

standing and experience, although they all declared that, should an opportunity occur, they would gladly accept his services.

One day, returning home rather dispirited at his want of success, he was startled by some one bawling out his name; and, turning round, he beheld old Flint, with his body thrust half out of the hackney chair.

"Jump in," cried the old man, seizing hold of his nephew's collar,—jump in! Now, sirrah, drive me back again as fast as your can go. I was just going home, nephew. How lucky to have stumbled over you! 've got the place."

"What place?" "Why, the place I've been hunting after the last month," replied Flint. "D'ye think I've been walking about whistling all the time. What salary did you receive in your last situation?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds." "Humph! this will do then, as far as the money is concerned."

"But the duties?" "Any fool can perform them," replied Flint; "and—but here we are, come along!" and, quitting the vehicle, they entered a splendid house in one of the fashionable squares in the West end.

"Is his lordship at home?" "Yes, Sir," replied the footman, and immediately ushered the eccentric old man and his nephew into the presence of the great man.

"My nephew, my lord. Sorry to bore your lordship; but I am anxious to have this affair settled."

"Not more than I am, Mr Flint, I assure you," replied his lordship graciously, and shaking the astonished Stephen by the hand, he wished him health to enjoy his new situation, and trusted that it would not be long before he obtained promotion. "And here, Mr Flint, is the letter of introduction to the principal, who will induct your nephew."

"And here, my lord, is the letter to my steward, with full instructions to canvass the electors. There will be no difficulty. I know their sentiments. A Tory master, and Tory tenants, every man, John, of them. A saucy, independent, well fed set, who do prettily well as they like with me; and all staunch Church and State men."

Happy was the family of Stephen Flint as they sat round the family board, with old Crusty at their head, such weeping, and laughter, and rejoicing.

The fact was, old Flint's "break up" was a mere farce. It is true, he had sold off the town residence, with the intention of retiring to his large estates in the country, when the idea of trying his friends entered his head, and he carried the joke out, as we have seen.

Having settled his nephew in a government situation of five hundred pounds per annum, and seen them all established in a house more in accordance with their altered circumstances, he departed to look after his tenantry, and celebrate the return of his lordship's son.

A few weeks afterwards a living in his gift became vacant, and he wrote the following short epistle to Mr Selwyn:—

"My dear Sir,—The living of F—, is vacant. It is worth eight hundred to a thousand a year. It is in my gift; but I intend to bestow it only on a married man. So if you'll pop the question to Emily it's yours. I am, &c., FRANK FLINT."

The short sighted Foresights saw the error into which their desire to keep up appearances had led them. They were, however, gratified in being able to write "such an affectionate letter," to their "dear uncle," expressing their gratitude for his patronage of their eldest daughter, whom, of course, they willingly bestowed on the object of her affections, quite proud of the alliance.

THE GIPSY'S REVENGE.

(Continued from our last.)

On that morning news of the crime, and of the death of the beaten man, and capture of a gipsy found near the premises, reached the hamlet Cymiel Case, near the Cothey Vale; and, ere long, she ascertained that this unfortunate person, who so strikingly resembled her lover, that two persons swore to his identity as the offender, was no other than her dear father-brother, her life's companion and protector, Gilbert! A fearful trial for the bosom of passionate, tender, inexperienced sixteen! A brother or a lover was to be sacrificed for the other's sake, and by her formal act!—her information before a justice in the distant county town of the confession of the murderer—a confession made in trusting love to her and her alone! Young as he was that lover was a character of deep guile, one well versed in the female heart, and instinctively learned in all the sophistry which self-love and love combined can weave like a net for the perdition of a soul. He avowed his resolution to save her brother, by surrendering himself to justice; he "would release her brother," he said, "and send him to be her comforter, if, indeed, she needed comforting under his fate—a welcome companion of her future days that brother than he, her lover." And these words he knew would be torture to her heart—terrible to her imagination—the self-sacrifice he promised, of itself almost expiating his fault: to her fond fancy, and rendering the loss of him still more insupportable.

Meanwhile days followed days; cut off by mountains from the converse of others, she learned the time of the dreaded assize from her lover's information only, and still just setting out on her dismal travel, still delayed its com-

mencement, still reproaching herself for leaving her brother—and such a brother—to die!—oh, no, not to die—such a thought never found entrance, if it were ever whispered by some fiend to her unhappy heart—but to languish a day, an hour, in prison, and she knowing his innocence, yet deferring to testify thereto! She set forth at last! Could she refuse him—her lover—who had so few days to live—who was about to devote his life to the salvation of another's—could she in mercy refuse her society to him during that journey?

They approached the town. It was Sunday; and the gaily-attired townspeople, walking out for air in a golden evening, formed a striking contrast to the dusty, wayworn appearance of this singular pair. In a lonely lane of the outskirts he suddenly stopped, and turned on hers a face pale with fury, and malignantly triumphant in the melancholy expression of hers. Pointing to a distant dead wall, made visible by the long level means of the setting sun—"Do you see that high building?" he inquired; "that is the gaol, my love!—the shambles where you are lovingly leading me as a lamb to the slaughter. My Lydia will grieve to learn that I am yet to live a little longer—that the assizes finished yesterday. Find what barn or hollow tree thou likest best for a night's lodging, love, and to-morrow, perhaps, we shall meet again." So saying, he vanished.

Stunned in mind, and worn out with fatigue, the unhappy girl, stretched under a lonely oak all night, at last fell asleep. Astonished at the death-like sleep she could hardly shake off, and at the late hour to which it had been prolonged, on waking she saw the sun, like a great fire globe, glaring through a dense fog, and heard the buzz of many people crossing the top of the green lane where she had been lying. She followed, half conscious of some impending horror, and found herself soon before a scaffold, erected against the prison wall, in the midst of a dumb, awe-stricken crowd, gazing up at a convict, in grave clothes, that moment come forth to die. No sooner had the sufferer cast his eyes on the orb which he was never to see set again, than he exclaimed, stretching both hands towards its magnified disk, as if it had been the very eye of that God to whom he appealed from man—"Innocent, by God! By the God who sees me die, I die innocent!" And a female voice, terrible from the agony its tones betrayed, re-echoed his cry—"innocent, innocent," and in a moment the exquisite figure of the gipsy girl, whose beauty and symmetry not all the wild desperation of gestures and looks could destroy, was seen struggling through the crowd to reach the foot of the scaffold; and all the while, her eyes being riveted on her brother, the priest, and the executioner, she continued to exclaim, as the burial service proceeded—"Stop that dreadful man in black,—stop his mouth—snatch his book. Will they bury him alive? Help me, some dear Christian soul, to climb to him. Murder, murder," she shrieked, as the executioner drew down the dreadful cap (sad mockery of comfort associated with ideas of repose and the night that will pass away) and placed in the dying man's hand something which he might throw down, as a signal of his readiness to depart—it was a flower—(still sadder de-secration of gentle sympathies and pleasant associations of thought!) Then, having tried to climb by one pole of the scaffolding, and being gently drawn back by the bystanders, who whispered—"the poor wretch's sweetheart," she cried out—"a curse upon the souls of all who hinder me! A crown in heaven for him who helps me save him—my brother, my dear, my innocent!" And, by an astonishing effort, in a minute more, she had clambered, above her reach of those below. Roused by the unusual commotion, he slowly pushed up the cap from his eyes, and saw his sister—his guilty, ungrateful sister!—such to his thoughts, for obscure rumours had reached him in prison that she was revelling in guilty pleasures with the very man for whose crime he was to die the death of a felon. Their eyes met for the first time. "Stop but to curse me! Stop till I prove your innocency to these horrid men," she cried, nearly exhausted. "To kiss thee?" he inquired, with a hollow, horrid voice, half hearing what she said, "Oh no, oh no," she answered; "I did not, dared not, ask that. Yet would you be so merciful, Gilbert, to hear me—but hear me—hear me swear I never—"

The wretched brother, either in indignant impatience of what he thought her mock penitence, or only wishful to end a dreadful scene that was fast forcing him back into the vortex of life's passions and regrets, fixed one stern, yet most heart-broken look upon the half fainting girl, then, with his pinioned arm, imperfectly drawing the cap over his eyes, threw down desperately the flower—his death signal. The wretched Lydia, whose sight swam in darkness, the next moment saw only the veil which he had drawn between them for ever.

From the New York Tribune. PAST AND PRESENT.

SUGGESTED BY COLE'S PICTURE. "THE PAST.—In this picture, the artist has attempted to represent the castle of some Prince or Noble of the middle ages, in its primal strength and magnificence. A Tournament is passing beneath its walls. Two Knights are tilting before the assembled multitude of Nobles and Peasantry. Fronting the spectator is the Royal Pavilion, and immediately in the foreground of the picture, the Throne of the Queen of Beauty, and on the left are the tents of the Knights, Challengers, &c."

"THE PRESENT.—The scene of the last picture is still before the spectator, but greatly changed. The halls of the castle are roofless—the sunlight and breezes play on the weeds and flowers, which cling to their ruined arches.

The massive and lofty tower that seemed to bid defiance to man and the elements, is dilapidated and crumbling to decay. A stagnant pool stands on the tilting ground, and a solitary shepherd feeds his flock where once stood the Royal Pavilion and the Throne of the Queen of Beauty.

MARK yonder castle in its ancient pride, How like a towering giant stands it there; A monarch that for ages hath defied The change of empires and the storms of air; Rising in flinty sternness like a throne Upon the broad domains that lie around, Where sitteth one who beareth to his own The myriad minds within his borders found!

A lofty monument by Time deep worn, Built on the wrecks of Freedom and of Mind; Where Virtues perish, and where Vice is born, First to degrade and then enslave Mankind! The place where men live on a tyrant's word, Shrink at his nod, and rally at his cry, And fear to speak their wrongs—if spoke ne'er heard— But live as vassals and as vassals die!

Ay, there it stands in all its strength of old, And now beneath high tower, and flag, and tent, Glittering in sunshine and in hues of gold, Mark the assemblage for the tournament. All wear a gay appearance—Pride is there, And noble blood, and Beauty's laughing eyes; In many a humble heart these broods Despair, As sense of wrong in darkness on it lies.

But lo! the change: Ages have passed away; The varied throngs have faded from the scene; The stately halls have fallen to decay, And Run through them stalks with stalwart men. Gone is their gloomy power and gone their thrall— Gone is the feudal chief and feudal train— Gone is the cry of War—and mouldering all Are those who revelled on that broad domain!

No more the air breaks to the bugle's thrill; No more go forth the armed friends of Death; No more do myriads own a single will, And hold their life upon another's breath: The wild moans sadly through the ruined piles, And now a lonely shepherd idly strays Where once the Queen of Beauty gave her smiles. As meed of Valor and as crowns of praise.

And still a mightier change, and Truth is here: The forests deep have lost their darksome shades; The sounds of Labor break upon the ear, And shouts of Joy ring from the smiling glades; While from yon ruins, desolate and void, There comes a better voice than Glory's strains, Proclaiming that when Time their power destroyed, He broke a link in grim's Oppression's Chains.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

EVILS OF PARTY SPIRIT.

BY PROFESSOR DWIGHT—OF YALE COLLEGE.

"Is Party Spirit beneficial?" was a question lately discussed by the Senior Class in the above named College. On the subject Professor Dwight made the following most admirable remarks. They are well worth a careful and attentive perusal. The beneficial effects of Party Spirit is too manifest in our distracted community, for any of our readers to gainsay the solemn truths which the Speaker has stated.

Truth, young gentlemen, is the same thing in all cases. It is a perfectly mathematical question. So is justice. Falsehood is always the antipode of truth; and the distinction between them is clear and broad. In every question relating to truth, the decision is easy. Such is not the fact with questions on some other subjects. What is expedient is often difficult to decide; and points often come up in public affairs on which it is matter of doubt where lines can be properly drawn. For instance; suppose a legislature find it necessary to lay a tax. In almost any case the first question to be determined would be; how large a sum ought to be raised? Perhaps it may be thought that a million of dollars will be wanted. But some of the legislators may doubt whether two millions will not be required, or more, or less. There may arise another question: on what shall the tax be laid? And afterwards another still! how shall it be collected? All these must be decided on principles of expedience; and all offer occasions for differences of opinion, and the formation of parties.

But there can be no parties about truth—No man can innocently oppose it. The chief enemy to the universe is falsehood. By a single falsehood the world was destroyed.—Every man who practises lying is an enemy to the universe. Christ said to liars: "Ye are of your father, the Devil." Truth is like Justice. "Eiat justitia, ruat cælum!" or, "Dicatur Veritas, ruat cælum." And if the truth is known and acknowledge, how can there be any difference of opinion, or any ground for contrary actions? The truth should be sought and ascertained, and actions founded upon it. Benevolence requires that we pursue such measures as shall produce most good; and the inquiries to ascertain the best course must be

directed with fairness and sincerity. Now where is room for parties?—It is true we find differences of opinion on all sides; but these are in many cases owing to something else than the love of truth. We agree perhaps in general, but we differ when we come to particulars; we agree perhaps concerning facts, but disagree in regard to circumstances. In the most pure Christian Church, where all should be love, there are differences of opinion. The reason is that Christians are men. Questions arise in which they feel personal interests, and their feelings lead them to differ. The same effects we observe in politics; but there is no better reason for them. Why should there be opposing parties among us? Our interests, as well as our duties, are the same. You are an American so am I; "let there be no difference between us for we are brethren." We should feel as Abraham did when there was danger of a dispute between him and Lot. We have but one interest, though we may think we have more.

By this spirit we ought to be guided in all our public concerns in this country, and every measure should be directed by it. You want a tax of a million of dollars; I want two millions. Let us argue the question coolly, and let the majority decide. If the result should not be strictly agreeable, let us be content.—But our practice is very different from this.—We are so in love with party spirit, as not to be content with truth. We fancy parties are necessary, when it is clear that if they exist falsehood must be the basis of one of them.—Can God heed such engines as lies to carry on his government in the world?

Mr Jefferson formed the party in this country which is now called Republican. He is a man of sagacity, but I could tell you facts concerning him which would startle you.—Before the Republican party was formed there was no party in the United States; but now we have nothing to anchor us. The question is not now what is the country's good; but what shall be done for our party! An intelligent gentleman, who had travelled extensively in the country, remarked to me not long since, that he had met but one man whom he could call an American. This is the effect of party spirit. Look at countries where it does not so generally prevail. Look, for example, at England, where the people feel a common interest in their country. Here we have nothing to anchor us; everything is afloat on a four year's election. To what a state does party spirit reduce us! To have every man trying to conquer his fellows without trying to conquer the truth, to see all striving for victory and forgetful of the public good, IS A TERRIBLE THING!! The influence of this spirit is wide spread and baneful. Rancorous feelings are generated by it between individuals; friends and families are divided; and violence and crimes are not unfrequently the results. To allude to a few instances; a promising young man who was pursuing the study of the law at Kaskaskias, having excited the animosity of a man against him by some political remarks, in a newspaper, lost his life in consequence. A man rode suddenly up behind him one day, and shot him dead and fled. At Lexington a religious publication was set up not long ago; but the editor was so much threatened by some young men of that place that his life was thought to be in danger.

In other parts of our country the same spirit has issued in bitterness. It speaks from Georgia to Machias, and from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. And this is party spirit. It is an enquiry of some interest: is this the manner in which God will be pleased to see us act? Is this system agreeable to his commands? Falsehood is opposed to his character, and party spirit approves of falsehood.—Countenanced thus, falsehood spreads. And to what may we not expect it to lead? "Now that truth has fallen in our streets, how can iniquity enter?"

Young gentlemen, I consider party-spirit one of the greatest crimes mankind were ever guilty of. It has not long been in existence in our land, and therefore its natural tendency has not been fully shewn. But I can appeal to other countries, to exhibit its nature and effects. Greece, Rome, Genoa, Geneva, Holland, Switzerland, and many more were ruined by parties. I do not believe parties ought ever to exist in a republic: I do not believe they were ever necessary. It is sometimes said, I am aware, that those who enlist under different party leaders often think they are combining their influence to produce good results. So may gamblers. The question is not what people may think or pretend to think; but what is for the benefit of our country? What is it that will preserve us? It may be replied, that we shall yet have wisdom enough, in the midst of any excitement, to ensure our safety. But have not other States pursued this course, and pursued it to their ruin? Yes, and they had the same wisdom which we have.

We may go on and call ourselves independent Americans, boast of our wisdom, and perhaps enjoy prosperity for a time; but we shall stop. Young gentlemen, we are children of Adam;—children of Adam ruined all other states. All the calculations of party benefits are a mere dream.

We should be exposed to the spirit of party if our interests could be secured by our laws without making offices objects of coveting.—The Romans were wiser. If we could ship off a few of our office-hunters, it might be for our benefit, especially if another brood did not spring up, I wish you to reject this spirit, and consult only the *Sulas Populi*. I cannot see how a republic can live with parties.

CONFIDENCE is not always the growth of time; there are minds that meet each other with a species of affinity, and with a promptitude and faith that only belongs to the pure essence of which they are composed.