

LITERATURE.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Way down upon the Swanee river,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber
Dere where the old folks stay;
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation
And for the old folks at home.

Chorus—All the world am sad and dreary,
Ebry where I roam,
Oh! darkey's how my heart grows weary
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered,
When I was young,
Dere many happy days I squandered
Many de song, I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder
Dere let me live and die.

Chorus—All de world, &c.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a humming
All round de comb?
When will I have de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

Chorus—All de world, &c.

THE GOVERNESS' HUSBAND;

—OR—

BAGGING A LIVE NOBLEMAN.

A few years before Victoria ascended the throne, a very pretty scene was being enacted in one of the splendid reception rooms of the mansion of the ancient titled family of Castlearden. A woman in the full glow of the most glorious beauty that ever lent brilliancy to a human being, was pacing the floor, with anger in her large, deep blue eyes, and unmistakable passion in her small, firmly clenched, marvelously white hand.

"To be treated as a slave—snubbed, reviled and insulted—and what for? Why, because they suppose me to be a poor, helpless girl, as powerless as the fly that a child mercilessly impales. But they shall know differently before long, or my name's not Kate Brown, with as pure blood in my veins as the noblest and best of the Castleardens."

So exclaimed the exasperated girl, as the outlines of a daring scheme began to gather rather thickly in the recess of her quick and resolute little head. Now, what had ruffled Kate's temper it would not be very easy, or indeed, quite proper to tell. All the family had that day gone out of town; but previous to leaving the house, Lady Castlearden had been rather precise in some of her instructions, and the Hon. Russell Castlearden excessively presumptuous. He had committed himself so far as to beg a kiss, with as little ceremony as he would have done from the lowest domestic in the establishment. His manner, more than his language, had offended the delicate instincts of the poor, but proud dependent, and as soon as the skirts of his coat had disappeared, the spirited and highly sensitive Kate gave utterance to the expressions of resentment which we have recorded above.

"I would rather be a toad, and feed on the vapors of a dungeon," continued she, as her foot nervously pressed the soft yielding carpet, "than a woman whom every fop of a man fancies he can address with impunity. I will have a sweet revenge, though, for it all. The Honorable—heaven preserve us!—Russell Castlearden shall acknowledge me his equal, or there is little of woman's wit in my inventive head."

So saying, she rang the bell with much vehemence, and on the footman making his appearance, said to him imperiously—

"Order the carriage."

"The carriage, Miss?" exclaimed the man, quite astounded.

"Yes, the carriage—my Lady Castlearden's carriage—my carriage while I am privileged to use it," replied Kate, with severity, but not without some dignity. "And Thomas—"

"Yes, Miss."

You will take care for the future, not to re-

peat any order I may give you. And also address me in a proper manner, by saying, if necessary, 'Miss Brown,' not 'Miss.'"

Thomas made a salaam that nearly brought his flushing face to the carpet, and backed hurriedly out of the room, with awful reverence. The beautiful girl, proud of this trifling proof of her superiority, retired to dress, and in about an hour afterwards she sprang like a bird into the gaily caparisoned carriage of the haughty Lady Castlearden.

"To Madame Robini's first, and then the park," was the order, and away flew the spirited horses, bearing away a maiden as proud as any that ever graced the halls of England's excessively proud nobility. Being about the middle of the season, the park was crowded with vehicles, through which the equestrians threaded their way with no little skill.

Our sprightly friend Kate attracted no small degree of attention; and many a pair of fine manly eyes rested on her charming countenance in undisguised admiration. Her presence created quite a sensation, and numberless were the conjectures hazarded as to her name and rank. Two young and handsome men, mounted on remarkably fine steeds, had the audacity to follow the carriage, but all the inquiries they made on the road were fruitless. Nobody knew the lovely day-star that had occasioned all this commotion.

"Who the deuce can she be?" remarked one of the young men to the other.

"I cannot divine. The carriage is the Castlearden's, but they are all out of town."

"Are there many daughters in the family?"

"Half-a-dozen."

"Then this beautiful girl must be one of them."

"Very likely; and now I think of it, I heard the eldest had been left in town."

Now the latter individual was struck with our friend Kate, and he determined to ascertain who and what she was, not doubting for a moment that her birth was as distinguished as her appearance. To carry into effect this intention, Lord Percy followed the carriage with the pertinacity of a hound, and finally traced it to the well known mansion of Lord Castlearden.

"My surmise was correct," thought he, "she is Russell's sister. I have been introduced, but it would not be etiquette to call when my Lord and Lady are absent."

Later in the evening he came on foot into the neighborhood, to make inquiries; finding a communicative lady in a contiguous circulating library, he described the fair unknown, and to his delight, was assured she could be no other than the Hon. Corinda Estella, the gem of the family, and a belle whom he had heard toasted at college. The next day he went again, encountered her in the park, and their eyes met. Kate colored deeply, as she felt, more than saw, that two large, bright dark eyes were fixed intently on her face, and that their owner had almost saluted her. On the following day she saw him parading in front of the house, and as she could observe him without being seen herself, she experienced a strange thrill, a sort of excessive joy, as she scanned his whole face and figure. Lord Percy was tall and dark, with a profusion of jet black hair. He was the beau ideal of a handsome man. Kate, we should have observed, was also tall for her sex, with masses of light auburn hair, and a figure faultless in its well defined outline. She had the finest face imaginable; it was so delicate, so pure, so glassically regular, without any of the hard lines that accompany what are called model countenances. Her eyes were bewilderingly beautiful ones. They were of that deep blue class which are found to be so capable of beaming with love or firing with anger. But her contour altogether was superb, and it was not surprising that a warm hearted and romantic man like Lord Percy should have fallen desperately in love at first sight. But how to obtain an introduction puzzled him a good deal. Love, however, is fertile in expedients, and the coveted opportunity soon arrived. On the fourth day of her appearance in the park, Percy boldly rode up to the carriage door, and with the ease and graceful suavity of a well-bred man, accosted her, and announced himself as her brother's intimate friend.

"My brother!" exclaimed Kate looking with the surprise she felt.

"Russell Castlearden and myself were college chums," said he.

A smile broke over Kate's fine features, and made her look so enchanting that Percy almost reeled in his saddle.

"Indeed," she slowly uttered; and even while he chatted about her supposed family she began to think. She saw in an instant that the chance presented itself for realizing the darling scheme she had formed. Being naturally of an impetuous temperament, she did not pause to weigh the consequences; and the gallant Percy, after a trivial conversation, rode off not undeceived, and as madly in love as it is possible for man to be. Kate, was sensibly impressed. A strange fluttering about the heart, and a meaning sparkle in her splendid eyes, told of the firstling of a wild worship, which neither time nor circumstances could destroy. Percy followed up the advantage he had so easily gained, and, to the scandal of the house, became a constant visitor at Castlearden House. His attentions could not be mistaken, but they were misinterpreted.

But Kate, although she noticed the altered demeanor of the servants, heeded it not. A spell more potent than any ever conjured from the necromancer's store-house of horrors, was upon her, she yielded to the wild delirium, the terrible mutiny it had created in nature. Percy—her Reginald, the handsome, the brave, the noble Reginald, had declared his passion, and she had almost driven him crazy by the confession that he was lord of her heart. On the tenth day of their courtship, the enamored pair stole to a quiet little church in the western suburbs, and were married. The bold signature of Reginald Percy was traced in the register book, while under it the trembling hand of Kate recorded the name of "Corinda Estella Castlearden." As she did so, the blood rushed upon her heart, and she half repented, but a glance at Reginald, and the memory of the slight she had endured at the hands of the said Corinda, reassured her. Her purpose became as inflexible as marble.

"I vowed I would wed with the proudest, and I have kept my oath. Corinda has wealth, I have beauty, and I wonder who is the richest," thought she, as she took her seat in the carriage by the silent Reginald, who pressed her hand gently within his own, and gazed up on her in mute adoration. Kate returned to the Castlearden House, while Reginald sought his club, in a state bordering on lunacy. On the morrow Kate left the mansion under pretence of visiting some friends in the country, but in reality to accompany Reginald to Brighton, where they spent the honey-moon, which was somewhat abridged by an announcement in the morning papers, that the Castlearden family would be in town at the end of three days.

"I had better see your father first," said he soothingly.

"Oh, no, no," uttered Kate, turning deadly pale, "let me return at once."

"What have you to fear, love?" said he soothingly. "My family is one of the best in the land—I am heir presumptive to a peerage. Good heavens! what is the matter, my darling love?"

Kate had fainted. A glimpse she had taken of the future showed her a hideous scene. When she recovered she passionately entreated to be allowed to return. Her object was to postpone the dreadful expose as long as possible. Reginald reluctantly gave his consent, and the same evening found Kate in her neat little chamber in town, with her face buried in the folds of a shawl, and herself sobbing as if her heart would break.

"He will despise me, he will hate me," she groaned; "and to lose him when I have discovered that I love him to distraction is horrible. Reginald, will you, can you forgive me?"

Kate was so overwhelmed that she had a hysterical attack. Her cries alarmed the house, and presently she was subjected to the torture of a shower bath, varied by the infliction of burnt feathers and brown paper, with copious supplies of vinegar.

The old housekeeper shook her head; the

cook covertly shed a tear, and even the butler, who had seen several generations of lovely women, declared it was a pity, but men would be men, and so long as the young women galled them they must take the consequences.

"What will my lady say?" inquired the house-keeper, after she had adjourned to her room, leaving Kate in a refreshing sleep.

"Don't tell her anything—mum's the word. Besides, I think we ought to have dropped her a line when that sprig of a fellow first came."

This advice was too sensible to be resisted, and it was resolved that Kate should be "cut," and left entirely to herself and her wrongs, if she had any.

(Conclusion in our next)

A MYSTERIOUS ACQUAINTANCE.

It was in the fall of 18—, that the ship to which I belonged, after a voyage of four months in the northern Atlantic, hove in sight of the Scilly Islands, and, as we were bound for London, shaped our course up the channel, and in a few days were anchored in the Downs. Having been short of provisions for some time back, we were obliged to stop to replenish. The next day, however, we were towed up the river, and entered the Commercial Dock on the 28th of October, 18—. It was a grand sight to me, for I had never been in London, and the city seemed like the world in comparison with my humble village in the west of England. We were to be paid off on the morrow, and I determined, as soon as I was at liberty to take a stroll and see some of the sights about which I had so often heard. At twelve the next day, all hands proceeded to the office in Leaden Hall street, and received, severally, the amounts due them. There were just ten pounds coming to me, and I started off to see how I could best make it conducive to my pleasure. I had been strolling around for some time, looking at the Tower and other places of note, finally walked into one of the parks to see there what I could of the London fashions. I was leaning against a tree watching a party which attracted my attention, when I was suddenly accosted by a female, apparently about eighteen or twenty, neatly dressed, and with an expression which, though pleasing, seemed somewhat sad.

"What is it you wish, my good lady?" said I.

She looked at me a moment, and said—

"You are a sailor, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been in London?"

"I arrived yesterday."

"Have you been here before?"

"Never."

"Well, then, perhaps I can be of some assistance to you. Suppose we take a cab and drive out to Vauxhall this evening?"

I hesitated a moment; for I thought to myself, she no doubt thinks I have plenty of money, and wishes to obtain a share. But then, again, I thought, it makes no difference; I'll spend it any how; and consented.

She called a cab, and in a short time we were at Vauxhall. I pulled out my purse to pay the driver, when she anticipated me, and said—

"Never mind, sir, I have plenty. Besides, I invited you here; therefore, I bear all expenses."

I was astonished, for I never doubted but that my money was the principal attraction; and I was puzzled to think what could be her object.

After ordering some refreshments, of which she ate and drank very little, but which she insisted upon paying for, we strolled round the garden, listening to the music, until towards evening, when I remarked it would be best to return.

"Yes, it will soon be dark, and we had better go. But," said she, "you are a stranger in London, and it would be folly for you to look for a hotel to-night—and, besides, it would be ungenerous in me to allow you to do. I reside in — street, and if you will accept a room in my house, you will be perfectly welcome; and my husband, who is fond of company, will be glad to see you."

While hesitating, she called a cab and half forced me in.