Tyler, and Sarah equally so of Dorcas; and therefore that any partiality shown by Dorcas to Walter would be as grating to Tyler, as any partiality manifested by himself to Sarah would be unpleasant to Dorcas; because naturally if one person seems partial to the known opposite of another person, his regard for the latter of the two is supposed to be proportionally weakened. This was the reasoning of Mrs. Harris, and she knew that the golden chain of sympathy once broken, her triumph would be complete. She would therefore take occasion to incite the coquetry of Sarah, by imploring her not to make such sad havoc of her nephew's heart, and would have treated Walter in the same way, but as she saw he was sufficiently bent on taking the castle for himself, she only threw out occasional hints of encouragement.

In the meantime she was to Dorcas the tenderest of mothers. She ingratiated herself thoroughly in her confidence, and used many unobserved arts to draw forth her feelings in reference to the attentions of Tyler to Sarah Roberts. But Dorcas was a high-souled, queenly girl, and seemed to cherish, not even for a moment, the thought that his affection was weakened. She was conscious in her own breast of such a wealth of devotion to him, that judging of his feelings by her own, she would as soon have thought the needles false to the pole, as to have indulged the suspicion that she had ceased to be his exclusive. She saw that he was attentive to Sarah, and only loved him the better for his politeness; and as to the attentions of Walter, they were even disagreeable to her—not that she suspected them to be designing, but because to one of her nature the attentions of any one, beside the one, would be unsatisfying. Yet she would laugh and chat with him as freely as if he were entitled to the greatest intimacy; for she was so perfectly artless, and innocent, that it would have done her as much annoyance to suspect another, as to be here if suspected.

Not so with Tyler—and for the simple reason, because he was a man. Men are naturally more jealous than women, because they are, naturally, less constant. He was moreover, as we have said, before, of an humble disposition, and when he received with himself, he felt rather surprised that Dorcas had found any thing at all in him to admire, than that she manifested a superior admiration for another. Yet when they were alone, with no eye to gaze on them, she would pour out to him such fond tokens of tenderness, that she would beguile him insensibly from his despondency. But when the succeeding day would bring with it the unwelcome form of Roberts, who had become enamored to distraction of Dorcas, he would fall back again upon his own gloomy thoughts, unless when piqued to make himself as agreeable as possible to Sarah.

(To be Continued.)