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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Baltimore American Republican.

THE MERCHANT:
OR, THE DELIGHTFUL DREAM OF LOVE.

A tale of truth, in which only the names are fictitious.

Julia Summerville was the daughter of a very respectable father, who died when she was young and left her to the care of one of the best of mothers, who spared no pains in instilling into the mind of Julia those noble principles of honor and virtue, which are at once the diadems of female beauty; and she neglected not to mould her manners, as well as her mind, so as to give her that gentleness, that aimiability, that witching, winning, captivating *nonchalance*, which render some ladies the idols and angels of polished society, and which qualities are not always found in the most aristocratic circles, but as often adorn the humble as the haughty.

Julia Summerville was truly the idol of her fond mother's heart, and of all those who were bound to her by kindred ties, or who had bowed to the magic of her beauty. As I observed before, she had a winning suavity of manner—a perfect witchery in the glance of her exquisite eye, which once observed could never be forgotten. Her beauty was not of that kind which captivates at a glance the heart of the beholder, like a splendid painting, and on which the eye after a while becomes tired of gazing; but it was of that indescribable order, and had in it what the French call a *je ne scais quoi*—a something we cannot tell what, which does not enter the soul in a moment, or win the heart at first sight, but which gradually grows in our affections until it winds around the heart, by imperceptible degrees, the chain of lasting love. The features of Julia were not cast in the exact mould of Grecian regularity, the lines of which blend into one unvarying picture, which is too often like a painting, soulless; but her's were like the beautiful pictures of the Kaleidooscope, ever varying through the operations of the mind, for expression was the charm of her beauty, and that expression was no less than the light of an amiable and cultivated mind. So much did expression change the cast of her countenance, that her beauty was ever new, and the eye of the beholder never grew tired in gazing.

A young merchant in the neighborhood in which Julia resided, had often observed her as she passed, and was pleased with the sweet modesty of her demeanor, as well as the soft, soul-lit expression of her face, and the beautiful symmetry of her person. Insensibly he became more and more fascinated with that lovely being, who crossed his path like an angel of earth, and ere he was aware of it, his heart was feasting on the delicious luxury of love. The little god had stolen in while he was dreaming of the charms of her who was becoming the idol as well as the angel of his soul's idolatry. Henry Freeland (for such was the name of the young merchant) was a stranger both to the ecstasies and agonies of love. He had never until now seen female loveliness that could for a moment charm his heart, and hence, though a captive to Julia's charms, he imagined himself free, thus proving that love is an involuntary passion, and may gain admittance to the heart ere we are aware of its presence.

Henry Freeland had nothing to disturb the equanimity of his mind. He was easy in his circumstances, and of a happy disposition; constituted by Nature to look on the bright side of life, and to take every thing fair and easy; but "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." He could not imagine what magic influence possessed his mind and ruled his heart. He was no longer the gay, light-hearted man he had been. He found himself wandering in solitude, and frequently repressed the sigh that was rising in his bosom, he knew not why. When he sat in his counting-house, and the lovely form of Julia caught his eye from the window, the genius of calculation fled from his mind, and in adding the simple sums, he made mistakes innumerable. He was happy only in the presence of Julia, and hence he began to imagine that, as her society was all the world to him, and the world nothing without her, he must be indulging in the delicious dream of love. But that dream has its bitterness and anguish as well as its sweetness and ecstasy, as will be shown in the denoument of our story.

Julia Summerville lived very near the warehouse in which our young merchant was engaged in business, and hence Henry not only saw her frequently passing, but had frequent opportunities of spending an hour in conversation with her, who soon was the possessor of his undivided heart, though she was innocent of any effort on her part to make him a captive to the power of her charms. Her unaffected, engaging manners, sprightly and sparkling conversation, and natural charms of person, were sufficient alone to render captive a heart like his, alive to the noble and generous impulses of our nature. Every day, every hour made her more and more necessary to his happiness, until she became the very charm of his existence. She became more and more the angel of his heart's idolatry, till at length he loved her to madness. The counting-room was deserted, and the young merchant could alone be found by the side of the fascinating Julia, the very Syren of his soul, though unlike the Syrens that charmed the mariners of Ulysses to destruction, she only conferred happiness upon him. Henry, instead of the counting-house, was often found in the *boudoir* of his beautiful Julia, amusing himself by slyly taking away her album, and then laying a wager she could not find it, which was only an excuse by stratagem for making her a new present.

Thus time passed on, and Henry Freeland continued every day to bow at the footstool of beauty, to worship that witchery of lovely woman, which had bound his heart in the silken chains of love. He was happy in the belief, that if Julia's heart was not already his, he would, ere long, be the proud possessor of it. But, alas! how mutable are all human hopes! How soon are blighted the most brilliant anticipations of man!

Henry had not seen Julia for some time. The sweet intimacy which had existed had been suspended, and a cloud seemed to be gathering over the heart and the hopes of the merchant. The cause of their coldness seemed to be shrouded in mystery. Still the heart of Henry was as devoted as ever, and even the thought that Julia should ever be possessed by another was worse to him than death.

One dark and gloomy day the merchant was sitting in his counting-room alone, engaged in melancholy reflection. He was fast sinking into a reverie—it was truly a dream of love. Suddenly a quick footstep fell upon his ear—he started, and beheld his friend George Newman standing before him, with uplifted hands, and exclaiming with great emphasis—

'Henry Freeland, you are ruined forever. You will awake from the dream of love in which you have indulged, to weep and—

'For Heaven's sake," ejaculated the merchant, 'what do you mean by those omnious words so full of import?'

'I mean what I say,' returned George, 'you are ruined for ever.'

'Then for the sake of mercy,' exclaimed the merchant, starting to his feet, 'keep me no longer in suspence, but tell me the worst, though the fatal tidings blast me in a moment.'

'Sit down then, Henry Freeland, and be calm, while I relate to you *that* for which you are unprepared. She at whose feet you bowed the slave of love, to whom you have given your heart, and in the expectation of whose affection you have embarked your hopes of happiness—I say, Julia Summerville, whom you have so loved, will soon become the wife of another.'

'God of Heaven forbid it,' gasped the merchant, as he sunk in his arm chair and buried his face in his hands.

'God forbid, I say,' exclaimed George, 'but it is true. Julia has botrothed her heart and hand to the gay and frivolous Albert Maitland, and ere another moon shall wax and wane, the beautiful and beloved of your heart will have become the wife of another.'

As the last words died upon the speaker's lip, Henry Freeland sprung from his chair, stood for a moment in the wild and distracted attitude of despair, and fell senseless upon the floor. When a small degree of consciousness was restored he found himself in bed, and a small white hand softly bathing his brow. It was the hand of Julia. Henry fixed his eyes upon her, and never had she appeared so inexpressibly beautiful.

'Julia,' at length he exclaimed, 'will you, can you blast forever the fond hopes I have cherished as the charm of existence? Will you forever sacrifice my happiness by giving your heart to one who is altogether unworthy of your love? Oh, Julia! can you violate that vow which is registered in heaven by an angel's holy hand?'

She gazed for a moment upon him with sorrowful countenance, then melted into a passionate flood of tears, and hastily fled from the apartment.

Henry Freeland recovered—and as he stood one day gazing upon the exquisite form of Julia, he exclaimed mentally, 'She shall be mine, or I'll perish in the attempt.'

Scarcely had the words died upon his lips, ere a servant entered and handed a letter to the unsuspecting merchant. Supposing it to be a business letter, he leisurely opened it, when to his utter astonishment and dismay he read the following:

'SIR: The die is cast, and the prize of beauty is mine. Think not I triumph when I assure you that it is useless for you to attempt to reverse the decrees of fate. The charming, the beautiful Julia Summerville in three days will be mine.

Yours, &c. ALBERT MAITLAND.'

The merchant walked his counting-house floor in an agony of despair for a few moments, then turning to his desk, he wrote the following answer and challenge to mortal combat:

'SIR: Your unfeeling and insolent language merits, and is met, by the most sovereign contempt. I, therefore, challenge you to meet me at the time and place, and with the weapon of death, which it falls to your province to choose.

Your rival, HENRY FREELAND.'

This note was read over and over again, then sealed and delivered into the hands of his friend, George Newman, to whom he communicated its contents.

'Will you,' said George, 'be so rash as to meet a man who is a dead shot, and who has made the art of duelling the study of his life? Certain death awaits the man that stands before him.'

'I care not,' returned the enraged merchant; 'am I tamely to bear the cold insults of a villain, who has basely snatched from my arms the object I most loved on earth, and blasted my happiness forever? No, there are wrongs which are beyond human endurance, and there are pangs that I would sooner perish than endure.'

'Be it so, then,' returned George, 'I will deliver the message, and may no mischief grow out of the impropriety.'

The very morning of the day on which the marriage of Albert Maitland and Julia Summerville was to take place, was fixed for the hostile meeting of the two enraged rivals. All the preceding night Henry Freeland walked the floor, philosophizing on the power of that passion, which the charms of woman implants in the heart of man. The persuasive eloquence of woman, said he to himself, was the cause of the fall of all mankind, and the charms of the beautiful Helen of Greece caused Troy to fall, and the proud palaces of Priam, with the lofty towers of Ilian, to lie level with the dust. And now, soliloquized he, I shall soon, perhaps be a victim of the love of woman.

While he was thus musing, the day dawned, and the sun never rose upon a lovelier June morning, perhaps to rise no more to him, but to go down upon his grave. The reflection was a sad one, and brought tears into his eyes, as he thought of the happy moments he had spent in the presence of the fair, but faithless Julia; yet his was not a mind to flinch from its purpose, or to be melted by sympathetic feelings.

Henry Freeland attired himself as usual; partook of a light breakfast; and, after making his will, prepared to meet his antagonist. The party arrived at the celebrated duelling ground at Bladensburg about eleven o'clock; and, after the usual preliminaries, the ground was measured off. The pistol was the weapon chosen, and six paces the distance.—Attempts were made by the seconds to bring matters to an amicable conclusion, but they proved futile, and it was at length agreed, as both parties were uncompromising, that the dispute should be decided by the duello. Lots were cast for the privilege of the first fire, and won by Henry, who raised his pistol and fired, but missed. It was now the right of Albert Maitland to advance half way and take deliberate aim, for such was the agreement made by the seconds. Certain death now seemed to be the fate of the merchant, but to the astonishment of all, he fired and missed. Another attempt at reconciliation was made, but the terms were humiliating and displeasing to both, and after much altercation, it was agreed that the antagonists should have another fire. The face of Maitland had become as pale as death; a trembling seized him; and as the word was given to fire, the pistol fell from his hand as the report of both pistols was heard, and both of the antagonists fell to the ground. The whole of the spectators now gathered around, while the surgeon examined the wounds and pronounced both to be mortally wounded. The place where they fought, was the very same spot where the brave Decatur fell.

With every possible secrecy the wounded combatants were borne back to the city, and it was now, when the dark winged angel of death was hovering o'er the unhappy Henry, that he began to look back upon happier days, and to muse upon the rapidly approaching hour when he should be wrapped in the sable habiliments of the grave.—The love of Julia was still strong in his heart, and he would have given worlds to receive her forgiveness, before his dying heart should cease to pulsate forever.

It was night ere the carriages, which conveyed the wounded combatants, arrived in the city. With the utmost secrecy they were conveyed to the same house, where every comfort was administered by the friends who attended them.

The gay and graceful Julia was already attired in her bridal dress, and her blooming face was clothed in smiles. She was sitting before a large mirror, adjusting her head-dress when a servant entered and placed in her hand a written note. She no sooner had read it than she fled from the apartment, no one knew whither. As she entered the room to which the wounded combatants had been conveyed, a wild shriek rung upon every ear, and she rushed to the couch on which Henry lay.

'Oh! how have you been deceived,' she cried, 'and how rashly have you paid the penalty of that deception. Thus have men often doubted the affection of woman, and cherishing that doubt, they have been betrayed to ruin. They listen to the tales of the envious, while they doubt the vow of purest affection.'

As the eye of Julia caught the eye of the expiring Maitland, another scream rung on Henry's ear, and starting, he awoke.

'Why, what in the world is the matter, Mr. Freeland,' said his clerk, shaking him, 'you have certainly been dreaming.'

As observed before, the merchant had fallen into a reverie in his chair in the counting-room, and, while sleeping, had been enjoying a delicious dream of love, in which he imagined what he often fancied when awake, that Julia's heart was not sincere. Happy indeed was he to find it all a dream. Julia remains as fair and lovely as ever in the eyes of our young merchant, and equally as much beloved.

RELHUEB.

A TALE BEARER is a physical curiosity. His corporeal organization, not less than his mental structure, must be different from Zeno's pupil, who had two ears and but one mouth. He is an animated sieve—a walking funnel, a canal of communication; but, unlike that sometimes useful medium, he is never either sluggish or stagnant—but, like water, which occasionally is so, he generates miasma and propagates disease. He is as pestiferous as a fen in the dog days, or a tallow melter's on a Monday. If simplicity enter him, it comes out compound; if purity, a drug or a puddle. He is an echo which hears and doubles, and a whispering gallery; for if you address him in secret in the market place he will tell that you did so.

FRANKLIN'S MODE OF LENDING MONEY.—"I send you, herewith, a bill of ten louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give much: I only lend it to you. When you return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will, in time, enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet another honest man in similar distress, you will pay me by lending this money to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus pass thro' many hands before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine to do a great deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a little."

"Mrs. Grimes, lend me your tub?" "Can't do it; all the hoops are off; besides I never had one, because I wash in a barrel." That reminds us of the Duchman: "I comes home and I fints my wife wide open, and te toor fast asleep. I fints my neighbors poonkins proke into my hog patch, and picks up a hog, and I preaks it oper every rails's pack in de field, and dey run to der tuyful, as if te fence vas behint 'em."

"Shall I help you down," as the shark said to the man who was floating upon the water.

BE ACTIVE FOR HEALTH.—Horace Martin, who has bestowed a great deal of attention to the subject, well observes, that every motion of the human frame helps to construct a fortification against disease, and to render the body more impregnable against its attacks. It requires, indeed, no very strong imagination to see the horrid forms of the disease themselves, as they are exercised and driven from the bodies which were once their victims, and are compelled to seek some new tenement. Those prodigious leaps over the vaulting horse, how they kick heriditary gout out of their toes! Those quick somersets, with their quick and deep breathings, are ejecting bronchitis, asthma and phthisic from the throat and lungs. On yonder pendant rope consumption is hung up like a malefactor, as he is. Legions of blue-devils are impaled on those parallel bars. Dyspepsia lost hold of its victim when he mounted the flying horse, and has never since been able to regain his accursed throne, and live by gnawing the vitals.

There goes a flock of nervous distempers, head-ache, and the tic-douloureux, and St. Anthony's fire, there they all fly out of the window, seeking some stall-fed alderman, or fat millionaire, or aristocratic old lady.—Rheumatism and cramps and spasms sit coiled up like satanic imps, as they are; the strong muscle of the atheletes have shaken them off, as the lion skakes the dew from his mane. Jaundice flies away to yellow the cheeks and blear the eyes of some fair young lady reclining on ottoman's in her parlor. The balancing pole shakes lumbago out of the back and all kinds of the formal stitches out of the side. Pleurisy and apoplexy, fever and paralysis, and death hover around; they look into the windows of this hall, but finding brain and lungs and heart all defiant of their power, they go away in quest of some lazy cit, some guzzling drone, or some bloated epicure, at his late supper to fasten their fatal fangs upon them. Disease, with its thousand flying, hurrying death-warrants, finds a feeder in intemperance and idleness.

SQUEAMISHNESS.—A young lady fainted at a dinner party the other day because her beau was so indiscreet as to offer some *breast* of the duck without *dressing*. It is the same lady, we presume, who could not keep her countenance on account of the flies in the parlor taking liberties before her. If there is anything in this country needs the severest ridicule, it is the unwarrantable squeamishness of our ladies. We fancy that this national peculiarity will, when education shall have been more thoroughly diffused, be overcome by sound sense and refinement; for it certainly is not refinement that causes ladies to faint at nothing, and when nothing is intended. We abhor vulgarity as we do the worst evils, but squeamishness is on the other hand abominable. We have seen persons pervert the holy scriptures while reading in the presence of the ladies; for fear of giving offence, even at the family altar. We could not but think they paid a very poor compliment to the refinement of their auditors.—*Del. Com.*

A NOVEL USE OF A LADY'S CORSET is chronicled in a late number of the Liverpool Mercury. A respectfully dressed female was observed by one of the custom House officers, leaving the Victoria dock, and fancying—rash man—that she was bulkier about the upper part of the body than her natural form and figure would admit, he took her to Bridewell. A search was made, when it was found that her calico stays were not whaleboned as we believe, with our limited experience ladies stays generally are, but that in place of the whalebone, there were three long pieces of foreign manufactured tobacco (ladies twist!) weighing, altogether, about three pounds.

The lady was fined 20s and the stays forfeited and publicly exhibited in Court to the great amusement and edification of the bachelor spectators.

REASON FOR LOVING IRELAND.—An aristocratic Irish absentee, speaking of his native country, said it was an execrable place, in fact, the only thing worth owning was the whiskey. "You mean to say, then," said a waggish friend, "that with all her faults you love her *still*."

A sub-editor announces that the editor of the paper is unwell, and piously adds—"all good paying subscribers are requested to make mention of him in their prayers—the other class need not do it, as the prayers of the wicked avail nothing."

"Pete, I wants to ax you a sarcumstance. Why is a niggar's head like a United States Omnibus? Does you give him up? Cause dey carry passengers outside." "Niggar, eis will 'mortalize you."