

you intend to do with that? And he pointed to the dead body. 'Catch me a touching it!' said Walton. 'Caleb chose to pull the knife out of him. I wouldn't ha' done it. It's the coroner's business, that is. We'll send him here. Come, Harry. It isn't our fault—but you must come, you know.'

Blake, without further remark, mounted his horse; and waiting until they were also on theirs, they rode off in company, taking the direction to the residence of the nearest magistrate, where, in due form, Harry Blake was delivered over to the mercy of the law, and arrangements were made for the removal of the body of Wickliffe.

CHAPTER II.

About five miles from the tavern mentioned in the last chapter, stood a spacious brick house, one story high, with low eaves extending within reach of the ground, and tall pointed windows, perched along its roof, as a substitute for second story lights. It was a venerable, grey old house, which seemed to have dozed away, amid the great shadowy trees which crowded about it, becoming hoary and antiquated, yet retaining an air of substantial comfort. Creeping vines, of various kinds, clambering about the windows, and in fissures of the walls, forming a green mat over much of the roof, and stealing up the trunks of the old trees; which formed the home of many a bird, who peeped into the narrow windows, or mounted on one of the topmost branches, which towered so high aloft, that its voice, as it poured forth its song, seemed carolling midway between earth and sky. A sequestered lane, crowded with trees, that dropped almost to a mounted horseman's head, led from the house to the highway which was at least a half a mile distant. Altogether, it was a rural, snug, dreamy old house; and in it was one of the snugdest rooms, fitted up with little knick-knacks rare in those days—with snowy windows and bed curtains, and a bed as white and snowy as the curtains, fit only to be occupied, and it was, by the most beautiful little fairy of a girl that ever ones eyes have rested on,—and that was Mary Lincoln.

At about eight o'clock, on the morning of the day succeeding that in which occurred the incidents narrated in the last chapter, and in the small room just mentioned, sat a very beautiful girl, with glossy golden hair engaged in sewing; though it must be confessed that her eye was more wandering through the window, and along that deep vista-like lane, down which her window looked, than fixed upon her work; for it was nearly at the hour which Harry Blake usually contrived, on some pretext or other, to find his way to the house, to see how she was, and ask a few questions, and make a few remarks, the nature of which was best known to herself. That day, however, he was behind his time; but still she felt sure he would come. He had said nothing about it; but she expected him as much as if he had; and was endeavoring to select one of half-a-dozen slightly coquettish ways of receiving him, which just then presented themselves to her mind. At first she thought that she would keep him waiting for her—a very little time—just enough to make him more glad to see her, when she came; but then, she should be as much a sufferer as he; for, impatient as he might be below, she would be equally so above; so she abandoned that. Then she thought of taking her sewing in the wide hall, and of stationing herself on one of the old settees which garnished its sides, and that she would be there very leisurely at work, and of course, would not see him until he came up and spoke to her; or, perhaps, might accidentally go out just as he was coming in. That, too, she abandoned; and then she fancied that she would stroll out and meet him in the lane; and, it must be confessed, that she inclined more towards this plan than either of the others; for she had accidentally met him in this way before; and on these occasions Harry always tied his horse to a tree, and walked with her to the house; and although the distance was short, they sometimes consulted a great deal of time in doing it, and he frequently he was unable to say at the house; for his father was almost as fond of Harry as his daughter, and had so much to tell him about his crops, and about this thing and that, and so much to ask him, that he sometimes inclined exclusively to her; although she endeavored to help thinking how snug and happy and comfortable the old gentleman would look if he were only snoring away in the easy arm-chair it was but eight o'clock in the morning. She threw aside her work, and was rising for the purpose of adopting this last plan, when she heard the dashing of hoofs in the lane. 'It's too late,' thought she, 'but I'll keep him waiting, and down he sat, out of sight of the window, so that she could not see the new comer; for she did not wish Harry should know that she had been watching for him. The noise of the hoofs increased; and the horseman dashed Harry to the door. This was not like a madman, but he did not gallop to the door like a madman. It was not respectful, and she would tell him so; still he might be in a hurry. There was some palliation. There was evidently a horse below, in front of the house, and she even heard his name mentioned. What is going on here? She was dying to know. There was some way of learning, unless she went to the window, and then she could be seen. No, she would not do that. Still the stir increased, and she caught the sound of voices in the nearest conversation; but Harry's voice was not among them. She could hold out no long-

er. She drew a chair near the window, and stood on it, at some distance from the glass; but still the envious eaves projected so as to shut out all view of what was going on below. It was too bad!—but she must. She then went close to the window. But even there, nothing was visible; for the speakers were close under the house, and not even the smallest tipend of the coat skirt of one of them was visible. Poor Mary! She stood on tiptoe, and even on the chair, but still those unlucky eaves thrust themselves between her and the object of her wishes. She went back to her chair, and sat herself down, wondering why they built such ungainly old eaves and cornices, which were fit only to annoy people, and wondering why no one came to tell her that Harry wanted her. He was uncommonly patient that day—provokingly so. Five—ten—fifteen minutes elapsed. There was something like a tear in her eye; for she certainly was very ill-used. She threw her work from her, and determined to go down to him, but to make him pay up for the backwardness. Opening the door, she went to the head of the stairs, and assuming as careless an air as if there were no Harry Blake in the world, was going down to them, when the voice of him, who was standing below, arrested her.

'Don't come down here, Mary,' said he. 'There was something in the tone of his voice, and in his manner, and even in this injunction, that caused Mary to stop, as if she did not understand him.'

'Go to your own room, my child: we are very busy here.'

Mary half turned to go, for she saw that he was much agitated; but as she did so, the name of Harry escaped her lips.

'He is not here,' said her father. 'Has anything happened to him?' asked she, in a faint voice.

'Yes, yes,' replied the old man. 'He's in trouble; but is well. Go to your room and I will be with you in a few moments.'

Mary got to her room, she scarcely knew how, and threw herself on her bed, drowned in tears. 'He's well—thank God for that,' sobbed she. 'I am sure I'm very grateful that he's not ill—very grateful—poor Harry—in troubles too, and I, like a good-for-nothing minx as I was, have been thinking all the morning of nothing but teasing him. He was too good for me. They all told me so—so patient, so kind, so good-humored—and I—I'll never forgive myself—I never will—never! She buried her face in her pillow, and sobbed there. Until the door opened, and she felt her father's arm around her.

He raised her, folded her tenderly to his bosom, and placed her in a chair.

'Courage, Mary, courage, my little girl,' said he, in a tone which certainly was not a model of what he recommended. 'Show yourself to be a woman.'

'Yes, yes, father, I will,' said she, and by way of verifying her words, she threw her arms about his neck, and wept more bitterly than before.

'Come, come, my dear little girl, said he, in a tremulous voice; 'sit down, and hear what I have to tell you.'

As he spoke, he again placed her in the chair and took her hand.

'If you are not able to listen to me now, I will defer what I have to say to another time,' said he.

He probably could not have hit upon a better method of recalling his daughter, who had no small spice of curiosity in her nature, and who just then recollected that she knew nothing definite of the evil which threatened Harry Blake.

'I can hear it now, father,' said she eagerly. 'Tell me at once, what has happened to him, and where he is.'

'He has been arrested, and is in prison,' said the old man, watching her pale face, as she sat with her eyes fastened on his, and the tears still on her cheeks.

'Is that all?' said she in a half whisper. 'Tell me all—why is he there?'

'He has been arrested on a very serious charge,' said the old man slowly, and by his manner endeavoring to prepare her for the communication he had to make.

'Will it affect his life?' demanded she, at once catching at the heaviest punishment of the law. 'Will it affect his life? Tell me that.'

'If it is proved it will,' replied the old man. 'What is it, what is it?' said the girl, rising and grasping his arm. 'Father, tell me, I charge you, and on your word, tell me truly.'

Her father put his arms around her, and strained her to his bosom, and looked in her face without speaking, until she repeated her question. Then he said, in a scarcely audible voice.

'He stands accused of murder.'

'Murder?' ejaculated she faintly, whilst her hands fell to her side. 'Charged with murder! Why, Harry Blake would not harm a worm.'

She extricated herself from him, made something like a step, and had not her father caught her, would have fallen. She had fainted.

The old man hugged her to his bosom again and again, kissed her lips and cheeks, and called her by name.

'I knew it would kill her! I said it would kill her! My own dear, darling little girl. Mary, Mary, speak to your old father! She's dead! She's dead!'

Fortunately the noise made by Mr. Lincoln reached some of the females of the house, who better understood the mode of administering to her illness. But it was not until he saw her eyes open, and the faint color once more in her cheek, that Mr. Lincoln could be induced to quit the room.

When she recovered, Mary was wilful, for once in her life. In spite of all that they could say, she insisted that her father should have the horse harnessed to the waggon, and drive her to the prison where Harry was. They argued and entreated; they spoke of her ill health, of the danger of herself; but it was idle. She said that they were all against Harry; that he was innocent; that he declared himself so; that she believed him, and that go she would, if she went on her bare feet, that he might see that she at least was still true to him.

At last they yielded to her importunity, and she took her seat at her father's side.

How unlike the light-hearted girl she had been but a few hours before. During the whole drive she spoke not a word, but appeared so calm, and comparatively so cheerful, that her father kept equally silent, until they stopped in front of the gloomy old building in which the prisoner was confined.

As she entered his room, and caught sight of him, she sprang forward, and clasping her arms about his neck, wept like a child; and he throwing his powerful arms about her, and clasping her to his bosom, kissed her cheeks and lips in a strange passion of joy and grief.

'I am come, Harry, I am come,' said she at last. 'I have not deserted you.'

'Dearest Mary, you, at least, believe me innocent?' said he, in a low earnest voice, holding her off from him, so that he could look in her face; but without relaxing his hold on her waist.

'Yes, yes, I do, I do! I never doubted it for a moment. But O! Harry, this is very dreadful—very dreadful. What will become of your poor little Mary, if any harm should befall you? But we won't talk of that,' said she quickly, for she observed that her words sent a sort of spasmodic shivering over him. 'We won't talk of it, nor think of it. I'll come to see you every day, Harry, and will spend all the time I can with you, and we'll be quite merry and cheerful here; and I can fix up your room, and do many little things to make every thing neat and comfortable here; and I'll tell you the news, and will read and sing to you, Harry,' said she, placing her hands upon his shoulders, and looking up in his face. 'I'll sing the song you asked for yesterday, when I was vexed, and refused. I'll sing it for you now, dear Harry—I will—I'll never refuse it again. Shall I sing it, Harry? Shall I, dear Harry?'

A painful sickly smile flickered across her face; a single feeble word, the first of the song, like the faint warbling of a dying bird, escaped her lips, and she sank senseless on his breast.

'Take her away! Take her away!' exclaimed Blake frantically, holding her out in his arms towards her father. 'Unless you would drive me mad, take her away!'

The old man seemed stupefied, but he mechanically reached out his arms toward her; but Blake again caught her to his bosom, and kissed her neck, face hands, and even the long tresses that fell across his face; and then reaching to her father, said: 'There, go, go; don't stop another instant.'

Mr. Lincoln took the frail form of his child in his arms, and moved to the door.

'One word, Mr. Lincoln,' said Harry; 'one word before we part. Whatever the result of this accusation may be, even though it end in my death—I am innocent. The time will come when I am proved so: and O! I beseech, if I lose my life, that you will protect my memory with Mary.'

The next instant he was alone; and, throwing himself upon a chair, he sat, with his face buried between his hands, until aroused, by the entrance of a lawyer who had been retained by his friends; and who now came to consult with him as to the steps requisite for the management of his defence.

[To be Continued.]

From the Knickerbocker.

THE PINE TREE.

Stern dweller of the mountain! with thy feet Grasping the crag, and lifting to the sky Thy haughty crest!—stern warrior king! thy form Scarce deigns to shake, when e'en the mighty blast,

Which the strong eagle fears to stem, swoops down And breaks upon thee. O'er the glimmering chasm

As lean'st thou, with one giant limb outspread, Thy sceptre, and seemed armor on thy breast, What is more grand, more glorious than thee? The headlong torrent pitching at thy base

Sends forth but vassal rumblings, when the storm Awakes thy thunder; and the puny woods Seem like bent saplings, when thy towering shape

Swings in its majesty. The lightning's dart Hath streaked, but not consumed thee, upward still.

As the black chariot of the fiend o'er rolls, Upward still, warrior king! thy crest doth point,

And in sublime defiance dost thou fling Thy emerald robe from off thy wounded breast, For other blows to fall, fierce hissing forth Thy scorn as flies the tempest. On thy rock, Thy throne impregnable, thou hast not reigned

During the lapse of ages, for a blast To break thee, or a lightning shaft to cleave Thy plumed head to the earth. The hurricane And showers of blazing levin-bolts alone

Can hurl thee from thy post of centuries. Yet art thou gentle, monarch of the crag! When all is gentle round thee—when the sky Is soft with summer, and the sunshine; basks In love upon thy branches, bright-winged birds Flutter within thy plumes, and make thee gay,

With their sweet songs: the downy-pinioned breeze

Soothes thee, until thou murmurest in a voice Of blindest music, that upon the ear Steals sad, but oh, how winning!

As thy head Bears the wild tempest when the rains are launched

In slanted phalanx, so when from the west The wind fans lightly, and the parted clouds Let the fresh sunshine leap, thy branches drop Their sprinklings on the blossom hung beneath,

Till its blue eye is deeper in its blue, And floats its sweet breath sweeter; while the moss

That plump and green o'erspreads thy iron roots, Fringed delicate sandals, seems some trysting place,

Where fairy shapes of gold and ebony Glance o'er in mazy dances. Winter-stern, Howling through forests changed to skeletons At the first mimicking breath of Autumn, sent As the mere courier of his dread approach,

Though hurling all his blasts, from thee recoils, His fury spent in vain: not one slight plume, No, not the tiniest fibre of thy sprays, Blanches or falls; but as thou stood'st when earth

Leaped living at the blue-bird call of Spring, Unchanged wilt thou again her carol hail, And tell where passed her timid steps from prints

Of violets and of cowslips. Let us mark Proud pine!—thou one of myriad instruments, Through which mysterious, solemn Nature breathes

The music of her wisdom in our souls— Oh, let us mark thy likeness in the world, The wondrous world of man. True Greatness towers

A glorious monarch throned on craggy thought, Decked in its proud regalia. When the blast Of Fortune bursts, it bends not; o'er the herd It spreads its sceptred arm, and weaker souls Bow, when occasion wakes its energies

In all their native glory. Earth's wild storms May sweep across it, and their lightnings touch Its lifted crest; but haughtily it dares The scathing wrath, and casts its deepest scorn At the endeavor baffled. Glorious gifts Are not bestowed for every passing cloud Of life to lay them darkened in the dust.

And it is gentle too, when gentle hearts Are round it; love for love it freely gives; And while it bears the storm upon its head, It yields a cherishing care to those that cling Unto it for protection. In life's change It changes not, but as it smiled in joy, So in the bleak waste of adversity It wears its accustomed look, and welcomes back

The sunshine of renewed prosperity. ALFRED B. STREET.

New Works.

From the Life of a Travelling Physician, from his first Introduction to Practice; including twenty years' wanderings, through the greatest part of Europe.

THE JEWS IN POLAND.

It is impossible to describe the sensation which their appearance creates in the mind of the stranger, when first he sees them walking about the streets like so many spectres, lank and lean, dressed in a long black robe reaching to their feet, and a hussar's fur cap, or a large slouch hat, upon their heads. They stand gazing around, apparently without anything to do; no apparent trade, nor profession; neither cultivating the land, nor defending it in the time of war; they only seem to cumber the ground on which they tread. This state of inaction is only apparent, for they are a very active, tho' not a laborious people, preferring the pittance they may gain without trouble, to a competency which common labour would easily procure them; living six days in the week upon black bread, and happy if they can get a morsel of meat on the Sabbath; cooped up in a hovel, lying pell-mell together without chair or table in their room; their bed consisting of a bundle of dirty straw; their garments tattered, leaving their bodies half exposed, for they never mend their clothes; no change of apparel, no difference in their dress, night or day—age alone stripping off their rags; compelled to dwell in the most obscure parts of the town, subject to persecutions inflicted upon them by their own laws and those of the government, which may be said rather to tolerate than to protect them; the sport and derision of those who deal, and often hold no faith, with them. Such is a true picture of this tribe, which is said to amount to more than half a million in Poland. Pale and haggard in their physiognomies, rendered more hideous by their long dirty beards, there is nevertheless a certain animation in their eye, and a cheerfulness in their countenances, which almost leads you to believe that they merit less commiseration. They address you at every instant, either to buy their merchandize, or serve as factors, or do anything you may please to order them; money is their sole object, against making which they have no law; and though they live chiefly by what is styled trick and cheating, yet they seldom rob on the highway, or break into houses; and few classes of men are less castigated by the penal law. They rob without being robbers, and beg without being vagrants. Influenced by no laws, and yet so conforming to those under which they live, that they are almost independent of them. There is no means they will leave untried to pilfer you; nothing that they will not willingly undertake for money; proof to all kinds of abuse; callous to offence. Load them with