

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE,
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Spirit of the Age.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Temperance, Morality, Literature, Agriculture and General Intelligence.
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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION
...spoke of his child's desertion, but his eye
brightened with the olden fire as he exclaim-
ed, 'Yet she still loves me, thank God!'
'And me?' murmured Horace, 'does she
forget me?'

Choice Literature.
From the New-York Organ.
THE CREOLE WIFE.
A ROMANCE OF THE WEST.
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Rosa, covered with bruises from head to foot, was for a long while in a situation of danger.
By degrees poor Grace came out of her lethargy, but alas! not to reason. That dread, dark name of disgrace was stamped upon her brain. She imagined that Rosa stood constantly near her, pointing the finger of contempt, and forever muttering that cruel word. As she gained her strength, she became more than ever anxious for solitude. Often would she be missed from her familiar places; invariably she was found crouching in the darkest nooks, endeavoring to hide herself from the being who pursued her. She was perfectly harmless; she would still curl and arrange her soft, smooth tresses with the precision usual with her, and arrange them with as much taste as ever, yet she constantly asserted that there was a coal of fire upon her head.

She would take her books from day to day, with her accustomed work, and engage in reading or sewing for a few moments, then wander restlessly about. She seemed fond of reading over the old letters of her lover, but she would sometimes say, 'I love you no longer—I am not fit for him now,' as she finished perusing them; at others she would implore him not to desert her, assuring him that she knew not, he could not know the depth of her love for him.
It was a touching sight.
Her father hoped that Horace would never return, it would be as well he thought; Grace could not, of course, become his wife now, even if he were willing to marry her. He did not give her the young man's letters, he answered them cautiously, telling him that Grace was indisposed.

Their retreat, for they were now in their new home, was very beautiful. A little house, situated on a slight declivity, near a tract of rich woodland, approachable as yet only by a foot path. Around the dwelling stood tall trees, in summer covered with glorious foliage; to the right and far in the soft distance, a wild rock mountain, bare, yet fantastic in outline, threw its shaggy summit against the sky, and on every hand were the sweetest rural spots; it was a very paradise in beauty.
Busy in arranging the furniture, Grace at times partially forgot her grief; and it was not till the hurry and bustle of moving were over, and comparative quiet and order reigned, that the old vision returned; though not accompanied with such sad effects as formerly.

Often her father would walk with her into the old gray woods, or mounting their horses, they would ride away for miles together. Every moment the erring father devoted to his child, and surely if works could expiate for sin, such devotion went not unrewarded.
One morning Judge Stanton had occasion to visit the town; he set out in unusually good spirits. He had been reviewing his life all over, as he often did of late, but this time his thoughts took a more cheerful turn.
'Surely,' he thought, 'I have drained the cup of affliction to its very dregs; the consequences of my sin must now be arrested. My blessed child is not wholly unhappy, her lunacy is harmless, and at times she seems like her dear self again; and more—blessed be God—I am not living in sin.'
Thus he reasoned, trusting he had some slight hopes of happiness again.

Entering the town by the most remote thoroughfares, he concluded his purchases, learned that his imperious child was slowly gaining strength, heard the news, and set out on his return quite near evening.
At the Post Office there was a letter from Horace. He broke the seal eagerly, and read it slowly. It abounded in tenderness, and tears filled his eyes as he came to the following:
'I have learned all, Grace; I learned it with great sorrow, for your sake. Let me tell you I do not, and do not doubt me, that I never loved you so well as now; that this news makes not the least alteration in my feelings. Dear, blessed Grace, I long to be near you so much the more, and shield you by the sacred tie of wife from the cruel and the thoughtless. As your husband then, let me the sooner have the right to protect you; I shall fold you to my bosom on my return with fourfold of the love with which I first beheld you.'
The Judge could read no farther; oh, how utterly wretched, how guilty did he feel himself then.
'Noble fellow,' he exclaimed, 'generous Horace—what shall I say to you? how break the sad intelligence? Alas! he will return to find her broken hearted—he will return to curse me. Miserable being that I am—why, why do I live to blight every beautiful thing that crosses my path?'

When he had gained sufficient composure, he resumed the letter. Horace was meditating a return the following month.
His father's affairs were all settled, and an uncle recently deceased, had left him a small fortune, most of which he should settle upon his mother and sisters; the rest would suffice him, with what his profession might afford him.
He ended with assuring Grace that his love was unaltered and unalterable.
Slowly the wretched father journeyed homeward; not a word had been said about him; he was filled with forebodings of gloom. He sighed as he passed the quiet grave-yard, its ghostly head stones so pale in the moonlight. He wished that he too, and Grace, had beside the gentle wife and mother.
His thoughts were not calm and holy as quiet the scene before him.

Masses of silver-white light laid upon the broad fields, and touched the brows of the swelling hills, and lighted up the uneven sides of the misty hollows, but the serene beauty of the quiet landscape had little charm for him.
Slowly, yet more slowly, he neared his home. He dreaded to see Grace; to hear her sweet tones, he felt, would at present be torture. He could scarcely summon courage to step on the threshold—he knew not why. The door stood ajar, and he entered silently. How lonely it seemed! and there sat Nurse Leland, in the little parlor—her eyes red, her face flushed, her whole manner disturbed.
The judge glanced carelessly towards her at first, but half-perceiving something unusual in her appearance he turned and gazed with a closer scrutiny, at which she began to weep.
'What is the matter?' he asked in alarm, looking round for Grace.
'Don't ask me, sir. Miss Grace—'
'What of her?' he shouted, transfixed to the floor.
'She has not come back.'
'What do you mean, woman? in Heaven's name, what do you mean?' he ejaculated, breathing hard and turning to leave the room.
'Alas! sir, I know not,' replied the nurse, rising and following him to the door. 'Just after you were gone, she went out for a walk, as she usually does. I watched for her at dinner; she did not come; nor at supper. God preserve the poor dear darling!'

'What more?' exclaimed Herman, hoarsely, gazing warily around, and listening in the hush of the still evening. 'Where is my child? where can my poor child wander at this hour?'

'I have been asking that question all day. Little Jacques has been gone since the noon, and I don't know but he has got lost too.'
'Which way did she go?' groaned rather than spoke the wretched father.
'When I last saw her she was some distance up the hilly road to the right there; but you know, sir, that ends in the woods. Whether she continued on, or came back and struck off in another path, I can't tell.'
'Hark!' exclaimed Herman, shrilly, his heart leaping. 'Who is there?'

'It is I, sir,' said the little French Jacques, who was a sort of errand boy in the family.
'Then you have not found her?'

'No, sire; I no find anything.'
'O! pity me!' he groaned; then turning to the nurse, said, 'There is an old lantern in the house somewhere.'
'Yes; among the rubbish in the spare room. I will get it.'
'Hurry, then; every moment is precious. Jacques,' he added, turning to the boy, 'go up stairs and get my hunting belt. I must carry weapons with me. Bring down my double-barrelled gun; that you can shoulder. Quick, boy!'

The lad's black eyes flashed with pleasure at the smallest prospect of an adventure; he ran briskly on his mission and soon returned with the gun.
'Everything was in readiness,—the gun loaded, the lantern trimmed and lighted, in the boy's hand.
'Are you afraid to stay alone?' asked the judge, turning to the nurse.
'Bless you, no,' she resolutely replied. 'Only find our poor darling. Leave me; I am not afraid.'
'You may have my beads to tell,' said the little fellow, who was a Catholic; and he lifted them from his neck.
'Keep your beads; I have something better than beads to sustain me,' she replied.
Crazed with a thousand fears, the bewildered father hurried from home, scarce conscious where, with not the remotest idea of which path his child had taken. He toiled up the steep rock-road which the nurse had pointed out, and struck into the woods, moving with a hurried yet bewildered air, and constantly muttering, 'If she is here, I will find her!'

Cautiously he ventured along the untrodden path, peering through the underbrush, calling loudly and repeatedly upon the name of his child.
Morn came smiling over the mountains, and the father, worn out and dispirited, sat cheerlessly down. No child yet! The dark woods had echoed and re-echoed with his passionate calls; his strength was failing him, not so much with the exertion of walking as through the departure of that false energy which the will spiritual, not the strength bodily, had given him.
After one more hopeless search he returned to the house, and found the nurse, although it was late in the morning, asleep on the sofa, veiled with watching and weeping. Grace had not returned, and the poor father, without allowing himself a morsel of food, mounted his horse and galloped back into the town.
There he called at every place where his child had been in the habit of visiting; but none had seen or heard tidings of the missing one.
The news flew rapidly; Judge Stanton had lost his child; she had wandered away—perhaps been taken by the Indians, large bands of whom were or had been in the vicinity. Many a father sympathized with him, oblivious as his name had become; and forthwith a party was hurriedly formed to scour the surrounding country and find her, if possible, dead or alive. Many hoped the latter, and not uncharitably so; they felt life would be to her one long and heavy burden; and the gentle creature was beloved by all who had known her, as much as her father was execrated and censured.
She could not have travelled far in the course of a single day and night, they suggested, so they determined to make the circuit of twenty miles, searching as thoroughly as they might be able, every place to which a human being could have access.
They met with no success that day. The next they came to a little group of huts inhabited by a few poor emigrants, who spoke

a barbarous mixture of French and English. One woman contrived to make them understand that a pretty creature had called there the morning before, and had asked for water, and she had given her some dinner. Her clothes, she said, were torn, but very nice. Pretty young lady—hair very bright and curly—hat very 'shontee,' which was her English for genteel.
'What way did she go?' asked Herman, with rewarded hope.
She did not know; she was too busy to look; but she called one of the half-grown boys, and asked him. He pointed in the direction they had come, saying she had once passed the long belt of woods that stretched to the east of them, but had returned again and struck into their depths.
Herman breathed more freely; it seemed to him as if she were even then near; there was no danger to apprehend for her, except from the wolves, and they had so long been driven back by the settlers that it was hardly probable they infested these small forests very numerous. The atmosphere was unusually soft and bright, the sky clear and shining, the air warm and balmy, loaded with the fragrance of spring flowers. The judge therefore felt a sort of faith, that he should be again restored to Grace. He felt as if God would protect her. Through suffering his reliance on the mighty One was strengthened.

Leaving their steeds at the outskirts of the wood, with two chosen guards, the party entered its gloomy precincts, and diverging from each other, performed the circuits in parties of two. The wood was scarcely half a mile in extent; the ground, dry and ferny, crinkled with the yet unbroken frost; for in those dim solitudes, where the heavy and intertwined branches formed a lesser dome overhead, the warm rays of the sun could but slowly penetrate.
For hours, and with unflagging spirits, they sought in the 'dim old aisles' for the gentle fugitive. Every man felt a deep interest in the issue of the enterprise; but they met again towards night, still unsuccessful.
Then it was the almost heart broken father, giving way to his keen anguish, sank down by the roadside and wept.
'What have I to live for?' he exclaimed, 'if my child has deserted me? Heaven pity a parent's grief! Would I too might die?'

'Oh, Stanton cheer up, cheer up!' said an old friend, pitying his distress; 'we have not abandoned her yet; we shall find her yet, depend upon it. She has probably, with the cunning peculiar to her situation, hidden herself. She travels, perhaps, at night. We will try again; this time by the light of the moon and our lanterns. Cheer up!'

'I have no doubt,' chimed in another, anxious to bestow his mite of consolation, 'but that she is somewhere in the vicinity, or even nearer home than we expect. Let us wait till the moon is up!' echoed one of the party; 'why, man, she doesn't show the rim of her crescent till high twelve. We are fatigued, to be sure, and it's my opinion that we ought to keep on towards home, searching by the way. We have now been gone nearly three days, and we should give some account of ourselves, or the wives and little ones will begin to feel alarmed. I tell you she's nigher home than this. I've had to do with mad people before now, he continued, thoughtlessly,—the poor father shuddered,—and I know what freaks they take; they are as cunning as wild cats. Now, I'll be bound she's not three miles from her own home.'
'And how far are we from there now?'

'Twelve or fourteen miles, I should judge.'
'Well, we had better go back and get more aid; our horses are jaded out, and we are all in need of rest. By morning we could organize a fresh party, and set them on the track. We shall find her yet, if Providence pleases; we must put our trust in Providence.'
'That is it,' said another, addressing the father, 'and your child is in the hands of a Good Being; innocents and crazy folks are always guided by Him.'
Though homely, this little consolation was grateful to the bereaved parent; his soul felt a new trust and hopefulness that he had hitherto not known; he prayed earnestly, humbly, sincerely, that the Almighty would direct him to the dear wanderer.

Some hours after, by two and two the party set out upon their homeward course. Herman, laboring as he was under intense excitement, dashed on far ahead of the rest; but one of the company kept pace with him—old Squire Gruff, as he was commonly called, an honest man, with a warm impulsive heart, somewhat sensorious, but quick both to forgive and forget. He had been loudest in his denunciations of the judge, yet first to propose and plan the search.
Within a few miles of home, when the moon was hourly waning, the poor horses whose strength had been taxed to the utmost began to show signs of fatigue. They paused for a moment to give the panting animals rest. A narrow gorge between two hills seemed to open a new path, at least it had evidently been travelled, for the grass was beaten down, and a few feet from the entrance some pure white flowers laid withered upon the ground.
'Squire,' exclaimed Herman, pointing towards them, 'there is something providential in this; we must strike off here, we can walk our horses—Squire! Grace has been here—I know it; I am confident the child has been here to day.'

For a few moments they progressed easily but soon the horses began stumbling among the loose stones that the squire had rightly judged would impede their way.
'We are losing the path.'
'Never mind,' said Stanton, hurriedly, urging the horse still harder, 'I have a presentiment that Grace is here, something draws me onward.'
In another moment the horses were champing the turfs of soft green grass that

grazed scantly around them, and the father, derved to new energy, followed by the kind hearted squire, hurried along the narrow rock-margined path.
'This is terrible—terrible,' muttered the father in hollow tones, 'oh! Grace, child of my love, blessed darling, where are you?—Squire,' he exclaimed, in a startling tone, 'it is now—oh, the thought, nearly three days ago; she has perished—starved may be—starved,' and a frantic light gleamed from his wild eyes.
'Don't give up so,' said the Squire, as Herman, trembling violently, leaned against the ledge for support, but even as he spoke, the latter uttered a sharp, quick shout, and bounding a few paces forward, caught the fragments of a veil—a green veil, such as Grace always wore.
'I told you, sir,' he shouted, almost overcome with joy, holding the shroud before his eyes, then pressing it tightly into his hands, 'I knew God would not forsake a despairing father—he could not in my agony. Courage! you have a father's heart; think how mine must bleed for that unfortunate child; onward, onward! or go back if you will, I must continue to search.'

Both kept in the vicinity of the rocks, almost certain that every dark hollow concealed the form of the lost one. The father's heart beat alternately with hope and apprehension. Should he find her living—or mangled and dead? The mere supposition of the latter was madness, yet an humble trust in the guiding care of the Creator nerved him to go forward.
'Hark! what voice broke the stillness of that almost desert place, sending the blood like lightning through his heart—'Found! found! found!' and the bleak rocks seemed to take voice, and re-echo till they rang again—'Found! found! found!'

Springing in the direction of the shouts, dashing wildly forward and onward, he met the old squire panting with exertion, the perspiration streaming over his rufous face.
'Well, Judge,' he articulated, eagerly, 'I reckon a good-sized fortune wouldn't make me gladder than I am just now. Why, bless the good Lord! the girl is safe and sound, and sleeping quiet as an infant in its mother's arms.'
Herman was almost overcome at this announcement; he grasped the squire's arm, and was rather led along than otherwise—His soul just then was a temple of thanksgiving.
'I found a little, out of the-way opening, which when I held my lantern in, seemed something of a place beyond. Then, as I stood there, you see, I kind of fancied I heard a breathing. I tell you, it gave me a strange feeling, chill and awful like. Actually I felt the hair rise on my temples; but thinks I, it's something mortal at any rate, and trusting in the good Lord, I'll go in. So in I went; and there was your daughter, sleeping as prettily as if on a bed of down. Here we are;—yes, the lantern burns yet. Make no noise;—people in that state are easily disturbed.'

In truth the fair girl looked charmingly. She lay upon the ground, her white arms flung above her head, the united palms just touching her fair temples, a troubled smile upon the features, her bosom softly heaving, as if she were enjoying healthful repose.
The little cave which she had found in her rambles had apparently been visited more than once, for her wearing apparel was scattered around, her work-box and basket stood upon a projection of rock, a little looking-glass hung against the natural wall, and upon a narrow ledge lay combs and brushes, with various little appurtenances belonging to the toilet. A clasp-knife and the small remains of a loaf of bread, which she had probably taken from home, lay near her, and early wild flowers, formed into wreaths were looped up here and there, as her fantasy had directed her taste.
It was evident that her slumber was refreshing. The distance she must have traveled to and from the little French settlement had fatigued her.
With how thankful a heart the overjoyed father knelt beside the restored one, while the squire, with moistened eyes, stood near.
'Grace,' whispered the Judge, in a low, soft tone.
There was no manifestation of consciousness.
'Grace,' he said, louder and repeatedly. The sweet slumberer stirred not a jot.
'How shall I get her home?' he exclaimed. 'If we could only convey her there she sleeps.'
'It would be next to an impossibility, over these rocks. You might try, however. We have strong arms—at least I have;—you look wearied out. Let me take her—She is light poor thing,' and he lifted the insensible form. 'Do you go forward and pilot me. We have still moon enough to find the way.'

Grace was thus conveyed home—her heavy slumber unbroken—and laid within her own little room.
Everybody, far and near, rejoiced when the news spread; for who did not love Grace?
When she awoke in the morning her father sat beside her, gazing with mournful earnestness in her face. For an instant she glanced around, bewildered, then springing up, she said, 'I am not at home; carry me to my home.'
'Grace,' said her father, restraining her, 'you would not leave me, love; do you not see this is your own little chamber? Look from the window, see the hill you love so well; here are your pictures, your books—this is your home, my child.'
'No, no; I tell you no; it is not my home—oh, let me go quick; Horace will be here; he will see me, and she covered her face with her hands, again attempting to leave her couch.
'Grace, have you forgotten me?' asked her father, mournfully.
His tender tones seemed to recall her reason; with a deep drawn sigh she gazed

for a moment steadily upon him, and with a most thrilling manner said,—'No, father, though all the world forsake you, I will not, but it was as the fitful blaze of the expiring candle; her thoughts almost instantly following in the track of her disordered imagination.
'I cannot see him,' she exclaimed, resolutely, 'and when I go home,—reverting to the cave—you must not tell him where I am. O! this is a great sacrifice—I love him; I love Horace, father—but then—it will be better for me to live alone—I must be alone—for you see, father, my brain burns constantly—and besides, she haunts me here,' she continued, her finger pointed at vacancy. 'Why do you let the sun shine upon me? there is already a fire within my brain and within my bosom—what do I want of the sun?'

Then she sank again into that lethargic slumber that was evidently becoming habitual to her.
It was a long while before she awoke; she seemed more rational, and did not once advert to her journey or the circumstances of her return.
Herman was constantly by her side, but despite his watchfulness she escaped again, and was found in the same place, composedly reading, and to all appearance, as perfectly happy in her dreary solitude as she could be. So a few household goods were transferred to the little cave, a door constructed, and the dismal place soon presented the appearance of a well arranged room.
Every day the father journeyed to and fro intent only on administering to the caprices of the poor demented one.

CHAPTER VIII.
'In all misfortunes, this advantage lies, They make us humble and they make us wise.'
Horace's Return—The Terrible Surprise—Lovers meeting—Self-will—The Appeal.
Horace had heard nothing of this last great affliction. That Grace was dishonored in the eyes of a censorious world, he was aware; but his love was too holy a principle to be thrown aside lightly; not once did he dream of deserting her; he viewed the crime of the father with abhorrence, and shrank from the thought of allying his interest with him, but that she, the innocent, child like, pure creature was to blame in any degree, the thought was sacrilege; he felt that she had greater claim to his love, his protection, than before. He had for a long time received no letters, and he feared her too sensitive spirit shrank from confiding in him as formerly, now that she falsely imagined her situation debared her from connecting with the unstained.
Alas! how little he dreamed of the sad reality.
Leaving his mother and sister comfortably situated, he set out upon his journey and in due time arrived at the town of L—.

Greatly surprised at the removal of the judge, and not caring to interpret the peculiar glances which he felt rather than saw indicated that something was wrong, he turned his horse's head in the direction pointed out him, and eager to behold Grace, hurried into the little house almost without warning.
Judge Stanton was reading—a habit usual with him of mornings, but after a wild, transfixed gaze, as if to assure himself that this presence was real, he sprang from his seat, a glad smile irradiated his countenance, yet half-hesitating as he held out his hand.
Horace in whose heart the old filial feeling pleaded in favor of that world-wearied man, so penitent, so suffering, held forth his hands, and with a warm grasp shook his patron's hand with real cordiality.
'I should not have recognized you,' he exclaimed, gazing curiously, first at Herman, then around the meagerly furnished room.
'I wonder not,' answered the Judge, sighing; 'I doubted much whether I should ever meet you again.'

An awkward silence ensued. There was a weary, uncomfortable feeling hanging like a weight upon the usually light spirits of the young man; Grace was on his tongue, in his every thought, and that unaccountable presentiment, kept him from mentioning her name; and still he looked for her momentally to glide through the little door.
'O! Mr. Horace—dear Mr. Horace, did you rain down from the sky?' exclaimed Madam Leland, hurrying into the room and grasping his hand, 'alas, alas; she uttered in a more mournful tone, while her eyes filled with tears.
'What does she mean?' asked the young man, with a gesture of alarm, rising nervously from his seat, and confronting the judge.
'Have you not heard, then?' asked the latter, leaning heavily forward. 'You have. Why should I ask? You know of the misfortune that has befallen our dear girl.'
'Certainly I do; but what of that? A-keed the young man, his voice growing cheerful.
'Do I not assure you by my presence that I regard it as no obstacle to our union?'

'Not that—not that,' groaned the wretched man, waving one hand and bowing his forehead upon the other—not that; would it were nothing more!
The nurse sobbed violently.
'What do you mean?' asked Horace, in a low, freezing tone, as if schooling his heart to bear the worst. 'Tell me, oh! my father! can she be dead?'

'Worse—worse!' groaned the judge, opening his palms and closing them convulsively. 'O! I could have laid her beside her sainted mother with pleasure, rather than this—rather than this. Grace is no longer the Grace of other days; that beautiful mind is in ruins.'
'In other words,' added Horace, with fearful calmness, 'Grace is crazy—a maniac,' and he clasped both hands before his eyes, as if a sudden pain shot through them.
'My cup of sorrow is full,' he groaned with heart-felt emphasis; 'oh, now indeed my cup of sorrow is full!'

And the father related all; the cause of her maniacy, its approach, its present phase; he did not spare himself; he probed the

Passing Sillsbee's Hotel, he casually glanced up, and started at the beautiful vision that met his gaze; for Rosa, now almost convalescent, had been wheeled to the open window, and was gazing with new interest upon the golden orchards and the purple hills in the soft distance. Her wild black eyes were larger and brighter from sickness; her midnight tresses, curled in masses, floated around her, and hope had crimsoned her dark cheek.
That instant their eyes met. A deeper blush mounted to the brow of the West Indian, as she called the chance-lark's sister, exclaiming, 'Mark him, Blanche, at the table; find out who he is. Did you notice his distinguished air, his graceful carriage?'

Horace, in the mean time had made a like inquiry of the landlord, insubdued tones, for his heart had forewarned him; but not with pleasure did he ask; and when he learned the name of the lovely stranger, his whole face grew dark with concentrated haste.
[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Bit of Romance.
About six years ago, a Dr. H—, having become involved in debt, left his home and wife in another State for Texas, for the purpose of improving his fortune in a place where he would be free from the demands of clamorous creditors. In the course of time he went with the army to Mexico, and finally wended his way to California. After residing there some time, he met a young man from the place of his former residence, who, however, he did not know, and inquired of him if he knew his wife, whom he described, without however, telling him the relation he bore to her. The young man replied that Mrs. H— was his sister, and the last he heard of her she was in St. Louis. After accumulating a competence, Dr. H— left for the purpose of seeking his wife, who had long since given him up as dead. In St. Louis he learned that she had left that place some time previously, and was believed to be in New Albany. He came hither, and upon inquiry learned that she was earning a livelihood by sewing. He learned that she also believed her brother to be dead, not having heard from him for many years. Dr. H— went to the house where he understood his wife was living, but found she had left there a few days before. He inquired about her general conduct and demeanor, and found that it had always been unexceptionable. She spoke but little of her husband, but told every one that she considered him dead. The lady of whom Dr. H— was making inquiries discovered that he was the long lost husband, and offered to accompany him to the house where his wife was sewing. Upon arriving there she said to her, 'Mrs. H— here is a gentleman who saw your brother in California.' She appeared astonished, looked at the visitor, but apparently did not recognize him. He brushed back his hair, and said quickly, 'Eliza, don't you know me? Mrs. H— immediately swooned away, and fell on the floor. In the same moment a husband and a brother both supposed to be dead, were restored to her. Dr. H. as we have said, has returned with a competence and the supposed widow, it is presumed, will no longer sew for a livelihood.

The above statement, we are assured, is strictly correct. Here is a scene in real life, equal in strangeness to any to which romance ever gave birth.
New Albany (Ind.) Ledger Jan. 28.

LADY'S WIFE.—We wish the democratic papers would call Mrs. Pierce the wife of the President elect, instead of his lady. They are legally married, and she is entitled to the name of wife. Besides, it shocks all our ideas of morality to hear it said that the President elect of the United States is traveling around so much with any other woman than his wife. If any of the democratic papers labor under the impression that the title of wife is not grand enough, we can assure them that blackwood's Magdalen, which is high aristocratic authority has fully endorsed it in a long and excellent article, the text of which was taken from a paragraph in this paper.
An anecdote is told of a Scotch shop-keeper who declined some request made by a customer. 'Do you know,' said the customer, 'that I am the Bishop's lady?' 'Hoot, woman,' was the answer, 'I would not do it if ye was his wife much less his lady.' Ludys a beautiful word in its place, and female is a proper word in its place, but either of them employed for wife or woman is in shocking taste.—Providence Journal.

INTOXICATED.—With the true definition of this term, many of our readers may be unacquainted. It is from the Greek word, *toxiology*, meaning to poison. In the wars of the ancients, arrows dipped in deadly poison, were shot from bows, which proved fatal soon after hitting their victim. An arrow thus prepared, was called a 'toxon.' Hence, intoxicated, getting its name from that word, means to poison. Alas! that there should be so many, even in this civilized age, who continue this barbarous mode of warfare!
Some young ladies must be thoroughly acquainted with themselves; they smile and nod at their image in the mirror so regularly, while Ma is in the kitchen.