

EVENING STAR.

[From the Carpet-Bag.] RUPERT WARREN'S ADVENTURE.

BY CARLOS WILMOT.

Be sure you're right, then go ahead.—Old Advice.

Had Rupert Warren followed this sage advice he would have saved himself considerable trouble...

My friend Warren was an inveterate woman-hater—he could not bear to be in their company, and never spoke of them except in terms of ridicule.

And yet Warren was not a crabbed old stick. But twenty-three, with a comfortable fortune, of pleasing exterior and address...

One afternoon last summer I met Warren on Washington street, and as we were both at leisure, we continued to walk together.

"Warren," I inquired, "are you ill?" "No, why do you ask?"

"I fancied that you were, you are so much more quiet to-day than usual."

"Ah! my friend," said he, "all that is passed and gone."

"How!" cried I astonished.

"Henceforth," he continued, "the ladies may do and act as they please without the fear of my tongue."

"By the power of the little god, Cupid, whom I have, until lately, despised."

"What you—you, the woman-hater—you in love after all you have said against the sex?"

"Even so," he replied. "I take back all I have said derogatory to them, and humbly beg their pardon for past transgressions."

"I congratulate you on your conversion. But what will your club-mates and acquaintances say?"

"I know that I shall be laughed at for a while," he replied, "but I have courage enough to face it."

"I admire your philosophy," said I. "There are not many who had taken such a decided stand as you did, would be willing to brave the laughter and ridicule of his associates."

"Alas! I know not," he said, with such a woe-begone look, as though he had been afforded a glimpse of Paradise and then had it vailed suddenly from his sight...

"Who is the lady?" I enquired; "do I know her?"

"I don't know, for I don't know her myself—neither her name nor where she lives," he replied.

"In love with an unknown! That is decidedly romantic," said I, my interest in the affair growing more and more excited.

"Where did you meet with her?"

"I will tell you the whole story. Last week as I was walking out, there came up a sudden storm, I was provided with an umbrella, but soon the rain increased to such a violence as to render it almost useless."

Warren burst into a fit of laughter.

of the mighty deep were broken up, and we were about to experience a new deluge. I took shelter from the fury of the elements in the Amory Hall doorway, in West street.

"A voice to witch an angel from the skies, And make him wish to leave celestial joy, And dwell on earth, could he be near the fount From whence such blissful melody proceeds."

My friend having grown poetical, I knew that he was far gone, and that nothing but marriage could cure his malady.

"Well?" said I.

"Well," continued Warren with a sigh, "even on that stormy, unpropitious day was Dan Cupid hovering round, and I—I who had often braved his power in the sunlight, or surrounded by the fairest of the sex, was I in that gloomy entry, transfixed by a shaft from the little archer's bow."

Just as I was about to ask her name the violence of the storm had somewhat abated, and an omnibus stopped at the corner. The young lady with a gracious smile, requested me to attend her with my umbrella to the vehicle.

"What do you mean?" I inquired. "I have not seen my unknown since that day," he replied. "Not knowing her address, the only hope I could have was to meet her in the street, and every day have I walked up and down Washington street in the hopes of seeing once again her without whom my future life will be a blank; but I have not succeeded in finding her and hope has almost died within me."

"There!" he cried, with an eagerness that made many turn to look at him, and observing the attention drawn to him, he continued in a lower tone—

"There is the lady I am in search of—she in the blue mantle."

I looked in the direction indicated and saw one, who in features and grace might indeed answer to an angel upon earth, did they ever condescend to visit this subliminary sphere, and I no longer wondered how it was that even Warren's heart had been touched.

"Is she not beautiful?" asked Warren.

"She is indeed beautiful," I replied, "and if you succeed in winning her you will be truly fortunate."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," said he in a rather more joyous tone than he had been speaking in. "I see her again, which half completes the affair."

"Now that I have at last found her I shall not lose sight of her until I ascertain her abode, if I walk about all the evening."

"I will walk with you," said I for my curiosity was excited and I wished to see the progress of the adventure.

"I would that she were alone," said Warren, "then I would accost her. Let us cross and return again on this side so as to meet her and see if she will know me again."

We did as he proposed and as we passed she smiled as though she recognized my friend, but did not feel sufficiently acquainted to bow.

"See, she recognises me!" cried Warren, in an ecstasy of delight, "and disposed to continue the acquaintance so singularly begun. I am a fortunate mortal!"

"But now, and you were almost cursing your stars."

"Then I was in the gloom of night, but now the glorious moon begins to dawn upon my soul."

All this while we had been following my friend's innamorata and her companion. At last we saw them enter a house in Harrison avenue, and ensconced in a doorway opposite, my friend and I waited to see if they would come forth again.

In about twenty minutes, the lady's companion came out alone, from which we judged that the house was the residence of the unknown. Crossing, we read the name of Nelson on the door. My friend and I then separated.

Other matters had driven the circumstance from my mind till about a month afterwards when I happened to meet Warren in the street, which recalled the thing to me, and I inquired how the affair had progressed.

Warren burst into a fit of laughter.

"How?" said I, astonished at his singular conduct.

"My dear boy," replied Warren, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "the story is too long to be told in the street—come with me to my office and I will acquaint you with the whole particulars."

We adjourned to his office as he had proposed, and being comfortably seated in our arm chairs, my friend commenced his narration.

"When you and I parted at Mr. Nelson's door, I did not for a moment doubt but that that was the residence of my unknown, and the next day I penned her a note requesting permission to call upon her. I have it here," and he drew a bundle of papers from a pigeon hole in his desk. I will read it:

"Dear Miss Nelson. Since the day on which I had the happiness to see you, and converse with you, though but for a few brief moments, your image has ever been present in my heart. I knew not your name, neither your residence, but I have daily sought an opportunity of beholding you again, but unsuccessfully. Hope had almost died within me, when yesterday I again followed you home. Will you not grant me leave to renew our acquaintance, by calling upon you this evening? Pardon my boldness in thus addressing you, but love cannot wait the cold, tedious forms of ceremonious introduction, and then I know no one who could perform that office for me. My address is No. 30—street, and if I do not receive a note forbidding it, expect this evening a call from

Your devoted admirer, RUPERT WARREN."

"Well?"

"Well, that evening brought a reply couched in these terms:

"Mr. Warren: I received your note this morning, and cannot but feel very much flattered to have inspired such an interest as you there express. You request permission to visit me. At present it will not be possible for you to do so at the house, owing to circumstances, which I will explain at some other time—neither can I meet you otherwise, as, last night, I fell upon the stairs and sprained my ankle, which will confine me at home for a time. But, sir, when recovered, at some future time, I shall be pleased to continue your acquaintance."

LOUISA NELSON.

"Quite brief, and to the point," I remarked.

Warren continued: "The next day I sent her another note expressing my solicitude for her welfare, and my earnest wishes for her speedy recovery, and in the evening received a reply. The correspondence continued in this manner for several days, when having recovered from her indisposition, Miss Nelson made an appointment to meet me at a certain place on the common. I felt now that my happiness was at its height. How anxiously did I wait for the appointed time! How I loathed the weary hours that intervened between me and happiness! I was at the rendezvous a whole hour too soon, and walked up and down in a state of feverish impatience. As the hour struck I seated myself on the bench at which we were to meet, and anxiously gazed around to get the first glimpse of the adored Louisa. Five weary minutes passed away, seeming to my impatience like ages in their flight, and she had not come. Presently a lady of about thirty-five came up the mall, looking around as though in search of some one, and at last came to where I was sitting."

"Mr. Warren?" she inquired.

"That is my name, Madam," I replied.

"Mr. Rupert Warren?" she continued, as if she wished to be certain of my identity.

"The same, Madam."

"But you do not appear to recollect me," she said, and you are a much younger person than I had expected to meet."

"Madam," I replied, "I have no recollection of having seen you before." I too had an appointment to meet a lady at this place and this hour—there surely must be some mistake."

"You are, you say, Mr. Rupert Warren," she continued, seating herself on the bench. "Have you not lately addressed several notes to Miss Nelson?"

"I have," I replied, wondering what was to follow.

"I am Miss Nelson," said she.

"You, Madam!" I cried in astonishment, "you? but Madam—"

"Yes," she interrupted "I am she to whom you wrote these notes," said she, taking them from her pocket and extending them to me, "and who was foolish enough to reply to them. As soon as I saw you here, I knew from your youth that either there had been a mistake committed or else you had been wicked enough to trifle with my feelings."

"I assure you, madam," I exclaimed, "that no one can more deeply regret the strange error into which I have fallen, than I do, and I trust that you will not for a moment think so meanly of me as to suppose that I would be guilty of trifling with anybody's feelings."

"I believe you, sir," she replied, "and I pardon you your error, but tell me what led you into it?"

"I recounted how I had become acquainted with the unknown; my subsequent search for her and how I had at last found, and followed her to Miss Nelson's."

"How was she dressed?" the lady enquired.

"I believe in a blue dress and mantle," I replied, "my attention was taken up with her that I scarcely noticed her dress."

"It was my niece," said Miss Nelson. "She spent the day and night at our house. The next day she went into the country, so that you could have had no opportunity of seeing her. She has now returned, and if you wish, I will give you an introduction to her this very evening."

"Do I wish it?" I exclaimed. "Ah madam, you will make me the happiest of men."

"Perhaps," said she, smiling at my eagerness; "do you remember in your last note you said that the sight of me would make you happy?"

"And, madam, I am sure of it now, since you promise to assist me now."

"Well, well," said she, "call upon me this evening and accompany me to my niece's."

"You may be sure, Carlos, that I was punctual at the appointment, and we went in company to her niece's, Miss Lloyd, who was indeed she whom I had so long been in search of. She recognized me and greeted me as an old acquaintance. The hour flew on rapid pinions, enlivened by the charms of her conversation, and it was ere I took my leave, having obtained permission to renew my call, which permission I eagerly availed myself of, and now I am her accepted lover. Miss Nelson has told her niece of our correspondence and we three often have a quiet laugh over it."

"Well, Warren, I wish you joy of the happy termination of your adventure," said I, when my friend had concluded. "And now there is but one thing more to complete your happiness, and that is—"

"Marriage," said he, interrupting me. "You are right, my boy, and that will not be long delayed. Will you accept the office of groomsman?"

"Most willingly," I replied.

"Well, then, come with me this evening and I will introduce you to my future bride. She will be pleased to see you, for she already knows you as the one who assisted me in making my blunder."

A month after the above conversation I officiated as groomsman at the marriage of my friend and Miss Lloyd.

Long may they live to enjoy their felicity. May the path of their wedded life be strown with nought but flowers, with no thorn to disturb their serenity. And when age shall come upon them may they, happy in the tried strength of each other's affection, surrounded by their children's children, prepare to meet each other, when this life shall be spent, in the blessed regions of bliss above.

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GEORGETOWN, (D. C.) 1852.

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