Daily Appeal.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

From the Knoxville Tory Register.)

One cool afternoon in the early fall I—Christopher T. LeRoy, a gentleman—stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson river boat, who dodged past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train, by which I had come, waited as patiently as steam and fire might, for their leisure, with only occasional and faint snorts of remonstrance, at the delay; yet the jostling crowd hurried past me into the cars, and flitted through them in search of seats. This increasing numbers at length warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my own, and I turned to follow them.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

I turned in obedience to the touch on my arm, and saw a respectable looking negro before me, who bore the traveling bar and shawl, had well-worn valise in the hand of a slender and stylish young girl behind him.

"Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my name was quite legible, "do I speak, sir, to Mr. Le Roy?"

"That is my name, at your service; what can I do for you?"

"The young lady, Miss Florence Dunbard, sir, who was to join you at Albany, at six o'clock—I have charge of her."

He turned to the person behind him.

"This is Mr. Le Roy, Miss."

The young lady, whose dark blue eyes had been scanning me, as I could perceive through her thick veil, now lifted it with an exquisitely gloved little hand, and extended the other to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr Le Roy," she said. "I thought I should know you in a moment, cousin Jennie described you so accurately. How kind it was of you to offer to take charge of me! I hope I shall not trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment, at being thus addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out, what I thought to be an appropriate speech, when the servant who had left us for a moment returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see to my baggage, Edward?" asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss, it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the seven o'clock boat. Good-bye, and tell them you saw me safely off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me the checks for the trunks, and ordered me with the light baggage he had carried, but I was roused by the young lady's asking me if we had not better secure seats in the cars, and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had now time to reflect with that lovely face opposite me, but where was the use? Some mistake had undoubtedly been made, and I had evidently been taken for another person of the same name; but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge, how to find the right man, with the right name, among several hundred people, and how to transport her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange to her than mine. While these thoughts whirled through my head, I stopped to consider those smiling eyes fixed on me, and their open, unsuspicious gaze decided me.

"I will not distress her, by a confession of my mistake, nor place her in a position of ambiguity, by a premature, in a pretty hand, "No—Olive street, St. Louis," which, as I rightly conjectured, was the residence of the cousin Jennie whose husband I was; a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, so far, I had not found the way of the transgressor hard, in external circumstances at least; and, when with her, I forgot everything except her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be to her no more nor less than her cousin should be, but out of that charmed presence my confidence made me shrink from it.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betrayed the conflicts of feeling I had, by my manner; which I was resolved should be consistent with her, she always resumed it, and begged me so beseechingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name, "Florence," that, had I dreaded as much as I hoped to do it, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an impostor, of whom, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception she should lose, as she could never keep anything," and, as she ordered me to take out her traveling expenses, I opened it with trembling hands when I was alone, and examined the contents. There were, besides all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, and which, with pious care, she had folded up into the very smallest possible compass, as much gold as she pretty toy could carry, and a tiny pearl ring, too small to fit any finger but hers—which I am afraid I kissed—and with her name on it, and a memorandum, in a pretty hand, "No.—Olive street, St. Louis," which, as I rightly conjectured, was the residence of the cousin Jennie whose husband I was; a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, so far, I had not found the way of the transgressor hard, in external circumstances at least; and, when with her, I forgot everything except her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be to her no more nor less than her cousin should be, but out of that charmed presence my confidence made me shrink from it.

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At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say "at last?" When the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and that the remorseful reflections I had been staving off so long were upon me, I confess that the thought of the coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the train seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew nearer. She was all gaiety, and astonished at my sadness and absence of mind when so near home and Jennie; and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had a half mind to take a cowardly flight, rather than encounter the scorn and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage and followed her into the carriage, giving the address found in the porte-monnaie, which fortunately was the right one, to the driver.

"Now, sir, I have to thank you for my safe and pleasant journey, and to ask you to take this to the young lady's asking me if we had not better secure seats in the cars, and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

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