

THE AVENGER'S WARNING.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"For thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be expressed,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jacinth in her breast!"—OWEN MARETTI.

He was a poet, and therefore he knew
The awful language of the Elements,
Whose master-word, like that of man, is God.
And sometimes he did talk to them in tones
Wild as their own; and the unresisting winds,
And haughty thunders, and the passionate seas
Made solemn answers; and the pale, calm moon
And high, unsmiling stars would sit
In regal grandeur in the courts of Night,
And listen silently to all his grief.
But now the youthful maniac turned in scorn
From their companionship, and went alone.
And his dusk, shadowy eye, and weeping lip,
And heart of closed flowers lent him the look
Of an embodied Twilight—which, ere long,
Would change into a storm. Too soon, alas,
The fires of his tempestuous nature flashed
With threatening light across his clouded brow,
And he stood muttering his madness thus:

Ha! I see the lights in yon glittering hall,
And I know a woman awaits me there,
With her glad heart bowed in an idle thrall
And the orange flowers in her midnight hair.

Now I hear the languid music arise,
And it calls the bride-groom; but, will he go?
By the vanished fire of thy sun-like eyes—
By thy buried lip that has kissed him, no!

They may wait till they weary—and wait in vain,
For I swear by the angels I will not wed—
And the oath is burning its truth thro' my brain—
Unless they will go and awake the dead.

To think—oh! to think I must walk alone
Thro' the desolate wilderness of years—
With no light of love o'er my pathway thrown,
And my youth's swift blood turned to fire and tears.

Yet why, why, my beautiful darling, why
Didst thou hide in the dust thy bright young head,
When the lightning glance of thy Southern eye
Might have struck the reptile that stung thee dead?

Ah, I've dreamed that a youth, who was pale and slight,
With wandering gleams in his violet eyes,
Has held in the lonesome hush of the night
A bloody steel to the smiling skies!

And those dreams shall be truth, by thy broken heart
Come, cancellation the vow that I make for thee,
And then if thou wilt, sweet shadow, depart
Forever and evermore from me.

Oh, say, was it fancy? or was the air
With *amaranth* blooms for a moment sweet?
And did a young lover stand smiling there,
While a mortal angel knelt at his feet?

And—did she whisper these words to him
With the breath of the sky, and kiss his brow
With the lips of the sky, in the star-light dim—
Did she say these words I am saying now?

Leave wrongs to thy God—He will not forget—
And forgive as thou hopest to be forgiven;
For, I am blest, and I love thee yet,
And will meet thee first at the gates of Heaven!

A ROMANTIC STORY.

AN INCIDENT OF MONTEREY.

My duties for the day were over. I had visited the last ward of my hospital, and retired to my quarters with the pleasing assurance that now most of my brave volunteers were convalescent. Death, the Conqueror, whom the bravest cannot withstand, had already claimed the most desperate cases; and many gallant spirits that a few days before had cut their way through vast odds—over bristling barricades—and in the very blaze of the masked batteries of Monterey, were now sleeping beneath the green sods of the chaparral—far from their northern homes, and their friends still praying for their return.

I had disposed of my solitary supper, and, passing through the court of the Mexican house I was occupying, sought the rear of the building, where, in the open moonlight, I could at once enjoy the cool evening breeze, the picturesque scene, and the fragrant smoke of my Mexican cheroot.

Reclining beneath the overspreading foliage of a luxuriant fig tree, I was soon absorbed in the beautiful prospect before me. At my feet the crystal waters of the San Juan, just released from the mountains, danced along over their pebbly bed, making their own music, as they hastened onward; while in the distance, the rugged old Sierra rose frowningly to the skies, revealing in the streaming moonlight, its rocky summit, covered with a long, straggling line of pines. These great trees, which in the distance appeared like giants, stood out against the illuminated vault, with such distinctness, that even the branches, and almost the very leaves, could be counted with the naked eye. The distance between the Sierra and the farther side of the river was filled up with ranges of hills, which, covered with dense foliage from their base, would have been dignified as mountains in any other country than Mexico. But as everything in nature is got up on so majestic a scale in that country, even grand old mountains are scarcely recognized as such, by those accustomed to the sight of the "Mother Range," (*Sierra Madre*).

While I was gazing upon this, as yet to me, novel landscape, my attention was suddenly called away from the distant Sierra, by the report of pistol shots, which came up directly from beneath the high bank on which I was reclining. There were two shots, one following the other in rapid succession. Accompanying these reports, I fancied I heard a shrill cry of pain, as if coming from the lips of a female, and the faint tones of a more masculine voice, at the same time broke upon my ear.

Throwing away my cigar, my first impulse was to rush down the steep bank in the direction of the sounds; but upon an instant's reflection, I ran into my sleeping room, and slipping a small revolver into my pocket, returned to the bank, and springing down the zigzag pathway, soon found myself upon the margin of the river.

As I reached the stream, I again heard the sounds of distress, which seemed to proceed from a little island a few yards from where I stood. This was covered by a natural arbor, formed by a cluster of pomegranate trees, woven together by the tendrils of a flowering vine. I had visited this beautiful islet once before, and therefore had no difficulty in approaching it now, by the stepping stones reaching from the shore.

So thick were the overhanging blossoms, that scarcely a ray of the white moonlight penetrated the interior of this sylvan retreat; but springing from stone to stone, over the shallow water, I reached the island, still aided by the sounds. Drawing aside the yielding branches, so that a stream of the moonlight could penetrate the place, I beheld a sight—accustomed as I had been of late to scenes of blood,—which filled me with horror. Stretched upon the ground, I perceived the bodies—two individuals,—one of which, I could readily recognize as that of a woman, by her light-colored robes. Her dress was dabbled with broad stains of blood, and her dishevelled hair fell in disorder about her neck and shoulders. Partly beneath her lay the body of a man, by whose side I could also perceive in the dim light, a puddle of dark blood discoloring the sand.

It was only an instant's glimpse I caught of these objects, however, for bending over them, I also observed a third figure. This was a man, who, as he stooped over the groaning forms, appeared to exult in the murderous deed,—which I had no doubt was the work of his own hands. As I

let in the straggling rays of the light upon this fearful sight, I saw the gleam of an upraised knife in the hands of this person. In the next instant it would have been buried in the bosom of the dying woman; but snatching my revolver from my pocket, I shouted to this assassin, to desist. Alarmed and disconcerted by the unexpected sound of my voice, the man dropped the weapon upon the ground, and breaking through the tangled vines, sprang into the river, and attempted to escape. But scarcely had he emerged into the clear, bright moonlight, than I brought my pistol to bear upon him, and fired. My bullet did not fall, for with a cry of mingled terror and pain, he pitched headlong into the deep water, a few faint gurgling sounds,—a few air bubbles breaking upon the surface, told that the murderer had ceased to live.

Springing into the thicket, I now, without taking a moment to examine the features of the dying man, caught up the form of the female, which, still bleeding but insensible, I perceived was not yet entirely devoid of breath; for I could feel a faint heaving of the bosom, while a feeble fluttering of the heart convinced me that she might yet, possibly, be saved.

Hastening up the steep bank, as fast as my burden would permit, I bore it to my own apartment, and laid it upon my bed. Then summoning my Mexican servants, I ordered lights, and proceeded to examine the patient so singularly thrown upon my hands.

What was my surprise when I discovered that, unlike the Mexican females of the lower class, such only as we had yet been permitted to see, the young person before me was evidently of the higher class of the Montereyanos. Her fair, beautiful face, pale as that of a corpse, betokened her of pure Castilian blood; while the rich materials of her plainly fashioned dress, and a sparkling, diamond ring upon one of her delicate, lady-like hands, showed that she was at least a wealthy family.

With the assistance of one of the Mexican women present, I lost no time in examining the wound of this fair, young stranger, for none of my people knew her. This consisted of a pistol shot through one of her perfectly formed arms—the most beautiful, I think, I had ever beheld. The brachial artery had been severed. The great loss of blood from this wound, and the terrible excitement of the scene she had just passed through, had proved too great a shock to her delicate system, and she had swooned. This was the only wound discovered; and hastily tying the bleeding vessel, and applying the necessary bandages, I laid my fingers upon her wrist, and counted the slowly returning pulsations.

"She will live," I said, in reply to the earnest inquiry of my old cook, who, with true womanly sympathy, stood gazing tearfully into the beautiful face of the insensible girl. "She will live; for already I can perceive that a reaction is taking place in the feeble current of her life blood. But, Juana, where is Pedro? Call him instantly." So occupied had I been in the care of the young lady, that for the time I had entirely forgotten her companion, left in the arbor below the bank.

Leaving my patient, therefore, for the time in the care of Juana, I ran down the bank, followed by the Mexican. The body lay just as I had left it. With the assistance of Pedro, I bore it to the shore, where, laying it upon the grass at the foot of the ascent, with the full glare of the moonlight falling upon it, I knelt down by it, to ascertain if life was entirely extinct or not. To my great gratification, I perceived that the heart beat regularly, though very feebly. On opening the breast of the man's coat, I perceived a watch-chain, with a peculiar seal, which I thought were not altogether strangers to me. I lifted them in the light of the moon, and examined them close—I was sure I had often seen your fat, soldier caps."

Sure enough—it was no Mexican that was lying before us! for on removing the forage cap that had attracted Pedro's attention, I discovered, to my great surprise, that it was Captain W., one of my most intimate and cherished friends, who had greatly signalized himself and his company at the taking of the city, scarcely a month before. It was this officer who so gallantly led the charge over the embankments of the *Saneria*, during the first day of the assault, and who was shortly afterward wounded at the same spot with and by the same discharge of copper grape that disabled our brave Butler.

As I lifted his cap I could perceive, by the clear moon-light, that a gout of blood fell from his hair; and passing my hand over his head, I found a ragged but superficial wound of the scalp, just above the right temple. The pistol shot of the assassin had passed too high to produce instant death, but a terrible concussion of the brain had been the result.

The captain proved a heavy load for Pedro and myself up the precipitous ascent, but finally we reached the house; and depositing him upon a temporary pallet, I turned for an instant to examine the condition of my other patient.

She still lay precisely in the same position I had left her;—but the heart's reaction had continued to increase; and Juana, who had not removed from the side of the bed, gladdened me with the information, that the wounded lady had once opened her eyes for a moment, and gazed inquiringly into her face.

But the condition of my friend again claimed my attention. Beside the wound upon his head, and which, trifling as it appeared at first, was the most dangerous one, he had received another on his right side, evidently from the same shot that had passed through the arm of the fair Mexican. This was a deep flesh wound, which by a singular coincidence had followed exactly in the course of the scarcely cicatrized wound, received at the taking of the city. From this, had flowed the puddle of blood, I had noticed on the sand of the little island.

I had hardly completed my examinations, and applied my hasty dressings, when a joyful exclamation from the watchful nurse of my other patient, called me once more to her bedside. She had revived and asked for water; but still apparently unconscious of her position. As the cooling draught I held to her lips was eagerly swallowed, her consciousness, by degrees, returned, and she gazed in astonishment about the apartment, and upon her strange attendant; and by the time the morning light returned, she was sufficiently recovered to hear Juana's story of the previous night; and in broken words, to recount the previous circumstances attending it. Suffice it, it was the oft-repeated tale of love, jealousy and revenge, so common among her fiery and passionate people.

Several days passed; and while the young lady rapidly gained strength, my friend W. still lingered unconscious of what was going on about him. An inflammation of the brain had succeeded the severe concussion; and in his delirium he continually called upon the name of his Belita, whom he insisted was in some imminent danger, from which he could not release her. At one moment he fancied his beloved was exposed to the cross fires of covered batteries; and at another, that she was struggling in the rapid current of the San Juan;—then again he imagined himself fighting his way through the enemy, to get to her assistance.

In the meantime the young lady's only anxiety was for the life of her "brave, noble Enrique," as she affectionately termed my wounded friend. She refused to inform me of the residence of her family, lest she might be taken away from the sick couch of her beloved American; and as soon as with the help of Juana, she could be lifted from her own bed, she insisted upon taking her place by the side of her betrothed, and becoming his nurse. She it was who now gave him drinks, and watched every motion of the sick man, with more than the anxiety of a mother over the cradle of her dying first-born.

At length the northern vigor of my gallant countryman's constitution began to gain the ascendant, and reason once more returned to her throne. One bright morning, as the warm sunlight streaming through the apartment fell upon his face, he awoke from a calm sleep, and at the same moment to consciousness.

The first object his eyes fell upon, was the pale, anxious face of his beloved Belita, who, watchful of the slightest motion of her charge, was standing over him and gazing into his face. At first he believed himself dreaming, and turning painfully upon his side, closed his eyes, as he afterwards said, to test the truth or falsity of the impression.

"Enrique! mi Enrique!" murmured the girl, as she pressed to his lips a cooling drink, "oh! look once more upon me so."

Again he opened his eyes to behold the same sweet face bending over him. No, it was no dream; no apparition, conjured up by his still fevered brain. "Yes! you are my own Belita! And oh, thank God, still alive!" and the young man, stretching forth his arms from beneath the bed covering, received to his bosom the overjoyed and sobbing girl.

It was just at this interesting moment that I entered the room. They were still locked in each other's embrace. But my voice, congratulating them upon the happy turn my friend's case had taken, recalled them to themselves; and the happy lovers, blushing with confusion, were released from each other's loving embrace.

It is needless to tell what followed—the rapid recovery of my friend, Captain W., and his adored Belita, or the history of their acquaintance; suffice it, that speaking the language of the country fluently, the gallant young officer had improved the leisure of his first convalescence, in making the acquaintance of the better class of the residents of the city, and had been admitted to the friendship of the Spanish Consul, whose only daughter, Isabella, had won his heart; that the lovers had improved the beautiful moonlight nights by rambling along the quiet banks of the San Juan, where the island arbor had been their favorite trysting place. One of Belita's discarded lovers, a young Mexican officer, whose life had been saved by the brave captain at the "Saneria," lost to gratitude and honor, and stung by envy and jealousy, had followed the lovers to their meeting place; and it was to his assassin hand that I was indebted for the above romantic incidents.

While my friend still remained unconscious of his dangerous condition, some bather in the stream discovered the body of the Mexican, with a bullet wound through the head, and the knife found in the arbor, and which I yet retain, bears the name of the same cowardly traitor; so that the identity of the would-be-murderer was satisfactorily established.

At the close of the Mexican war, I returned to the North in the same steamer, with my old friend Captain W. He was accompanied by the fair Belita, now his wife, and a number of her Mexican friends, who made up a gay and happy wedding party.

Years have passed by since then, but it has been frequently my good fortune to visit my quondam patients, and revert to the stirring incidents of those exciting times.

NERVOUS PEOPLE.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Nerves—weak nerves—excitable nerves—unstrung nerves—what an absurdity they appear to granite minds and iron frames! Muscles, bones, and sinews are hard realities;—but nerves have only a vapory and unsubstantial existence in the estimation of men and women of *nerve*. Very paradoxical in sound but not less veritable! You remind them that through these delicate conductors the sovereign brain transmits its will to the subject body, and they gravely admit that nerves are actually the fine, intangible media of this vital communion;—but try to convince them that the disturbance of the electric current conveyed through the channel of the nerves produces that painful condition styled *neuritis*, and they start back to their former sceptical stand-point, and maintain that nerves are imaginary nuisances, and that nervousness is merely the fanciful, hypochondriacal state to which feeble intellects are prone. Consequently, all phases of nervousness excite in these insensate unbelievers impatience, ridicule, or anger.

A friend once remarked to us, with a sigh, "it is a terrible epoch in our lives when we first discover that we have nerves! But who treats us more tenderly on account of the sad revelation? If our hearts, lungs, brains were out of order, we should receive a fabulous amount of compassion—but *only nerves*—nonsense! *their* ailment is visionary." Yet one might as well expect to produce sweet sounds from a harp with loosened strings as to evoke the true music of life from a frame with nerves unstrung.

Mrs. Wilton starts, turns pale, and trembles at a sudden sound; or is seized with such a spasm of terror at some supposed danger, that she quivers from head to foot; or is so completely overpowered by some temporary responsibility, that she wholly loses her presence of mind; or is so much agitated by finding herself in an unexpected crowd, that she cannot collect her thoughts to reply coherently to a simple question; all the sympathy she receives from people whose insensibility has gifted them with a large amount of social *aplomb*, is conveyed in the half contemptuous ejaculations, "Poor thing! She is so *nervous*! How silly!" Not one of these stolid individuals makes the humane reflection, "How wretchedly uncomfortable she must feel!" Not one of them pityingly asks, "What great shock, or what accumulated troubles, convulsing or wearing upon her nerves, have rendered them so sensitive?"

And yet a high degree of habitual nervousness can almost always be traced to the nerve-shattering of some heavy blow, or the unrelenting strain of protracted anxiety—or the exhaustion of long-continued ill-health.

A train of pallid martyrs starts up at that assertion and glides in slow procession through the halls of our memory. We sketch the portraits of one or two whose images have left a touching impression.

Kind-hearted Mrs. Meanwell, one of the most exemplary of women, is a victim to nervous *malaise*; she is perfectly conscious that her restless discomfort annoys her neighbors, and she makes the most desperate efforts to control or conceal her sufferings. Their origin is somewhat moving. A few years ago, Mrs. Meanwell chanced to pay a visit to her husband's office. The untidy condition of his surroundings disturbed her housewifely mind. Probably she had not arrived at Fanny Fern's lamentably true conclusion that *men like dirt*; consequently soap, water, and

a scrubbing brush appeared to her indispensable agents for promoting Mr. Meanwell's comfort. His office was located in the lower story of a capacious building occupied by men engaged in various kinds of business. Mrs. Meanwell accidentally heard that in a remote room, in the highest story, resided the cleaners of the establishment. With the promptness and energy which always characterized her, she at once mounted to their apartment. No answer was given to her knock,—she opened the door—the room was vacant; she entered and resolved to await the arrival of its inmates. She was searching for some book which might help her to while away a tedious interval, when a man's voice roughly accosted her, and inquired what she was doing there. She was not a little startled by his rude tone; and, on turning to reply, his savage and suspicious look confused and alarmed her so much that she experienced a strong inclination to betake herself to flight. While she was stammeringly making her errand known, he commenced examining the apartment, and, after hastily opening a box upon the table, seized her by the arm, exclaiming: "You are a thief! You came here to steal! You stole my sixty dollars!"

A thief! That well born, highly educated lady—whose liberal, helpful hands were always ready to aid and to give, accused of taking what was not her own? no wonder that the very suggestion struck her dumb! She could only gaze upon him in mute and terrified amazement. He repeated with greater violence his accusation, and ordered her to restore the money. As soon as utterance returned, she indignantly told him her name and the object of her presence in his apartment. Paying no regard to her statement, he coolly ordered a comrade to summon a policeman. The officer soon appeared. Mrs. Meanwell protested her innocence of the charge brought against her, but her excessive alarm gave her the appearance of guilt. Instead of listening to her explanations, the officer made a jest of her attempts at self-defence, saying: "Oh! I know all about that—of course you are innocent—light fingered ladies always are! And they are always civil spoken and finely dressed;—feathers—flowers—gimcracks—and all that sort of thing. That's the way they carry on their game. But you can't come over me with any of that gammon! If you take my advice you will give up the money at once and try to make some compensation to this man to hush up the matter—you're off to the Tombs, if you don't."

In vain Mrs. Meanwell told him she could not give up what she did not possess—in vain she entreated that her husband or father might be sent for—the officer refused to grant any such favor until she had been taken before the authorities. She was almost beside herself at the contemplation of her own unprotected condition, at the probability that force would be used if she declined to accompany the officer, and at the thought of the shame and publicity to which she would be exposed. At this crisis the wife of her accuser entered the room, and, examining an old pitcher where she had hidden the money, found it undisturbed! Mrs. Meanwell waited to hear no apologies but quickly availed herself of her regained liberty. She hardly knew how she reached her home, and was found on the floor motionless and speechless. Her half frantic alarm and the overpowering agitation to which she had been subjected prostrated her *physique* and produced the uncontrollable nervousness to which she had ever since been a martyr. Shall we laugh at sufferers which had such an unpromising origin? Shall we pronounce them "silly," "imaginary," "weak," and turn from them with contempt?

The nervousness of Mrs. Gordon, a very lovely English lady, is even more distressing than that of Mrs. Meanwell, and was the consequence of a far more appalling mental convulsion. Mrs. Gordon had been married but a few months, when her husband preceded her to Paris to prepare a sumptuous home for the reception of his bride. A month later she left Southampton to join him in Havre. The steamer in which she embarked was wrecked, at night, during a violent storm. Many of the passengers were lost. Mrs. Gordon, with several gentlemen, escaped in a small boat. For two nights and a day they were tossed about at the mercy of the waves, without provisions, without protection from the cold, almost without hope of ultimate safety. It is not difficult to imagine the protracted terror of a delicately nurtured woman, suddenly thrown into a position of so much peril, and surrounded by strangers of the opposite sex. On the second day a new calamity was added to those they had already encountered—the boat sprang a leak and foundered! Only two of its occupants were saved—the young wife was one. She had not at any time lost consciousness, and remembered distinctly being dragged from the water by her long, abundant hair. She was soon restored to her agonized husband, but the states of horror and despair she had undergone had unbalanced her mind, and at first it was feared that her reason would be wholly clouded. This misfortune was warded off by the watchful, never failing tenderness, and the judicious treatment, of an adoring husband.

It was several years after her fearful accident that we became acquainted with her. Her abode was one of great magnificence; unlimited luxury and the most perfect taste had combined for its adornment. Countless enjoyments were within her reach; the most soothing influences encompassed her; a large circle of admiring friends surrounded her with devotion; and a husband, who made her comfort and happiness the chief object of his life, watched over her. Yet her nervousness was the most pitiable we ever witnessed. It would evince itself at the most unexpected moments in startling ways; by a deep groan, a suppressed shriek, a sudden leaping from her seat and clinging to the nearest support; by wild exclamations, and fits of terror, as though some awful scene were enacted before her eyes. She was still very beautiful, and, in spite of her nervous ailment, her manners, when composed, had a charming grace. Previous to her accident, she had been a robust girl, dowered with the English boon of immaculate health. She was not considered exceedingly sensitive, nor peculiarly timid. She had a fine and highly cultivated intellect, and more than ordinary strength of character. Could any tender nature regard the state of nerves produced by such a terrible catastrophe as a subject for ridicule? Could it excite scorn or impatience in any feeling heart?

But these are instances in which very violent causes, easily traced back to an originating source, have produced the morbid discomfort of nervousness. There are thousands of cases which, though perhaps less remarkable, appeal as forcibly to our sympathy. We have seen a woman, naturally joyous and high spirited, thrown into a state of nervousness, bordering upon insanity, by the sight of little coffins, one after another, borne from her home, until she stood as desolate as Niobe. We have seen a strong hearted wife gradually robbed of all control over her nerves through protracted vigils beside the pillow of a beloved partner, over whose couch the angels of Life and Death were fiercely battling. And when, to such a sorrow, was added the presence of dear ones—the uncertainty of supplying the dear sufferer with all his needs—the dread of threatened destitution—the horror of a widow's single-handed struggle with the world, alone, af-

ter those dying eyes had been closed, for the last time, by the kiss of her fond lips,—is it marvellous that the misery of life-long nervousness should be the result of such trials? We have seen—but why multiply examples of hourly occurrence? Every one who pauses to note, will find them scattered in abundance around him. But can any kindly spirit, who is once induced to search out the causes of the grievous condition styled *neuritis*, ever regard its most tormenting phases as a theme for scepticism, anger, or mirth? As well might we pronounce the knell-like cough of the consumptive unreal, vexatious or absurd!

UNEXPECTED FORTUNE;

OR, HONESTY AND INDUSTRY REWARDED.

Some forty or fifty years ago, Col. D., an officer in the Austrian army, died by his own hand, after spending the night in a celebrated gambling-house in Vienna, where he had lost a considerable sum of money, almost the last wreck of an immense fortune. He was already a widower, and left behind him three children—a boy about thirteen years old, named Maximilian, and two little girls of very tender years, named Theresa and Antoinette. He had a brother, who was living at the time as a merchant at Riga, in whose hands he had previously deposited the sum of ten thousand florins, to be equally divided among his children. But this brother broke his trust, and suddenly disappeared with the money, and as much more belonging to other people as he could collect.

Maximilian D. had, until then, been reared in luxury; nothing that he could desire had been spared to render his life completely happy. The relations of the wretched suicide were very kind to him at first, so long as they expected to see the ten thousand florins forthcoming; but after the flight of that naughty uncle the scene changed like magic. They did, indeed, give him the shelter of their house; but who can thrive on bread that is given coldly, with short answers and averted eyes, as if to a creature of an inferior species? When they condescended to speak to him, it was only to drop ungenerous hints of the merits and necessity of independence. They never spoke to him about his father, unless to taunt him with that father's excesses, as if any father could appear criminal in the eyes of his son. They never spoke to him of his loss, of his solitary lot, nor poured into his young heart the healing balm of sympathy. No—all they did was to make his sorrows heavier by their mean and cutting taunts. The high-spirited lad felt most keenly these base insinuations, enduring them first for the sake of his sisters, Theresa and Antoinette, but secretly resolving to set himself free in due time. When, however, he saw that his patience was squandered, and that the poor girls themselves were visited with taunts, rebukes, and those many chilling civilities, which turn the honey of charity into gall, his mind was instantly made up to liberate them as well as himself from so oppressive a thralldom.

The boy was now fourteen, tall and strongly formed for his age, active and diligent. He went about Vienna in every direction for several weeks, and, after much trouble and many rude denials, at last met with employment at a farmhouse close to the city, where, in addition to his board and lodging, he was to receive a few shillings a week. This was a stroke of fortune; and now little Maximilian was made the happiest lad in Germany.

We need not stop to explain how he contrived to escape from his relation's house with his two sisters; for parentless children are not guarded with a very jealous care. Let it suffice to say that he placed them under the care of a wood-cutter's wife, to whom he resigned his wages for their keeping.

Two years passed away in tolerable quiet and contentment. All went well, except one thing; little Antoinette fell ill, pined away, and died. They called it illness, weakness of lungs, and all that; and fortunately for them Maximilian and Theresa believed the account to be true, which saved them many bitter pangs and tears besides those they felt and let flow when they saw the little white corpse stretched stiff and cold in its tiny coffin. Poor Antoinette might have lived to be a woman had she received some of the meat and wine which her callous relatives gave away to those who wanted neither.

When Maximilian was about twenty-one the old farmer died, and his widow still continued to carry on the business. She had a daughter about four years younger than our hero, not very pretty, but a smart, industrious creature, just the girl to make a sensible man happy. She had heard of Maximilian's conduct to his sisters, and that had moved her; his fine figure and easy carriage had often been silly noticed; and, living so much together, she had him continually before her, so that she grew to love him. Maximilian as yet did not know the impression he had made on the farmer's child; he loved, as yet, none but his orphan sister, now a lovely girl of thirteen, who had some time since taken up her abode in the widow's house, and attended to the dairy.

Thus they went on happily together for nearly three years more. One night, as the young man was returning home from the city, later than usual, he was startled by a sound of something like a cry of distress; he listened, and cries of "Help! help!" rent the air. He hurried across a field, and coming up to a stile, leaped over it, when he found himself in a dark, narrow lane, where he saw a young man leaning against a hedge, and defending himself against two ruffians. The stranger was almost overcome, when suddenly a blow from Maximilian's stick brought one of the assailants to the ground; the other took to his heels. Maximilian conducted the stranger to the farm, to rest there for the night, as he was quite exhausted with the ill-treatment which he had suffered.

Few things tell so quickly with women of every age as true courage. The widow had long observed the partiality of her daughter for this worthy youth, and of late she had seen that he returned it; yet, with the prudence of maturer years, she had hitherto decided against the lovers. This new adventure altered her sentiments in his favor. Calling the lovers to her, in the evening of the following day, she took a hand of each and joined them, saying:

"Maximilian, you and Theresa are no longer orphans; you shall be my son, as she is my daughter. Henceforward I make you owner and master of the farm, which you have worked so so diligently. I am not rich, but I can give you what my poor husband left behind him—that is, five thousand florins."

"To which," cried the stranger, "I will add ten thousand more; for I am the son of his uncle Charles, who betrayed his father's trust; and I shall marry his sister."

PROUS SERVANT GIRL.—A family in New Jerseyville, employed a girl to do housework. The mistress of the house observing that her new "help" was much addicted to Methodist hymns, asked her if she belonged to that church. "No," she replied, "not exactly a member; but I have been tuck in on suspicion!"

"Probation, you mean?"

"No I don't, (in a sharp accent, and with a dogmatical manner,) I know what I mean; I was tuck in on suspicion."