

He did not speak at the moment, but took her hand, and with a kind pressure, led her into the room, and seated himself beside her on the sofa.

"Sarah," he said, in a tone of great kindness, "you have no doubt thought my conduct strange to day. Let me explain it to you. I have great troubles in my business, and often distressing anxieties. Particularly in these times of unexampled commercial difficulties, I find it almost impossible, even with the greatest sacrifices to get along. But with none of these things have I wished to trouble you. But you have acted differently towards me. Your difficulties with your domestics have irritated you, and you have too often allowed your own feelings of irritation to expend themselves upon me. Often, when a little attention on your part, would have made everything go right, you have trusted to servants you knew to be careless, and then disturbed the pleasure of a meal by scolding them, or grumbling through it on account of your difficulties.

"My dear Sarah, this is all wrong. This morning I had greater difficulty to get my note out of the bank than ever, and after running through the hot sun, and enduring all kinds of mortifying denials, in my attempts to borrow money, had, in the end to sacrifice one hundred and seventy dollars, more than I now make in a month, to get money from a heartless broker. The clock struck three as I entered the Bank. Two minutes later, and my note would have been protested and I ruined.

"With a violent headache, and burning with a fever caused by great mental excitement, I came home at dinner time, anxious for a little quiet of mind, to recover myself. But when I found you ready to annoy me about some trifling neglect of the servant, I could not endure it. I should not have spoken if I had reflected a moment, but it may be as well."

Mrs. Thompson made no answer, but twined her arms round the neck of her husband, and looked up into his face with mild, repentant eyes, that were running over with tears. It was their first and their last quarrel.

From the New York American.

#### FOREIGN RAMBLES.

MELROSE, October, 1840.

It was a delightful morning when we took our places on the coach of Newcastle-upon-Tyne for Scotland. Our blood quickened as our horses leaped nimbly forward towards the land so famous in war and verse, whose heroes and bards have associated

With every glen and every stream,  
The romance of some warrior dream.

The name of our coach—"The Chevy Chase"—and the broad Scotch dialect of the driver, who sang Highland airs with the spirit of a Rob Roy, gave a zest to my ardour to cross the border into that country, "where," in the language of Allan Cunningham, "almost every stone that stands above the ground is the record of some skirmish or combat; and every stream, although its waters be so inconsiderable as scarcely to moisten the pasture through which they run, is renowned in song and in ballad." After emerging from the dense smoke of Newcastle, and taking a few exhilarating draughts of the bracing autumnal air, we entered upon an extensive moor through whose desolations we wound our way for forty miles. As far as the eye could roam, the hills showed their bleak heads one above the other tufted with brown furze or crowned with gray rocks—their sides chased and furrowed by the mountain torrents, in whose channels the sheep were cropping the greenness—while the valleys, sprinkled with occasional patches of stunted cultivation, were dotted here and there with frost-bitten cottages. The wintry storms on this moor are terrible—often burying in snow all signs of habitation. The summits of the hills are marked by stone monuments to beacon the shepherds and their flocks when suddenly overtaken by one of these awful tempests, and at short distances on either side of the road tall black posts are erected to show the carriage-way when all around is a sheet of snow. The coachman pointed to a gibbet on a distant hill-top, where, in former years, felons were hung in chains and left to waste and whiten to grim skeletons by exposure to sun and storm. Appropriate spot for such barbarism! In the centre of the moor lies the scene of the battle of Chevy Chase. A small stone monument by the road-side marks the place where the brave Douglas fell. It is a rising ground, gradually sweeping down to the banks of the little Redwater, which, tradition says, ran with blood three days after this sanguinary conflict. We had traversed this moor forty miles and just

reached the summit of a weary hill when the guard pointed me to the "Border Stone,"—the boundary between England and Scotland. A zealous Scotchman by my side proposed a hazzza for 'Scotia against the world' as a winding up to a long wordy contest between himself and an English fellow-passenger as to the comparative merits of the two countries in war and literature. Three or four men, whose red hair and high cheek bones showed on which side of the Tweed they were born, seconded him vociferously, while the Englishman looked sour and was silent. I, being a loyal subject of 'Martin the first,' did not join in the cheer—though the Scotchman had offered me a glass of whiskey at the last inn, for the spirit with which I combatted the Londoner's assertion that the Duke of Wellington was the greatest statesman in the world.

We were now fairly over the border. The Cheviot hills, standing in serried ranks before us, seemed ready to dispute our passage into their storied dominions; while Teviotdale, spreading its beauties at our feet, invited us to descend into its romantic valley. The scenery was not unlike that of Vermont when the frost-pencil has faintly tinged the foliage with autumnal hues. In fact, Scotland is old England's Vermont. We are in Roxburghshire, famous for its border-conflicts of the 15th and 16th centuries, whose hardy chieftains kept up a constant predatory warfare with their English neighbours in those troublesome times. Every spot where the eye rests is invested with thrilling historical and traditional associations. Surrounded by such objects, through plain prose is unseemly, it must suffice our purpose—for, I am not among the favourite ones of the sacred Nine. But where every turf is redolent with native poesy, I may venture, as I scribble along, to pluck a few flowers, taking care, unlike certain poets, to give credit to the owners. As we proceed towards Jedburgh, the county town of Roxburgh, the little parish of Ednam, the birth place of Thomson, lies at a distance on our right. The humble spot which gave to the world the immortal author of the Seasons, is thus described by Moir:—

A rural Church—some scattered cottage roofs,  
From whose secluded hearths the thin blue smoke,

Silently wreathing through the breezeless air,  
Ascended, mingling with the summer sky—  
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather stained—  
A fairy streamlet singing to itself—  
And here and there a venerable tree  
In foliage beauty:—of these elements,  
And only these, the simple scene was formed.

The pretty town of Jedburgh, whose old Abbey ruins seemed ready to leap upon us as we passed under their shadows, hangs over the picturesque banks of the river Jed, whose clear waters mirrored its handsome houses, crumbling Abbey, its turreted Castle, and its waving oaks and larches to the skies. Here we took our first Scotch dinner, and whether because it was a Scotch dinner, or the rough air of the moor had whetted our appetite to a feathered edge, or whether it was that we ate it amidst what Burns calls the 'Eden scenes of crystal Jed,' yet, we did enormous justice to it. This unpoetical business being hastily dispatched, we galloped out of the burgh and soon passed the little village of Ancrum, remarkable for a bloody conflict between the Scotch and English three hundred years ago. The superstitious Scotch attributed their success to a beautiful young woman named Lilliard, who led the right wing of their army, and crowned the victory with her death. She sleeps under a monument erected on the battle field, which once contained the following epitaph (I copied it from a book at the inn)—

Fair Maiden Lilliard lies under this stone;  
Little was her stature but great was her fame;  
Upon the English loons she laid many thumps,  
And when her legs were smitten off she fought  
Upon her stumps.

Southern Literary Messenger for Dec.

#### THE WITHERED LEAVES.

THEY are falling thick and rapidly before the Autumn breeze,  
And a sudden sound of mournfulness is heard among the trees,  
Like a wailing for the scattered leaves, so beautiful and bright,  
Thus dying in their sudden hues of loveliness and light.

The wind that wafts them to their doom is the same that swept along  
In the freshness of their Summer-time, and blessed them with its song;  
That voice is still the merry one that mid the sunshine fell—  
Ye are not missed, ye glowing leaves, by the friend ye loved so well!

But yet no fearful fate is yours, no shuddering at decay,  
No shrinking from the blighting gust that bears your life away;  
The Spring tide with its singing birds, hath long ago gone by—  
Ye had your time to bloom and live, ye have your time to die!

Oh! would that we, the sadder ones, who linger on the earth,  
Like ye, might wither when our lives had parted with their mirth:  
Ye glow with beauty to the last, and brighten with decay—  
Ye know not of the mental war that wears the heart away!

Ye have no memories to recall, no sorrows to lament,  
No secret weariness of soul with all your pleasures blent;  
To us, alone, the lot is cast, to think, to love, to feel—  
Alas! how much of human wo those few brief words reveal!

MISS JANE T. LOMAX.

#### EVERY DAY HAPPINESS.

OCCUPATION and a clear conscience, the very truant in the fields will tell you are craving necessities. But when these are secured, there are higher matters, which, to the sensitive and educated at least, are to happiness what foliage is to the tree.—They are refinements which add to the beauty of life without diminishing its strength; and as they spring only from a better use of our common gifts, they are neither costly nor rare. Many have learned secrets under the roof of a poor man, which would add to the luxury of the rich. The blessings of a cheerful fancy and a quick eye come from nature, add the trailing of a vine may develop them as well as the curtaining of a King's chamber.

From 'Arsturus' for December.

#### THE SOLEMN VENDUE.

Mr. Abraham Sable was in town a short time since for the purpose of selling a few vaults in Christ Church churchyard, Tarrytown. There is 'snug lying' there, I will warrant—almost as snug as in the Abbey, and our melancholy-minded friend did well to bring them to the New York market, where purchasers must be found, if anywhere. Think but of those who want graves, and you will know whether there should be bidders for his commodity. First, there are all the weary, whose hope in life has perished; the suitor that sought love, and found tears, anguish, dark, dreary nights, and long, melancholy, purposeless days; the friend, whose close companion of many dear, dear hours has fallen from him with a cold look, an unforgiving eye, and a hand close shut to his expectant grasp, like stone; the merchant, whose last ship has gone down, far off, with all her freightage, in the cruel Indian Ocean; and the poor, lone mother, whose only son sunk, in that ship, in the gloomy sea, and whose heart begins to break over the thought that her home is desolate for ever. Here is a desire for graves!

There are other chapmen for the occasion: the poor politician, by whom opportunity has swept, and left him on the shore, officeless, remorseful, moping evermore, with hands thrust in his pockets, and eyes that wander from face to face, bereft of the old smile, the urgent, greeting look, that begged for a remembrance at the Novemberides.

There is another who would seek his grave as familiarly as his own chamber in the night, who would make his own couch there as cheerfully as under his own roof tree—one who would stretch in the dark shadow of the vault as readily as under the canopy of a green tree, or a bright cloud in summer: for him whose fair renown is soiled and milled to the world—for him a cheap family vault would be a homestead, indeed, a quiet retiring room, into which he could step and fall asleep from the slanders and tongues of evil men. Bid high for the grave! for it is a desirable property, a habitation that can shelter us from the harshest storms that ever yet blew over the earth. Let us buy graves early! for he that dies without this provision is poor—poorer than the neediest beggar, and must have the last charity dealt to him, the mightiest.—But who shall sell graves? Who so powerful enough to deal in this wonderful ware—this concluding and imperishable merchandise? It seems as if an angel, and no inferior one, should descend in our midst, and put to sale this great commodity.

Who bids? Who bids for this prime vault, with accommodations complete—dug in the choicest clay, with eight steps descending, and a warranted door of iron? Comfortable tenement, secure, silent, and rare. No arrest, no service of process can come there; no judge's voice, no marshal's truceon, no oppressor's rod. Who bids? who bids? you of the slippered shank and hollow cheek—it is yours, for you have already

taken possession, with one foot planted on your new estate. Another! larger, ampler, more spacious—for a more commodious tenant. Apoplectic mortal! I have your bid—it is a good one, and well thought of, for next week you shall enter upon your purchase. A third! Why do you draw back? Will none in this great crowd try for a third? Ah! there is a modest chapman: pale, thoughtful youth—you must drop, drop with others and elders; this measures you to an inch, and the deed will be made out to-morrow before the sun sets.

This would be an attentive auditory, I think, a respectful and silent throng of purchasers, and the competition wondrously timid and accommodating. Neighbor would nod off the bargain from his own head to neighbor, and the solemn salesman would lift up his voice alone in the streets of Babel.

There is also a choice of graves. Who bids? Who bids? Here is a damp, cold vault, laid in a hard soil, with perpetual drops oozing through upon the coffin. Lay there the dull hearted miser, in whose breast no kindly affection took root, and where hope, charity, love of neighbours, kindred, and children, withered away in the chill region of self seeking and love of gain.

Yonder the spade has done its work in a cheerful slope, on which the sun smiles through three quarters of the long summer day; it is a fitting burial place for the good man, whose eye, like this pleasant upland, loved to look forth on scenes of peace, quietness, and content, and to lend to them a new beauty and joy borrowed from itself.

Here, where the grave strikes deep among the gnarled roots of this great oak forest, that contends manfully with wind and tempest, and holds stout fast the earth, hither bring the bier of the towering son of power, whose renown was immovably established, and whose fair head lifted itself high up to heaven, without fear, or rather with great rejoicing and delight. Under this evergreen turf, covered with early flowers in spring, with long lingering snow drops, in the ungenial time, the great river ever murmuring by, and the distant mountain stretching its shadow over the water till it falls on this selected spot of ground, here lay the poet, in the midst of glorious sounds, and odors, of which he is a part now, and was once a partaker.

Who shall have this grave. Who bids? Who bids for a sepulchre that frowns upon us fearfully like this? Adders' nests, newts and ground moles beneath—long, hoary, moss clad trunks midway—sombre birds of omen, the evil boding crow, and the selfish owl above;—who seeks to lie here? Ah! it is that black haired man with blood spots on his wrist, and an unquiet devil in his eye, it is his, and he longs for it, for he is a murderer that cowers and trembles in the broad face of light. Hurry him to his grave, and bless him. Be quick with the obsequies, for he gasps in the pure air of day. Tarry not, for Jesus' sake tarry not with tressels and biers, sable hangings and hearse, for he yearns for his couch, as the child yearns for his cradle, or the wild beast pants for its den. Hide him, hide him swiftly in the earth! Going—gone. That bid passed like an arrow, and a reader chapman one could not desire.

Whom shall we lay in this desolate chamber, built in a blasted soil, on the bank of a dry channel, over which withered trees stretch their dead arms, and in the top of one of them lies the skeleton of an eagle with his wings drooping over the sides of his nest, struck dead by irresistible lightning. Whose grave is this? Thine, old Indian chief. Apparel his heroic old corpse in its feathers, its buffalo robe and its wampum belt, and lay it down in this region of gloom and barrenness—a kindred home for a kindred spirit.

This is a sweet tomb in this delicious vale, smothered as it were in excess of roses, violets, golden buttercups, a gentle wind sighs along its roof and makes apt music for the slumbering tenant beneath. Birds of pleasant plumage and tender song haunt there, and a field lark hath built its emblematic nest (from which its soars so steadily and cheerfully to heaven) at the very mouth of the grave. A choice tenant must inhabit so choice a tomb. It is that pale maiden on whose cheek a faint bloom lingers amid a fast triumphant paleness, as a little tinge of summer colors, often-times, the icy skirt of February retreating and returning ever and anon. Lay that Lady gently down. She was deserted in her prime, and carries a broken heart, meekly, and mildly, to her appointed home.

Bury the boatman by the shore, and the astronomer on the mountain; the warrior lay by the side of the cataract, whose din mimics a mighty battle—the clashing of shields, the braying of trumpets, and the shock of foaming carnage.

For the sons of doubt, whose lives were swift and dark with turbid thoughts, find a sepulture on the banks of gloomy currents that have their well springs in colder hills, and their ending in wide, illimitable, restless seas.