EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

A Democratic Journal, devoted to Southern Rights, News, Politics, General Intelligence, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruins."

W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

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Schect Cale.

FANNY. A Tale from Real Life.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Fanny Austin stood at the window while the sun was setting-an open, French window, whose flowing white curtains half hid the slender form of the young girl. She was not looking towards the west; though the sunset pageant was beautiful to behold -she was looking toward the east, not at the shadowy sky, not at the dark, forest-crowned hills, but far away down the dusty road, with her lovely, smiling, expectant eyes. The gold and crimson of sunset passed away, the dews and shades of twilight came on-and still Fanny stood at the window. A servant entered and lit the lamps, and, as he went out, looked back at the fair girl with a pleasant, knowing smile; then Fanny's mother came in-quietly arranged a slightly disordered table-looked at her abstracted daughter silently, but with a fond, proud, most motherly expression, and

The twilight deepened, and the stars of f n glorious June evening came out in

Fanny steps through the open window tening intently. Surely she hears the comes across the bridge, down in the ravine!-now it ascends the hill-now comes the gleam of a white horse dashing up the road, urged by an eager rider; and Fanny Austin turns quickly, and re-enters the parlor, where she demurely seats herself at a table, and takes up a book.

Through how many twilights during the past year had Fanny waited and watched for the coming of that milk-white steed! She had grown to know his gallop across the bridge as well as she knew the voice of his master. Fanny's lover lived in the lit up and tea all ready for us, the evening them and part them forever. city, five miles away-and in all seasons and all weathers came to visit his liege lady on this favorite horse, a beautiful and anxiousness at that eastern window for the coming of the bold impetuous riderfor to-morrow they were to be married.

A sweet ideal of early womanhood was Fanny at that moment, with her loveradiating face bent over her book, of whose contents she saw not a word-with the forward fall of her light, wavy hair, half shading her shy, tender, soft blue eyes-with the tremulous play of her parted lips and the vivid flushings of her fair rounded cheek. She was dressed with child-like simplicity, in a lawn of that most delicate blue we see in the far sky-with flowing sleeves, half revealing arms of faultless symmetry. Her white neck was uncovered, and, in place of a fare sumptuously every day.' But, alas, brooch, she wore at her bosom a bunch of pale blush roses. How her high-beating heart rocked them, and shook out their perfumes !- how eloquent, how fitly, her love spoke in the rise and fall of those rose-buds, and breathed in the fragrance they exhaled!

There is a quick step in the hall without -the door is flung open! Let us look up with Fanny at him, who stands on the

A figure of medium height, manly yet more delicate than robust-a face intellectually handsome, though exceedingly fresh and youthful-the full red lips all smiles, the large brown eyes all tenderness, a deep flush on the slightly bronzed cheek-the dark curly hair somewhat disordered and blown about the broad brow by the fresh night wind; so stood Henry Lester-but only for an instant stood, a little blinded by the light-then stepped joyfully forward. Fanny rose, half fond, half fearful, the passion of the woman as trife with the shyness of the child, to meet where read of, who killed and cooked the his glad embrace.

"You are late to-night, dearest," she said, in an inquiring tone.

"Yes; my groomsman, Charles Mason, nearly a year, and so we had many things | you from the city."

evening pleasant?"

"Glorious! The air was both soft and invigorating, the starlight is very pure, and there is a trifle of a moon, you know, just enough to swear by. Oh, Fanny, I never was so happy as to-night! My heart was as the heart of a child, brimming and bubbling over with happiness. I sung in riding through the dark pine woods-little beside your name, I believe, I took off my cap, and let the winds frolic as they

Fanny laid her hand caressingly among the shining curls, then drew it away with a blush, while her lover continued-

"I remained so unspeakably happysometimes urging on Selim at a furious rate, the sooner to quench the hot thirst me wear it to-night." of my heart in your presence-sometimes hill beyond the ravine. I had passed this a hundred times with only a momentary shadowing of my heart, as a swift stream shadowing of my heart, as a swift stream Fanny laughed outright at this, saying you, I have strength even to die." is shadowed by flowing under a willow; that the idea was quite absurd and imposbut to-night, at the first sight of the sible. gleaming, ghastly tomb stones, I reeled in my saddle and groaned aloud!"

" Why so, dear Henry?"

"Because, love, I remembered that you think you of this, Harry?" were mortal, and not one of God's own imperishable angels, as I had dreamed you-that you might leave my love, my bosom, for one of those low, cold, lonely beds of sleep and dark forgetfulness. Oh,

nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present things to some, can the lovers.

"This is dear papa's gift," she said; Isn't it a beautiful veil, Harry?"

"Yes," he answered, "very beautiful. What is it made of-book-muslin?"

Fanny smiled at his ignorance, assurring him that it was of lace, and that of a superior quality.

"Don't you admire the dress?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

would with my hair; feel now, Fanny, and see how damp it is with dew."

dress. Isn't it the very one you had on at Commencement, the first time I saw

"Dearest Fanny, how good, how just checking him up and sitting quite still, to let the great waves of joy dash over me— just the loveliest dress in the world; the till I came to the burial ground on the color belongs to you, by the right of your

" My milliner meant to have my bridal

"Away with it?" he replied; "there is something stiff, stately, and exotic, in these flowers. Do wear, instead, a few just the lips, the eyes, the brow, the already They are almost white; they are simple and sweet and broadly and sweet and

you much hurt?"

He seemed to have fainted; but he soon revived, and looking up exclaimed, brokenly, "Oh, Fanoy, have you come!

Now, it will not be so hard to die."

ed, after a moment's silence.

"Oh, yes, greatly; but it is not as pretty as the one you have on. By the way—I think, I am sure, I remember that dress. Isn't it the very one you had on at Commencement, the first time I saw you?"

"Yes," answered Fanny, with a bright blush; "it is rather old-fashioned, now; but I thought, if you should happen to recollect it, you might be pleased to have me wear it to-night."

Now, it will not be so hard to die."

"Dear Henry, don't talk so. I hope you are not badly hurt.

"Fanny, I am mortally hurt. Selim broke through the bringe and threw me, cutting my head here in the temple—then, in extricating limited, he fell on me with all his weight. I afterwards got strength to crawl out of the dust on to this grass, and to call you twice; but, Fanny, Fanny, I know I am dying—my breast seems all crushed in. and my lungs breast seems all crushed in, and my lungs seem filling with blood.

"Oh, then, let me un or shout aloud for help!"

"No, dearest," he whispered, "only

Then Fanny, bewildered, broken-heart ed, but strangely calm, raised Henry's head and pillowed it on her breast. Those array quite complete," she said, "for here is the wreath of orange blossoms. What think you of this, Harry?"

"Away with it!" he replied; "there is severe wound in the temple. Oh then

d away from flowed the faster, far the warmin; it sleep of stained all ber bosons and terned there is

As Fanny passed over the bridge, she saw that a plank had been broken through.

She flung herself down by her lover's She flung herself down by her lover's She flung herself down by her lover's beautiful even in heaven; but he seems so side, crying, "Henry dearest Henry, are in my dream. He gives me strength and joy to sustain me till we meet again; but I am so weak, that before the long day is through, it leaves me. Yet he never fails to come to me or draw me, to him-I scarce know which. I seem in a state like that of the Apostle, when he knew superabundant. No one is born wise.

> A strange rumor spread through the neighborhood, and finally reached the family of Fanny, that some belated travellers, had seen, in the midst of the night a shape of shining white, gliding about the result of my experience: Attach not the grave of Henry Lester. But no one thy heart to any transitory thing. The among his friends was so superstitious as truth comes not to us, dear son; we must to heed the story.

> On Saturday night just one week from the time of the heart breaking tradgedy, unseen and eternal, rely on the word of Fanny's father, who was a physician, was God. Search no one so closely as thyriding homeward some time after twelve, and as he was passing the grave-yard in sight of his house, he was startled to ob-

Dr. Austin was a truely brave man,

stable, but had this dark world when you are gone, From that night Mrs. Austin always "My dearest do not grieve so bilterly; and wakening her whenever she rose in and spirit. She seemed to utterly lack

> One day, seeing her mother weeping she said. "Is it not written, that a mar shall forsake father and mother and cleave to his wife? Can a wife do less for her husband? Mother, God has joined me to Henry; my soul cleaves to his, that they cannot be separated; and when he calls I must go to him even from you.'

At a latter period she said, "Mother dear, I want you to see that no ghostly shroud is put on me, but a soft, white muslin dress; and fold my bridal veil about me, and put white roses in my hair that all may know the I am his bride. and not Death's. Ar oh, mother, keep very sacred the blue lawn I wore on that last night, and never let them wash Henry's blood out of it. Most of all, I want you to promise me to plant with your own hand, that blush rose-tree that Henry gave me, between him and me, so that

Before the leaves of the elm tree over Henry Lester's grave were goldened by the autumn frosts, his Fanny was lying at his side. When June came round again, the grass was long and green, and the rose-tree grew more beautifully than ever there; and when the evening winds shook the branches, they scattered a sweet largess of leaves upon the mounds and swung out a fragrance on the grave sweeter than aught else, save the memory of the lovers sleeping below.

to the lonely grave of her betrothed. beautiful, adorable mystery of love! night time and led forth the prisoner.

There is, a wondrous hidden life within us all, deeper and truer than that of tory. which we have an every-day understanding and consciousness-a life triumphant over death, and pain and sorrow; all the mournful conditions of our mortal being. have feared her suffering from the night darkness and cold, with the grosser physical senses sealed, she walked in light

THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER
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Franny. Like Juliet, 'the more I give, 'eagerly opened, and took out a dress of plain white silk, and a long, white veil of the more I have to give.'"

W. F. DURISOE, Proprietor.

A. SIMKINS & JOHN BACON. Editors.

In a moment, with the box, which Fanny eagerly opened, and took out a dress of plain white silk, and a long, white veil of delicate lace.

In a moment, with the box, which Fanny eagerly opened, and took out a dress of plain white silk, and a long, white veil of delicate lace.

Such, dear Henry, is the infinite, divided the bridge Selim was standing, with his head drooped sadle on her delicate frame, on the standing of love and the bester for loving you so truly, in a moment, with the box, which Fanny eagerly opened, and took out a dress of plain white silk, and a long, white veil of delicate lace.

Such, dear Henry, is the infinite, divided the bridge Selim was standing, with his head drooped sadle on the looks as he always did on earth-only yet more beautiful—I was so proud of big beautiful—I was so proud o his beauty, mother, that I did not think mound, she was hiding her rapt, con-

A Father's Advice to his Son. BY GOETHE.

The time draws nigh, dear John, that I must go the way from which none returns. cannot take thee with me, and leave thee in a world where good counsel is not not whether he was in the body or out; Time and experience teach us to separate I only know I am with him, and am con- the grain from the chaff. I have seen ton by the different States of the Union, more of the world than thou. It is not all gold, dear son, that glitters. I have seen many a star from heaven fall, and many a staff on which men have leaned break. Therefore I give thee this advice, seek for it. That which you see scrutinize carefully; and with regard to things amount of Three Cents, and yet the subself. Within us dwells the judge who finished the Bunker Hill Monument, and never deceives, and whose voice is more and it may perchance be theirs to bring to us than the applause of the world, and the present enterprise to completion. serve some white object at the grave of more than all the wisdom of the Egyptians We learn from the Boston Transcript that and Greeks. Resolve, my son, to do nothing to which this voice is opposed. When you think and project, strike on monument on Plymouth Rock, to the your forehead and ask for his counsel. He speaks at first low, and lisps as an

beds of sleep and dark forgetfulness. Oh, great Heaven, the agony of the thought! and sweet, and breathe of home. You he cried, hiding his face against Fanny's hreast, while tears, that were no reproach to his manhood, dropped fast upon those pale blush roses.

I am personaded that neither death, and personaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor nor life, nor angels, n

for the Author of Christianity.

A Happy Home.

The first year of married life is a most wife. Generally, as it is spent, so is almost all subsequent existence. The wife and the husband then assimilate their up their dislikes, they add fuel to their keeping part is dispensed with, therefore prejudices and animosities forever after-

"I have somewhere read," says Rev. Mr. Wise, in his Bridal Greetings, "of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities. He requested his bride to accompany him into the garden, a day or two after their wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and exclaimed-" Pull the line."

She pulled it, at his request, as far as she could. He cried,

"Pull it over." "I can't," she replied.

"But pull with all your might," shouted the whimsical husband. But vain were all the efforts of the

bride to pull over the line, so long as her husband held to the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at the end, it came over with great

"There!" as the line fell from the roof, you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it was when we both pulled together! It will be so with us, my dear, through life! If we oppose each other, it will be hard work; if we act together it will be pleasant to live. Let us always pull to-In this illustration, homely as it may

be, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must mutually bear and concede, if they wish to make home a retreat of joy and bliss. One alone cannot make thers, named Simons, who stopped at the home happy. There needs unison of Indian Queen Hotel, New Orleans, on action, sweetness of spirit, and great forbearance and love in both husband and had their trunk robbed of \$5,245 in gold, wife, to secure the great end of happiness have recovered a judgment for that in the domestic circle.-Ladies' Reposi-

In a state of mental absence, a young man demanded the hand of a young lady, and only perceived his error when he got

THE man who gave a boy a shilling to hold his shadow while he ascended a The Washington Monument. The huge obelisk which is in course

of erection at the Capital, costs a thousand dollars a foot, and it goes towards heaven at the rate of four or five feet a month, and consequently requires a monthly expenditure of four or five thousand dollars. While the work goes on, there is, of course, a steady drain upon the treasury; but the receipts fluctuate, and have of late so much fallen off, that unless the subscriptions speedily and materially increase the work must stop. It should be borne in mind that the blocks which have been forwarded to Washingand by other countries, though they add much to the interest of the monument, contribute very little to its bulk and height, and diminish the cost of each course of masonry only in a very slight degree. To complete the monument will require a sum which, if contributed in equal proportion by the citizens of the United States, would tax each individual to the scription languishes, and the building, committee is embarrassed. The ladies there is a rival in the field. The preliminary arrangements for the erection of a memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, are in progress, and the sons of New England,

He raised are to be disregarded. Help and give The opening address of Gov. Means has willingly when thou hast, and think no excited great admiration, as it ought to. awoke to more of thyself for it, and if thou hast It was nobly conceived and beautifully thou sayes. Not the apparent ysique of policial as but Arak said for give not fake and said for the sayer for the that she might in his ways. A man who has the fear of supposed that the policy indicated in the Committee's report will be adopted. Next God in his heart is like the sun that shines | Committee's report will be adopted. Next and warms, though it does not speak. to decided action in all cases of invaded Do that which is worthy of recompense, rights, the expression of the principle, and ask none. Reflect daily upon death, and avowal of a determination to carry i and seek the life which is beyond with a out when practicable, is the best thing to cheerful courage; and, further, go not be done. Since the result of the popular out of the world without having testified vote last fall, it was not expected that by some good deed thy love and respect | South Carolina would immediately secede, as was at first contemplated."

> ELECTRIC CLOCK .- The Boston Journal describes as one of the curosities of important era in the history of man and the age an electric clock, recently completed by Mr. N. Farmer on an entirely new principle, and pronounced by scientific men to be the most perfect and simviews and their desires, or else, conjuring ple of any. All wheel-work in the timeall friction is overcome. The time-keeping part of the clock is simply a pendulum, an electro magnet, and two amatures. The vibration of the pendulum break and close the circuit of electricity, while the combined action of the electro magnet and armatures keep it in motion. It is a clock that runs without weights

or springs or anything of the kind. Its moving power is a galvanic battery, which requires a small quantity of sulphuric acid once or twice a year; or if the workmanship of the clock is delicate, a copper plate buried in the ground will keep it in motion. There is no friction to be overcome save the suspension points of the pendulum, and the two amatures-Hence it approaches the nearest to perfection as a time-keeper of anything in existence. One hundred or a thousand clocks all over the city all ticking at the same instant, and keeping the same time, may be carried by the pendulum.

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES IN LOUIS-IANA .- A law has passed the Louisiana legislature, and goes into effect in six months' time, which prohibits the emancipation of slaves in that State, except upon the express condition that they shall be sent out of the United States within twelve months; and requiring the payment of \$150, to be deposited in the treasury for each slave, to be applied in payment of passage to Africa, and support after arrival.

HOTEL RESPONSIBILITIES .- Two brotheir way from California, and while there amount against the proprietor. Judge Buchanau, of the fifth district court, decided that inn-keepers are liable for the property stolen from strangers and travelers sojourning at their inns.

A MARRIED man who was out at a whist party, when he proposed going home was urged to stay a little longer. Well," he replied "perhaps I may as

into the piazza, and bends forward, as lis- "For a little while," she added; "not the horse at once. long, I think.

> "let us talk of brighter things-I never Everything is in perfect order there, now. we get back from the Falls."

"Say the evening we reach home, Fanny! I want to hear you speak that word. powerful animal. But this was the last so I may be sure I am not dreaming of a time that Fanny would watch with loving pleasant, quiet home, and a blessed little wife of my own."

"Well, then, home-your homehome, to be presided over by an ignorant Fanny Austin for the last time!" little 'child wife,' a thousand removes from an angel, but in your love, indeed, 'blessed among women.' Now are you satisfied ?"

After receiving her lover's unspoken, vet cloquent response, Fanny laughingly resumed: "I fancy we shall have a funny sort of a menage—both so young, so to-tally inexperienced, and with, to say the least, such exceedingly modest means. I wish we could live like the fairies, on dew and honey; or rather, as the angels live, on pure love. Oh, then, Harry, we could we are only a poor pair of mortals, and so we must be industrious and prudent,

and rub along as we can." "Why, Fanny, dear, I am not so very young; I was twenty last March. I shall be admitted to the bar in about two years. In the meantime, my father will do all he can for us, though he don't esteem early marriages very prudent things. I mean to prove to him that I can be as steady, studious, diligent and economical as any plodding, money-making old bachelor in town. I shan't hear of your giving up any of your accustomed luxuries, Fanny. or making your dainty hands hard and unkissable with any sort of work; but I gars, and I think some of selling Selim."

"Never!" cried Fanny. "What, sell ness of flow the faithful creature which has borne you all for love." so surely and so swiftly to me every blessed Saturday evening in the year? It would make us too much like the reduced and disenchanted couple I have somevery carrier dove which had flown back and forth with their love-letters."

At this moment a bright little lad of ten years opened the door, saying. "Siscame to-night. I had not seen him for ter Fanny, a big band-box has come for

watch, and told the lad he might go for Would to God I could die for you, or go quietly to her chamber, without dis-

distant gallop of a horse! Yes, now it | Henry looked up bewildered, and she the pleasure of exercising the beautiful Henry; for my life is in your love continued, with a quivering lip: "because, animal for several minutes, in the yard, dearest, I should so soon be lying by your before its master came forth to claim it. side. And now," she added, smilingly, All that time was Henry Lester taking leave of his affianced -always going, but love, for a little while." saw you in a mood so melancholy and never gone. He felt in his heart a strange, foreboding. Clouds of all kinds are so sad yearing-some wild, inexpressible foreign to your sunshiny nature. I rode foreboding-a fearful shrinking from the over to our house with mamma, to-day. night without, beautiful and peaceful as it was-a something that caused him to The last thing I did was to arrange your snatch Fanny again and again to his heart, have rushed together, and formed one books in the little library. Your dear as though some dread power, unseen, but mother says that she will have the parlors darkly felt, were striving to glide between

At last Fanny gently unwound his arms from around her waist, and took a step backward. He yielded her up with a sad smile, but kissed her once again, and said, "Good night!" Fanny raised her finger with a gesture, playfully forbidding, and

Henry laughed, and Fanny followed him to the door to see him off. She patted the impatient Selim on the neck, and whispered to him to bear his master safely, very safely.

As Henry gathered up the reins, and was about starting, he said, suddenly, with a glance at Willie-" Oh, Fanny, a word in your ear!" She drew near and put up her face-her lover bent, not to her ear, but to her lips, and so kissed Fanny Austin once more! Then with a merry laugh and another good night, he dashed through the gate and down the road.

Fanny soon ascended to her chamber. but she did not retire to rest. Flinging a shawl about her shoulders, she sat down by the window, and looked out upon the night. Then she spoke low to herself, in all the unconscious poetry of love-"How far the stars can see with their clear, unveiled eyes so high in heaven! but I cannot believe that in all the vast universe they could behold a happier child of the All-wise Father than I." She looked downward-she could not see the and said-" As the roses sweeten all the night air, so love sweetens life for me Oh, gracious God, I bless Thee alike for have already given up play-going and ci- those far rolling worlds whose light is ye on our homes, and for the earth—brighness of flowers—for life, and more than

As Fanny gave utterance to this solun ecstacy of a religious and loving hart, she bowed her head upon the windowsill so well. Indeed, I believe I love all my plied. The lad vanished, but re-appeared down the road. She was not distaken; on my hot forehead, and looks so pitifully balm of celestial day. When the chill has failed.

with you, for I cannot, will not stay in turbing her mother.

something tolls me even now, that we shall not be long parted—only be patient After lying quite silent for some monents, looking upward, he exclaimed, al-

most in his usual voice-" My spirit is passing, Fanny-Heaven is ready. Now-all the stars seem to great central brightness-a world of light to which I rise!" Then reaching up his arms, and winding them about her neck, he murmured, "Kiss me once

more, my Fanny, my dear, only love, my

wife; once more-good night." As he breathed these words, a stream of blood, looking so fearfully black in the dim star-light, poured from his lips, said-"Remember, now you have kissed his arms drooped, and Henry Lester was

> Then Fanny fell forward on his breast and sent forth shriek after shriek, so fearful and piercing that every slumberer in her home was roused, and guided by the voice of her long pent-up agony, came to look upon the pitious sight of her awful bereavement.

In that pleasant parlor, where but an hour ago had sat the betrothed lovers, in life anglove, in love's most blessed hope and mist unutterable joy, was now extended the form of one, ghastly, bleeding, dad; while over it hung the pale. districted face of her who kept all night her tatch of speechless, tearless, unimagied sorrow.

Janny Austin could not follow her our to the grave. After her last lingerin look upon his face, as he lay in his colin, she for the first time fainted. She as borne to her room, where she rehined insensible for some hours. That night she said to her mother, who

watched at her side-"Where have they laid Henry?"

"In the southwest corner of the grave roses, but she drank in their fragrance, vard, under the large elm tree," was the reply. All the succeeding day, Fanny's grief was bitter and despairing, but at night she was calmer, and earnestly desired to be left quite alone. Early the next morning, her mother went to her chamber and was surprised to find her looking much like her former self, and speaking almost cheerfully, but towards night she relapsed into fits and passionate weeping, a most desolate and hopebefore her. Suddenly she started, lened less grieving. Again, with sleep seemed forward and listened eagerly. Shavas to come peace, even an exaltation of sure she heard her own name ca d, in spirit, which endured only for the mornan imploring voice. It seemed to pund ing hours—and so it continued throughfrom the ravine beyond the bill. Duce out the week. The poor child gave her more it came—a wild sorroyal and piercing cry. It was Henry's voie. She stole down stairs, passed uselessly Henry comes to me in a vision. He "Oh, then, bring it in here," she rethrough the eastern window, and ran folds me in his arms, and lays his hand ineffable, and breathed the soft airs, the tree to look into the middle of next week well; my wife probably, is already as

her sleep, put on her bridal dress, and prepared to steal out to her grave yard tryst. It was needful, but it was cruel: for from that time Fanny sank in body the miraculous sustainment she had known at first-the vision and the comfort it brought were gone together.

the roses will fall upon us both.'

Often has my mind dwelt long and deeply on those dreams, which were yet no dreams-those sweet exalted visions. those trances of love and sorrow, which drew that tender and delicate girl, arrayed in her bridal dress, night after night grave where was here thy victory! Oh. mortality where the might of thy prison walls! As of old, an angel came in the

When they who loved the maiden would her father's foot.