CARLISLE HERALD.

VIRTUE LIBERTY & INDEPENDENCE

A PAPER FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

VOL. LVII. CARLISLE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1857. NO. 27.

E. BEATTY,

PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The CARLISLE HERALD is published weekly on a large sheet, containing FORTY COLUMNS, and furnished to subscribers at the rate of $1.50 if paid strictly in advance; $1.75 if paid within the year; or $2 in all cases when payment is delayed until after the expiration of the year. No subscriptions received for a less period than six months, and none discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. Papers sent to subscribers living out of Cumberland county must be paid for in advance, or the payment assumed by some responsible person living in Cumberland county. These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

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☞ All letters on business must be post-paid to secure attention.

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General & Local Information.

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Registor—William Lytle.
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CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church, northwest angle of Centre Square. Rev. CONWAY P. WING, Pastor.—Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

Second Presbyterian Church, corner of South Hanover and Pomfret streets. Rev. Mr. EALS, Pastor. Services commence at 11 O'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

St. Johns Church, (Prot. Episcopal) northeast angle of Centre Square. Rev. JACOB H. MONES, Rector. Services at 11 o'clock, A.M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.

English Lutheran Church, Bedford between Main and Louther streets. Rev. JACOB FAX, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M.

German Reformed Church, Louther, between Hanover and Pitt streets. Rev. A. H. KREMER, Pastor. Services at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and 6½ P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (first Charge) corner of Main and Pitt streets. Rev. JOHN M. STINE, Pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 6½ o'clock, P. M.

Methodist E. Church, (second Charge) Rev. THOMAS DAUGHERTY, Pastor. Services in College Chapel, at 11 o'clock A. M., and 3 o'clock, P. M.

Roman Catholic Church, Pomfret, near East street.—Rev. JAMES BARRETT, Pastor. Services on the 2nd Sunday of each month.

German Lutheran Church, corner of Pomfret and Bedford streets. Rev. I. P. Naschold, Pastor. Service at 10½ A. M.

☞ When changes in the above are necessary the proper persons are requested to notify us.

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Rev. Herman M. Johnson, Professor of Philosophy and English Literature.
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Rev. Otis H. Tiffany, Professor of Mathematics.
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Samuel D. Hillman, Principal of the Grammar School
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Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents pre paid, (except to California and Oregon, which is 10 cents pre paid.)

Postage on "THE HERALD"—within the County, free. Within the State, 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States, 26 cents. Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent pre-paid, or 2 cents unpaid. Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.

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SAMUEL ELLIOTT,
JOS. D. HALBERT,
CHAS. OGILBY,
Committee.

Jan. 7, 1857.

Poetry.

A GEM.

Into my heart a silent look
Flashed from thy careless eyes,
And what before was shadowy, took
The light of summer skies—
The first born love was in that look;
The Venus rose from out the deep
Of those inspiring eyes,
My life like some lone solemn spot
A spirit passes o'er,
Grow instinct with a glory not,
In earth or heaven before;
Sweet trouble stirred th' haunted spot,
And shook the leaves of every thought,
Thy presence wandered o'er,
My being yearned and crept to thine,
As if in times of yore.
Thy soul hath been a part of mine,
Which claims it back once more;
Thy very self no longer thine,
But merged in that delicious life,
Which makes us one of yore!
There bloomed beside thee forms as fair,
There murmured tones as sweet,
But round them breathed the enchanted air,
'Twas life and death to meet;
And henceforth thou alone wert fair,
And though the stars had sung for joy,
Thy whisper only sweet.

Select Tale.

THE ANGRY WAVE.

There is a German legend of a beautiful countess who lived on the shores of the North Sea, and went down daily to bathe in its cool waters, clad not only in her beauty, which was wondrous, but in her jewels, which were only less beautiful than she. In her ears were diamonds brighter than the waves sparkling in the sun; on her arms emeralds green as the sea-weed which she trod under her fairy foot; while on her peerless neck hung a triple row of pearls, depending even to her perfect breast. The young countess loved her beauty, and liked well to adorn herself with her jewels, the gift of her absent lord, the noble Harold, now fighting the holy battle of the Cross in Palestine; and as she walked in her long white robe to the sea-shore, surrounded by her maidens, she would hold up her slender arms to the sunbeam, charmed to see the light play in the many-colored gems which encircled their graceful beauty.

Many a bright morning had the grim old North Sea welcomed his lovely visitor with a smile—many a morning had he sent his rebellious mermen and monsters far into the recesses of his caves as she approached. He had spread a carpet of velvet sea-weed for her feet, and made the waves playful and tender that caressed her gentle limbs. He had sent beauteous rainbows to play around her reflection as she gazed at her mimic self in the smooth hollow of the rock where the water lay like a mirror, and the peasants all know that the sea loved the lady, and kept his rough temper all the day serene after she had paid him a visit.

But one day the sea, like many a lover, grew inconstant, and a rough wave, mountain high, and filled with angry monsters, impertinent sea nymphs, and rough mermen, rose over the poor little countess, and carried her and her jewels far away into the darkness and terror of the great deep. Her maidens, who were watching from the shore, ran to her rescue, but she was gone, and they fled hither and thither calling aloud for help.

Their cries attracted a fisherman who was plying his net near at hand, and he ventured out to find the lady. Presently he discovered something while on a distant rock, and rowing up to it, discovered it to be the pale body of the beauteous lady. He took her up carefully, and carried her back to her own domain.—Calling her distracted maidens together, he left her in their charge, telling them that life was not extinct, while he, not waiting for any reward, rowed rapidly away.

The distracted sewing women wrapped her in their shawls, rubbed her fair limbs, and finally restored consciousness. Then, when she began to breathe freely, did they for the first time discover that her jewels were gone! that her long white robe, which she wore was all that the angry and treacherous sea had left her.

When she became strong enough to speak to them, she told them that the wave was filled with chattering sea-nymphs, who attacked her, pulling the diamonds from her ears, the bracelets from her arms, the rings from her fingers. She told them how an ugly mermen had seized the pearl necklace and tore it forcibly from her—and, sure enough, there was a bloody wound on the white bosom, where the monster's talons had mistaken the fairness of nature for the gleam of the gems.

When they reached the castle, Father Ambrose, the confessor of the lady, met them, and heard the story. Ambrose was a venerable but a sardonic old gentleman; and he had heard so many very good stories of supernatural agencies disproved, in the course of his long and adventurous life, that he was wickedly disposed to believe that the mysterious fisherman had stolen the lady's jewels, and lie privately sent out two or three boats to search for this missing mariner; but they returned and found him not—no, nor even heard of him more. Meantime, the poor countess bewailed her losses loudly; but mostly did she weep that her golden ring with which Harold had wedded her, and on whose dear face he had engraved the mystic cross with the point of his dagger, was gone with all the rest. And she often said if she could but get that one golden circlet back she would not regret the diamonds or the pearls, but wear only that ring forever more.

So, what was the chagrin of the unbelieving Father Ambrose when, on the seventh day, a fish was served at the countess's board, and in his mouth was her golden ring! There was the cross, rudely cut with the dagger point; and the countess put the ring on her finger, and became a wiser and a better woman.

And she was as good as her promise. For when Harold returned, and offered her the jewels which he had magnificently stolen from the Saracenic ladies, she gave them all to Father Ambrose, and told him to sell them and give the money to the poor; and Father Ambrose took them, but what became of them after that this legend saith not.

Reader, you who have observed life with a philosophical an eye, have you never met a parallel case, in your vast experience, to that of the beauteous countess? Have you never known an instance where a wave of destiny came and deluged a woman, and took from her many things which she prized, but which she could do without? and left her only that which was most valuable—the love which beautified, or the duty which ennobled her existence?

* * * * * * *

Look with me in this mirror, which holds the image of a handsome, graceful girl of twenty. See how beautiful is her hair, how fresh and faultless her complexion. Mark her slender waist, and her round white arm. Is there a fault in this creature? Yes; patent and apparent as her beauty is her *consciousness*. Like the countess in the legend, she likes to see her jewels sparkle in the sun. It is not enough that she is young, lovely, and capable of being loved. She remarks every grace, notices each shade of color, luxuriates in the long, dark, rich hair, and loves her beauty for its own sweet sake.

See how much talent gleams in her face! She is not only beautiful, she is clever. Bright and sparkling as her eyes are the words which flow over her lips. Gay, brilliant, and well-educated, in the highest sense, Rosalie Lifford was the centre of the circle where she moved, the queen regnant of her day.

Like most American girls of that day and of this, and, I fear, of all future time, Rosalie Lifford had had rather too much of her own sweet will. Her proud, indulgent father, gratified at her beauty, yielded the last semblance of authority when her mind, brilliant and triumphant, became sufficiently opened and cultivated to attract his notice and admiration. Her mother, a beautiful and very high-spirited woman, did not yield so easily. To her, still young, and not far removed from the temptations which surrounded her daughter, her faults and her dangers seemed greater than they were. She committed the grand fault of believing in her daughter too little, in treating her too much as a child; and no course can be so detrimental to the proud, imperious spirit as this. Constantly annoyed, constantly aroused, Rosalie fled from what she considered persecution at home to homage and admiration abroad; or to the fondness and admiration of her father, who understood her, perhaps exaggerated her good points, and to whom her faults could not be so apparent as to a watchful and sometimes suspicious mother.

The key to Rosalies's character was a romantic generosity. However great her faults, that never left her. She was capable of any sacrifice; life, health, and ease she would have laid down on the altar of this generosity. Sickness did not appall her. Danger, if met in defending those she loved, was dear to her; and of meanness, jealousy, and suspicion she was incapable. But she was vain of her beauty, her talent. She was undisciplined; she was not patient; she had a thousand faults; and thus it came that, with all her beauty and attraction, she was beloved by many, but hated by many more.

* * * * * * *

'Come with me, Grant, and I will show you three beautiful women.'

Thus said Edgar Lane to his friend one day, as they approached Mr. Lifford's house.

'Three! There are not three beautiful women in the world!'

'Perhaps not; but I will show you one who is beautiful, one who is attractive, and a third who is both.'

'Then,' said Philip Grant, who was a man of grave and somewhat harsh temper, 'I repudiate each and all but the attractive one. Your beauty will attempt to sigh me out of my self-possession; while your paragon will stand at the door and bid me surrender, like a Major-General in full uniform—I shall enact Cornwallis to her Washington. I hate such women! while your attractive one will quietly sit down, wait to be spoken to, and, not accustomed to think herself invincible, will let herself alone and be simply a woman, a thing I admire!'

'And adroitly fan the somewhat fevered vanity of Mr. Grant,' said Lane, laughing.

These two men loved each other much, and were as dissimilar as are most friends. Edgar Lane was one of those graceful, handsome and gifted mortals whom Nature creates in some of her 'after-dinner moods,' when in a splendid humor, the dame allows us to see what she can do if she pleases. He wanted nothing; neither the sense and firmness which is the base of the goodly edifice, nor the beauty and accomplishment which is the acanthus leaf on the graceful capital. Men liked and respected him even as much as women loved him, and his success was so honorably won that it was yielded him almost without murmur.

Far otherwise was Philip Grant. He might be said to possess almost no attraction personally, except a good manly figure and face, and an intellectual head. He had a deep voice—that excellent thing in man—but a disagreeably harsh way of using it. Early misfortune, the necessity of working his own way up, an unjust father, no feminine relatives to give him the home education so necessary to strong, willful men, Philip Grant had fought the battle of life almost single handed, and had come out victorious, but with some goodly scars.—He was now successful, a good lawyer, an eloquent speaker. He was something of a celebrity. For written on every act of his life, and on every feature of his face, was that magic word 'power.'

The three ladies who greeted these young men were, Miss Lifford, Miss Athenais Russell, Miss Mary Auchester. Miss Russell was plain—but pleasing; something neat and attractive in dress, figure, and attitude, redeemed her want of beauty. Miss Mary Auchester was a beautiful blonde, commanding a figure, and so handsome as to be a very decided comparison to Miss Lifford in point of beauty; but the style was so different that it was often said that the two never looked as well as when together.

Fortunately for the impression to be produced on Mr. Grant, Rosalie was somewhat silent and languid, from fatigue. The three friends had been at a very late ball the night before, and were laughing among themselves at their own good-for-nothing-ness, when the cards were brought up of the two gentlemen.

'Brush up your powers, Athenais, and open your eyes Mary,' said Rosalie. 'Here come Edgar Lane and Philip Grant, the two most admirable captives in society.'

Mary Auchester and Athenais Russell were not New Yorkers, therefore they might be forgiven for not knowing this fact.

There had long been an intimate friendship between Edgar Lane and Rosalie. People said it would be a match, but the parties concerned knew it would not be. It was the sort of attraction which naturally exists between *two of a kind*. They were both the most prominent young people of their set. They danced beautifully together, and had a great mutual liking, but they were too much alike to be in love. Therefore the stream of their friendship ran smoothly along, each making the other something of a confidant, each feeling the other's success as something of a personal triumph.

It so happened, however, as it may well happen in the whirl of New York society, that Philip Grant had never seen Rosalie. He was not a society man, and Edgar Lane had many points beside his society talent which made him attractive; so, although he had heard of her and she of him for a long time, they met this morning for the first time.

Mr. Lane seated himself by Miss Auchester, whose fine eyes opened themselves widely enough to take him in. She talked well enough for a beautiful woman, and although sometimes a little silly, had veins of acuteness penetrating the general barrenness of the soil. They were soon lost in a general comparison between the rival merits of New York and Philadelphia—that question which will never be settled.

Mr. Grant was equally divided between Miss Lifford and Miss Russell. Rosalie, somewhat less animated than usual, was simpler and more quiet than her wont; and only politely sustained the conversation. Miss Russell listened in a very flattering way, with her thin lips constantly distended into a smile, which showed her best feature, a fine set of teeth, agreeing generally with every thing that was said, and sometimes saying an adroit thing herself.

Mr. Grant, listened to thus attentively, was feeling very well, and comfortable exceedingly, and consequently talked in his best style, forgetting the Cornwallis which he anticipated acting to a female Washington. He was playing Major-General himself to his own great satisfaction, when Miss Russell happened to ask for some information about a singular marriage which had just taken place in New York; a young lady of the first fashion having married a young man very far beneath her in social position.

'A very brave thing to do,' said Mr. Grant.

'But a very foolish one in this instance,' said Rosalie; 'for she is by no means a person calculated to endure the world's dread laugh, brought up by persons to whom the world is all in all, being herself the spoiled child of fortune. She has simply followed a foolish impulse, instead of following out a principle, and made herself and all her family unhappy.'

'I am very glad to find one woman left in the world who dares be impulsive,' said Mr. Grant, his lip curling with scorn.

'There are too many left, Mr. Grant. Madame de Stael says, 'Men should learn to brave public opinion, women to submit to it,'' said Rosalie.

'A very unphilosophical and untenable proposition. If public opinion is wrong, women should brave it as well as men; if right, men should respect it as well as women.'

'Public opinion is generally right, in all those matters which concern women. In all moral and intellectual matters men can reason dispassionately and well; it is only on selfish and wordly questions that a specious and unworthy public opinion arises, and it is *that* public opinion which men can and should brave,' said Rosalie.

'I like women who dare to do unpopular things,' said Athenais, looking sympathetically and appealingly at Grant.

'I do not,' said Rosalie, thoroughly aroused; 'I think there is almost always a desire for notoriety, and a selfish disregard of the feelings of others, in an unpopular thing.'

The contest waxed warm between Mr. Grant and Rosalie; Miss Russell constantly, though ingenuously, agreed with Grant, and lashed Rosalie on to new and more vigorous arguments, Edgar Lane, finding Mary Auchester more and more insipid, had become listener, and Mary herself had relapsed into quietude.

Edgar Lane had never liked Miss Russell's influence over Rosalie; he had seen her letters, and had heard much of her, and during this interview he imagined he saw a very wily spirit at work. He saw with regret that Rosalie's cheeks were getting flushed, that though she talked well and eloquently, that she was showing the imperious side of her character more than the more generous side, and he began to divert the tide a little.

'I am very much amused,' said he, 'to see how far you have all drifted from your own soundings in the heat of argument. Here is Grant, a man who adores public opinion, who holds to it as his sheet anchor, abusing it bravely. You, my dear Miss Rosalie, who do not care a penny for Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, are talking like a woman whose idol is Mrs. Grundy; and you, Miss Russell whom I dare to say never did an unpopular thing in your life, and would not, *could not* be *outre*, are commending an eccentric course, like a regular 'woman's rights.' Now let us talk about the theatre, and see if we can all get as far from what we really think, as you have done about Miss Fanning's marriage.'

Peace reigned after this until the gentlemen took their leave.

In spite of the contest, Mr. Grant was more charmed with Rosalie than he chose to acknowledge. Her air of languor and repose had disarmed him when he entered, her beauty had surprised and fascinated him, and her wit and talent piqued him; he felt a little annoyed, but wanted to see her again, and get the better of the next argument.

During the ensuing few months these young people met constantly. The two fair strangers, Miss Russell and Miss Auchester, as visitors of the gay and fashionable Rosalie Lifford, were objects of much attention. Miss Russell, always well dressed, always smiling, was pronounced 'very interesting, very agreeable, and was Rosalie's shadow.'

'How very good a girl Miss Russell must be to be willing to be always near such a beauty as Rosalie!' said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Grey one evening.

'Or how very foolish a girl!' said the less charitable Mrs. Grey to Mrs. Brown.

'She seems to take, too,' said Mrs Brown.

'I think she looks dogs,' said Mrs. Grey. 'Perhaps she prefers the crumbs that fall from Rosalie's abundant hands to the dry crust she would have to eat by herself in a corner.'

'How much Grant follows those two girls!' said Mrs. Brown; 'and have you noticed he always begins the evening with Rosalie, and finishes it with Miss Russell?'

'Do see Miss Auchester devouring Edgar Lane with her great eyes! Isn't she a beauty? There are four girls dying for Edgar Lane. Fanny Ogden has grown ten degrees thinner since Miss Auchester arrived. Why don't he marry one of them, and save the others from a lingering torture?'

And Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Grey directed their amiable tongues and eyes at some other party.

It was true, Philip Grant determined every day to hate Miss Lifford, and ended by talking to her every evening. Like the enamored man who 'prayed every hour that he might forget his lady love,' he succeeded only in thinking of her all the time. They quarrelled, they perpetually wounded each other, they came together constantly. Miss Russell, always calm, always smiling, was near to soothe the fretted Philip and talk him into composure. If his eyes wandered off toward the handsome Rosalie with her troop of satellites, the skilful and amiable Athenais bore his pre occupation without noticing it, and, finally—to use Mrs. Grey's simile—came in for a crumb of attention herself.

Mary Auchester's feeble brain had become so entirely filled with the image of the all-conquering Edgar, that she had no eyes or ears for any one else. He admired her beauty, and could no more help being fascinating, poor fellow! than the south wind can help stealing over a bank of violets, taking and giving color; so he found himself perpetually with a conquest on hand. Poor Mary! she was a dreadful bore sometimes! but she had been particularly given in charge to Edgar by Rosalie Lifford, and she proved so much of a charge that he had no opportunity to see how matters were going on between the other three until one evening he was summoned by Mrs. Lifford to find Rosalie for her, as she was anxious to go home.

Miss Auchester appeared dutifully to attend Mrs. Lifford, Miss Russell also, approached, with a somewhat ostentatious air of being quite ready, and leaning on Mr. Grant's arm. As the party stood waiting in one of a long suite of rooms Edgar Lane approached, saying Rosalie would be here presently. They all turned to look for her. She soon appeared, leisurely sauntering with her hand in the arm of an attendant gentleman, and talking to one or two more. She was looking superbly, and was evidently in one of her gayest and most defiant moods.

'Edgar,' said Mrs. Lifford, looking almost relangy at the dilatory beauty; 'did you tell Rosalie I was very tired waiting for her?'

'No madam, I merely said you were ready for her.'

'Let me go and hurry her,' said Athenais Russell, full of amiable consideration.

So she walked toward Rosalie with Mr. Grant, and whispered something in Rosalie's ear which he did not hear.

Rosalie's color immediately rose, and leaving the arm of her attendant, she said angrily, 'Tell mamma I will meet her in the dressing room;' and, darting through a side door, was soon out of sight.

'Miss Lifford does not seem a very amiable daughter,' said Mr. Grant.

'But that is her only fault, believe me!' said Athenais, beseechingly looking in his face.

Mr. Grant looked very much as if he thought it a great one, and hardly answered the soft 'Good-night!' of the amiable Miss Russell.

Edgar Lane had seen and heard all this. He linked his arm in that of his friend, and they walked together from the gayly decorated ball-room.

'Edgar,' said Philip, gloomily, 'it is a mysterious arrangement that sirens are yet permitted to trouble the peace of good men.'

'Yes; my good St. Augustine, they come up even in our most devout and austere moments, to ruffle our tranquillity.'

'And even when we know them to be sirens, and singing but for our destruction, still we must follow on, or own ourselves cowards by lashing our too-yielding bodies to the mast.'

'Brave Ulyses, there is one little siren that I wish you would never listen to more, and that is Miss Athenias Russell.'

Philip groaned. 'The good little sensible Russell! Would that, I had never seen, or heard the voice of the siren *Rosalie!* Edgar! I perceived her faults, and I detested them, from the first day I saw her, but I have weakly allowed myself to watch her magnificent beauty, to hear her glowing words, until I, like all these other fools, am ready to kneel down under her car of Juggernaut and let her crush me with her scornful wheels! Edgar, she has no heart! She is possessed of every devil that can live in the breast of proud, defiant woman! She lives, but to conquer and break hearts; she is treacherous and truthless, and undutiful!'

'Philip Grant,' said Edgar, very slowly, 'if you ever use terms again, or say any thing disparagingly of my friend Rosalie, we cease to be friends. As it is, I would call you to account for this, did I not know that you are the dupe of another woman, false and treacherous as her friend is generous and noble. Know Rosalie! I know her well; she is a high-spirited, untamed creature, passionately fond of admiration, and undisciplined to an uncommon degree. Suspicion maddens her, and she has a querulous, suspicious mother. The world flatters and follows her, her mother makes home disagreeable to her; from these two things have all her faults arisen. No, Philip! yonder star, which shines on us so unwinkingly, is not more sure of its place in the heavens, than is Rosalie Lifford of the hearts of those who know her well. Her truth is spotless, her mind incapable of a mean thought, her heart of an ungenerous impulse. Her temper is faulty, I acknowledge, but a nobler creature does not exist! Let me prophesy that, if Rosalie ever has a trial (and she is mortal and sure to meet with affliction,) she will come from the furnace like gold seven times refined!'

Philip listened in silence, but the trail of the serpent was over him; Athenais had told him that Edgar had long been in love with Rosalie, and that Rosalie had him in complete control.

Now Philip Grant did not believe this from his own observation. He had seen from the first that Edgar's devotion to his friend was far too open and quiet in its demonstration to be here; but he was excited and beyond himself with passion and disappointment, and he no longer reasoned, he simply felt.

So he shut his confidence in his own breast, and shaking Edgar's hand, he begged him to forgive what he had said and to forget it, and retired to the unrest of his own heart, there to feed the serpents of suspicion and distrust.

Poor Mary Auchester was rapidly losing all semblance of reason in her frenzied admiration of Edgar. 'Oh! Rosalie,' said she, 'when they were alone, 'are those Parma violets for me or you? did *he* send them?'

'*He*, Mary, dear! Papa brought them home for us all!'

'Oh!' groaned Mary. 'Has Mr. Lane sent home my fan which he *would* take?'

'Here it is, dear, beautifully mended! I thought he wanted to keep it? You may depend, Rosalie, if he saw me lying dead at his feet he wouldn't stoop to pick me up!'

'My dear Mary, he would doubtless fall dead by your side, and we should have a modern Paul and Virginia!'

'Now don't joke, Rosalie; I am too wretched for that,' said poor Mary, crying as if her heart would break.

Mary Auchester had been Rosalie's school friend and she still loved her from old association. She was a most innocent person, and devotedly fond of her friends, and not always silly; so Rosalie felt grieved to the heart at her infatuation, and determined to speak to Edgar, whose heart, she felt sure, was not given to her beautiful, but rather weak-minded friend.

In a most generous and delicate manner she begged of Edgar to tell her if he loved Miss Auchester; and on his assuring her he did not she told him he must absent himself from her, and not give the public reason to think he meant to address her; it might keep others away; and, she continued, 'you know we are weak creatures, Edgar, and we may think you mean more than you do.'

Edgar understood the generous caution, and fully appreciated the speaker's motives.

What was his horror to hear in society shortly after, that he had been in love with Miss Auchester, and that Rosalie Lifford had warned him not to address her; in short, that she had broken off a match nearly arranged!

The gentleman could not deny it; but his denial passed but for a matter of course; and was not credited, and poor Mary Auchester's pale cheeks and languid eyes were deemed a sufficient confirmation.

The friends separated; the gay winter was over; and Miss Russell went her way with a strong belief in her scheming head that Mr. Grant would follow her.

The summer brought with it the trial which Edgar Lane had foreseen for Rosalie. A horrible pestilence broke out over the doomed city, and spared neither the just nor the unjust. Rich and poor, fashionable and obscure, alike bowed before its invisible sceptre.

Mr. Lifford was attacked, and after a most shocking and painful illness, was consigned to his last resting-place.

It was with a contracted brow and pale lips that Edgar Lane again met Philip Grant.

'I have come from the house of mourning,' said he.

'Miss Lifford is quite overcome, I hear,' said Grant.

'Miss Lifford is an angel,' said Edgar. 'She has never faltered. Even the nurses left her poor father hours before he died, but Dr. Frank tells me she hung over him to the last, and closed his eyes. Mrs. Lifford has since been attacked, and Rosalie, pale but strong, has taken her place by her bedside. She could see me but a moment; asked that I would follow her poor father to the grave, and left me.'

The next victim was Edgar Lane himself. At the clubs it was whispered that Edgar Lane had been attacked. A few devoted and fearless friends went to his house. Then to hear of sufferings, such as seldom come, of revolting disfigurement, loss of reason, and, finally, of the last dread scene, when life, deprived of all its nobility, struggled with disease, and was overcome.

Philip Grant stood by his side from first to last. O poor mortality! what a sight was that, which he alone saw, when the coffin lid closed over what had been the most noble and beautiful of Nature's works!

He left the plague-ridden city after his melancholy task was done, and came not back for months.

He could compare himself only with the 'Last man,' of Mrs. Shelley's powerful story, as he walked through the accustomed streets. The houses were there, but the occupants were gone. Mr. Lifford's house was closed, and he dared not ask for Rosalie. He turned shudderingly away, as his eye recognized the street through which he had followed poor Edgar's funeral the day before he left town.—The crowded town was to him a wilderness. Out of it had gone, life, and love, and beauty, and but the shell remained.

We grieve, we weep, we despair, but we live. The strong man was but passing through one of the terrible convulsions which shake the whole being to its foundations, but which pass away. The sun comes from behind the cloud, perhaps but to shine upon a grave, but the flowers spring again from the earth, and the soothing breezes come. And over the edifice our heart says,

'We are born, we laugh, we weep!
We love, we droop, we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas! not I.'

met an old friend of his own and of Edgar Lane. From him he learned much that had passed during his long absence, and, with a strong effort, he asked for Miss Lifford.

'Have you not heard—' Philip put out his hand beseechingly.

'Not dead, but fearfully disfigured.' Philip put his hands over his face. He had never known till that moment how much she was to him.

His friend, a man of most delicate and rare generosity, wrote something on a card and left him.

It was Rosalie's address.

On the sea-shore, not many miles from New York, stood a quiet house belonging to one of her relatives, and there had Rosalie hidden her broken heart and en