

## LITERATURE.

## O! WINTER AIR.

O! winter air, blow not too bleak  
On yonder trembling one,  
Her limbs are old, and chill, and weak,  
Soft greet her, winter sun.

For she has seen no smile to-day,  
No fire in her cot;  
So winter wind, go seek the gay,  
Pass by, and harm her not.

O! winter wind, toss not awry  
Those locks of faded hair,  
They shone once o'er a sweet blue eye,  
When she was young and fair.

They glittered there like golden wings,  
Gems held their bands apart,—  
Now frost lies on the faded rings,  
And frost within her heart.

## THE GOVERNESS' HUSBAND;

—O—

## BAGGING A LIVE NOBLEMAN.

(Conclusion.)

In the morning Kate rose considerably better, but pale and stern looking. She had evidently prepared herself for braving the worst. Reginald came early to see her, and was inexpressibly shocked to see her so altered. He exerted himself to reassure her, and succeeded so far as to coax a few truant smiles into her countenance. But, resolute as her character was, she experienced a heavy depression of spirits. Her absorbing idea was the dread of losing her husband. Death, disgrace, anything but that shocking alternative. Kate had immense courage, but it required opposition to bring it into play; and this he was soon to have, for the day after her return, while she was sitting in the drawing room, listening to his hopeful plans for the future, a couple of carriages drove up to the door, followed by a pattering in the hall, which drove all the blood from her face.

"Fear nothing, love, while I am near you," said Reginald, throwing his arm round her, and pressing her to his side.

"I will not—I ought not," she stammered, "but when the truth is disclosed, you will not—"

"What—my dearest, prettiest wife?"

"Bless you for that word. But when my lord comes, and you know all, will you not hate me?"

"Hate you—leave you?" ejaculated Reginald, amazed at her troubled manner; but before he could ask for an explanation, the door opened, and my Lady Castlearden was observed to stagger back, to the immense discomfiture of my lord, and the utter prostration of a young lady in pink.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed his lordship, rubbing his nose.

His lordship looked in the direction indicated, and certainly did recoil a pace or two at what he saw. His sons stood agape at his elbow, and his daughters, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes, clustered around her mother. There, right before them, with a face very pale, but very calm and decided, stood Lord Percy, proudly supporting the sinking form of the half-insensible Kate.

"Percy! Percy! why, what in the dickens does all this mean?" said his lordship angrily; "this pantomime in my house is singular—extraordinary—very."

"My lord," said Percy, "I owe you many apologies, but love must be my excuse."

"Love!" cried her ladyship, looking apoplectically indignant, as she made a fruitless attempt to thrust her daughters from the room.

"Yes, Lady Castlearden—love, and love as pure as that of the angles," said Percy eagerly. A pause ensued, which he broke by a faint attempt at a smile, saying, "this position may appear equivocal, but it is sanctioned by marriage."

"Married!" gasped her ladyship convulsively. "Married!" screamed the daughters, huddling together. "The dey-vil," exclaimed the son Russell, with marked emphasis.

"Yes, married, my lord," replied Percy in a higher and sterner key; "your daughter and

myself were married at—church, three weeks ago."

The shout that was raised was heard in the square outside, and brought up the alarmed servants pell mell into the room.

"Married—daughter!" ejaculated the lord peeress, as she took a deliberate survey of the flock of feminines, to see if any one of them was missing. "The huzzy—the impostor—the shameless creature!" chorused the ladies.

"Married, I repeat," uttered Percy with much energy, "and to the scion of a house that cannot bring a blush to the cheeks of Castlearden."

"You are joking, surely," replied the old man.

Reginald's only reply was to bestow a warm caress upon the almost convulsed Kate, and to attempt to lead her as a suppliant to the feet of her mother.

"Take her away!" shouted her ladyship, as she recoiled with an expression of loathing.

"This is own child," said Reginald, indignantly.

"Child!" how dare you address such language to me? She's no child of mine."

Reginald turned ashy white, and holding Kate a little from him, bestowed an imploring glance on the agitated peer.

"This young person is not my daughter, my lord," said the latter, "nor any relative of mine."

"Then who—who—" gasped Percy.

"Why, she's my daughter's governess," was the prompt reply.

Reginald let Kate slip from his arm to the floor, while he stood gazing at her prostrate form transfixed with horror.

"Come, come Percy, it is time to end this farce," said Castlearden; "it is unseemingly; and before my daughters, too."

"But I am married!" vociferated Percy.

"Kate's husband!" exclaimed her lordship, who fancied the objects in the room had multiplied *ad infinitum*.

The domestics caught the expression, and "Kate's husband!" passed the round of the amazed group.

"Forgive me, Reginald, do not look so. Kill me if you will, for I deserve it; but do not for mercy sake, hate me," said Kate in a tone of piteous entreaty.

"Woman," said he fiercely, "is what they tell me true?"

"It is."

"And your name is—"

"Kate Brown."

A deep groan broke from the young man's chest, and sinking into a chair, he buried his face in his hands.

"Woman, have you dared?" said the peer angrily.

"Leave the house, minx!" cried her ladyship.

"Such brazen effrontery! Well, I never—a prison would be too good for her," were the charitable remarks of the sons and daughters.

The servants were silent; but they drew away from her as if she had been a pestilence. All this roused Kate from the lethargy into which she was sinking, and springing to her feet, she confronted her taunters with the aspect of a Pythoness. Her nostrils distended like those of a panting steed.

"Cowards!" she cried, "how loud you can bark at a solitary, friendless woman. You would bite too, if you dared; but I defy any one of you to so much as wag a little finger at me."

Reginald, upon hearing this spirited declaration, raised his wan face, and regarded her fixedly.

"You heap reproaches on me," she continued, "and never think of blaming yourselves. What first suggested this relation to me?"

"You," addressing lady Castlearden, "by your contumelious treatment of what you considered a worm. You," addressing her husband, "by your haughty coldness; you," to the daughters, "by your tyranny—your coarse, cruel tyranny; you," to the sons, "by your insults, your detestable, cold-blooded insults. Was I meek, poor thing, to endure all this uncomplainingly? No! I studied my revenge and determined to have satisfaction, by casting a slight upon the whole order. The beauty that made me hated by you"—this was to the

young ladies—"and tormented by you"—this was to the sons—"I swore should avenge me. Accident threw this gentleman in my way.—He became enamored of the peer's daughter, and offered her honorable marriage. Would he have done the same to Kate Brown the governess? I doubt it; and as I loved him, and distrusted myself, I allowed the deception to go on. The result you know. I am now Lady Percy."

This was delivered with an air of lofty disdain, not unmingled with the fondness of a woman who unreservedly loves. Reginald groaned audibly, but in his inmost heart he could not help admiring his courageous and extremely beautiful wife. But his pride had been wounded and he stood aloof from her.—Kate noticed the action, and tears started to her eyes.

"Reginald," she said, in a voice broken by emotion, "say you do not hate me! the law will perhaps release you, and then you can wed another, in your station of life, but never a truer or more spotless girl than the one you are spurning. Dear Reginald, say one kind word to me, and I will pass away from you like a dream."

As she said this, she flung herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, looked beseechingly in his face. The appeal was irresistible—he bent down, imprinted one burning kiss on her ice-cold forehead, and then darted from the room. Kate's husband was never more seen in Castlearden House. Kate left almost immediately after he did, but not before she had with her little hand made the cheek of the Hon. Russell Castlearden tingle again.

The same night she was closeted with her uncle—a Mr. Crown, a bachelor who had large transactions in the general grocery line. The old man seemed mighty pleased with her, and as he chucked his niece under the chin, jocularly said—

"That having gone into the world a little had done her good. She had bagged a live nobleman, an exploit never before performed by a Brown, and he honored her for the deed."

"But I have lost him," sobbed Kate, "he is—gone forever!"

"Not a bit of it," replied her uncle assuringly. "His vanity and prejudices, and all that, are touched; but he will come round in time, depend upon it."

"He may get a divorce, or the marriage may be declared illegal." As this surmise flitted through Kate's mind, she evinced a strong tendency to hysterics; for Kate was a proud and virtuous girl, and keenly felt the prospective disgrace. Her uncle was alarmed; and forthwith consulted his legal adviser, who consoled her with the positive assurance that the marriage was perfectly legal; five hundred years hence, when the united streams of the Browns and Percys flowed into one channel, there might be some difficulty in tracing the descent, that was all. His next step was to endeavor to find out Kate's husband and accommodate matters between them, but the search was useless; for Reginald, dreading the ridicule that was attached to this singular alliance, had flown no one knew whither. Kate in time became quite soothed; her womanly strength was great, and imperative duty quite weaned her thoughts from useless grief.

Five years elapsed, during which time she constantly resided under her uncle's roof; but notwithstanding all his diligent inquiries, no Reginald could be discovered, so that "Kate's husband" became quite a household myth, and many were the portentous shakes of the head indulged in by the old ladies of his acquaintance when the mystery was discussed. At last he was traced, but to a debtor's prison. A fierce career of dissipation had terminated in his becoming an inmate of the King's Bench, where, wearied and disgusted with himself, and all the world, he had languished for some months. And had he all this time, thought of Kate? Often, for he was not adamant; and a vision of her beauty and spirit, as she braved and heaped scorn upon her mean foes on the last occasion he saw her, haunted him day and night. Despite himself, he cherished a warm attachment for her, but then her confounded name—Kate—why when he thought of it, he felt inclined to give his folly the *coup de grace*;

love of life was stronger, and it prevailed.—Sorrow and punishment humble the proudest disposition, and in those moments when he thought more like a man than the younger son of a peer, he would have given the world, if he had possessed it, to have been reconciled to society and the wife of his bosom. A melancholy began to prey upon him, and he was rapidly becoming misanthropic. One day musing over the past in the gloomy chamber his limited resources only allowed him to occupy, a stout, good-humored looking old gentleman presented himself, and in a brusque manner bade him look up, for he was not so friendless as he deserved. Reginald started, and demanded his name and business.

"How much will you take to get you out of this cursed place?" inquired the visitor, bluntly.

"Are you authorized by—by—" the name of his family trembled on his tongue, but he could not utter it.

"By the best of the friends you have—the very best!" cried the old gentleman, evidently pleased as he surveyed the manly figure and handsome face of the prisoner.

"Cannot you afford me a clue—"

"Not at present, my authority only extends to your release, and that immediately."

Reginald persisted, but it was useless; and at length he named the probable amount for which he was detained. The old gentleman made a memorandum in his pocket book, and then hastily took his leave. In a few hours afterwards, he returned to announce that all the arrangements for Reginald's release had been completed. This time, the old man was accompanied by a fine little boy—a dark-eyed, black-haired, beautiful little fellow—about four years of age. While some necessary formalities were being gone through, Reginald toyed with him, and inquired his name.

"Reginald!" promptly answered the boy.

Lord Percy started, and peered curiously into his face. As he did so, a strange but not unpleasant sensation stole over him; and with an almost partial gesture, he drew the boy closer to him. The old man approached to congratulate him upon his freedom, when Reginald in a very husky voice, demanded to know to whom he should offer his heartfelt acknowledgements.

"Let those who do good be rewarded in person," said the old man, nervously; and going to the door, opened it and admitted a lady dressed in black, but closely veiled; she was evidently young, for her figure appeared remarkably elegant and graceful.

"Madam," stammered Reginald growing deadly pale.

At the sound of his voice, the lady flung aside her veil, and throwing herself at his feet, exclaimed—"Reginald, dear Reginald, don't cast me off, I am your wife, and this is your boy—our boy. See, he has your hair, your eyes—the same noble features as yourself."

Kate, as she made this tender appeal looked him beseechingly in his face. He returned her gaze; and as he perused the lineaments of that lovely and remembered countenance, a soft thrill pervaded his frame, and in accents rendered musical by the deepest emotion, he uttered slowly, but distinctly:

"My wife—my own fondly beloved wife!—let us live for the future—ourselves, our child!"

Kate threw herself on his bosom, and wept long, they were the sweet tears of reconciliation, of hope, of love. The old man, who was no other than her uncle, found his eyes moistening, and in the fullness of his heart, extended his hand, which Reginald warmly grasped. The reunion of the long estranged was fully completed; and "Kate's husband" finally conducted her to a splendid home, but not portionless, for out of the profits derived from the "general grocery line," her uncle acted liberally and could well afford to give her a marriage portion of a hundred thousand pounds.

"You may say what you please," said Lysimachus, "but there is no heat in the sun's rays." The argument was dropped, and he fell asleep. His opponent singed his beard with a burning glass. He awoke in great pain. "Indeed, my friend," said Lysimachus, "this is a sensible demonstration."