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Select Poetry.

THE SKELETON HAND.

BY DR. JOHN G. DUNN

Rap, tap! Rap, tap, at the door of the heart
Rap, tap! with a loud demand!
Oh, who is it that raps at the door of the heart
Crying, matter and spirit shall surely part,
The one to dust, for dust thou art
The rest to the Spirit Land?
'Tis I! 'tis I, who knocketh without
With a bony arm and knuckle stout
'Tis I, of the skeleton hand!

Rap, tap! Rap, tap. I have startled the cup
In the midst of a misty dream!
Rap, tap! Rap, tap! I have startled thee up
While thy lips are fresh from the deadly cup
And thy curses grow louder at every sup,
And thy orbs in a frenzy gleam.
'Tis I! 'tis I, who knocketh without,
With a fleshless arm and a knuckle stout,
'Tis I, of the sickle keen.

Rap, tap! Rap, tap! on the bony walls—
What, ho! Art ready within?
Rap, tap! Rap, tap, on the bony walls!
Rap, tap! Rap tap, like thunder it falls
I'll rent thee no longer these carnal halls
Thou hast made them a den of sin!
Ho! Haste thee! Make ready! 'Tis I without
With a bloodless arm and a knuckle stout,
'Tis I, with the skeleton grin!

Rap, tap! Rap, tap, but a tremulous prayer
Burst forth from the sinful wight,
Rap, tap! Rap, tap! but a tremulous prayer
Went faltering upward to spare, oh, spare!
For another—a year in which to prepare
For the regions of glory and light!
A year to prepare for him without,
With a skeleton hand and knuckle stout,
For him with the breath of blight!

Rap, tap! no more—a year is given
A year of neglect and crime:
Rap, tap, no more—a year is given
To strive in the fields where the righteous have striven
For their spotless robes and a home in Heaven—
But, alas! how fleeting is time!
'Tis past, and again is heard without
The skeleton arm and the knuckle stout,
Like a wild and deathly chime!

Rap, tap! Rap, tap! on the bony wall
What, ho! Art ready within?
Rap, tap! Rap, tap! on the bony wall
Rap, tap! Rap, tap, like thunder it falls
I'll rend thee no longer these carnal halls
Thou monster of falsehood and sin!
In a tomb of horror the spirit went out
For Azrael, with him of the knuckle stout
With him of the sickle keen!

Choice Miscellany.

FRANK LINSEY: OR THE LAUNDRESS SON.

BY EMMA WHARTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Bravo! bravo, Frank! By Jove, that little fellow shows both spirit and ingenuity"

"Brother, I am really astonished at ... tal want of ... [illegible] ... ly object, not ... paid to the comp... persued to the wearer, it had the appearance of a caricature"

The gentleman at her side, some two or three years her senior, and it is impossible in his portly figure and handsome face, to detect the slightest trace of the resemblance implied in her address. His round, good-natured countenance seemed literally overflowing with genial good fellowship and genuine benevolence, and it required but a single glance to be sure that although gentlemanly, even dignified in deportment, and acting upon good common sense principles in regard to his position, its privileges and duties, he was troubled with no absurd crotchets which prevented him from associating and sympathizing with the whole brotherhood of mankind in all the circumstances and relations, the joys and sorrows of human existence.

The exclamation which had called forth his sister's splenetic remark was excited by the appearance of three children, two boys of about nine and five, and a girl of three, who were crossing a brook in front of the house at some distance below the bridge, by means of two rails and a board, which the ingenuity of the elder had constructed into one.

The dress and appearance of this lad betokened extreme poverty, quite as unmistakably as that of his companions did wealth; but although made of the coarsest material and patched in divers places, it was clean, and upon his straight, muscular figure, seemed even elegant. Thick masses of hair, of raven blackness shaded a high and for his age, finely developed forehead, harmonizing perfectly with a complexion as dark as is perhaps consistent with the possession of pure Anglo-Saxon blood. His bright, blue eyes were shaded by black lashes, so long and close that they laid upon his cheek, resembling silken fringes, and imparted to the organs the appearance and startling intensity of black, rendering his countenance strikingly animating and intelligent.

Taking the little girl—a sweet, blue-eyed fairy profusely decorated with dandelion blossoms and wild flowers twisted in fantastic curls, laughing in childish glee, as her little dimpled hand nestled among his dark locks—in his arms, he bore her across his bridge, and then returned for her brother.

Upon this child, the heritage of wealth, helplessness seemed early to have fallen; for although though two years older, he clung to his companion with quite as much timidity as his sister—His figure was extremely slight and delicate, but thereby, perhaps, the more graceful in its formation. Soft, silky curls of light hair, clustered around a forehead so transparently white that its beautiful tracery of blue veins was distinctly visible The prevailing expressions of his finely chiselled features was sweetness, to which his mild gray eye added a character of pensive thought very unusual in one of his years. He was a beautiful boy, but far better calculated to excite a parents love than to gratify paternal pride

Mr. Heberton saw them safely across the brook and near the house, and then, turning to his sister, said,

"Why, Susan, what on earth can be the danger of my children's associating with little Frank Linsey?"

"If it will not harm your children," answered she, "it is certainly highly improper for the grandchildren of General Heberton and the great-grandchildren of Lord Cardigan, to associate with a little vagrant like him You forget, brother, that some of the best blood in this country and Europe, runs in the veins of your children."

"An idea much better suited to their great-grandfather than to them," replied Mr Heberton "Thank God, such nonsense is exploded here! The rich can command respect only through talents and exertion, while the poorest, if he possess ability and will struggle manfully, may reach the highest distinction."

The lady screwed up her lips at this remark, until, like a miser's purse on the eve of a contribution, they seemed closed against all egress; but at length slowly opening them, she said,

"But in spite of the small value you set upon it, it is likely to prove of the highest advantage. I saw an English gentleman lately, who said Lord Eversham, the present incumbent of that branch, was feeble The Evershams, you know, brother, are connected—"

"I know nothing about it," said he, in a careless tone

"But I have a family tree, you know, the same my mother offered to you, which you undutifully agreed to accept, on condition you might burn it up."

Mr Heberton laughed heartily at the recollection; but a moment after, the pain this thoughtless threat had caused his gentle, and with the exception of this weakness on the score of ancestry, excellent mother, recurring to his mind, he said in a softened tone,

"It was a most undutiful threat, and I deserved a flogging for it. If it were to occur again, I would accept it, and defer the bonfire until the day subsequent to her death And so my children may possibly inherit the title and estates of Eversham?"

"Yes, brother, and it must certainly be obvious that care should be taken in their education Now what but low, vulgar ideas can be gained from the son of a washerwoman?"

A shade of undisguised vexation passed over the face of Mr Heberton, and he answered, sternly,

"Low, vulgar ideas! Nonsense! Mrs. Linsey, though poor, is a very intelligent, lady-like woman, who rears her boy well; and he is one of the ... children I ever saw, a boy ... a parent's heart I would give much ... make Lucius as healthy and active"—and ... father ... looked at the bright, animated ... form of the washerwo... son, with a look of admiration and almost ..., and then rested upon his own beautiful but ... lad with an expression of painful solicitude which deeply proved how keenly he ... the contrast [illegible]

"But, brother, there is certainly a difference ... the nobility and common people; the ... of the former is purer."

A distinct "pshaw" burst from the lips of Mr. Heberton; but his angry mood had passed, and he only remarked in a good-natured tone,

"As you have a family tree, Susan, you can enlighten my deplorable ignorance as to the origin of our illustrious family."

"To be sure," answered she, in a very complacent tone; "it was founded in the reign of Richard III, by Lord Francis Eversham, who killed a stag which had turned upon the king's favorite hound, when the remainder of the pack and the huntsmen were too far in the rear to interpose. The grateful monarch knighted him on the spot and bestowed upon him the title and estates of Eversham."

"Service which the brute beasts might better have rendered But what were the family before."

"Only peasants Francis was by accident near the royal train at that fortunate moment—The title and estates of Cardigan were bestowed by Henry VIII on the eldest son of the possessor of the estate at that period, for skillfully concealing from the sharp eyes of Wolsey, a letter entrusted to his care, those of Eversham being transferred to the second son"

"And so, Susan, the black, soul polluting taint of plebeianism once clung to our family.—Now, sister, I am curious to know the exact process by which this wonderful metamorphosis was effected. Did the mysterious virtue reside in the glittering falchion, with which the accolade was laid upon the crouching form of our ancestor,—or was it merely the agent through which, by some electric process, the charm which changed the thick, stagnant puddle filling the veins of Francis Pinkin, into the clear, limpid current which sustained the life of Lord Francis Eversham, was transmitted direct from the puny arm of the hunchback tyrant?"

The lady bent a wistful, inquiring glance upon the face of the speaker, half deceived by the serious, quiet tone in which these words were uttered, but noticing the meaning smile which lurked in the corners of his eyes, her face became livid with rage; her thin lips were pursed up to their smallest dimensions, and a strangling noise seemed struggling in her throat. (In their almost numberless disputes upon this subject, her brother had often, when she fancied herself the most secure, quietly decoyed her into some admission exposing the absurdity of her ideas, the most mortifying of all dilemmas.) At length she contrived to unpurse her lips, sufficiently to mutter something about "Vulgar, low-born ideas," and retired from the room.

Mr. Heberton gazed after her a moment, apparently well pleased with this termination of the skirmish, and then advanced to meet his children, whom he loaded with caresses, while he patted the head, and spoke words of praise and encouragement to their companion, that kindled a rich glow of animation on his fine features.

Mr Heberton's family had just risen, and were assembling in their breakfast room the following morning, when a servant announced that Frank Linsey was at the door, begging earnestly for instant admittance. Ever keenly alive to the wishes and necessities of others, and apprehensive from the early appearance and unwonted importunity of the boy, that some accident had occurred at the widow's, Mr. Heberton, although deeply engaged at the moment, instantly complied with his request,—a condescension which elicited sundry and numerous shrugs of the shoulders of Miss Susan, accompanied by deep sighs, expressive of her sense of its impropriety while the closely pressed lips emitted a gurgling sound, which gradually assumed shape in the words—

"Fine times, forsooth, when a low, vulgar beggar can enter a gentleman's house at pleasure! The dirty cur should be taught to know his place!" by which her indignation seemed somewhat relieved, and the storm subsided into a sullen calm.

In the mean time Frank Linsey made his appearance, his dark eyes swimming in tears, while his face beamed with an animation which instantly put to flight all fears of trouble at home The mystery was soon explained. His mother's only brother, an opulent merchant in western New York, hearing at length of his sister's bereavement and poverty, had arrived late the previous evening, with the welcome offer of a life-long home for her and a father's love and protection for her son Sickness in his own family rendered his immediate return imperative, and Mrs. Linsey, who had spent the entire night in arranging her affairs for this sudden removal, now sent her adieux to the friends whose kindness had always cheered, while their bounty had often assisted her poverty, by her boy

The effect of this announcement was electrical upon all. Lucius, whose only enjoyment of the free, wild, riotous sports so dear to the heart of childhood, had been derived through his acquaintance with Frank, began to scream lustily, insisting with the wilful pertinacity of a spoiled child, that he should not go, and teasing his father, whose power, from having noticed the implicit obedience rendered to his will by his numerous dependants, he childishly believed omnipotent, to command him to stay; while his sister, who, regarding the appearance of her favorite as a signal for their daily ramble, ran to him, and raising her white, dimpled arms, besought, "Frank, take little Aggy," and finding herself disappointed, ... Mr. Heberton, who feeling perfectly safe in entrusting his children to the care and influence of young Linsey, rejoiced greatly in the marked improvement produced by the out-door exercise and inspiriting example of his companion upon the delicate frame and timid mind of his son, and who besides had conceived a love for the boy, of whose strength he was not before conscious, felt the deepest regret at his loss; while his wife, a kind-hearted gentle woman, whose fondness for her children induced her to love every thing ministering to their happiness, could hardly refrain from completing a weeping trio.

To aunt Susan, on the contrary, the news was the very oil of gladness Her pest and plague, the little vulgar beggar, whose intercourse with her brother's children had been the daily torment of her life, was to be removed from her sight, and she could scarcely repress a scream of delight at the thought. In the extravagance of her joy, she could have hugged and kissed every person and thing about her; but as this was hardly practicable in the case, she was obliged to content herself with performing that interesting operation upon an ugly monstrosity in worsteds, her daily occupation for the last six months which, as she had exultingly informed every visitor at the house during that period, was designed as a faithful portrait of Lord Eversham's favorite dog

Frank now produced the toys he had selected from his scanty stock as parting gifts for his little playmates To Lucius a small mock pistol, and to Agnes his most highly prized possession, an elaborately carved ivory bow and arrow of Indian workmanship, the gift of a deceased relative. The gratified mother took from the neck of Agnes a costly necklace, to which was suspended a locket, containing miniatures of herself and child, with a lock of their blended hair, and gave it to him as a keepsake

Frank Linsey had covered the children with good bye kisses, and received one accompanied with heartfelt benedictions from Mr and Mrs. Heberton, when he paused, and cast a wishful glance towards the spot where Miss Susan sat, regarding the whole scene with a sort of scornful complacency She had been an object of fear, almost amounting to terror, to him, but the affectionate boy could not remember this at such a time, and after a slight hesitation, he advanced with a timid, half doubtful step, and raised his face for a kiss. She had often, when she had seen little Agnes in his arms, declared she would rather kiss a toad, and at any other moment would have rewarded his imprudence with a smart blow,—but to the surprise of all, she bent her lips to receive the proffered salute. An amused servant did, indeed, directly after, observe her wet her handkerchief in cologne, and several times wipe her mouth, as if to efface a stain; but she refrained from all remarks upon "low, vulgar upstarts" during the entire day

Summer passed rapidly away, and the Hebertons began to watch anxiously the arrival of their favorite, from whom they had been promised a visit, when the appaling tidings came, that he had fallen a victim to a malignant fever, then desolating that section of country. Deeply was his loss deplored by all the family, and days, and months, and even years passed, leaving his memory still green in the hearts of those who had loved him so well

CHAPTER II.

Old Father time, (a very staid, silent, equable character, who always takes sixty steps in a minute, never accelerating his pace at the call of ardent youth or eager expectancy, to whom his feet seemed shod with iron,—nor pausing at the agonized prayer of vain repentance yearning to retrieve wasted opportunities, to whom each joint appears tipped with wings,) has travelled since the events recorded in the last chapter, fourteen years on his journey towards eternity; inscribing on the clean, smooth page of each one's destiny his daily allotment of joy and sorrow, care and toil; planting a huge dot here, as some brief gleam of sunshine sheds a transient light over the pathway of existence, or drawing broad dark lines there, as some deep grief almost obscures the light of existence,—land-marks from which his progress is to be forever after noted by the heart

Around the mansion of the Hebertons but little change has occurred. The spruce village, with its tall church spire, nods cozily in the distance; the rustic bridge spans the little murmuring stream, and the sweet white cottage, with its smooth gravel walk and cheerful flower garden in front, and its well-trimmed fruit orchard in the rear, presents the same combination of neatness and taste, rural simplicity with the refinement of wealth

In the interior, the footprints of his passage are more visible. Mr. Heberton is still portly and robust, but the hair formerly so dark and abundant, now sadly thinned, is threaded throughout with silver lines, and here his noble brow are deep furrows, never ploughed save by the fingers of care and woe. But his eye still retains its glance of genial good humor, and his face its usual calm, placid expression, proving that his misfortunes, whatever they may have been, have not disturbed his equanimity, nor destroyed the native kindness of his nature. The place by his side is vacant, for death, only more ruthless than time, has borne the tender wife and fond mother to his cold and silent mansions long years ago, creating a void in the heart of the husband and father, which even time has failed to fill

Miss Susan is there, firm and dignified, her thin sharp features growing every day more pugnaciously consequential. Her toilet is still composed of the most expensive materials, arranged in the latest style of juvenile simplicity, which the grave traveller, having been far from lenient with her, renders the apparent caricature more absurdly ridiculous.

The other occupants of the room were a slight, graceful, Hebe-like girl of some seventeen summers, and a tall, fine-looking youth, in either of whom it would be difficult to recognize the children of our first chapter. Upon closer inspection, however, a strong resemblance, especially in the latter, may be detected. Light, thin, silken curls, still clustered round a smooth, white forehead, while a shade of sweet thoughtfulness lingers upon features almost feminine, soft and regular in their outline, relieved from what might by many, be deemed insipidity of expression by more than the usual buoyancy and animation of youth

Mr. Heberton is perusing a letter, which must contain painful news, for he is deeply agitated, and at length an involuntary groan startles his children from the engravings they are intently examining. For a moment he seemed almost overpowered, but mastering his emotion by a strong effort, he calmly proceeded to read its contents. The facts were soon understood. Influenced by the example of others, and seduced by the facility with which large fortunes were apparently accumulated, he had for some years been greatly extending his business operations. The crisis had arrived, and the fortune inherited from his ancestors, and augmented by his efforts, was scattered to the four winds.

The news burst like a shock upon his family, for willing to spare his loved ones, he had concealed his anxieties, and the effect was as various as their characters were dissimilar. Gliding like a spirit of light, into her father's arms, Agnes whispered as she kissed his lips—

"Dear father, do not distress yourself about the loss of a little paltry money. Are we not left to you, able and willing to work, if necessary, for your support?"

To which the agitated father almost again unmanned, could only respond, "God bless you, my darling."

To Lucius, the blow was nearly overwhelming. Until his fourteenth year, his weak health had greatly retarded his progress; while the overweaning fondness of his mother, who sought to compensate her suffering boy, for pain and privation, by surrounding him with luxuries, had induced a dainty fastidiousness, which rendered them almost necessities to him. At this period his constitution underwent one of those sudden and mysterious changes which sometimes occur, and although still delicate, he became perfectly well. His progress was now astonishing, and he soon out-tripped his companions both in studies and muscular exercises. He had just entered his second year in college, the first in his class, and prepared to win its highest honors. His ambition was thoroughly roused, and the idea of relinquishing his chosen pursuits, which he knew must be the consequence of his father's failure, was inexpressibly painful. For a moment, he stood irresolute, until recalled to himself by the noble conduct of his sister, he joined her in comforting his father, declaring his readiness to endure any toil, or submit to any sacrifice.

"We shall yet be happy," said Mr. Heberton, some time after, reassured by the affectionate cheerfulness of his children; "I shall most regret leaving this old place, enlivened for so many years, by your mother's gentle presence; where you were both born, and she died; but even that must be borne. We shall be poor, but with industry and economy, we cannot fail to obtain a comfortable support."

"Sure, brother," exclaimed Aunt Susan, who through the whole, had sat pale and dignified, working furiously upon a huge piece of worsted work (the ninth true copy of the noble dog of Lord Eversham, seven having already been bestowed in unwelcome presents, on as many lady friends, who had been seduced into an unfortunate admiration of the first—the present being designed for a singular inflection) vouchsafing neither consolation nor comment—"surely, you do not contemplate, because you happen to have failed, giving up all your property?"

"Every cent, Susan," returned Mr. Heberton, "every cent. My creditors, many of them, are industrious mechanics and operatives, upon whom any loss would bear heavily."

"And it is for vulgar artizans, and coarse hoyden factory girls, you would deprive your family of luxuries to which they are accustomed, and degrade them from the station they were born to occupy?" retorted Aunt Susan, with a contemptuous sneer

"But Susan," answered Mr Heberton, "I have no choice in the matter. It is their rightful due, and they have worked—"

"And why should they not work" demanded the lady in a tone of intense scorn, "they were born to work, and it is proper they should know their place I have heard that on the estate of our ancestors were five hundred peasants, who worked the land, and stood, the men with hats in hand, bowing, and the women courtesying, whenever the family passed."

"But this is not England, and the people are not serfs, but freemen, who have a right to their earnings They have toiled for me, and it shall never be said I have dishonestly deprived honest labor of its reward," answered Mr Heberton

"Dishonesty! fine times forsooth! when a common laborer can bring a charge of dishonesty against a bred and born gentleman, because he has not received his paltry due. Consider, brother," continued she, in a tone of expostulation, perceiving symptoms of rising impatience, "the low, repulsive associations connected with labor; hard, coarse hands, great clumsy feet and broad shoulders It is well enough for mean people, who are used to toil, who cannot appreciate the feelings or privileges of their superiors. Think of Agnes—"

"Dear aunt," interposed the young lady, laughing, "I do not regard honest industry in the slightest degree disgraceful, and seriously think of becoming one of those same mill girls, so you must expect to see me soon in a calico frock and cape bonnet."

"Then let me tell you, miss," exclaimed the old lady, who failing to impress the mind of Agnes with her exalted notions of the dignity of her family, did not hold her in high favor; "you are the first of your family that has stooped to menial employments Thank God, all are not so degraded," continued she, glancing at Lucius, into whose feebler mind, in his hours of early illness, she had more successfully instilled her aristocratic ideas But the young man gravely assured her he had not only approved his sister's view, but contemplated a similar course himself; hoping in time to reach the high station of an overseer. At this desertion of her hitherto staunchest partisan, Aunt Susan perfectly horrified, glanced from one to the other, as if to make sure the family were not all gone stark mad, and then began to press the image of the canine follower of her noble relative, the only thing near her, in no respect, in her estimation, degenerating from the state and spirit of her ancestors, doubtless fancying she detected in its stolid countenance, evidence of more sympathy with her distress.

"Susan," exclaimed Mr. Heberton, who, usually mildly tolerant of the foibles of his sister, was now thoroughly indignant at the heartless selfishness of her language, "no more of this—My property shall be given up to the last farthing, and happy shall I be if even then no one suffers by my imprudence You have shared our wealth, and if it pleases you may have a portion in the best our poverty affords, but do not attempt to alter my determination."

Warned by the firmness of his tone, of the danger of further expostulation, Miss Susan began to manifest symptoms of spasmodic choking, her invariable refuge in defeat, which was interrupted by the entrance of a servant bearing a card, its owner requesting an immediate interview. In no mood for conversation, Mr Heberton sent a civil excuse, but the card returned, followed close by the gentleman himself. Who remarked as he entered, that the urgent nature of his business, would he hoped, prove an ample apology for his abruptness.

The intruder was a tall, fine man, of perhaps thirty-five, with large, full, lustrous eyes of intense blackness, an extremely dark but clear complexion, handsome and strongly marked features, indicative of one of those passionate, earnest natures, alike prompt in good and evil; ever ready to aid a friend or crush a foe, who never stop at half measures in anything. His manners were exceedingly simple and unostentatious, yet highly graceful and winning; a voice ... quiet exquisite modulation of tone, and ... always felt but seldom distinctly perceived, an impression of profound deference for and extreme pleasure in the society of those with whom he came in contact, that most delicate and irresistible of all flattery

He was cordially welcomed by the family, to whom he was evidently well known; although the cheek of Agnes slightly paled, and her hand was quickly withdrawn from his proffered grasp.

His errand was soon told. He had, he said, accidently become acquainted with facts, which had deeply pained him, and sure that between long and fast friends there could be no need of ceremony, had already taken measures, to anticipate their worst results. He had fortunately a considerable amount of funds uninvested, (and never before had he so keenly realized the privilege of wealth,) with which he had purchased the demands of several of the largest creditors, securing their silence in reference to the failure These he should present to Mr Heberton as a slight token of friendship, and he further designed to add a loan, sufficient to enable him to weather the storm, until the crisis, which he judged at hand, had passed, when it would be easy to repay it.

Tears of gratitude started to the eyes of Mr. Heberton, as he grasped the hand of his generous benefactor; but after a momentary pause, his innate sense of rectitude interposed to prevent his accepting aid, he could not repay, and he frankly stated the complicated difficulties of his position, and his utter hopelessness of retrieving his affairs. His friend was, however, resolute, and he was at length forced to yield, stipulating that he should receive the only security in his power to offer, viz. a mortgage on his real estate.

This settled, this guardian angel of the unfortunate, turned to Lucius, who had expressed his intention of leaving college, as he could not bear of his father's incurring the slightest expense on his account, while he was dependent for even his subsistence upon the bounty of another, and said,

"I have, I think, a compensation for this admirable sacrifice to filial duty. On my journey hither, I had a stage companion in the Hon. Mr C——, who being brother-in-law to your father's principal creditor, knew something of his embarrassments. He incidentally alluded to a vacancy at West Point, in his district, and knowing your former penchant for the profession, I proposed you. He cheerfully acceded to my request, and you have only to signify your acceptance, to be nominated. Lucius, who previously to entering college, had expressed strong desires, sternly opposed by his father, to enter West Point, could hardly find sufficient words to express his joy and gratitude at this proposal, which under any circumstances would have been extremely gratifying to his feelings.

Mr. Frederick Aline, the beneficent genius, whose opportune arrival had thus early exchanged the mournful dirge of sorrow, into the soft anthem of joy, in the mansion of Heberton, was the son of one of his oldest friends; a southerner, by birth, but for the past two years a resident of Boston. During that period he had been a visitor at Mr. Heberton's, and young as Agnes was, had a year previous, proposed for her hand. Her acceptance would have rejoiced her father greatly, but he declined, and he would not in such a matter, control her free agency. The disappointed lover endeavored by the most passionate professions of attachment to change her decision, but in vain; and at length much chagrined, he suddenly quit the city, and returned to his Southern home, from whence he had just returned, and Alice was full of pity, thinking his love sincere. His perfect self-possession, and ease of manner, soon dissipated these feelings, and when after a short conversation, he informed them that he had been accompanied North by his bride, the daughter of a wealthy Southerner, no tongue uttered louder or more sincere congratulations, than hers.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

An Aristocratic Scoundrel.

The Albany papers contain the doings of an aristocratic scoundrel, by name James C. Forsyth, who has lately been playing off a splendid game of rascality in those parts

It seems the fellow has lately been engaged in a series of financial operations which he had not head enough to manage. Besides this, like all blockheads of his class he became fascinated with the gaming table, and persisted in losing thousands of dollars to Jeremy Diddlers, that had more brains than himself. Finding himself drained of his money, and not having pluck enough to break away from his despoilers, he concluded to replenish his collapsing purse by a game of swindling, which should dazzle by its stupendous magnificence He commenced—like all such rascals—by ... his nearest and dearest friends. His wife's relatives were wealthy, and he obtained from one of them, Hon. Bunyan Hardbeck, the use of about $100,000 of railroad scrip to be pledged as collateral security Mr. H. placed it in the villian's hands with perfect confidence in his integrity. The scrip was transferred to a broker, in exchange for a letter of credit to a large amount on a London house, in violation of the express conditions of the trust. In the meantime, he amused himself by forging at random upon various banks. The exact amount of his criminalities in this case is not known.

He obtained $2,000 from the Poughkeepsie Bank, $1,000 from the Catskill Bank, $20,000 from the King ... Bank, a large sum at Newburgh and smaller pileses elsewhere What portion of the paper is forged is not yet determined, but some of it has already been pronounced worthless. Having pocketed the proceeds of his treachery, he took passage in the Africa for Europe on the 24th ultimo, without communicating his intention to his wife or friends Before going, he prepared an instrument, assigning his property to his father and brother, whose claims will sweep away every available dollar of it. The rascal who it seems is a judge of something or other, is now probably safe on the continent—in France or Germany, where he will undoubtedly place himself beyond the possibility of arrest—as no extradition treaty exists between this government and any other government than that of Great Britain

We observe that the Albany papers, in speaking of this ingrate and villian, tread very softly and gingerly. Had the offender been some poor devil who stole a penny loaf to keep him from starvation, we doubt not they would have mounted him with all the savage epithets of all the dictionaries! Being a well-bred, well-dressed, well-connected thief, he is let off with the mildest kind of milk and water reprobations. Oh, broadcloth!—thou ample cloak for crime.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

A WHISTLER.—A boy in Vermont, accustomed to working alone, was so prone to whistling, that, as soon as he was by himself, he unconsciously commenced. When asleep, the muscles of his mouth, chest, and lungs, were so completely concatenated in the association, he whistled with astonishing shrillness A pale countenance, loss of appetite, and almost total prostration of strength, convinced his mother it would end in death, if not speedily overcome; which was accomplished by placing him in the society of another boy, who had orders to give him a blow as soon as he began to whistle

SETTLING A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—We still have a lively recollection of the way in which a South Sea Islander settled a case of conscience The missionary had rebuked him for the sin of polygamy, and he was much grieved. After a day or two he returned, his face radiant with joy "Me all right now One wife. Me very good christian." "What did you do with the other" asked the missionary. "Me eat her up."

☞ The taxes in Boston for the present year are 76 cents for every hundred dollars.

☞ Water froze an inch thick at the Glen House, White Mountains, last Thursday night