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Poetry. Influence. Drop follows drop, and swells With rain the sweeping river; Wood follows wood, and tells A truth that lives forever.

Selected Tale. A THRILLING STORY. THE RIVAL LOVERS: Or, the stolen Bank Notes.

The newspapers of 1810 contained a few brief paragraphs, cold, bare, and partial as a tombstone, relative to a singular, and to my thinking, instructive passage in the domestic annals of the country, with which I happened to be intimately acquainted. The impression it produced on me at the time was vivid and profound, and a couple of lines in a Liverpool journal the other day, entirely announcing the death of a Madame L'Estrange, recalled each incident as freshly to memory as if given there but yesterday; and moreover induced me to peruse the following narrative, in which, so far as Martin Travers was concerned, I saw a reflection of my own life. I have given the whole affair, divested of coloring, or concealment.

not to be shaken off, whilst I, considerably alarmed by the result of the pacific overture I had ventured upon; did, of course the same. We strolled on, in silence, till just as we reached Hobbs', and a Mr. Hervey, with his daughter Constance, turned suddenly out of St. James' street. I was sorry but to be tipped of my ears in an instant. Travers and Capel stopped abruptly, stared fiercely at each other, and barely recovered presence of mind in sufficient time to lift their hats in acknowledgement of Mr. Hervey's brief greeting, and the lady's slight bow, as after half pausing, they passed on. It was all clear enough now. My two gentlemen had come to Piccadilly in the hope of meeting with Constance Hervey, and accompanying her home; frustrated in this, they had determined not to lose sight of each other; nor did they for three mortal hours, during which, anxiety lest their rascalous ill-humor should break out into open quarrel, kept me hanging about from post to pillar with them—so silent companions, so utterly wearisome that I had several times half a mind to propose that they should fight it out at once, or toss up which should jump for the others benefit into the Thames. At length ten o'clock struck, and it appearing to be mutually concluding that a visit to Kensington was no longer possible, a sorry expression of relief escaped them, and our very agreeable party separated.

A very dangerous person in such a crisis was, I knew, this Constance Hervey, though by no means a catch in a pecuniary sense for well connected young men with present salaries of three hundred a year, and twice as much in expectancy. Her father, who had once held his head pretty high in the commercial world, had not long since become bankrupt, and they were now living upon an annuity of little more than a hundred pounds, so secured to Mr. Hervey that his creditors could not touch it. This consideration, however, is one that weighs but little with men in the condition of mind of Capel and Travers, and I felt that once enthralled by Constance Hervey's singular beauty, escape or resignation to disappointment was very difficult and hard to bear. She was no favorite of mine, just then, by the way. I had first seen her about three years previous to the present time, whilst yet the light, the simplicity, the candor, of young girlhood lingered over, and softened the graces of the woman, I read in the full depths of her dark eyes an exultant consciousness of beauty, and the secret instinct of its power. Let me, however, in fairness state that I had myself—moon-call that I must have been—made sundry toady, blushing advances to her, and that she had not only rejected them, but had even then, whilst yet the light, the simplicity, the candor, of young girlhood lingered over, and softened the graces of the woman, I read in the full depths of her dark eyes an exultant consciousness of beauty, and the secret instinct of its power.

Constance Hervey's scruples, I had always thought, now that it was certain his next quarters salary, would be one hundred and fifty pounds—were somewhat overstraining and unreasonable—still I was vexed that he had stooped to deceive her by such a subterfuge. It was, however, no special affair of mine, and I reluctantly accepted his invitation to dine at the Herveys with him on the last day of his bachelorhood, that is, on the following Sunday.—Capel was invited, but he refused, I also declined, and resolutely, to attend the wedding.—That would, I felt, be an *ex post facto* justification.

very pleasant party assembled at Mr. Hervey's on the afternoon of the terrible Sunday, and we were cheerfully chatting over the desert, when the servant girl announced that four gentlemen were at the door, who said they must see Mr. Travers instantly.

part, of No. 18 Brewer street, as a man who would be likely to give me a good price for his gold. Travers accordingly saw Brocard, who after considerable haggling, paid him two hundred pounds in Bank of England notes—four fifties—for one hundred and sixty two guineas. That lately he, (Travers) had often mentioned to Capel, that he wished to raise, as secretly as possible, on his own personal security, a sum of at least two hundred pounds, and that Capel—this he was sure of, as not more than a month had elapsed—Capel had advised him to apply to Louis Brocard for assistance.—He had done so, and Brocard had given him the two one hundred pound notes in exchange for a note of hand, at six months date, for two hundred and twenty pounds.

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