

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XV.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 22.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, November 11, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

THE SEER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I hear the far-off voyager's horn,
Upon his loaded train;
I see the Yankee's trail;
His foot on every mountain pass,
On every stream his sail.

He's whistling round St. Mary's Falls,
Upon his loaded train;
He's leaving on the Pictured Rocks
His fresh tobacco stain.

I hear the mattock in the mines,
The axe-stroke in the dell,
The clamor from the Indian lodge,
The Jesuit's chapel-bell!

I see the swarthy trappers come
From Mississippi's springs,
And war chiefs with their painted brows,
And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the squaw's birchen canoe,
The steamer smokes and raves;
And cove lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves!

By forest-lake and waterfall
I see the pedler's show;
The mighty mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet, and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find—
The raw materials of a State,
Its muscles and its mind!

And, westering still, the star which leads
The new world in its train,
Has tipped with fire the icy peaks
Of many a mountain chain.

The snowy cones of Oregon
Are kindled on its way;
And California's golden sands
Gleam brighter in its ray!

Selected Tale.

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN."

In one of the northern counties of England, at the distance of a mile and a half from the sea, and further removed from a well-known military station, there stands an old-fashioned red brick mansion, the architecture and extent of which hardly entitled it to be regarded as belonging to the class of manor-houses; at the same time that they may be said to be considerably above that of ordinary dwellings. For up wards of three centuries, it was the residence of a family of the name of Wilmot; a race, which, by some accident or another, continued never, by extinction on one hand, or re-annihilation on the other, either to rise or fall in the world. One generation received it from another, in precisely the same condition in which the first had received it from the generation preceding; the lands attached to it were not increased, neither were they diminished; no rooms were added, neither were they any taken away; in a word, among the continual changes which subvert things, it appears as if the Toll and the Toll alone, remained stationary.

The last of the name which inhabited that mansion, was a father and his daughter. The former, after serving many years in the navy, married in some distant part of the kingdom, a young wife; who lived only long enough to present him with a pledge of her affection, and to make him feel how much he had lost, in being thus deprived of her. Whether his domestic affliction had any effect in producing the measure, is not known, but Captain Wilmot went no more to sea, after he became a widower. On the contrary, he withdrew himself entirely from public life, and taking possession of the Toll, devoted his undivided attention to the education and nurture of his child.

In this retired spot, Rose Wilmot grew up, to be the idol of her father's affections, and an object of love and esteem to all the surrounding neighborhood. She was beautiful; yet her personal beauty constituted the least valuable of her attractions—Artless, gentle and generous, Rose was never so happy, as when, by chance, she found an opportunity of adding to the happiness of others. To the poor, she was a warm, and yet a judicious friend; to her equals, a lively and cheerful companion; and to her parent, the very apple of an eye, without which, life would have no value. Rose was not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, accomplished; that is to say, she was no classic; and she only modern tongues with which she was acquainted, were the French and English. She played, indeed, and sang with taste and feeling; but her sole instrument was the piano forte, and her collection of music consisted almost entirely of wild and simple national airs. But Rose was possessed of higher gifts than can be conferred by the school-masters. Her heart was good, her understanding was clear, and her disposition just so far from romantic, as to give a zest to the enjoyment of common life, without contributing, in any very serious degree at least, to manifest its petty grievances.

As it was generally understood that Captain Wilmot, in addition to the Toll property, possessed something considerable, which he had acquired in the shape of prize money, suitors were not wanting to Rose; soon as she had arrived at the first dawn of womanhood. Many advantageous offers were made to her, but she declined them all; for her feelings were not interested, and her father had too much regard for her society, to look forward to the period of her marriage with anything like impatience. Rose, accordingly, continued to lead a single life, and she actually attained her nineteenth year, without having experienced the slightest symptoms of the tender passion.

Things were not, however, to be thus forever.—It was at the close of a September day, that a party, which had assembled near the Toll, for the purpose of celebrating, by a sort of fete champetre, the sixty ninth birth day of Captain Wilmot, deemed it prudent to take shelter against a threatening thunder storm, under his hospitable roof. The rain had begun to fall in torrents, and the first flash of lightning had passed, when a loud knock at the outer gate gave notice, that others, besides themselves, were in need of shelter. The signal being answered, there was ushered into the parlor a person arrayed in the garb of a sportsman, of whom nobody present knew any thing, but who entered with that air of perfect self-command, which, widely removed from impudent assurance, can be assumed only by the men of fashion and the gentleman. His age appeared to be about six or seven-and-twenty; he was remarkably handsome; had a fine, open, manly, expressive countenance, and altogether, impressed the little party with a persuasion, that he was, at least, qualified to remain among them as an equal. He apologized for having disturbed the privacy of a family circle, by stating, that he happened to be sporting in the fields adjoining, when the storm overtook him; and the apology being readily received, he speedily took part in the conversation, as if he came an expected and welcome guest. Being pressed to partake of their evening meal, he did not decline the invitation; and the moon was shining bright in a cloudless sky, when he rose to depart. Nor did he go unregretted. In the course of one short and accidental visit, he contrived to make himself so agreeable to his new acquaintance, that the Captain permitted him not to retire, till after he had given a promise that no great while should elapse, ere his visit was repeated.

The gentleman, whom accident had thus introduced to the family at the Toll, was the Honorable Major Elliot, commanding officer of the — regiment of foot, at that time quartered in the neighboring barracks. Being a keen sportsman, he spent much of his time in the fields; and, as he afterwards confessed, had seen and admired Rose, in situations, when she little dreamed of being an object of curiosity to a stranger. He had now seen her under circumstances which enabled him to judge whether the impressions, made by his former stolen glimpse, were justifiable; and his behavior soon gave proof, that he did thus regard it.—Major Elliot was not forgetful of his promise. He repeated his calls at the Toll, not sooner, certainly, than his company was desired, but, as certainly, a great deal sooner than it might have been expected. He called again and again; he was again and again urged to stay to dinner, and he stayed. In short, his visits became, in a very little while, every-day occurrences; and, before a month had expired, he offered himself to be the husband of Rose.

It has been stated, that, in Rose's disposition, there was just so much romance, as to give a peculiar zest to the ordinary occurrences of common life. Such an occurrence it surely was, to be addressed in the language of love; but to experience those sensations which her lover described, was, to her, new and delightful. For, in truth, Rose had fixed her affections upon Major Elliot, irretrievably and inevitably, many days before his words, at least, justified her in so doing. They had met under circumstances so peculiar; he was, in his habits, language and taste, so different from other men with whom she was wont to associate, that if ever love did occur at first sight, it must have occurred with her. Rose had no dissimulation about her; she did not, therefore, pretend to an indifference, which she felt not; but, retaining Elliot to her father, frankly acknowledged, that, so far as she was concerned, no obstacle would be thrown in the way to their union.

Captain Wilmot was a plain, honest man; a gentleman by profession and descent, and too honorable himself to suspect others of being otherwise.—He was not, therefore, so minute in his inquiries respecting the circumstances of Major Elliot, as a greater degree of prudence or knowledge of the world might have led him to be. From the Major's brother officers, he learned, that the lover of his daughter was a brave and good soldier; the army-list assured him, that he was, truly, the son of an Earl; and, as the individual himself never professed to be rich; as he avowed, on the contrary, that his portion was but slender, and that there was no other probability of its being increased, except by promotion in the army; Captain Wilmot saw no ground for suspicion. He freely gave his consent to the proposed marriage, and freely received Elliot into his house, on the footing of a future son-in-law.

The faith of the lovers had been but a short time pledged, when, among many other little pledges of unalterable affection, the Major presented Rose with a beautiful Arab pony. The animal, as a matter of course, became a prodigious favorite with his mistress. It was gentle and tractable, not only permitting her to mount with the most perfect safety, but coming to her call, and eating pieces of bread from her hand. Upon it, she was in the habit of daily riding abroad with her lover; and, truly, it would be a hard matter to discover a pair more lovely, or more manifestly formed for each other, than Rose and her pony.

Such was, now, the order of the lovers' existence—and time appeared, at last, to fly on in that state of holy and pure enjoyment, which never fails to accompany the progress of an honorable attachment.

But the course of true love never did run smooth; as poor Rose soon found to her cost. The wedding-day was now but one short week distant,

when Rose, who had agreed to meet Elliot, half way between the barracks and the Toll, set out one morning, unattended, upon her Arab. Having reached the place of rendezvous, and finding that Elliot had not arrived, she determined to ride on a little farther; she accordingly proceeded, almost unconsciously, though full of apprehension, she knew not why, till at last, the barracks themselves lay before her. Observing that the troops were on parade, her delicacy would not allow her to approach nearer; so she reined in her little steed, and partly concealing herself behind the branches of a tree, she resolved to wait there, till the soldiers should be dismissed.

In the meanwhile, the battalion formed itself into a hollow square; a piece of timber, of a triangular shape, was erected in the midst of it. All was now silence; and Elliot, mounted on a black charger, took his station within the ranks. A moment or two had only passed, when there came, from a part of the building, a guard of soldiers, conducting a man handcuffed, and arrayed in an undress, towards the battalion. This last body had hardly entered the square, when a wild shriek, and in a woman's voice, struck upon Rose's ear. A female, at the same instant, rushed from one of the houses with her hair dishevelled, and garments disordered; she held up her clasped hands, and falling down upon her knees, before Elliot's horse, seemed to urge some petition, with all the energy of profound grief. But Elliot turned away from her, and rode within the ranks. The woman rose, uttered another wild scream, and began to tear her hair; when suddenly, as it would appear, her eyes fell upon Rose, and she ran towards her. Rose trembled exceedingly.

"Oh, Lady," cried the woman, frantically seizing Rose's bridle; "Lady, surely Heaven has heard my prayer, and sent you hither! Save him! For the love of God, save him! I know you have only to speak the word, and it will be done."

"Save whom, my good woman?" replied Rose, deeply affected. "Whom am I to save? and from what am I to save him?"

"My husband! My husband!" exclaimed the unhappy petitioner, now dropping upon her knees; "Save him from the lash! They are about to flog him for a fault which he never committed. He never did it, lady! Indeed, indeed, he did not! O lady, save him! I know the Major can refuse you nothing—speak for him, good lady, and God will bless you for it!"

Rose was quite overcome, and burst into tears. "Heaven's blessing be upon those dear eyes!" cried the soldier's wife, as Rose put her pony to speed, and made towards the square. But there was no need to enter it—Elliot saw, and flew towards her.

"Rose," cried he, reining up his horse, when they met, "this is no place for you. Go, my love—go from the ground; you cannot stay to witness what is going forward."

"Nay, Elliot," replied she, "I will not go. I beseech you not to hurt that poor woman's hand. He is innocent; he must be innocent! Indeed, indeed, I cannot go, till you promise me, that he shall not be punished!"

"You know not what you ask, Rose," rejoined Elliot. "Believe me, love! I am not cruel; I would not willingly injure a hair of his head. But the man is a criminal; he has been found guilty by a court martial, and discipline must be preserved. I would restore you nothing, and that you know, which I could grant consistently with my honor; but you would not have me to sacrifice that?"

"No, Elliot, I would not have you sacrifice your honor; for that is dearer to me than life; but what is there dishonorable in pardoning even a guilty felon creature? Is it not the noblest use we can make of power? Oh, Elliot, remember how much we ourselves stand in need of pardon! And as you hope to be forgiven your own sins, forgive the offences of this criminal. Look to his wife, dear Elliot, and think what I should feel were her and my position reversed."

"Rose, you have prevailed," answered the Major; "but, in truth, I wish it had been otherwise—you have exposed us both. But, yet, I will do as you desire, and follow you."

So saying, he turned his horse's head, and galloped back to the square.

As to Rose, her very brain swam round. True, she had performed a humane action, and for that, her conscience rewarded her; but she had hurt, or offended Elliot; and even an approving conscience was incapable of compensating for that. Besides, had she not, in some degree overstepped the limit of female delicacy, in appearing before a parade of soldiers, and openly exerting her influence over the commanding officer. Such were the thoughts which flitted across her mind, as she rode leisurely towards home; but she was not suffered to pass this. The noise of persons running was behind her; and in a moment, the woman and her husband were at her side.

"That is the lady, Will," cried the poor wife; "that is she that save you. Bless her, Will; thank her and bless her, as she deserves!"

"I cannot thank you, as you deserve, young lady," said the man, "but Heaven will reward you. Ay, and even I may yet do you service. Lady, have a care of what you are about. I have seen you often, where I would not see you again; and have heard of you, what was not to be again spoken. Farewell, lady! Your goodness shall not go unrequited; but beware of—"

The soldier looked as if he were about to give utterance to something of importance, when his speech was interrupted by the coming up of Major Elliot.

"Begone, sir!" said the Major, addressing the man, in a tone more harsh and authoritative than appeared to Rose, to be requisite. "Begone, to your quarters; and take care how you get into a scrape again. There may not always be a friend at hand to save you." The man touched the point of his foraging cap, and casting an anxious glance at Rose, walked away.

"What was the fellow saying?" asked Elliot,

in a tone of voice which indicated not only a considerable degree of agitation, but an evident desire that the agitation should not be observed.

"Nothing," replied Rose; "at least, nothing which is worth repeating. He only thanked me for having pleaded in his favor. But he might have said something worthy of being listened to," added she, with a smile, "had you not sent him away so abruptly?"

"Indeed?" replied the Major; "and to what might the communication tend, which I unfortunately interrupted?"

"That," answered Rose, "I cannot tell; I only know that the broken sentence was one occasion; but whether against people or things, or witches, or hob-goblins you gave me no opportunity to discover."

"Humph!" said Elliot. A considerable pause here ensued in their conversation, during which, Rose cast a timid glance towards her lover; and beheld with dismay, an expression of violent, and, as she judged, painful anxiety upon his countenance; such as it had never before exhibited.

"What is the matter?" cried she, greatly alarmed. "You are ill, Elliot, or you are offended with me; and, indeed, I feel that I have done wrong." The anxious look departed, instantly, from his visage, and his old sweet smile took its place.

"Not so, dear Rose; I cannot be offended with you though I may wish that this had occurred somewhat differently. But no matter; Rose had her way; and she is convinced, there is nothing which Elliot would not do to make her happy—let me, however, obtain one promise from you—Never act again, as you acted to day; and take no further notice of the persons whom you have obliged. He is not a good man; and she is a very bad woman; and they may impose upon you."

"I promise," answered Rose, restored, once more, to her accustomed composure. The remainder of the ride passed, as their rides usually passed, and Elliot spent the day at the Toll.

There was one member of the family at the Toll, of whom no mention has yet been made; but who, if long and faithful services entitle a domestic to notice, ought not to be passed over. Old Bligh, like his master, had spent his best days in the navy. He was originally a cabin boy, in the frigate of which Captain Wilmot was first lieutenant, and, as such, waited upon his officer.—When the lieutenant obtained promotion, Bligh followed him to his own ship, where he filled the situations, first, of coxswain to the captain's barge, and afterwards, of steward in his cabin; and, when the captain himself abandoned the service, Bligh did not forsake him. He now executed the joint offices of maitre d' hotel, footman, and head gardener; and was as sincerely attached to Rose, and her father, as if he had been their relation. It is a curious fact, that, whilst others treated Major Elliot with confidence the most boundless, Bligh could not be prevailed upon to regard him without something of suspicion. Civil and attentive to him, he invariably was; because he saw that a contrary line of conduct would have been displeasing to his master; but he took no liberties with him, nor addressed him in that familiar tone, which old servants are apt to employ, when they believe that they are addressing those who have the interests of the family really at heart. Of this, the Major himself was not unobservant, and he more than once complained of it to Rose.

There was another singular circumstance remarked, at this time, by the friends of the family. Major Elliot had for some weeks back, been more grave and thoughtful than appeared natural to him; and the nearer the wedding day approached, the more frequent, and decided, his fits of abstraction became. Since the adventure with the soldier and his wife, in particular, his manner exhibited symptoms the most marked, of a state of mind very far from being composed. He would drop into fits of musing, even whilst Rose was by; and when she was not present, he hardly attempted to speak a word. For this behaviour, many reasons were assigned. Some imagined that, now, when the moment of trial was at hand, his family pride, or, perhaps, the positive interference of his relations, began to throw impediments in the way, others fancied that his own inclinations were changed, and that he repented of an engagement too rashly entered into. The only individuals, indeed, who neither observed the circumstance, nor hazarded a conjecture respecting it, were Rose and her father. Their minds were too busily occupied in contemplating their own approaching separation, to permit their seeing with eyes as clear as those of persons far less deeply interested; and they were too conscious of being themselves liable to fits of musing and forgetfulness, to look, with alarm or suspicion, upon the musing and forgetfulness of the Major.

And, now, but one day stood between the wishes of the lovers, and their accomplishment. It happened, that, on that day, a small party,—the curate of the parish, with his mother and sister,—had been invited to meet Major Elliot at dinner.—Between the Curate (the reverend Abraham Williams) and Captain Wilmot, a close intimacy subsisted, and Miss Williams and Rose were bosom-friends. The party were in the act of discussing certain arrangements, which were to take place subsequent to the wedding;—the curate of the marriage joint was under consideration,—when old Bligh made his appearance, and informed Rose, that a person in the kitchen desired to see her. Rose, instantly obeyed the summons, and had reached the parlor door, when the jingling of spurs in the hall, beyond arrested her. Major Elliot entered; he seemed heated, and a good deal agitated.

"Whither go you, love?" cried he, in a hurried tone, seizing Rose by the hand, and leading her back to her chair.

"Some one desires to see me," replied Rose, smiling sweetly, and gently disengaging herself; "I shall be with you again in a minute."

"Do not go, love," exclaimed the Major, forcibly detaining her, and yet struggling to appear calm; "I know who has asked to see you. I saw her enter by the back way, as I came up the avenue. It is the woman with whom you promised to hold no further intercourse. You will not go, now?"

"No certainly," answered Rose. "Tell the woman, Bligh, that I cannot see her; but, if she has anything to communicate, let her send in her message by you."

The awkwardness attendant upon such a scene had, in some degree, passed away, and all parties were recovering their wonted composure, when Bligh again entered.

"The woman would hardly be persuaded to go, Miss," said he; "and though I told her how you were engaged, she was only the more desirous, on that account, to see you. At last, when I positively assured her you could not be spoken with, she asked for pen, ink and paper, and wrote a little note which is here."

"Read it not, Rose," exclaimed Major Elliot, starting from his chair, and grasping at the bit of paper. "It is some infernal petition, some imposture, to deceive your good nature;—read it not."

Bligh, however, knew his duty better, than to permit a note, addressed to his mistress, to pass into other hands. He shrunk back from the Major's clutch, and held it tight.

"Nay, Elliot," said Rose, "this is absolute folly. You must look upon me as no better than a child, if you imagine that a single note, or any other single communication, either with the husband or the wife, must necessarily expose me to danger. But I have no desire to read her billet. Give it to my father, Bligh, or to Mr. Williams—he is beside you."

"Give it to me," cried the Major, in a voice of thunder; at the same time grasping Bligh fiercely by the collar, "as you value your life!"

The whole party were struck with astonishment; Captain Wilmot half rose from his chair; whilst Rose trembled excessively, the color coming and going upon her cheeks, in rapid succession. As to Bligh, he shook off the Major's hand with the coolness of a veteran, and delivering the note to the Curate, stood, bolt upright, between him and his own late assailant.

"Read, Mr. Williams," said Rose, in a tone of womanly dignity; "and read aloud, that all may hear you. There must be something singular, indeed, in that piece of paper, when it produces such effects."

Mr. Williams did read; but before he came to an end, Major Elliot was gone. The letter ran thus:

"I have followed you, dear lady, far and near, for the purpose of putting you upon your guard; but no opportunity of speaking has been afforded me; even now you will not see me. But, perhaps, you may read this, and, if so, the kind office which you rendered to me and my husband, will not go unrewarded. Oh, lady, beware of Major Elliot—he is a villain and will betray you. They say you are to wed him to-morrow. Wed him not, for he is married already; his wife now lives in the very county from which I and my husband came."

It were impossible to describe the effect which the perusal of the above note produced upon all who listened to it. It seemed as if sleep had suddenly fallen upon them; for all sat, or stood, motionless, as if the Arabian tale had been verified in them, and they had all been changed into marble. Two seconds, perhaps, elapsed, ere their senses were suddenly and painfully recalled. Rose, who had been standing in the middle of the apartment, drooped, like one smitten by a deadly wound; not a sound, or motion, marked the workings of her feelings, but, at once, she fell flat upon the carpet.

"My child, my child!" shrieked the Captain roused by the situation of his daughter; "my Rose, my own darling child! Help! help! run! ride! fly! fly for medical assistance!—look to her!—and you, Bligh, fetch me my pistols! O the villain—fetch me my pistols, I say!—saddle the horse, and let me follow him. I am old, but there is strength enough left to draw a trigger, and he shall feel it!"

Thus the old man raved, alternately lamenting over his daughter's fate, and cursing her betrayal. Nor was it without great exertions on the part of the clergyman, that he was prevented from immediately carrying his plans of vengeance into effect. But the situation of Rose was even more pitiable than that of her parent—she was borne to her chamber in a state not of absolute insensibility, for her eyes opened and closed, and her hands occasionally moved, but no sleep came to refresh her; and the only word which she uttered, was, once or twice that the name of Elliot passed, as it appeared, involuntarily across her lips.

One tale is drawing to a close, and it is a melancholy one. The first dawn of the following day no sooner appeared, than Captain Wilmot, intent upon chastising the treachery of Major Elliot, set out, attended by Bligh, towards the barracks. It seemed as if, on the present occasion, the old man's strength, both of body and mind, were supernaturally renewed. But the pursuit was fruitless; Elliot had not returned to his quarters. It was afterwards discovered, that, immediately upon quitting the Toll, he took the road for London; from whence, having obtained permission to join the portion of his corps employed on foreign service, he embarked for the East Indies. What became of him, whether he fell by the sword, or whether a pestilential climate carried him off, is not known. The only intelligence respecting him, indeed, which ever reached his ill-fated mistress, was conveyed in a letter from himself. It bore date ten days posterior to the discovery of his baseness, and was thus worded:

"How, of in what terms, I am to address you, most beloved and most injured woman, I know not. That you will condescend to peruse these lines, knowing from whom they come, I am doubtful; and if you do peruse them where will be the benefit? Rose cannot thou forgive me? I deserve it not—that I know; but you were ever a being of purity and mercy. Can that mercy extend even to me? I acknowledge myself to be a villain, but I

am not a heartless one. I know that I could have betrayed and seduced you; and that, had not Providence interfered to save you, you would have been ere this, miserable as I am now. All this I acknowledge, and so offer no excuse for it. I only write to say that, go where I will, your image shall accompany me.

"I have loved but one; that one is yourself.—My marriage was entered into as a means of extricating myself from pecuniary embarrassments; but the woman, with whom the hated connection is formed, I loathed at the time, and she has long ceased to be treated as my wife. You, Rose, you only have I loved. God is my witness, that I proceeded in my villainy step by step; that, when first I saw you, I dreamed not of your ruin; that at each visit, your influence over me became greater and greater;—that at last, I felt how worthless life would be without you; that—but why all this? Do I seek to palliate my wickedness? No, no, no! Farewell, dear Rose, for ever! Your imitator hangs upon your bosom, and there it shall remain till that bosom cease to beat. To-morrow, I embark for a distant land, from which I shall never return. But may you yet be happy! May the image of one, who would have been to you all that man ever was to woman, cease to retain a place in your memory; and may another, and a more worthy lover, restore to you that peace which I have basely taken away. For me my only resting place is the grave."

Rose, whose health had seriously suffered from the shock which her nerves experienced, had just quitted her room, and was able to appear, as usual, in the parlor, when the preceding letter reached her. It had a powerful, but not an agonizing effect upon her feelings. She wept bitterly over it; but never, except at the moment, was she observed to allude to its contents. The name of Elliot, indeed, soon ceased to be heard at the Toll; and to a stranger, it might have appeared as if no such person had ever visited it. The only remembrance of him and of the scenes connected with him, not positively set aside, was the Arab pony. That little animal, at his mistress's express desire, was still permitted to browse and play about the paddock; he was still as great a favorite as ever, and still cantered up to the gate, at the sound of her voice, to receive his little portion of bread from her hand; but she never mounted him again. No saddle, indeed, was put upon his back, till after the last scene in this sad drama had been acted.

Rose Wilmot was a strong-minded and pious girl; but she was a girl of deep and enthusiastic feeling. She never complained, and she did her best to assume that cheerfulness which she no longer experienced. But the exertion necessary to this, and was too great, not to be apparent; and at no moment was she an object of livelier commiseration, than when she strenuously endeavored to appear happy. Poor Rose! she was smitten where wounds are always the most severe; and here's were mortal.

For several months strong hopes were entertained that youth, a naturally good constitution, and change of air and scene, would work their customary results, and restore her to herself. To secure for her the last mentioned benefit, Captain Wilmot chafed out, and carried partly into effect, a tour through several of the most interesting counties of England. But all would not do. The maiden became daily weaker and weaker, and at length entreated to be conveyed home, that she might die in the abode of her father.

Alas! what a change was now visible in Rose! The delicate hue, which was wont to tinge her cheek, had given place to an alternate hectic flush and deadly paleness. Her fine hazel eyes were still bright and expressive, but the brilliancy was that which consumption never fails to produce and the expression was one of unchanging pensiveness. She was no longer the lively and cheerful creature, whose very step gave evidence of a contented mind, and whose playful conversation communicated happiness to those with whom she was associated, but—the ghost of what she was;—she could only crawl from her chamber to the parlor, and from thence, when the sun shone warmly out, to a seat upon the lawn. Poor Rose! The first autumn leaves were beginning to fall, when she returned to her home; the last were still upon the trees, when she was carried to her grave.

It is useless to continue such a narrative much further; nay, were there not a few details in possession of the writer, which we are communicated by the clergyman who attended Rose during her last illness, it might justly conclude here. But these we are tempted to give; and we give them in the language of the Reverend Abraham Williams, from whom they were received:

"The disease," said our informant, "gained ground upon her very rapidly; and in a little while she was no longer able to quit her room. A sofa was then placed for her near the window, on which for an hour or two each day she reposed. But even this—the exertion of being lifted from one place to another—became soon too much for her; and she kept wholly in bed. The calmness and fortitude which distinguished her from the first fever, however, left her. Feeling, indeed, that the hand of death was upon her, she no longer scrupled to speak of Elliot; but it was invariably as one she had loved, and could still love, to idolatry."

"Surely God will forgive him," said she, on one occasion, when the sacrament was about to be administered to her. "I say not that he was guiltless; oh! no, no! But I forgive him, freely! oh, most freely! and here"—clasping her thin white hands together—"I pray that he may be forgiven by Him who knoweth whereof we are made, and who is not extreme to mark what is done amiss." Mortal man could not witness such a scene, and restrain his tears.

"I had sat with her till a late hour, one evening in the latter end of October, and she appeared more easy and cheerful than usual. Our devotions being ended, we had talked, as we were accustomed to talk, partly of the unhappy cause of her sorrow, and partly of the poor children at the school, and the

am not a heartless one. I know that I could have betrayed and seduced you; and that, had not Providence interfered to save you, you would have been ere this, miserable as I am now. All this I acknowledge, and so offer no excuse for it. I only write to say that, go where I will, your image shall accompany me.

"I have loved but one; that one is yourself.—My marriage was entered into as a means of extricating myself from pecuniary embarrassments; but the woman, with whom the hated connection is formed, I loathed at the time, and she has long ceased to be treated as my wife. You, Rose, you only have I loved. God is my witness, that I proceeded in my villainy step by step; that, when first I saw you, I dreamed not of your ruin; that at each visit, your influence over me became greater and greater;—that at last, I felt how worthless life would be without you; that—but why all this? Do I seek to palliate my wickedness? No, no, no! Farewell, dear Rose, for ever! Your imitator hangs upon your bosom, and there it shall remain till that bosom cease to beat. To-morrow, I embark for a distant land, from which I shall never return. But may you yet be happy! May the image of one, who would have been to you all that man ever was to woman, cease to retain a place in your memory; and may another, and a more worthy lover, restore to you that peace which I have basely taken away. For me my only resting place is the grave."

Rose, whose health had seriously suffered from the shock which her nerves experienced, had just quitted her room, and was able to appear, as usual, in the parlor, when the preceding letter reached her. It had a powerful, but not an agonizing effect upon her feelings. She wept bitterly over it; but never, except at the moment, was she observed to allude to its contents. The name of Elliot, indeed, soon ceased to be heard at the Toll; and to a stranger, it might have appeared as if no such person had ever visited it. The only remembrance of him and of the scenes connected with him, not positively set aside, was the Arab pony. That little animal, at his mistress's express desire, was still permitted to browse and play about the paddock; he was still as great a favorite as ever, and still cantered up to the gate, at the sound of her voice, to receive his little portion of bread from her hand; but she never mounted him again. No saddle, indeed, was put upon his back, till after the last scene in this sad drama had been acted.

Rose Wilmot was a strong-minded and pious girl; but she was a girl of deep and enthusiastic feeling. She never complained, and she did her best to assume that cheerfulness which she no longer experienced. But the exertion necessary to this, and was too great, not to be apparent; and at no moment was she an object of livelier commiseration, than when she strenuously endeavored to appear happy. Poor Rose! she was smitten where wounds are always the most severe; and here's were mortal.

For several months strong hopes were entertained that youth, a naturally good constitution, and change of air and scene, would work their customary results, and restore her to herself. To secure for her the last mentioned benefit, Captain Wilmot chafed out, and carried partly into effect, a tour through several of the most interesting counties of England. But all would not do. The maiden became daily weaker and weaker, and at length entreated to be conveyed home, that she might die in the abode of her father.

Alas! what a change was now visible in Rose! The delicate hue, which was wont to tinge her cheek, had given place to an alternate hectic flush and deadly paleness. Her fine hazel eyes were still bright and expressive, but the brilliancy was that which consumption never fails to produce and the expression was one of unchanging pensiveness. She was no longer the lively and cheerful creature, whose very step gave evidence of a contented mind, and whose playful conversation communicated happiness to those with whom she was associated, but—the ghost of what she was;—she could only crawl from her chamber to the parlor, and from thence, when the sun shone warmly out, to a seat upon the lawn. Poor Rose! The first autumn leaves were beginning to fall, when she returned to her home; the last were still upon the trees, when she was carried to her grave.

It is useless to continue such a narrative much further; nay, were there not a few details in possession of the writer, which we are communicated by the clergyman who attended Rose during her last illness, it might justly conclude here. But these we are tempted to give; and we give them in the language of the Reverend Abraham Williams, from whom they were received:

"The disease," said our informant, "gained ground upon her very rapidly; and in a little while she was no longer able to quit her room. A sofa was then placed for her near the window, on which for an hour or two each day she reposed. But even this—the exertion of being lifted from one place to another—became soon too much for her; and she kept wholly in bed. The calmness and fortitude which distinguished her from the first fever, however, left her. Feeling, indeed, that the hand of death was upon her, she no longer scrupled to speak of Elliot; but it was invariably as one she had loved, and could