

Poetry.

MY FRIENDS.

Oh, they are precious to my heart,
My chosen friends, the few
Who guard me with affection's dew,
Who blame and bless me too;
Whose hearts keep echoing fondly back,
In love's eternal tone,
The joys, the hopes, the thoughts, the tears,
That tremble in my own.

To meet the sweet smiling smile,
Bright with affection's dew,
To feel that I am with the meek,
The pure in heart, the true!
To look into their earnest eyes,
Where thoughts the brightest dwell,
An angel's harp, an angel's tongue,
Alone such bliss can tell.

And oh, when absent, how I love
To call to mind the past,
To count o'er every word we spoke
Before we parted last;
To gather up each look or tone,
And number every smile,
Till I am lost amid the gems
That gleam on memory's isle.

My friends, they are not many, yet
I know their hearts are true—
Ah, sweeter than the praise of all
Is friendship from the few!
I'd rather live in kindred hearts,
To glory quite unknown,
Than hold a nation in command,
Than fill a friendless throne.

And oh, if some should turn aside,
And change, as friends have done,
They should not perish from my heart,
Oh, no, not one! not one!
Love is too mighty in my soul
To wear oblivion's pall;
And if I had a thousand hearts
I'd love, ay, with them all.

Select Gales.

THE LADY'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

Young, beautiful, accomplished, and even learned, was Miss Amarynth St. Quillotte, when she was deserted by her lover and affianced husband, Mr. Emerond. Above all, she was amazingly rich, her father having been a West Indian Planter, in days when West Indian and wealth were terms synonymous. The young girl had been sent over to England, by her guardians in her fourteenth year, soon after becoming an orphan; and at twenty-one beautiful and an heiress, was worth one would suppose, the constancy of any man. Mr. Emerond thought differently, however, and after four years assiduous courtship, took the liberty of changing his mind. He ran away with a silly young girl from a boarding-school, without a pocket piece even to her fortune; and in a farewell letter to his deceived mistress, coolly told her he found that within his breast which forbade him to be the slave of any woman. And the worst of it was, he had taught Amarynth to love—and need I say what love is when it dwells in the heart of an ardent young West Indian? In truth, it is more fervent and fatal in its consequences than colder minds can well imagine. When this love was slighted, repulsed, returned on the hands of her who had bestowed her entire heart on the faithless Emerond, there was a storm of passion kindled not easily allayed nor brought in to the limits of reason. 'Am I so ugly then?' soliloquised the discarded beauty, looking in her mirror. The image reflected might have been more serene, but, in its own peculiar style, should scarce have been more rare in its loveliness. 'Am I ugly?' she repeated; and as the mirror answered 'no!' she continued—'Then of what use is beauty, when a pale skin, yellow hair, and lack-lustre eyes have robbed me of all that life held most dear? Oh Emerond! my girlhood's idol!—my womanhood's pride! Come back!—yes come back!—and I will forgive all!' And the poor young lady continued to indulge in similar frantic apostrophes, until her brain became excited almost to madness, and her bosom overcharged with grief nearly to suffocation.

That night Miss St. Quillotte slept not, but passed it in meditation. The determination she came to was to be revenged—her Creole blood demanded it. But how, to visit the guilty man with poison or dagger would not satisfy her; and to kill herself would be futile inasmuch as she will not be able, in that case, to ascertain how he bore the blow. She wished to ring his heart living, and prove how little she felt the stroke which had in reality crushed her ardent and haughty spirit to the ground. She would therefore marry. True, Mr. Emerond's was the only offer she had received, and for him she had spurned all suitors, and treated all mankind with such disdain that her report shrewdness had become a scarecrow to her beauty; but still she believed she could attract somebody, no matter who—at least her money would. To give up liberty, wealth, freedom of thought perhaps, and all to a man whom, be he what he might, she must loath—for the very name of a man had suddenly become detestable—seemed impossible; yet marry she must and would. The thought of dying, and bequeathing her wealth to hospitals, parrots, and monkeys, was yet more horrible. There was no purer light shed on that rebellious soul—no thoughts of gentle ministrings, holy charities, or pious

sympathies; but the frightful picture of an old, maid, which flitted in the darkness of her over-wrought imagination, was that of a splenetic being, wallowing in cards and scandal, pampering over fed dogs and cats, sneered at by her acquaintances, and reviled by her enemies.

'I can never come to that,' she resumed, as this horrible portrait rose before her eyes. 'He shall not have that gratification. I will have a husband, but he shall be my tool—my slave. He shall be an image set up to sustain my dignity before the world, and he shall be obedient. Never can I love and honor any man after such treatment as I have experienced;—never shall any man love me more, if man's love can indeed be anything but mere pretence.'

Now, this kind of scheme was all very well in theory, but practically it was extremely difficult of execution, setting delicacy aside. If Amarynth really intended to reverse the general custom and propose to some gentleman, still the kind of proposals which only she would agree to, that of entire control over her husband's opinions and actions, was not likely to meet with acceptance. She paused as the many difficulties of the scheme rose in array before her then suddenly flashed a thought—Was it feasible? yes! it must it should be so! Not far from Miss St. Quillotte's residence she remembered to have noticed a young man, whose occupation was—smile if you please, dear reader,—a sweeper of the crossing. Amarynth, who frequently, attended by the faithless Emerond, or at times a single man servant promenaded in the park, which the garden of her house overlooked, had noticed this person, partly because he looked superior to his mental occupation, and partly because, when she doled out her charity, he appeared to reverence the beautiful Cræole as something more than human. It was towards this creature that her thoughts were now directed, feeling certain that the man was good looking enough to be made a gentleman of, to hand her to the carriage, carry her fan in public, attend her to the opera or playhouse, and to be set up to the world as a lawful defender and protector. This, too she thought, would wring the heart of him, the false, the vile—with indignation envy. He was poor, too, a main point; because no rich or independent man could possibly be reduced to such a mere poodle's existence. She spent a day in consideration; and the next morning sent her maid to summon the sweeper, as yet innocent of the strange honors awaiting him. Much astonished was Mrs. Abigail, too, at her mistress's new whim; but her place being good, she was discreet, and made no remark, not even to her fellow servants.

CHAPTER II.

It was a bitter, piercing day in January, when Paul Meredith was ushered into the splendid mansion of Miss St. Quillotte. He was half frozen, and had been blowing his numbed fingers for the last half hour to keep them from congealing. Amarynth was not far out in her conjecture. The poor young fellow had feasted his eyes so often on her loveliness that passion had been nourished in the breast of that ill-fated half-clothed hopeless youth. Miss St. Quillotte had become his sun; when he saw not that vision of loveliness and beauty, the brightest summer's day was dark enough to him. But further than nourishing her lovely image in his outcast breast, more than daring to dream of her when he laid his head on his miserable pallet in his garret, or of wondering at her dainty elegance and beauty, he had never aspired, even in thought. He knew moreover, that the exquisitely dressed gentleman who often attended her was a favored suitor, so much common report had told the humble sweeper; therefore when he was shown into a noble room, replete with luxuries and elegance, he looked and wondered, and concluded he was about to become the object of one of those sudden and benevolent caprices with which fine ladies sometimes honor poor people. In the midst of his bewitchments, a bright vision appeared to him, and oh! how glorious in its radiant and superb loveliness? The rich furniture, the perfumed air of the luxurious apartment, the beautiful and elegantly dressed young woman who stood there before him, all combined to awe and bash the poor young man, who felt his unfitness to appear before wealth and refinement; for with his soiled and coarse attire, though it was scrupulously clean, his appearance was strangely out of character with all about him. Yet, abashed though he might stand there, Miss St. Quillotte, on her part, felt no less so. She was about to violate all those nice proprieties which fence in an investment women with the sanctity of respect. She was about forever to annihilate her own self esteem, and—she paused. At that moment it would have been easy to dismiss the wondering sweeper with an inquiry, a present or an excuse; but the memory of Emerond, his slights, her still deep love, her passionate regrets, gnawing wish that he too should be unable to feel repentance, braced up her singular resolution. She spoke. Paul started as the clear, cold, haughty accents fell on his as-

tonished ear. Amarynth, who was easy enough to serve and live with, would not for worlds have spoken in such a tone to one of her humble domestics.

'You are very poor,' she said, frowning as if she was denouncing a flagrant crime.

He raised his eyes—large, bright, and blue they were. Amidst his poverty, this young man afforded the purest type of the Saxon race, in the pride of manhood, with his tall, well knit frame, fair curly hair, a bright skin, and those clear eyes, wherein you might as in a mirror, behold every object near him reflected. He raised them to her. 'I am poor, madam, very; but I am honest.'

She curled her lip. Honesty, to her, was but a virtue of the most Plebeian order—the saving grace of the very abject.

'I do not suppose that you are going to rob me,' she answered. A pause. 'How would you like to be rich?'

'Madam!' He was so surprised at such a question that his face flushed, for he thought the rich beauty had sent for him to mock him for her amusement. He turned, and bowing prepared to go.

'Stay,' said Miss St. Quillotte, reaching a chair and setting down—for she felt unequal to stand before that honest amazement and those searching eyes any longer. 'Stay: I have a great deal to say. I propose to bestow wealth on you—to make you, in short a gentleman.'

'Madam!' 'Speak not but listen; for I have things to say still more surprising. Hear but do not interrupt me. Do you comprehend young man how this wealth and station is to become yours? I will tell you: you must become—my husband.'

It was fairly spoken now, and for some minutes a dead silence reigned throughout the spacious apartment. Neither could speak. Paul's face, which at the first receipt of this wonderful intelligence lighted up with eagerness and joy, now subsided into gloom and doubt. Miss St. Quillotte's spirit rose.

'Perhaps,' she said haughtily, 'I am rejected?'

'Madame!' said the young man. 'I am but a poor fellow, earning a mere crust by the most degraded labor; but I have yet that in my keeping which is better in the eye of God—he raised his eyes—those bright undimmed eyes—reverently to heaven—than wealth and rank within. I mean, madame, the honor of a man—a man who has never been debased, further than poverty can debase. I think I understand your ladyship.' Here he blushed, stammered; hesitated; for he was quite unskilled in the polite art of uttering disagreeable truths in an agreeable way. He continued—'My own poverty is irksome enough; I cannot bear the burden of a fine lady's shame.'

Amarynth started up. Her creole blood turned dark red in her veins, and swept over her brow, face, and bosom. Here was a precious mistake indeed; the youth fancied her guilty of actual crime, and seeking to conceal her dishonor with the shelter of a husband's name! It was not an unnatural mistake, after all. At least, here were noble qualities—stuff which it is a pity is not oftener found in real well-born gentlemen. She recovered and forced herself to explain. 'You are very bold,' she said, disdainfully, 'but you are mistaken. Listen. He who sought my hand and fortune, and whom I have loved from girlhood, is false; by this time he has wedded another. My soul burns to be revenged; but the name and sight of man is hateful to me. In reality, I will never take on myself the duties or affections of a wife; it is for this I sent for you. You are poor; and it will be something for you to be raised out of the mire of poverty and dirt.' She sneered. 'The ceremony of marriage will confer on you some advantages which wealth can give. In the eyes of the world you will be my husband; to me you must bind yourself by solemn oath, a written bond, never to be more than you are at this present time, standing there, a beggar and an outcast.' She glanced around her proudly—though to say the truth, her pride that minute was of the very basest kind, the pride of vulgar riches exulting in its power over honesty and virtue. Again there was a silence. Paul's head was bent down on his breast, his eyes fixed on the polished oak floor. Miss St. Quillotte was exhausted, but she rose up. 'Remain here,' she said, 'for half an hour. Deliberate on the advantages offered—an opportunity of fortune which few would reject in your circumstances. But no mistake: you will be bound down strictly, and on the least attempt to alter the conditions of our contract, my wealth shall obtain a divorce, and you shall be cast forth to your original station. Remember, you will receive the title of my husband, the fortune of a gentleman, but from myself, only the consideration I afford to my other paid and led laqueys.'

With this insolent speech, calculated indeed to crush the most humble, she left the room, and the young man paused on this singular adventure. At first he was for darting off and leaving the rich lady—whose image, fairer and fairer than the reality, had filled his bosom, and unconsciously had elevated his thoughts above his seeming station—to seek some, a better fitted for so humiliating a position; but there arose a picture which of factually chained him to that room, and held him down as it were with chains of lead. This picture presented a bed ridden woman, whose tender love for her son had been, spite of their wretchedness and want, his saving angel, his guardian spirit. To bestow on her last few remaining days' comforts and luxuries unknown, to obtain medical aid hitherto above their greatest hopes—all this constrained him to hesitate and doubt as to whether he should indeed throw by the golden chance fortune had so strongly offered him. Few in his rank and circumstances would have paused a moment; but Paul Meredith was one of those rare human plants which, grown and fostered in a wilderness of weeds, yet lose none of its original purity and fragrance in its forced contract with vile things. His father a private soldier, had perished in the American war; and his mother, a delicate woman who had followed the camp, returned to England on the occasion of hostilities between that country and America bearing with her her infant son, then between five and six years of age. On her arrival in London, Mrs. Meredith, who had her own and her child's living to gain, was seized with rheumatic fever, and on her recovery she found she had lost the use of her lower limbs. Henceforth the poor widow was bed ridden. With the fortitude and courage which the poor so often display, she sought, by the aid of a kind neighbor or two, for needlework, and for a time managed to support herself and little Paul in decency. At length this resource, precarious in that day as it is in later times, failed. Then she knitted articles for daily use, and the poor boy went about the streets of London vending them for their bread. During this time the poor widow, who as times went was a fair scholar, taught the boy to read and write, and to pray for their daily food. These were simple teachings, yet the seed was sown on good ground, and promised, in spite of its precocious and forced knowledge of the world around to bear the fruits of faith, honesty, and love.

Time passed. The widow and her son grew poorer each day, often fasting for long hours, he the sole attendant of her sick and painful bed. The boy might, like his father, have entered the service of his country; but he could not leave his mother, she, whose riches he was; whose only hope in this cold, bleak and rugged world, was the youth's filial love, alone rendering supportable her trials and privations.

This mother, then, was the thought which hindered Paul from departing out of Miss St. Quillotte's house faster than he had entered it. While he thought, and wondered, and hesitated, a servant entered bearing a silver salver filled with rich viands and generous wines. Poor human nature! I may not paint thee better than thou really art. Hunger and poverty drag down to the earth the brightest and most soaring spirit. Paul ate and drank, looked wistfully at the dainties, as he thought of the dear invalid in their poor garret, and finally made up his mind to accept the heiress on her own terms.

After all do not think so meanly of him. He was but four and twenty; and perhaps there burned a latent hope within him that the object of his silent and humble passion might one day repent of her resolve. She returned, and desired to know if his mind was settled. He, not without much embarrassment, for he was unversed in deceit, signified his acquiescence.

Amarynth's face brightened. After thus exposing her affairs to this creature, it would have been too dreadful to have been spurned by him. She placed a pyrexia filled with gold in his hand desiring he would procure suitable attire, and return to her house at eight o'clock that evening. 'When,' she said, 'I will have the contract between us, prepared and ready for signature. After that I will inform you when the marriage ceremony is to take place. Your name?' He blushed as he told it. He felt that this mock-marriage was the only tarnish that honest name had known. She was pleased at its euphony. She had feared some vulgar sounding cognomen. 'For the present,' she said and with the air of a queen dismissing a courtier, 'adieu. My woman will conduct you through the garden into the park. You will return to-night the same way; it is important that none of the servants should see you.' And they separated each with anxious thoughts—he to tell his mother this strange fortune; she to bribe, and coax her lawyer, old Mr. Jeffries whose aid was indispensable, into acquiescence with her strange whim.

Mr. Jeffries was an old solicitor, who had had the care of Miss St. Quillotte's affairs ever since her minority. He was peculiar, but not an unkind old gentleman; and when Amarynth sent for him, and disclosing her forsaken plight, acquainted him also with her detectable plan of revenge, that sage counsellor deliberately gazed at his client, as she paced up and down her spacious library, which being a savante, she used much as her usual sitting apartment, and then very quietly de-

ided that she was very mad indeed. He soon found, however, that the form of her mental disease was that of obtinancy, and next deliberated how he might prevent the rash deed she meditated. I must, however, explain that Miss St. Quillotte kept silent as to the recent occupation of her intended spouse. Mr. Jeffries was led to suppose him respectable, though obscure.

Never was there such a wearisome affair. It took two good hours to explain every circumstance to the old lawyer, and then he insisted with the caution and circumspect of age in going over every individual circumstance again. At last, Amarynth fairly lost her temper.

'Do as you please,' she said. 'Either draw up the contract and settlements as I shall dictate, or I will withdraw my affairs from your hands entirely, and employ some stranger, who will neither question my will nor judgment.'

Then self-interest promoted Mr. Jeffries to sigh, shrug his shoulders, and to mutter,—'Well, I wish you may not repent, my dear,' which being rightly interpreted, meant, 'I hope you will.'

He sent for his clerk, and under the dictation of Miss St. Quillotte, a deed of contract and settlement was drawn up. It would, of course, be impossible for me to transcribe that deed; but, in a word, it contained a contract of marriage between Amarynth St. Quillotte and Paul Meredith on the terms she had proposed; that, in consideration of a settlement of three thousand pounds per annum to be settled on the said Paul, he should entirely forego and resign the authority of a husband; that he was to attend her in public, but in private, different suits of rooms should entirely separate the pair from the companionship of domestic life, save at dinner, or on the occasion of visitors being present—this last clause depended on the will of the said Amarynth St. Quillotte. In fine, the young husband, or rather partner, was so hemmed in with conditions, that Mr. Jeffries, who took on this occasion about twice his accustomed quantity of snuff; muttered that the man must be a perfect fool who could sign such a deed. The divorce threat was likewise to be enforced on the failure of the slightest of these conditions.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

A DEFINITE CONCLUSION.

Noah B—, was fool enough in his old age to be addicted to rather strong potations, and when under the influence of spirits, was more than usually religious. Now one Saturday afternoon, baking day, his wife, who was a industrious old lady, and in every way a model housewife, asked Noah to go out into the yard and split some wood to heat the oven with. Noah concluded before he set about it, to start off to the tavern and imbibe, whereby, of course, the baking was neglected. Coming back in a short time, and utterly oblivious of his good woman's request, he seated himself in the old arm chair. Noah was very much attached to that old chair, for, like himself, age had made it tottering in the legs and weak in the back.

'Wife,' said he, 'do yer think the Lord in his goodness (hie) kin send us into fire everlastin'??'

No answer from his wife.

'Wife, kin the Lord intend to burn us all in fire everlastin'??'

Mrs. B— by this time was quite incensed at her husband's derelictions; still no answer.

'Wife, (hie) do yer think the Lord means (hie) to burn us all in fire everlastin'??'

This was more than human patience could endure, and she couldn't hold her tongue any longer; she'd speak out if she died for't: 'No, yer old fool yer! not if he waits for you to split the wood!'

THEY SAY.—Whenever any body comes to you with a story concerning somebody or any thing and prefines it with the stereotyped phrases 'they say,' you may rest assured that nine times out of ten, that report, remark or story, is a lie. When the author of a report must be suppressed there is something wrong in 'Denmark.' No story, true in all parts, need be prefaced with 'they say.' Let those who know it, report it boldly, or keep it an entire secret. We could bring some illustrations of this subject did we deem it at all necessary. No doubt every man will readily apply it to himself.

THE GRAVE.—It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a throb that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

BEY.—An incident of a most outrageous character occurred in Boston the other day. While passing a house where they were putting on a patent roof, a lady was covered over with a bucket full of warm tar which a careless workman let fall. She wore a gay plume, so that she was regarded as being tarred and feathered.