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OUR ONE LIFE.

'Tis not for man to trifle. Life is brief,
And sin is here;
Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
A dropping tear.
We have not time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we—
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream;
No fable of the things that never were,
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantoms of the night,
No idle tale;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
On summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.

THE OLD STORY.

BY ALFRED VIVIAN.

Beside the vine-framed window there you sit,
The wanton sunshine with your curls coquetting,
And there you ply your needle, sing and knit,
While here and there your deft white fingers flit,
A lovely picture in a lovely setting.

When, unaware, your guileless lips let drop,
Some tender strains of melody outgushing,
My Oriental birds grow mute, and stop
To listen, poised upon their swaying prop—
Dumb praise that well might move your cheek to blushing.

You wear a smile upon your happy face,
You never know the pain of vague regretting,
Nor care, nor grief have left the slightest trace
Thus I, a worn-out worldling, read your face—
Your sun of joy has never known a setting.

Sometimes [you turn your shy, sweet eyes this way,
And haply envy me my state and glory;
You do not see the thorns that hedge my way,
You do not know my life is black and gray—
'Tis only, after all, the same old story.

I wear a smile, as joyless women may—
You do not see the worm beneath the blossom;
But oh! the wound that rankles night and day,
But oh! the hurt that aches from dawn to gray,
E'en though I wear a gem upon my bosom.

GROWING OLD.

One by one they are passing away—
The old of our town—to their final rest;
With reverence fashion the pillow of clay
And pile up the earth on the quiet breast.
That pillow is soft to the time-worn head,
That load is light to the aged dead.

They have borne their burden of joy and pains,
They have had their crosses and their losses,
They have wrought out their work, they have gained their gains—
They have smiled their smiles, they have wept their tears.
It is over now! The record closes;
And leave them there, to their long repose.

Speak of them gently, remember them well,
Your earlier children are with us, as we are now;
They strove with temptation—they yielded and fell;
And often they conquered, as we still do,
Their history is what ours shall be,
Speak of them, think of them, tenderly.

But few remain, and when they are gone
We shall fill the places which they now hold;
Our heads will be frosted—our bosoms lone,
Even our hearts will grow tame and cold;
And the faltering step and the failing breath
Will remind us, too, of approaching death.

Revelry, coldness, worldliness, pride—
Why should ye yield to their baneful thrall?
Let us clasp hands closer, as downward we glide
Into the shadow that waits for us all!
For soon we shall be among the old,
And the days of our years shall soon be told.

HERE.

BY ROSE TERRY.

When night comes brooding o'er me,
Like a prison's dreary cell;
And its visions rise before me,
With dream no speech may tell;
When alone with my longing,
And the darkening spell of fear,
I watch the sad stars thronging,
Till the beams of dawn appear.
Then, like some silver chimes—
Come back the old, old times—
The dear old times, my darling,
The living, loving times!

Unsleeping, I remember
The days that are all gone,
Like June dreams in December,
Or flowers when summer's done!
The times that are never over,
For they live in heart, and brain,
And like kisses from a lover,
Their spell comes back again.
Like a song of magic rhymes,
Return the dear old times—
The living, loving times!

This is my lone life's treasure,
That none can take away—
Remember without measure,
Of every vanished day,
Of love-light refined me streaming,
Of tender lips and eyes,
Awake I lie, yet dreaming,
Nor sleep till day shall raise.
Like a bee in blossoming times,
I live in those old times—
The times you know, my darling,
The living, loving times!

Cold are the skies above me,
The earth is wrapped in snow,
And if still, as then, you love me,
Ah! I can not know—
Silence between us lying,
More chill than winter's cold,
Is my heart like a baby crying
For its mother's wonted hold;
But I breathe the summer's prime,
Remember that old time,
Though you forget it, darling,
The living, loving time!

The Test of the Heirs,

—OR—

The Secrets of Randolph Abbey.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Wrecker's Daughter;" "The Detective's Story;" "The Maid of Artine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

(CONTINUED)

ONLY once that evening did Lilias hear the sound of Aletheia's voice, and then the words she uttered seemed so unnatural, so incomprehensible, to that light heart in its passionless ignorance, that they did but tend to increase the germ of dislike and even fear, that was, as we have said, already planted there against this singular person. It was after they had returned to the drawing room that some mention was made of the storm of the preceding evening, to which Lilias had been exposed. Walter was questioning her as to the details, with all the ardor of a bold nature, to whom danger is intoxicating. "But, I suppose," he continued, smiling, "you, even like all women, were too much terrified to think of anything but your own safety?"

"No," said Lilias, lifting up her large eyes to his with a peculiar look of brightness, which reminded him of the dawning of morning, "the appearance of the tempest was so glorious, so grand that it filled the wind, and left no room for fear. I wish you could have seen it. It was as though some fierce spirit were imprisoned behind the deep black veil that hung over the western heavens, to whom freedom and power were granted for a little season—for suddenly one vivid, tremendous flash of lightning seemed to cleave asunder that dark wall, and then the wild, liberated storm came thundering forth, shrieking and raging through the sky, and tearing up the breast of the sea with its cruel footsteps. It was the grandest sight I ever saw."

"I think there must have been another yet more interesting display on board the vessel itself," said the sweet low voice of Gabriel, "I should have loved rather to watch the storms and struggles of the human soul in such an hour of peril as you describe."

"Ah! that was very fearful," said Lilias shuddering. "I cannot bear to think of it. That danger show d me such things in the nature of man as I never dreamed of. I think if the whirlwind had utterly laid bare the depths of the sea, as it seemed striving to do, it could not have displayed more monstrous and hideous shapes than when its powers stripped those souls around me of all disguise."

"Pray give us some details," said Gabriel, earnestly. He seemed to long for dissection of human nature in agony, as an epicure would for a feast.

Lilias was of too complying a disposition to refuse, though she evidently disliked the task. "One instance may be a sufficient example of what I mean," she said. "There was a man and his wife, whom, previous to the storm, I had observed to be entirely devoted each to the other. He guarded her so carefully from the cold winds of evening, and appeared to live only in her answering affection. Now, when the moments of greatest peril came—when the ship was reeling over, till the great mountains of waves threatened to sweep every living soul from the deck, and the only safety was in being bound with ropes to the masts—I saw this man, fixed to one, with a cord that was not very strong, and holding his wife clasped in his arms, that the waves might not carry her away. At last there came one gigantic billow whose power it seemed impossible to withstand—then I saw this man withdrew the support of his arm from the poor creature, who seemed anxious only to die with him, and used both her hands to clasp the pole which sustained him. She gave a piteous cry, more for his cruelty, I feel sure, than for her own great peril, but with the impulse of self preservation, she suddenly grasped the frail cord which bound him. Then he uttered an impious curse lifted up his hand—I can scarcely bear to tell it," and Lilias shivered and grew pale.

"Go on," said Walter, bravely.

"He lifted up his hand, and struck her with a hard fierce blow, which sent her reeling away to death in the boiling sea, —for death it would have been, had not a sailor caught her dress and upheld her until the wave was past."

"How horrible!" exclaimed Walter.

"Oh! miserable to be thus rescued! Happy—thrice—happy had she died!" said a deep toned, mournful voice behind her.

Lilias started and looked around. The words had been spoken very low, and as if unconsciously, like a soul holding converse with some other soul, rather than a human being communicating with those of her own kind. Yet she felt that they came from Aletheia, who had been sitting for the last hour like an immovable statue, in a high backed open chair, where the shadow of the heavy curtains fell upon her. She had remained there pale and still as marble, her head laid back in the attitude that seemed habitual to her,—the white cheek seeming still whiter contrasted with the crimson velvet against which it lay, and the hands folded in dumb, passive submission on her breast. But now, as she uttered these strange words, a sudden glow passed over her face, like the setting sun beaming out upon snow. The eyes so seldom raised, filled with a liquid light, the chest heaved, the lips grew tremulous.

"What! Aletheia," exclaimed Walter, "happy, did you say, happy to die with that cruel blow?"

"Most happy—oh! most blessed to die by a blow so sweet as from the hand she loved."

Her voice died into a broken whisper. A few large tears trembled in her mournful eyes, but they did not fall. The unwonted color faded from her face and in another moment she was as statue-like as ever, and with the same impenetrable look, which made Lilias feel as if she should never have, either the wish or the courage to address her. Her astonishment and utter horror at Aletheia's strange remarks, were, however, speedily forgotten in the stronger emotion caused her by an incident which occurred immediately after. Sir Michael had not been in the room since dinner time, and now he suddenly entered. He came forward with a rapid step toward Lady Randolph, and even she seemed to quail beneath the steady gaze of his angry eye. He stood before her for a moment, as if the rage that swelled his bosom was too great for utterance, and his face became of the color of iron, white with heat.

"Lady Randolph, he has again presumed to cross my path, I have met him, I have seen him, I stumbled against him, as he came with his noiseless step, like a viper. I should have fallen had I not a firm hold upon the table. Her has he dared—how have you dared to molest me thus?"

"It was not intentional, I am sure," said Lady Randolph, evidently annoyed, "certainly he did not expect to meet you there. You know how careful he is."

"Been I to be exposed to the possibility of such a meeting? Was it not a distinct stipulation that he should avoid even the risk of encountering me? Lady Randolph, is it or is it not a part of the agreement by which I permit him to dwell in this house, that I am never to be tormented with even the sight of him?"

"It is, it is," she answered impatiently, "and for that reason I am vexed that it should have occurred. I admit that you are justified in your complaint, since such was our contract, however cruel this condition. But I will take care that it does not happen again, and at all events, Sir Michael, it seems to me that this is a most unfit discussion to be heard by your nephews and neices!"

"Then I differ from you, "he said, with a bitter smile, for he loved to humble the proud woman, who had trampled on his heart these many years. "As they have various motives for seeking to please me, it is as well they should know my peculiar tastes. Let me tell you then," he said, turning towards them "that there is one man in the world whom I hate as I would hate the vilest reptile, and that man is under this roof. Whoever wishes my favor, therefore, will avoid him as they would a pestilence."

"Let us go," said Lady Randolph hastily rising, "it is quite late. Come, Lilias, you look pale with fatigue. I will show you the way to your room, in case you lose yourself in the long passages."

This produced an immediate dispersion of the party, Aletheia glided away while her aunt was speaking, and Gabriel followed her with his eyes till the door closed on the dark figure. Then he came with many expressions of kindly interest to hope that Lilias would rest well, while Walter warmly shook hands with her, and seemed, in his simple "good-night," very fervently spoken, to express far more than his cousin had done. But it was not fatigue that had changed for a moment the color from the sweet face of Lilias, it was the blighting breath of that deadly thing, the hate of a human heart. Never before had this innocent child come in contact with such a passion. Of love she knew enough. Its fragrant atmosphere had been around her from her cradle. It had come to her night by night, in the fond kiss of her grandfather, and well nigh hour by hour in the endearing words and caressing arms of the kind old nurse, who cherished her, as such sweet blossoms of life's early spring ever cherished by those who have retained the witness that to hate she knew nothing. It was the first time that this accursed thing had crept into her presence which steals about this world, poisoning the well-springs of friendship and affection that rise to refresh us out of the desert sands of this our pilgrimage, and turning their pure waters into blood.

The first touch of this vile passion sickened the young heart of Lilias and filled it with the most intense compassion for him, unknown as he was, who had become the victim of such a fierce aversion. How she wondered who he was, and what he had done to be so detested, and it seemed to her gentle nature that no man, not the worst criminal, could, with justice, be so dealt with by a fellow creature. But a kind of instinct told her that the hate was causeless, and therefore did it seem to wound her, as if herself had been injured. She followed Lady Randolph through the long galleries, and she whose step had been so fearless on the dangerous mountains, now shrank from the shadows on the wall, for it seemed to her as if this house, and every heart within it, was full of dark, strange specters —bad thoughts haunting these souls like ghosts—evil passions lurking beneath fair outward appearances, and words full of meaning which she could not fathom floating on her ear.

But for the deep peace of her own innocence, the clear cool waters of perfect truth in which her own soul lay steeped, so fresh and pure, Lilias would have trembled to remain an inhabitant of this place, when she felt instinctly there was so much that was mysterious and dark. But she resolved to hold firm her own sweet faith and practice, that there was mercy in all events and good in every heart, and that she had naught to do but to love all mankind with an active charitable love. And so she trusted to be as safe and happy here as in her Irish home, where simplicity of life was the natural result of simplicity of heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CELIE.

BY GEORGE SAND.

SECOND PART—CONTINUED.

THE buildings add to the charm of the landscape. Rich or poor, they are always pretty or poetic. While the resident of the South thinks of following *the style* and is fond of glaring colors, that of the North remains in harmony with his fogs, and seems to aid them in softening down its outlines. He has not the bad taste to besmear his house with gaudy paints. He employs almost the crude material that the soil provides him with. The rounded silex that the sea rolls up on his shores have fractures of a satin grey, that everywhere happily sets off the frameworks of black or reddish flint-stone. The reliefs of the angles and the openings are not vulgar shame in distemper, violating all laws of prospective. They are good, honest layers of pale gray stone, or, in the older buildings, of wooden plasters, which make no attempt at deception. What need to seek for brilliancy of tone where nature gleams with verdure, with flowers, and with fruits? All that the houses have to do is to efface themselves as much as possible, so as to be no blemish in this splendid garden that surrounds them and embraces them. Straggling vines and bowers of clematis and brambles protect the maturity of the fruits and vegetables on conditions which elsewhere would seem prejudicial to them, and, ignorant of the rights of ownership, grow over into the neighboring enclosures to entwine themselves with their fellows. The valley of Yport is an adorable specimen of these cases, which extend their beautiful vegetation and their mild and sheltered climate even to the foaming edge of the waves. Among those that I have been through, none appeared to me more rustic and more full of character. At that time there were as yet no sea-baths, no villas, no cottages. Those of to-day have not yet spoiled anything. But beware of the fashion, the Cockney, and the Englishman, when they introduce into this enchanted spot the sham ruins and the ridiculous feudal fortresses with which they have bastiled the valley of Etretat, the hillsides of Hyeres, and all our shores!

As Mlle. Merquem had told me beforehand, the village was inhabited only by fishermen; and I found them the same handsome and hardy race of men as those of La Canielle. There was this difference, however, between them—that, thanks to the admiral's gifts of land and his counsels, the fishers of La Canielle were accustomed to the cultivation of little gardens, and to the knowledge of the pleasures of a semi-pastoral life. At Yport, the fishermen's houses, joined one to the other as near as possible to the little beach, were entirely separate from those of the gardening peasants, scattered about the neighboring orchards. The disdain of a maritime race for the enjoyments of the land was there to be seen in all its rudeness. While on the borders of the Mediterranean the old sailor devotes himself to the pretentious construction of his cottage and the cultivation of African plants in his garden, carefully enclosed and jealously guarded, the sailor of the North, more poetical and more sombre, disdains to strike a spade into the soil that bears him. He has an horror of work unconnected with excitement and danger. He buys a few fathoms of rock, builds himself a shelter, and, when not upon the waves, does like Stephen—smokes, contemplates, or tells stories. Near him the laborer strives to produce, and the exchange of commodities serves to bind together them, without any better mutual relations ever modifying in any way the sharp contrast between their tastes and customs. The thing is so well established that there is no longer any discussion possible, no longer any question of moral or intellectual precedence; but at the bottom of his soul the fisher feels his superiority, and his pride in his profession is written on his forehead. He is a constant fighter, with great dangers for his gain. At the hour when the countryman goes to supper or to bed, he makes ready and undertakes a majestic work. He puts on a manly dress, he calls together a tribe of associates, he prepares immense engines, he sets steadfast boats afloat, all the while giving orders to his family like a man who says to himself every day, at the same hour, that perhaps he may not return.

In other respects, here as at La Canielle, the types are clearly contrasted, and to the last rampart of the cliff, the countryman is a countryman as the sailor is a sailor. The latter is known by his high stature, his proud air, and his brief way of speaking. The other's speech is thick, his gait shuffling, his look impressed with cunning and anxiety to please. The small manufacturer of the same blood. The countryman is not contented on the richest soil in the world; He is unhappy, and can see only the stranger who moves about from place to place. The fisher escapes this misery by his associations. We recognize in him the man of action, the robust descendant of the primitive family of men of prey, rebels against the slavery of sedentary labor. There are some very old men among them who are still erect as masts; from father to son neither the pickaxe nor the mattock, nor the thin arms of the plough, have hardened their hands, narrowed their chests, or bent their backs. Their large noses are beaked like harpoons, and they have the round, clear, prominent eye of the diving birds; nothing of the porpoise or the seal. The monsters of the abyss are the enemies or the victims which fly before the fisher. The type of the highest and oldest of the cod, was seen elsewhere in human society; here the man of the sea is the eagle of the sea, and the sometimes exaggerated resemblance constitutes an ugliness which is never vulgar nor unpleasant.

One day, when I had induced Stephen to seize the sense and spirit of these faces, which up to that time he had been unwilling to consider, we approached, at low tide, a pedestrian who was coming from the direction of Fecamp by the base of the cliff, and who directed his steps toward us. I paid very little attention to him at first, but Stephen seizing me by the arm, "The devil take me," said he, in his hoarse voice, which seemed to become clearer when he was moved a little, "if that isn't Montroger coming there! I've only seen him once—they pointed him out to me—but I would swear that I am not mistaken."

"Ah, heaven be praised!" I cried, looking at him attentively, "it is he; he is come to look for me! I was obedient in shunning him, but I can do no more. I can't hide myself. Come, Stephen, let's go and meet him; let us at least know what he intends to do."

"Excuse me, my dear fellow," answered Stephen, "but, in the first place, it is not certain that he is looking for us. A man can come to Yport without knowing that you are here. In the second place, without hiding yourself, you can stay there very well, while our backs are turned. If he is looking for you, he has already seen and will approach you; if not, he will go his way, and you will avoid a quarrel which might compromise your fiances."

"I will avoid a quarrel by my language and my actions—at least, unless he is a brute-beast, determined to quarrel anyhow; and in that case—"

Montroger drew near. I rose. Stephen, having no hope of convincing me, followed. We walked straight toward him, and I stretched out my hand to him with a feeling of the goodness of my cause, but with a determination to submit to no refusal of my advances without demanding the reason.

He had not expected to find me so soon, although he had come for me. His eyes were cast down; my appearance surprised him, and his countenance changed; but he made no hesitation whatever to taking my hand, and saluted Stephen politely. Reassured by this reception, Stephen passed on as if to continue his walk, and I returned toward Yport with Montroger.

"Ah, well! my dear Armand," said he soon as we were alone. "it was because you wished to be delicate with me that you condemned yourself to leave the country? It was very generous on your part, and it must have been painful to you. Now that the blow has fallen, I don't know what should prevent you from returning; and if you like, I will take you back again to La Canielle to-day.'

I thanked him, saying that I should not return to La Canielle without having received orders to do so.

"I bring you a verbal order," he said. "You are waited for with an impatience—"

"An impatience which you exaggerate probably, and in which I shall have faith only after receiving a written order."

"You are either distrustful or modest —you shall do as you please; but I have wanted to tell you on my own account. We have much to talk about, for this is a delicate situation. I have suffered much; not so much from Mlle. Merquem's determination—to which I can make no opposition in any way—as from the mystery with which she has surrounded her proceedings. I had a right to more frankness on her part, and perhaps also on yours."

"On mine? I do not think so. The secret belongs only to her."

"Well then! admit, however, that you have risked making me very ridiculous,—"

"Such was not my intention; but allow me to refuse to answer any questions whatever, or to defend myself from any reproach, before knowing the motive of the visit which you do me the honor to make me."

"That is just; I will proceed as you—I must give you an account, then, of what has taken place since your departure. I am a little down—I am fatigued, and suffer a little."

His face was really altered. He had not grown thin, but his eyes were sunken, and his cheeks purpled. Whether it was the effect of the sea wind or of sorrow, he was no longer the same, and his look seemed to me feverish. I pitied him, and made myself out to be very good-natured, unless he should force me to be hostile. We sat down, and I waited till he was quite ready to speak. He made an effort, and said: "The last time that we met at La Canielle I saw plainly that Mlle. Merquem told me a falsehood in saying that you had some very serious business summons to you. you will admit that you did not come for that purpose?"

"I have told you, sir, that I will not submit to being questioned. I thought I had done enough to be excused from it by saying that I had never thought of placing you in a ridiculous position. Must I repeat it? I consent, but it will enter into no details before you have testified to an absolute trust in my truthfulness; and so far you seem to express some doubt, the complete expression of which I wait for."

"You are right again," he answered, drying his forehead, which was bathed in perspiration; "I am very much out of plain. Well! that day, seeing that I was played with, by *her* at least, I arranged a play myself. I pretended to think seriously of a charming marriage, which I had never dreamed of; and when I saw Mlle. Merquem reassured concerning my intentions, I said to her, taking leave of her, the very great desire which she unskillfully showed me that she had of dismissing me in order to rejoin you."

He made a pause, and looked at me. I remained impassible. I was, however, revolted by the want of propriety and dignity with which this scene was brought up, but with so little delicacy of mind—expressed himself in regard to Celie. He spoke as if he had some right over her, almost like a deceived husband; and such disclosures as these, to a happy rival, argued the softening of a troubled brain, or a secret desire of provocation from me. I believed that he had persuaded Celie not to take the initiative, and that we were equally bound by an oath which each of us wished to see broken by the other.

"For some time," he continued, "I saw plainly that you were pushing your advantage, and that Celie wanted to be rid of the fact. I followed Celie, and saw her enter with you into a grotto in the cliff. There was no longer any doubt; I had been played with! I resolved to kill you—yes, my dear sir, it is so; but before I could descend the rocky steps, you were far away, and Mlle. Merquem was returning alone to meet me. She took me by the arm with a desperate determination, and said to me: 'I am glad to find you again. I have something to say to you in private; come into the house again with me.' I submitted. As soon as she treated me like a man, I could yield to her. She was very sincere; and, after having given me an account of the whole affair, she concluded by saying that she had imposed one condition upon her marriage with you—that I should agree to it without too much suffering. Is it really so? and may I ask you if you have accepted that condition?"

"Yes. I did not accept it with pleasure, as you can easily believe; but I submitted to it out of devotion to *her*."

He took a long breath for a moment, as if relieved of a part of his burden, then he resumed; "But the question is, what did she understand by the words, 'agree to it without too much suffering?' How did you understand it?"

"I did not understand it. She only could be the judge of the degree of pain which she would have to spare you; and I submitted blindly, as, in such cases, a man with a heart ought to do with a woman who he adores and respects."

"And yet I, too, respect and adore this woman; and I did not submit all at once like that—"

"You were wrong."

"What!"

"You were wrong."

"Possibly; but I had other rights than you. Fifteen years of friendship are more serious than two or three months of love; and she had so confirmed me in my belief that she would never love any one, that her retraction produced on me the effect of a theft or a murder. I will not conceal from you that I have done everything in the world to dissuade her from marriage. I have said no ill of you, because I had none to say. If I had known of some bad action committed by you, I would not have concealed it from her—"

"That would have been your duty."

"I cursed you for being a man of merit and honor; but to her I represented that you were too young for her, that she would repent of her folly, that her old age would be sorrowful, ridiculous, and suspicious; and then I spoke to her of myself, of our situation, of our ages, of my inviolable attachment, of the wishes of our friends, all that the desire and the wish to supplant you could suggest to me."

"It was your right."

"Yes! I see plainly that you have the calmness of a victor; but you must know all. I continue. She made me stay to dinner, and we talked together all the evening. She was wonderfully amiable in the conversation, and even as the evening advanced she appeared to become less firm in her resolution; for when I went away, she said that she would reflect during the night, and that she wished to see me again the next morning, in order to tell me if she still persisted. This was a little *ruse*; she wanted to give you time to save yourself."

"What do you say, sir?" I rejoined, placing my hand on his, and looking fixedly into his eyes.

He had a flash of hope at seeing me irritated, but he felt that in following up the incident he would take upon himself the part of provocation. He continued: "I have made use of an improper expression. You had sworn to depart —you departed. At eleven o'clock in the evening I was at La Plantier; they told me that you were on your way to Paris. I ran to the depot. Too late. I waited for another train. In short, I was at your house, in Paris, at five in the morning. I was balked, and set out an hour afterward to be at La Canielle by noon. I was in a rage; I did not conceal from Mlle. Merquem that, since she had laughed at me at the moment when I was counting on her entire confidence, I should find some way to discover you in order to have an explanation with you."

"Will you be good enough to tell me what explanation you intended to ask of me when you were looking for me at La Plantier, at the railroad station, and at Paris?"

"I would be embarassed to tell you. I had not fully made up my mind; but one thing is sure, I didn't intend to clasp you to my heart—"

"Then Mlle. Merquem was right in not having confidence in you, and in delaying matters a little in order to preserve your life, which is justly dear to her; for my head was no cooler than yours that day, and I inspired her with no more confidence than you, since she forced from me a promise to depart and even to conceal myself. You should understand that I have suffered in submitting to this, and that it is not becoming for you to remind me of it too often."

"You are right, and I was wrong! You are master of the situation and I am its victim. Triumph is easier to bear than defeat; have a little patience, then, if in my explanations I do not possess all the calm that is desirable."

"As soon as you invoke my patience, I promise you to show a great deal of it."

"Stop! will you promise not to interrupt me? Let me say what I have in me; you can answer afterward on all the points, as you understand it."

"I consent; but do not abuse too much the advantage that I grant you."

"I will do my best, for it is necessary to understand the situation clearly, and see what ground we stand upon. It is frightful to live as I have lived for three weeks; I have never been so unhappy; it is an endless alternation between doubt and hope. I have seen Mlle. Merquem almost every day; she has allowed me to besiege her with my representations and my prayers, my despair and my threats, for I have made a scene with her more than once. She has shown the patience of an angel. It has gone so far that, in seeing her depart, through compassion for me and anxiety for you, from her habits of seclusion, the town of La Canielle has been in a a ferment; the neighbors have talked, and Mme. de Malbois gives out that I am at last happy! That gives you a cold chill all down your back, I see; and I can even give myself the pleasure of making you a little jealous,—I who have only one part left to take—that of conducting you to the feet of Celie and of blessing your marriage, under penalty of passing for the most complete dupe under the sun.

"Is that the part on which you have determined?"

"Wait! do not interrupt. That part certainly offered me by Mlle. Merquem, and there were days in which I was persuaded to it; but I could not surrender myself; it was too strong for me. It seemed to me that I had a right to make her suffer, I who suffered so much! I spared her nothing, not even threats, and the curse of her grandfather was beyond the tomb. I made her afraid, I made her weep, I made her sick. You must know all this, and perhaps you cannot pardon me for it. It is without I wish for when I am alone, even though I repent when I see Celie pale and downcast; then I submit and ask her pardon, and promise everything she wishes. The next day I resume my attack and drive her to despair. I wished that, worn out by such a struggle, she should finally and solemnly renounce me herself. I sometimes place your life or mine at this price. I wish to force her to explain what she understands by not *making me suffer too much*. Will she be arrested only by the dread of driving me crazy or of making me blow out my brains? Is she only afraid of the scandal of my despair, of a duel between us, or of being blamed by her friends for my grief and my complaints? Or has she really a feeling of remorse at inflicting so cruel a humiliation upon me? In short, she was wrong to impose upon you the condition of my consent. I try in vain to give it to you; it will, perhaps, be only wrested from me with my life. She might have dismissed me brutally; rage would have given me strength, hate would have sustained me, I would have revenged myself cursing her happiness, while——"

"While you are its victim," cried I, incapable of listening to him any longer without indignation. "You do not revenge yourself—you! You torture her for three weeks, and she conceals it from me! You punish her bitterly for her goodness, for her unyielding patience! For fifteen years, to recompense you for some days of devotion, she has devoted herself to the tender care of the insatiable vanity of a man without courage and without virtue! This miserable egotist refuses himself nothing; he is renounced to pleasure, he makes pretention to marriage, he has his vain desire of it; he uses his liberty in the present, he reserves it for the future; and he pretends that the woman he honors with the novel injunction of his preference should renounce everything, in order not to contradict him! She should condemn herself to an eternal solitude, lest any one should say in your little world that another has been more devoted and has deserved to be more happy! Stop! Mons. de Montroger, I pity you notwithstanding; for self-love can impose upon a conscience that has but little delicacy, and cause it torments which resemble those of passion. I was resolved to respect as much as possible, the secret of your weakness and your want of dignity; but you have just confessed that genuineness and goodness only render you more exacting and more brutal; you have just proclaimed your right to make others suffer, and now I regard you as a madman, whose folly I wish to cure, if it is gentle, but to which I know very well how to apply the strait-waistcoat of force, if it becomes furious."

"At last," he cried, rising, "you insult me and you provoke me!"

"Neither," I answered, shrugging my shoulders; "I judge you!"

That word overcame him. He turned pale, stammered out some confused words, and lost consciousness.

Stephen, who had kept within sight, ran up and helped me in bringing him back to life. "Have me taken," said he, "somewhere where I can lie down. I faint from fatigue, and am afraid of being ill."

We were at a little distance from Yport. A boat presented itself just in time. We took him to the inn where I was stopping, without his speaking a word, and gave him my bed, in which it was not long before he was asleep without at all knowing where he was.

I passed into the next room, occupied by Stephen.

The following specimen of Gospel appears in a sermon of a Second Adventist: "We live in an age of unparalleled phenomena. All terrestrial things show signs of age and decay. The earth's pulse has become excited and intermittent, throbbing heavily in the volcanic regions, and its death-spasms are witnessed, as it vomits forth more frequently the burning contents of its fevered bowels."

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY COL. J. W. FORNEY,

NO. LIII.

On the 19th of March, 1791, President Washington wrote from Philadelphia to General Lafayette as follows: "My health is now quite restored, and I flatter myself with the hope of a long exemption from sickness. On Monday next I shall enter upon your friendly prescription of exercise, intending at that time to begin a long journey to the southward." He had been invited by many of the leading characters of the Southern states, who promised him everywhere the cordial and enthusiastic greeting which two years before marked his triumphal progress through New England. The carriage in which he traveled was that in which he usually appeared on public occasions in Philadelphia. This carriage was built by Mr. Clarke, of that city, and was carefully preserved in a house built especially for its reception, where it remained for half a century. It is described as "a most satisfactory exhibition of the progress of American manufactures." It was drawn by six horses, carefully selected for their handsome appearance and endurance. Washington started from his residence, in Market street, at twelve o'clock, on Monday, the 21st of March, 1791. Mr. Jefferson and General Knox escorted him into the State of Delaware, and there left him. Major Jackson, one of his private secretaries, accompanied him until he returned to Philadelphia, the capital of the nation. He arrived at Annapolis, Maryland, on the 25th of March, and remained two days. He stopped at Georgetown, thence proceeded to Mount Vernon, where he remained a week, thence to Fredericksburg, Virginia, where he dined with his old friends and neighbors, recalling, with Chancellor Wythe, the scenes of his youth and early manhood. The party arrived at Richmond at 11 o'clock on Monday, the 11th of April, where, as at Annapolis, Washington was greeted with acclamations and public illuminations. They visited Halifax, Newbern, Wilmington, and other places in North Carolina. Leaving Wilmington, Washington was rowed across Cape Fear river in an elegantly-decorated barge. He arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, on Monday, the 2d of May. Charleston was then the gayest of cities. Milliners and tailors corresponded directly with inventors of dresses in London and Paris. French fashions prevailed, and were often improved upon them. Gentlemen were partial to blue, the product of their staple, indigo. Pantaloons had been introduced, and were worn by some of the younger men, but in a few years were entirely laid aside, and breeches resumed. Duels were frequent. "Drunkenness," said Dr. Ramsey, "was the epidemic vice." There were periodical races, hunting and fishing, and luxurious dinners, followed by dancing and music. The Duc de la Rouchefoucauld Liancourt observed that "from the hour of four in the afternoon the people of Charleston rarely thought of anything but pleasure." The houses, public houses, both constantly full. The inhabitants had acquired great knowledge of European manners, and a stronger partiality for them than was found in New York. A foreign style of life prevailed." This view of the inner society of Charleston was the key to future events controlled by the political opinions there nurtured and disseminated. Here the President had a royal greeting. A twelve-oared barge, commanded by thirteen captains of American ships, conveyed him, with several distinguished gentlemen, from Hadrill's Point, surrounded by a fleet containing an instrument band and a chorus of voices, which greeted him with triumphant airs and songs on his way to the city, where he was received by the Governor, the Society of the Cincinnati and the military, amid ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and public acclamations. He remained a week the center of affection and admiration. At the corporation ball two hundred and fifty ladies wore sashes decorated with his likeness. A portrait of their headdress was a fillet or bandeau, with the inscription "Long live the President," in gilt letters. He sat for his portrait to Colonel Trumbull, the painter, who now adorns the City Hall in Philadelphia. On Monday, the 9th of May, he left Charleston, accompanied by a committee from Savannah, and was escorted on board a richly-decorated boat, rowed down the river by nine sea captains, dressed in light blue silk jackets, black satin breeches, white silk stockings, and round hats, with black ribbons, inscribed "Long live the President," in gold letters. Ten miles from Savannah they were met by other barges, in one of which the gentlemen sung the popular air, "He comes, the Hero comes!" Here new honors and festivities awaited him, and at every place where the populace rapturously received him; returned into South Carolina, visited Columbia, dined at Camden, passed through Charlotte, Salisbury, Salem, Guilford, and other towns in North Carolina, and arrived at Mount Vernon on the 12th of June. On the last day of that month he started for Philadelphia by way of Frederick, York, and Lancaster, and arrived at the Presidential residence about noon on the 6th of July, having been absent nearly three months, during that period performing a journey of 1,887 miles. It was said of Washington that "no man in the army had a better eye for horses." This long tour was a severe test of the capacity of his steeds, and before reaching Charleston he wrote to Mr. Lear, his secretary, "that, though all things considered, they had got on very well, yet if brought back they would not cut capers as they did on setting out. My horses, especially the two I bought just before I left Philadelphia, and my old white one, are much worn down, and yet I have one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles of heavy sand before I get into the upper roads."

While the President was in the South, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison were making a tour in the North. They proceeded to New York, sailed up the Hudson to Albany, visited the principal scenes of the British General Burgoyne's misfortunes, at Stillwater, Saratoga, and Bennington, Fort William Henry, Fort Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and other memorable Revolutionary places. Jefferson amused himself with the gun and hook and line, and indulged his strong taste for natural history.

I recall these facts to show that the custom of Presidential journeys did not originate with President Grant. The example of Washington was followed without censure or exception by all his successors, save Mr. Lincoln, who was constantly at work in the midst of a great war. Eighteen hundred and eighty-seven miles in three months was regarded as an extraordinary feat in 1791; and if the most hopeful of our statesmen had then predicted that the day would come when a successor of Washington would preside over thirty-seven States, with a population of nearly forty millions of people, and travel from Washington city to the Pacific and back, by way of New York and Philadelphia—a double distance of over seven thousand miles, with plenty of time to see and converse with the masses, all in one month