

LUCILLA AND GODOLPHIN.

A Scene of Dulver's.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Dying, a wild, deserted dreamer lay,
With one rude lamp to fling its fitful light
Around her ruined beauty. On her brow,
And in the starry darkness of her eyes,
The chill and mist were gathering—but her heart,
With the impassioned softness of the South,
Heaved warm and fondly yet. Sadly she raised
And listened for the music of his step—
For, though the viewless armies of the Wind
Warred with the ancient woods, and rushing rains
Beat on the dark and desolate hillsides,
Godolphin would not stay. At last he heard
The hurried trampling of a panting steed,
And in a moment more her faint white arms
Enclasped the long-lost idol of her youth!

"Oh, Percy! it is thee!"
Oh, have the starry oracles of Heaven
Foretold the meeting of this hour to me;
And thro' the long, lone night, with prayers I've striven
To draw it near—though death was in its train—
That I might kiss thy lip and hear thy voice again!

My idol I never yet
Wert thou so loved—not even when life was young,
When by Egeon's sworded fount we met,
And listened while the Roxel's minstrel sung—
And breathest sweet Italy's love-haunted air—
'Tis strange my mourning heart should now go wander-
ing there.

Godolphin! hast not thou,
In thy high destiny found clouds and tears?
Yes, by the furrowed paleness of this brow,
Unadvised thy heart beat thro' the years
That were to bless thee so! Alas, alas,
Bright Dreamer, well I knew—but let this pass.

'Tis thee—but thou art changed—
Upon thy golden curls dark shadows lie—
Thy heart from its young romance is estranged;
And, in the mournful splendor of thine eye,
There is a glance whose anguish chills my bosom blest—
Oh, that my love—her love I had made thy bosom blest.

Percy! I go—I go!
The stars with whom I've held bright communion long
Demand my spirit from the scenes below—
Soon I shall smile amid the angels throng—
And thou—the rush of waters sounds thy knell—
Thou too wilt come this hour—Percy! till then, farewell.

ROSALIND HUBERT;
OR,
THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN
TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District
Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

When the old man had become calm, he went on
with his story.

"For a long time Anthony Carper lay there in
the road insensible; but finally he came to himself,
and found that he had been dragged up to the
wall, and that stones had been tumbled upon him.
He sat up, and was at length able to think. He
knew that it must be past midnight, for the moon
was up, and that did not rise until after twelve.
He was sure that his nephew had dragged him up
there, and felled the wall about him, so that it
might appear that he had been accidentally killed.
But, by a seeming miracle, he had been preserved.
The blows upon the head had been given by a
nervous, hurried hand, and had been all glancing
ones. The scalp was badly torn, and the blood
had flowed freely; but the skull was not broken.
Nor had the rocks hit any vital part. They had
only bruised the flesh, and torn the clothing. He
found his pockets rifled of all the papers he had
carried, but the assassin had not discovered the
leathern belt which he wore beneath his vest, and
within which were some three hundred dollars in
gold.

"When Anthony finally gained strength enough
to rise, his first thought was of the sufferer he
had left further down the hillside, and, with his brain
yet somewhat confused, he went back there. He
found the old man, but he was cold and dead. Life
must have been extinct for some hours. After this
Carper kept on down the hill, and at the foot he
met a wagon passing along upon the highroad.
He hailed the driver, and found him to be a farmer
going into Boston with a load of garden-sauce.
Had the old man been in the possession of his per-
fect senses, he would surely have made his way to
the farm-house; but he was much confused, and
thought only of finding a physician. He told the
waggoner that he had got hurt, and asked to be
taken into the city, and carried to the house of
some honorable doctor. This the countryman
readily agreed to do, and accordingly helped the
wayfarer upon his wagon. Uncle Anthony was
brought to the city, and a kind doctor took him
in and cared for him. His wounds were dressed, and
in a few days his mind became clear and strong
again. He saw, in one of the daily papers, an
account of the finding of the body of the old man
who had died upon the hillside; and it was then
that the thought occurred to him that Thomas
Gondam might see the same thing, and think 'twas
the body of his uncle that had been found; and,
if such was the case, he meant to keep the villain
in that belief. And he had reason for this. He be-
gan to doubt the truth of what his nephew had told
him concerning Rosalind, and perhaps he might
have to search for her. If he did, he would be
safer in an assumed character than in his own. So,
when he was well again, and his strength had
returned, he donned a deep disguise, and went forth
to find his grandchild. But even that disguise did
not save him from his unnatural nephew's murderous
plotting, though a trusty friend was at hand to
ward off the assassin's blow.

"But," continued the old man, arising from his
chair, "Anthony Carper needs his disguise no more.
You all know his labors and adventures since his
appearance as the old sailor; or, if there are any
who do not know them, he will tell them at his
leisure."

Thus speaking he threw off the black wig and
shaggy beard, and revealed the bald head and
genial features of Anthony Carver himself. Thomas
Gondam did not move, even now. He had sus-
pected this from the moment when the old man
commenced his story. Rosalind was the first to
leave her seat. She saw before her the very face
of the happy commencement of an old dream, and
all the love of her pure soul went forth to her
grandfather. She fell upon his bosom, and gazed
up through her streaming tears and blessed him. All
the love she had so long cherished for parents whom
she had thought might some day come to her, took
form and substance now, and twined itself about
the father of her dead mother.

"You will love me, Rosa," the old man cried,
straining her to his bosom, while the big tears
streamed down his furrowed cheeks.

"I love you now," she murmured, gazing up
again, with a fond look. "I love you very much."

At this moment Thomas Gondam made his first
movement. It was so sudden and so unexpected
that no one was prepared to prevent it.

"Traitor!" he hissed, through his clenched teeth,
with his glaring eyes set upon the pawnbroker.
"You have done all this! You have betrayed me!
But you shall not live to reap the price of your
foul plot!"

He drew his dagger as he spoke, and bounded
forward; but Ludder was not taken wholly un-
aware. He had been watching those glaring eyes,
and he knew there was mischief in them. He
leaped back as Gondam raised his dagger, and
caught the uplifted arm. They struggled to the
floor, and the pawnbroker was undermost; but the
point of the weapon was turned, and as Gondam
came down the sharp steel entered his bosom. He
started back with a quick cry just as Mr. King
and Simon were ready to seize him. They lifted him
up, and saw blood streaming down his vest.

"It was your own weapon," said Ludder, rising
to his feet. "I did not do it. It turned when I
caught your wrist, and you fell upon it when we
went over."

"I saw it all," interposed Anthony Carper, who
had resigned Rosalind to the care of Albert. "You
were not to blame in the least. But you are ac-
quainted about here, so run for a physician as soon
as you can."

Ludder hurried away without further remark,
and Gondam was then assisted to the sofa, and his
coat and vest taken off, and his shirt torn open.
They spoke to him, and he glared at them madly.
"Curses on him!" he muttered. "He betrayed
me!"

"He did not betray you," returned Anthony.
"We have not seen him since the day on which
Rosalind left his house until we found him here
with you."

At this juncture Ludder returned with a physi-
cian. Gondam was growing weaker every mo-
ment, and the blood was flowing quite freely in
spite of the compress which Simon had held upon
the wound. Albert led Rosalind from the apart-
ment, for she was becoming faint with the scene;
and they sat down together in the kitchen.

"You found a true friend while you were away,"
he said, after he had opened a window to admit
the fresh air.

"You mean Jane Lillon," returned Rosalind,
with animation. "Have you seen her?"

"Yes. It was from her that we learned where
you were. She came out to Mr. King's this morn-
ing."

"Then you did not get her letter?"

"No. It was directed to me, and I was away
all the week. I got home Saturday evening, and
found it. It was too late to start then, so I
waited until to-day, as there was no way of
going on the Sabbath. He whom we now know
as your grandfather came out to Mr. King's on the
same evening, with Simon. They had been out
on a search for you, and had also been looking for
Gondam; but as that individual was in New York,
of course they didn't find him. We were all re-
ady to start this morning—your grandfather and
myself—when Jane Lillon arrived. She made
herself known to us at once, and told her story.
It seems that she lost you on Friday. She sup-
posed she should be able to follow you, as she had
followed you once before, and get a passage by the
same route which you took. But she missed it—
she lost the track entirely—and was for a while
confounded. But she is a brave girl, and not easily
daunted, if I may judge by what I have seen of
her. She found out as soon as possible where the
Boston packets were, and had the good fortune
to reach the pier just in season to gain passage in
a small vessel that was ready to sail. She reached
this city at daylight this morning, and walked all
the way out to Mr. King's, arriving there before
nine o'clock. She had but little difficulty in find-
ing the direct road to Malden, and when that was
once gained she easily found Aaron King, as he is
known to every one in town. She told her story,
and would have come in with us if we would
have permitted; but she was wayworn and weary,
and we made her remain behind and rest. It
seems as though Heaven sent her to save you.
Oh! if you could have seen how we loved her
when she told us her mission!"

"You cannot love her as I have loved her," said
Rosalind. "Oh! she shall have a home now. I
will tell you her story some time."

"Perhaps I could tell you something concern-
ing her that you little dream of," said Albert, with
a mysterious look.

At this moment Anthony Carper came into the
kitchen, and the physician and Ludder went out
at the front door. The old man was deeply agi-
tated, and he sank into a chair without speaking.
"How is Mr. Gondam?" Albert asked.
"Dead!" answered Carper with a shudder.
Rosalind clasped her hands, and feelingly ejacu-
lated—
"What a terrible fate!"
"He died in an agony of pain and remorse,"
added the old man. "His crimes seemed heaped
like coals of fire upon his head. He told me
where my money was, but he died with a regret
upon his lips that he had not escaped."

"Yes—and but for this pawnbroker he would
have been off. O, how wonderfully his own tools
have all cut his fingers. Michael Ludder mistrust-
ed that he had gained considerable money by his
wickedness, and he had also discovered, by some
means, that his hands were tinged with murder,
so he had come to try and extort money from him
by threatening to expose him if he did not hand it
over. He was about ready to start when Ludder
came, and would have been off long before we
got here. But he is dead—he has done his last
work of evil—and it does not become us to speak
too harshly of the dead."

In a little while the physician and Ludder re-
turned with a coroner, and when a jury had been
summoned, an inquest was held over the body of
the dead man. The evidence was too direct and
positive to admit of any doubt or hesitation, and a
verdict was rendered without criminating the
pawnbroker at all. So Michael Ludder was suffer-
ed to go about his business. Those whom he had
helped to wrong cared not to trouble him further,
for they knew that he had been but a tool in the
hands of a worse man, and they hoped that he
might gain a lesson from the past which would
benefit him.

And such was the end of Thomas Gondam.
Perhaps, like thousands of others, he had hoped to
find pleasure in his sins; or, at least, to arrive at
a haven of enjoyment after the crimes had been
done. And he had only found what all must find
who embark upon the sea of Wrong. His old
uncle buried him and shed a tear of pity over his
grave.

"Where is Simon?" asked Rosalind, as she got
into the carriage by the side of her lover, and
started for Malden.

"He went home an hour ago," returned Albert.
And then, as though he would turn the conversa-
tion, he asked her about her adventures in New
York, and also about her trials at the pawnbroker's.

Rosalind told him all; and when she had related
her trial with Barber, and the terrible ordeal
through which she passed while she thought him
dead, he groaned with an agony such as he might
have suffered had he endured all this himself.

It was dark when they reached the farm-house,
and Mr. King and Anthony Carper were just be-
hind them. When Rosalind stepped upon the
door-stone she found herself surrounded by a pair
of warm arms, and the joyous notes of Betsy King
sounded in her ear.

"Dear, dear Rosa!" the true-hearted girl ex-
claimed, "it is you! O, it is! Dear, dear darling,
our prayers are all answered now!"

And then came Mrs. King and Lucy and Martha;
and Little John and Samuel—and they all clung
about the returned one with a fond affection that
had more of heaven than of earth in its composi-
tion.

"And here is Simon," cried Rosalind, as the
stout fellow entered the room. She caught him by
the hand, and gazing up into his face, she con-
tinued, in an earnest, tearful strain—"Oh, Simon,
I know how good you have been. Albert has told
me all. He has told me how you saved my kind
old grandfather. I shall not forget it,—I will love
you always, Simon—indeed I will."

Simon Peter turned away and wiped his eyes,
and then he said, with some difficulty, for there
was much choking in his tone—
"And now, Rosa, I've got a bit o' sunth'n' to
tell you. I got a letter from Vermont last week
—or, leastwise, thar was one come for me, but I
didn't git it till Saturday—and in that ere letter I
was informed that a certain person, that I loved
very dearly, had met with trouble, an' had gone off.
Who d'ye think it was?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Simon," returned Ros-
alind, looking up with wonder.

"An' you'd hardly believe it if I should tell you.
But I'll show you."

Simon Peter left the room, and soon returned,
leading a female by the hand. Rosalind saw the
great black eyes, and the white, beautiful face,
and with a cry of joy she sprang to the embrace of one
of the truest friends she ever had.

"Jane, Jane!" she murmured. "O, is it not
morning now?"

"Aye," returned she whom we have known as
simple Jane Lillon, "it is morning! And did I
not tell you that something seemed to whisper to
me that our fates would run together? O, Rosa—
the same bright morn' that has given you back your
kind old grandfather has given back to me a gener-
ous, loving brother!"

"Aye," exclaimed Simon Peter, obliged to speak
vehemently if he would find utterance at all, "she
is my sister—the same Lillon Jane that I left with
that consarned old crab of an uncle. I know'd her
the minute I seed her. Their eyes ain't the sort to
forget. But she was afraid to write to me—afraid
to trust me. O, Lillon—you didn't know your
brother!"

Simon pressed his sister to his bosom, and then
turned away to the window and cried.

When supper was ready Albert's parents came,
and the evening was occupied in relating the ad-
ventures that had passed. Anthony Carper told
his story over again; and Rosalind told hers. It
was a season of wonder, of surprise, of joy, and
of devout thanksgiving; and never were more fervent
amens spoken than those that followed the earnest
prayer which the old clergyman offered up to the
Throne of Grace ere the party separated for the
night.

On the following morning Simon Peter called
Rosalind to the door, and showed her something
that lay upon the grass. She gave a quick cry of
alarm, for 'twas a large adder that she saw, and
her frightful dreams came back with painful force
to her mind.

"Don't be scared, Rosa. It can't hurt you now.
It's dead. It crawled out from underneath the
door-stone this mornin', and I killed it."

When the grain hung in golden ripeness, and
the trees were tinged with their autumnal tints,
Albert Varrondale led Rosalind to the altar. The
bloom of ample health had come again to her
cheek, and the sunlight of joy beamed in her bright
eyes. Simon Peter was groomsmen on the occa-
sion, and Lillon Jane was the bridesmaid; and old
Anthony Carper, as happy as mortal can be,
gave the hand of his beloved grandchild to the
care and keeping of one whom they all loved and
honored.

"You may take her, and keep her, Albert," he
said. "But, mind you, while I live I mean to keep
and care for you both."

And he kept his word. And he not only cared
for them, but he cared for others whom he loved.
When, a few years afterwards, an honest, industri-
ous mechanic took Lillon Jane for his wife, he
gave them a home, and settled upon them a bounty
that made them rich. And Simon Peter finally
took it into his head to ask Lucy King to be his
wife, and she did not refuse. To them the old
man gave a noble farm, and lived to see them en-
joy it, and prosper upon it.

And so Anthony Carper went quietly down to
the glorious twilight of his closing days. The fond
hopes he had cherished were all fulfilled, and the
stars of promise beamed brightly about him. When
Rosalind's children were old enough to prattle he
held them upon his knees, and told them stories,
and sang and laughed with them.
"Oh—Rosa, Rosa—you'll learn them to love me!"
And Rosalind hid her face in his bosom; and in
a little while, when she could speak, she said—
"They do love you, grandpa—love you dearly.
Everybody loves you, and blesses you, for you are
so kind and good. And I know that God and the
angels love and bless you, too!"

END.

CURIOSITY OF CHILDREN.

The curiosity of the child is the philosophy of
the man, or, at least, to abate somewhat of so sweep-
ing a generality, the one very frequently grows
into the other. The former is a sort of balloon,
a little thing, to be sure, but a critical one neverthe-
less, and pretty surely indicative of the heights, as
well as the direction to be taken by the more fully
expanded mind. Point out to us a boy of original,
or what would generally be called eccentric habits,
fond of rambling about, a bunter of the wood-side
and river bank, prone to collect what he can search
out, and then on his return to shut himself up in
his room, and make experiments upon his gather-
ings—to inquire into the natural history of each
according to its kind—point such an one out to us,
and we should have no difficulty in pronouncing
him, without the aid of physiognomy, to be a far
better and happier arguer than his fellow, who
does but pore over his books, never dreaming that
there can be any knowledge beyond them. Of
such stuff as this were all our philosophical geni-
uses, from Newton to Davy, and so, from the nature
of things, they must generally be. And no won-
der. The spirit that is powerful enough to choose,
age, and to take its own course, instead of resign-
ing itself to the tide, must be a very powerful spir-
it indeed—a spirit of right excellent promise.

THE DIAMOND BREAST-PIN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"It will cost two hundred dollars, Anna!" said
George Blakely to his young, proud, extravagant
wife. The tone in which he said this showed that
her request had startled him.

"I know it will. But what are two hundred
dollars for a diamond pin?" Mrs. Blakely's voice
was half contemptuous. "Mary Edgar's diamonds
cost over a thousand dollars."

"Just one thousand dollars more than her hus-
band could afford to pay for them," said Mr.
Blakely.

"He's the best judge of that, I presume," re-
ported his wife. "But that doesn't signify. You
can afford to purchase this diamond pin."

"I cannot, Anna."

"What do you do with your money, pray?"

The young wife turned sharply upon her hus-
band, and her words and tone stung him into a
rather harsh reply. But this only aroused her anger,
and made her more unreasonably persistent.

"O, very well," said her too yielding husband,
at last, "go to Camfield's to-morrow and get the
pin. Tell him to send in his account on the first
of January, and it will be paid."

Mrs. Blakely was in earnest. There was not
one of her fashionable acquaintances but had a
diamond ring or breast-pin, and until she was the
owner of one or both, she could no longer hold
up her head in society. Her husband was receiving
teller in a bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred
dollars per annum, when he married, which was
about a year before, and he still occupied the same
post, and at the same income. For a young man
in his position, he had not married wisely. The
handsome face and captivating manner of a dash-
ing belle bewildered his fancy. He proposed in
haste, was promptly accepted, and led to the mar-
riage altar, not a true woman, to be transformed
into a true wife, but a weak, capricious, vain crea-
ture, incapable of genuine love, and too selfish
and narrow-minded to feel the influence of hon-
orable principle.

An extravagant love of dress and ornament
characterized her from the beginning, and she
would hearken to none of her husband's gently
offered remonstrances. Nearly half of his income
she spent during the first year of their marriage,
in dress and jewelry.

The demand for a two hundred dollar breast-
pin, coming upon young Blakely, as it did, at a
time when he had just made the unpleasant dis-
covery of a deficit in his income, when compared
with his expenses, of several hundred dollars, sad-
ly disheartened him. But he was not brave enough
to meet the exigency, and, therefore, weakly yield-
ed to a demand that should have been met by un-
flinching refusal.

The first of January found Blakely short of
funds by considerably more than the price to be
paid for the diamond pin. Camfield's bill came
in, and must be settled. It would not do for him
to hold back in the matter of payment, for the
jeweler was an acquaintance of more than one of
the directors of the bank, and questions might be
asked, and inferences drawn prejudicial to his
standing. In an evil hour, under distress of mind
and strong temptation, the young man made a
false entry, which enabled him to abstract two
hundred dollars from the funds of the bank.

That was only the beginning of a series of de-
falcations, which ran through many years, before
the exposure came which always follows such a
course of crime. It was easier now to supply the
extravagant demands of his wife, whose annual
wardrobe, and bills for jewelry, for which she had
that passion which is characteristic of weak minds,
almost reached the full amount of his salary.

But the end came at last. One morning, seven
years from the day of their marriage, Mr. and
Mrs. Blakely were about leaving for the opera,
when their bell was rung violently. Mr. Blakely
started and turned pale with a sudden presenta-
ment of evil.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife, who saw
the singular change in his countenance.

Mr. Blakely did not answer, but stood listening
towards the door. Men's voices were now heard,
and the tread of heavy feet along the passage.
There was a start and a hurried movement by
Blakely; then he stood still, as if riveted to the
spot.

"Who are they? What is the meaning of this?"
asked Mrs. Blakely in alarm. At the same mo-
ment two men entered the room.

"You are arrested," said one of them, "on a
charge of defalcation."

Mrs. Blakely shrieked, but her husband stood
still and statue-like, his face of an ashen hue.

"George! George! This is false!" exclaimed
Mrs. Blakely, recovering herself. "You could
not stoop to crime!"

"It is true," he answered, in a low, sad,
despairing voice. Then, laying one of his fingers
on the diamond pin that glittered on her bosom, he
added, speaking to her ear alone—

"You gained that at the price of your husband's
dishonor! You demanded it. I remonstrated,
and said I could not afford so costly an ornament.
You repeated your demand, and I, weak fool that
I was, permitted the contraction of a debt that
could only be canceled by dishonest means. I
thought, when I married you, that I had obtained
a wife whose virtues might help me upward on the
way to Heaven, but you have proved only a tempt-
ing fiend, dragging me daily nearer and nearer
the brink of destruction, over which I now fall to
hopeless ruin. I have robbed the bank, but it was
for you!"

Then turning to the officers, he said, in a calm
voice—

"I am at your service."

The words of her husband had stunned Mrs.
Blakely. Ere she recovered herself, he was gone.
She never saw him afterwards. That night he
passed to his account before a higher tribunal than
an earthly one, and she was left in poverty and
disgrace.

The story is one of every day life. George
Blakely is the representative of a class. Not all
of them rob banks, or defraud their employers.
But all of them, to support idle, extravagant
wives in costly establishments—costly in compar-
ison with their means—spend more than their earn-
ings or profits, and fall in the end to pay their just
obligations.

A modern young lady, fashionably educated,
and with modern notions of style, fashion, and do-
mestic equipments, is altogether too costly an ar-
ticle for a young man of small means or a moderate
salary. Diamond pins, rich silks and laces, rose-
wood furniture, six, seven, eight or nine hundred
dollar houses, operas, balls, fashionable parties,
Saratogs and Newport, and success in business, are
altogether out of the question. If young men
would unite the latter and matrimony, they must
look into another circle for wives. A girl who is
independent enough to earn her own living as a
teacher or with the needle, is a wife worth a score
of such butterflies of fashion; and a rising young

man, who has only his industry to rest upon for
success in life, is a fool to marry any other. Use-
ful industry is always honorable, and difference of
sex makes no difference in this particular.

PARTING.

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

What a hard and bitter thing it is to part. To
part not knowing that you shall ever meet again.
And who can know, when the "good-bye" sounds,
that he shall ever speak another welcome to that
friend?

Always there is an undertone of sadness in those
two words, "good-bye." They wait faintly even
when spoken amid smiles, and only for a few hours'
separation; but when it comes to be for months or
years, they are words of inexpressible sorrow. They
make the heart to sigh and weep as if at a grave.

"Good-bye," you say, and hold still tighter the
hand in your clasp—you cling to him who is going
yet does not go. "Good-bye" is repeated again
and again, and every time the pain gets harder and
harder to bear. And yet you cling to him. "Not
yet, not yet," you plead. "Oh! father," "oh!
mother," "oh! friend, not yet;" and if it be lover,
or husband, still more imploring is the prayer,
"not yet, not yet!"—and he answers, haply—"not
just yet!"—but what does it avail? He must go—
and you must see him no more till—oh! you do
not know when—perhaps never.

You have him now, you are in his arms, you
clasp his neck, you hold his hands, you look into
his eyes, you hear his voice—he is with you—close,
close—his real presence. You can touch his cheek,
and lips, and hair—you can speak to him, and he
will answer. You feel his heart-beats, you feel his
breath, you hold him fast, fast, as if you could keep
him with you forever. Your very heart's blood
seems pouring into his breast, and you feel as if the
cords and nerves of your body, as well as those of
your mind, were all linked and intertwined with
his, as if you must literally be hewn asunder before
you could be parted; and yet you know that in a
minute more you will look and not see him; you
will stretch out your hands, and not feel him; you
will call, and not be answered; and for he will be gone.
Oh! emptiness, oh, chaos—gone, gone, gone.

The clock strikes. There must be no more linger-
ing—you know that as well as he; but oh, if
you unclasp him he will go, and you try to cling
with double strength. But he parts your hands—he
puts you from him—he rushes out and disappears—
you sink down and cover your face—you know
not whether you are in sunshine or in dark-
ness, nor do you care. You know this one thing,
that it is possible you may never behold that face
and form again till you both have dropped the
body, and gone whence none return.

The life that is so often rent by such partings
would be a woe, a mockery, a curse, were Earth
all.

"Absence is not the heart torn by it
From more than life, and light, and breath?
'Tis Letho's gloom without its quiet,
The pain, without the peace, of death."

SNAKES IN AUSTRALIA.

I have met, says a graphic writer, with several,
and witnessed many wonderful and narrow escapes.
A friend, who had been out shooting for some
hours, coming home tired, without thought or re-
flection, was on the point of throwing himself on a
stretcher to rest, when he was suddenly pulled back
by a bystander, who had observed a tremendous
brown snake coiled up on the opossum cloak. He
was horrified, but providentially saved. The snake,
of course, was soon despatched. Another friend
on a cruise, put his saddle down for a pillow at
night as usual, and on lifting up the saddle-flaps
the next morning he observed a beasty dead adder
lying flat down. He soon dropped the saddle, and
killed the snake. While giving our horses water
one day, my cousin saw a black snake, half in and
half out of the water; he shot it and put it on an
ant hill to watch the ants at work. While so en-
gaged, its mate came to us, passing over my instep,
in a state of great excitement; it was also shot.
On going over the Main Range a dead adder was
observed, creeping on a poor quail which crouched
on the ground, fascinated; we allowed the poor
bird to fall