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POETRY.

From the Gazette of the Union.
ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.
BY GEO. W. COOKE, LATE OF U. S. ARMY.
Who'll through those streets in eager haste,
One hundred years from now;
And Mammon's fleeting phantoms chase,
With care-worn, anxious brow;
To gain a name
For wealth or fame—
Ambition's goal—
Or honor's scroll—
Who, who, will be that spell-bound throng,
Passing, with hasty steps, along,
One hundred years from now?
Where, oh where, will be the men,
One hundred years from now,
Who now the virtuous poor condemn,
With purse-proud, haughty brow!
Who give a sneer,
To miser's tear,
Withhold relief,
To orphan's grief—
Where, where, will be those beld and sere,
Whose unbecomingly souls appear,
One hundred years from now?
Where, oh where, will be those forms of grace,
One hundred years from now,
Who lure us in the giddy "chase,"
And at whose shrine we bow?
The raptur'd kiss,
The dreams of bliss,
The plighted vow,
Of lovers now—
Where, where, will be those hopes and fears,
Those loves smiles, and maiden's tears,
One hundred years from now?
Who'll grace our courts as judges grave,
One hundred years from now;
Nor warp the law, nor screen the knave,
When wrath and influence bow
With bribes of gold,
And crimes untold,
Make justice sleep,
And Mezey weep—
Who, who, will be those jurists pure,
And bribes and sycophants abjure,
One hundred years from now?
Who'll guard our rights o'er land and sea,
One hundred years from now—
Stand to the banner of the free?
And dare confront a foe?
And never yield,
O'er flood or field,
Yet do no wrong—
Submit to none—
Who, who, will be those patriots brave,
To guard our flag o'er land and wave,
One hundred years from now?
Where, where, will the proud despots be,
One hundred years from now,
Whom crush the germ of Liberty,
And make the nations bow?
They'll be forgot,
Their names will rot,
Nor nations feel,
Their iron heel—
And the fair goddess, Liberty,
Will reign o'er every land and sea,
One hundred years from now!

MISCELLANY.

From Godley's Lady's Book, for April.

SOPHY.

A TALE.

BY MISS MEELY M. DUNCAN.

(Concluded.)

Emily's marriage took place in June, and she left her father's house for her new home, without any wish expressed on the part of Mrs. Ellis that she should again revisit it. Robert Ashleigh, the following autumn, went abroad, to travel in Europe till his thirst for wandering should be satisfied—a thirst recently induced, by the bitterness and irritation which his disappointment had occasioned. Ashleigh felt Emily's conduct poignantly. Endowing her as he had with all the charms that surrounded his ideal, he had lavished upon her all his warm affections, without suspicion or guile. The shock, the disappointment were proportionally severe, nor is it surprising that he left his country a skeptic in woman's virtues, a doubter in her truth. Nothing is so wounding to a man's vanity, as to doubt his own penetration and judgment, and nine times in ten, he consoles himself under similar circumstances, by broad and sweeping censures upon the whole sex, sooner than acknowledge his blindness or deficiency in either of these qualities.

Sophy left school on the occasion of her sister's marriage, and after Emily's departure, it was decided that she should not again return, but continue her studies with her masters, as before. A year earlier such an attempt to overrule a favorite project, would have met with strong resistance from Sophy; but after a simple expression of her wish to continue with Mrs. Montague, she yielded in quiet submission to her mother's wishes. This change alone, in Sophy, would have produced a corresponding effect in Mrs. Ellis; but, when we throw into the scale her disappointment in, and resentment towards Emily, it is not surprising that we should find Sophy rising as high in her step-mother's regard, as she formerly fell below it. All the indulgence, the petting, which Emily once engrossed, now fell entirely upon

her, and it is difficult to say which extreme was the most trying ordeal for the character of a young person to pass through. Sophy, however, was doubly armed; her knowledge of the past had rendered her clear-sighted; and nothing but her firm determination to do what was right enabled her to bear with patience the oftentimes oppressive consequences of such favoritism.

When the winter came round, it was evident that Mrs. Ellis inclined to take Sophy with her to Washington; but upon this occasion her father interfered in her behalf; Sophy was too young, a little more than sixteen, to enter into society, and he decided that she should again return to Mrs. Montague's during their absence. This was a subject of great rejoicing to Sophy; and when, at the beginning of the session, her parents departed for the capital, she returned with a light heart to her kind friend Mrs. Montague, and her old schoolmates.

During this period, the letters, which came few and far between from Emily, were anything but encouraging in the picture which they gave of her mind. Emily was evidently disappointed. The paradise home, which a lover's tongue had painted, proved to her disenchanting eye nothing more than a secluded wilderness, called a plantation. The society and the hospitality of which she had received such glowing accounts, were so scattered, that, to enjoy them, was a labor which, with her town-bred habits, she was entirely unfitted for. Emily soon perceived that her elegant lover was far less amiable in a shabby coat and ragged country boots, than when sauntering up Pennsylvania Avenue with her the morning after a ball; that he loved the companionship of his horse and his cigar very often better, than he did hers; and worse than all, she discovered that, though proprietor of a large landed estate, her husband was what she called a poor man, for he had very little ready money, and even that little depended upon the fluctuating chances of good and bad crops; and when she found that, instead of passing a gay winter in Washington, as she had proposed, she must remain during the whole dreary season in the country, she felt herself ill used, and deceived. It is true, her husband obligingly told her that, if the old gentleman—meaning her father—would take a house in Washington, and send for them to pass the winter with him, he would go with pleasure. But this, strange to say, did not console her.

All this, Emily did not, of course, actually say in her letters, but there was enough told for any one to perceive that she had been disappointed in the great aim of her ambition, the unearned enjoyment of a life of gay and luxurious indulgence, of glitter and show.

Meanwhile Sophy's moral as well as mental education continued to progress under the fostering care of Mrs. Montague—a woman of enlarged mind, and unpretending piety—and time flew by, as it ever does with the happy and the occupied. But this state of repose was not to continue long; trials and afflictions came, as they always do, in crowds, and Sophy's fortune and patience were put to the severest trials.

Early in the spring, she was hurried to Washington to see her father breathe his last. Mr. Ellis had been fatally injured by the overturning of a carriage, and did not survive the accident three days. Mrs. Ellis, who accompanied him, was also severely hurt, and upon Sophy fell the task of nursing and soothing her under this two-fold affliction. Scarcely had she passed away, when intelligence was received of the death of Mr. Gaythorn. He was taken off suddenly by a violent fever, and from the hints contained in Emily's letters, leaving his affairs in great entanglement.

Mrs. Ellis had never entirely forgiven Emily her conduct to her nephew; and when the announcement of her loss was received, instead of inviting her to return to her home, as Sophy expected, she merely dictated a querulous common-place letter of condolence to her, and it was evident to Sophy, who did all in her power to soften her mother's resentment, that Mrs. Ellis had no conciliating feelings towards her.

Mrs. Ellis had now become a confirmed invalid, and it was the opinion of her physicians that she never would entirely recover from the injuries which she had sustained. On the death of her husband, she had given up her town house, and she now determined to reside henceforth entirely in the country. In this step she was warmly seconded by Sophy, who loved the country, and whose occupations and amusements never suffered her to feel a weary moment while there. And now her duties, which were manifold. She was nurse, adviser, comforter, and companion. She was the organ through which all business matters were arranged, housekeeper, secretary, and proxy in general. And yet, Sophy found time for all this, Sophy the self-willed; Sophy the obstinate! Prompt, cheerful, and decided, she quietly accomplished all that fell to her share, and still had hours to open each day for her own employments. Mrs. Ellis insisted upon the daily walk, or drive, and for the rest, there were odd moments enough, beside the sofa of the invalid, for the book, the work, or the drawing; while night brought its hours of solitude, meditation and independence.

In this quiet routine, more than two peaceful years passed away. Mrs. Ellis' health, which gradually became more and more unimpaired, being the only source of uneasiness experienced by Emily. Letters came at long intervals from Emily, usually filled with expressions of discontent, principally founded upon the complication and embarrassment of her affairs; while more regular and frequent epistles were received from Ashleigh, who now promised his aunt to return home, her declining health inducing her to urge it strongly.

Ashleigh never made a promise, but in good faith; and early in the autumn, some weeks before he was expected, he arrived after an absence of three years. Three years is a period in the existence of any one. Three years spent in the domestic fireside, changes us often materially; how much greater, then, must be the effect of such an interval of time on one who has passed it in the rapid and struggling cur-

rent of life, where strange and novel scenes are passing before him, and where "mid the shock of the hum of men," he has been taught to uproot his own prejudices, to respect those of others, and in stranger lands to read human nature in its outspread book? All this had happened to Ashleigh. In many respects he was altered, but a little while sufficed to convince Mrs. Ellis, who feared that foreign travel had made him "fine," that in all essentials, he was in no way changed for the worse. The same frank, affectionate manner, the same simple tastes remained as when they parted last. In compliance with the earnest wish of Mrs. Ellis, Ashleigh, a few months after his return, came permanently to reside with her, it being her wish that the remnant of her life might be cheered as much as possible by his presence.

The interest which Sophy so early felt in Ashleigh had never died away; she met him with a warm and friendly greeting; though unconsciously to herself, that warmth was measured to conceal how great her pleasure was. Often and often, during the cheerful happy hours now passed by them at their quiet fireside, did Sophy wonder if Ashleigh had forgotten Emily? He never spoke of her sister, or to her knowledge inquired for her, and Sophy, afraid to mention her name, had only heard her alluded to once, when Mrs. Ellis asked him if he thought Sophy had grown up like Emily—"Very tall," was the quick reply; "very different."

"Mamma forgets the past," mused Sophy. "Idolized as she was, she must always stand alone in his imagination."
And yet Sophy was mistaken. Ashleigh was not thinking of her sister at that moment; he was gazing upon her, and telling himself that never in all his wanderings had he met whether it was a lovelier woman—never looked into the depths of more loving, truth-telling eyes.

It was a pleasant winter, after all—Ashleigh never tired of describing his travels and adventures abroad to his two curious and unwearied listeners. Then there were pleasant books to read, and daily news to tell—for Ashleigh went nearly every day to town, occasionally returning with a friend or two, to enliven their circle and vary their amusements. Mrs. Ellis revived visibly under these cheering influences, and schemes for the future again began to occupy her thoughts.

The spring came, and Mrs. Ellis' equanimity was completely overthrown by a letter from Emily, offering a visit for the approaching summer. Unpleasant as this would have been at any time, to Mrs. Ellis it was particularly so at the present. Emily had never offered a visit before—nor even at the period of her father's death—and Mrs. Ellis, whose temper and prejudices time had but little softened, without hesitation attributed this proposition to a settled plan of attack upon Ashleigh—Emily, according to her opinion, having lived to discover her husband's mistake in refusing him, and being still young, handsome and fascinating, was coming with the design of winning him back.

It was not without a struggle that Mrs. Ellis brought herself to reply to this letter, but as there was no help for it, a reluctant welcome was dispatched. Her next object was to get Robert out of the way for the period of Emily's visit; but without success. Ashleigh was not disposed to move. He heard the announcement of Emily's intended visit with great composure, and turned a deaf ear to all his aunt's suggestions on the subject of pleasant summer trips and watering-places. She soon, however, saw that her efforts were useless, and gave up almost with a feeling of despair.

Mrs. Gaythorn and the nuns made their appearance together, for in early June she arrived. A meeting after such painful changes, could not fail to be marked with much emotion; and in the excitement of her feelings, Mrs. Ellis forgot her intention to watch Ashleigh's reception of Emily. Time had not been idle since they parted, and there were observations to make on both sides. Emily was startled in the great change in Mrs. Ellis' appearance, and pleased with the marked improvement which had taken place in Ashleigh; but the strongest feeling of surprise was elicited by the alteration in Sophy. Sophy, the intractable hoyden, the rebellious, the self-willed, had forfeited all claim to her former title, and was now a quiet, elegant, self-possessed woman. The same luxuriant golden hair was there, the same angelic expression of countenance, but all else was unlike the undisciplined, uninformed girl she had left; and as she looked from her to Ashleigh, some shadows of mistrust came across her mind, for Mrs. Ellis, in her coarse and broad suspicions, had conjectured truly; Emily, tired of her dull and contracted manner of life, and remembering Ashleigh's expectations from his aunt, had planned this visit purposefully, with the intention of endeavoring to regain her former hold upon him. Her vanity assisted in smoothing away all obstacles, for except that she had lost her girlish look, she was as beautiful as of old, and in all the arts of fascination, more skilled than ever. When she saw Sophy, however, witnessed her attractions, and remembered how closely she and Ashleigh had been thrown together during some months past, her hopes faltered somewhat. She called to mind her former suspicions of Sophy's interest in him, and determined to watch them both closely, to the further shaping of her own course.

Sophy's thoughts and feelings at this time, it would be found more difficult to unravel. The powerful influence which Ashleigh had early exercised over her mind, left traces which neither time nor absence had power to efface. His image was interwoven inextricably with an important revolution in her character and inner life; and she could no more blot the impress of him from the web of her existence, than she could cast into oblivion any given number of years of her life. When Ashleigh became the lover of her sister, Sophy was young, innocent to comprehend that the sentiments which filled her mind would might have overshadowed her whole heart. Before the hour came for that passion to blossom, or those feelings to unloose themselves, the tender bud withered and fell to the ground. Ashleigh be-

came the lover of her sister, and she learned to look upon him as a brother. Years, however, had gone by since then, and many changes had taken place; and Ashleigh had returned to them the same, save with such improvements as her matured judgment taught her to appreciate. He was not now, as formerly, among them only; he was of them—he formed a part of their household. Hourly he was her companion, and day by day the mind which had first colored her own, poured out to her its treasures of thought, of memory and experience. For months past, she had unconsciously looked for his opinion to guide her; by the couch of their declining relative they had watched, filled with the same interest; day after day his arm supported her in her walks; by his side she stood around them; and when the dim starlight, the splash of waters, the summer wind and the heavy odors of flowers, in blended power stole over them in their evening hours, she had listened to his voice till it sank into her heart, united with these sights and sounds of beauty, warming into life those latent feelings so long slumbering there. Till her sister arrived, Sophy lived as in a pleasant dream; but after Emily came, there were moments of painful awakening bitter gleams of self-knowledge, that hid, beneath any plausible subterfuge, the humiliating truth.

Emily's plans soon became evident to those interested in observing her; but the sentiments of Ashleigh, who was more practiced in concealing his feelings, could not so easily be fathomed. He neither sought nor avoided her; no deviation from the general rules of friendly intercourse marked his demeanor, so that it was impossible for the closest observer to discover that never in all his wanderings had he met whether it was a lovelier woman—never looked into the depths of more loving, truth-telling eyes.

There were moments when she believed that Ashleigh did but bide his time, and that she should again be startled by some sudden announcement of his intended marriage with Emily, and she felt a feverish wish that the hour would come; for, to her sensitive conscience, the uncharitable thoughts, the bitter feelings that would occasionally rise up in her heart towards her sister, were as sinful as they were irresistible, and no prayerful endeavor on her part could wholly suppress them.

Nearly two months of Mrs. Gaythorn's visit had passed away, when one morning, soon after breakfast, she entered the little parlor, where Sophy sat alone. She paused on the threshold, and for a few minutes, watched attentively the unconscious girl. Sophy had been at work, but her hands now rested idly in her lap, and her gaze was steadily bent upon the table beside her, upon which rested the hat, gloves and cane of Ashleigh, which apparently had been but recently left there. The soft color in her cheeks, the dewy light in her eyes, the alteration of her whole attitude, expressed far beyond words, the dreamy tenderness of her reverie. To the quick eye of jealous suspicion, these spoke volumes. Emily entered the room, and took a seat near Sophy, who silently resumed her netting.

"Sophy," said she, after a moment's pause, "are you acquainted with this matrimonial scheme which mamma has planned for you?"
"A matrimonial scheme for me!" exclaimed Sophy, in surprise. "Surely, you are under some strange mistake!"
"No mistake at all. Mamma is desirous that you should marry Robert Ashleigh, and she has been for a long time urging it upon him, as she is aware that at her death you will be unprovided for."

Sophy became very pale, but she answered with steadiness—"Is this a surmise of your own, Emily, or do you know it to be a fact?"
"I know it to be a fact."
"Then," replied Sophy, with an effort at composure, "I can assure you that it is entirely without my knowledge or approbation."
"I thought so," replied Mrs. Gaythorn, carelessly, "or I should not have mentioned the subject. Mamma, you know, has not much delicacy; but I knew you had too much self-respect to profit by the compassion of a man whose affections you had no assurance of possessing; and Emily glanced a quick, inquiring look at her sister.

Shocked, mortified, wounded to the very quick by what she had just heard, Sophy no longer capable of reply. She sat motionless, completely overwhelmed, her sensitive womanly pride, her secret tenderness aroused and stung beyond her control. One thought alone arose in the wild tumult of her feelings—beyond all—Ashleigh himself must have been her sister's authority. He it was who had spoken of her to Emily as the obstacle in her path. To him her mother had compromised her delicacy, and humbled her to the dust. "He had been repeatedly urged" were Emily's words; and the poor, tortured girl sank her head upon her hands in an agony of grief.

This distressing scene was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps. They both rose hastily to leave the room—Emily retreating through a door leading to the piazza, while Sophy approached that nearest her own room; but ere her trembling limbs could carry her thus far, Ashleigh entered the parlor. Pale, agitated and faint, she endeavored to pass on, but her sight failed her, and she sunk powerless upon a sofa.

"Good Heaven, Sophy, what is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Has anything happened? Is my aunt worse? Are you ill?"
"Sophy could not speak, but she shook her head in the negative."
"What can be the matter, then? Something dreadful must have happened to agitate you thus?"
Sophy spoke not, but she turned her pallid face away.

Ashleigh stood gazing at her in silence for a few moments, then sitting down beside her, he said, tenderly—"Dear Sophy, you know not how painful it is to me to stand by in ignorance, and see you suffering thus. Confide in me, dearest Sophy; you have no truer friend on earth than I am."

Wounded and humbled by all that she had just learned, the epithet "friend" fell upon her ear with peculiar irritation; and rising from her seat, she said, coldly—"I do not feel well; I am able to go now, and shall feel better in my own room."

After a few moments she left the room; then taking up his hat, he left the house. When the dinner hour arrived this day, Sophy did not appear. On inquiry, it was ascertained that she had gone out and was not yet returned. A servant was dispatched to seek her, and the family sat down to dinner. After some time, the servant returned, saying that he had not been able to find Miss Sophy. As it was an unusual thing for Sophy to absent herself in this way without notice, Mrs. Ellis expressed some uneasiness, and ordered the man to mount a horse and go to the nearest neighbors, to ascertain if she had remained to dine with any of them.

After an absence of some time, the man returned without any intelligence. He had been to every place where there was any probability of her having gone, but to no purpose; neither had she been seen by any of her acquaintances, nor by the country people on the road-side, of whom he had inquired.

Mrs. Ellis' uneasiness was now shared by the whole household. The grounds were searched far and wide, and every haunt that Sophy was in the habit of visiting in her walks; but there were no traces of her. The probability of her having walked into town and been detained there, suggested itself to Ashleigh, who immediately set out to seek for her.

Twilight was setting in, when Ashleigh returned from an unsuccessful search, the hope that ere this she had been found, alone enabling him to keep up his spirits under this depressing result. No tidings, however, had been received of her; and with a painful remembrance of her mysterious agitation in the morning, which he now feared was in some way connected with her disappearance, he shared in their fullest extent the dreadful apprehensions of his aunt. Mrs. Gaythorn evidently experienced the deepest anxiety, but she was obviously struggling against her alarm, and endeavoring, with a sort of nervous trepidation, to persuade herself and others that there was no cause for alarm.

When night came on, and Ashleigh returned from his unsuccessful search, Mrs. Ellis, whose nervous system had long been completely shattered, was seized with an attack so violent, that they were obliged to summon her physician to her aid. The instant she was somewhat restored, Ashleigh again rode into town to consult with a legal gentleman—who was also a friend of the family—as to what steps it was now proper to take to discover Sophy.

It was nearly midnight, when, wearied, anxious and disheartened, Ashleigh again returned home. His eager inquiry at the door answered by a sorrowful negative, he proceeded to the parlor, where he found Mrs. Gaythorn in a most nervous excitement. After exchanging a few desponding words, she turned to Ashleigh, and with her hands convulsively clasped, as if striving to suppress what she uttered, she said, in a husky voice—"Have you searched the creek?"

"The creek!" exclaimed Ashleigh, starting. "What can you mean?"
"I mean the worst. She was a child, you know, of a wilful, violent disposition; beneath her acquired calmness, those strong and powerful feelings still lay concealed. I fear—I fear—I cannot tell you what I fear."
"Good God!" exclaimed Ashleigh, terror-struck. "What reason have you for so fearful, so appalling an insinuation?"
Mrs. Gaythorn groaned aloud, in the agony of her writhing conscience, as she replied—"She was dreadfully excited this morning when we parted, and I know not what effect conversation may have had upon her. It is this that alarms me so."

"Then it was with you she was conversing when I entered the room this morning?"
"Yes! yes!"
"What was it you were speaking of, Emily, that could thus affect her? Tell me, I must know."
"I was telling her," gasped the terrified woman, "of my suspicions, that mamma was urging you to propose to her. I told her—I told her that I knew it!"

"But this cannot be all. There was nothing in such a communication to excite anything like the state of mind which you describe."
"But I told her that you were reluctant—I hinted that you loved another."
"Even this, though wounding to her delicacy, could not otherwise affect a mind so dignified, so true to itself, much less could it produce the dreadful result at which you so darkly hint."
"Oh! Robert! Robert!" cried the wretched woman, sinking upon her knees, and writhing in the desperate agony of her remorse and apprehensions, "you will not understand me; I tell you it was torture to her! She loved you—she has loved you since she was a child; I saw it then—when she did not know it herself—I saw it even this day; and, think you, when she heard that you loved another; that she was an obstacle in your path; that she had been offered to, and rejected by you; was it not to leave my own sentiments an instant unexplained. You have misled your sister—Your motives in doing so, I leave to your own conscience. I do love; but it is Sophy herself who has engrossed every feeling of my nature. I respected her character, even as my child. She has since embodied to me every quality that is lovely and enduring in woman—Since my return home, my sole object has been to recommend myself to her. I know that my

past career has not been such as to elevate me in her opinion; but if steadfastness of purpose—the deepest and most fervid love that ever man felt, availed to win a gentle-hearted, affectionate woman, these had I to base my hopes upon, and with these did I mean to persevere. When, if the events of this day had not transpired, I should have had courage to tell her all this, I know not; but if she is restored to us, and is not indifferent to me, as you assert, then my whole life shall have but one purpose,—to prove to her how high, how pure, how exalted beyond all her sex, she is in my eyes. The suspicions which you confess, I do not share. I know Sophy too well to believe her capable of so sinful, so desperate an act. Some dreadful accident may have befallen her—nay, has it; but I shall ever think of her, be her fate what it may, as innocent, spotless—an angel in Heaven; and, overcome by the painful image he had called up, Ashleigh rushed from the room, and sought refuge in the open air.

It was a cloudy night, and only at intervals did the fitfully gleaming stars light Ashleigh on his way, as with rapid steps he sought the most unfrequented parts of the grounds. Emily's suggestion, though he had repelled it, haunted his imagination, and he bent his way to the banks of the creek, which he pursued for some distance, straining his eyes, and at moments, in the desperation of his mood, calling upon Sophy's name. He reached, at length, a sequestered spot; where the creek, making a sudden bend, widened considerably, forming, in its rapid course, several small islands overgrown with tall shrubbery. Suddenly, as if in reply to his call, Ashleigh thought he distinguished the sounds of a human voice. He called again, and again was the cry repeated. This was no delusion, and the cries appeared to come from the water. Breaking through the thick and tangled masses of shrubbery that lined the shore, he stood upon the water's edge and cried aloud. This time it was beyond all doubt; a voice answered him from one of the little islets in the stream. Frantic with joy, Ashleigh gave one loud halloo, and flying like the wind to the spot where the boats were moored, he was in a short time pulling with all his strength towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded. He heaved, and a white form became visible. He called, and oh! joy unspeakable! Sophy's well-known voice answered him; another moment, and the boat was run ashore, and Ashleigh, speechless with emotion, clasped to his bosom the trembling, agitated form of Sophy.

Several minutes elapsed in the silent ecstasy of joy. "Beloved!" was the first word that gushed like music, soft and low, from his full heart, as, utterly unconscious, in the strong mastery of his feelings of all else beside, he undressed her as a fond mother, smoothed down her silken hair, and pressed his lips over and over again upon her forehead.

"Come, let us go," murmured Sophy, raising herself from his bosom, and drawing him after her.

Ashleigh lifted her into the boat, and covered her damp dress as best he could, with his coat; the boat was pushed off, and they made their way rapidly to the shore, and then Sophy, in a voice still broken by agitation, explained how all had happened. She had been seeking for water-lilies, and with the darning which her early habits had fostered, she padded herself across, in a small boat, to the islets, where she knew she could find them. After obtaining what she sought, to her dismay, when about to return, she found that the boat, which she had forgotten to secure, had been carried away, and was now almost out of sight, in its rapid progress down the stream. For some hours she waited patiently, knowing that she would be sought for, and trusting, also, for rescue to some chance passenger upon the creek. As evening drew on, and her fears were aroused, she screamed and called aloud for help, but though she frequently heard voices in the distance, none came near enough to hear her cries. When night came on, and the prospect of passing it in this desolate spot, exposed to the chilling damps from the water and perhaps to reptiles, haunted by the fears of a timid helpless woman, she described herself as ready to sink under her apprehensions. Her joy, her thankfulness in being rescued, she could even less calmly express, and tears were the reply which she could give to Ashleigh's rapid account of the dreadful suffering they had all endured that miserable day.

They landed, and a few minutes rapid walking brought them to the house.

No one had gone to bed, and in a short time the joyful news spread through the house; and Sophy was surrounded by eager, joyful faces. Mrs. Gaythorn, when she beheld her sister, restored as it seemed to her from the dead, fell into violent hysterics, and was carried to her chamber. While Mrs. Ellis, though assured of Sophy's safety by Ashleigh, would not be satisfied of her return till she saw her herself. Ashleigh led the exhausted girl to the bedside of his aunt, but was soon obliged to bear her forcibly away, to prevent the further indulgence of an excitement so improper for both.

"You must change your clothes immediately," Sophy said; "take some refreshment, and go quickly to bed;" and he led her towards her chamber. They reached the door, and he stood irresolute, clasping the hand which she had extended to him. Like a mile-stone, he could not bear to lose sight of his new found treasure.

Suddenly, as if with an impulse too strong to resist, he drew the agitated girl to his heart, again murmured that tender epithet, which once before this night he had whispered to her, and then tore himself away.

Hour after hour passed by, and Sophy still pressed a sleepless pillow. The deep watches of the night came, yet brought no repose to her. Strange and full of novel sensations as the strange had been, Ashleigh and his singular past life filled her whole thoughts. While she lay pondering thus, striving to untangle the perplexing questions that arose in her mind, her chamber door softly opened, and her sister, with a candle in her hand, entered the room.

"I am not asleep, Emily," she said, seeing her pause. Emily approached the bed, and

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