

HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

Vol. VIII, No. 27.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., JULY 19, 1843.

Whole No. 391.

PUBLISHED BY
THEODORE H. CREMER.

Terms.
The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.
No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid.
Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of a *testamentum* writ of *venditioni exponas*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Perry county, and to me directed, I will expose to sale, by public vendue or outcry, on the premises, the following described property, seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of Thomas Patterson (Tinner), on Thursday the 20th day of July next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., viz:

All that lot of ground situate on the northern side of Mulberry street in the town of Hollidaysburg, Huntingdon county, fronting on said street and extending back at right angles to said street 130 feet to Strawberry Alley, being lot No. 46 in the plan of the said town, thereon erected a two story plastered dwelling house. Also, lot No. 3 in the old town of the said town of Hollidaysburg, being 60 feet in front on Allegheny street, extending back 180 feet to Strawberry Alley, thereon erected a two story brick tavern house, a large frame stable and back buildings. Also, lot No. 20 in the said town of Hollidaysburg, fronting 60 feet on Walnut street, and extending back 180 feet to Cherry alley, being the lot of ground purchased by defendant (Thomas Patterson) by articles of agreement, from James Lindsay, adjoining a lot of John James, and having a two story frame house thereon erected. Also, a lot or piece of ground situate on the corner of Blair and Montgomery street, in the town of Hollidaysburg, being 55 feet more or less, on each street, being part of lot No. — in said town plot, having thereon erected a large three story brick house and a two story frame house.

The terms of sale will be cash.
JOHN SHAVER, Shif.
Sheriff's Office, Hunting-
don, June 28, 1843.

THE GIRARD LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITY AND TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Office No. 159 Chestnut Street.

Make insurances of lives, grant annuities and Endowments, and receive and execute Trusts.
Rates for insuring \$100, on a single life.
Age. For 1 year. For 7 years. For life.
annually. annually.
20 \$0 91 \$0 95 \$1 77
30 1 31 1 36 2 56
40 1 69 1 83 3 20
50 1 95 2 09 4 60
60 2 35 4 91 7 00
EXAMPLE:—A person aged 50 years, by paying the company \$1 31 would secure to his family or heirs \$100, should he die in one year—or for \$13 10 he secures to them \$1000 Or for \$13 60 annually for 7 years, he secures to them \$1000 should he die during the 7 years—or for \$23 60 paid annually during life he provides for them 1000 dollars whenever he dies—for \$65 30 they would receive 5000 dollars, should he die in one year.
Further particulars respecting Life Insurance, Trusts, or management of Estates and property confided to them, may be had at the office.
B. W. RICHARDS, President.
JNO. F. JAMES, Actuary.
Phila. April 19, 1843.—6m.

DAY, GERRISH & CO.

GENERAL PRODUCE, Commission and Forwarding Merchants.

Granite Stores, lower side of Race street, on the Delaware, Philadelphia.

RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the merchants generally, that they have taken the large Wharf and Granite Front Stores, known as Ridgeway's Stores, immediately below Race street, in addition to their old wharf, where they will continue the produce commission business, as also to receive and forward goods to all points on the Juniata, and North and West branches of the Susquehanna Rivers, via the Tide Water, and Pennsylvania, and Schuylkill and Union canals.

This establishment has many advantages over any other in the city in point of room and convenience for the accommodation of boats and produce. Being one of the largest wharves on the Delaware, and the stores extending from Water street to Delaware Front. Five or six boats may at the same time be loading and discharging. The usual facilities will be given on all consignments entrusted to their charge, which will be thank fully received and meet with prompt attention. Salt, Fish and Plaster, constantly on hand and for sale at the lowest market price.
References, Philadelphia.
J. Ridgway, Esq. J. Brock, son & Co
Jacob Lex & Son Waterman & Osbourn
Mulford & Alter Scull & Thompson
Wilson, Seiger & Bro E. J. Etting & Bro
Bray, Barcroft & Co Morris, Patterson & Co
Lower & Barrow.
Lewistown.
J & J Milliken A & G Blymver
Patterson & Horner J McCoy, Esq.
Waterstreet.
Stewart & Horrell E W Wike, Esq.
February 8, 1843.—6m.

W. H. MORRIS, R. M. KIRKBRIDE
WILLIAM H. MORRIS & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERIES

Commission Merchants.

HAVRE DE GRACE, MARYLAND
HAVING taken the large and commodious Wharf and Warehouse situated directly on the Canal Basin, are now prepared to receive consignments of goods for transshipment or sale.

A general assortment of Groceries, &c., consisting of Loaf and Brown Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Sperm Oil and Candles, White, Yellow and Brown Soaps, Fish, Salt, Plaster, &c., together with all kinds of Spices and Paints—and also ready made Clothing will be kept constantly on hand and disposed of on city terms or exchanged for country produce, Coal, &c.
April 19 1843.—3m.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE.

THE subscriber occupying the large three story brick dwelling house at the south east corner of Allegheny and Smith streets, in the borough of Huntingdon, the third story of which during the last summer has been fitted for sleeping rooms; having a large stable on the premises, and having employed a careful person to attend to it and take care of horses, &c., informs the public that she is prepared to accommodate such of her friends and such strangers and travellers as may desire accommodation. She respectfully solicits a share of public patronage, and hopes the friends of Temperance will give her a call.
ESTHER CLARKE.
Huntingdon March 1, 1843.

WASHINGTON HOTEL.

MARKET SQUARE, HARRISBURG, Pa.
The subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the above named well known Tavern Stand, (formerly kept by Wm. E. Camp,) where he will endeavor to serve those that may call upon him in the most satisfactory manner. The House is centrally and pleasantly located, and is furnished throughout with the best of bedding and other furniture, and his accommodations are such as to make it a convenient and desirable stopping place. No exertions will be spared to make it agreeable in all its departments to those who may favor him with a call.
FREDERICK J. FENN.
December 21, 1842.

TO MARRIAGES.

THOMAS DOUGLASS, GUN-SMITH,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends, and the public generally, that he still continues the above business in
M'CONNELLSTOWN,
and is prepared to manufacture all kinds of Guns or Pistols, or to make any necessary repairs upon any article of the kind. If careful attention will merit success, he hopes to secure the patronage of the sharpshooters of this county.
October 11, 1842.

BOOTS AND SHOE S.

Leighon and Straw Bonnets,
PALM-LEAF AND LEIGHON HATS.
Merchants and others from Huntingdon and adjacent places, are respectfully requested to call and examine the stock of the above kinds of goods, which is full and extensive, and which will be sold at prices that will give satisfaction to purchasers, at No. 168 Market, street south-east corner of 5th street, Philadelphia.
GEO. W. & LEWIS B. TAYLOR.
Phila. Feb. 6, 1843.—6mo.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Letters testamentary on the last will and testament of Samuel Finlay, late of Dublin township, Huntingdon county, dec'd., have been granted to the subscribers. All persons therefore indebted to the estate of said dec'd., are requested to make immediate payment, and all having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement, to
JOHN WALKER,
JAMES CREE, Jr.
Executors.
June 21, 1843.—6t.

B. HAWKINS.

BEGETS to inform the inhabitants of Huntingdon and its vicinity, that he has commenced the business of light and heavy wagon making, and every kind of vehicle repairing. Having learnt his trade in England, he is prepared to furnish either the English or American style of wagons, and hopes by diligence and attention to merit a share of public patronage.
N. B. Shop near to Mr. J. Honck's blacksmith shop.
Huntingdon, April 19, 1843.—1y.

Snyder's Vegetable Concrete.

Do certify that my wife was afflicted for some time with a very severe cough, with a pain in the breast, and after many other remedies had failed I was induced to procure a bottle of J. Snyder's Vegetable Concrete, and she was perfectly restored by the use of part of a bottle full.
HUGH KELLEY.
For sale by Jacob Snyder, Hollidaysburg, Jan. 18, 1843.

Administrator's Notice.

LETTERS of administration on the estate of John Isenberg, late of the borough of Alexandria, Huntingdon county, dec'd., have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it will present them properly authenticated for settlement without delay.
SAMUEL ISENBERG, Adm'r.
June 7, 1843.—6t.

POETRY.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

(The exploits of Gen. Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting portion of the annals of the American Revolution.)

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader, frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.
We to the English soldier
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight,
A strange and sudden fear:
When waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again.
And they who fly in terror, deem
A mighty host behind.
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.
Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly,
On beds of oaken leaves.
Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The hand that Marion leads;
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moonlit plains;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts their roving manes.
A moment in the British camp,
A moment, and away
Back to the pathless forest;
Before the peep of day,
Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindest welcomes,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever from our shore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TWIN SISTERS.

From Graham's Magazine.

A Leaf from the Journal of an Antiquary.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

The old mansion house of Folkstone had little to attract the notice of the passing wayfarer, for its fine park is now converted into a sheep pasture, its flower garden is planted with turnips, and its noble woods have long since been felled to enable its owner to enrich and embellish some fairer domain. The house has suffered comparatively little from time, but a fiercer enemy has been at work within its walls, and in its finest apartments are still visible the traces of that devouring fire which has reduced it almost to ruin. Strange rumors are abroad concerning the origin of that fire. The present owner, a wild and dissolute youth, came down to visit, with a party of gay revellers, soon after it fell into his possession. Five more stately and better appointed mansions were already his, for he was one of the wealthiest of England's peers, and when he beheld the worm-eaten tapestries and mouldering furniture, he was heard to exclaim, with a loud oath—
"I would that my mad cousin of Folkstone had set fire to the old nest; it will cost more in taxes than the lands will yield in revenue."
His steward, a keen-eyed, iron faced man, heard his master's words, and on the very night after the young lord's departure, the building was discovered to be in flames. Some said it was a judgment from Heaven, others shook their heads, and whispered that the agency of man was visible in a fire which had broken out from four different points at the same moment, and certain it is that no money was ever spent upon the repair of the once noble structure.

The ladies Rosamond and Lilius were the only children of the proud old marquis whose ancestors had for centuries ruled over the domain of Folkstone. Born after a childless marriage of many years, perhaps both parents would have been pleased if one fair son had been given to them instead of two fragile daughters who were now destined to inherit the estate, and extinguish the name of their ancient family. But parental affection silenced, if it could not subdue, their regrets, and ere long the twins were the idols of both father and mother.
The singular personal resemblance, which so generally characterizes those whose nature has so mysteriously connected, was in this case very strongly marked. As infants they could, with difficulty, be distinguished from each other, and only the erring eye of a mother could detect the shades of difference between the deep gray eye of Rosamond and the slight hazel tint which was diffused through the same color in the eyes of Lilius; while only a mother's heart could remember that when two little heads were laid upon the same pillow the curls which

clustered round Rosamond's brow were darker than the chestnut locks of Lilius. The similitude, seemed rather to increase with the progress of time, and in the sportiveness of their innocent mirth, the fair children would often puzzle their parents by changing the ornaments which formed the only distinction between them in the eyes of the family servants. Nor were they less alike in character than in person, and happier had it been for both, if more diversity between them had really existed.

Entitled by their birth to rank and affluence, gifted by nature with exceeding beauty, and almost worshipped by parents who had long despaired of beholding the renewal of their youth in their offspring, they early learned their own importance in the eyes of the whole household. Their will became a law to all, from the proud old lord down to his humblest servant, and it is not surprising that they should soon have acquired a full portion of the waywardness which is ever the result of unlimited indulgence. Their similarity of taste and feeling produced distinction between them even in the nursery, for each was sure to desire the same gratification at precisely the same moment, and as it was scarcely possible always to fulfill the desire of both, their wilfulness occasioned continual discord between them. Many a dispute which has separated those whom God himself had united—many a family feud which has left its inheritance of hatred in the second and third generations—many a bitter jealousy—many an evil passion which curdles the milk of human kindness in the hearts of men, and makes the bond of kindred only a fetter which is gladly broken—may be traced to the petty bickering and still renewed quarrels which disturbed their days of infancy. The misfortunes which befel the beautiful sisters, if traced to their first cause, will be found to have arisen in that disunion of feeling, and selfishness, which characterized their childhood, which the wonderful similarity that distinguished their moral as well as their physical nature, and that which should have bound them by the closest ties, became only an unfulfilling source of discord and dislike.

As nothing is more unlovely than childhood without its innocent attributes, its frankness, its overflowing affections, its utter unselfishness, its purity of feeling—we will pass over the events of the sisters' early life; events which, though of trifling import in themselves, were of no little consequence to the formation of character.

At sixteen, the ladies, Rosamond and Lilius were known to all the country round as the Beauties of Folkstone; and the rare spectacle of two young females so exquisitely lovely and so wonderfully similar that a portrait of the one would have served as a most accurate likeness of the other, drew round them a crowd of admirers. It required an intimate acquaintance with both to discover the points of difference which existed between them, and yet those differences were of the most decided and definite kind. Possessed of equally violent passions, equally self-willed and resolute of purpose, they yet were most unlike in talent and in their power of self-possession.

Scarcely had the beautiful sisters attained the age of womanhood, when death deprived them of their mother, whose weak indulgence had fostered the growth of those errors in her children of which she was keenly sensible ere she was removed from them forever. They felt little respect for the parent who had early submitted her better judgment to their infantine caprices, and like all spoiled children, they made a most ungrateful return for her unlimited affection. She was allowed to minister to their pleasures, but when, excited by their wilfulness, she attempted to act the mentor, or to assert her dormant authority, she was met by utter contempt for her counsels, and direct disregard of her commands. Her last days were embittered by their disobedience, and the children who had been bestowed as blessings, were by her own excess of affection, made her most bitter scourges.

Their father, a weak, silly, proud old man, who fancied that every thing which appertained to him was beyond censure or criticism, and who allowed his daughters to act precisely as they pleased, so long as they did not controvert his pecuniary prejudices, was little calculated to be their guide during the perilous period of life which they had just entered. Thus left to follow the dictates of their own will, they could scarcely fail of laying up a store of future suffering.

Among their numerous admirers was one who mingled timidly with the throng of the noble and the gifted that surrounded the lovely heiresses of Folkstone, as if conscious of his full claims upon their notice or regard. Herberton Bellenden was a younger son, who from his boyhood, had been destined to the church, because a valuable living was in the gift of his family. His rectory was but a short distance from Folkstone, and the large estate of his elder brother lay contiguous to those which were the future inheritance of the lovely sister.

It would be useless to attempt describing the progress of those events which gradually tended to compass the scheme of the romantic but self-willed Lilius. She had early discovered Herberton Bellenden's preference for Rosamond—she had almost as soon detected her proud sister's mental struggles against reciprocal affection, and yet, in spite of these things she resolved to win the object of her love, even if her path to the altar led over her sister's crushed and bleeding heart.
All the powerful machinery of a woman's will was put in motion to secure the prize. All that she could devise of boldness or of stratagem was exercised upon the unsuspecting lovers. By cunningly constructed tales of Herberton's presumption

Rosamond was instigated to treat him with a degree of proud coldness almost amounting to contempt, while the downcast eye of Lilius, her quivering lip, her trembling voice, her agitated manner when in his presence, were all made to bear palpable witness to the depth of her own fervent tenderness. A woman's cunning is almost sure of success, because men rarely suspect the sex until they have had some experience of their falsehood, and even if once deceived, personal vanity is usually a most powerful auxiliary on the side of the weaker, but more subtle adversary. Herbert Bellenden was entirely deceived by the devices of Lilius. He fancied that the sensitive girl was cherishing a hopeless passion which she vainly struggled to hide, and when he compared her ill-concealed agitation of manner with the stern cold indifference of her sister, he could not but wonder at his own waywardness in thus humbling himself before the contemner, while he turned from the worshipper.

One evening—it was the dusky hour of twilight and the shadow of the broad and gnarled oaks threw a deeper gloom over the pathway as Herbert encountered the lady of his love. She was treading with quick step a narrow walk which traversed the lawn, and lost itself in the darkest woodland. A closed bonnet partly hid her features, but the proud curve of those smiling lips, the stately tread of that tall form was not to be mistaken. He little knew what thoughts of coming triumph had lent that haughty look and that proud step to the maiden who now stood beside him.—Day after day had he brooded over his preference for the cold beauty, and pondered on the belief that he was the object of her sister's love. Sometimes he was tempted to banish himself from the presence of both—sometimes he was upon the point of devoting himself to the gentle and loving Lilius—yet his vacillating temper led him still to defer the moment of explanation. They were alone—no witnesses but the silent stars could behold his agitation—his voice would reach no ears save hers—and yielding to an impulse which he would neither understand nor control, he poured forth the long repressed tide of deep affection. Silently did she suffer him to draw her towards him—silently did she hide her face upon his bosom, as he prayed her to forget rank and fortune, and parental anger, for the strong and abiding love of a husband's heart. Did no misgivings seize him when he found the haughty and frank Rosamond listening calmly to such a proposition? Did he believe that passion had so subdued her proud temper that she would not only wed the untitled younger son, but even de grade herself by a clandestine marriage?

On the night following this unlooked for interview, a veiled and muffled figure stole silently from a postern gate, which opened upon a bypath through Folkstone park. The clock was striking midnight as the disguised lady approached the trysting place. Herbert Bellenden was already there, the carriage was in waiting, and with a silent embrace, the lovers hurried to enter it. Ere the next day's sun had set, the whole neighborhood knew that Herbert Bellenden had robbed Folkstone of one of its fairest ornaments. The story was widely diffused, but strange to say, half the world made Rosamond the partner of his flight, while others said that Lilius was the bride. The gossips were only satisfied when Rosamond, looking pale and sorrowful, but still as proud and queenly as ever, was seen accompanying her father in his daily rides.—It was strange—passing strange.

Time passed and wrought his usual changes as he winged his silent way. Five years had elapsed since the eventful night which had thus far decided the fate of the sisters. The old lord of Folkstone was gathered to his fathers—the stately and beautiful Rosamond dwelt alone in the ancient hall, for, excepting her sister, there were none of her near kindred left upon earth. Herbert Bellenden had inherited the title and fortune which had once belonged to his elder brother, who had recently died childless, and the beautiful Lilius, who to the world, had sacrificed ambition to love when she wedded, now reaped her reward in her newly acquired rank and wealth. At the death bed of their aged father, a reconciliation had taken place between the estranged family. The old man, who could not forgive his daughter's clandestine marriage with a younger son, was induced to bestow his blessing on the richly dowered countess, and Rosamond, whose cold, proud demeanor had now become habitual, did not refuse to accede to the proffered peace. But though there might be peace between them, there could be no affection. Rosamond's heart had received a wound which was yet unhealed, and Lilius was hiding within her bosom a secret which she was dreading lest her very thoughts should reveal. Jealous of every look and word which her husband bestowed upon another, pining for the kindness and affection which Herbert neither would nor could bestow, and continually trembling lest something should occur to break the frail bonds which seemed to hold her husband to her side, she had indeed reaped the reward in utter disappointment and misery.

But her punishment was not yet come. Lilius was preparing for her first winter in London, where she had resolved to appear in all the splendor of her beauty and fortune, when a fearful accident overthrew all her hopes. While in the act of stepping out of her carriage, the horses took fright, and the fair countess was thrown violently to the ground while her dress becoming entangled in the step, she was dragged some distance over the rugged road before assistance could be afforded.—She was taken up apparently lifeless, and so frightfully disfigured that she was scarcely to be recognized. Medical skill was immediately procured,

but for many hours she lay between life and death, and it was not until the second day that the doctor pronounced the crisis to be past.

That very night, as Rosamond watched beside the bed of her unconscious sister, in the very presence of the helpless sufferer, who knew not of what was passing around her—that very night from the lips of him whom she still loved better than aught else on earth, did Rosamond listen to a tale which almost maddened her. It was her love that Herbert Bellenden had sought—it was her whom he fancied he was bearing to a clandestine marriage, and not until the hurried and confused ceremony was over—not until the veil was removed from the face of her whom he claimed as his wife, did he learn that Lilius, and not Rosamond, was his companion.

"From that hour, Rosamond," said he, "I have loathed the very air she breathed, and the very earth she trod. She has been as a serpent in my path, and yet her tears, her agony, her blishments have won me to treat her sometimes with a tenderness that has seemed almost like love. Yes, he added, bitterly, "she has been as a serpent in my path, as a deadly adder whose sting I feel in my very heart of hearts, and now she lies like a crushed worm before me—thus to drag out perhaps years of misery—so fearful and humble sight to all—a heavy and wretched burden to my existence!"

What were the feelings of Rosamond when she listened to this strange tale? The floodgates of passion were thrown open—the barriers of pride and principle gave way, and in that fearful hour the secret of her long hoarded passion was revealed to the weak and vacillating husband of another.—From that moment Rosamond never re-entered her sister's apartment, and never met Herbert Bellenden save in the presence of others of the household. But it was observed, and mentioned long afterwards, when circumstance's awakened fearful suspicions, that the charge of the helpless sufferer now devolved entirely on a superannuated old woman who had long been regarded with an evil eye for her malice and illomened power of mischief.

Though crushed nearly out of all semblance to humanity, Lilius seemed to cling to life with wonderful tenacity, and the physician reiterated his opinion that care alone was necessary to restore her to comparative health.

"She will never walk again, poor thing," said he, gravely, "and she will be scarcely able to recover the use of her hands; her features, too, must always be terribly distorted, and I doubt whether her eyesight will be fully restored—but no vital function is seriously injured, and she may yet live many years."

That very night, or rather dawn of the following day, Lilius was found stark and stiff in death, while the old woman, whose business it was to watch the sufferer, lay in a deep sleep on the floor beside her. The physician seemed thunderstruck when he beheld the lifeless body of her whom he had left only a few hours before in comparative safety, but he could not take it upon himself to assert that some sudden change had not taken place, some rapid and violent attack of disease, whose symptoms were unmarked, and the general disorganization of her whole frame. In consequence of her disfigured appearance, her body was not allowed to lie in state, although a pompous funeral graced the obsequies of the once beautiful Countess of Moreland. The Earl wore the semblance of decent sorrow—the lady Rosamond assumed the dusky habiliments of woe—and yet, it was observed, that the old wretched creatureless had in all probability shortened the days of the unhappy countess, was taken into the household and honored with the confidence of the lady of Folkstone.

Three months had scarcely elapsed, after the frightful events just narrated, when a marriage was solemnized secretly and by torchlight in the chapel of Folkstone. The bride was the beautiful Rosamond, and her voice rang out through the dark aisles of the lonely church with almost unnatural clearness as she uttered the solemn responses. But the tones of the bridegroom were hollow and low, and his frame quivered with strong emotion, for his weak and timid nature shrunk from the thought of that which he had done, and that which was now doing. He had yielded to the bolder weakness of the woman at his side, but he was appalled by the shadows which conscience called up before his bewildered sight. Rosamond was revenged, alike upon the sister, who had wronged, and the dastard lover who had wavered when decision would have afforded happiness to both. Lilius was laid in an unhonored grave. Herbert Bellenden was her wedded husband, and the long cherished bitterness of her wayward heart had at last poured out its venom, and was relieved.

Did she not fear the anger of an avenging Providence?—Did she not know that retributive justice, sooner or later, must overtake the guilty? She was allowed just time enough to learn that the husband for whom she had perilled her soul was rendered utterly contemptible by his vacillating character, and his low views—and then the hour of reckoning came. A child was born to the earl of Moreland—a son to inherit the name and honors of an ancient race—but a cry of inexpressible horror from all who looked upon him was his only welcome to a world of sufferings. That stamp of a mother's evil passions was upon the innocent babe—his mangled and crippled limbs, his fearfully distorted face, bore the awful semblance of the unhappy dead. It was the face of the buried Lilius.

For twenty years Rosamond was manacled and bound like a wild beast, chained to the wall of her own apartment, an object of terror and pity to all who looked upon her raving madness, or listened to the wild howling of her insanity. The child, a helpless crippled idiot, outlived its miserable parents, and by its death in 17—, the line of two of England's noblest families became extinct, while the estates fell to distant collateral heirs.

Such was the real history of those fair children whose pictured semblance had so fascinated my gaze in that lonely chamber—such were the fortunes of those for whom I fancied a destiny of imminent happiness.