Daily Appeal.

ROMANCE.

The following bit of romance in the life of Lieut. Maury is related by Mr. Willis in last week's *Home Journal*:

In the earlier days of his professional career, the present "Commander" was a midshipman on board one of the sloops-of-war sent to cruise in the Pacific. The duty being mainly to give authoritative countenance to the merchant vessels in those seas, much of their time, of course, was passed in the anchorage of the different islands; and Maury having always a taste for languages, had employed his many-an-idle hour, as coxswain of the ship's boat, in mastering the dialects of the natives. So successful had he been in this volunteer study that he became, at last, the regular interpreter, and was the main channel of communication between the Commodore and the petty sovereigns of the islands.

The thing he had struggled with in those days was a constitutional bashfulness, and he was not a little flabbergasted, therefore, when he was summoned to the quarter deck one bright morning, to interpret between the commander and a young Dorkshire princess, the favorite daughter of the Chief of the island where they were anchored. She had swum off in the ship and climbed up the side, and now stood in all her tropical florescence, an exquisitely developed young woman of sixteen, dripping mainly in her flowing tresses and her unconscious modesty, and gesticulating in the most lively manner, to the very great admiration of the officers and crew. She had evidently a message of importance to communicate.

Obedient to the summons, of course, the gold-laced cap of the young interpreter-middy made its appearance; and he proceeded to open communication with the fair Undine—getting wide indication from the officers and sailors about on the gun-carriages and port-holes, that the dialogue of inquiry should be prolonged as far as possible.

He was not long in learning her errand—but how, with his bashfulness, to translate it to the Commodore and those groups of listening Lieutenants? It was no less than an authoritative expression of the Island's admiration of his superior knowledge as shown in the mastery of their language, and a proposal for the honor of his hand. The girl had swum off, as her father's ambassador, to make the offer of herself—the answer being awaited on shore in full council of warrior-chiefs!

The difficulty of maintaining the proper quarter-deck gravity, or of so repressing the mirth of the surrounding epaulette as not to give offence to the native pride of the amazon-question-popping Princess was considerable. Maury has no recollection, at present, whether he himself stood on his head or his heels during the interview. The Commodore was discreet, however, and it was soon understood that the legate of foreign power was to be treated with respect, whether the diplomatic drapery were more or less entire, and the proposal was to be respectfully received. The word room boat was meanwhile ordered to be manned, and the ship's newest flag spread in the seats to envelope the royal nuptial on her less water-draped return. Maury was to go as coxswain, and conserve the lady to her parents, but his orders were discretionary. He was to make every assurance of amity between the United States and the Pacific, and in particular stay, if he pacifically could—but, on account of many such rejection of the proposed honor as would lead to a misunderstanding.

It was a pull of a mile or two, the sea smooth and the tars willing for once to sit with their backs to the foe. The officer and his flag-enveloped passenger had the conversation all to themselves; and he was busily cogitating, in the bashful back parlor of his heart, how he should behave under the probable circumstances—phase 1st, 2d or 3d—when the young lady unexpectedly jumped overboard and swam the rest of the way to the boat; taking to her heels, on arriving at the sand, with a celerity for which he could in no way account. Was she angry? Was there a probability of his being disemboweled and burnt if he should try to overtake and explain? He concluded that it was best, on the whole, to carry out the Commodore's policy, and, by following up the fugitive, to get a charge, perhaps, to pacify the papa. So, leaving the boat drawn up on the beach, he took his way to the chief's bungalow.

It was some little distance inland, and, on arriving, he found he was considerably expected. There was every appearance of preparation for a festivity; the tables spread for a royal banquet, and the fruits and drinks in abundant profusion. The chief were already in a state of excitement, which precluded all explanation or modification of plans. There was nothing to do but to yield to circumstances. He must marry (a la Owhyhee and also,) to keep the peace and protect the commerce of the nation.

The delays were apparently inconsiderable. In a very short time the runaway bride appeared, dressed in a manner of Pacific ornaments, and attended by her mother and a bevy of sister islanderess. The Commodore was either not expected, or not missed; the ceremony was performed (what there was of it) with only native witnesses, and "things proceeded as usual."

For the remaining winter months the sloop was anchored at the same island, and Prince Maury, of course, had a nice opportunity to become acquainted with the manners and customs of the native colored page, proved very gentlemanly, and as long as he stayed, he was no end affectionately treated. His subsequent of half century, as the world of science so well knows, has been devoted to the study of nature's more universal unexpectedness—the charm of this first lesson, acting, perhaps, as an initiative spur to the study of the Owhyhee romance, as a prelude to a very distinguished man's life-long pursuits, is well worth preserving for his biographer.

A Man Courting his Own Wife.

A Montreal paper has the following well told story of domestic eccentricities:

Ten years ago M. V. married in Montreal. He was one of the principal merchants of the city but by a reverse of fortune he was compelled to suspend payment soon after his marriage. He loved his wife to distraction, to use a common phrase; and the idea of involving her in a disaster greatly affected him. After the thousand internal conflicts, M. V. resolved to leave our city without saying anything about it. He wished his departure, or rather his disappearance, to remain a mystery. But he had a purpose. "I will go," he resolved, "to Australia, and there mend my fortunes, or die without giving any account of myself."

Secrecy was the chief point, our Crœsus embarked clandestinely, and eight days after his flight he was not thought of. Madam V. wept, we are fain to suppose; more than this, we will believe she shed some tears of tenderness, but, sought him upon rivers, and in woods, lakes and caverns, but in vain. M. V. had left to his lovely fate, but wounded her tender wife, an income of a hundred louis, and sailed for Australia. What befel him upon those favored shores we do not well know; but little by little he accumed wealth.

At Montreal they supposed him dead. His wife wept bitterly; and she saw, undoubtedly, that sorrow jaundiced her complexion and disarmed her every charm she could, call sweet, in her role of Niobe. Our Penelope could smile like a young widow of eighteen; the art of needlework is her perfect work; are not meanwhile with it? She was faithful to her wandering husband eighteen long months; but she then did what others might have done in her place. Thinking herself young, she lent her ear to tender proposals; she reviewed her geography of love, confessed to never having stood at the map of the tender country, and one fine morning contracted a new marriage. But the first husband! He? oh, he was dead. What living husband would stay eight-and-twenty long months without writing a word? It was not dead he ought to be; (feminine logic.) She married. Was she happy, or was she not? (Shakspearean question.)

Meanwhile, the first husband labored in the mines. He acquired, acquired—always acquired. Failing upon an auriferous vein he suddenly obtained a large sum—and had his only question been the love of gain, he would have immediately returned to Montreal. But his dear Louisa must eat only from silver, and drink only from gold.

The unfaithful Louisa, as we have already said, was again married. Fifteen days after M. V. always labored, but an epidemic prevailed; our hero caught the small pox and was completely disfigured. Disgusted with Australia, he sold his property and embarked on an American ship.

During the voyage, the second husband of his wife died with the consumption. M. V. landed at Portland, few to Montreal, went to the Montreal House, without arousing any suspicion as to who he was. There are people who always love to create surprise, and he was one of them. He inquired for Madame V.; no one knew such a person; but M. V. insisted. Finally, he was told by some one that she was now the widow of S. M. V. scratched his head. They pointed out to him Madame widow V., afterwards Madame widow X., and he recognized his wife as charming as when he left her. M. V. immediately fell into a brown study.

His countenance was grave, and very sad, very gloomy; and thus he turned away. M. V. had no spirit than money; and he found it very strange to pay addresses to his own wife. But he did it; he courted his own wife for three months. She required her; did she recognize him? It is more than we know; we leave the dames who read this to solve the problem. He was introduced with all his pomp, shillings and pence. People will admire pounds sterling and dollars federal, and woman above all. Though scarred and pitted from head to foot with the small pox, M. V. won the heart of his wife. They were to exchange the second marriage rings, when M. V. presented to her the same one he had given her at their first espousal. The woman, they say, fainted.

AMALGAMATION.—The following statement of the Detroit *Free Press*, though undoubtedly true, is hard to believe, because it comes from a section of country whence the finger of virtuous scorn has been so often pointed toward the South:

The extent to which amalgamation is carried in this city is really beyond the knowledge of nine-tenths of the inhabitants. There are hundreds of families the parents of which are of opposite colors, and although the marriage of whites and blacks is illegal and void, they live together and bear children. It is a remarkable fact, that out of this number, no instance exists where a white man lives with a black woman. They all white women and generally the blackest kind of men. Whether philosophers would argue a superior degree of delicacy in the amiable sex from this state of facts or not, we are unable to say—should think they would be unable to avoid it. The same condition of affairs prevails on the other side of the river, to the intense disgust, we are happy to add, of all good and loyal Canadians.

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