The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 9. 1868.

Divine Compassion.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Long since a dream of Heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me oft;
I see the saints in white robes clad,
The martyrs with their palms aloft,
But hearing still in middle song,
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong;
And shrinking, with hid faces, from the strain
Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse and pain.

The glad song falters to a wail,
The harping sinks to low lament;
Before the still unlifted veil,
I see the crowned foreheads bent,
Making more sweet the heavenly air
With breathings of unselfish prayer;
And a voice saith: "O, pity which is pain,
O, Love that weeps, fill up my sufferings which remain!"

Shall souls redeemed by me refuse
To share my sorrows in their turn?
Or, sin forgiven, my gift abuse
Of peace with selfish unconcern?
Has saintly ease no pitying care?
Has faith no work and love, no prayer?
While sin remains, and souls in darkness dwell,
Can Heaven itself be Heaven, and look unmoved on hell?

Then through the gates of pain I dream
A wind of Heaven blows coolly in;
Fainter the awful discords seem,
The smoke of torment grows more thin,
Tears quench the burning soil, and thence
Spring sweet pale flowers of penitence;
And through the dreary realm of man's despair,
Star-crowned an angel walks, and, lo! God's hope is there.

Is it a dream? Is Heaven so high
That pity cannot breathe its air;
Its happy eyes forever dry,
Its holy lips without a prayer?
My God! my God! if thither led
By thy free grace unmerited,
No crown nor palm be mine, but let me keep
A heart that still can feel and eyes that still can weep.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS, ETC.

Prepared for the New Orleans Crescent.]

The cost of lighting the streets of Boston last year was $237,272.

California produced last year 5,000,000 pounds of butter and 2,000 000 pounds of cheese.

In the years 1866 and 1867 there were 9000 houses built in Pittsburg, Pa.

Iceland has 600,000 sheep, 20,000 houses, and 24,000 horned cattle.

Isinglass has been discovered in large quantities in Catawba county, N. C.

Boston uses daily 12,500,000 gallons of Cochituate water.

Sixty five counties in Ohio have 5,470,697 sheep.

Northern Minnesota has a ridge of slate over twenty miles long and six miles wide.

The crop of sugar in Cuba for 1868 is estimated at about 4,000,000 boxes of 400 pounds each.

In 1866 there were 2983 marriages and 155 divorces in Vermont.

The library attached to the Scientific School of Yale College contains 73,000 volumes.

It is said that $20,000,000 worth of blooded horses are owned in New York city.

One half of the land under cultivation in Utah is sown in wheat.

Kenosha county, Wisconsin, last year made $1,032,000 pounds of cheese.

Denton county, Texas, has already exported $20,000 of wool and bacon this year.

There are 90,000 mowers and reapers annually made in the United States.

The slate pencil factory near Heath's Ferry, Vermont, turns out 100,000 pencils per day.

There are 42,291 farms in Texas, averaging 591 acres.

The total length of European telegraphs is 53,340 miles.

The coal produced in the world in 1866 was 177,000,000 tons.

London has one baker for every 1206 persons; one butcher for every 553; one grocer for every 1800; and one publican for every 668.

Plant pecans, and in ten years you will have a magnificent grove, and an annual income not to be laughed at.

In England and the United States there have been 57 patents issued for improvements in type-setting and distributing machines since 1821.

The zinc works at Potosi, Washington county, Mo., are turning out 1200 to 1400 pounds of zinc per day.

Late improvements have so perfected type-setting and distributing machines, that a young lady sets 4000 ems per hour with ease.

The annual fabrication of calico in Europe is estimated at 17,000,000 pieces, and is valued at $80,000,000.

It is stated that $1,250,000,000 are annually expended upon military armaments by (so called) Christian nations.

A National Agricultural Exposition will be opened at Santiago, in Chili, South America, on the first day of April, 1869.

Letter envelopes were first made by Brewer, a bookseller in Brighton, England, about forty years ago.

The farmers at Tampa and Clear Water Harbor, Florida, have already engaged their present crop of oranges at $20 per thousand.

The number of immigrants to the United States from 1790 to 1st January last, has amounted to 6,701,481 persons.

An asylum for inebriates has just been completed on Ward's Island, N. Y., that will accommodate 400 patients.

In San Mateo county, California, eighty acres of chicory are growing, which is already engaged by a company in San Francisco, at $10 per ton.

The aggregate annual revenue collected in Great Britain from tobacco, spirits, wine and beer, is £32,683,000.

It is said the annual average loss to the farmers of the United States by hog cholera is not less than $15,000 000.

A gentleman at Montsouri, in France, proposes a plan for a menagerie to contain 20,000 live insects, for public inspection.

It is estimated that the gold product of North Carolina between the years 1835 and 1852 amounted to more than $25,000,000.

The Newfoundland seal fishery is quite profitable this season. Already 455,000 seals, worth upwards of $1,000,000, have been taken.

The entire product of the Lake Superior copper mines, from 1845 to the end of 1867 was 100,000 tons. The product of 1867 was 11,735 tons.

A fruit grower in Wood county, Ohio, sells $3000 worth of apples annually, from a young orchard of fifty acres.

It is said that during the recent intense hot weather the retail sale of cigars fell off 20 per cent. at various places in Pennsylvania.

There are 558 oil refineries in Pittsburg and neighborhood, which employ 700 operatives, whose wages amount to $560 000 per annum.

Among the Southern products sent North a steamship from Savannah took 400 terrapins a short time ago. They were valued at $3 50 per dozen.

The price of wheat in England for some time past has been 72 shillings per quarter, which, at the present rate of exchange, is equal to about $3 per bushel in greenbacks.

The St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association will open their eighth fair on the 5th of October next, with a schedule of premiums amounting to $25,000.

Philadelphia has eleven molasses refineries, using annually 90,000 hogsheads molasses, and six sugar refineries, which take about 100,000 hogsheads of raw sugar.

The legislature of New York has made an appropriation of $2,000 to the heirs of the Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, in consideration of his services, in producing the Goodrich seedling potatoes.

The Female College, at Salem, N. C., had 218 scholars during the scholastic year ending May, 1868. It is the oldest institution of the kind in the South, having been in successful operation for nearly a hundred years.

The Manassas Cotton Mills, at Carrollton, Miss., are now running 1800 spindles, 28 looms, and two sets of woolen cards. When their machinery is all up, they expect to furnish employment for 500 operatives.

Thirteen years ago two men owned and worked a slate quarry at Chapman, Northampton county, Pa., but with such poor success that one of them sold out his interest for a quart of whisky. Now the quarry yields an income of $80,000 per annum.

A Yankee preacher, on predestination, spoke as follows: "Let us, for argument's sake, grant that I, the Rev. Elder Sprightly, am foreordained to be drowned in the river at Smith's ferry next Thursday at twenty minues after ten o'clock; and suppose I know it; suppose I am a free, moral, voluntary agent, do you think I am going to be drowned? I should rather guess not! I should stay at home! and you would never catch the Rev. Elder Sprightly at Smith's ferry, no how, nor near the river neither."

Prefer the private approbation of the wise and good to the public acclamation of the multitude.

Meg Hartley's Cure.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

[From Temple Bar.]

It was towards the close of a gloomy day in February, and the dusk was fastening heavily upon each object in a scantily furnished room on the ground-floor of an old-fashioned but respectable house in the crowded district of Soho.

The street lamps had been lighted for the last hour, and the wet window panes flashed like crystal beneath the flickering gas, whilst every now and then a bulging umbrella (so closely did the house abut upon the public thoroughfare) would press against the glass, and put the brilliance momentarily out. But the passengers for Soho were few and far between. It had been a wild and stormy day, and no one ventured abroad who was not compelled to do so. Everything looked dull and dark enough, both in the house and out of it; and so thought its mistress, Margaret Hartley, as she sat upon the hearth-rug, with her hands clasped about her knees, and gazed thoughtfully into the fast-fading fire. At a little distance from her stood her sewing-machine; she had been working at it all the afternoon, until her fingers and her feet were weary, and her head ached with the sound of its eternal click; and now, either from motives of economy or taste, she preferred to commune with herself in the dark to summoning artificial light to reveal the discomfort by which she was surrounded. And she had plenty to think of, this woman, and to regret—although five-and-twenty summers had not yet passed over her head.

The expiring embers were not yet so dull but that they revealed the form crouching beside them to be young and graceful; and the face, to such as can accept the beauty of expression before that of feature, attractive. Yet, had each hour of pain through which it had been Margaret Hartley's fate to pass left a wrinkle on her fair smooth brow, it would have been as seamed and puckered as that of an old woman. For she had suffered greatly, and not without cause. As she gazed into the smouldering fire, had she cast her thoughts ten years backward she might have seen herself as Margaret Lee, when, on the death of her father—poverty-stricken music-master—she entered the house of her brother, a banker's clerk, who had married from a station even lower than his own, to become the drudge, and almost the servant, of his wife and children. Philip Lee was many years older than his sister, and the world had said at the time that it was a fortunate thing the penniless orphan had such a home to receive her. Yet her spirit had been wellnigh broken by daily taunts and unkindness before any change happened in her miserable life. But then a certain Robert Nelson, a sailor brother of Mrs. Philip Lee's, had appeared upon the scene, and fallen in love, or professed to do so, with his sister's wretched little slave. He was rough and rude and unprincipled, but the maltreated girl of seventeen, who had barely sufficient to eat and drink since she had entered upon her life of dependence, was not quick enough to perceive that in marrying Robert Nelson she would but exchange one sort of bondage for another, and accepted his offer with gratitude,—a feeling which proved of short duration.

Mrs. Lee was too incensed at her brother's choice to wish to hold any communication with Margaret after her marriage, and the unfortunate girl soon found that no drudgery is so hard as that of an ill-used and unprotected wife; for Robert Nelson, his first fancy for her cooled, proved a harder taskmaster than she had ever known before.

He was his sister brutalized.

Being attached to some small coasting vessel, he was seldom at sea for more than six weeks or two months at a time; so he established his young wife in a couple of dark rooms near the docks, where the only happy hours she spent were those during which he was away. For he was exacting, tyrannical, and extremely jealous, scarcely allowing her female companions, lest the indulgence of any society should bring her into contact with the other sex.

And yet she had had one friend during that unhappy period of her life; one true, staunch ally, who, in his journeyings amongst the sick and the afflicted, had chanced to light on the abode of this disappointed creature, and striven to make her trace the hand of Providence even in the apparent blasting of her earthly hopes.

And this friend and guide had been a hard-working London curate—John Hartley, her present husband—that she loved so dearly, and yet to know herself the wife of whom had not the power to render her contented!

Had she, then, quite forgotten that awful day on which Robert Nelson first discovered that the curate was trying to imbue her uninstructed mind with the truths it was his profession to impart, and the consolation it was his duty to administer, and, turning him with curses from the door, had given her something harder still than curse as her share of his displeasure?

Had she forgotten the life of terror which she had thenceforth led, and the good cause which her brutal husband gave her to tremble at his frequent appearances?

Had all remembrance faded from her mind of that day of relief, when, after a longer absence than was usual, instead of receiving home the man whom she had learned to hate and dread, the owner of the vessel called upon her, with a lengthened visage, to impart the melancholy news that the "Mary Jane," in making her return voyage from Portugal, had been wrecked somewhere near the coast of Africa, and was supposed to have foundered with all hands on board?

And then, when the intelligence of her husband's death had been amply confirmed, and the owners of the "Mary Jane" had reconciled themselves to the loss of their vessel, and she had so far recovered the first surprise of hearing she was free, as trying to persuade herself that Robert Nelson had been better than she thought him, and that she was not so very thankful for her deliverance.—John Hartley had come back to her again,—come just in time to prevent her entering on service for her support, and told her that he loved her, and wished her for his wife.

Had the short space of three years really been sufficient to blot out, or even dull, the memory of a moment of happiness like that?

John Hartley! so good and gracious,—both in appearance and demeanor!—so infinitely above herself, not only by birth and station, but by the degradation of her marriage.

Had she not thought, when first he brought her home, even to the dull room which she now occupied, that she was the most happy—most fortunate of human creatures?

And when, once since, her health had failed, and he had sent her (at an outlay which he could ill-afford) to the country for a fortnight by herself, how she had panted to return to the old house and him! and told him truly, when once more folded to his honest heart, that life was nothing to her when not spent by his side. And they had a child too—an infant of their own; and John, though often harassed and generally overworked, still kept his health, and more than his first love for her; and she had food and clothes sufficient for her need, and a roof above her head. And yet Meg Hartley was not happy—she was even discontented.

She had not forgotten her first trials; they had been too real and undisguised to be forgotten; but she had ceased to shudder at their memory.

She had no more need to dread a recurrence of them, and so their sting was fading with the lapse of years, and she put their gracious uses far away and permitted the paltry worries of the present to harass her instead.

As her soft eyes rested on the flickering fire, and a sigh, every now and then, escaped her murmuring heart, no thought, not even the remotest, of Robert Nelson, or the past, rose up to check her ingratitude. Sailors and sudden death, and the dull docks, had not the least share in her thoughts. She was thinking of John Hartley, and the many ills of poverty, and the misery of living in Soho instead. How wretched, how uninteresting, how monotonous, was her life, pent up in that horrid city, where each day seemed to pass alike, and was a burthen in itself.

She was thinking of her own cotton dresses and of her husband's shabby coat; of how each morning, were the weather fine or foul, John Hartley had to go forth to his work and labor midst such dens of infection and of filth, that often, on returning to his home, he put his little child's caress aside, lest anything contagious should be lurking in his clothes.

And how, when so much fear existed, his spirits would be so downcast and depressed from the constant witnessing of crime and want and sorrow, that he would turn from his frugal meals almost with loathing, and say he felt as though the bread and meat would choke him, whilst so many were starving without prospect of relief!

And when would it be over?—what chance was there of her husband ever escaping from his present life of anxiety and toil?

Were they to drag out all their days in this unhealthy, crowded town? Was their child to grow up pale and thin, like the many whom she saw around her, for want of ever breathing the pure, sweet air of the country?

For Meg Hartley did not consider that her husband's lot was much worse than her own. Their hours were spent in equal toil, the only difference being that his had less monotony.

What did she live for but to nurse the child, and carry it out walking, and help their own household drudge to cook the meals and keep the house clean, and rack her brains from Monday until Saturday to see how she could make the weekly stipend cover the weekly wants? She had no friends, or any she could call such; for the parish of which her husband was but one of several curates lay at some distance from their own abode; and London neighbors, knowing little and caring less about each other, did not trouble themselves to become acquainted with a parson's wife, who dressed in cotton of an afternoon, and carried out her baby for an airing in the park.

Of John Hartley's family she knew nothing. He had plenty of relations, but they were happy country people who lived down in Suffolk, and though he had often said that as soon as he could afford it he must take her and Daisy (as he fondly called his little child) to see his mother and his sisters, that time had never come yet, nor seemed likely to do so; and the sewing-machine, which had been a present from her mother-in-law upon her marriage, was the only visible link subsisting between the Hartleys and herself.

The sewing-machine! Yes, she had welcomed it as a useful and expensive gift; but she had been compelled to sit at it so often since, during hot dusty days when she had been panting for a breath of fresh air, and cold dark ones, during which she had scarcely dared use as much fuel as would enable her to work in comfort, that she had come to hate the sound of its untiring needle, and the touch of its patient treadles.

If—as she fretfully thought to herself—if she ever had any material worth making up, for which to use the horrid thing, it might be different; but as it was—and she twitched the worn skirt of her alpaca dress impatiently to one side, as if the sight of it, even by those dull embers, was distasteful to her.

But she could scarcely remember what it was to possess a pretty or becoming dress; and her baby was never (what she called) "fit to be seen." As for an entertaining book, or a few fresh flowers or fruits, she had almost forgotten what such things were; and it was hard—it certainly was hard—to spend one's life without a single luxury or pleasure.

And as the thought of these inevitable hardships pressed upon Meg Hartley's mind, tears began to gather in her eyes, and roll slowly down her cheeks.

It was thus that the past had lost its power to make her grateful for the present, and that she could permit the dread memory of blows and curses to be overwhelmed by the existing discomfort of having to eat salt butter and wear unfashionable garments. It was very foolish of her—worse than foolish, it was wrong—and yet it was natural; although the assertion speaks poorly for human nature.

How often, in our short span of life, have we seen a huge billow advancing to meet us—coming onwards with resistless force, and threatening to overwhelm our little bark!

How tremulous have we watched its rapid progress—how we have dreamed of it, wept over it, for weeks before it reached us; and, whilst calling on the Master Mariner for aid in our perplexity, have yet, in our minds, felt perfectly convinced that even His help must be unavailing, and that we never could survive the shock! At last it gained us: we were on the very verge of eternity, when, lo! it broke within a few yards of our boat; and, passing under, instead of over it, gave the frail structure an impetus which sent it riding gallantly above its foaming crest once more into smooth water.

For a few hours, perhaps, we could scarcely mention our deliverance without tears; and for a few days, or weeks, according to our disposition, any allusion to the danger we had so unexpectedly passed called forth expressions of the deepest gratitude.

Well! and what then? The huge billow was far out of sight; we had almost forgotten what it looked like when so near; the interest of the topic faded, and we began to grumble because the weather was not quite favorable to our sport, or that we sometimes brought up seaweed in our nets instead of fish!

Meg Hartley was no better and no worse than the generality of her fellow-creatures. There are but few of us who know how to make the best of this life; how to extract the sweets which every phase of it, in some sort, contains; and how to cast the inevitable bitter away. She needed a lesson to be read to her upon contentment; and a heavy one was advancing with the gloom.

She had scarcely realized that she was crying, when the approaching sound of an infant's wail, and a rude knock at the door, caused her to rouse herself, and brush away the tears which stood upon her cheeks.

"If you please, 'm," said the uncouth tones of her sole attendant, an awkward girl from her husband's National School, "I think as how the child wants yer; and if yer'll take her, I can be about getting up the tea-things in time for master."

"Give her to me," said Mrs. Hartley, without altering her position, as she listlessly held out her arms for the infant; and in another moment it was cradled on her bosom, and drawing its nourishment from the springs of her own existence.

The child, not much above a twelve month old, was teething; and there was something in the touch of those feverish lips, and the harmless energy with which the little hot hand clutched at her breast, which might, and at any other moment would, have appealed very powerfully to its mother's feelings.

But Margaret Hartley was in no humor that evening even to sympathize with little Daisy.

She took the child almost impatiently, and having given it the breast, resumed her occupation of gazing in the fire; whilst her thoughts returned to the same channel as before.

The girl from the National school, having blundered up and down stairs three or four times—in the course of which preregrinations had managed to convey the tea things safely to their destination, and to spread the table with the uninviting loaf of yesterday's baking, the slab of salt butter in its dinner plate, and the pennyworth of fluid from which the milkman dared to take his name, now demanded of her mistress whether she should light the gas, make up the fire, or take the child again.

To all of which inquiries Meg Hartley only fretfully replied in the negative; telling the girl to go down stairs and stop there till she was called for.

And then the parlor door was slammed, and the rough shod feet shuffled back to the lower regions; and the discontented woman was left musing in the dusk, and save for the baby on her breast, alone.

How long she remained thus, she could never say, for the occurence by which her meditations were interrupted was so terrifying as to drive all calculation of time out of her mind. It might have been moments, minutes or hours, that she sat crouched upon the hearth rug, with little Daisy slumbering in her arms; but when she was next roused to consciousness, it was from hearing the footsteps of her husband in the hall. His footsteps decidedly, and yet not like his own. There was no sound of fatigue or languor in that quick, hurrying tread, and if he had taken off his wet overcoat he must have flung it on the pegs in passing, for without the stoppage of a moment he skirted the narrow passage and threw open the sitting room door.

She felt he stood upon the threshold, yet she did not turn her head, but, with her chin upon her hand and her elbow on her knee, maintained the attitude in which he found her.

"Margaret!"

The voice was so husky and so low, the tone in which he uttered her name so different to the caressing accents with which John was used to greet her, that curiosity alone would have impelled her then to look at him.

That white face, drawn with pain or fear, and rendered still paler by the flickering firelight; those sad yearning eyes and that agitated mouth—did they, could they belong to her good, contented, cheerful husband?

"John, John! what is the matter? Has anything happened? Are you ill?"

All her apathy and want of interest died away with her first glance at him; and in an instant she had sprung to her feet, and, with her infant on one arm, had thrown the other about her husband's neck.

"What is the matter, dearest? Why do you tremble, and look at me so hard? John, I have never seen you like this before."

"I have never had occasion to feel like this before, Margaret. I am the bearer of bad news to you, darling—news that has almost broken my own heart."

She looked at him with amazement. There he was, alive and well, and Daisy was slumbering upon her arm. What great calamity could happen to her which did not affect either of the two treasures of her life?

"Bad news, John? What can it be? Oh! tell me quickly."

He tried to answer her, but his voice failed him. A dry, harsh sound alone issued from his throat, which threatened, as it were, to choke him. At the same time his wife thought she heard other footsteps shuffling in the passage, as though their conference was not without a listener.

"There is some one in the house!" she cried. O John, don't keep me longer in suspense! Is it — arrest?"

She had had some experience of that sort whilst living with her brother's family, and the dread of it had always kept her frugal in her expenses—yet her husband might have incurred debt unknown to her.

"No, no!" he groaned, when, at last, he had found voice to answer her; "not that, Margaret. O! I wish it were; I wish a life's imprisonment for me could undo what has occurred to-day. Stop, dearest, stop a minute; don't look that way, and I will summon courage to tell you all. O Margaret! be brave, for I will bring you news that is worse than death."

She was too alarmed and agitated now to use any more entreaty. She could only stare into her husband's face, with wild pleading eyes, and press the shoulder upon which she leaned.

"Meg, we have been happy together, have we not? I have tried to make you so. Say I have succeeded."

The thought of her late discontent flashed across her mind, and her eyes became blurred with sudden repentant tears; yet, when she answered, "Yes, dear; yes, dearest; God knows that you have!" she answered truly, notwithstanding the mood in which this unknown misfortune had surprised her.

"And you love me?" he continued: "I know you love me, and will be brave for my sake. Margaret, we must part."

She did not scream or faint; she did not echo his words, or exclaim at the strangeness of their import; but one thought possessed her—that her husband had lost his senses, and so entirely was this fear portrayed upon her speaking features, that John Hartley read it at a glance.

"No, Meg, I am not mad; I have all my senses now, though God only knows how long I may retain them. Turn your eyes away—look anywhere but at me, and I will try to tell you all."

She turned them instinctively towards the half-closed door. But the next moment she tore herself from her husband's embrace, and pointed to the passage in alarm.

"John! I saw—I am sure I saw some one there," she gasped faintly—"some one moving in the dusk. Who is it? Who can have business here with you and me?"

"*I* have," said a voice, the memory of which years had not obliterated from my mind; and in another second the door was roughly pushed open, and on the threshold stood the figure of her late husband, of the man whom she had supposed to be at the bottom of the sea—of Robert Nelson.

As he made his appearance, John Hartley instinctively moved to the side of his wife, and placed his arms around her for support, but Margaret neither heeded his action nor himself. She was standing as though she had been turned to stone, gazing with widely dilated eyes on the new comer.

"Well, you don't seem disposed to give me much of a welcome, Mrs. Nelson," he exclaimed, greeting her surprise with a horse laugh; "but perhaps I should have written first to announce my coming. Only, you see, three years spent in the galleys on the coast of Morocco, during which we were n't allowed pen and ink and postage-stamps to communicate with our friends, make a man feel as if no time should be wasted before he lets his wife know that he's returned to his lawful duty. Very sorry to cut up fun, of course, but you seem to have been amusing yourself during my absence; so I think it's my turn now." And with a malicious leer on his face, he approached Margaret's side, as thought to take her from her present husband's arms. But she only shrank closer into them, and whispered, faintly:

"How did you hear of this, John? Who told it you?"

He stooped to answer her, until his cold lips touched her forehead.

"I was returning to our home, dearest—ah!" (with a shudder) "what a happy home it has been! when this man followed and accosted me. At first I did not recognize him; when I did, thank God that in my grief and despair I did not harm him."

"But how has it all happened, John? Tell me plainly, for I can hardly think or understand."

"Part of the crew of the wrecked 'Mary Jane,' Margaret, who put off in the long boat, in hopes of reaching land in safety, were driven towards the coast of Barbary, and there taken prisoners. For the last three years they have been working in the galleys there, Robert Nelson amongst the number, and were only set free a month or two ago by the aid of an English exploring party."

"Now, parson!" exclaimed Robert Nelson, as he approached the wretched pair, "I can't waste any more time here, whilst you are spinning yarns to my wife: I shall have plenty of opportunities to tell her everything she may want to know concerning myself; and as I wish to get to my destination to-night, the sooner she makes herself ready to go with me the better."

As he uttered the last words, a piercing shriek burst from Margaret's lips.

"Go with you!" she exclaimed. "Leave my husband to return to you! *Never!* I will perish first!"

"But as it happens, missus, you won't be allowed to choose betwixt us," said Robert Nelson. "You belong to me, and with me you go, there's no question about that, and I'm not sure that I can't prosecute the parson for having bagged you as soon as ever my back was turned. It was a dirty trick to play any man, and if I can make him smart for it, I will. Meanwhile, I shall take my own again."

"John! John!" she said, in a low despairing voice, which yet entreated him to deny the other's statement.

"It is too true, my darling, we *must* part. O Margaret! I'd give all I possess, except my hope for the future," he said, with a solemn look in his sad eyes, "to undo what we have done; but that is impossible. We erred in ignorance, and the sin is even now forgiven us. But parting, Margaret, is worse than death."

"Keep me with you, John; don't let him take me away. I *cannot* go."

"How can I keep you, little one?" he answered, fondly. "You are my wife, Margaret; I shall always think of you as such; but I have no legal right over you now, and, were Robert Nelson to give up his claim, we still must henceforth be nothing to each other."

"*Nothing!*" she cried, in a burst of vehement passion. "Nothing—with *this* to bind us," holding out the sleeping infant at the full length of her arms.

John Hartley gazed upon it for a moment, and then, with a groan, turned away and buried his face in his hands.

"Now, Meg," exclaimed Robert Nelson, laying his hand roughly on her arm, and bringing his dreaded, bearded visage in dangerous proximity to her own, "stop all this palavering, and make ready to come with me. I've stood it quite long enough, to my mind, already. It's sufficient for me to find that you've been the wife of another man during my absence, without having to stand by and hear your cursed fooling with one another. Do you hear what I say to you? In another half-half hour I must be on my road again."

"But without me," she replied, fiercely. "I cannot go without you. I *will* not! You despised and ill-treated me when I was your wife, and then they said that you were dead, and I married another man, and if I am not *his* wife, I am no one's. I will *not* go with you. No power on earth shall make me!"

The bronzed face of the returned sailor grew still darker beneath the flush of rising passion.

"We'll soon see about that," he answered with fixed teeth. "I was going to give you time to get your things together, but you must come without them now—and at once."

"John! John! save me! she cried, flying to her husband's side.

"Margaret! dearest! I am powerless. In the face of your first husband's claim I can say nothing. He has legal right to you, my poor girl, and I have none. *Pray*, Margaret; pray, my dearest, that Heaven may grant you strength to do your duty. There is nothing left for either of us except prayer."

Still she struggled in Robert Nelson's grasp, affirming passionately that she did not belong to him; that she was not his wife; and that she would sooner die than return to his protection.

"Margaret," interposed the calm voice of John Hartley, "my wife—ah, no! I meant my *dearest*, listen to me, and be brave; resistanse is utterly useless. It is we who, though innocently, have been in the wrong; it is we whose hands are now fettered; and Heaven, who has permitted your husband to return alive, intends that you shall do your duty towards him as you have done it to me."

"You don't love me, John," she answered, mournfully; "you *can't* love me as I love you, or you would die before you gave me up so easily."

"Easily?" he repeated, bitterly. "If this task be easy, Meg, God have mercy on those who endure harder ones!"

"I'll have no more of this," said Robert Nelson, rudely; "I'm sick of such bosh. Put down that brat and follow me. I'll not wait another second."

"My child! must I part with my child?" screamed the unhappy woman, as she pressed the infant closer to her breast. "O, John! can he take away my baby? Can he force me to leave that, too, behind?"

"And am I to have *nothing*, Margaret?" replied John Hartley in a voice of despair; "am I to lose wife and child at one blow?—all the desire of my eyes at a stroke? Won't you leave Daisy behind you as a little comfort that may prevent my heart from breaking?"

She rushed back to him and put the baby in his arms.

"Mine," she whispered, with feverishly excited eyes and gasping tone, "mine and yours—ours, John—I give her to you; love her for her wretched mother's sake."

"You shouldn't have taken her, anyway," growled Robert Nelson; "I'll have no other man's brat kicking about my premises; but it's as well, perhaps, to make a virtue of necessity. Now, are you ready?"

Then she turned, and fell at that hard man's feet, and embraced his knees with her hands, as she poured forth her soul in an entreaty that he would give her up.

"Robert, have pity on me—on us—I shall never live with John Hartley again; I shall leave this dear home, where I have been so happy; but don't ask me to return and be your wife. To remain here would not be right, but to return to you seems worse. O Robert, have pity—have mercy on us both! Listen to my baby waiting for me, and don't separate me utterly from all that is so dear!"

But she might as well have laid her head against a stone wall, and implored it to respond to her passionate entreaty.

The only answer which she obtained from Robert Nelson was a harsh laugh at her distress, as with a grasp of iron on her arm he dragged her roughly towards the open door, and she felt that her fate was decided, and hope, in this world, over for her.

"Husband, God bless you for all the love you have showered upon me! I have been ungrateful, John, often impatient, discontented and careless, but I have loved you faithfully through it all. Oh, don't forget me now that I am going!"

Such were her farewell sentences, frantically uttered, as, half dragged and half supported, she was borne through the dark passage towards the outer door.

"I shall never forget you, darling; and—we shall meet again—look up, Meg, and think of that!"

One backward glance at him whom she had considered as her husband, as he uttered these last fond words—and Margaret, that cruel grip still fixed upon her arm, was hurried out of the house into the driving, pitiless rain.

Bareheaded, and otherwise unprotected from the inclement weather, it still never struck her as strange, remembering Robert Nelson's brutality towards her in years gone by, that he should choose to expose her to the fury of the elements. The rain, if anything, was coming down harder than it had done before; in a few minutes her dress was clinging miserably about her wet ankles, and her shoes were soaked through; and yet the soreness of her heart and the great dread creeping over her of the man into whose power she had again been thrown, prevented her thoughts dwelling upon anything but the two dear ones she had left in the old house behind her, and the hard grasp upon her arm which seemed to press into her flesh like heated iron.

Onwards he hurried her; never relaxing that unnecessary torture of restraint; never addressing a word to her of comfort or affection; whilst she, walking at her utmost speed to keep up with his stride, did not so much as lift her eyes to the dark, dreaded face which she felt ever and again to be regarding her.

She never inquired where he was taking her. They passed stand after stand of hackney cabs, but Robert Nelson did not offer to put her into one of them, and she did not venture to suggest that he should. They might have been walking to the world's end together for aught she knew or cared. She could think but of two things—her regret for the past, and her fear of the future.

By and by, after they had traversed what had seemed to Margeret miles of dark and sloppy pavements, Robert Nelson, without relaxing his hold upon her arm, turned suddenly in another direction, and she found herself inside a railway station. A busy, bustling station, where bells were ringing, and passengers pushing, and porters calling, and everything gave token that a train was just about to start; and from which in another minute she found herself rushing into the dark, unknown country, the sole companion of Robert Nelson in a first-class carriage. She shrunk into a corner and resigned herself to thought.

Then it was in the cold and silent night, the only light being the dim oil lamp which burned in the center of the carriage, that all the petty discontent of which she had been that day guilty came back upon Margaret's mind to sting it with self-reproach. What would she have given at that moment to be installed once more mistress of the dull home, where visitors came seldom, and pleasures (such as the world terms "pleasures") were few and far between! How sweet appeared in prospect the peaceful hours when she had known no fear, which she had passed in nursing her baby, or sitting at her once-despised sewing machine! How calm and happy, how free from jar and disaffection, had been those quiet evenings, when John, wearied by the long day's toil, would bid her be idle with himself; and in summer take her for a stroll until heaven was dotted with its stars, or in winter draw her chair beside his own, and hold her hand in his, whilst he told her how he loved her, and pictured the future which might one day be theirs.

As she thought of all this, and compared her present feelings with those which she had encouraged but a few hours before, Margaret shuddered at her ingratitude for the benefits which Heaven had sent her, and hated herself for having entertained it.

"Why don't you speak, Meg?" interrupted the coarse voice of Robert Nelson. "Here's your lawful husband come back to you after an absence of more than three years, and you don't seem to have a word to say to him. Are you sulky, or are you asleep?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" said the unhappy woman. "Don't speak to me. I have nothing to say."

"But you shall say something, if I choose it," he replied, with decision, as he changed his seat to the one opposite her own. "Now, look you here, missus; you were always a stiff lot to deal with even in the old times, and I dare say the parson's discipline hasn't made you any better. But what did for him, you know, won't do for me. You know me—none better, and I tell you, once for all, this won't do. You can rattle away fast enough when you like, and I choose that you shall talk to me now; so tell me of all you've been doing since I've been away."

"Oh no—no, not that!" she exclaimed, in a voice of pain.

"But I choose that."

"I cannot."

Robert Nelson's face grew angry, and he took a coil of rope from one of his pockets, at the sight of which Margaret shuddered, and he saw it.

"Ah! you remember this, do you?" he said, with a chuckle. "Well, you'll taste it again, my dear, if you begin any of your old tricks. Come, sit on my knee."

He had been her husband, but his touch semed now (remembering the later purer touch of John Hartley's hand) to have become defilement to her, and she shrunk from it visibly.

"Come, Meg, do as I tell you."

"Don't ask me; pray, don't ask me."

"Is it to be war or peace between us, then."

"War," she said, despairingly, "if you require the appearance of love from me."

And then she shrieked, for he had raised his hand to strike her, and his dark, fierce eyes glared malignantly, as though he could have killed her where she sat.

But her shriek was mingled with other shrieks, and died amongst them; whilst his uplifted arm suddenly descended, not of his own will, but from the force of a tremendous shock by which the carriage that they occupied was thrown off the line, and, with several others, hurled down an embankment, at the bottom of which it rested, broken into pieces.

Their train had come into collision with another, and the loss of life and property was fearful. But Margaret knew nothing but that she lay crushed and all but insensible beneath the débris of some of the fallen carriages, and that her life was slowly ebbing out of her.

She had no pity or fear for herself; she only felt thankful that heaven had permitted her to die instead of live.

"Don't touch me," she murmured, when some one laid a hand, as she thought, on her shoulder; "don't touch me. Thank God! I am dying."

She feared that a touch might recall her to life; she dreaded lest some good Samaritan should strive to retain in her that which the loss of John Hartley had converted from a blessing to a curse.

* * * * * * * *

"Don't touch me," she again whispered, as the handling became more patent to her senses; "only leave me alone."

"Only leave you alone, little wife! When the fire has completely gone out, and the room is as cold as a cellar, and I am waiting for my tea. Why, it's not like my busy bee to be sleeping on the hearth-rug when her husband wants her. What's the matter, Meg? Are you tired, my darling, or only lazy?"

Margaret Hartley started to her feet as if she had been shot. The room in utter darkness; the fire burnt out in the grate, and the baby on her bosom even shivering with the cold. How could she have been so foolish as to slumber there whilst all her duties were neglected?

But the next moment her dream and its import flashed upon her mind, and, feeling the glad relief which comes to us when we have experienced some unfounded dread, she burst into a flood of happy tears.

"O, John! John!" she exclaimed as she hung about her husband's neck. "I dreamed that I had lost you—that we were separated."

"God forbid, my love!" he answered, solemnly. "I trust that nothing will ever have the power to separate us except death. But give me the Daisy, Meg, and let us have candles and tea. I'm as hungry as a hunter to-night, and shall do justice to anything you may have to give me."

She dried her eyes, and set about seeing to her husband's comfort, whilst a glad thanksgiving that her fear was "but as a dream that is told" kept ringing its hallelujah in her heart. In a few minutes the fire was burning again in the grate, the candles were lighted and on the table, and Margaret had decided that she could spare John a morsel of cold meat for his tea from the provision for next day's dinner. When she returned she found him dancing the child upon his knee, whilst he sang a lively tune to mark the time. What could have happened to her usually sober and sedate husband to make him so merry to-night? Margaret thought, as she looked at his bright face and listened to his cheerful voice, that she had never seen John so gay before. But as his spirits rose (and they had not reached their ultimatum until after tea) hers seemed to fall. Self-reproach was heavy at her heart; her husband's bright countenance contrasted most unfavorably with her feelings of the afternoon; and the more she thought on them, and on her dream, the more she despised herself for having given way to their indulgence. She was depressed and half tearful all the evening; and her husband's remonstrances only called forth what were to him most mysterious expressions of penitent humility.

"I am not worthy to be your wife, John," she exclaimed, on one occasion. "I am far worse than you think me to be. Ah! if you knew all!" and then John laughed at her, and affirmed he would not be afraid even to know all. He was too sure of his little wife's integrity and love for him.

"What o'clock is it?" he asked more than once during the evening.

"What makes you so curious about the time, John?" inquired his wife. "Have you to go out again? I hope not, for it is raining harder than ever;" and she shuddered to recall how she had been dragged (in fancy) bareheaded through that very rain a prisoner in the grasp of Robert Nelson.

"Nothing of that sort," replied her husband; "my work is over to-day. And yet I am anxious about the time, Meg, and I wish it were nine o'clock."

"It must be nearly so," she answered, as she peeped behind the blind; "for the postman is next door."

John Hartley rose from his seat, and, coming behind her, placed his hands upon her shoulders.

How he trembled! or was it her own frame which shook beneath his weight?

"Is the postman coming here?" he whispered, eagerly. (Why, what on earth could John want to know that for—he, who so seldom received or wrote a letter?) "He is—is he not, Margaret? yes! no! yes! he is. Hurra! my darling—it's all right!" and, with one fond kiss on her astonished face, he had darted like a boy into the passage, and opened the hall door himself.

"Here it is!" he exclaimed, as he rushed back with an open letter in his hand. "I could not tell you before, dearest, lest you should be disappointed, but I had seen Lord Chester this afternoon, and was almost sure of it."

"Of what—of what?" she said eagerly.

"Of a living in the country, dearest; of the Incumbency of Middlecross, the village where my mother and sisters live. Ah! I can take you there now, Meg, darling! take down my dear wife and my little child, of whom I am so proud, and show my people I am justly so; take you to one of the prettiest parsonages in England, just such a home as we have always pictured and longed to have together; where Daisy shall learn to walk upon the green grass; and we shall have a garden, and a meadow, and keep our cows and pigs; and you shall have your poultry; and—why, what's this, darling? in tears—when I thought you would be so glad."

"O John! John!" sobbed the little woman, "I don't deserve it; indeed I don't. Take me in your arms, John, and let me tell you all. I shall never be happy again until you have forgiven me."

And with her head upon her husband's breast, and her arms about his neck, Meg Hartley told of her former discontent and present penitence, and received his full forgiveness ere she slept.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Louisiana—In Bankruptcy—No. 103—In the matter of Robert J. Barrow, bankrupt—Whereas Robert J. Barrow, of the parish of Ascension, and district aforesaid, duly declared Bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2, 1867, has this day filed in said Court a petition praying for a discharge and certificate thereof, from all his debts and other claims provable under said act.

Notice is therefore given to all creditors who have proved their debts, and to all other persons in interest, that the 16th day of November, 1868, at 11 A. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same, and that they may then and there attend and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

Clerk's Office, New Orleans, July 29, 1868.
au1 8 15 CHAS. CLAIBORNE, Clerk.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Louisiana—In Bankruptcy—No. 22—In the matter of John W. Allen, bankrupt—Whereas John W. Allen, of the city of New Orleans and parish of Orleans, and district aforesaid, duly declared Bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2, 1867, has this day filed in said Court a petition praying for a discharge and certificate thereof, from all his debts and other claims provable under said act.

Notice is therefore given to all creditors who have proved their debts, and to all other persons in interest, that the 16th day of November, 1868, at 11 A. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same, and that they may then and there attend and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

Clerk's Office, New Orleans, July 30, 1868.
au1 8 15 CHAS. CLAIBORNE, Clerk.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Louisiana—In the matter of Lovick Ventress Fetus, bankrupt—In Bankruptcy, No. 499—Whereas, Lovick Ventress Fetus, of New Orleans, parish of Orleans, and District aforesaid, duly declared bankrupt under the act of Congress of March 2, 1867 has this day filed in said court a petition, praying for a discharge and certificate thereof from all his debts and other claims provable under said act, notice is therefore given to all creditors who have proved their debts, and to all other persons in interest, that the 16th day of November, 1868, at 11 A. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same, and that they may then and there attend and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

Clerk's Office New Orleans, August 1, 1868.
au4 11 18 CHAS. CLAIBORNE, Clerk.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Louisiana—In the matter of Wm. Bendell, bankrupt. In Bankruptcy, No. 149. Whereas, Wm. Bendell, of the city of New Orleans, and District aforesaid, duly declared bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2d 1867, has this day filed in said Court a petition praying for a discharge and certificate thereof from all his debts and other claims provable under said act:

Notice is therefore given to all creditors who have proved their debts, and to all other persons in interest that the 16th day of November, 1868, at 11 A. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same, and that they may then and there attend and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

Clerk's Office, New Orleans, July 17, 1868.
jy21 au5 20 K. LOEW, Deputy Clerk.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Louisiana—In the matter of Samuel L. Hair, Bankrupt, in Bankruptcy, No. 57.—Whereas Samuel L. Hair, of the parish of Bienville and District aforesaid, duly declared Bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2d, 1867, has this day filed in said Court a petition praying for a discharge and certificate thereof from all his debts and other claims provable under said act, notice is therefore given to all creditors who have proved their debts, and to all other persons in interest, that the 16th day of November, 1868, at 11 o'clock A. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same, and that they may then and there attend and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

Clerk's Office, New Orleans, July 23, 1868.
ju24 au5 20 K. LOEW, Deputy Clerk.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Louisiana—In the matter of Alphonse Tertrou, bankrupt. In Bankruptcy, No. 340. Whereas, Alphonse Tertrou, individually and as a member of the firm of Lorrit & Charpentier, of the city of New Orleans, and District aforesaid, duly declared bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2d, 1867, has this day filed in said Court, a petition praying for a discharge and certificate thereof, from all his debts and other claims provable under said act;

Notice is therefore given to all creditors who have proved their debts, and to all other persons in interest, that the 16th day of November, 1868, at 11 A. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same, and that they may then and there attend and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

Clerk's Office New Orleans, July 17 1868.
jy21 au5 20 K. LOEW, Deputy Clerk.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Louisiana—In the Matter of Auguste Picard, bankrupt. In Bankruptcy, No. 133. Whereas, Auguste Picard, of the city of New Orleans and District aforesaid, duly declared bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2d 1867, has this day filed in said Court, a petition praying for a discharge and certificate thereof, from all his debts and other claims provable under said act;

Notice is therefore given to all creditors who have proved their debts, and to all other persons in interest, that the 16th day of November, 1868, at 11 A. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same, and that they may then and there attend and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

Clerk's Office, New Orleans, July 17 1868.
jy21 au5 20 K. LOEW, Deputy Clerk.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Louisiana. — In the Matter of Dreyfus Bros. & Co., bankrupts. In Bankruptcy No. 116. Whereas, Dreyfus Bros. & Co., (B. Dreyfus, Jos. Dreyfus and A. Dreyfus,) of the city of New Orleans, and District aforesaid, duly declared bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2d, 1867, have this day filed in said Court, a petition praying for a discharge and certificate thereof, from all their debts and other claims provable under said act;

Notice is therefore given to all creditors who have proved their debts, and to all other persons in interest, that the 16th day of November, 1868, at 11 A. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same, and that they may then and there attend and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

Clerk's Office, New Orleans, July 17, 1868.
jy21 au5 20 K. LOEW, Deputy Clerk.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Louisiana—In the matter of M. & J. Goldstein, bankrupts. In Bankruptcy, No. 172. Whereas, M. & J. Goldstein, of New Orleans, and District aforesaid, duly declared bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2d, 1867, has this day filed in said Court, a petition praying for a discharge and certificate thereof, from all their debts and other claims provable under said act;

Notice is therefore given to all creditors who have proved their debts, and to all other persons in interest, that the 16th day of November, 1868, at 11 A. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same, and that they may then and there attend and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

Clerk's Office, New Orleans, July 17, 1868.
jy21 au5 20 K. LOEW, Deputy Clerk.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Louisiana. — In the Matter of Jacob Barker, bankrupt. In Bankruptcy, No. 6. Whereas, Jacob Barker, of the city of New Orleans and District aforesaid, duly declared bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2d, 1867, has this day filed in said Court, a petition praying for a discharge and certificate thereof, from all his debts and other claims provable under said act;

Notice is therefore given to all creditors who have proved their debts, and to all other persons in interest, that the 23d day of November, 1868, at 11 A. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same, and that they may then and there attend and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

Clerk's Office, New Orleans, July 17, 1868.
jy21 au5 20 K. LOEW, Deputy Clerk.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—District of Louisiana—In the matter of Calvin W. Keep, bankrupt. In Bankruptcy, No. 503. Whereas, Calvin W. Keep, of the Parish of Iberville and District aforesaid, duly declared bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2d, 1867, has this day filed in said Court, a petition praying for a discharge and certificate thereof, from all his debts and other claims provable under said act;

Notice is therefore given to all creditors who have proved their debts and to all other persons in interest, that the 16th day of November, 1868, at 11 A. M., is assigned for the hearing of the same, and that they may then and there attend and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

Clerk's Office, New Orleans, July 17, 1868.
jy21 au5 20 K. LOEW, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE—THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing in this city, under the style of RICHARD FLOWER & MAKE, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Richard Flower is charged with the settlement of the affairs of the late firm, and will continue the Commission and Factorage business on his own account. Office 128 Gravier street.
RICHARD FLOWER,
Surviving Partner.

New Orleans, March 1, 1868.