New Orleans Daily Crescent.

Henry Clay.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

With voice and mein of stern control
He stood among the great and proud,
And words of fire burst from his soul
Like lightnings from the tempest-cloud:
His high and fearless themes were crowned
With glory of his genius born,
And, glowing and rare daily bound
Where fell his bolts of wrath and scorn.

But he is gone—the free, the bold—
The champion of his country's right;
His burning eye is dim and cold,
And mute his voice of conscious might,
Oh no! not mute—his stirring call
Can startle tyrants on their thrones,
And on the hearts of nations fall
More awful than his living tones.

The impulse that his spirit gave
To human thought's wild, stormy sea,
With heaved and thrill through every wave
Of that great deep eternally,
And the all circling atmosphere,
With which it blazes his broad ray of flame,
Will wind with radiance deep and clear,
In storm and calm, his voice and name.

His words that, like a bugle blast,
Rent rang along the Grecian shore,
And—o'er the heavy sleepers cast
With startling tone—roused to a new life
Of that great deep eternally,
Great liberty will catch the sounds,
And start to newer, brighter life,
And summon from earth's utmost bound
Her children to the glorious strife.

Unnumbered pilgrims o'er the wave,
In the far ages yet to be,
Will come to kneel beside his grave,
And fall his prophet of the free.
'Tis holier ground, that lowly bed
In which his mouldering form is laid,
Than fields where liberty has bled
Beside her broken battle blade.

Who now, in danger's fearful hour,
When all around is wild and dark,
Shall guard with voice and arm of power,
Our freedom's consecrated ark?
Who shall, in battle, 4th, God, to thee,
Rendering whose feet the slave are dust,
We vow, and ask that thou wilt be
Through every ill our stay and trust.

(From Russell's Magazine.

Love's Logic.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

And if I ask thee for a kiss,
I ask no more than this sweet breeze,
With fragrant breath, I ask to the bliss,
Steals every minute at his ease;
And yet how placid is thy brow,
It seems to woo the bold caress,
While now he takes its kiss, and now
All sorts of freedom with thy dress.

Or if I dare thy hand to touch,
Hath nothing pressed its palm before?
A flower, I'm sure, hath done as much,
And its hand some useless diamond more.
It strikes me, love, the very rings
Now sparkling on this hand of thine,
Could tell some truly startling things
If they had tongues or touch like mine.

Indeed, indeed, I do not know
Of all that thou hast power to grant,
A boon for which I could not show
Some pretty precedent extant.
Suppose, for instance, I should clasp
Thus, so, and thus, thy slender waist;
I would not hold within my grasp
More than this loosened zone fabricated.

Oh put the anger from thine eyes!
Or what them if they still must frown,
Those lids, despite you garish skies,
Can bring a timely darkness down.
Then if in that convenient night,
My lips should chance to meet thy dewy mouth,
The touch, shall be so soft, so light,
Thou'lt fancy it—this gentle South.

BULLS.—To a gentleman who expressed himself in disrespectful terms of Blackmore, one of whose poetic bulls he happened to recollect, Dr. Johnson answered, "I hope, sir, a blunder, after you have heard what I shall relate, will not be reckoned as decisive against a poet's reputation."

When I was a young man I translated Addison's Latin Poem on the Battles of the Pygmies and the Cranes, and must plead guilty to the following couplet:

Down from the guardian bough the nests they flung,
And stifled the yet unnaturalized young.

And yet I trust I am no black-hand; I afterwards changed the word "killed" into *crushed*."

In a catalogue compiled some years ago, by a French writer, of works of Natural History, he has inserted Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls.

Sir Boyle Roche once said, when irritated on the subject of posterity, "What the devil did posterity ever do for me?"

The great agitator being pestered by a stranger for his autograph, returned the following answer:

"Sir: Yours, requesting my autograph, is received. I have been so bothered by similar impertinences that I'll be twice if I send it.

Your obedient servant,
DANIEL O'CONNELL."

A HARD BOY.—General Sir Charles J. Napier tells the following story of his childhood: "There was in Limerick a great coarse woman, wife of a Mr. Murphy. When she heard of my exploit, she said, 'Poor boy! I suppose a fly kicked his spindle shanks.' Being a little fellow then, though now, be it known, five feet seven inches and a half high, this offended me greatly; and as the Lord would have it, she broke her own leg just as I was getting well. Going to her house with an appearance of concern, I told the servant how sorry I was to hear that a bullock had kicked Mrs. Murphy, and hurt its leg very much, and that I had called to know if her leg was also hurt. She never forgave me." This is a very characteristic opening of a long life passed in public and private warfare.

To physically overwork a youth who has not yet attained his full stature and strength, is considered by all human persons a murder stroke of cruelty, and the unfortunate guardian or parent committing such wrong is at once set down a monster, and his inhuman acts receive the prompt censure they so justly merit. And yet, if possible, a still more cruel process of "crushing out" the spirits, the health, the very life of the same class of persons is daily going on in almost every community, under the very eyes of the most intelligent and humane persons, without receiving a spoken or written word of condemnation. We refer to the discipline of some of our schools, especially those institutions where children are removed from the protective care of parents and friends, and subjected entirely to the surveillance of stern, unsympathizing teachers, who, to carry out some arbitrary favorite theory of discipline, will ruin both the physical and intellectual constitution of the student, and send him upon the world a wreck, unable to perform his part in life, and destined to drag out a miserable existence, only to find relief in a premature grave.

MATHEMATICS OF BEES.—The warmest admirer of honey, and the greatest friend of bees, will never, I presume, contend that the young swarm, who begin making honey three or four months after they are born, and immediately construct those mathematical cells, should have gained their mathematical knowledge as we gain ours, and in three months' time outstrip Mr. Maclaurin in mathematics as much as they did in making honey. It would take a senior wrangler at Cambridge ten hours a day, for three years together, to know enough mathematics for the calculation of these problems with which not only the queen bee, but every undergraduate grub, is acquainted the moment it is born. [Sidney Smith.

A church in a fashionable town was recently struck by lightning, and several persons shocked. Ladies who wore metal hoops escaped unhurt, but the hoops were melted. We suppose the lightning kept running round 'em till it was "cockered out."

A sly Liverpool grocer, taking advantage of the alarm about the comet, advertised a notice in several newspapers that the "Milky Way" was in great danger from it, and advised the public to lay in a large stock of butter before the source was dried up!

FIX THE DATE.—At a concert in Wisconsin, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good time coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed, "Mister, could ye jes fix the date, that is what we want—just give us the date, Mister."

A friend of Jones being troubled with an incipient cancer in the upper region of the œsophagus, was treated for it by an application of nitrate of silver. Jones was present during the first operation, and being asked how he supposed it felt, said: "Very much like a choked crow, I presume." The patient demanded the reason, and Jones, in his cold blooded manner, replied: "Why, if you choke a crow the caw sticks in his throat, and just now, the caustic's in your throat, too, isn't it?"

The following is a speech made by the manager of an Irish theater. There were only three persons composing his audience: "Ladies and gentlemen! As there is nobody here I'll dismiss you all; the performances of this night will not be performed; but the performances of this night will be repeated to-morrow evening."

A REMEDY.—We have it from excellent authority that no fly will enter a room in which a wreath of walnut leaves has been hung up. When these winged annoyers are so abundant the experiment is worth trying.

Brown thinks that actors ought to be farmers, for they are good at cutting rails, understand fencing generally, and when they are not "in clover," it is only sow, sow, with them—till they get quite seedy.

Brown says he don't know, though, but actors might make good bakers, for they always kneed their dough.

The Abbot's Curse.

"A secret curse on that old baffling lung,
Some weighty crime that Heaven could not pardon."

In the year 1855, in the month of September, I was staying with a shooting party at Beauchamp Abbey in ——shire, the seat of my cousin, Roland Maskelynes, whose family have resided there since the days of the Eighth Henry. I had, till the date above given, known very little of my cousins—had never been, save as a child, to Beauchamp, and had now gone there for a month's sojourn with as pleasant a party as I ever had the luck to meet.

But it is not so much of them that I could speak, as the events of that evening which I remember as the occasion of my first introduction to Roland Maskelyne. The squire, his father, John Maskelyne, was a hale old man of some sixty years of age, with nothing remarkable about him but his intense love of field sports of all kinds, hatred of free trade, and rabid torylism; in other respects an amiable man enough, a kind father, a good squire when tenants were not poachers or liberals, and one whose boast was that his ancestors came over with the Normans, and had never sullied their fingers by work of any kind. Mother, Roland Maskelyne had not; his sister was married and lived in Wales, his younger brother was a boy at Eton then, and so the heir of Beauchamp had it all his own way at the Abbey. I cannot better describe him than by saying that he was as near a likeness to the Vandyke Charles I as can well be imagined, with the same long, oval face, and expression of proud sadness. He only needed a ruff and a pointed beard to convince a looker on that some old Vandyke copy had walked out of its frame to become Roland Maskelyne. I noticed that during dinner he said little, but seemed absent and distrait. Perhaps he is in ill health, thought I—perhaps something has gone wrong; but his father, seeing I looked inquiringly at my cousin, said in a low tone across the table—"Take no notice of your cousin, he is always as you see him now." This naturally enough heightened my curiosity to know what could be the cause of so settled a sadness. I had indeed heard, before coming to the Abbey, some strange stories of a certain Abbot who once ruled in Beauchamp, and who, on being dispossessed of his broad acres and fine old domain by that rapacious sovereign Henry VIII, for the benefit of one certain Hugo Maskelyne and his male heirs forever, had bestowed a parting curse on the fortunate courtier and his heirs aforesaid, nearly in these words:

"*Live a merry life, Hugo Maskelyne, and gorge thyself on the spoil of the Church of God; but thou shalt not die in thy bed, neither shall thy eldest son of thy posterity ever live to succeed to the broad, fair lands of Beauchamp.*"

All this I had heard of an old nursemaid of mine who came to us from my cousin's village, and though I, of course, knew of the strange fatality regarding the eldest sons of this family, I believed it was an old woman's tale of wonderment, unworthy of recollection. Nevertheless, my opinions on that subject have strangely changed since then.

After dinner, over our wine, the conversation turned upon timber and some trees which the old squire had that day planted in commemoration of Roland's having attained his twenty-seventh year, when my melancholy-visaged cousin said abruptly, as though he had just woke up:

"Those trees will, in a few years, be tall and flourishing, while I am sleeping in our old vault."

"Nonsense, man," said his father, almost angrily. "I really do wish you would, for once in your life, forget that foolish old story about the Abbot's curse, which seems to overshadow your life."

"Father," said the young man, "we are all of us in this room relatives. I am sorry if that foolish observation has cast a gloom over our snug little party, but it is of little avail to think facts; all of us know there is a fate hanging over us Maskelynes, and that the Abbot's curse has never failed save once, since the day when the Abbot of Beauchamp left his lands forever. Still, perhaps I was foolish to talk of the matters, too well known already."

The conversation dropped, but it had lasted quite long enough to fill my young head with all sorts of weird fancies—so much so that you can easily imagine that when I retired to rest that night in the "White Room," with its panelled walls hung with stern looking old Maskelynes, "bearded like the pard," and seemingly as fierce, and old swords, bucklers and arquebuses, which it would require a brave sportsman to load and fire off now, it was to think of anything but slumber. From a child I had at no time been of a superstitious turn; still, that night, I confess, I felt anything but comfortable, and when I heard the clock strike, and the last step die away up the creaking staircase, I would have willingly given all I then possessed to be at home, with no Maskelynes to stare me out of countenance—no Beauchamp Abbey, with horrible traditions, to startle me from my propriety—and no "White Room" to "murder sleep." I tossed and turned, striving in vain to sleep. I could stay till all alone, determined to see if there were any ghosts in Beauchamp Abbey, I valiantly poked my nose into every cupboard and cranny in the room, till I was more convinced than ever that I was a fool, and still more nervous than I had been before. "This cannot last long," thought I, "it will soon be morning—I will light a cigar and smoke till daybreak." I looked round the room for a box of lucifers. And lo! I bethought me of my book—there was none. At last I bethought me of the cupboard at the end of the room; there I found Burton's "Anatomie of Melancholie," a fit book for such a time, when, while glancing over its pages, down tumbled, covering me with dust, a pile of books and papers, and a long roll of vellum, which I soon saw was the Maskelyne pedigree. I sat down, smoked my cigar, and read it through patiently, observing at the same time that against the name of every eldest son, for many generations, was a black line, and "*He died before his father,*" and "*his younger brother succeeded,*" etc. And so the legend had some foundation in fact. I could not then reason myself out of a belief in it—I cannot now.

Day dawned; I had smoked my cigar down to the stump—was very tired; so throwing myself on my bed, I fell sweetly in my dressing-gown and slippers, and awoke the next morning to find Roland at my bedside. A glance told him how I had spent the night; the candle burnt out, the books scattered over the floor, the dressing-gown and slippers left me no chance of asserting I had slept well. I told him the whole truth, not even omitting the pedigree incident. Roland said nothing, but I think looked sadder than ever all that day.

We went out shooting. A right merry party, save Roland, we were—all, save myself, being capital shots, and returned home, comfortably tired, to a good dinner at seven, with some fine old '24 afterwards. Leaving the wine-bibbers to their talk of "green seals" and rare vintages, wine and walnuts, my cousin and I strolled out across the park, cigar in mouth, and from that night began a most cordial friendship, the lightful companion (when forgetting that fearful destiny) was my poor cousin Roland. From a boy he had always been a lover of literature, and at school and college had always shown himself to be a man not only of refined mind but vigorous intellect. A "noble mind" was indeed "overthrown" here by a fearful superstition, as you, reader, may call it, if you please—a life of which might have shed lustre on his age, was indeed wasted when Roland returned from Oxford to Beauchamp, where, leaving behind him the generous emulation and glorious thirst of knowledge of better days, he had nothing on which to fall back but field sports, hum-drum country society, and gloomy forebodings. I was a boy then—I fear I am little more now—and, boy-like, one of the first things I told my newly discovered cousin-friend, was the history of a boyish love.

Perhaps I told the tale well—perhaps earnestness atones for the power of narration—at any rate, he seemed, as I thought, affected by what I said. I had jarred upon a weak chord, perhaps. I had always heard that Roland was a very Maskelyne in his nature—proud and reserved to a fault. It was not so. That night, as we walked across his father's park, under the old ancestral elms, I heard from his lips how, in an evil hour of unguarded passion, he had sacrificed the virtue of a village girl of lowly birth, but remarkable beauty—one in all respects worthy of a better fate—and had by her a son, whose birth, thanks to the judicious removal of the fair frail one under some pretext or other to London, had been hitherto kept a secret. Their child died, fortunately for both, and nothing was known of the matter by Rachel's friends at that time. Rachel Brooke was the only daughter of a small farmer in a parish adjoining Beauchamp, and, at the period I speak of here, was residing with her father and brother, in a lone farm-house some two miles from the Abbey. Now, Roland was, it seems, in the habit of paying clandestine visits to poor Rachel, whenever he thought her father and brother were away or asleep. It happened, however, one night when the old farmer was away from home, that Roland was sitting in the farmer's kitchen without a light, with Rachel at his side, when, hearing a sound outside, he went to the window to listen, and had hardly sat down again, when in stalked an athletic young man with a gun under his arm, as Roland and Rachel could see by the moonlight streaming in through the open door. It was her brother George, who had, as was his custom, been out on some poaching expedition with some disreputable characters in the village as lawless as himself, and now returned to the Abbey Woods to find the heir of Beauchamp in his father's kitchen, at his sister's side.

"What means all this, young squire?" asked Brooke hoarsely. Maskelyne said nothing—little could he said—ere the poacher went on in tones of fast-increasing passion.

"We may be poor folks, and you may be a fine gentleman come to ruin, if it is not already ruined, a poor girl's peace of mind; but may"—here he swore an oath too fearful to be written down—"if this night I do not hear from your lips why you come. Speak—villain!"

Maskelyne's sole reply was a scornful smile.

"Speak, Rachel," went he on wildly, "why comes this young squire, when father is away, to sit here through the night with you?"

She was too much ashamed to speak—she could not.

"And did I risk my life three years ago to save you from drowning in the miller's pool yonder but for this—for this—for my sister—the living likeness of my poor dead mother to be——"

"Spare me, George," said she—when, hissing out through his teeth one bitter word, which brought the blood in one red blush to the young girl's brow, he felled her savagely to the earth. In an instant his throat was grasped by Roland—a fierce struggle ensued. Maskelyne was the more powerful man, and Brooke was every second getting the worst of the contest, when, by a sudden effort, he shook off Roland's grasp, and rushed madly out into the field, shouting when he stopped:

"We shall meet again, Roland Maskelyne! Curses, like birds, fly home to roost; take mine, and remember the Abbot's."

This disgraceful scene had occurred, unknown to any but the actors in it, some three days before my arrival at Beauchamp—and Roland more than once hinted during our walk that he had little doubt but that George Brooke and he were likely to work out the "Abbot's curse" at no distant day. He pointed Brooke out to me the next morning. The poacher passed us by with a steady look of determined hatred in his eye, but said nothing, and in a few days I forgot the circumstances connected with Roland's and his quarrel.

Alas! I had occasion too soon to bear unwilling witness to the truth of my poor cousin's words, that he and George Brooke would soon work out "the Abbot's curse" between them. But little thought I, when Roland and I met the following Sunday in the squire's pew under the marble monuments of the Maskelynes, to which, I fear, I paid far more attention than to the somewhat heavy discourse of the good rector of Beauchamp, how soon there would be a monument in the church-yard to one who combined with all that was good and noble in his diffated nature, a fascination of mind and mien peculiarly his own. Let me not anticipate. Let me not selfishly mar what little interest this story may have for my readers by jumping to a sad conclusion thus early. It was the custom of my cousin and myself every evening to stroll out across the fields to enjoy a "quiet cigar," as smokers say; and one night, while returning home rather later than usual, we heard a gun fired—another—and then a man's head peered at us over the fence, and was rapidly withdrawn.

"Poachers," said Roland, without removing the cigar from his lips; "let us knock up the keepers, and see if we cannot secure some of these 'Diana's foresters.'"

After a smart walk of some ten minutes we reached the keeper's cottage, and found him with two assistants preparing to start for the Abbey woods in quest of the poachers. Telling the keepers to go on first and reconnoitre, Roland said to me:

"You and I, William, will follow in their rear, and may possibly see some sport on our own account. I know the country, you don't; stick close to me and"—here he stopped down and selected from a bundle of faggots by the moonlight two stout bludgeons—"now I think we are a match for any two of them, if they don't fire, which is improbable."

Although peaceably disposed, and not fond of risking life and limb for trifles, I am by no means averse to a little excitement in the way of skull-cracking when the occasion is a just one; and so without more ado I set off with Maskelyne, with the charitable view of correcting the erroneous ideas existing in the poachers' minds, as to the extent of the squire's *beats* and their *bears*. By the time we reached the wood the keepers had got into the middle of some brushwood where they ambushed, awaiting the arrival of marauders. Giving a very low whistle, which was immediately answered by our party, Roland and I proceeded onwards till we heard a cracking of dead branches, and a man rushed past us, followed by a lurcher.

"It is George Brooke's dog," said Maskelyne; "I would, for his sake Rachel's sake that he were miles away this night. If I meet him hand to hand, I cannot shrink from an encounter; for if I do, he will think I fear him, and that no man could ever say of a Maskelyne. If we take him it will only be through bloodshed—possibly loss of life—for George is a desperate fellow; was tried but acquitted some years ago for shooting old Giles, our late head-keeper, and begs to say that if he be again on trial, he will assuredly be transported. I have almost a wish to go back; but no, here are the keepers. What news, Jack?"

The head-keeper told us that he knew of the poachers' whereabouts—that there were four or five of them only, so that we were evenly matched, and that we had better at once come up with them and secure any we could. We had not far to go before we had an opportunity of testing our valor.

Grasping his bludgeon, Roland strode manfully up to a group of men—stalwart fellows, too, for a midnight *affair*—who had (only) lay in wait, and, at the keepers "their suppers," as they elegantly phrased it, with a few oaths as expletives. Singling out one man, who seemed the most athletic of the party, Roland speedily felled him like a bullock by one heavy blow of his bludgeon, and, shouting to us to come on, struck out right and left more like a savage than a polished gentleman-like, peaceable cousin of mine, whose sadness I had vainly endeavored to cheer, the same evening. I, too, played my part well enough with my bludgeon, and was easily worsting by fist and stick, as opportunity offered, a clumsy bumpkin, whose knowledge of the noble art of self-defense was limited to a few furious kicks and awkward hits, when I received from behind a heavy blow on my head, and fell down backwards stunned. What went on during my short insensibility I hardly know even now; but when I came to myself I found the hot blood trickling down my neck and face, the keepers were gone and the moon shining clearly down through the trees full on the pale angry faces of two men, who were pausing for an instant's breathing time, ere they endeavored to crack each other's skulls. Roland and Roland Maskelyne and George Brooke: the latter had laid his gun on the grass, and was striking wildly at Roland with a stick dropped by a brother poacher in his flight. Feeling too weak to be of any use in a conflict like this, and beside possessing that almost instinctive love of fair play common to every true man, I contented myself by leaning on my elbow and encouraging Roland as loudly as I was able to finish it quickly. My cousin was a splendid stick-player; and at this, Brooke, though a wiry active fellow enough, stood little chance with one who, like Maskelyne, had learned the use of his weapon from the life guardsmen of Angelo's fencing-rooms: so it was easy to see that the conflict must speedily end. With a dexterous twist of his wrist, Roland sent the poacher's cudgel flying some dozen feet into the air, and rushed on to secure his man, when Brooke, dividing his attention, leapt lightly back, and recovering his gun, which lay on the grass, deliberately cocked and presented it at his antagonist's breast.

"Stand back, young squire," said the poacher hoarsely through his set teeth; "let me go in peace home to my sister whom you have ruined, or by Him that made us, your heart's blood will sprinkle this grass to-night."

And for a moment Roland did stand back. He thought, perhaps, how just a cause of anger might now be influencing Brooke against the seducer of his sister, and for her sake a momentary feeling of hesitation came over Roland's heart. Alas! it was but for a moment.

"Brooke," said he sternly, "I said I would stop this poaching two years ago—I will keep my word."

Grasping his bludgeon once more, just as I was rising to stop him, Roland rushed in to grapple with the poacher, and succeeded so far as to be able to avert the gun's muzzle from his breast, when the keepers' voices were heard in the distance, and Brooke, wrenching the gun from Roland's grasp, fired it, and through the smoke I saw the poacher bounding by me like a deer, and my cousin lying bleeding on the grass. At this moment the moon shone out through a passing cloud, and, as I knelt down at his side, and saw the ghastly pallor of his face, I knew his hours were numbered.

"William," said he very faintly, "I am a dying man—shoot for the keepers—the Abbot's curse is here!"

Staunching the blood, which was dripping slowly from his side, with a handkerchief, I shouted long and loudly, till the old trees echoed back my words. The keepers soon returned, after a bootless pursuit. We carried the dying man home across the fields he might never inherit, to the Abbey. It was indeed a sight to soften the hardest heart, when we stopped at his father's door. Hearing our heavy footsteps, the old squire and his guests threw up the windows of the dining-room, and saw the bitter truth at a glance.

* * * * *

I will not dwell on the events of that night; my memory of them is too painful, even now that the grass is growing on my poor cousin's grave.

* * * * *

Morning dawned on the old man, the surgeon, and myself, standing at poor Roland's bedside. From the first the surgeon expressed no hope of his patient's recovery: we knew that in a few hours all must be over; and the dying man knew this too, and prepared to meet his end with christian fortitude. The rector came soon after daybreak, and administered the sacrament to him, and gradually comforted us by saying (for we had all retired from the room by Roland's request during that interview) that my cousin's state of mind was all that could be wished. As I approached the bedside once more, Roland leant his head forward and murmured some low indistinct words. I bent my head over him, and he whispered:

"Go for Rachel Brooke: I wish to see her ere I die. I have wronged her—I would make some atonement. Tell my father it is my wish. He will not refuse."

I briefly told the father his son's request: a flush of proud displeasure for a moment passed over the old man's brow; but he said, "Do as Roland desires."

I ran to the stable, vaulted upon a horse, and rode him, without waiting for saddle or bridle, with a halter, to Rachel. The rector went with—she knew the truth already too well—George had been home, and told her all ere he finally fled. Timidly, with her face suffused with blushes, crept poor Rachel, like a guilty thing, after me to Roland's bedside, where, overcome by her grief, forgetting the pressure of all save him she loved, and he dying before her, she sank down, sobbing bitterly, at the foot of the bed. That proud, stern, melancholy Roland Maskelyne had not been so to her: she remembered a time when the cheek, now paling at the approach of death, had flushed as he told to her his passionate, sinful love—when the eye, so sad or stern in its glances on others, beamed with love on her—the poor little village girl, now breaking her heart at a dying man's bedside. What cared she for the stern wonderment in the looks of the haughty old squire?—for the deprecating glances of the good surgeon? Love heeded them not—she was, to all intents and purposes, alone with him she loved, and he was fast nearing his eternal home.

After a while she became calmer, rose from her knees and glanced wistfully round the room.

"Father!" said Roland, "I have something on my mind—let me speak to this poor girl alone."

Without a word of remonstrance or inquiry we all withdrew. I heard from Rachel's lips, after the funeral what then occurred.

"Rachel, I was your destroyer—I sent for you to entreat your forgiveness ere I go hence into the presence of my Maker. We have both sinned grievously. Kneel down and pray God to pardon us, in this sad, parting hour!"

She obeyed. There was, a long pause; his mind seemed wandering, and he, well nigh too exhausted to speak. After a while he continued:

"Doubtless you know all; but I forgive him who wounded me, for I die by your brother's hand. I shall exact a promise when we two have said our last farewell, from my father, that he will not seek to punish George, and that he will protect you for my sake. And now, good bye, my own dear girl! Forgive me—think kindly of me when I am gone, though I have been your ruin, for the sake of the love I bore you, and for the sake of our dead little one, whom I hope soon to meet in heaven!"

She knelt down once more and wound her arms round her first—last—only love. Their lips met in one long, parting kiss; a murmured "God bless you, Roland, as Rachel does!" and the poor girl parted from him forever in this world.

Well-nigh overcome by emotion, weak with loss of blood, Roland had still a sacred duty, as he deemed it, to perform. Mastering his feelings, he called his father to his bedside, and taking his hand in his own, after desiring that his dying blessing might be transmitted to his brother and sister, he passed on to that which was nearest to his heart in his last moments.

"Father, I implore you, by the love you profess for me, to grant me these favors—these requests of your dying son: firstly, that you will never in any way, directly or indirectly, seek to punish George Brooke for the share he had in last night's tragedy; secondly, that you will ever think kindly, in christian charity, for my sake, of poor Rachel—(I cannot tell you her history now as regards me, cousin William here will, when I am dead)—and that you will settle, in my behalf, on her for life, such an annuity as will enable her to live respectably wherever she may wish."

For a while the father combated his son's merciful intensions towards the poacher, till, seeing delay pained Roland, he yielded, gave the required promises on the sacred word of a Maskelyne, and in a few minutes heard in son say solemnly:

"Father, I thank you: I die happy! Forgive me, if I have been wayward, and have clouded our house with a life-long sorrow. My presentiments are fulfilled! I pray God that it will avert the Abbot's curse from the next generation of our family, but I dare not hope it." The voice grew gradually weaker, and we knew that death had come for him at last. Clasping my hand for God's forgiveness of his sins, he spoke these last, strange words:

"Scoff nevermore at the Abbot's curse!" And the noble spirit of Roland Maskelyne so passed away.

Let me draw a veil over the few days preceding his funeral. Such sorrow should be sacred, and any delineations of mine of sorrow like ours then could but be painful to you now.

I saw the coffin of him I had known so short a time, yet loved so well, borne to the grave of the Maskelynes; and I know that while the beautiful ritual of our church was being read by the rector of Beauchamp, in a voice tremulous with hardly suppressed emotion, there was not a dry eye among all that rustic concourse of honest hearts from far and near in the old churchyard. And I own I shuddered (in superstitious awe, as a reader may think) when my eyes fell upon two saplings which Roland himself had planted in my presence some time before, in his own words, "to overshadow my grave when the curse is fulfilled!"

By the old man's desire I remained with him a week after his son's funeral. I told him him the history of Rachel Brooke as regarded his son, omitting nothing, and had, ere that week expired, the satisfaction of being the bearer of a kindly note from Mr. Maskelyne to her, and have since heard that very shortly after my departure a handsome annuity was settled upon Rachel Brooke for her life. George escaped, and has never been seen since. His gang is broken up, and the Abbey Woods, since that fatal night, seem to have few temptations for the Beauchamp villagers.

Once again, when the grass was growing green on my cousin's grave, did I pay a visit to Beauchamp Abbey. Old recollections made that so painful to me, that I have never repeated it. I remember one night strolling through the church-yard when all the village seemed asleep. As I passed near the massive cross which marked Roland's resting-place, I heard a sound of sobs. I was startled by the sudden shaking of my feeling. I strode to the grave, and there, with her face bent down to the turf, knelt poor Rachel. In answer to my questions, she told me that since his death she had never omitted a nightly visit to her lover's grave—and there, I doubt not, she will some morning be found lying broken-hearted on the daisies which fold the tomb of him she loved so well. And now, dear reader, shall I confess the truth—whenever I hear sneering or at narrations of this kind as "old women's tales," I feel a choking sensation in my throat, for my mind wanders back to the cross that tells at once the grave of my lost cousin Maskelyne, and the "Abbot's curse."

Schedule of Mails.

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

From 1st June, to 1st November, 1857.

OFFICE HOURS—Week Days, from 8 A. M. to 6 o'clock P. M.; Sundays and Holidays from 9 to 11 o'clock A. M.

EASTERN MAIL—Due daily at 8 A. M.; closes daily at 10½ A. M. for prepaid letters, at 11 A. M. for prepaid foreign letters.

LAKE BOAT MAIL BY MOBILE BOATS—Bay St. Louis and Pass Christian on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, at 10½ A. M.

BY STEAMBOAT CREOLE—For Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8 A. M., and on Saturdays at 3 P. M.; and on Fridays at 3 P. M. for Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City and Biloxi. Pascagoula at 10½ on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M.

CAIRO MAIL—ROUTE 7,809—Supplying Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Lake Providence, Grand Lake, Worthington, Greenville, Columbia, Napoleon and Little Rock, Helena, Memphis, Randolph, New Madrid, Hickman, Columbus, Cairo and St. Louis. Closes daily at 3 P. M. Due daily by 5 P. M.

VICKSBURG MAIL—Supplying Donaldsonville, Plaquemine, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, St. Francisville, Pointe Coupee, Morganza, Red River Landing, (supplying Alexandria, Grand Ecore, Natchitoches, Shreveport and Eastern Texas,) Port Adams, Natchez, Waterproof, Rodney, St. Joseph, Grand Gulf, Ashwood, Warrenton, New Carthage and Vicksburg. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Thursday and Friday at 10 A. M.

HAVANA MAIL—Closes, direct, on the 5th, 12th, 20th and 27th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on or about the 5th, 12th, 20th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. On letters 10c; on Newspapers 2c.

WEST INDIA ISLANDS, BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN THE GULF OF MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA, AND THE ATLANTIC COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, via HAVANA.—Closes on the 5th and 20th; due on or about the 12th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, as follows:

ST. FRANCISVILLE OR COAST MAIL—Supplying McCutcheon's, St. Charles, Taylor's, Bonnet Carre, Edgard's, Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrell's, Trasnlard's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Goula, Iberville, Plaquemine, Manchac, Brully's Landing, Baton Rouge, (and interior) Labadie's Store, Fort Hudson, Hermitage, Waterloo, and St. Francisville, (and interior.) Closes on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 A. M., and Mondays at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 A. M.

COVINGTON MAIL OR LAKE MAIL.—Closes on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, by 10½ A. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 4 P. M.

JEFFERSON CITY MAIL.—Closes on Tuesday at 12 M.; due same time.

ALGIERS MAIL.—Daily, except Sunday. Closes at 12 M.; due same hour.

LAFAYETTE MAIL.—Closes daily (except Sunday) at 1 P. M. Arrives daily (except Sunday) at 11 A. M.

CARROLLTON MAIL.—Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 1 P. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 1 P. M.

OSYKA MAIL.—Closes daily at 7 A. M. Due daily at 2½ P. M. Supplies Amite, Independence, Tangipaho, Ponchatula, Osyka, Magnolia, Summit, Brookhaven, Jackson and Vicksburg, Miss., and counties North and East of Jackson.

OPELOUSAS MAIL.—(Per New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad)—Supplies all the Attakapas parishes. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6½ A. M. Due Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays by 6 P. M.

BRITISH POSSESSIONS.	Half Ounce Letter.	Newspaper.
When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2000 miles or under	18c.	2c.
Over 2000 miles	24c.	2c.
NOT BRITISH POSSESSIONS.		
When the postage from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2000 miles or under	34c.	6c.
Over 2000 miles	44c.	6c.
When received in the United States, and the distance to the place of delivery—		
2000 miles or under	18c.	2c.
Over 2000 miles	24c.	2c.

NEW GRENADA, WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, CALIFORNIA AND OREGON, SANDWICH ISLANDS, AUSTRALIA AND VAN DIEMAN'S LAND, NEW SOUTH WALES AND CHINA.—Closes on the 4th and 19th of each month, at 6 P. M. Arrives on or about the 12th and 28th of each month.

☞ Postage to South Pacific: Letters, 34c.; papers, 6c.

☞ Postage to New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, etc., via England, by packet or private ships, 33 cents single rate, prepaid; via France, 10 cents each quarter ounce, prepaid, is added to the above postage; via New York, by private ships, 5 cents, prepaid.

☞ Postage to Peru: Letters, 22c.; papers, 6c.

☞ Postage to Bogota (New Granada:) Letters, 15c.; papers, 6c.

☞ Postage to China, New South Wales, Sandwich Islands, via San Francisco: 10c., prepaid.

☞ The postage to places on the West coast of South America, via Panama, is: On each single letter, 34 cents; and on each newspaper, 6 cents, when sent; and 10 cents on each letter, and 2 cents on each paper, when received.

☞ The postage to New Grenada direct is 10 cents single rate, and 2 cents each newspaper; and to the Sandwich Islands, Australia, Van Dieman's Land and China, (via San Francisco,) is, on each single letter, 10 cents, payable in advance.

☞ The single letter rate to California and Oregon is 10 cents, prepaid. On newspapers, etc., the domestic rates apply. R. S. McHATTON, P. M.

NEW ORLEANS WHOLESALE CURRENT PRICES

CAREFULLY CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

	From	To
BAGGING, ⅌ yard—		
Kentucky	14	17
East India	—	—
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	8½	10½
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	90	95
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
English—fire	21 00	22 50
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio	10	11½
Havana, (Good Prime Government)	—	—
" Inferior to Middling	—	—
Java	—	12½
Laguayra	—	11½
St. Domingo	—	—
CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb—		
No. 1	—	10½
No. II	—	16½
COPPER, ⅌ lb—		
Braziers'	28	30
Sheathing	30	31
" yellow metal	25	27
CANDLES, ⅌ box—		
Sperm, New Bedford	36	38
" Nantucket	—	—
Tallow	—	—
Adamantine	—	—
Star	25	27½
CORDAGE, ⅌ lb—		
Manilla	14	18
Tarred American	14	15
Russia	—	—
CORN MEAL, ⅌ bbl	2 00	3 00
COAL, ⅌ ton—		
Cumberland	—	—
Western, ⅌ bbl	2 00	2 15
CIDER, ⅌ bbl—		
Northern	1 00	3 00
CORKS, ⅌ 1,000—		
Velvet	1 50	2 75
DOMESTIC GOODS, ⅌ yard		
Brown Shirtings, 3-4 to 7-8	05	7
" Sheetings, 4-4 to 6-4	12	18
Bleached Shirtings 3-4 to 7-8	04½	10½
" Sheetings 4-4	09	15
Brown Linen Osnaburgs	08½	10½
Brown Virginia	09	12
Tickings, 3-4 to 6-4	08½	25
Stripes and Checks	09	12
Denims	12½