

The National Era is published weekly, on Saturday, at the office of the publisher, No. 100 Pennsylvania street, opposite Old State Hall.

For the National Era (CONTINUED BY THE AUTHOR.)

MARK SUTHERLAND.

OR, POWER AND PRINCIPLE.

BY EMMA D. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAP. XXV.

It was a beautiful morning, and the sun shone brightly upon the water. The breeze from the north was fresh and cool.

Mark Sutherland went on board the Victoria, and almost immediately he turned himself to the solitude of the forenoon hurricane deck.

Early in the morning he arose from a sleepless couch, to find all the officers and hands on the boat engaged in receiving last freight and baggage to be off.

Mark Sutherland received his relative's demonstrations of attachment as best he might—he welcomed him, and went to the cabin.

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"Bless your kind heart, dear Mark, he will be no trouble to me. I have not the shadow of an objection to his coming; I think I shall rather like to have him. Uncle Billy always was rather a cheerful object to me—such a neat, clean, fresh, dainty, self-satisfied, delightful old gentleman! We can put him in the other front room, you know!"

"But to be saddled with him forever! Rose! just think of it! And the most provoking part of it is, he thinks he is doing us a mighty benefit!"

"Well! poor, dear, lone, homeless old gentleman! let him think so, if it makes him happy. Never let him feel a sense of obligation, or fancy that we are not delighted to have him! I can speak truly for myself, I shall be very glad to make the old man contented!"

"Oh, yes; he says you're very fond of him, and begged me not to break his arrival to you too abruptly, lest the sudden joy should be too much for you!"

Rosalie laughed outright. Her silvery laughter was very sweet, from its rarity, and Mark found it charming. He caught her gaily, and kissed her cheek. Oh, that burning cheek! it sobered him directly. He took his hat, and went to fetch Uncle Billy.

"The daughter of Judah." Mournfully, mournfully, Southside the sunny days. Like the requiem, wailing days. Song by the gate. A daughter of Judah. In chanting the lay; Her harp from the willows. She taketh to-day.

"Alas! Oh, my country! How long shall it be Ere thou, in thy glory, Again wilt be free? Oh! when will the vale Of Judah be clad With the vine and the olive To cheer and make glad? As by Babylon's waters Our fathers did moan, So now in the vale Of the stranger we mourn, While Jerusalem mourneth, The city of God. With darkness is covered— By wicked one tread. Her mountain sides terraced, And valleys so green, There now but the briars And thistles are seen. My weary head weepeth, Oh, when may I see In the Jordan's blue wave, Oh, hear us, our Father! We cry and we pray, From the fetters of bondage, We long to be free! To the land of my fathers I yearn to be gone; With the dust of my kindred I'd fain lay my own."

Thus sadly and mournfully Southside the wall, Like the requiem of sunny days. Song by the gate. Yes, weep the maidens, For Israel's God. Will list to thy wailing And lighten thy load. Like the Garden of Eden Thy city shall be, For He, in his mercy, Remembereth thee. Return then, oh, Judah! Restore unto His, And know that Our Saviour Will pardon thy sin. South Argyle, Washington county, N. Y.

"Oh, it is a thankless task to teach!" exclaimed Mary, as she threw off her school bonnet, after a summer day's hard toil.

"What now, Mary?" asked her hostess, gently looking up with an inquiring smile.

"Oh, it is a thankless task to teach!" exclaimed Mary, as she threw off her school bonnet, after a summer day's hard toil.

"Oh, nonsense!" interrupted Mary, looking up, blushing and laughing in spite of herself, as she lit the corner of her cambric handkerchief. "I will be more of a woman, there! But the childish feeling will come over me in some moments. Now don't know anything about the trials of a public school, aunt! Really, you cannot understand this continual dropping of vexations, that would wear out the patience of a stone school-mistress. I believe!"

"But to be saddled with him forever! Rose! just think of it! And the most provoking part of it is, he thinks he is doing us a mighty benefit!"

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"The witness, you sit convicted of this act, by the testimony of your schoolmates. Have you any excuse to give?"

"There was a moment's pause, in which Walter studied the face of his friend, and then, clear and calm as a bell, his voice rang out—

"No, ma'am!"

"Then your sense of honor will tell you what is expected of you, Walter! No one else is to know of this! I added, turning to the other scholars—

"His lips pressed each other more firmly; but he turned, with apparent indifference, to his books, with something, now and then, behind a smile and a sneer. I took note of him, but took no notice, by word, of him or of his lessons. During the noon intermission, I thought he might relent. But no; the hour of two brought us both to our places in the very school-room. I grew desperate. I felt that a crisis had come in my reign, and it must be met."

"I would be your friend, if I could, Walter. You see, very well, that in this room I must and shall be obeyed, if you choose to absent yourself from this room, very well! I have nothing to do with boys too old to be gentlemen!"

"I saw his lips arch slightly, and added—

"No answer. His hand played with the leaves of his Atlas.

"Do you not owe me the assistance of your example in maintaining law and order among the younger ones? Will you choose to absent yourself from this room, very well! I have nothing to do with boys too old to be gentlemen!"

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should not suspect her motives. A good opportunity occurred; for Miss Walton—an acquaintance of theirs in the city—was about to be married.

"Mr. Suffrage steps into quite a fortune," observed Mr. Sneeks. "Mr. Walton gives to his daughter \$50,000."

"Yes," replied the lady, "but do you know how it is given? It is all secured to her—she has no power to transfer a dollar of it for his use."

"Ah! I had not thought of that. Suffrage will excuse himself, then, I presume, from fulfilling his part of the contract?"

"Why, you don't think he is marrying for money?"

"Not at all. But no man of spirit would go into a family where there are such palpable suspicions of his ability and integrity."

"Had Mrs. Eldridge scrutinized the face of her lover, she would have discovered much more feeling in this remark than the careless manner in which it was uttered would disclose."

"Fortune hunters," he continued, "evince that a man has a right to the confidence of his affianced, and that of her friends; and he does himself injustice by forming a connection where it is withheld."

"Mrs. Eldridge mustered courage to say—

"Men are sometimes unfortunate in business; and this may be designed to provide for such emergencies—to save the family from poverty and ruin."

"That new wife shall know! Shall know what! thought she. A chilling heaviness of heart at once oppressed her; a recoil of affection made her shudder. After a time, her thoughts reverted to other interests. "And so my good old father, and Mr. Eldridge's watch, and the buggy, and other things have gone, to pay Mr. Sneeks's debt. Now, that is wrong, all wrong," muttered the agitated woman. She felt very uncomfortable after hearing the above; but she was such a loving, trusting creature, that many days—had she not been the affectionate part of her nature alone had been developed. Her husband seemed to doat upon her, as at first; and she soon dismissed all fears, that there had been anything wrong in his former life. Occasionally she would ring the bell, and she would be attended by the flatteringly—but the best of men have been guilty of indiscretion some time in their lives, and I presume this was nothing very bad."

She wondered why he did this, and what he would do with the proceeds; but it was not for her to look into business matters, so no inquiries were made. The truth, however, was, that she was not a woman of spirit.

"I cannot raise that amount," said Mr. Sneeks; "I acknowledge the debt of course; but I cannot meet it fully at present."

"Don't put me off in that way. I am not a young one, to be socked in with such pretensions. You shall pay me, or I will expose you, as sure as you're a live man. That new wife of yours shall know!"

"Hush! hush! What a scene of blabbing it is! I wish the earth would open, and I would have seemed to die upon his life. He walked nervously around the room, and finding the door ajar, he closed it with much violence."

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