

pendant emperor broke the window upon which he had inscribed such heresy."

Now Julia was a bewitching little coquette, playing with the hearts of her admirers as she would a game at cards, winning and losing them at pleasure; yet she could not refrain from blushing at this apt sarcasm of her sister.

"True, Sia, I am a miracle of constancy," she replied; "but it is constancy all wasted upon fickle man, henceforth 'I'll none of it.' Now tell me, aunt," she continued, turning to an elderly lady who was smilingly listening to the conversation of the two girls; "tell me, do you not think for all this slander which Anne has just cited, that woman is much more constant than man? Did you ever know one of the self-styled 'lordly sex,' notwithstanding their boasted superiority, that was not as fond of pursuing a pretty face as a child is of chasing a butterfly, and if at length he succeed in catching the poor thing, now that it is his own, like the same child he scarcely gives a second glance but is off again in pursuit of others. O I delight to repay them as they deserve!"

"Do you mean to compare yourself to a butterfly then?" archly asked Anne.

Julia playfully tapped the rosy cheek of her sister, as her aunt replied: "There is but too much truth, I admit, Julia, in your illustration, yet I have known instances of man's devotion, which for sincerity, purity, and all enduring faithfulness, might challenge even that of woman."

"You must mean that of Jacob for Rachel then, aunt," said Julia, "for such an anomaly has surely not existed since the days of the Patriarchs!"

"If you will sit down half an hour," replied her aunt, "I will relate to you one example of man's fidelity under circumstances which I am certain will cause you to modify at least your opinion."

"O, a story—a story—just like you, aunt," cried Anne, "always something interesting to tell us—do begin. But are you sure now, dear aunt, that it is really a true story?"

"Yes, my dear, it is a true story," replied her aunt, laughing at the earnestness of her inquirer, "and the parties were both well known to me. Shall I commence?"

"O yes, yes!" exclaimed both the girls, and the good lady thus began:

Mr Dana, a wealthy and highly respectable citizen of one of our southern cities, was a devoted lover, and promoter of the Fine Arts; and to his encouragement and liberality many a child of genius, to whom fortune had proved niggardly, was indebted for pass money to the Temple of Fame. Of these was a young man by the name of Irwin, whom chance had introduced to his acquaintance and sympathy.

Fond of exercise, Mr Dana frequently relieved the confinement consequent upon his profession as a lawyer, by long rambles into the country, and it was one of these occasions which led to the acquaintance I have mentioned. One afternoon, having strolled rather further than was his custom, he was overtaken by a sudden shower and obliged to seek for shelter in the nearest habitation. This proved to be a small cottage standing at no great distance from the road-side.

Although every object within told of the most humble poverty, yet with it there was blended an air of neatness and even taste, such as is but rarely found linked with penury. The floor of the only apartment apparently which the house contained, was cleanly scoured and sanded—a few chairs—a pine table on which stood a vase of freshly culled flowers—a low bed faintly spread with coarse but clean covering, and a few utensils for cooking, completed the furniture, while the light of the one little window was softened by the close foliage of a hop-vine trained across.

Yet what immediately attracted the observation of Mr Dana, was a piece of coarse canvas stretched upon a rude frame at one end of the apartment, upon which, sketched apparently with red chalk, were the outlines of a landscape. Coarse and unfinished as it was, it was not unpleasing; and the quick eye of Mr Dana at once detected marks of no very ordinary genius. Upon inquiring to whom it belonged, the woman of the house, of neat and respectable appearance, informed him it was the work of her only son, adding, with a sigh, that she feared his fondness for drawing would prove his ruin, as having no means of pursuing it to improvement, or advantage, and that in his strong predilection for the art, he at times entirely neglected all those duties upon which depended their support. She acknowledged, however, that to please her he would cast aside his favourite employment for months together, yet never seemed happy until she herself, wearied of his impatience, would at length beg of him to return to his heart's prized pleasure.

Mr Dana found himself much interested in the account the woman gave of her darling son thus struggling on through poverty against the fire inwardly consuming him—repelling for her sake the fondest desire of his heart—for her sake crushing the germ of laboring genius which needed but the fostering care of some kindly hand to ripen into beautiful fruit! Giving the mother his address, Mr Dana bade her send her son to him, and thanking her for her hospitality, withdrew.

It was some months after this occurrence, which was almost forgotten by Mr Dana, when one day young Irwin presented himself before him, and with modest demeanor referring to the conversation which the former had held with his mother, stated that he had now come to request his assistance. His mother was dead, and he was now resolved to pursue the calling for which he was considered Nature designed him.

Charles Irwin must then have been about eighteen years of age, with a countenance

bearing the impress of a soul—indeed his lofty brow and dark flashing eye needed no other guarantee with the enthusiastic Mr Dana, and it is therefore needless to say that he met with every encouragement a generous heart could prompt. Three years from that time found the young artist ranking high in his profession, and the affianced husband of the lovely Laura, the only child of his patron. The hand of Miss Dana was a boon which even the most distinguished, either from talents or wealth, might have been justly proud to obtain—but her heart had chosen, and Mr Dana valued the happiness of his daughter too dearly to make an instant's demur, and he therefore unhesitatingly crowned all the benefits bestowed upon the young artist with that priceless treasure, his child.

It was about this period that I became acquainted with the charming Laura. Hope encircled her young heart with its beautiful rainbows, and Joy therein danced as sprightly to the music of Love and Happiness.

The past was as some pleasant dream, yet fading dimly under present pleasures, and the future was as a bright day dawning in June. And she had a right to be happy—her character was as faultless as her person—the only child of dotting parents, whose wealth enabled them to bestow upon her education all those accomplishments which her fine taste and imagination prized—moving in refined society, beloved by all who knew her, it was no wonder she was happy.

At eighteen Laura might have passed for a blue stocking, for with all the solid branches of learning she was proficient—music and painting her delight, while through her ardent love of study, she made herself acquainted in their own language with the best writers of the French and Italian school. But her sweet modesty, her unaffected diffidence of her own superior acquirements, only made her loveliness still more attractive.

The happiness of this young pair, with dispositions and tastes so congenial, was truly pleasant to behold, and if ever life to mortals were an aspect of gladness, to them did the future gush forth as it were in songs of rapture. Happiness, alas, never to be realized! Visions of bliss too soon shrouded by despair! Preparations were already making for the marriage of Irwin and Laura—for the union of so much loveliness and excellence, to excellence equal return, when one morning the latter left home for the purpose of visiting the poor Irish family, who for a long time had been supported solely by the bounty of her father. For some weeks nothing had been heard from them, and thinking they might perhaps be ill and require assistance, Laura set forth alone upon her mission of charity.

Upon arriving at the house, she found the doors and windows, although it was midsummer, tightly closed, and without stopping to knock, she gently opened the front door and entered. One glance disclosed the whole wretched scene. Sickness and death were there. Already was Laura at the bed side of the poor woman, and had taken the moaning babe in her arms, when the physician suddenly entered the room. At sight of Laura bending over the bed of the miserable sufferer, he started with surprise, then hastily snatching the child from her, exclaimed:

"Good God, my dear young lady, do you know where you are! Leave the house, I entreat, immediately!" then seizing her by the arm he hurried her forth into the street, saying—

"This wretched family have the Small Pox in its worst form, and two have already fallen victims to its virulence. Pray God, my dear Miss Dana, no evil may result to you from this dangerous exposure!"

Pale with consternation and affright, Laura hastened home, and with that prudent forethought so natural to her character, at once made known to her parents and lover, the danger to which she had unconsciously exposed herself. Every measure which could be used to avert the contagion was put in practice—but of no avail. The fatal symptoms soon made their appearance in the most dreaded form; and for weeks poor Laura languished at the gates of death. To paint the distress of her agonized parents would be impossible. Day or night they forsook not the bed-side of their suffering child, while smitten with grief and apprehension, although not allowed to behold the object of his dearest affections, young Irwin never for a moment left the house, but remained anxiously waiting every hour for tidings of her safety. The prayers of so many fond hearts were at length answered; the disorder took a more favourable aspect, and in a few days it was announced by her physician that she would recover.

Poor Laura! she did recover, it is true—but no person, save her fond mother, ever looked upon her face again!

Horrible indeed were the ravages this dreadful disorder had committed upon beauty so charming, as if revelling in the matchless loveliness its touch corrupted. Her eyes, those beautiful eyes, mirroring forth so truly the purity of her soul, were nearly destroyed, and her features, once so radiant with happiness, changed almost to loathsomeness. Laura knew she was changed—she felt it in the shiver convulsing the frame of her mother as she hung speechless over her, and in the scalding tear which unbidden fell upon her cheek. But she bore her misfortune like an angel, as she was, and even chided her mother, affectionately, that she indulged such grief on her account.

"Weep not, dearest mother," said she to her one day, "but rather rejoice. For God in his goodness has spared my life that I may, perhaps, atone for the many hours I have thoughtlessly profaned, careless of his great love and mercy."

I will not dwell upon the scenes which fol-

lowed her partial restoration to health, nor attempt to describe to you the wretchedness of poor Irwin when he was informed that henceforth Laura was lost to him—that the day-spring of his happiness was darkened forever—for she had announced her inviolable determination never to be his. Never, she affirmed, would she bind him to an object so helpless as she had now become; therefore, releasing him from all ties, she secluded herself entirely from every one save her parents and myself, (for whom she had imbibed the affection of a sister,) and devoted herself to study and meditation.

Who could read the workings of that young heart thus suddenly shut out from love and Hope! and what resignation—what calmness did she exhibit!

Her sight was now partially restored, so that at intervals she could indulge her passionate fondness for reading. It was her custom to remain alone for many hours in the day, only admitting us to her presence late in the afternoon or evening, when she always appeared calm and conversed cheerfully. She was ever closely veiled, and as her graceful form had lost none of its symmetry, or her voice its gentle tones, it seemed still more difficult to reconcile ourselves to this dreadful unseen misfortune which had robbed society of its brightest ornament.

In the meanwhile poor Charles had been on the verge of the grave. But of this Laura knew nothing, and we audiously avoided speaking his name lest we might inadvertently betray his dangerous illness. At length he began slowly to recover, and came once more to the dwelling where the object of his love was buried, for buried she truly was to him.

One evening I was sitting alone with Laura—the door was left open to admit the air, for the afternoon had been very sultry, and directly opposite, reclining on a low couch, was my poor young friend. She was evidently laboring under great depression of spirits—I had sought in vain to cheer her, and at last taking up a volume of Shenstone, I commenced reading aloud some of those truth-drawn descriptions of rural life in which I knew she delighted. Suddenly a step was heard approaching—Laura started—a convulsive tremor shook her whole frame, for the quick ear of love had already detected the footsteps of Irwin—then with a faint motion of her hand, she bade me close the door, but ere I could rise from my seat, poor Charles, pale, haggard, appeared at the entrance.

"O Laura, Laura," he exclaimed, rushing to her and falling on his knees before her; "send me not away from you—O drive me not back—only let me be near you, dearest—let me but hear that sweet voice—O speak to me—speak to me, Laura!"

"Dear Charles!" murmured the almost fainting girl, clasping the hand of her lover.

Never shall I forget that touching scene. I softly withdrew, and closing the door after me, left the lovers alone.

What passed at the interview I never knew, but when Irwin joined the family circle below, he seemed a changed being. His countenance was no longer pale—a bright glow suffused his cheeks—smiles were on his lips, and joy sparkled in his eyes. It was now understood that henceforth he was to be admitted into the apartment of his beloved Laura, and from that evening several hours of each day were passed in her society.

Their hearts were as pure as their love was holy. Charles knew she could never be his wife—that no more that sweet countenance would meet his raptured eye—but it was happiness to be near her—it was joy to listen to her gentle tones—to watch each motion of her graceful form, and to know that as in her love existed his happiness, so did his love help to cheer poor Laura, and render even joyous her exilement from the world. Such ardent attachment, such pure devotion was indeed truly pleasant to witness. He read to her from her favorite authors—he brought her daily the choicest flowers—listening with delight to her conversation, at all times and upon all subjects so pleasing, and how often have I heard their sweet voices blended together in songs of holy praise! When the weather would allow, the light carriage of Mr. Dana was brought to the door, and Irwin, leading his dear Laura with the tenderness of a mother for her babe, would place her within and then accompany her in short drives into the country. Upon these occasions how happy she would seem! The fragrance of the woods and fields—the singing of the birds—the soft palmy wind which stole beneath her silken veil, all appeared to fill her heart with gladness, nor was her lover less happy.

Charles Irwin was one of the most engaging young men I ever knew and, in person a type of manly beauty. Many a fair girl would gladly have attracted his love, and his society was courted by families of both wealth and distinction. Yet renouncing all these, every moment he could snatch from his profession was spent with Laura. Her portrait, such as she was when they first met, hung in his studio. To this his eyes were uplifted, and hers seemed bent upon him with looks of encouragement and love, while a sweet smile played around her mouth—this lent energy to his pencil—and added strength to his endeavors. No wonder, thus inspired, that he soon had no rival in his art!

Thus years passed on, bringing no change in their pure lives—he ever the same kind, devoted lover—she as fond, as gentle, as uncompromising. At length misfortunes began to press heavily upon Mr. Dana. Having entered into speculations which proved unfortunate, he was suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, and now it was that the sincerity of Charles Irwin's attachment attested itself. For some

there were, whose hearts, incapable of any feeling but selfishness, and who therefore could not appreciate the purity and truthfulness of his attachment, had often accused Irwin of mercenary motives in his devoted attentions to Laura, and that as a reward for so many years of patient confinement to the society of a hopeless invalid, he indulged the hope of being recompensed by receiving the fortune of Mr. Dana. But how much they were in error! for no sooner was he informed of the misfortune of his benefactor, than collecting the fortune, by no means inconsiderable, which he had acquired by steady application to his art, he hastened at once to Mr. Dana and offered it to his acceptance; and from that day (if possible) was even more kind and attentive to Laura.

Of her talents I have before spoken, and now it was that she unlocked and disbursed from the rich casket in which they were enshrined those treasures of her heaven-guided mind. Her sight would not allow her transcribing her beautiful thoughts to paper—it was Irwin's pride and pleasure to do this. Seated by her side he caught her pure thoughts as they fell from her lips, and thus those unpretending, but charming, effusions were given to the world. No words can express the pleasure this gave to Laura, not only as being instrumental in affording pleasure to others, but also that the profits she realized in a pecuniary way, enabled her to ensure to her dear parents those little comforts which their age required, and which habit had rendered necessary.

But this lovely flower, too soon for the hours around which she was entwined, was suddenly gathered from earth to heaven!

One evening, Laura complaining of great lassitude and weariness, we bade her good night at a much earlier hour than usual. Irwin was the last to leave her, and when he did so, as he afterwards told me, it was with an irrepressible feeling of sadness. She noticed this depression, for the tremulous tone of his voice betrayed his agitation, and extending her hand—

"Good night, dear Charles," she exclaimed, "do not be alarmed—I shall be well to-morrow."

Alas! when at the dawn of that morrow her mother softly entered her chamber, Laura was—dead.

I cannot dwell upon that heart rending event. Although many years have since rolled over my head, and many sorrows have been mine, that agonizing scene is still vividly before me. The grief of poor Irwin was as deep as his love. The blow his heart received in her death could not be healed—no kindness could cheer—no sympathy alleviate his sorrow, and in less than three months he followed his beloved Laura to the grave!

My story is done. And now, my dear Julia, when you again reproach man as inconsistent and ungrateful to woman's love, remember the history of Charles Irwin, and let his fidelity render you more charitable.

New Works:

From the Journal of a Clergyman.

SCAVENGER DOGS OF LISBON.

The noise made by the dogs is utterly inconceivable by any one who has not spent a night in Lisbon or Constantinople. There is every variety of yelp, bark, whine, howl, and growl, from the puniest tenor of the turnspit puppy to the deep bass of the full grown mastiff. They seem to career through the streets in packs, howling and yelping the whole night long; taking especial care, as they run from place to place, to leave a turnspit at the corners to yelp and howl until the main body return, lest the weary stranger should catch a little brief repose in the interval. They tell me that thousands have been lately destroyed, chiefly on account of their predilection for the fruit of the vine, and the ravages they are apt to make in the neighbouring vineyards. Would that thousands more had perished before I had the good fortune to listen to their music! Ugly, mangy, mongrel curs they are—good for nothing but devouring filth and destroying grapes. It appears that the Lisbon curs bear the same character as exclusive with their fellow curs in the capital of the Ottoman empire, and are quite as great sticklers for the integrity of the territorial system. They have divided the whole city into distinct sections or wards, each of which is allotted to a particular set of dogs, and is regularly patrolled by that set alone; and so jealous are they of the privileges and immunities of their particular order, that if any unhappy cur should presume to intrude himself into a domain where he has no legitimate authority, or attempt to bark, howl, or devour offal, or exercise any of the rights of curship, or handcraft as a German would term it, beyond the bounds of his own set, he is speedily taught, by the summary justice of the established order of things is not to be tolerated with impunity.

An old lady up in Vermont was once asked by a young clergyman to what religious denomination she belonged. "I don't know," says she, "and I don't care anything about yer denominations—for my part I hold on to the old meeting house."

"My 'spected bredren," said a venerable looking preacher of the Ethiopian race, "blessed am I dat 'spects nutin, for dey aint gwine to be disappointed."

Why did Marcus leap into the gulf at Rome? Because he thought it was a good opening for a young man.