"He is the only son of old Judge Powell, one of the most highly respected persons in this part of the country. His father died some years ago, and left Harry a large fortune."

"Ah, I have heard of him," said I. "He gambled his property all away the first year it came into his possession. Did he not?"

"People say so" said Henrietta. "He denied it, and I never believed it till now.—But now, I confess, I would believe anything of him.

"It is not true," said Nannie, sobbing.

"I think" said I, after meditating a few moments, "that Mr. Powell's matrimonial affairs are rather speculations than matters of feeling. You have more wealth than Nannie, so you would be his first choice; but, as there is danger that if he waits two or three weeks, your relations may find out his intentions and interfere, he will take the bird in the hard.

"To think that I should have been so blind as to believe him, and doubt all that my father and mother told me!" exclaimed Henrietta in strong indignation against herself.

"I think, Pauline, it is a shame in you and Henrietta to talk in that way about Mr. Powell. He has told me himself how all these stories originated, and there is not a word of truth in any of them."

"But how do you account for his professing so much love for you and Henrietta at the same time, and evidently more desirous to win her hand than yours; for he did not speak particularly to you till I assured him that Henrietta would be confined to her room for some time, and that her mother was coming to nurse her."

"He thought I looked coldly on him, he said," said Nannie.

"Do you really believe that he loves you?', asked Henrietta, out of patience with her weakness.

"I know it," said Nannie, and her foot gave emphasis to her words. Her temper, naturally gentle and submissive, was evidently throwing off all control. We said nothing more for some time. At last Henrietta rose up and turning to the weeping girl, said firmly—

"Nannie, I am sure, if you will only take a few days to think, you will feel as I do, rejoiced that you are saved from a life of misery with an unprincipled man. But before I go to sleep you must promise me that you will not elope with Mr. Powell to-marrow. If you do not, I shall think it my duty to rouse Colonel Percy, and let him know about it."

Nannie resisted, urged Henrietta's promise, entreated secrecy, but in vain. At last, seeing that Henrietta was about to fulfil her threat, she yielded, and gave the promise that was required of her. Henrietta and I were both young and unsuspicious, or we should not have trusted to this "lover's vow." When we woke late on a bright, sunny morning, Nannie was gone. We gave the alarm, but it was too late. Three days after, she called upon us as Mrs. Powell, happy and radiant in her bridal honors and bridal attire. She had evidently repeated to her husband some of the severe remarks we had made about him, and Henrietta and I had not spared him on that memorable evening, for, with the same tact and address with which he had paid me so many pretty compliments when it suited his purposes, he now contrived, in the most courteous manner, to make a number of caustic and bitter remarks.—Every sentence he uttered to me had a sting in it, the hardest part of which to bear was, that to notice it would be the most effectual way of giving the speaker pleasure. The message he left for Henrietta with the unconscious Ellen, which she, in her ignorance, delivered with great precision, was concentrated gall and bitterness. Nannie listened to his words with evident delight, and looked triumphantly at me, as if to say—"Are you still so blind as to think that he could ever have preferred Henrietta to me?" She still believed in him.

After living a few years in a style of reckless extravagance, wasting all that she brought to him in riot and dissipation, Mr. Powell sank at last to his true level, that of a worthless gambler. Even then, in poverty, neglect, and unkindness, Nannie still clung with a blind devotion to her wretched husband, and her love, that could only have been called a foolish instinct in its first madness, became elevated by its patient strength and endurance into a kind of heroic affection.

After Henrietta married and went to reside in New Orleans, she discovered, by some accident, the position and circumstances of her old friend, and many a little act of kindness and attention, for which Nannie could not account, came from Mrs. Bertram's compassionate heart. In looking over her past life, Henrietta often says, "that the greatest good fortune of her life came from the use of the only cosmetic she ever tried. It proved indeed 'a blessing in disguise.'"

Miscellaneous.

UPPER-TEN GOSSIP

IN THE DAYS OF WASHINGTON.

We copy the following from Griswold's Republican Court, a beautiful work just published by Appleton & Co.

MRS. WASHINGTON'S TASTE FOR RETIREMENT.

New York was the metropolis of the United States, under the constitution, less than two years, and this period embraced but one winter. In the May and June following the inauguration, there were a few public balls, and probably many private ones, but the ill-health of the President, the death of his mother, and other circumstances, prevented him from attending any subsequent to that given by the Count de Moustier, which has already been described in these pages, until after his return from the tour through the Eastern States, about the middle of November. Mrs. Washington had little inclination for such amusements, and was never once present at any ball in New York after the close of the Revolution, notwithstanding what Mr. Jefferson says on the subject.

MRS. WASHINGTON'S NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION—WAY SHE DISMISSED HER COMPANY.

Mrs. Washington held her levee, as on other Friday evenings, but on no previous occasion had one been graced with so much respectability and elegance. The air was almost as gentle as it should be in May, and the full moon shone so bright that the streets to a late hour were filled with a delicious twilight. It was not the custom for visitors of the President to sit, but it appears from Mr. Pintord's diary that on this night, at least, there were chairs in the room where Mrs. Washington saw her guests, for, "after they were seated," tea and coffee and plum and plain cake were dispensed by the attending servants. She remarked, while speaking of the day's occurrences, that none of them had so pleased the General (by which title she always designated her husband) as the friendly greetings of the gentlemen who called upon him at noon. To an inquiry by the President, whether such observances were casual or customary, it was answered that New Year's visiting had always been maintained in the city. He paused a moment and then observed, "The highly favored situation of New York will, in the process of years, attract numerous emigrants, who will gradually change its ancient customs and manners; but, whatever changes take place, never forget the cordial and cheerful observance of New Year's day." Mrs. Washington had stood by his side as the visitors arrived and were presented, and when the clock in the hall was heard striking nine, she advanced, and with a complacent smile said, "The General always retires at nine, and I usually precede him," upon which all arose, made their parting salutations, and withdrew.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY IN 1776.

The habits of life, polish of manners and style of dress were the badges of commerce by which the aristocracy of New England asserted its outward superiority. If a gentleman went abroad, he appeared in his wig, white stock, white satin embroidered vest, black satin small clothes, with white silk stockings, and a fine broadcloth or velvet coat. If at home, a velvet cap, sometimes with a fine linen one beneath it, took the place of the wig, while a gown, frequently of colored damask, lined with silk, was substituted for the coat, and the feet were covered with leather slippers of some fancy color. Visitors were received with hospitality and graceful courtesy. The custom prevailed which now would greatly shock the New England scale of propriety, in most genteel families: a tankard of punch was prepared every morning, and visitors during the day were invited to partake of it, the master of the house sometimes taking the vessel from the cooler in which it stood, and after drinking from it himself, handing it in person to the guests.

There was a great deal of social intercourse in the class we are describing. The interchange of dinners and suppers was frequent; at the first, the most fashionable hour for which was never later than three, the table groaned under its weight of provisions; after the last, the customary evening amusement was cards. The law expressly prohibited dramatic entertainments, but they had concerts, and at these, in Boston at least, private gentlemen sometimes were the performers, vocal and instrumental, simply, however, for the entertainment of their friends. Dancing was not among the things which the legislature had made *mela prohibita*, and consequently there were assemblies for this recreation; but they were conducted with such severe attention to propriety that nothing short of the *unanimous* concert of the gentlemen subscribers would authorize admission. One of these assemblies would make an amusing spectacle at this time. The stately minuet, with all its formal and high-bred courtesy, flourished in those days and was varied only by the contra dance. Cotillions came in afterward, with the French refugees from the West Indies. The style of the dress, too, for gentlemen, would, at this day, be likely to attract notice in the saloons of fasion; but coats of velvet or cloth were literary of all colors, not even excluding red, and sometimes the collar, of velvet or cloth, was in studied contrast to that of the other parts.

A PLAUSIBLE REMEDY.—A gentleman in Albama, in exerting himself one day, felt a sudden pain, and fearing his internal machinery had been thrown out of gear, sent for a negro on his plantation, who made some pretensions to medical skill, to prescribe for him. The negro, having investigated the cause, prepared and administered a dose to his patient with the utmost confidence of a speedy cure. No relief being experienced, however, the gentleman sent for a physician, who on arriving, inquired of the negro what medicine he had given his master. Bob promptly responded—"rosin and alum, sir!" "What did you give them for?" continued the doctor. "Why," replied Bob, "de alum to draw the parts togeder, and de rosin to sodder um." The patient eventually recovered.

MACHINERY.—President Hitchcock says that there are in Great Britan at the present day, fifteen thousand steam engines driven by means of coal, with a power equal to that of two million of men: and thus is put into operation machinery equaling the unaided power of 300,000,000 or 400,000,000 of men. The influence thence emanating reaches the remotest portions of the globe, and tends mightily to the civilization and happiness of the race.

☞There are certain exciting epochs in a woman's life that are never forgotten; such as, for instance, the first time she carries a parasol; the first time she receives a Valentine; the first time she goes to an evening party; the first time a proposal is made to her; the first time she wears a silk dress, and the first time she puts on the wedding ring.

☞In North Carolina, it is frequent, among her forests of fat pine, for a lover in distress to send the fair object of his affections a bit of its staple vegetable production, with an *eye* painted upon it. This signifies, "I pine." If favorable to him, the young lady selects from the wood pile the best and smoothest specimen of a *knot*—this signifies, "I pine not." But, if, on the other hand, she detests him, (there is no middle ground between detestation and adoration, with young women,) she burns one end of his message, and this generally throws the young man into despair, for it means, "I make *light* of your 'pining.'"

☞Upon coming into the office the other day, we asked the 'devil' his rule for punctuation. Said he, 'I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gape I insert a semi-colon; when I sneeze, a colon; and when I want another chaw of tobacco, I make a paragraph.'

New York

Philadelphia.