

mentioned my absent daughter to you, as we are accustomed to mention her among ourselves, simply as 'Clara,' you have still not excused your conduct in my eyes. Remarkable as the resemblance is between the sisters, more remarkable even, I am willing to admit, than the resemblance usually is between twins, there is yet a difference, which, indistinguishable though it may be, is nevertheless discernible to all their relations and to all their friends.—How is it that you, who represent yourself so vividly impressed by your first sight of my daughter Clara, did not discover the error when you were introduced to her sister Jane, as the lady who had so much attracted you?"

"You forget, sir," rejoined Mr. Streatfield, "that I have never beheld the sisters together until to-day. Though both were in the balcony when I first looked up at it, it was Miss Clara Langley alone who attracted my attention.—Had I only received the smallest hint that the absent sister of Miss Jane Langley was her twin-sister, I would have seen her at any sacrifice before making my proposals. For it is my duty to confess to you, Mr. Langley, (with the candor which is your undoubted due,) that when I was first introduced to your daughter Jane, I felt an unaccountable impression that she was the same as, and yet different from the lady whom I had seen in the balcony. Then, however, this impression wore off. Under the circumstances, could I regard it as any thing but a mere caprice, a lover's wayward fancy? I dismissed it from my mind; it ceased to affect me, until to-day when I first discovered that it was a warning which I had most unhappily disregarded; that a terrible error had been committed, for which no one of us was to blame, but which was fraught with misery, undeserved misery, to us all!"

"These, Mr. Streatfield, are explanations which may satisfy you," said Mr. Langley, in a milder tone, "but they cannot satisfy me; they will not satisfy the world. You have repudiated, in the most public and most abrupt manner, an engagement, in the fulfilment of which, the honor and the happiness of my family are concerned. You have given me reasons for your conduct, it is true; but will those reasons restore to my daughter the tranquility which she has lost, perhaps forever? Will they stop the whisperings of calumny? Will they carry conviction to those strangers to me, or enemies of mine, whose pleasure it may be to disbelieve them? You have placed both yourself and me, sir, in a position of embarrassment—nay, a position of danger and disgrace, from which the strongest reasons and the best excuses cannot extricate us."

"I entreat you to believe," replied Mr. Streatfield, "that I deplore from my heart the error—the fault, if you will—of which I have been unconsciously guilty. I implore your pardon, both for what I said and did at your table to-day; but I cannot do more. I cannot and I dare not pronounce the marriage vows to your daughter, with my lips, when I know that neither my conscience nor my heart can ratify them. The commonest justice, and the commonest respect towards a young lady who deserves both, and more than both, from every one who approaches her, strengthen me to persevere in the only course which is consistent with honor and integrity for me to take."

"You appear to forget," said Mr. Langley, "that it is not merely your own honor, but the honor of others, that is to be considered in the course of conduct which you are now to pursue."

"I have by no means forgotten what is due to you," continued Mr. Streatfield, "or what responsibilities I have incurred from the nature of my intercourse with your family. Do I put too much trust in your forbearance, if I now assure you, candidly and unreservedly, that I still place all my hopes of happiness in the prospect of becoming connected by marriage with a daughter of yours? Miss Clara Langley—"

Here the speaker paused. His position was becoming a delicate and a dangerous one; but he made no effort to withdraw from it. Almost bewildered by the pressing and perilous emergency of the moment, harassed by such a tumult of conflicting emotions within him as he had never known before, he risked the worst, with all the blindfold desperation of love. The

angry flush was rising on Mr. Langley's cheek; it was evidently costing him a severe struggle to retain his assumed self-possession; but he did not speak. After an interval, Mr. Streatfield proceeded thus:

"However unfortunately I may express myself, I am sure you will do me the justice to believe that I am now speaking from my heart on a subject (to me) of the most vital importance.—Place yourself in my situation, consider all that has happened, consider that this may be, for aught I know to the contrary, the last opportunity I may have of pleading my cause, and then say whether it is possible for me to conceal from you that I can only look to your forbearance and sympathy for permission to retrieve my error, to—to—Mr. Langley! I cannot choose expressions at such a moment as this. I can only tell you that the feeling with which I regarded your daughter Clara, when I first saw her, still remains what it was. I cannot analyze it; I cannot reconcile its apparent inconsistencies and contradictions; I cannot explain how, while I may seem to you and to every one to have varied and vacillated with insolent caprice I have really retained in my own heart: and to my own conscience, true to my first sensation and my first convictions. I can only implore you not to condemn me to a life of disappointment and misery, by judging me with hasty irritation. Favor me, so far at least, as to relate the conversation which has passed between us to your daughters. Let me hear how it affects each of them towards me. Let me know what they are willing to think and ready to do under such unparalleled circumstances as have now occurred. I will wait your time, and their time; I will abide by your decision, and their decision, pronounced after the first poignant distress and irritation of this day's events have passed over."

Still Mr. Langley remained silent; the angry word was on his tongue; the contemptuous rejection of what he regarded for the moment as a proposition equally ill-timed and insolent, seemed bursting to his lips; but once more he restrained himself. He rose from his seat and walked slowly backwards and forwards, deep in thought. Mr. Streatfield was too much overcome by his own agitation to plead his cause further by another word. There was a silence in the room now which lasted for some time.

[To be concluded.]

OUR SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

Who does not remember with what joy he looked forward to the time when he should no longer be compelled to "trudge, like a snail, unwillingly to school"—when he should leave the confinement and monotony of the Bastille of letters, for the sun and sky, and subject to no master, wander at will through waving woods, by babbling brooks, or among rustling leaves and nodding flowers? Yet after all perhaps, there is no season in life so fraught with agreeable associations and pleasing reminiscences as our school-boys days. He must have been singularly unfortunate in boyhood, or singularly happy in after years, who does not find something inexpressibly dear to him in the recollection of its scenes; who does not look back with fond regret upon its sports, pastimes, and blissful feelings, and "wish for e'en its sorrows back again." It is an age when life wears the beauty of promise—when all things about us are clothed in their brightest colors, and we look forward to long years of enjoyment, fancying that in whatever station of life our lot may be cast, we must infallibly be happy. Our griefs and sorrows at this period are light compared with those of after life, we feel conscious of a multitude of senses and passions all promising pleasure in their pursuit and their gratification: and we look forward to our entrance into the world with buoyant feelings, fresh and "thick coming fancies," and enthusiastic anticipation. We feel the genuine tears of sympathy spring into our eyes at every tale of distress; our young pulses thrill with delight at the sight of beauty, and we experience a thousand sensations which impel us to an intimate intercourse of hearts with our fellow-creatures. Happy and unsuspecting, we trust implicitly in every one we become acquainted with; we love all who appear to love us, and cannot be made to credit the existence of selfishness, deceit or treachery.

We know not of conflicting interests, of jangling creeds, of broken friendships, of love unrequited; but the whole world appears like a garden, and the human race like flowers. Life teems with enjoyment; we rove among the scenes of nature, the song of the lark finds a corresponding echo in our bosoms, and the serenity of our hearts vies with the tranquil surface of the river that lies before us sleeping in the green arms of summer.

Time rolls on, we leave school and start upon the journey of life, and then commences a new era in our existence. The mind gradually awakens from its dreams—the illusion formed in our childish fancies slowly vanishes—and too soon we find that we have parted with the anticipation of happiness for the gloomy certainty of grief. Day by day, some leaf drops withered from the stem of hope, and then comes bitterness of soul, with unavailing regrets for the past, and cares and perplexities for the future. We grow daily more and more suspicious of our race; the sunlight of our natural and best feelings is gradually extinguished by the conventional forms of society; and ere many years elapse, the simplicity, enthusiasm, and unreflecting sincerity of childhood are supplanted by the politeness, the wisdom the caution, and the coldness of the grown up world. We no longer put faith in every smiling face as we once did, nor trust to tones, though soft as nightingale or woman's lips could utter. We have learned the bitter lesson, which all must learn, from the stern teacher Experience; and henceforth, instead of picturing to ourselves scenes of future happiness, we cast a "longing lingering look" behind to those blissful days, when, free from artificial desires, we found all nature teeming with the means of pleasure—when we could carve felicity from a bit of pine wood, or fish successfully for it in a mill-pond. Oh! there is nothing like the joys of boyhood. When beset by the cares of the world, and sick of its vain ambition, its empty pomp, its hollow and heartless pleasures, it is then that we think not as in youth, with delight of emancipation from school, but with deep and sincere regret.

"There is," says a beautiful writer, "something unreasonably dear to the man in the recollection of the follies, the whims, the petty cares, and exaggerated delights of his childhood. Perhaps he is engaged in schemes of soaring ambition; but he fancies sometimes that there was once a greater charm in flying a kite:—perhaps after many a hard lesson, he has acquired a power of discernment and spirit of caution which defies conception: but he now and then wishes for the boyish confidence which venerated every old beggar, and wept at every tale of woe; he is now deep read in philosophy and science; yet he looks back with regret on the wild and pleasing fancies of his young mind and owns that 'Terreur a son merite.' He now reads history till he doubts everything, and sighs for the time when he felt comfortably convinced that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, and Richard the Third a monster of iniquity—his mind is now full of perplexities and cares for the future. Oh! for the days when the present was a scene sufficiently wide to satisfy him!"

ADVICE TO SOME LADIES.—A scolding wife is one of the miseries of man's life. A man with such an appendage to his domestic establishment is no very enviable one. We have heard of a poor gentleman, whose life was rendered so miserable by a thorough termagant, that he was obliged to abandon his home.—The lady soon discovered that she had made a mistake, and with tears implored the assistance of a mutual friend, who promised to use her utmost efforts to bring about a reconciliation.—"Your husband," said she, "will wait upon you this afternoon. When you hear his knock at the door, fill your mouth with water, and let him say or do what he will, be sure you do not swallow it." The wife obeyed the injunction, and when the husband found that all his reproaches were answered only by a gentle smile or a graceful inclination of the head, he owned the influence of those silent charms which had previously won his heart. The lady had sufficient discretion to persevere in the use of this salutary regimen till bliss banished wrangling, and happiness was restored in their domestic establishment.

HOW TO MANAGE TEMPTATION.—Some years since, three Indians, in the neighbourhood of Green Bay, became converts to temperance, although previously surpassingly fond of the "brain thief." Three white men formed the charitable resolution of trying to draw them back. Placing a canteen of whiskey in their path, they hid themselves in the bushes to observe the effect. The first Indian recognized his old acquaintance with an "Ugh!" and making a high step, passed on. The second laughed, saying, "Me know you." The last drew his tomahawk and dashed the canteen to pieces, saying, "Ugh! you conquer me, now I conquer you."

RATHER NOT.—During a gale upon one of the lakes, a passenger, very much frightened and believing all would be lost, went below and offered up a feeling prayer, after which he went on deck. At this juncture he met the old cook, a descendant of Africa's sunny mountains, when, a wave striking the boat, he exclaimed, and at the same time taking his hand, "Good-bye, brother, we shall meet again in paradise!" When the negro replied, "Thank'e, sir, but dis nigger aint gwine—I sticks to de boat, anyhow."

A little boy seeing a gentleman in the street placed himself in a convenient place to speak to him; when the gentleman came up, the boy pulled off his hat, held it out to the gentleman and begged a few cents.

"Money," said the gentleman, "you had better ask for manners than money."

"I asked," said the boy, "for what I thought you had most of."

We seldom here of a prelate who is not "venerable and respected." A judge who does not deliver an "able" charge. A railroad conductor who is not "gentlemanly and obliging." A bar keeper who does not scowl and look daggers when you tell him you "will fix it the next time." An old maid in a car or stage-coach without a band box and an "umbrill." A lawyer whose arguments are not powerful and convincing.

SECOND LOVE.—"Do you believe in second love, Mither McQuade?" "Do I believe in second love? Humph, if a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet?—and when its gone don't he want another pound? and isn't that pound sweet, too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love."

HOW IT WAS DONE.—"Elder, will you have a drink of cider?" inquired a farmer of an old temperance man, who was spending an evening at his house. "Ah!—hum—no—thank ye," said the old man, "I never drink any liquor of any kind—specially cider—but if you call it apple juice, I reckon I'll take a drop."

THERE THEY HAVE US.—At a late woman's rights convention, a resolution was introduced, declaring that if women did not get their rights they would "stop the population!" We don't believe they will though. Probably it was expressed "more in sorrow than in anger."

A MUSTAL FIG.—They have got a pig in Ohio so thoroughly educated, that he has taken to music. They regulate his time by twisting his tail—the greater the twist the higher the notes.

Dobbs says, the best "female physician" is a husband. Nine times out of ten marriage will do a girl more good than any other medicine in the world.

We met a man the other day who told us that it cost more to paint his nose than would have put up several fine houses. He said that rum was the paint, and the devil the painter.

A celebrated portrait painter says that the reason that Tom cats are so musical, is because they are all fiddle-strings inside. Hand us that old boot.

That man is not totally depraved, is shown by the fact that whenever we see two dogs fighting, we always take sides with the smaller one.

Our devil says the reason that red-headed people make the best soldiers is because they always carry fire-locks on their shoulders.

Damages—something which a man is sure to get if he goes to law for them.