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OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Tell me not of garbled sermons
Elegance of thought and style,
Heard from out your modern pulpits
Man from error to beguile
Eloquence may charm the fancy,
Summon an admiring crowd,
Who surround the gifted preacher,
With their praises long and loud:
But if God's appointed servants,
Would their hearer's conscience reach,
Leading them to paths of wisdom,
They must *practice what they preach*

Parents, if your tender offspring
You would lead in ways of truth,
Shielding them from the temptations
That surround the paths of youth
Count as vain your time-worn maxims,
And, to make your teachings sure
Guide them not alone by *precept*,
But *example*, just and pure
For, to shelter from the tempests
In a dark clouds would cast found each
Tender flower of your protection,
You must *practice what you preach*

Teachers, if throughout your duties
Ever faithful you would be,
Not by *words*, but by your *actions*,
Teach in all sincerity
Youthful eyes are on you gazing,
Youthful hearts your thoughts receive
Eagerly they catch your accents,
Eagerly your words believe
Then beware! lest by your actions
Untrue *principles* you teach,
And forget not that you must ever
Strive to *practice what you preach*

Ye who would redeem a brother,
Through a Savior's pardoning love
Know that by your bright *example*
You must lure to joys above
Better there the world, and wiser,
Full of goodness and of truth,
If, throughout each generation
Hoary age and buoyant youth,
All who preach the glorious gospel
All who govern, all who teach,
Would but learn this useful lesson
Always practice what you preach

SOWING HIS WILD OATS.

From Harper's Weekly

In one of Connecticut's most charming valleys, on a balmy, quiet evening, Harry Grey and his Jenny Ellis walked homeward with reluctant steps They had been enjoying one of those hours known only to lovers Harry's right arm encircled the round and delicate waist of Jenny and her golden ringlets were wafted by the evening breeze across his breast They had been earnestly conversing—he in entreating the beautiful girl to delay no more their now long r tarl ed union, she in endeavoring to prove to Harry the propriety of waiting until he was more settled in life, and of a more serious way of thinking, or, as she termed it, had "sown his wild oats"

Harry Grey, affectionate, yielding, and convinced that his wise and lovely Jenny knew best about all the realities of life, had ceased to urge, with the few momentous words that, had he but Jenny, he would find no occasion to sow his wild oats—they would all be blown away like chaff before the breath of heaven But she was resolute, and, dearly as the effort cost her, she had done what she believed her duty to Harry, and even added her arguments to those of her family, that a voyage to a distant land, on his uncle's trading ship, would do him the service required, and that at the close of another year he should return a responsible, sober minded person, quite fitted to call Jenny his wife

"You know, Harry, I am young to leave my home yet, seventeen is hardly more than a little girl"

Harry looked down upon her with the tenderest sentiment "Then Heaven protect us both," said he, "until the right day comes! In one week I shall leave the country, to be gone a year No letters or communication of any kind can pass between us If you can not yet trust me for your husband, can you put faith in my absence from you, my guardian angel?"

"There are invisible angels, Harry, watching over you and me," she said, wiping the tears from her eyes; "and, if you continue to love me, they will bring you back as you should come"

Whether Jenny was wise in her decision I leave my readers to judge at the close of my narrative For myself, I believe in gathering roses when the buds are opening

Silently they walked until they reached Mr Ellis's garden gate Harry opened it, and Jenny passed in before him The blue bells and lilies nodded their heads as the two went by, but neither cast a glance upon the flowers

It was with no small satisfaction that the parents of Jenny heard Harry's decision; for much as they were charmed by his manly, generous disposition, they could not but think with anxiety upon trusting their child to one whose reckless manner of life, and lightness of thought and action, led them to fear that, however devoted as a lover, Harry, as a husband, might be less so, and their daughter might suffer a premature sorrow

They all sat about the tea-table, the elder members being the talkative ones Harry scarce took his eyes from Jenny, and she was so magnetized by his ill-concealed sadness, that it was with difficulty she could withold the gathering tears from rolling down her cheeks, now becoming paler as the night came on, and she knew she must part from what her heart held most dear When the meal was finished, Mr. Ellis, passing his arm through Harry's led him out into the garden

"Don't be dispirited, my dear fellow! This is a wise decision of yours; and I promise that, on your return, you shall have as fine and merry a wedding as ever was seen in B—— "

"Yes, Sir, you are very kind; but I have a strange foreboding that something will occur to separate Jenny from me"

"What folly! It is unworthy so brave hearted a boy! You should believe Jenny as true as steel I never knew her to break her faith to any living soul"

"Do not think me a fool, Mr Ellis; I have no doubts of her—she is an angel"

"Certainly—a nice, good girl You are both so young, that you could as easily wait five years as one."

Harry shuddered "Let us speak of other things, Sir. I have the opportunity of making some good speculations in this trip, My uncle will favor me in every way"

"That is well; make money when you can—I need not say *honestly*—and I will do my part to the fully with my daughter's marriage purse—But I'll not detain you If you leave for New York to-morrow morning, I doubt not you have some words to say to poor Jenny Stay here, I will send her to you."

Harry seated himself upon a garden bench, and fell into deep thought, quite unusual to his vivacious temperament At any other time a trip to some foreign country would have been a pleasant anticipation, fond as he was of change and excitement, but now a heavy cloud hung over his spirit, and not until Jenny's quick step struck his ear did he rouse from his melancholy reverie Her presence gave him new courage, and, when she sat by his side, begging him to look ever forward to a happy reunion, he felt stirred to do something worthy a man who might claim so lovely a creature for his wife.

Long and late they tarried together, and when the heavy damps of night warned them to seek shelter, Harry folded Jenny to his heart, bidding her his last adieu He kissed away her fast flowing tears, himself growing strong as he perceived her weakness In his turn he now entreated her to look forward to happiness, and assured her over and over of his faithful attachment.

The next morning found Harry Grey *en route* to New York, where he would take sail in the *Pelican* for South America Falling in with his old friends, from whom he had for several weeks been separated, he soon found a balm for his wounded spirit in their lively company His week in New York was spent in merry making and jollity—the favorite of all, the last to leave a frolic, and the first to pay for it. Jenny's image remained sacred in his heart, however, and he believed himself a most happy man, notwithstanding his separation, never doubting his own strength nor her faithfulness.

It was a fresh and glorious morning when our friend set sail A strong breeze sent him rapidly out of the bay, and the church spires of his native city soon faded from his sight The vessel was in excellent trim, and every one on board in good humor with each other, consequently the voyage, though long, was scarcely tedious

In the frequent hours of idleness Harry's thoughts dwelt in that pleasant valley where he had bid adieu to Jenny Ellis; and now, left to his own reasonings, his soul was sometimes shattered with slight doubtings, when he considered that this parting was altogether of her causing. He tried in vain to find no wrong in a case where Jenny was concerned, but his clear perceptions still showed him a folly somewhere, loth as he was to realize it Leaning, one calm evening, over the bows of the vessel, much troubled in spirit and nervously passing his fingers through his heavy hair, he reasoned with himself in this manner

"I was perfectly able to support a wife without this adventure to precede my marriage Can it be that I have been made a fool of? I do not recollect hearing of an instance quite like this A young woman acknowledges she loves, at the same time proposes to defer her marriage with the object of her affection until he shall have braved the perils of the sea, and encountered the chances of sickness in a dangerous climate Her reasons are simply that she wishes him, in this manner, to 'sow his wild oats.' Am I such a hair brained fellow, after all? I know I profess no form or sect of religion, nor am I horrified at being in the company of jolly boys; but I believe I am, notwithstanding, an honest man—and, I may add, a stupid; that I did not bring this reasoning to bear when I was in the position to make it forcible But now I must do my best with what lies before me, and regret nothing"

With this conclusion he descended to the cabin, where, to drown unpleasant thought, he joined a party of merry makers, and laughed and sang away half the night

When left to his own reflections, Harry's thoughts invariably returned to Jenny Sometimes he was lost in a dream of her loveliness, when, so great was his desire to be in her presence, that he could only cover his face with his hands and groan at his inevitable separation from her Alternating with these passionate moods were those of doubt and displeasure, when he seemed to realize in her image only a selfish, conventional girl, who would always cultivate the mere proprieties of life to the exclusion of generous impulses

It was during one of these doubting phases that the vessel, having received some damage in a spell of rough weather, touched at the Island of Guadaloupe for repairs Glad to escape from his own thoughts, Harry rejoiced in the event His ardent temperament could in no way withstand the beauties of nature and the novel scenes that presented themselves All he beheld seemed luxurious and attractive He found the some cheerful and light hearted, finding pleasure at every turn, and before a week had passed he was the favorite and friend of old and young Most especially was he attractive to the young Zara, whose gazelle eyes, dark as night, were often turned in tender affection upon him, as reclining in the low hammock swung between two cocoanut trees, he sang to her his pleasant Northern songs Her long and glossy braids had more than once been allowed to slip through his thrilling hand without rebuke, nor was he repulsed when, one starlight evening, under a bower of thick matted vines, his lips had pressed her olive cheek Zara ran from him then, however, nor was he able again to catch a glimpse of her for several days; and each day, as it passed, was more weary than the last; until he seemed to have but one wish left, and that, to tell Zara that her cheek was soft and rich as the ripe peach, her eyes more beautiful than stars, and that he loved her with the fullest passion man can know

Waiting thus, his ardor growing more intense at each hour of delay, the vessel was announced as ready for departure With a troubled spirit he once more vainly sought for Zara, when, leaving her habitation in despair of ever again beholding her, he heard his name gently called in a voice of sad and yearning expression He turned, and saw Zara standing in the bower of vines He ran to her, and, seizing her hands, kissed them many times; then drawing from his little finger a ring, slipped it upon hers.

"Adieu, lovely one!" said he; "it breaks my heart to leave you"

"Must you go?" murmured Zara, the large tears brimming her eyes.

"Not if Zara loves me! Tell me, shall I stay and be her lover—her husband? She shall have all that a woman desires, and we will be happy—oh, Zara, happy as angels! Shall it be so? Speak quickly"

Zara's eyes glowed like burning coals, and her red lips parted as if in a dream of ecstasy—"You will come with me to the Padre!" she exclaimed; "he will bless us—make us one!"

"To the Padre? Yes, to the farthest end of the earth will I go with Zara if she calls me, my beautiful star!" and clasping her in his arms, Harry strained her to his heart while she lay upon his breast with swimming eyes.

"Ah, Jenny, Jenny!" muttered Harry, *sotto voice*, "had *you* so trusted, so loved, you were not now deserted!"

Zara and Harry went to the little church and were there united. It did not take long, nor were any words wasted; but as they emerged from the shadowy walls, blind with joy and love, they saw neither the past nor the future.

"Tell my uncle," said Harry, going to the master of the vessel, "that I have a desire to remain at Guadaloupe, and not continue on the voyage, say that the climate suits me, and I see much to be gained I will remain a year, and then take the first opportunity to return."

The vessel sailed, and Harry sped on the wings of love to his own, his beautiful Zara. Each day, each month, she became more lovely He taught her many things, and sought to cultivate her mind in the most careful manner. She was a bright and charming pupil as, seated upon the grass in the shade of the orange trees and trailing vines of scarlet cactus, she listened to his words, sometimes twisting his fingers about her own, or with her cheek against his breast, drinking in the pleasant tones of his voice.

Harry's conscience was not dulled during this delicious season. He remembered Jenny full well and often; but he allowed only the critical side of his reasoning to take effect Indeed, his love for the passionate, generous Zara quite obliterated that sweet and tender affection he had known for Jenny, and he felt assured that she would soon meet with one more staid and prudent than himself among the many suitors who visited at Mr Ellis's house, far better mated to her quiet heart and fastidious tastes; and so, folding the past in a mantle of oblivion, he gave himself up to the sweet enjoyment of present happiness

Harry's heart bounded within him one morning when Zara brought him a son All that was good and great rose up in his breast. With his boy in his arms, he knelt by his young wife and thanked God for such precious blessings— The child grew in beauty and grace. The father looked upon him with swelling pride—his cup of joy seemed to overflow

"I must take my treasures with me to my native land I will show my friends what priceless jewels I wear upon my breast"

About this time a vessel arrived at the island bringing letters for Harry Nervously he opened them, dreading some unexpected terror; but no, all was smooth and placid as the surface of the ocean that lay before him His uncle had just learned his determination of staying at Guadaloupe and was satisfied, provided it was agreeable to his nephew The envelope contained another letter It was from Jenny Ellis.—Harry well knew the delicate deciphering of his name At the sight he caught his breath He crushed the small, enveloped note in his hand and went out among the trees to read it alone The contact of his palm with her letter burned him with magnetic fire He tore it open·

"MY BEST BELOVED,—Patiently I have waited, and faithfully have I prayed for you The year has expired, and now my soul rises and blossoms with fresh hope, for I know my Harry is coming I have given my dear parents all they required of me, another year at home, and your mind has been agreeably occupied with a foreign land and engrossing business, instead of leading the life and keeping the society I always so dreaded for you in New York Come to me as soon as possible, dearest, for our best hopes will soon be realized ———"

Harry leaned against a tree gazing at the letter. Not until he re-read it did he fully realize the fearful position of all. She had *not* forgotten him as he had foolishly hoped Mistaken she might have been in her decision, but nevertheless faithful, expectant, hopeful, loving He let fall the little letter as if it had been a stinging wasp, and ran forward blindly, purposeless, toward the hills; he fled like a madman, never stopping for rocks or dangers of any sort, until he reached the edge of a stream whose soft murmurs seemed to sound in his ears like the wailings and tear droppings of a hopeless, love lorn maiden He panted, and great tears rolled out of his burning eyes

"Miserable man that I am!" cried he; "why do I live! For what purpose do I stand in this garden of the earth, a blot upon its pure surface? Would I had never seen the face of a woman! Oh, Jenny, Jenny! I have wronged you cruelly—irretrievably! What atonement can I make to one so patient, so excellent?" He paced the river's edge with long and heavy strides, the veins swelling upon his forehead from his intense suffering "Shall I dishonor her by offering myself now, a faithless lover? Love! I will not stain the word by coupling it with *pity*—I am lover to none but Zara, and she too—she must suffer for my folly! O God! if thou hast not already placed thy curse upon my soul, help me, wretch that I am, to act so that I may not destroy either the one or the other of those who live but upon my constancy!"

In an excess of misery he threw himself upon the ground and groaned in anguish of spirit.—Nightfall brought Harry to some fixed purpose Bathing his face in the cool water of the stream, he retraced his steps to Zara

"My duty," he said, "if I am able to see it through so terrible and entanglement of circumstances, is to begin again and do as I first promised I will therefore leave Zara and the child, and return to Jenny, whose poor heart I must satisfy Why needlessly grieve her, perhaps destroy her reason by saying what I have done? Once every year I will leave her a few months, on pretense of business, when I will console Zara for my absence and rejoice again in the sight of my son Harry recoiled within himself at so base a deception, and yet he was determined "I must, I must!" he said, shuddering, "I have but to think of the happiness of those dependent on me."

Resolving thus he reached home Zara came out to meet him with her usual embrace, but she started and paled when she saw the misery revealed upon his face.

"What sorrows my husband?" said she, clasping her arms around him and kissing his eyelids as he bent toward her

"Alas! dearest," he said, "I must leave you and my son for a while—my letters call me home."

"We will go also, and then you will not suffer," said Zara

"Not this time," said he, averting his eyes, "you can not go this time: I must tell them of my marriage first, you know, and then they will make preparations to receive you"

"If that best please you, then I will wait, but be happy, Harry, be happy, or Zara will die."

"Yes, love, yes, I am happy; bring me my boy"

At the sight of the child Harry revived He felt that there is some sweetness in the bitterest cup, do we but seek it. That night he entered into arrangements with the master of the vessel to sail with him next day

Meanwhile Zara walked among the trees; she saw a letter lying at the foot of one, which she picked up. Alas that her husband had ever taught her to read manuscript! and yet, but for this circumstance, she might have lived a dishonored wife. But her great nature was incapable of suspecting wrong of Harry, and it was his relief only that she sought, when, with a woman's keen perception, she understood his position, and in her passionate devotion resolved to tear him from his terrible difficulty. With a calmness almost sublime, placing the letter in her bosom, she returned to her home She saw now why Harry must go; she also saw why she must stay, but nothing of her knowledge did she reveal to him—she would not add a feather's weight to his grief It was sufficient for her soul that she knew Harry loved her.

Neither slept that night, but no moment were they parted. Their feelings were too intense for words, and one concealed from the other the great and terrible determination each had in secret.

At the breaking of the morning Harry prepared for his departure, ever ceasing from his work to embrace Zara, or, upon his knees, to bury his head in her lap to crush the rising sobs. Zara, on the contrary, seemed possessed with a superhuman calmness, and she consoled and caressed him with angelic tenderness. From her he would turn to his sleeping child, imprint soft kisses on its parted lips, and gather courage as he contemplated its innocent beauty.

The hour came. "I will stand upon this cliff, my husband," said Zara, now as pale as marble, "and I will uphold the boy, that you may see us as long as your eye can reach the shore."

"God bless you!" cried Harry, with agonizing tears "I will come back! Farewell!"

He entered the boat that carried him to the distant ship, and Zara climbed the cliff. Harry turned his face toward that point and gazed as the vessel gradually distanced the land, when, suddenly, he uttered a loud and fearful cry, and, clasping his hands above his head, was about to throw himself into the sea; but he was strongly withheld and carried down into the cabin, where, almost raving, he told how his wife, his Zara, had waited until all help was gone, and then, clasping her babe upon her breast, had leaped from off the cliff into the water beneath

Fiercely did he war with his own soul, poor Harry Grey, as he lay in a brain fever for many days and nights, and, when he began to recover, he sat upon the deck the shadow only of a man. Reflecting upon the strange and terrible experience of the past year, "It is gone," he said, "gone like a dream! The miserable remainder of my life I will give to Jenny, if she can now accept it Perhaps she may find some comfort still in her poor Harry Grey; but it is a matter of doubt whether she likes me as well with my *wild oats sown*

One night, during his weak and sorrowful condition, broken in spirit and weak in body, they were overtaken by one of those storms too often met with off the coast of Carolina, and, unable to withstand such angry elements, the ship bowed her head before the terrible power and gave up her precious cargo to the fathomless depths of ocean. When the blackening storm hurled destruction upon the struggling ship, and Harry Grey sank beneath the raging water, he seemed to feel invisible arms raising and sustaining him, until he grasped a fragment of the wreck Exhausted and careless of life, he was strangely borne upon this frail support, and swayed and floated upon its surface over the rolling waves as if he were but a leaf, or a weed of the sea

With the coming of morning came a calm upon the ocean It was not without a sensation of relief that Harry perceived floating toward him a small boat, as if sent by some kind water spirit for his safety Had he but felt the strength of a child he would have thrown himself into the sea, the quicker to reach his approaching succor; but illness and grief had robbed him of all save life He grasped the side, however, as the little boat floated by, and detained its aimless voyaging, while he dragged himself into its friendly lap He then curled himself into the stern and lay quietly, to be carried whither God willed.

Looking dreamily forward, he seemed to see Zara seated near him with her babe upon her breast Her long glossy hair hung heavy about her polished shoulders, and she was draped in festoons of shining seaweed He stretched forth his weary arms, and she seemed to bend forward to him; he felt the cold sweep of her hair; and the waft of her breath across his lips. From that moment he knew of nothing save Zara and the child, with whom he seemed to walk among leafy shades and balmy zephyrs on an island far away, where the very atmosphere was life and love, and the ground elastic under the touch of their light feet

From these delights our poor friend was bro't back to a knowledge of his whereabout when, one morning, he found himself lying in a comfortable berth He endeavored to bring his faculties to a clearer point as he lay quiet and alone He heard much bustle and confusion overhead, and, after a while, his cabin door was opened and the visage of a negress appeared within the space At the sight of his reasonable eyes and calm face she showed a double row of large white teeth, and gave a chuckle peculiar to throats of her color She closed the door quickly, and Harry was left alone once more; but for a moment only His next visitor was a hale, sunburned man with so sympathetic and genial a face that Harry put forth his trembling, emaciated hand to greet him

"All right with you now, shipmate?" said the captain

Harry passed his hand over his eyes "I believe so, my friend; but I feel strangely

"I suppose you're starved lad You've laid here this past week without giving a signal, but the brandy Aunt Sal kept leaking down your throat has hove you to again I'll send you some breakfast."

Left to his reflections, Harry drew the most natural conclusion to be drawn under such circumstances: that he was rescued soon after losing consciousness, by a friendly vessel, and his especial desire was now to know whither they were bound Raising himself upon his elbow, he endeavored to reach the port hole that he might look out After one or two trials he succeeded It needed but one long look to perceive they were entering the harbor of New York — He sank back again, and closed his eyes

"I have lived, then, it seems," thought he, "for some marked purpose. My work is only begun. This weakness of body will not serve me I must be up and in action

The captain entered with a bowl of hot tea and a dish of simple food "Eat this, lad, and I will find you some clothes" These were soon bro't, and when enrobed in them Harry was shocked to find his body so emaciated The captain laughed at what he called a "bean-pole in breeches" Harry affected a laugh, but he knew too well the cause of his broken frame, to find much merriment therein.

I will pass over the details that lay between Harry's leaving the ship, and reaching, by easy journeys, his mother's house in the village of B——, near where we first met him with Jenny Ellis.

Still weak, broken much in constitution, he was once more ensconced in his own room upon the bed where his dreams had always been of Jenny The little table and writing desk stood near upon which he had so often written his love thoughts to her, above his looking glass, even, hung the well-dried bunch of June roses once given him by Jenny All, all was as of old except the heart that throbbed dull and slow in the breast he had given to another; and that other, look where he would, the beloved face seemed ever present. Harry sent immediately for Jenny. He was dressed, and lay half reclining upon the bed.

She came with speed She had just heard of his illness and wreck, and was prepared to find him feeble and suffering. He listened to her tremulous step upon the stair, and a quiet determination took possession of his soul

The door opened—she stepped in, as fair, as fresh as when they parted There were the bright, golden curls, the sweet, drooping lids, the misty, blue eyes; but where was the spell? Where? Harry knew too well He turned his pale face toward her, and his steady eyes fixed their gaze upon hers. She was about to rush forward with rapturous greeting, but his look transfixed her

Clasping her hands, she cried, "Oh, Heaven, how altered!"

"Yes, Jenny—is it not as you wished?"

Her eyes dilated, and her slight form swayed as he spoke so quietly—so calmly. "Are you dying? You look so strangely—oh, Harry! what is this?" She sprang forward, and clasped his neck: covering his face with kisses, she did not at first perceive that his arm lay listless at his side, not returning her pressure. She stood up wondering and grief-stricken.

He put his hand to his heart a moment, as if in pain, and said, "I, am a broken reed, dear Jenny, not very fit for a bridegroom; but it is the best I could do for you. My wild oats are quite sown, now. Sit down by me; or wait—let us go over to the sofa. Will you help me?"

She passed her arm about his waist, and he leaned his slightly upon her shoulders In this manner they went slowly across the floor. "Yes, dear," said he, nearing the sofa, "they are all sown Sit here by my side, and I will tell you how. Don't tremble, Jenny. I am yours, you know, if I am worth your taking, but listen to me— Are you ill?"

"No," she gasped; "talk—talk!"

"Well, then, you sent me from your presence, where I was purely happy, as you know; where one word of yours was sufficient to make me do your smallest wish. You sent me away to meet temptation in foreign lands, there to 'sow my wild oats' You were all powerful to influence me, but your power did not reach over the wide ocean, Jenny; and when at last a maiden looked into my heart, and saw there the loving nature, she entered therein and became one of those very sinful grains you had so coldly banished." He took Jenny's hand—it was as cold as stone—"Let me cover your neck and shoulders, you are chilly; or shall I hold my arms about you, so—" and he put his arms around her almost fainting form She burst into tears as she recollected the last, loving, powerful pressure, with which they had held her "Shall I go on, Jenny?"

"Have you not told all, Harry? The maiden loved you, and you forgot your Jenny for a little while, but now—now you have come back a serious, calm-minded man, with all the old affection renewed, and even more durable from its very quietude?" She spoke excitedly, caressing his cheeks with her little hands

"Mistake me not!" exclaimed Harry "This is not so I intend telling the whole I married this maiden—married her, because I loved her generous nature that would die for my sake, never fearing my evils, whatever they were"

Jenny sprang forward and turned upon him wildly "Faithless! faithless! Why are you here? Why do you not go back to her? What have you to do with me; miserable, miserable as I am!" She swept her hair from off her face with her quivering hands, and the tears rushed in torrents down her pallid cheeks

Harry, too, rose up with unnatural strength "Because," cried he, despairingly, "she lies in the bottom of the ocean with our child—*my* child in her arms; and she took with her—" He stepped forward and seized Jenny's hands with a sudden and terrible earnestness—"she took with her, *all my wild oats*. Is not that what you sent me away for, Jenny Ellis? Are you not satisfied?"

Long they looked at each other, these two unfortunate children, until each saw the heart of the other Gradually their expression softened. Harry let go his close grasp of her hands, and she again supported him to the sofa

"It is early for us to suffer so much, Harry," said Jenny, in a low, changed voice; "but the fault is my own, and only mine. I see it now when it is too late Would that I could find happiness for you, but I fear that is not my mission! Farewell, Harry—dearest—God keep you!" She leaned forward to kiss his forehead. He detained her

"Jenny, Jenny, you are an angel! I always said it You deserve something better than the mere fragment of a man; but it is your happiness I wish to live for always; can you find it now in me?"

"My poor Harry, you misjudge me. My happiness, indeed, depends on yours; but the first light that ever sheds its rays over my dark and lonely soul will be when I know you have gone again to that maiden who lives in your heart"

Harry shuddered and concealed his face upon Jenny's shoulder. "To console you, sweet angel, I would have committed a crime—a base deception; but God has saved me."

"And He has saved me also from being the cause, for at my threshold would have been laid your sin, as is now your sorrow and blight"

Ten years have passed since the events related above Jenny Ellis has never married. She is the staff and consolation of her father's declining years There is a seat at the foot of the garden where she loves to sit of a quiet evening, alone She seems then to be watching the stars, some say she communes with departed spirits

Harry never recovered his natural health and vigor He went many years ago to join Zara and the child.

William A. Porter.

From the Easton Sentinel

Some curiosity is usually felt to know the private history of men who are proposed for public office Judge Porter spent a considerable portion of his life in this town On his appointment to the Supreme Bench we published a short sketch of him, which was copied by some of our exchanges. We add a few more facts, well known to his friends here, which may prove interesting to others

He was born in Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania, in 1821, and is now about thirty seven years of age He is the son of the Hon David R. Porter, whose name has long been familiar to our people. His mother was the daughter of Mr McDermott, who emigrated from Scotland during the last century, for the purpose of engaging in manufacturing iron in Western Pennsylvania Being Irish on one side and Scotch on the other, Judge Porter has a good right to the title of Scotch Irish, so much eulogised in his life of Judge Gibson

His early life was passed in Huntingdon, but we have no information respecting it He came to Easton more than twenty years ago, and spent several years at the college in this town His teachers speak of him as a boy of quick and active mind; a persevering student, and exceedingly truthful and honorable in his thoughts and feelings During his college course he maintained a position at the head of his class. He early showed a talent for debate, and represented the literary societies of the college on several occasions He became proficient also in moral and intellectual philosophy. In the ancient languages he was particularly distinguished, so much so that on graduating he delivered an original speech in Greek and Latin.

In 1836, Mr. Porter commenced the study of law in the office of Hon. J. M. Porter, who has turned out more lawyers than some of our bars contain. Several years were here devoted to the study of law During this time he became a general favorite of our citizens, and they will vote for him with a unanimity which few public men could command.

In 1842 he was appointed by Attorney Gen. Johnson, District Attorney for Philadelphia, which brought him in contact with some of the ablest members of that bar We have always understood that he discharged the duties of the office with ability. The Sheriff of Philadelphia having died, a violent contest for the remainder of the term ensued. Unable to please either faction, Judge Porter's father, then Governor, appointed him to the office. This was an uncomfortable position, for the uproar on all sides was great. Besides the political discontents, proceedings were commenced to test his eligibility, on the ground of age. But the character of the office was soon changed. Order was brought out of confusion and all illegal fees abolished. Money was promptly paid over and the business was conducted with an exactness and precision which are said to be memorable to this day. The notable riots of that period commenced about this time. One of the most exciting occurred in Kensington. Departing from the custom of his predecessors, Sheriff Porter placed himself at the head of a posse of several hundred citizens, and against all remonstrance proceeded to the scene of disturbance. The newspaper accounts are still in our minds At the first discharge of firearms, the posse left the Sheriff with but a handful of supporters. The testimony afterwards given in court, brought the subsequent facts prominently to view One of the witnesses testified that after a long search he found the Sheriff in the midst of the fight, surrounded by several hundred of the rioters, and severely injured On being urged to retire, he replied, not until the riot is quelled — In the presence of the witnesses he was again knocked down and very much trampled The result was a long illness We have frequently heard Mr Porter say, that on recovering from his illness a new world seemed to open upon him, for all opposition to his administration as a Sheriff was gone The frowns with which he was formerly met were changed for congratulations. Those whom his amiable temper and integrity had failed to influence were won by his disposition to do his duty.

At the close of his term as Sheriff, the members of the bar, without distinction of party, presented to him an address which was re-published in this paper, at that time Among other things they say, "we cheerfully bear our testimony to the faithfulness and purity with which you have discharged your responsible trusts, to the decorous manner in which the affairs of your office have been managed, and the promptness and correctness with which all its business has been conducted." On turning to the list of signatures, we see the names of Meridith, Randall, Ingraham, Mallory, Dallas, Gilpin, Brown, Price, Reed, Tyson, Campbell, Tilghman, Wharton, Cadwalader, Ingersoll, Scott, Hubbell, Perkins, Bayard, and several hundred equally distinguished and of all political opinions

On retiring from the Sheriff's office Mr Porter resumed the practice of the law in Philadelphia, and continued it with success for fifteen or sixteen years, and until his appointment to the Bench His success which was almost unprecedented, might have been expected from his ability, industry and legal knowledge

In 1849 the Trustees of the late Bank of the United States selected him as their counsel Some of his opponents, we see, abuse him as the Solicitor of the Bank This was not so He was counsel of the Trustees, who were hostile to the former managers of the Bank, and were engaged in suits against many of them. This appointment, which brought him in contact with lawyers in nearly every country in the United States and many of the cities of Europe, added to his practice. Several hundred thousand dollars were thus collected, and in the end the notes and deposits of the Bank were paid in full, principal and interest, (a result at first wholly unexpected,) and the remainder of the assets were distributed among the other claimants

In 1856, when the finances of Philadelphia had been greatly reduced, and a vigorous effort to overthrow the dominant party had been determined on, Mr Porter was selected as the Democratic candidate for City Solicitor, and the ticket was elected by a large majority

His skillful, energetic, and independent course in that office, was well known His letter to Councils, composed of a majority of his own party, in which he refused to interfere, at their request, in a case pending in Court, was generally read and applauded by men of all parties

When Judge Knox resigned from the Bench of the Supreme Court, Governor Packer, in accordance with the wishes of the party throughout the State, appointed Mr Porter to his present position; and the Convention which assembled at Harrisburg on the 4th of March last, confirmed this selection by an almost unanimous vote.

Such has been his political and professional course. His life has not, however, been wholly devoted to professional occupations At college he exhibited much literary taste. His address before our literary societies, in 1843, was highly instructive We remember an address before the Law Academy of Philadelphia, of which he was one of the provosts, but the subject has escaped us His most successful publication is his work on the character of Judge Gibson, who, it seems from the preface, showed him much kindness in early life This work was extensively noticed by the reviews through the country, and had a rapid sale

He has been engaged in other labors somewhat peculiar for a lawyer He was for several years one of the managers of the American Sunday School Union and a member of the committee of publication. In this capacity he selected, supervised or assisted in the publication of some of the important treatises published by that institution, which have exerted so much influence on the minds of the young, throughout the country

In private life the character of of Judge Porter is without blot In his deportment and disposition he is frank and cordial In private charity he is liberal to a fault As an advocate he was exceedingly clear and forcible. The books are full of his arguments Of his fidelity to clients, the citizens of this county, of whose business in Philadelphia he had the almost exclusive charge, require nothing to be said; and besides a safe adviser, they have always found him a courteous and hospitable gentleman As a Judge, we are told he leans much towards the common law, and that his views are very conservative. In religion he is a Presbyterian. In politics he was when he was here, and always has been a Democrat As a Judge he may, and probably does suppose it improper to take any part in the political questions now under discussion, but those who know him best are sure that he will be found at all times on the side of right

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THE WIFE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.—We have been accustomed to sympathize with the wife of Arnold, in the distress which Hamilton's account represents her as having suffered when apprized of her husband's treason and flight; but if the following is true, our sympathies have been wasted According to Parton's Life of Burr:

He was sitting one evening with Mrs. Prevost, when the approach of a party of horse was heard, and soon after a lady veiled and attired in a riding habit, burst into the room, and hurrying towards Mrs. Prevost, was on the point of addressing her. Seeing a gentleman present whom in the dim light of the apartment she did not recognize, she paused, and asked, in an anxious tone:

"Am I safe? Is this gentleman a friend?"

"Oh, yes," was Mrs Prevost's reply, he is my most particular friend, Colonel Burr."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Arnold—for she it was—"I've been playing the hypocrite, and I'm tired of it."

She gave them an account of how she had deceived Washington, Hamilton and other American officers who, she said, believed her innocent of treason, and had given her an escort of horse from West Point She made no scruple of confessing the part she had borne in the negotiation with the British General, and declared it was she who induced her husband to do what he had done. She passed the night at Paramus, taking care to resume her acting of the outraged and frantic woman whenever strangers were present. Col. Burr's relations with the Shippen family of which Mrs. Arnold was a member, had been of the most intimate charater from childhood.—They had been his father's friends, and the orphan boy had been taken from his mother's grave to their home in Philadelphia. He stood toward this facinating, false-hearted woman almost in the light of a younger brother, and he kept her secret until she was past being harmed by the telling of it.

☞ Geothe said "*man* is the only object that properly interests man." We guess the old fellow was mistaken Woman is a much more interesting object than man, anyhow.