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## Select Poetry.

### THE DOG DAYS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Hot!—hot!—all piping hot!"—*City Cries.*

Heaven help us all in these terrible days!
The burning sun upon the earth is pelting
With his directest, fiercest, hottest rays,
And everything is melting!

Fat men, infatuated, fan the stagnant air,
In rash essay to cool their inward glowing,
While with each stroke, in dolorous despair,
They feel the fever growing!

The lean and lathy find a fate as heard,
For, all a dry, they burn like any tinder
Beneath the solar blaze, till withered, charred,
And crisped away to cinder!

E'en stoics now are in the melting mood,
And vestal cheeks are most unseemingly florid;
The very zone that girts the frigid prude,
Are now intensely torrid!

The dogs lie lolling in the deepest shade;
The pigs are all a-wallow in the gutters,
And not a household creature—cat or maid,
But querulously mutters!

"'Tis dreadful, dreadful hot!" exclaims each one
Unto his sweating, sweltering, roasting neighbor,
Then mops his brow, and sighs, as he had done
A quite Herculean labor!

And friends who pass each other in the town,
Say no good morrows when they come together,
But only mutter, with a dismal frown,
"What horrid, horrid weather!"

While prudent mortals curb with strictest care
All vagrant curs, it seems the queerest puzzle!
The dog-star rages, rabid, through the air,
Without the slightest muzzle!

But Jove is wise and equal in his sway,
Howe'er it seems to clash with human reason,
His fiery dogs will soon have had their day,
And men shall have a season!

## Choice Miscellany.

### THE RASH MRRIAGE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR

(CONTINUED)

They went from room to room, each seeming to Adelaide's eyes more beautiful than the last, and at length entered one that her husband designed should be exclusively her own. It contained a harp, a book-case filled with the choicest books, in the costliest bindings, a writing-desk and a work-table, all of most exquisite workmanship; and in the large bay-window, which led into the garden, and afforded a fine view of the Hudson, was a collection of rare and beautiful plants. The chairs and ottomans were of the lightest and most graceful patterns, and one or two exquisite paintings hung upon the wall. She approached one of them, and then with an exclamation of astonishment drew still nearer. Not a great while previous to their betrothal she had been speaking to Mr. Fletcher of an engraving that she particularly admired and had said she beleived she should never be tired of looking at it. She had never thought of it since, but not so her husband. At great expense, and with no little trouble, he had succeeded in obtaining the original painting.

"Oh, Mr. Fletcher," she exclaimed, as she turned her swimming eyes upon him, "you are only too good, too kind to me. How can I ever repay you?"

"Very easily, my love," he replied. "I consider myself already repaid if I have given you any pleasure; but if your gratitude at any time becomes burthensome you can discharge all your obligations very readily—just call me by some less formal and more familiar appellation than *Mr. Fletcher*, and I shall be the debtor. You have never called me *Willis* once! Do you find any difficulty in pronouncing the word?"

"Oh, no, none at all!" said Adelaide, laughing and blushing. "But—but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I suppose I havn't got in the habit of it yet."

"Well, I hope you will get in the habit of treating me familiarly before a great while. Are you always so chary of looks and words of affection, dear Ada? You do not know how I long to feel that the deep, pure love I bear you is returned fully. I have always been alone, as far as the nearest and dearest relations of life are concerned. I can remember neither father nor mother, and my little sister died when I was just old enough to weep as if my heart would break over something very terrible, but which I could not comprehend. And I have felt such a wish to be loved, for myself alone, as you, Ada, who have always breathed the pure atmosphere of affection, can never understand. I thought that when I could call you my own sweet wife, that restless yearning would be stilled forever—but it is not. You are always kind, but I want more than kindness, Ada; I can be satisfied with nothing less than love."

There was an earnest, pleading tone in her husband's voice that went to Adelaide's heart. What would she not have given if she could, in all sincerity, have thrown her arms about his neck with the fond words that would at once have sprung to the lips of a loving wife.

She replied kindly, affectionately; but she felt that he was grieved because she did not respond as he wished to his expression of attachment. She felt how deeply she had wronged him in giving him her hand when her deepest and holiest affections did not accompany the gift. She had told Kate that she should be a good wife—that she should discharge all her duties faithfully. She now saw that her first duty was *to love*—that failing in that, she could discharge no other as she ought.

CHAPTER V.

"When will your parting be—sadness and mirth?
Bright stream and dark one—oh, never on earth!
Never while triumph and tombs are so near,
While death and love walk the same dim sphere;
While flowers unfold where the storm may sweep,
While the heart of man is a soundless deep!"

HEMANS.

We are very well aware, dear reader, that we are about to depart widely from the common usages of Author-land. Still, as we are merely a neophite, we hope to be forgiven. But we have yet another excuse to plead; we are not writing a regular romance, with its full share of castles and dungeons, murders and banditti, but a plain story of every-day life; one which, indeed, has more than its *foundation* in fact. We are aware too, that in the opinion of the younger and more imaginative class of readers, the interest of our story will be greatly diminished if we say that Adelaide neither died of a broken heart herself, nor caused her husband to do so. But such was the true state of the case—and we are compelled to acknowledge it.

Adelaide Lindsley, led on by pride and resentment, had committed a grievous error. She had by her hasty marriage, placed the happiness of at least two lives in the most imminent danger. But, as she had said to Kate—she was not heartless, and she was by no means devoid of principle. She was young and sorely tempted; and she did not fully realize the risk she was incurring.

And, in truth it was not until long after her marriage—not until she had learned how much there is in the very happiest union to call for mutual love and forbearance; not until she had stood by her husband's side, in sorrow as well as in joy; not until she knew from actual observation and experience, how much there is in the familiar intercourse of home-life, that will inevitably grow tame, commonplace, and devoid of interest, unless the elevating and refining influence of affection invests it with grace and dignity, that she became fully sensible how terrible had been the precipice, upon the brink of which she had stood. But even before she had been many weeks a wife, her eyes were sufficiently open to make her tremblingly thank God that every day and every hour was making her husband still dearer to her heart—that he possessed such noble traits of character—that he was so devoted to her—so tender and forbearing, that she could not help loving him.

Just one year after she was married she wrote as follows to her sister:

"I presume it is not necessary for me to tell you, dear Kate, that this is the anniversary of my wedding. All day long have I been blessing my Father in Heaven that I have not been punished as I deserved, for having dared to approach the altar with such irreverent footsteps. I do not wonder that you, my sister—you who realize so fully the holiness and sanctity of the true marriage, thought me wild—mad. I was so:—for fearful is the hazard incurred by any woman who places her happiness in the keeping of one whom she does not love, no matter how strong or deep may be his attachment to her. Had my husband been anything but what he is—had he been one whit less worthy of love, or less calculated to inspire it, I tremble to think what my fate would have been. An unloving wife! Oh, Kate, can you think of any other combination of words so fraught with deep and mournful meaning? The danger is past in my case; for no wife ever loved a husband more devotedly than I do mine now. But I do not the less regret the past. The first few months of my married life were embittered constantly by the knowledge that Willis was grieved and disappointed that I was not to him all that he had expected his wife would be; that he thought me cold, and, perhaps heartless. All this would have been avoided—many sad hours both on his part and my own, if I had but taken your advice, Kate, and been less hasty.

"But I must still disagree with you on one point. I have always been glad that Willis knows nothing of my former engagement. I think it would have troubled him, particularly when we were first married; he has some peculiar ways of thinking, and one of his notions is, that a second attachment, if ever felt at all, can never equal a first in depth of intensity. So you see it is well that he is ignorant of that affair; and since I have known his ideas on the subject, I have been in constant fear lest he should hear of it. I shall probably be with you in June, and remain a month or two—and wont we have fine times? It is often said that marriage weakens the ties that bind a woman to her early friends; but I do not believe it—certainly I never loved you, dearest Kate, or our dear father, any better than now; and I sometimes think even half as well."

Very proud and very happy was Adelaide, when she returned to Middleburgh the ensuing summer, to pass a few weeks beneath the shadows of the same trees that had sheltered her childhood, for she bore a little Kate with her, who must needs be presented to grandpa and Aunt Kate.

What a happy meeting it was! Mr. Lindsley and Kate had both visited Adelaide in her own home; but that was her first return to the paternal roof since she left it as a bride.

"Let me have her—let me have her!" cried Kate, extending her arms for the baby, and scarcely waiting to greet Mr. Fletcher and her sister. "Oh, the dear little thing! what black eyes she has, and I really believe she knows me, Ada, for she smiles when I speak to her."

"I presume she does," was the laughing reply. "I have talked to her about Aunt Kate until I think she ought to know you, if she has any brains at all—which her father seems greatly inclined to doubt. He wont believe that she even knows me, and pretends to think that it is nothing but a sort of instinct that makes her reach out her little arms, and spring when I offer to take her. Oh! you need not come to defend yourself, Willis; I was only telling Kate what an unbeliever you are, and that you don't think that this child knows any thing."

"Not quite so bad as that, Ada," replied the young father. "I am willing to admit that she seems to know when she is hungry; and when she is sleepy, she generally goes to sleep. I am not aware whether mothers consider that as an evidence of remarkable genius or not. But you are credulous enough for both of us. Only think Mr. Lindsley, she was trying to make me believe yesterday, that the baby said—'papa;' and she is—let me see—she is all of five months old—isn't she, Ada?"

"You need not be uneasy lest she is too precocious," said Mr. Lindsley, as he stooped to look at the delicate little creature that Kate was caressing so fondly. "I have seen young mothers before, and they are very apt to have remarkable children. But she is really a pretty little thing—who is she going to look like?"

"I don't know who she resembles," replied Adelaide. "I gave her your name dear Kate, hoping that she might look like you—I shall be satisfied if she is half as good."

"Oh, you flatterer! but come, tea is all ready for you—and I know you must be tired. Here, Eliza, take the baby"—and giving the child to the nurse, Kate led the way to the tea-table.

Late as their arrival was, there was not a room in the dear old house that Adelaide did not visit before she slept, not a nook in the garden that she did not explore, not a flower-bed over which she did not bend, not a path which she did not retread. Her bright, happy eyes flashed everywhere, and seemed to take in everything at a glance; and her voice and Kate's were heard, now in one room and now in another, mingling like the humming of bees.

"You must play and sing for me to night, my daughters. Come, Ada, leave the rest of your explorations until to-morrow, and let us have one of your old songs."

Adelaide complied. Her husband was passionately fond of music, and at his request she had devoted much time to perfecting herself in the art. She had really made wonderful improvement—and Mr. Lindsley and Kate were delighted.

"Ada has been learning to play the harp. I wish you had one here—she really performs admirably;" said Mr. Fletcher, as his eye dwelt fondly upon his wife. "We are going to take you home with us, Kate, and you must take lessons of Signor Maiseunelli, or whatever his name is, too."

"I should like it very much," replied Kate, "and we will talk more about it by and bye.—But you are not to even think of home in less than two months."

"How this music reminds me of Theresa Gordon!" exclaimed Ada; "she has never written to me, and I think it very strange. Do you hear any thing from Mr. Gordon, papa?"

"Yes; I told you, you know, when I was in New York, that he married again soon after he returned from Europe. He did not make a very prudent choice, I imagine. His wife is but a very few years older than Theresa—and they have never been able to agree. I am afraid that my old friend's home is anything but a Paradise."

"I am sorry to hear it," replied Adelaide: "I always liked Mr. Gordon very much; and I used to love Theresa, too. But she certainly neglects us very strangely."

"By the way, Mr. Lindsley," said Mr. Fletcher, "what has become of that young man from the South—he was a ward of Mr. Gordon's, I believe—whom I used to see here occasionally? I think his name was Tilden—George Tilden, or James Tilden, or something of that sort."

"I have not heard from him, directly, for a long time—not since you were married, I believe. Mr. Gordon sometimes alludes to him in his letters, but says nothing very definite."

"Well, your young friends are both rather negligent, and not any too grateful, I think. By the way, Ada, did'nt I hear once that he was very much in love with you? It seems to me I remember some such gossip as that years ago."

How Adelaide's cheek burned, and how her heart throbbed! It was one of the penalties of the deception she had practiced toward Willis, that she was in constant fear of detection. But the light did not fall upon her face, and hearing a cry from little Kate, who was in the adjoining room, just then, she flew to the cradle, while her sister replied—

"I suppose he was married about a month after you were—we heard that he was going to be."

A new subject was broached before Adelaide returned: and as she entered the room, her father extended his hand and drew her to his side.

"How pleasant this is, my daughter. Come here Kate, and sit down on this side, and I shall almost fancy you are little girls again, trying to see which shall cling closest to papa. You look more like your mother as you grow older, Ada," he continued, passing his hand over the rich, dark hair, that was simply parted on her forehead, and gathered in a knot behind—"don't you think she does Kate?"

Ah! it was a likeness perceptible only to the eye of affection. They were as unlike as mother and daughter could be; but Mr. Lindsley loved both, and fancied there was a resemblance between them.

It was very late before the family-party separated that night; and even after they had all arisen and stood with the lighted candles in their hands, Mr. Lindsly still lingered as if unwilling to retire. After he had once left the room he returned on some trivial errand, and again tenderly kissed them.

"God bless you and keep you, my children," he said; "I do not know but I am foolish, but I do not like to leave you this evening. I feel just in the mood for sitting here and chatting all night. But good-night once more, all of you"—and, with his usual smile, even more beaming than its wont, he went up stairs.

It was past the usual breakfast hour when all the family excepting Mr. Lindsley, assembled at the table next morning. He had not yet come down. They waited ten or fifteen minutes for him, and then Kate rang the bell. Still they heard no movements in his chamber, which was directly over the breakfast room; and after a little more delay, Kate said:

"I will go up and speak to him. It was much later than usual when he retired last night; and he is probably sleeping so soundly that he has not heard either of the bells."

"Why not let him sleep, Kate?" asked Mr. Fletcher; "he is growing old now, and ought to be taking his ease, and as you say, it was very late when we separated last night."

"Oh, he never likes to sleep later than this," replied Kate; "and besides, he will be particularly disappointed if he cannot take his coffee with you this morning. I will be back in a moment."

They heard her run lightly up the stairs, trip along the hall, and tap at the door just above them. There was no answer, and she knocked again more loudly than before.

"Father are you awake?" she called.

Still all was silence, and she softly opened the door. Another moment and a shriek—so loud and piercing that the listeners sprang wildly to their feet, and their hearts stopped beating—rang out upon the clear, still, morning air.

"Stay here, Adelaide," said Mr. Fletcher, detaining his wife as she would have rushed past him. "Let me go first." But she would not be kept back, and they entered the chamber together.

The bed was undistürbed, and had evidently not been occupied during the night. The candle was still burning dimly in its socket—the long, black wick looked grim and weird-like in the faint light that struggled feebly through the blinds, and a close, sickening odor filled the room. Mr. Lindsley was sitting in an arm-chair by the head of the bed, with his open Bible on his knee, and they noticed afterward that his finger rested upon these words—"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God." His head had fallen upon one side, and lay upon the pillow, and his white hair was swept back from his forehead, leaving it calm and undisturbed as that of an infant.

The same smile with which he had left them on the previous night still lingered on his lip; but one glance was sufficient to tell them that the spirit had fled forever—he was stone dead.

Kate had fallen upon her knees by his side, and, with her hands clasped convulsively together, was gazing upon his lifeless form, with a look of terror and agony upon her face far more terrible to behold than the pale, calm features of the dead.

Adelaide's strength and self-control seldom failed her in any emergency, and, with a firmness that surprised her husband, she sprang quickly to her sister's side.

"Kate, Kate, look at me! speak to me! Do you know me, Kate?"

The dim eyes turned partially toward her, and the white fingers were knit still more firmly together; but there was no other token of recognition. By this time, the terrified servants and a near neighbor or two, who had been startled by Kate's shrill, peircing scream, came crowding into the room. With a waive of the hand Mr. Fletcher motioned them back, and raising Kate in his arms, bore her into her own chamber, and laid her upon the bed.

Adelaide hung over her in speechless agony. Physicians were summoned, but their efforts were all in vain. Before the sun, which she had so gayly welcomed at its rising, had reached the zenith, Kate Warren lay cold and white and motionless—a thing of clay!

She had been, for two or three years, more or less affected by a disease of the heart; but it had never given either herself or her friends much uneasiness, as her general health seemed scarcely less firm than usual. But this sudden shock had been more than her delicate frame could endure, and the father and daughter together slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Kind friends and neighbors, instead of the hired undertaker, performed the last sad offices for the dead—arraying them for their long repose, and with light and reverent touch arranging upon the pale, still brows the ... locks of the one, and the soft brown tresses of the other.

Adelaide lay silently in her husband's arms, in the very room where on last evening they had all sat together conversing so quietly and happily. She did not sigh or moan, and the suddenness of the blow seemed to have stunned her. Mr. Fletcher longed to see her weep; but to his tender words and caresses she returned no reply save a light pressure of the hand. Occasionally a shudder would pass over her frame, but her eyes were bright and tearless.

Suddenly the church bell rang. There were a few quick strokes, and then a pause; then once—twice it sounded, and again ceased. Adelaide had not, at first, seemed to notice the sound, but now she lifted her head and listened eagerly.

"Hark, Willis! that is for Kate—the bell struck twice."

Presently, in rapid succession, one stroke followed another until they had counted twenty-five.

"Yes—she was twenty five years old last month. Oh, my poor, poor Kate!" But still no tear moistened Adelaide's cheek; her lips were parched, and her hands dry and burning.

Then the bell tolled solemnly and slow; and, as the low peal floated to their ears, tender and sadly sweet, the tears, that had hitherto refused to flow, rose to Adelaide's eyes, and rolled slowly down her cheeks.

Willis clasped her still closer to his heart.

"They are at rest, my Adelaide. Our God hath taken them, and He doeth all things well!"

"I know it—I know it! But, oh, they are tolling for father now!" she exclaimed, starting up.

"Mother, father, sister—not one left!"

Willis laid her gently on the sofa, and stole out of the room. In a moment he returned, bearing their babe in his arms. Kneeling by her side, without speaking, he placed the little one on her breast, and it nestled closely in her bosom smiling softly.

Adelaide clasped both the child and her husband's hand to her heart, with an exclamation of passionate love.

"Oh, my husband! my little Kate!—I will not murmur or repine, while you are still left me! I thank Thee, oh, my God!" she continued, "that in the midst of wrath Thou hast remembered mercy!"

The next day but one was appointed for the funeral. A long and mournful procession accompanied the bodies from the house to the church, and the two coffins were placed side by side, within the altar. A chaplet of white flowers rested upon the black pall that covered the one in which Kate lay, and the soft, trembling petals gleamed in strange contrast with its sombre hue.

The aged minister—who had been Mr. Lindsley's associate from early manhood; who had breathed the baptismal blessing over their little ones in their infancy; who had knelt by his dying wife, and wept with him over her grave;—who had, at that very altar united both Kate and Adelaide to the husbands they had chosen—now stood there with his own blanched locks and trembling frame, waiting to bury his friend. His voice was so tremulous that the listeners bent eagerly forward to catch the sound as he announced his text—"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God!"

There was not a dry eye in the house when he ceased speaking; and then, one by one, all who wished approached to take a last look at the dead. Slowly, reverently they came, while the choir chanted a wailing dirge and the organ's low, deep tones just stirred the trembling air;—the old, the middle-aged, the young, and the little ones—who were lifted up, that they might gaze wonderingly into the pallid faces. Then the bearers drew near, and with uncovered heads they carefully lifted their precious burdens, and bore them gently down the aisle. Again the bell tolled solemnly—and the sad procession proceeded on its way, wending along the village street, and through more than one green lane, until they reached the grave yard.

They laid them in one grave—the father and the daughter—beside the wife and the mother who had been so deeply mourned; and more than one heart in that large assembly turned sadly away from the scene before them, to give a thought to the lonely mound, far toward the setting sun, where Kate's young husband had been "buried out of her sight."

CHAPTER VI.

I would forget.
Alas! I strive in vain—in dreams, in dreams
The radiance of thy glance upon me beams;
No star has met
My gaze for years, whose beauty does not shine,
Whose look for speechless love is not like thine!

PARK BENJAMIN.

Mr. Fletcher and Adelaide remained in Middleburgh a few weeks, and then returned sadly to their own home.

Mr. Lindsley's heart and hand, had ever been as open as the day, and he had always lived liberally, though not extravagantly. After the settlement of his affairs but little remained except the house where he had lived ever since his marriage; and that, Mr. Fletcher declared, should never pass into the hands of strangers.

"We will find some good man and woman who will be willing to occupy the back part of the house, Ada, and take care of the rest of it, then when we want to come here we shall not have to ask leave of any one."

Ada's tearful, yet pleased assent to the proposition, told him how painful had been the thought of yielding the occupancy of the dear old rooms to those who could not revere the associations that, for her, clung round each window and doorway; and she turned away with comparatively light heart, when she thought that she might return when she would and find all things in their accustomed places.

Three years passed swiftly away. Little Kate had become a marvel of beauty and loveliness in the eyes of her fond parents, and Adelaide often sighed when she thought what a pet she would have been with her grandpapa and her aunt Kate. Willis fairly worshiped her, and the child returned his love with enthusiastic fondness.

"Here, Ada," said Mr. Fletcher, one morning as he entered his wife's dressing room, and threw some cards down on the table, "here are invitations for a party given in honor of Edward Greyson and his bride, who are to be in town next week. I really wish that you would lay aside your mourning and go; will you love? You know Ned is an old friend of mine, and I would like to show him some attention."

"I will do so, certainly, if you wish it, Willis; I do not need these sable garments to remind me of my dear father and Kate"—and her lips quivered as she glanced at her black robes.

"I know it, my dear Adelaide; your true heart has never needed them, and it will really gratify me very much if you will go to this party. You will need a new dress for the occasion, I suppose. Every thing that you have must be out of date by this time."

"Oh, entirely—I have nothing that is wearable. But suppose you give me the benefit of your taste as well as your purse," she continued laughingly, as her husband threw the last mentioned article into her lap—"What shall it be?"

"Oh, I don't know any thing about such things; only, don't wear white."

"Why not? White is always pretty and becoming."

"Yes, and for that very reason two-thirds of the women in the room will be arrayed in it—so I would rather you would wear something else."

The evening arrived, and when Adelaide came down to the parlor where her husband was waiting for her, he thought he had never seen her look so lovely. She was, in truth, far more beautiful now than in her girlhood; her figure was rounder and fuller, and the look of haughtiness and pride that had, in her early days, at times lent a rather unpleasant expression to her face, had given place to one of woman sweetness. Her eyes, with their long weeping fringes, were as deep and resplendent as ever, and there was somewhat more of grace added to the usual dignity of her bearing. Her luxuriant hair, arranged as she generally wore it, in rich, glossy braids forming a natural coronet, was entirely without ornament. A robe of ruby velvet, simply relieved at the throat by a fall of costly lace, and fastened by a small diamond pin, fitted exquisitely her tall and graceful form, and the loose, hanging sleeves were looped up by diamond clasps, leaving her white and rounded arms uncovered, and in beautiful contrast with the rich, dark hue of her dress.

"Well, Ada, either your dress to-night becomes you wonderfully," said Mr. Fletcher, after surveying her a moment in silence, "or else you are very becoming to the dress—which is it?"

"That is too momentous a question to be decided without due reflection," replied Ada, with a gay laugh—"though, provided the effect is the same, I don't know as it is of much consequence after all. So you like my dress, do you?"

"Very much; but I have a trifling addition to make to it." And opening a small casket that lay upon the table beside him, he lifted a magnificent bracelet from its bed of white satin, and clasped it upon his wife's arm. "There, now we'll go"—and stoping her thanks with half a dozen kisses, he wrapt her cashmere carefully about her and placed her in the carriage.

The rooms were thronged, and after the first half hour Adelaide scarcely saw her husband until quite late in the evening. Then, as she happened to be standing directly beneath one of the massive chandeliers in the music-room, carelessly turning over some new songs, he approached and addressed her in a low tone.

"Ada, who can that gentleman be—the one who is leaning against the mantle in the drawing-room? He has hardly turned his eyes away from you for the last quarter of an hour. His countenance looks familiar, and I am sure I have seen him before, but I cannot imagine where."

Adelaide raised her eyes without moving, and directly before her, although not in the same apartment, stood George Tilden. She recognized him instantly, and in spite of every effort to prevent it, a burning blush mounted to her very forehead. At the same moment the gentleman perceiving he was observed, turned carelessly away.

"Why, who is it, Ada—any one we know? or ought to know, I should say, for I am betraying my ignorance."

Ada made some evasive reply, and then confusedly saying something about wishing to speak to a friend who was passing, she hastily joined the lady in question.

Mr. Fletcher looked after her a moment in astonishment. The flood of light from the chandelier had fallen directly upon her, and he could not help noticing her start of surprise and her heightened color. Then with a half smile, he thought—"Ada has mingled so little in society lately, that she has grown as timid and as easily embarrassed as a school-girl. I must not let her seclude herself so any more." And seeing that she was talking earnestly with Mrs. Wilson, he turned toward a group of friends who were chatting at a little distance.

Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Fletcher passed slowly into another room, and as soon as the latter could find an excuse for so doing, she disengaged herself from her companion. Her thoughts were all in a whirl, and she longed to be alone that she might regain the composure she had so suddenly lost.

The house where she was that evening a guest, was one of those old stone buildings which are still occasionally to be seen in New York and its vicinity—relics of a former age. The walls were so thick and massive, that they looked as if they might stand secure and strong for centuries to come—long after the ephemeral structures of the present day shall have vanished like creations of a dream; or like those castles in the air which even the most prosaic of us are ever building.—Each window was a recess in itself, and the rich damask curtains afforded a screen impervious to curious eyes; around each little recess were low seats, covered with crimson velvet, and gliding toward one in a distant corner of the room, Adelaide threw herself upon the soft cushions, and drew the curtain closely before her.

There was no shadow of any feeling akin to her former love for George Tilden lurking about even in the most deeply hidden and shadowy corner of Adelaide Fletcher's heart. She thought that she had completely conquered all her affection for him, even before her marriage; and if that seems scarcely possible when we consider how short a time elapsed between the sundering of their engagement and that event, certain it is, that the deep and abiding love for her husband which sprang up in her heart, and which she so tenderly cherished, had long before this time, rooted out the last remains of her former attachment.

Yet now, as she sat there behind the thick folds of the curtain, she trembled from head to foot, and scalding tears kept starting to her eyes, only to be crushed back again—for she would not let them fall. She was terrified by the violence of her own emotions; and as she sat there with her hands clasped over her eyes, and her head bowed down, she felt like a guilty thing, abashed and humbled. She did not know, poor child, that had there been no secret veiling her heart from her husband's gaze, she would never have trembled thus—she did not know that had it not been for that she could have met George Tilden calmly and quietly—spoken the necessary words of greeting, and passed on without sorrow or emotion.—She feared because her heart had throbbed wildly, and because her cheek flushed painfully, that she was not as entirely mistress of her affections as she had supposed herself to be, and in that thought the keenest agony lay hidden.

But it would not do for her to remain there, it was nearly time to go home and her husband would be seeking her, so quietly lifting the curtain, she emerged from her place of concealment.

"It is a long time since we met, Mrs. Fletcher. Have you entirely forgotten me?"

Adelaide colored, for George Tilden was standing so close to the window that she had not noticed him, but the first sound of his voice brought her to herself. She felt that not a chord in her heart thrilled as the well-remembered tones fell upon her ear, and she was strong again.

"Certainly not, Mr. Tilden—when did you arrive in town?"

"Last Monday," was the reply—and then seeing that with a formal bow she was about to pass him, he laid his hand respectfully but firmly on her arm to detain her.

"Mr. Fletcher—Adelaide. I have something to say to you—do not refuse me a few moments of your time." And before she was aware of his intention, he had drawn her arm within his own, and led her through a glass door that opened upon the veranda.

If you have any communication to make, Mr. Tilden, let it be in as few words as possible, for my time is very precious."

"Too precious to be wasted upon me? Oh, Ada, little did I once think that I should ever hear such words from you."

Adelaide drew herself up haughtily. "What you have to say does not seem to be very important, Mr. Tilden, and I must beg you to excuse me."

Again Mr. Tilden placed his hand upon her arm, and drew her to a seat at a little distance.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Fletcher, but for years have I longed inexpressibly for this hour, and now you *must* hear me."

He had not seated himself by her side, but stood before her, with his arms folded proudly and his eye fixed sternly and reproachfully upon her face.

"You have not forgotten the past—I know you have not, and I must speak. You have shaken all my confidence in womanhood—all my belief in truth, Adelaide Lindsley, and now you must hear what I have to say. You are a wife—they tell me you are a happy wife; but I cannot believe it. You and I were bound by every tie, save the last one at the altar. I was called away from you, and when I returned, I learned that you had given to another smiles and love-words that belonged to me. I asked you to give me some explanation of the matter. I *meant* to ask it reasonably and gently—but I worshiped you, Adelaide Lindsley—I was beside myself, and it may be that I used words that I should not. At all events you refused, scornfully, contemptuously. We parted in anger. In four little months from that time you were the bride of another, Adelaide. If you loved me as you professed, you could not so soon have loved Willis Fletcher. Which time did you perjure yourself—when you swore allegiance to the old love—or the new?"

His words stung Adelaide to the quick, but she replied without any perceptible emotion.

"When Mr. Tilden remembers that in *three* little months from the time we parted, the day for his own marriage was already named, he will probably agree with me in thinking that the question he has asked would come with more grace from other lips than his."

George started. "The day for my own marriage! Adelaide, I have never thought of marrying."

"George Tilden, Theresa Gordon wrote to Clara Hall more than a month before my marriage—before my engagement to Mr. Fletcher—that you were to be married in February, and I believed it. Did she tell an untruth?"

"She did—she did. Oh, Adelaide, I never ceased to love you for one moment untill I knew that you were a wife, and since then my heart has bowed at no new altar. Forgive the wild words I have uttered, and let me ask one question that I have now no right to ask—did you, then, really love me, Ada?"

The young man still stood before her, but not as proudly as at first—his head was bowed and his voice trembled. It was a moment before Adelaide spoke—when she did, it was kinly and calmly.

"You have, indeed, no right to ask me that; but I will nevertheless answer you truly—I did love you, George."

"Bless you—bless you for that!" was the impetuous reply. "I have been taught to think that you never cared for me, that you were only trifling—that I was but the toy of the moment, and I have thought that if you were false, then there was no truth in womanhood."

"Nay, hear me out, George. You interrupted me before I had said what I intended. I loved you once, and I was false to you neither in word or deed or thought. But you doubted me without any sufficient reason—you gave heed to some pretty tale of scandal, and addressed to me words that no gentleman should ever utter to a lady. I considered myself wronged and insulted by your suspicions, and I resolved to conquer my affection for you. Perhaps when I stood at the altar my husband was not as dear to me as he deserved to be, or as my duty required; but, if so, it is a fault that has long since been atoned for by the deepest love. Now you must let me pass, for this interview has lasted long enough."

"One moment more, Adelaide. Theresa Gordon told me tales of the encouragement you had given to Harry Melville—of the apparent pleasure with which you had received his addresses—until she nearly maddened me. It was she too, you say, who set afloat the story of my approaching marriage, and that she must have known was entirely false. What are we to think of these things?"

"That she wished to make mischief, and succeeded admirably."

"You are lenient in your judgment, if you call her by no harsher name than that of a mischief-maker. It may be easy for you to forgive her," he continued bitterly—"for you who are now a happy wife and mother—but for me"—he paused, and then he added in a lower tone—"I never realized so fully as now, how much her machinations and my own folly have cost me.—Oh, Adelaide, Adelaide! are we indeed separated forever?"

"These are not fit words for me to hear, or for you to speak, George, and in a calmer moment you will yourself regret them. Now, farewell—and may God bless you!"

She gave him her hand—he raised it to his lips for one moment, and was gone.

Adelaide remained in the vernada for a few moments lost in painful thought. Recollections of her early home—of her father—of Kate—in short, all the associations that the presence of George Tilden had awakened, rushed over her with overwhelming power; and with them came such a wild yearning to lay her head upon her husband's breast, and weep such soothing tears that she felt as if she must fly to him—acknowledge all, and beg for the sympathy she so much needed. But no, that might not be; she must force back the bright drops, and let them lie as a dull, heavy weight upon her heart, while she wore a smiling lip, and talked lightly and gayly of a thousand indifferent things. She had started wrong, and she dare not retrace her steps.—Between herself and her husband's sympathy her own hand had thrown up a barrier that had, with each succeeding year grown higher, and now she feared to remove it, lest she should herself be crushed beneath the ruins.

When she re-entered the drawing-rooms, she found them nearly deserted, but she could see nothing of Mr. Fletcher.

She repaired to the music-room, where she had left him. He was not there; and turning to a gentleman with whom both her husband and herself were on famillar terms, she told him that Mr. Fletcher had deserted her, and she must beg his assistance in finding the runaway."

"Your husband went home some time ago, Mrs. Fletcher," was the reply. "I met him in the hall just as he was going out. He looked very pale, and thinking he was ill, I offered to call the marriage, but he said he preferred walking."

Adelaide lcoked the surprise that she did not speak, and requesting the gentleman to do her the favor that her husband had declined, she was soon in her carriage, rolling along the dimly-lighted and now silent streets.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SINGULAR PECULIARITIES—POLLANDRY.—It is related that in the north of Hindostan, in the valleys of the Himalaya mountains, a traveler, D'Agular, found what he considered a strikingly honest and faithful race.

Owing to the dificulty of procuring subsistence, and the necessity of restricting the increase of population, *Pollandry* has existed among them from time immemorial. The woman and her husbands live together harmoneously, and the latter contribute each an equal share to the support of the children. Among these people the saying will particularly apply. "It's a wise child that knows its own father." Another of their customs is still more singular. Their ideas of hospitality compel them to share not only their food, but their connubial rights with the stranger, and no insult is so great as a refusal to except it.

Bayard Taylor, recently in the Himalaya, says: I saw several of them to-day, walking bare-legged through the snow, which troubled them as little as it would a horse. They were hansome, muscular fellows, with black eyes, ivory teeth, and a ruddy copper complexion.