Daily Appeal.

SADNESS STEALS O'ER ME WHEN THOUGHT AWAY.

BY F. NEY.

When then art absent, no sweet music is stealing
Its soft mellow strains around my love heart—
Can chase the bright memories, sweet and thrilling,
That stealest o'er the heart when absent thou art.

I would be with thee now in this calm, quiet hour,
When still twilight murmuring thinks out on the air;
When the winds breath a fragrance sweeter than flowers,
And fairies lift soft beneath the calm moonlight beam.

"Oh this silly night," when in bright dreams I lay,
A vision more sweeter than earth can ever give
Comes to me in reveries, beckoning me away
To a home pure and certain, where loved spirits live.

There is no wish I have, no hope but there blessed,
A thought serenely pure, my loved friend to thee;
A hope that when life's cares and perplexities are ended,
Loved hearts may be united in eternity.

Tell me, bright spirits, if in that world above,
Will loved hearts be united beyond the dark sea?
Will the beauty of friendship be united with love,
Or will they be riven as on earth in their home?

Ah, then if in heaven the heart doth not cherish
The friendship that earth in its bosom hath nurtured,
How dark the veiled tomb! gladly wine pertain,
And dream not of happiness beyond the line bare.

But then there are times, when through this misty vale
That hangs, dark and lowering, o'er yon peaceful grave,
Some kind beam of love the spiritual bestows,
Which gives to the heart a rapture and turns within the grave.

Such hours and at such and the time midnight hour
My prayer ascends to heaven in silence be thee,
That God, in his wisdom, may grant thee in power,
And was thy loved presence in my wanderings to me.

COVINGTON, Tenn., January 6, 1859.

THE FIRST AND THIRD MARRIAGE.

A CANADIAN ROMANCE.

"Thou, you see, my own Hortense, that I must leave you. I shall provide an income of a hundred louis for your expenses. Look forward constantly to my return; and when fortune again smiles upon me, I shall come back, never again to be separated until death."

The weeping girls could not be comforted. It was hard that so soon after her marriage, when wealth and fortune smiled so sweetly upon her, that all should be swept away, and she left like a lone wilow to protect herself. The husband was almost distracted with the thought of leaving her. His heart had been bound up in his Hortense. She had been his idol from boyhood—the bright dream of his existence; and when he had attained the distinction of one of the merchant princes of Montreal, he married her, and placed her in the very heart of luxury.

Misfortune came on with wings to the happy pair. One by one his property slipped from him, and worse than all this, others were involved in his affairs, who were less able to lose than himself. He could not look upon the ruin of those around him for he had a tender heart, and would not wrong any one for the world. They that lost by his ill-fortune admitted that M. Valentin was a strictly honest man; and that is great praise from those who are injured by another's ill-luck. People are but too apt to call it dishonesty.

The young man, single bright spot before M. Valentin. Australia gleamed up warm and golden, and with a desperation born of love to his wife, and justice to his creditors, he secretly embarked for the golden shores. There was a noble day's wonder as to where he was gone, and to what purpose; and then he died out of the thoughts of the community as thoroughly as if he had been dead and buried.

The weeping Hortense removed to another locality; the fashionables who had strained every nerve to get invited to the house of the rich merchant, never paused to ask after his wife, and lonely and miserable, without friends or relatives, Hortense dropped and pined, until the bright spirit which had been her idol was changed into dimness. She never heard from M. Valentin. No single word had ever cheered her solitary home. Six long, long, weary months drag slow weight, and no things reached her, her heart slowly sank within her, and she believed him dead. What, indeed, could she think? It was better to think so than to believe him unmindful of her, and day after day she watered his memory with tears of genuine sorrow, sorrow for the beloved dead.

She put on her deepest mourning, kept her room for months, and when she finally went out again, all the only place she visited, there was written plainly in the face, which, if it had lost some of its beauty, was yet most deeply interesting. So it was that Mr. Thoughtful Young Eugene Sandoy, an Englishman of unblemished character, and in prosperous business. He saw her at church, devised some ingenious expedient to be introduced, and finally had the privilege of walking upon her. The lady pleaded her inability to entertain company, the impropriety of her receiving visitors alone, and a thousand reasons why he should not visit her.

He overruled them all, brought her to waive all ceremony with him, to consider him as a deeply attached friend, a brother—anything, in short, if he might be permitted to see her sometimes, and watch Hortense, pining of her monotonous and dreary life, at last consented.

Once having renewed the delicious consciousness of a protecting presence, she found it hard to give up the fascinating one, and to plunge into the world world say of her. Indeed, she had long since shaken hands with the world, and parted with it. She owed it no favor. It had in right to criticise her conduct. Thus she reasoned while listening to Eugene's impassioned entreaties, that he might be her guardian, her support for the dead, and become his wife.

Still she hesitated. She truly believed in her husband's death; for would he not have written had he been living? Of the many, and now, when she had written to him, the many inquiries she had instituted, no answer could be obtained. No one knew anything of M. Valentin.

In an hour of more than usual loneliness and trouble, she whispered to herself that, should Eugene press his suit more, she would consent.

Some time after, she lifted him, she was weary of forever life, cared and crushed as she was; she longed for freedom from the restraint that poverty and widowhood imposed, and Eugene proposing upon her; and all these combined, operated wonderfully in Eugene's favor. The marriage was strictly private; and half Mr. Young's friends had no suspicion that he had ever intended to marry at all, until she became his wife.

He took her to a pleasant home, as comfortable, if not quite as luxurious, as the one she illustrated with M. Valentin; and all that she could ask for was showered upon her with generous profusion.

Their dwelling, two or three miles from the heart of Montreal, was surrounded with trees in the opening skirts of every description. Hence there was every comfort that a living heart could suggest. The heart of Hortense awoke to life, to love, to happiness, and to see her thus, rejoiced that of her husband.

Two years of almost unmingled bliss went by; but the third year commenced with some alarm for the health of Hortense. Her Hortense seen him draw a handkerchief from his lips, which was steeped in blood; and often his nights were passed in coughing, until nature was exhausted, and he would sink down in sweat, him drenched in the terrible sweats which so surely portend consumption. Hortense struggled against this new and terrible sorrow, and was the first time that she had watched over one dear to her. It was the first time that she had seen the effects of this insidious disease, and hope and fear struggled in her heart, and at last sought the hoped against all hope, and the blow came down upon her all the harder that she had so absolutely hoped against it.

It was hard to see him parting with the visible evidences of his brief happiness. Every window where he had sat with her, every arbor where they had rested, every tree whose shades he had walked, and every object associated with her name, all received a farewell look.

"How can I part with you, dearest?" he would ask, after a painful journey around the rooms and garden.

"You need not mention it," she said; "you will break my heart."

"But you must hear it, Hortense. I can not stay with you long. Think Heaven that I leave you above want. Promise me, dear, that you will never leave this home. Promise me, I will be with you in spirit, when the form is laid in the earth, watching, guarding, if possible, speaking to you."

He was his last night on earth. When the morn broke, his eyes were closed in the slumber of death.

Hortense wandered for months about her beautiful home like a perturbed spirit. There was something that had been touched by Eugene that had not a solemn and sacred value in her eyes. The trees he had planted, the home he had formed, all had a meaning to her that no one else could understand; and yet upon each one of these, and upon the whole heart and home, seemed to be written: "The glory has departed."

It is time to go back to M. Valentine, and see what became of the fond husband, the courageous adventurer. At first he was almost distracted at the thought of parting from Hortense, and once the Robson passed, he became more calm. A few years, he thought, would find them together, never to part; and perhaps they would be all the happier for the separation. Full of hope he went to the gold mines of Australia. Day after day he wrought there, enduring hardships never heard of before, but bearing them like a true and fortitude; and a hero. Ever before him was the image of Hortense. It nerved his arm in the rough mines when he struck his iron into the gold-yielding soil; it cooled his brow in the day, burning with fever, in a rude shanty in the mountains. His thoughts by day, and his dreams by night, were of Hortense. Not a word, however, reached him from her, and often he slumbered at the fearful probabilities that arose to his mind. Hortense might be sick, suffering, might even him dead or distracted. No, that could never be; she would have faith in the sun. Come what would, she would not be shaken in her trust. But at be lay in the miserable shed which held his sick bed, he would have given worlds for one glance from her eye, one pressure of her hand, to show that he was not forgotten. And as he watched the stars gathered, shining through the crevices of the low roof, he thought that if Hortense were dead, she would appear to him in his sleep.

The rude miners were too intent upon gain to watch beside his bed, and many were the long days and nights in which he lay unattended. At last he felt in the shape of a child, a young boy whose father is at work in the mines, and whose mother supported herself and child by washing. Hence M. little Ben Cole all before him, watching over his father, and trying to give him ease, or bringing water from the spring, he would bathe his fevered forehead with a hand as light as a woman's. Indeed was little Ben, and on his recovery, M. Valentine gave the boy a handsome happy by providing for his boy.

M. Valentin had been richly rewarded for his enterprise. God had showered upon him the blessings of a generous profusion; and now he settled down to enjoying them. Somewhat enfeebled by his late illness, he was struck with disease, and he day again prostrated, and to find that his disease was the dreadful small-pox. That he lived through this was only because his constitution was so excellent that even this enemy could not struggle it to. He did live, but his own mother would not have known him, deeply scarred and disfigured had he become. With his first returning strength he set out for home. Hortense! Memory was ever the beginning and the end of his aspirations. One thing only marred his joy on the homeward route. Would Hortense love the scarred and disfigured face that looked at him from the little glass in his cabin? Would she endure the long, shabby beard with which he was enabled to cover a part of the deep scars.

He had taken passage in an American vessel bound for New York. He arrived safely, and the next hour saw him on his way to Montreal. He bent his course to the neighborhood where Hortense had proposed going after his departure. He inquired everywhere for Madame Valentin. No, one knew her. He himself was not recognized, even when he hunted the old place of business. Another name, of course, was upon the familiar door, and hither he turned his step to see if haply some old friend of former days might not have heard of her. Even the arms was unfamiliar, or pretended to be; and yet the person he asked was one whom he remembered as plotting zealously to be invited to his dinner parties.

"They will remember me when they find that I am rich again," said Valentin to himself, bitterly.

He turned into a by-street, and saw a beggar sitting in the sunshine. It was the first cordial and happy face that had met his gaze since he came back. The man did not seek for anything either; or above from the withered arm that hung loosely under his coat; and impelled as the question seemed, he thought he would ask it. He he dropped money into the ragged hat that lay on the ground beside the beggar, he carelessly asked:

"Can you tell me where Madame Valentin lives now, my man?"

"I used to know her when she lived in Queen street; was that the one?"

It was the street where M. Valentin's house stood.

"She is gone from that house, but she didn't forget old Jack, and many's the penny she has given him, when she was rich enough was I when I heard she was married again."

"Married!" exclaimed M. Valentin.

"Bless your heart, yes; married to Mr. Sunbury. But, poor man, he died a year ago."

"Do you know where she lives now?"

"Somewhere out of town, I don't go so far now, I am so old. I think it is Bloomsbury Place, West Terrace."

To paint M. Valentin's feelings would be a hopeless task. Hortense married, but still free! A painful revulsion took place in his mind, and he resolved, as all seemed to forget him, that he would not yet discover himself. That night he visited the neighborhood of Hortense, read "Sunbury" on the door, and managed to secure the next house, which happened to be quite empty, and having the garden adjoining here. The next day he furnished it richly, brought a number of servants, bought a fine carriage and horses, and under the name of Ritchie, he settled down to watch, at his leisure, the movements of his neighbor. He chose all of his private rooms on that side of the house which overlooked her's.

The first time that he saw her was in the garden. She looked still handsome, but very sad and pensive. He wondered if it was for his loss, or her late husband's? He soon became satisfied that she lived a very retired and quiet life; for, after the first day, she never left the premises, and seldom the house. It was early spring, but he had plenty of flowers and fruits in the greenhouse, and he sent some for her acceptance with Mr. Ritchie's compliments. Again and again he repeated the gifts, and each time with a selection that marked a delicate taste. He was acquainted with new neighbor whom she had not seen.

The flowers had been sent several times, when he added to them a request that he might call on the lady of Bloomsbury House on the morrow. Hortense had received a favorable answer, and under cover of the twilight hour, he found himself in the room with Hortense. The sound of his voice filled her with indescribable power, and rushing to him, she fell into his arms, recognized in the tones of the long lost husband; but she persuaded herself that it must be fancy. She found her neighbor agreeable and attentive. He did not neglect any opportunity of bringing them together, and together, sung together, and often his voice would thrill through the soul of Hortense, like a remembered tone from departed spirits.

Intercourse with this man was becoming interested in him. He had told her much that was true of his past life, and openly mourned some being dead who was dear to him. Hortense did not say by death—but Hortense saw in it that light. More and more tender grew their intercourse, and she had secured utterly to distrust his identity, until she was actually surprised, and certainly not offended, at receiving an offer of his hand.

She was alone in the world; she had no one to consult; no one had any right to blame her for trusting to one of whom she knew so little. It was her own risk, and she accepted him frankly telling her that she had loved him who had gone from her sight, and promising that she would try to love him with the same constancy.

M. Valentin exulted greatly in this answer, and came near discovering himself; but he had desired to delay it to a certain time, and he checked himself in the middle of the sentence. And everything was in readiness for the occasion. In exchanging rings, Hortense looked and confidently at the diamond that glittered upon her. It was the very one which M. Valentin had given her at their last wedding! She fainted on the spot, and when she came to, to think that he had carried the matters too far. He hung over her with an anxiety such as he never knew before. If she died now, by his own folly, what would become of him? He recovered his presence, and repented even with tears that he had been led to pursue it.

But Hortense awoke to life, awoke to the new joy of his presence, to ask his forgiveness for the past, and inspire new hopes for the future. There had ever been an inexplicable attraction between him and her, and some their interview; and as she confessed this, her husband was quite inclined to be satisfied, and to forgive the apparent disrespect which he fancied he had received.

As M. Valentin predicted, the inhabitants of Montreal, as soon as they found out his wealth, were happy to make his acquaintance, and remembered him as an old friend. With the true spirit of an honest man, he has liquidated his debts to the full, and he and his wife, now, with his still beautiful wife, is traveling through Europe, happy as any couple can possibly be on their bridal tour.

ANNUALS AND GIFT BOOKS! For 1859.

Superbly Illustrated and Appropriately Bound, FOR SALE BY CLEAVES & VADEN.

No. 241 Main Street.

In submitting the attention of our friends and customers to the subjoined List of ILLUSTRATED ANNUALS and GIFT BOOKS, we have to remark, that the original patronage which has so liberally supported our efforts during the past year, we shall not forget, nor are now enabled to offer the Largest and Choicest Assortment of

GIFT BOOKS,

The collection embracing every size and style in popular demand. Books are offered with their gilded and silvered leaves, in Morocco, Turkey, Calf, or elegantly gilded in super fine paper, embellished with fine

Mezzotint, Line and Colored Engravings,

By eminent Artists, and bound in a great variety of rich and elegant bindings.

THE STRATFORD GALLERY:

Or, the Shakespeare Sisterhood, comprising forty-five Ideal Portraits. Described by Mrs. J. W. Palmer, 1 vol. Imperial Octavo.

Purpose of this beautiful work is original as it is attractive. In the world of art a more representation of the Shakespeare Sisterhood, "Beauties of Shakespeare," as well known to the trade, and with striking novelty and unmistakable merit, the Illustrations of Lady Macbeth, with the graceful criticism of Mrs. Jameson. The video and Imogen, Desdemona and Ophelia, and from page to page, at from nature, all combine the reader visiting through her gallery, delightfully describing with story the original beauties of the Shakespeare Sisterhood, and fitting companion, to the "World-Noted Women" of Mrs. Mary Gilmore, and the "Poetic Sisterhood" of Mrs. Grimes.

THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

Finely illustrated with nearly 200 steel plate engravings, 1 vol. 4to., or the best German original.

THE LIFE OF MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS, and their Times. By Thomas Lamentin, Esq., 2 vols. 4to., with very fine portraits of the Queens. This edition exists.

WORLD-NOTED WOMEN,

By Mary Cowden Clarke, author of "Complete Shakespeare's Heroines," &c. Illustrated with 17 of the finest steel plate engravings, from the best German originals, 1 vol., imperial 8vo., elegantly bound in the richest Turkey morocco.

THE REPUBLICAN COURT.

Or, America Society in the Days of Washington. By W. H. Greenwell. A new enlarged and revised edition; with additional illustrations, 1 vol. 12mo. Illustrated with 25 portraits of distinguished women. 1 vol., imperial 8vo., elegantly bound in the richest Turkey.

THE MUNICH GALLERY,

Finely illustrated, with nearly 200 steel plate engravings, 1 thick vol. 4to., in the best German edition.

HALLECK'S POEMS.

A new edition, revised by the Author—Beautiful, elegant.

QUARTOS.

Bound in cloth extra, bevelled and panelled, morocco and full gilt.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPES—Beautiful Keepsake.

ROYAL OCTAVOS.

Bound in cloth extra, bevelled and panelled, morocco and full gilt.

The Loveliest of Memory; the Book of Beauty; The Original Annual; the Gift Book; Illustrated Keepsake; The Gem of the season.

TWELVE MOS.

Elegantly bound in morocco, gilt edges, plain and gilt, new styles, in the cloth, antique, full in paper marble.

Friendship's Offering; Illustrated Friendship's Offering; Parlor Gem; Romer's Gift; Friendship's Gift; The Forget-me-not; The Rose Bud; The Diamond; The Lady's Annual; the Gem Annual; Gift of Affection; The Shrine; The Boudoir; Lady's Companion; The Tokens; Lover's Wreath; The Christian Keepsake; The Religious Souvenir.

SIXTEENMOS.

Beautifully bound in morocco cloth, illustrated titles, the Most Superb Presentation Book Published.

WOMEN OF BEAUTY AND HEROISM,

From SEMIRAMIS to EUGENIE. A Portrait Gallery of Female Celebrities, Illustrated with Fifteen Splendid Steel Engravings. By Frank B. Goodrich, Author of "The Court of Napoleon."

☞ A copy of this work will be printed from a new font of type, for purposes of it, upon extra sized and calendered paper, which is neither shaded nor blurred, and which is not Turkey, is now and rich gloss, by Somerville.

The Publishers have the pleasure to offer the Illustrations, in the highest style of the art, and in the most elegant manner, the following Portraits:

1. Semiramis. 2. Zenobia. 3. Elizabeth. 4. Boadicea. 5. Isabella of Spain. 6. Joan of Arc. 7. Queen Elizabeth. 8. Anne Boleyn. 9. Anne Boleyn's Daughter. 10. Mary, Queen of Scotts. 11. Pocahontas. 12. Lady Rachel Russell. 13. Mary Antoinette. 14. Maid of Saragossa. 15. Anne of Brittany. 16. Charlotte Corday. 17. Madame de Maintenon.

A NEW AND IMPROVED EDITION OF

The Court of Napoleon.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED SERIES.

Grace Darling. 2. Mary Queen of Scots. 3. Queen Elizabeth. 4. Joan of Arc. 5. Agnes. 6. Dolorosa's Daughter. 7. Queen Mary's Page. 8. Campbell's Northern Lights. 9. Mary Queen of Scots. 10. Lady Jane Grey's Vow Book.

AND JUST PUBLISHED,

1. Widow Wedlock. 2. Married Beyond Redemption. 3. Wilmot's Warning. 4. Ellen Middleton.

Of the last two romances Tennyson, I. Disciplined with experience of one hundred engravings in steel, from the Illustrations of Kenny Meadows, Gilbert, Weir, Stanfield, Cattermole, Harvey, Bonnard, Monnet and others, all in the very best style, fresh and other full gilt, for the boy.

COTTAGE—Wilson's Cottage Boy, Alexander's Feast, Pope's Rape of the Lock, Thomson's Hymn to the Seasons, Collins' Ode to Evening, Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, Goldsmith's Deserted Village, Cowper's Task, Kirke White's Christmas Eve, Cowper's Tale, Kirke White's Fair Jew, Pope's Essay on Man, Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination, Beattie's Minstrel, Parnell's Hermit, Wordsworth's Poems, Byron's Poems, Byron's Beauties, Moore's Beauties, Moore's Romance of Nature, Romance of Nature, Romance of Scotland, Romance of Ireland, Wordsworth's Poems, Byron's Poems, Byron's Beauties, Moore's Beauties, Moore's