## Literature, &c.

The American Magazines,

From Graham's Magazine. THE WIDOW AND THE DEFORMED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

A few years after his marriage, Mr. Sullivan took his family to Europe, where they remained until within a few months previous to the singular meeting of Louisa and Agatha.

In a beautiful cottage on the borders of Loch Katrine, their lives had been one uninterrupted scene of happiness-always excepting the yearning of a mother's heart for her lost child. The education of Ruth and Agatha had formed the caucation of thath and Agatua had formed their chief care, and was such as a kind-hearted intelligent man like Mr. Sullivan was proud to give them, sparing neither money nor precept, and aided too, by the superior judgment and example of their excellent mother. Buth had grown up locally and arrish. ther. Ruth had grown up lovely and amiable and at the time the family returned to America, was affinanced to a fine young Scotchman. Poor Agatha had become mere unsightly in figure, yet retained all the simplicity and amiableness of her childhood. Whatever may have been her own private feelings upon her un-furtunate deformity, it was rare, indeed that she ever made allusion to it. When she did, was with meekness and resignation to her Maker's will; for carly in life had Agatha given herself to Him whose leve is more pre-cious than all earthly advantages. She seldom mixed with society, yet when she did, even with strangers, after a slight acquaint-ance, thought no more of her unshapliness. The sweet expression of her countenance interested, her intelligence charmed them.

When Mrs. Sullivan took possession of her new residence on the Susquehanna, little did she dream how short the distance which separated her from her youngest born; and when Agatha related the fright she had received during her morning ramble, and spoke with such enthasiasm of the beautiful girl who had so nobly come to her assistance, how little trembling Agatha, whose voice it was had tried to soothe her fears.

Mr Sullivan avowed his determination of calling immediately upon their neighbours to express his thanks to the fair maid, and the gallant young gentleman who had so opportunely come to the assistance of dear Agatha his pet and favorite. He did so the next day, but he was too late-the house was deserted.

Agatha evinced much regret at the circum

stance.
'How sorty I am !' said she; 'O, I do hope we may hereafter meet again; the counternance of that charming girl haunts me like a dream—so lovely, and somehow so familiar to me—a stranger, and not a stranger. Sometimes, ma'ma, when you look at me as you do now, I almost fancy her eyes are on me, and then again, only for being a bloade, it appears to me she greatly resembled Ruth.'

Mrs. Oakly changed colour, and evidently much agitated, she inquired of her husband is he knew the name of their late neighbor.

'I do not,' was his reply, 'and our servants are as ignorant as ourselves. Ah! here comes an honest lad with berries to sell—and a fine tempting load too. I will ask him while I parchase the fruit.'

As the boy measured out the berries, Mr.

Sullivan said, 'Well my son, can you tell me who lives in the fine old stone house just at the bend of the Oakly sir-Squire Oakly we call him

here.'
Quick, quick, father, ma'ma is fainting!'
screamed Ruth, springing to her side.
For a moment all was alarm and confusion,
but at length Mrs. Sullivan slowly opening her eyes desired to be led to her chamber,

'I will lie down a few moments—I shall soon be better; it is nothing—nothing,' she answered to their affectionare solicitude.

When alone, then did she give way to her y. What happiness! her dear Louisa—her long lost was found. She was good, too, and lovely; her kindness to a stranger proved the former, and the assertions of the grateful Agatha the latter. She might now hope by some fortunate chance to see her-they might now meet. O, how could she keep down her throbbing heart; how would she be able to refrain from elasping her to her bosom, and avowing herself her mother. When she thought she had recovered sufficient composure, she again joined the family; but it was almost as soon dissipated by the conversation which followed her entrance into the sitting

My dear,' said Mr Sullivan, ' do you know these foolish girls are for making out a relationship between themselves and our runsway neighbors—claiming a consinship, even if several degrees removed, to the fair heroine of Agatha's story -can it be so think you ?"

This Mr Oakly may possibly have been some convection of their father's,' faltered

' Had papa no brothers ?' said Agatha. Yes one; but some unhappy family disagreement, however, prevented any intercourse. They were as strangers to each other.'
What it this Mr Oakly should prove our

uncle. Had he any family, ma'ma? asked

· I believe-one-one-daughter,' was the

almost is audible reply.

Do not say any more, whispered Agatha to her sister, do'at you see how it discresses

Mr. Sullivan had observed the same thing, answered Mrs. Sullivan; 'alone must I met and the subject was dropped.

In a few days the papers announced among the list of passenger sailed for Havre, the name of Mr. Alfred Oakly, lady and daughter.

Another flight of years and behold what changes in the fortunes of Mr. Oakly. Adversity had at last seized its victim, gorging to the full its revenge for those years when its existence had been but as a phantom to the wealthy merchant; he now felt its iron clutches to be consthing more tengible than shadows. The something more tangible than shadows. The sea had swallowed his vessels; firmes had greedily swept over his warehouses; himes had greedily swept over his warehouses; blight had devastated his fields; failures of firms he considered as good as the bank—nay even the bank itself failed; and in the short space of one year, Mr. Oakly found, himself stripped of all save a mere pittance, which, with the most scrapplers grounds, could with the most scrapulous economy, could hardly support his family. The teachings of adversity upon the cold, selfish heart, are sometimes blessed with happy fruits. And thus it proved with Mr Oakly.

True, the change was not instantaneous; he lost not his property to-day, to become a Christian a philosopher to morrow. But as a drop of water will in time wear away the hardest rock, so, little by little, were the flinty feelings of his heart seftened and purified. the wicked and selfish deeds of his past life arose up before him, each with its own accussing tongue. That fortune, for which he had risked his soul, had crumbled away, but these stood out plain and distinct, only to be effaced through the mercies of One whose most sacred obligations he had violated.

Mrs. Oakly met this reverse of fortune hum-bly and uncomplainingly. Happily she was ignorant of the sin of her husbpnd, in having like a second Cain destroyed his brother. Yet she felt that for another crime-the disowning of his own offspring-the punishment was just. Her own conscience, too reproached her for the unjust feelings in which she had indulged toward the innocent Louisa; and now, almost for the first time in her life, she treated as a

Kind, gentle affectionate Louisa ! only that her parents deprived of many comforts which would have soothed their declin-ing years, she would have rejoiced in a change of fortune which had brought it with their love. In her heart there was a secret sorrow which she might breathe to none—it was her love for Walter Evertson. Never, since that fatal day, had she seen or heard again from him; but that he was faithful, and would be faithful unto death, her trusting heart as-sured her. When ease and affluence surrounded her, this sudden separation from her lov er, and under such afflicting and inexplicable circumstances, had seemed to paralyze her energies. Books, music, travel, all failed to excite more than mere mechanical attention but now, in the sorrows of her parents, she los the selfishness of her own, and strove in every

way to comfort them.

What now had become of the once proud merchant. His name was no longer heard on 'change, unless coupled with a creditor's anathema; and summer friends, like the eun on a rainy day, were behind the cloud.

It was a cold, cheerless day in December one of those days when one hugs close to the fire-side, and when even a glance at the dull, sombrous out-of-door atmosphere makes, or ought to make, one thankful for the blessings of a plesant fire, to say nothing of the society of a rriend, or the solace of a book. With all these comforts combined, the family of Mr Sullivan had assembled in the breakfast parlour. There was the grate, heaped to the topmost bar of the polished steel, with glowing anthracite; the solt carpet of warm and gorgeous hues; luxuriant plants of foreign climes, half hiding the cages of various little songsters, whose merry notes breathed of spring-time and shady groves; and the face of grim winter shut out by rich, silken folds of crimson drapery.

The pleasant morning meal was already passed, and the breakfast things removed, with the exception of a beautiful coffee-set of Sevre's china, which Mrs. Sullivan was so old-tashioned as to take charge of herself, in preferance to trusting it with servants. Seated at ferance to trusting it with servants. Sented at the head of the table, a snowy napkin in her hand, she was now engaged in this domestic office. Mr. Sallivan and Mr Danvers (the husband of Ruth) had just gone into the study, to talk over some business affairs. Ruth had taken the morning paper, and upon a low ottoman by the side of her mother, was reading the news of the day-now, to herself or as the news of the day-now to herself, or, as she found a paragraph of peculiar intere aloud for the general entertainment. Agatha was reclining upon a sola, and nestling by her side was a beautiful boy of two years old, playing boo-peep through the long, sunny curls of Annt Gatty,' his merry little shouts, and infantine prattle, quite overpowering ma'ma's

Why what can this mean ?' suddenly claimed Ruth; 'do hear this, ma'ma. 'If the former widow of Mr. John Oakly (the name of her present husband unknown) be still living or the children of the said John Oakly, they are requested to call at No. 18 - street, and inquire for A. O, or to forward a note to the - street, and ne address, stating where they may be found. What can it mean ma'ma,'

Without asswering, Mrs Sullivan rose from her chair; she trembled in every limb, and her countessace was deadly pale.

' Ruth, dearest,' said she, ' ring the bell, and order the carriage immediately to the

· Ma'ma, you surely will not go out alone,'

said Ruth. Yes, alone! de not disturb your father,

this trial. My dear girls,' she continued, 'isk me no questions. God hoows what I am about to learn, whether tidings of joy orsorrow; but I trust all may be explained wien I return.

In a few moments the carriage was it the door, and tenderly embracing Ruth and Agatha, she departed upon her auxious ernnd.

After passing through so many streats that it seemed the must have nearly cleared the city, the carriage turned into a narrov street, or rather lane, and stopped at No. 18, a small two story wooden building. Mrs. Sullivan alighted and rang the bell. The door was opened by a little servant-girl, to whom she handed a card, on which she had written with a trembling hand, 'A person wishes to speak with A. O.

In a few moments the grrl returned and ushered her up stairs into a small parlor. Her fortitude nearly forsook her, and it was with difficulty she could support herself to a chair As soon as she could command herself she looked around to see if she could detect aught which might speak to her of her child. Upon the table on which she leaned were books. She took up one and turned to the title page; in a pretty Italian hand was traced 'Louisa Oakly.' Several beautiful drawings also attracted her eye—they too, bore the name of Louisa Oakly. But before she had time to indulge in the blissful hopes this caused her, the door opened, and Mr. Oakly, with an agitation nearly equal to her own, entered the

Many years had flown since they met, and time on both had laid his withering hand; but while Mrs. Sullivan presented all the beautiful traits of a peaceful, happy decline into the vale of years, the contenance of Mr. Oakly was furrowed and haggard with remorse, and all those evil passions which had formerly ruled his reason, Quickly advancing, he extended his hand and attempted to speak, but emotion checked all utterance, while the big tears slowly rolled down his cheek.

'O, speak—speak—tell me—Lonisa!' cried Mrs. Sullivan alarmed at his agitation.
'Compose yourself,' replied Mr. Oakly.' Louisa is well. I have sought this interview that I may make all the reparation now left me for my injustice and cruelty. You see be-fore you, madam, a miserable man, haunted by remorse, and vain regrets for past misdeeds. From my once proud and lofty standing,' he continued glancing around the apartment, 'I am reduced to this. Yet think not I repine for the loss of riches. No! were millions now at my command I would barter all for a clear, unaccusing conseience. Wealth, based on fraud, on uncharitableness, must sooner or lat er come to ruin. I once despised poverty, and cherished a haughty spirit toward those I arrogantly deemed my inferiors. Have I not my

'But my child—tell me of my child!' inter-rupted Mrs. Sallivan, scarce heeding his re-marks, 'where is she? may I not see her?'
'Bear with me a little while longer,' said Mr. Oakly, 'in half an hour she shall be yours forever.

My God, I thank thee ! exclaimed Mrs.

Sullivan, bursting into tears of joy.
'Yes, I yield her to your arms,' continued Mr. Oakly, ' the loveliest daughter that ever blessed a mother, and relieve you forever from the charge of an unfortunate, to whom my conduct has been both brutal and unnatural. Listen to me madam, for a few moments.

He then as briefly as possible made confes-sion of the base part he had acted toward his brother, and the means employed to ruin him with his father; the selfish movives which led to the exchange of the children; related the incident of the picture, and consequent remov-al from Oak Villa-for well did he divine who the deformed was. He then spoke of Louisa, of her uniform loveliness of character, and the gentleneness with which she had borne, as he

acknowledged, his oft repeated unkindness.

She knows all.' said he in conclusion, 'and waits even now to receive a mother's embrace I will send her to you, and may her tears ond caresaes plead my lorgiveness! so saying, Mr. Oakly quickly withdrew.

A moment-an age to Mrs. Sullivan-the door gently unclosed and mother and child were folded in each others arms!

There are feelings which no language can convey-and which to attempt to paint would seem almost a sacrilege!

In a short time Mr Oakly re-entered, acco The meeting between the mothers was painful-for each felt there was still another trial for them ! Mrs. Oakly now really loved Louisa, and that Mrs. Sullivan was most foundly attached to poor Agath the reader already knows.

O she has been a solace and a comfort to me !' said she to Mrs. Oakly. 'A more noble minded, a more unselfish, pure being, never lived, then our dear Agatha! believe me, part with her will cause a pang nearly as great as when I first gave my darling Louisa to your

Another hour was spent in free communion, and then tenderly embracing her new tound daughter, the happy mother returned home the events of the morning seeming almost too blissful to be real.

It was sometime ere she could command herself sufficiently to the task before her. At length summoning all her resolution she made known to her astonished husband and Ruth, the strange secret she had so long buried in

Mr Sullivan undertook to break the intelligence to Agatha.

Poor Agatha was very much overcome, and for several hours her distress was such as made

guarded and delicate manner, nor even a hint given as to the motives of an act so unnatural as her father had been guilty of toward her-

her sensitive mind too well divined the cause. Yet how can I blame them,' said she. glancing in a mirror as she spoke, ' who could love such a being! Ah, forgive me,' she cried throwing her arms around the neck of Mrs Sullivan, who now joined them—forgive me—you -you received me—my best, my dear-est, my only mother—you took the little outcast to your arms-you could love even the mis-shapen child, whom others loathed!"

Mrs. Sullivan strove by the most gentle caresses, to sooth her agitation, and at length succeeded so far, that Agatha listened calmly to all she had to say, and expressed her desire to be guided by her in every thing relating to this (to her) painful disclosure.

Almost in a fainting state was Agatha given to her mother's arms, and at sight of her fa-ther she shuddered and buried her face in her hands.

O the pang that went to the soul of her wrels ched father as he witnessed this!

'Agatha, my child, will you not then lock

upon me! will you not say you forgive me?'
She extended her hand wet with tears.

Fether I have nothing to pardon. I am Father, I have nothing to pardon. I am now not less hideous in form than when to look upon me caused you shame and sorrow. In giving me to my dearest aunt you gave me

every blessing, every happiness, this world has for me-but do not, O do not now tear me "O God! I am rightly punished! exclaimed Mr Oakly-" my own child in turn disowns

me! 'Agetha,' eaid Mrs. Oakly, 'will you no: love me—love your mother, Agatha?' Agatha hesitated, and her beautiful eyes

streamed with tears-

' Mother-I can give that name to but one here, here, is my mother!" turning and throwing her arms round the neck of Mrs Sallivaa. Not so was it with Louisa : like a dove long panting for its rest, she had at last reached that haven of love-a mother's heart!

Indeed so much distress did the thought of being separated from her more than mother, cause poor Agatha, that, fearful of her health, Mr and Mrs Sullivan prevailed upon her parents to take up their residence with them a few months, to which request they finally

Soon after her first interview with Mr Oakly fortune would ever make HIM grateful for so humble a shelter! 'The rent,' said she, 'has been ragallathe.' been regularly paid into the hands of a faith tul person, who also holds in trust the remit-tances which you from time to time forwarded I placed them there for the benefit of Agatha, should she survive me. It came from you originally—it is again your own—then he

you originally—it is again your own—then be state not to receive it from my hands.

'Excellent, noble woman!' exclaimed Mt Oakly, overwhelmed with emotion, 'how little have I merited this kindness.

Indeed, together with principal and interest, what at first was but a trifling sum, had in the course of eighteen or twenty years amounted to quite a little fortune. It was now settled that as soon as the spring opened Mr and Mrs Oakly were to take possession of the little cottage, ly were to take possession of the little cottage, and rather than be separated from their deaf Agatha, the Sullivans were soon to follow and take lodgings for the summer months.

But my dear madem, says the reader, son have entirely forgotten to tell us what became of the unfortunate artist, the lover of Louiss, whom you appear to think happy enough in her present aimstion with the contract of the contract

her present situation without a lover.

O no, dear reader—but this is not a love. story, you know—if it were, I would tell you the particulars of a most interesting love sceep between Walter Evertson and his adored Louisa. Suffice it to say, they were married, and that the picture which caused their unhappy that the picture which caused their unbappy separation occupies a conspicuous place in the beautiful villa, a few miles from the city of P

From Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Boxton AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE GREAT ROTHSCHILD.

We yesterday dined at Ham house, to meet the Rothschilds; and very amusing it was.
He (Rotchschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker of tures. He was the third son of the said, room Frankfort. There was not, he said, room rooms of the said. enough for us all in that city. I dealt is Eng. lish goods. One great trader came there, who had the market, who had the market to himself; he was quite the great men, and did us a favor if he sold us goods. Somebow I offended him, and he for fused to show me his patterns. This was on a Tuerday; I said to my father, I will go to England. I could but speak German. Thursday I started. The nearer 1 got to East land the cheaper goods were. As soon as got to Manchesier I laid out all my money. things were so cheap; and I made a good pro-fit. I soon found that there were profits to raw material, the raw material, the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, I will supply you with materials and dye, and you supply me with insurance of the manufactured goods. So I got three profits in mufactured goods. So I got three profits in supply me with manufactured goods. stead of one, and could sell goods chesper than anybody. In a short time I m de my £29,000 into £80,000. into £60,000. My success all turned on one maxim. I said I can do what another man can; and so I am a match for the man the patterns, and for the man of t can; and so I am a match for the man the patterns, and for all the rest of them.

Another advantage I had. I was an off hard man. I made a bargain at once.

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Wes settled in London, the East of the my had 800,000 pounds of gold to rell to the rale and bought it all. I knew to the rale and bought it all. I had bought to the rale and bought it all.

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