

IDA'S SONG OF PARTING.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!"

Alas, and I must say of thee—no more—
Thou'rt gone—and with thee fairy dreams of bliss!
Soon tropic breezes, on a stranger shore,
Will crowd to meet thee with their welcome kiss;
And eyes and hearts as fiery as the sun,
Whose burning smile lights their voluptuous clime,
Await thee there—but—thou wilt sigh for one
Far distant—in the twilight's dreamy time?

I have not, will not shed one tear for thee—
Nor say my heart is broken, for I know
That many others have been, and will be
What now thou art! But—can I have thee go
And come no more with thy love-lighted eyes
And martial bearing and impassioned words?
Thou, who didst meet me 'neath last autumn's skies,
To wake such music in my spirit's chords.

Last autumn—when the lover-winds kneel low,
And, sighing, kissed the blushing trees—'tis strange
That it was such a little while ago!
For in my heart and life there is a change
That sleepless ages might have failed to make.
And oft I press my hand against my brow,
When, with the shadows, love and memory wake,
And loneliness oppresses me as now.

Go! for the stars that rule my fate and thine,
Though willing each—could I never blend their light!
Go—though I know thy fondest thoughts are mine—
Go—but I'll meet thee still in dreams of night.
Yet when I wake, amid the haunted halls,
And see God's Heaven itself look merciful!
And feel my powerless loneliness, a gush
Will sweep my heart of fearless tenderness.

Yes, go! But when, o'er sighing wood and stream
The blue mist falls from gentle Autumn's hand,
Making the dim old hills afar-off seem
The outlined scenery of Fairy-land!
How can I bear their loveliness to see?
How shall I hear the sad wind's haunted tone?
Will not they all be blent with thoughts of thee?
And will not thou be gone—forever gone?

"A FRIEND IN NEED,"

A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I consider a pirate," said Capt. Wing, "as entirely without the pale of humanity; and under no circumstances would I allow one to escape me if I once had him within my power."

"There might be circumstances," remarked Shaw, who was a gray-haired veteran of the sea, "under which you would allow even a pirate to go free."

"Never!" returned Wing, emphatically. "Had he ever been a pirate, and escaped justice till he fell into my hands, he should not escape it then."

"Well," said Capt. Shaw, "I never had but one pirate fall into my hands, and I must confess that I not only let him go free, but lent him some assistance besides; and I think if you had been in my place you would have done just as I did."

"I can't think so," persisted the other. "However, I can judge if you tell me the circumstances."

"You shall have them," replied Shaw. "It is now about twenty years since I commanded the old ship *SUMMITER*. My second voyage in her was around the world. I went to India, and there home by the way of the Sandwich Islands and Cape Horn. While lying at Honolulu an American sailor came on board the ship, and asked for an opportunity to work his passage home. He gave his name as Charles Bugbee, and said that he had been cast away upon one of the islands six months before, and had made his way to Honolulu upon a raft, all his companions having died from starvation. He was a good-looking man, not over thirty years of age, and as I had lost two men during the cruise, I was in need of help. I was confident, from his manner, that he was not telling me the truth about the shipwreck. I was inclined to believe that he had deserted from some whale-man; but I did not press him very closely, for, as I just said, I wanted his services; so I took him, and gave him a berth.

"I never saw a better seaman than Bugbee proved to be. He was the first man on deck when all hands were called; utterly fearless in storm; prompt to his duty in every respect; and thoroughly posted up in his profession. Towards me and my officers his deportment was courteous and respectful in the extreme, but he did not seem to feel at home with the men. He seldom joined in any of their sports, nor did he laugh or jest with them. At times he was silent and thoughtful, spending whole hours by himself in a sort of moody meditation. Of course, I wondered much at this, and on one or two occasions approached him upon the subject, but he avoided it so quickly and decidedly that I made up my mind to let him keep his own secrets.

"One day my mate came down into the cabin and informed me that Bugbee's secret had been discovered. He was a pirate, who had escaped about a year before from the authorities at Charleston, South Carolina. I asked if there was any certainty of this.

"Yes," said the mate, "we are perfectly sure of it. Three of the men have seen him before. About a year ago a pirate schooner was captured off the Bermudas, and carried into Charleston, and a young man, named John Lewis, was captain of her. He, with eight of his crew, was thrown into prison, but on the very first night he contrived to make his escape. The rest of them were tried, and six of them were hanged; but Lewis could not be found. It was supposed that some outside help must have been afforded him. However, he has turned up now, and this Charles Bugbee is the man."

"The circumstance of the capture of the pirates, and the escape of their captain, was fresh in my memory, and I was not a little startled when I thus learned that the buccaneer chieftain was on board of my ship. I knew that his course had been a bloody one, and that his crimes had been many and dark. But I meant to be assured. I sent for the three men who had recognized Lewis, and they were positive. They were not only in Charleston when the pirates were brought in, but one of them had helped capture them. I made some farther inquiries, and was very soon satisfied that my new man was indeed the pirate. It was a positive fact, of which there could be no possible doubt.

"And now what was I to do? The mate said, 'let's secure him at once, and keep him prisoner till we can deliver him up,' and so thought some of the others; but I did not feel exactly in that mood. I was short-handed as it was, and needed his help; and then he was worth any other two men I had. I reflected upon the matter, and finally resolved to let him remain as he was until we reached port, and then I meant to deliver him up. I could watch him, if there was any necessity for it, though I was firmly convinced that he meant no harm to us. So I told my mate that we would let Bugbee work on as he had done, and see that he was delivered up to justice as soon as we got home. This may not have been in accordance with the idea of strict propriety, but it was under

the circumstances, the best I could do. The men promised that they would say nothing to him of the discovery we had made, for I did not wish him to know it.

"But he must very soon have seen that he was more than suspected. He could not fail to observe that the men eyed him with uncommon interest, and that even I had changed in my bearing towards him. But he did not betray any symptoms of anger. He performed all his duties as before, only becoming more and more thoughtful and silent.

"We had doubled the Horn, and passed the Falkland Islands, when we met with a change of weather as sudden as it was severe. At sundown I noticed that the breeze was breaking up, and that the barometer was settling rapidly. I knew that a storm was brewing, and I prepared my ship accordingly. By ten o'clock that night I had the topgallant-masts on deck, and was lying-to under close-reefed topsails, with the bows under water half the time. Before morning the foretopsail was split to ribbons, and the sparker gone. The gale was from the southward and eastward, and it blew as I had never seen it blow before. I had felt as heavy a wind, but not one that lasted so long. When daylight came we found the heavens of a dull, leaden hue, and the sea one mass of white-capped mountains, which came rolling and tumbling over us with mad fury. We held a short consultation, and decided to put before it and scud. We had plenty of sea-room, and hoped thus to save ourselves.

"At first we tried it under a close-reefed foresail, but the seas were so high that they took the wind from it, and I was forced to set the main-top-sail. All that day the gale continued with unabated fury, and as the darkness of another night came on I began to be alarmed. I knew that I was going through the water at a fearful speed, though the log would give us no exact rate, the sea bringing it home every time we threw it. When the darkness fairly shut in again the gloom and the storm were awful. The men were clinging by the racks and rails, and all were prepared to see the old ship swamped at any moment. The roar of the tempest was so terrific that it was with difficulty that I could make myself heard, even when I had my lips at my mate's ear. All were fear-stricken save Charles Bugbee. He alone remained cool and collected, and to his intrepidity and faithfulness in the performance of his duty we owed much of our safety thus far.

"At midnight myself and mate met in the cabin. The same fear had been haunting us both.

"How much longer can we scud with safety?" he asked, after we had examined the chart.

"I cannot tell," I replied. "But we cannot be far from the spot." I alluded to the coast of Buenos Ayres, between Cape Corrientes and Bahía Blanca, upon which point on the chart my mate had his finger. It was very evident that we had run over three hundred miles, and if such was the case, we were nearer to the coast than we wished to be.

"We returned to the deck, and stood together by the quarter-rail. Two men were lashed to their places by the wheel, and the rest of the crew had secured themselves as best they could. Had there been ten thousand rocks directly ahead, we could not have avoided them, for the ship could never be got upon the wind in such a gale. She could no more have been brought up to it than she could have run in the gale's eye.

"And so we were forced to suffer on until morning, and when the day broke, the gale was still howling over the sea. I was still standing by the rail, when the startling cry of 'BREAKERS!' came from the lookout upon the bows. I hurried forward, and the terrible truth was revealed to me in a moment. Directly ahead, and not more than three miles distant, loomed up a terrible mass of rocks, over which the wild sea dashed with awful power!

"Can we put her about?" asked the men.

"And I was forced to tell them no. I saw certain death ahead, upon which we were hurrying with faithful speed, and I knew that no earthly power could stay our progress, or guide us from the rocks. They were black and bleak before us, and when we struck them we should be dashed to atoms. I saw my men clasp their hands in prayer, and all I could do was to pray with them.

"I looked around for Bugbee, and saw him coming forward with a spy-glass. He opened it, and gazed intently upon the rock-bound coast for some moments. Then he lowered it, and sprang to my side.

"Captain Shaw," he cried, with the energy of a man who grasps for his life, "if you will obey me to the very letter I can save the ship. Get the foresail on, and then take your station at the wheel. We have no time for questions. Trust me, and you are safe! On with the foresail as soon as possible."

"I did not hesitate. I saw in an instant that without help we must surely die. I gave the order for setting the sail, and as hope sprang to life in the souls of my men, they worked as only men thus threatened with speedy death can work. In spite of the gale the broad canvass was spread, and the clues hauled down. In a moment more Bugbee passed me. 'I know a safe passage here!' he cried, and on the next instant he was upon the bowsprit, and I had the men arranged along the deck so as to pass his orders to the helmsmen.

"O! it was terrible—the approach to those towering rocks. Already the roar was so intense that a thousand thunder-bolts seemed bursting about us, and the spray from the ragged crags came drenching over us.

"Port!" came from the man upon the bowsprit; and then 'Steady!' Then 'Port!' again. Then 'Starboard!' And so the orders came, passing promptly from lip to lip, until we got them at the wheel. On we went—on—and we were upon the rocks. One giant cliff loomed up before us, and, at the moment when it seemed as though the crash must come, the helm was put hard a-port, and we passed the cliff, our yards almost touching as we went by. On we went, with the helm righted again, through a dark, narrow gut in the solid rock, and in five minutes more we were within a small basin, surrounded on all hands by towering hills and rocks, where the surface of the water was hardly rippled!

"As soon as the anchor was down I looked around for Bugbee, but he had gone below. I did not call him then, for I was too much overcome. I saw my men were completely overpowered by gratitude, and I joined them in their thanksgiving to God for the salvation which had been extended to us.

"At noon Bugbee came down into my cabin. He told me that he wished to speak with me. He said he wished to tell me what he pleased, and begged of me not to question him. I bade him go on.

"Captain Shaw," he commenced, "I know you have discovered who and what I have been. I know you have planned that I should be delivered up to the law when this ship reaches home. I have been a wicked man—dark and harrowing crimes rest upon my soul,—but I have no more

crimes to commit. When I came on board this ship I hoped that I might reach my native land in safety, and hide away in some nook where I could live in sorrow for the past, and in hope for the future. When I saw this coast this morning my first thought was, that we would all die together—that you should never live to see me hanged. But the thought was not long in possession of my mind. I had recognized the massive rocks, and I believed that the towering cliff was the outpost of a strange, snug harbor which I had used, in times gone by, when I was forced to flee from my fellow men. When I observed it through the glass I recognized the hidden passage at once, and I knew I could save the ship. I have saved it—I have saved you all—and I simply ask in return that you will do unto me as your own heart shall dictate."

"With this he arose and left the cabin. I would have called him back, but I was too busy with my own emotions to speak until he was out of hearing. But you can imagine what I did. I called my officers and men about me, and told them the story; and then I asked them what should be done. And they said they would defend the man who had saved them, with their own lives if it was necessary.

"On the next day the storm had all subsided, and we put to sea again. We reached New York in safety, and we not only saw Charles Bugbee free from harm, but we furnished him with as much money as he would take, and I procured a safe disguise for him. We blessed him when he went away, and when he was gone we prayed that his life on earth might be quiet and peaceful. I have not seen him since, though I have heard from him repeatedly. He is in Iowa, and is one of the most benevolent and respectable citizens in the section where he resides; and I mean to see him one of these days, if I live, and have the time to spare for traveling.

"So much for the only pirate that ever fell into my hands."

"Well," said Captain Wing, "under such circumstances I am very sure I should have done just as you did."

HORICON.

BY C. D. STUART.

Far north, among the giant hills
Whose tops are crowned with snow,
The forest pines their fragrance cast
Upon the lake below;

A calm, deep lake, whose gleaming waves
So soft and silvery lie,
That mirrored in its placid face,
Is seen another sky;

And when the moon and stars come forth
'Mid twilight waning slow,
Down in those silent depths their light
A thousand feet they throw.

Full thirty miles that lake in length,
And full five others wide,
It slumbers like a spotless child—
The rugged mountain's bride.

Three hundred islands, green and fair,
Its sparkling bosom gem,
Each brighter than the diamonds rare
That hue a diadem.

There, in the ages old and dim,
Unknown perhaps to fame,
Beside his altars kneeling low
The Indian hunter came.

Blue rolled his Horicon, and blue
The summer sky looked down,
And God was in the Spring-time near,
And in the Autumn brown.

There rose his wigwam by the shore,
And there his bark canoe
Lay anchored, where the cedar boughs
Their deepening shadows threw.

But other races to his fame
With hands of slaughter came;
His crystal lake was dyed with blood,
His wigwam wrapt in flame!

Nor belted chief, nor belted brave,
Nor spotted deer is seen,
But faces of a paler hue—
And many a meadow green.

And all abroad the lowing kine
And shepherd's flocks were near,
And Sabbath bells of pleasant chime
Are breaking on the ear.

The white man's curling smoke ascends
And mingles with the sky,
And o'er the Indian hunters' graves
The white man's altars lie.

And Horicon is sleeping still
By shadows overcast,
But fairer far was she in those
Dim ages of the past.

* Clear-Water, the Indian name of Lake George.

DISOBEDIENCE PUNISHED.

BY MORGIANNA D.

"But, Ellen, John Harris is not the kind of man I wish you to be intimate with."

Ellen made no reply, but bent sullenly over her work. She had, until lately, been a child very easy to govern—an amiable, gentle girl, whom no one dreamed of looking upon as likely to oppose or defeat the will of her parents.

Her parents were professed Christians, and intended to be consistent; but as they wished to give their only child every possible advantage for the improvement of her body and her mind, and as they read that the children of Israel all learned to dance, they concluded that their child might be permitted the same lesson. They therefore sent her, at the age of fifteen, to an accomplished teacher, whose scholars consisted of a not very select number.

Here she attracted the notice of a wild youth of twenty-one, or thereabouts, whose chief recommendations were a good-looking face, active and graceful form, and great aptitude in dancing. His brain was not so great as to endanger his skill, nor were his principles of the saintly type. But he had a smooth way with him—a pleasant voice, and he was skilled to flatter. In short, he was the very fellow to turn the head of a little young girl just warming and expanding into womanhood. And he took a fancy to Ellen from the first—only a fancy it was, as he declared to his hale fellows down street. Harris had bewitched the girl; and when he found that her parents had become aware of what was going on, and that they had forbidden her to have any further attentions from him, this high-minded young individual instigated the foolish child to meet him secretly, to write notes to him, to receive presents from him, and a hundred other dishonorable practices.

When these things came to the ears of her parents, they broke up housekeeping, and started with Ellen to travel. Knowing what effect opposition generally has upon matters of this kind, and feeling as if the blame of the thing rested, after all, most heavily upon themselves, they said very little to Ellen, trusting to a change of scene and of companions to undo the impressions that the killing Harris had made upon her soft young heart.

They were gone two years from home, and fondly did they imagine that the work for which they had been so long wanderers was fully accomplished.

Ellen had, since the first few weeks, been in fine spirits. She had, apparently, returned the interest which she had frequently inspired in young gentlemen's hearts. It had not chanced, however, that any one had sought her hand. Her parents were not sorry—their daughter was too young to be engaged. They would rather have her free for two years more.

John Harris was still alive. He was now clerk in a book store, and Miss Ellen was henceforth eaten up with a desire to read.

It was several weeks before her parents discovered what it was that drew their daughter so often down to the book store. Miss Ellen was a crafty little piece, with a head about six times as long as that of her confiding maternal parent.

Although Mrs. Cornwall knew very well that her daughter had never cared for reading of any kind, it never entered her head that any other cause than an improvement in this regard prompted Ellen's daily journeys down town.

One evening Harris openly walked home with Ellen from church, and the very next day, Mrs. Cornwall, desiring a certain book that she knew was sold in the book store under consideration, entered it, and beheld her daughter and Harris in close, confidential conversation. So engrossed were they, that neither of them perceived Mrs. Cornwall until she laid her hand on Ellen's arm, saying:

"You will walk home with me."

When the mother and daughter were sat down at home, a long conversation passed between them, a part of which is given at the beginning of this sketch.

An unwilling promise was at last wrung from Ellen that she would do as her parents desired. But she was so wicked as to break it almost immediately. Meet Harris she would and she did. Almost every time she went out of the house she chanced to meet him. He was very opportunely at the corners, or in the stores which she had to pass, or, if he was not there, there was always a letter for her in his post-office box, and for the letter which she took away Ellen usually deposited another. She had been early supplied with a key which fitted the post-office box of Harris.

Sometimes she would fail to find the gentleman when she entered the store in which he was clerk. As this had several times been the case, and as she had asked for him, the other clerks took the matter up, and made sport, in accustomed man-fashion, of her attention to Harris. They told in all directions that Miss Ellen "chased Harris" more than he did her.

The affair became town's talk, and Ellen was most severely dealt by; her love for fine dresses was spoken of, and much sport made of her walking out mornings arrayed in silk. As is usual where one has laid herself open to condemnation in one direction, everything that could be thought of was raked up and landed about from mouth to mouth, to the discredit of poor Ellen, who was, after all, but an insane and passion-blinded girl, who ought not to have been scolded at, or reasoned with, or made an object of scandal, but who ought to have been shut up in the house and kept there, or allowed to go out only with some one to take care of her, until her insanity died a natural death, or was in some way cured.

It was known to the people about town that the rebellious daughter still took long rides with her mean sham lover, who was more mean than a really sincere lover could have been, whatever he might have done. Harris's chief object in the whole affair was to show what he could make the daughter of respectable parents do. He gloried in making it manifest to his townspeople that his influence over Ellen was greater than that of her parents, or than any and all the good influences under which she had been brought up.

"Here is the daughter of one of your saints," he said; "how much good has all your religious teaching done her? I've not had her under my influence a great while, yet whatever I tell her to do she'll do, let them say what they will. I can make the little witch play all manner of tricks with her father and mother. She cheats them every day of her life like the very mischief. They think they can keep her away from me, but I have but to say the word, and she'll be in my wife-to-morrow."

And thus he triumphed, and in the hearing, too, of a friend of Mrs. Cornwall's, and one who loved Ellen, and was deeply pained to hear her so spoken of.

"The girl is lost," she said, mentally, "if some more effective measures than have yet been attempted are not at once taken to save her."

She meant to have gone that very day to speak to Mrs. Cornwall, but something prevented her, and her visit was delayed for several days.

Ellen, when she was to go and ride with Harris, always told her mother that she was going to spend the afternoon with a certain young friend of hers, who was in her confidence. Harris would then, after riding round town with some other girl, come for Ellen, and away they would go for a long ride. This had been done several times. And of this also Mrs. Cornwall's friend had been reliably informed.

Hard indeed was it to believe that one who had been such a remarkably good-dispositioned and well-conducted child could become so very exceptionable a young lady, but Mrs. Preston understood human nature. She knew that no change is too great to be effected by youthful and ignorant passion. There is no telling what any body will be or do under its influence, and the only wise part is to treat persons who are its victims as the sick or insane are treated, for they are hardly accountable—most certainly not reasonable beings.

Mrs. Preston believed that as the parents had good reasons, not founded in prejudice, for being opposed to their daughter's love affair, that it was their privilege and their duty to render it impossible for the lovers to have any communication whatever.

"Why," said the lady, after having related what she had heard, "if Ellen were my child, she should not leave my sight a moment, either night or day, from now until she becomes twenty-one years old. I would not reproach, or be in any way fretful or severe with her, unless she resisted my wishes to be her constant guardian and inspector, but if she did, I should confine her. No child of mine should ever be permitted to ruin herself until she had attained the age of twenty-one. After that time I suppose people must act and choose for themselves, and abide by the consequences."

Mrs. Cornwall resolved to relate all that she had heard to her husband, and at once to enter into some plan for putting an end to the present disgraceful state of affairs.

The poor mother was almost overwhelmed. She sent for Ellen, but no one knew where she was. It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening, and Mrs. Cornwall had not known till then that her daughter was out.

"She is with him now, I dare say," said the

poor lady, weeping. "Oh! to think how we have loved that child, and how she repays our love. What pleasure we take in our babes, Mrs. Preston, and how hard we think it is when God removes them from us; but what is to have a sweet baby die, to what it is to have it live, only to fill the hearts of its parents with the sharp and poisoned thorns of ingratitude. Surely, if people had any right understanding of what paternity means, they would not be so ready and so eager for its weary endowment. I think it is the most fearful thing that can befall one, to be made a parent."

"It is indeed, my friend. I felt that God was cruel to rob me of my treasures as fast as they were given. My bleeding heart murmured that my angels went from me before their white garments had been soiled by the world. I would have had them stay and become defiled—for defiled I knew that they would become if I kept them with me; but long since this selfish and rebellious sorrow has passed away. And now, as I look upon the heartwearing cares and griefs and mortifications of the parents that once I so bitterly envied, I thank God, and year by year I thank Him more heartily, that I have upon this miserable and treacherous earth not a single child."

"Oh!" burst from the heart and lips of Mrs. Cornwall, "I have sometimes been forced to wish that my only child had died in her cradle. I am afraid that she is a lost and ruined girl."

Prophetic mother's heart! Ellen was at that very moment receiving the kiss of her new-made husband.

Over all the miserable surprise, sorrow and mortification that followed that unallowed wedding we will pass.

Mrs. Cornwall was greatly incensed, and at first resolved that he would disown Ellen, and forbid her ever again to enter his doors. But the mother's heart knew its duty better than that. Through the instincts of maternal love spoke out the faithfulness and the immortal love of God.

"She is our child," it said. "We cannot disown her. She is a sinful and ungrateful girl, and for that she needs love and pity. She has sealed her own misery, and for that she needs that some should stand her friends. Who should be the friends of the unhappy sinner if not the authors of her being? It matters not what is the guilt of our daughter, her parents must endure all things that they cannot help. They must forgive her, and love her unto the end. This is what God, our parent, does for us, and He commands us to be the children of our Father which is in Heaven. The sins of our child have made a cloud about her, and they separate, to her thought, her heart from ours, but the cause is in her, it must not be in any change of our love towards her. We must forewarn all anger and all severity which can do no good."

Thus reasoned the mother, and the father, though slowly, responded to her feelings.

And it was but a very little while that he felt any remains of anger at his child, for her short hour of imaginary triumph and happiness was soon over, and she became in all respects more an object of pity than of anger.

Having shown that he could get her in spite of all opposition, Harris was now satisfied. He cared but very little more about her, and he did not long take pains to deceive his unfortunate wife.

Poor Ellen! it was a dire awaking that she experienced. She had truly and madly loved Harris, and had resolutely shut her eyes and stopped her ears to everything that had been said against him. She had felt that all the world was as nothing compared to his love, and for his sake she had forsaken all the world, wronging her own soul, and sinning, with a high hand, against both her earthly and her heavenly parents; what a void was about her and within her, then, when it became clear to her that if her husband had any heart, it was not hers—that he had never truly loved her.

He told her the truth one day, provoked to do so by her tears and reproaches, occasioned by what she called the change in his feelings.

"I am not 'changed,' you little fool," he said. "I never did love you as you supposed that I did, and at first I never thought of marrying you. I liked you very well. I do so still—or I should do so if you wouldn't cry so much. As for such desperate love I don't believe in it, at least so far as men are concerned. Women always will be fools; and of course they'll be so in regard to love, as well as about everything else. I didn't think of anything more than a short flirtation with you till your parents set themselves out that you should not go with me. That touched my spirit, and I resolved to show them that I was not to be scorned for nothing. At last I concluded that, as I must take a wife sooner or later, and as you would be as good for me as any other girl, and as I could punish your parents best by so doing, I might as well marry you. So now stop your whining about change, and coldness, and all that nonsense. Be sensible, keep good natured and agreeable, and I shall like you quite as well as ever, I dare say; for you are very agreeable sometimes; but go to looking and acting in this kind of a way, as so many married women do, and I give you warning you'll finish your chance with me, and I shall seek pleasanter female company. You know I am no saint, and no priestly terrors ever stand between me and my pleasures. When you are pleasing and attractive I shall remain with you; when you are not so, I shall go elsewhere."

Although Ellen had no reason to expect any other treatment from a man who had tempted her to treat her own dear parents in the shameful manner in which she had treated hers, yet she did expect it; and her heart, in consequence of such language from Harris, was crushed and broken.

Her depression of spirits caused him to leave her more and more alone, and the wretched creature wept herself almost to death.

At last pride was overcome by sorrow and misery, and she sent to beg her mother to come to her; and when she came she told her all, begging to be taken back to her old forsaken home that she might die.

She had no doubt now that others were all to her husband that she was, and she could not endure to continue longer beneath his roof.

In the evening the two weeping women went out forever from the dwelling of Harris. Mrs. Cornwall almost feared that Ellen would die before reaching her father's door. She did not, however; and the old man met and kindly welcomed back his erring but humbled and repentant child.

No word of reproach was ever uttered. Most kindly, most tenderly, did parental love attend upon the pitifully altered Ellen; but her days and her hours were numbered. Her own misconduct had sealed her doom; in the morning of her life she went down to the grave; and upon her clay cold bosom sleeps the "child of her sorrow."

PLEASANT.—To open your wife's jewel-box, and discover a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keepsake. We know of nothing that makes an ardent temperament feel more "knifey."