

and yet I am your wife. Oh! great heavens, be merciful; it cannot be that I am bound to this man.

Hester, hush! There is but little time to spare; we may be interrupted. Listen yet again. I can make you this sole reparation; no one knows of our marriage—no one need know, if you can keep your own secret, of my existence; my name even has been changed since we last met. Hear me: I solemnly swear, by all I hold most sacred, never to molest you more by my presence, nor to reveal anything that may throw light on the past. Let us make this compact: swear with me that the events of our earlier days shall be buried in oblivion—swear; and their hands were joined once more to register a vow, how different from the first!

And now, Hester, farewell for ever; be lenient to my memory; pity me while you condemn, for I am a wanderer on the face of the earth,—and, turning from her, he left the room, the sound of the closing of the hall door, telling her the next moment that he was gone.

Old Miss Morris is dead, and Frank Benfield, now in the army, has left England with his regiment to join the brave men doing battle with the Sikhs in India. And how has Hester borne this parting from her son? Alas! alas! she is much changed. Long had Frank mourned over a blight which seemed to have fallen on his mother's love for him, for the cause of which he and the true old friend, now no more, had sought in vain. Severe in look, and cold in manner; suspicious at one moment, repentant at the next; captious, or painfully humble by turns, it was difficult to recognise in Dr Thornton's wife, the Hester of other days. Her husband did not, perhaps, remark these variations so much as others, for time seemed to have rather increased than lessened her devotion to him; but he even was grieved occasionally by her doubts, bitterly expressed, of his affection; and when, in his own gentle true-hearted way, he would kindly soothe her, and direct her thoughts to the fountain which calms the most turbulent feelings of frail humanity, she would weep upon his breast, and tell him that his love was her chief happiness.

To poor Frank, on his return from school for the holidays, the change was sad; he who had been for so long his mother's darling, to find himself now supplanted in her affections, as he believed, by his little sister, for whom his mother's passionate attachment amounted almost to idolatry.

Nothing the boy could do appeared to please her; accused harshly of duplicity, of untruthfulness, where no grounds existed for the accusations, his stepfather would mildly interfere, and point out to Hester her injustice; then, perhaps, remorseful and ashamed of her conduct, she would entreat her son's forgiveness; but this, he had observed, was during the earlier phase of the change. Gradually her demeanour towards him and all, save the favoured two, her husband and her daughter, became colder and more impenetrable. Water could be struck no longer from the rock and a barrier arose, between the mother and son especially, which caused him to feel happiest when freed from the chilling influence of her presence.

Ten long years had Hester kept her dread secret, hidden in the deepest recesses of her heart—this secret which had turned all that had before been sweetest to her in life to gall.—George Asleigh had kept his word, and since last they had met and parted she had neither seen or heard of him. Little did she dream that the Lord Redland whose acts of benevolence she papers so often related, and of whom the world spoke so highly, was the one man who had caused this embittering of her existence.

He in the mean time, had withdrawn to the country, and devoted himself to the improvement of those about him. It was the first pursuit which in any way rewarded his efforts; and during the time thus passed in ameliorating the condition of his tenantry, he experienced feelings of contentment to which he long had been a stranger.

Colonel Allenby—now a general holding a high military appointment in India, which when offered to him, he could not refuse, as it gave him an opportunity of seeing active service—had been obliged to leave Lady Helen, and his sweet daughter Alice, to proceed eastward.—Lady Helen, still proud, perhaps more so than ever, and in her matured beauty almost magnificent, saw him depart with deep anxiety and sincere regret; but there was something of the Spartan in her character, which perhaps made his soldier-heart love her all the more; for with the field of honour spread before him, had power been given her to solve the future, even though the path upon which he was about to enter should lead to death, hers would not have been the lips to bid him stay. Not so the gentle loving Alice, his daughter of fifteen summers. How tearfully did she nestle in his breast and pray that God would preserve her noble father from every danger! He had called her his little dove, and as such, when far away, he always thought upon her, his dear and only child.

And Alice would sit at home, and longingly think if she could but obtain one of those mystic fairy glasses, which enable their happy possessors to peer through space, how she would

watch his footsteps! Ah, Alice, well is it for us all that many things are hidden from our view. Could your sensitive nature have borne to follow him in that long dreary march, beneath that burning Indian sun—to look upon him in that bloody pass, where lie bleaching still the bones of our murdered men—had you seen him unhorsed, surrounded, and that dark sinewy arm uplifted to hew him down, would not your heart have sickened, and your vision failed to distinguish longer, amidst that fearful scene, the father you love so dearly? And yet a moment's longer gaze had shown him to you, though faint and bleeding, rescued by a gallant youth, who, at imminent peril to himself, bears him onward to a place of safety.

(To be continued.)

#### INCIDENTS IN THE PRAIRIES OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE conflicts of the male buffalos and deer the attack of the latter on the rattlesnake, the industry and ingenuity of the beaver in constructing its dam, &c., and the attacks of the panther on its prey, afforded much interest, and grossed much time. Indeed, I have lain for half a day at a time in the shade, to witness the management and policy observed by the ants in storing up their food, the manoeuvres of the spider in taking its prey, the artifice of the mason fly in constructing and storing its clayey cells, and the voraciousness and industry of the dragon fly to satisfy its appetite. In one instance I vexed a rattlesnake till it bit itself, and subsequently saw it die from the poison of its own fangs. I also saw one strangled in the wreathed folds of its inveterate enemy the black snake. I became satisfied with the loneliness of my situation, could lie down to sleep among the rocks, ravines, and ferns, in careless quietude, and hear the wolf and panther prowling around me; and almost feel the venomous reptiles seeking shelter and repose under my robe, with sensations bordering on indifference. In one of my excursions, while seated in the shade of a large tree situated on a gentle declivity, with a view to procure some mitigation from the oppressive heat of the mid-day sun, I was surprised by a tremendous rushing noise. I sprang up, and discovered a herd, I believe, of a thousand buffalos running at full speed directly towards me; with a view, as I suppose, to beat off the flies, which at this season are inconceivably troublesome to those animals. I placed myself behind the tree; so as not to be seen, not apprehending any danger; because they ran with too great rapidity, and too closely together, to afford any one of them an opportunity of injuring me, while protected in this manner. The buffalos passed so near me on both sides, that I could have touched several of them merely by extending my arm. In the rear of the herd was one on which a huge panther was fixed, and was voraciously engaged in cutting off the muscles of the neck. I did not discover this circumstance till it had nearly passed beyond rifle shot distance, when I discharged my piece, and wounded the panther. It instantly left its hold on the buffalo, and bounded with great rapidity towards me. On witnessing the result of my shot, the apprehensions I suffered can scarcely be imagined. I had, however, sufficient presence of mind to retreat and secrete myself behind the trunk of a tree, opposite to its approaching direction. Here, solicitous for what possibly might be the result of my unfortunate shot, I prepared both my knife and tomahawk, for what I supposed a deadly conflict with this terrible animal. In a few moments, however, I had the satisfaction to hear it in the branches of the tree over my head. My rifle had just been discharged, and I entertained fears that I could not reload it, without discovering and yet exposing myself to the fury of its destructive rage. I looked into the tree with the utmost caution, but could not perceive it, though its groans and vengeance-breathing growls, told me that it was not far off, and also what I had to expect, in case it should discover me. In this situation, with my eyes constantly directed upwards to observe its motion, I silently loaded my rifle, and then creeping softly round the trunk of the tree, saw my formidable enemy resting on a considerable branch, about thirty feet from the ground, with his side fully exposed. I was unobserved, took deliberate aim and shot it through the heart. It made a single bound from the tree to the earth, and died in a moment afterwards. I re-loaded my rifle before I ventured to approach it, and even then not without some apprehension. I took its skin and was, with the assistance of fire and smoke, enable to preserve and dress it. I name this circumstance, because it afterwards afforded a source for some amusement; for I used frequently to array myself in it, as near as possible to the costume and form of the original, and surprise the herds of buffalos, elk, and deer, which, on my approach, uniformly fled, with great precipitation and dread. On several occasions, when I waked in the morning, I found a rattlesnake coiled up close alongside of me; some precaution was necessarily used to avoid them. In one instance I lay quiet till the snake saw fit to retire; in another, I rolled gradually and imperceptibly two or three times over, till out of its reach, and in another, where the snake was still more remote, but in which we simultaneously discovered each other, I was obliged, while it was generously warning me of the danger I had to fear from the venomous potency of

its fangs, to kill it with my tomahawk. These reptiles, as before observed, especially in stony ground, are very numerous; the black ones are short and thick, but the parti-coloured ones are very large and long. I saw many that would, I am certain, have measured seven or eight feet in length. They are not, however, considered by the Indians so poisonous as the former; but from the distance they are able to strike, and the great depth of the wounds they inflict, they are much the most to be dreaded. They never attack till after they have alarmed the object of their fears, and on account of this conceived magnanimity of character, the Indians very seldom destroy them. Indeed, so much do they esteem them for this trait, that I have known several instances in which the occupants of a wigwam have temporarily resigned its use, without fear or molestation, to one of those visitants who had given due notice of his arrival. The regard Indians have for this snake, has been liberally construed into an idolatrous veneration which is far from being the case.—Martin's Wanderings.

#### TRIFLES.

THE world is made up of trifles. The grand movements of great events, and the changes of empires, are founded in causes, very generally which would be pronounced trifles by the world. Yes 'trifles light as air' have led to some of the most important discoveries we have. The fall of an apple gave Newton the clue to gravitation the rising up of the lid of a tea-kettle gave us our railroads, steamboats, ocean Steamers, and a thousand other things—not to speak of the press—that, combined, put the world centuries ahead in the mysteries of the universe and the purposes of God. To the observation of a flower dimly pictured on a stone, we owe the philosophical researches in chemistry and light, which ultimately gave us the daguerreotype.

"To grasp  
A thing impalpable, and hold it, was  
Once considered wild impossibility,  
Until Daguerre, with heaven-aspiring might,  
Captured a shadow with a ray of light,  
And chained it down for ever!"

By a trifling loan of money from the great actor Talma, to Napoleon, in a time of need, the face of Europe was changed—millions of men perished—thrones were emptied.—Wellington was made a duke—Moscow was burned, and France made a despotism at the present time; for Napoleon was on the brink of suicide—a nameless adventurer—when Talma gave him this assistance. The foundation of the Roman empire was a cunning trick in an individual combat, or duel. American liberty and thirty-one glorious states arose from a strong cup of tea made by the Bostonians in 1775. A little piece of magnetized steel, led to the discovery of a new world. The erection of a saw-mill in California, changed the currency of the world. The crossing of a little stream of water speedily subverted the liberties of Rome, and gave the name of Brutus immortality. The flying of a common paper kite by a printer, gave us the magnetic telegraph. A delay of five minutes saved the lives of Napoleon I and his family from an 'infernal machine' in the streets of Paris. A delay of two minutes once cost about fifty lives on an American railway. The exportation of a few potatoes from America, by Sir Walter Raleigh, has saved the Irish nation, several times from starvation. From a little acorn the grand American forests have sprung. It is impossible to enumerate, especially in a newspaper article, the almost numberless 'trifles' that have produced numberless great events, and made numberless radical changes in the history and destiny of the world. Suffice it to say, that 'trifles' are not to be scoffed at. The world may learn great, and true, and valuable lessons from these same 'trifles.' The fable of the lion who was released from his prison by a little mouse, was written by a great man. Upon a less foundation than this, there have been erected deathless poetry, wonderful tragedies, and many noble novels. Hold nothing in contempt; nothing contemptible ever came from the hands of the Almighty. The worlds which the microscope has revealed to us in the drop of water, are as wonderful and mysterious as the bright and beautiful worlds brought to our eyes by the telescope. The loathsome caterpillar, which we long to crush beneath our feet, will one day be a beautiful creature, with rainbows for wings.—The little pool of dirty water into which we have stepped, and upon which we pour our 'vials of wrath,' in many a deep muttered anathema and malediction, for having obscured the glory of our boots, will be woven into a bright and beautiful embroidered veil, by the miraculous sun, for the face of the queen who trails her robe of light among the countless stars.—New Orleans Picayune.

#### WHO ARE YOUR ARISTOCRATS.

TWENTY years ago this one made candles, that one sold cheese and butter, another butebared, a fourth thrived on a distillery, another was contractor on canals, others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them—though it will not do to say so out loud! For often you shall find that these toiling worms hatch butterflies—and they live about a year. Death brings a division of property, and it brings new financiers; the old gent is dis-

charged, the young gent takes his revenues, and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death, or his children do, if he does not. So that, in fact, though there is a monied race, it is not hereditary; it is accessible to all—three good seasons of cotton will sen a generation of men up, and a score of years will bring them down and their children to labour. The father grubs and grows rich, the children strut and spend the money. The children in turn inherit their pride, and go to swiftless poverty; next their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebian blood, and by the smell of clod, come up again. Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes it into leaves and spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds them off to fall back to the earth, again to mingle with the soil, and at length to reappear in new dress and fresh garniture.

#### THE AGE OF MONEY.

In this age, if a man makes any successful speculations in stocks, or in commercial barter of any description, he is pretty sure to be made a legislator of, if so disposed. Money and machinery are everything now. The soul of a living man is nothing.

This is the age when dead machinery is made to do the work of living men, and rich societies suppose that they can by a sum of money save the world, and buy fictitious zeal to carry on the missionary works in human souls; When Apostolic poverty is thought a splendid subject for the painter's art, and crucifixions are on canvass placed for dilettanti devotees on down, To critically gaze upon.

All ages have been more or less money ages, ages of machinery: but there never was one like the present. The ancient Greeks and Romans had no banks, and the Romans forbade their senators to trade or speculate. The art of money-hoarding and money-lending was then little known. Wars just paid themselves by the victors levying tribute on the spot as they passed along; and in this way they made greater conquests without money than we do with it; but they employed greater personal rigour and cruelty to accomplish their ends.—With us, money-raising is a fine art; with them it was not. In our days there are no treasures put into the ground for safety; in their days the ground was the bank of all rich men. That which was not to be spent was buried. We bury still; but then we bury in banks, and railway shares, and joint-stock speculations; and this modern style of burying money is the great art of the day. The man who commends himself to the public at large as a good money-buryer, is the man for a legislator. And how can this be cured? Is it reasonable to suppose that men, women, and children, can ever be taught to love poverty? to live in small, dirty, and uncomfortable houses, and to dress in poor and filthy garments, or even in plain humble attire, so long as one can find it possible to live in luxury, dress in finery, and fare sumptuously? It would not be easy to persuade people to anything of the sort; but they might be persuaded that it is better to make all people comfortable, than to make only a few, and that it is better to be rich without highway robbery than with it. The present civilisation is particularly exclusive in its luxuries; it is selfish and ungenerous; it fattens the rich on the poor. And why?—simply because this is the age of money.

#### SCRAPS.

UNEXPECTED INFORMATION.—The other day, while a teacher was teaching a boy to recite his lesson, the following passage occurred:—

'The wages of sin is death.' The teacher wishing to get the word 'wages' out by deduction, asked:—'What does your father get on Saturday night?' The boy answered, 'He gets drunk!'

The following is one of the toasts proposed at the recent Old Bachelor's Celebration at Monticello:

'The Veteran Bachelor.—May he speedily secure a situation as son-in-law in some respectable family.

A Yankee is self-denying, self-relying, and into everything prying. He is a lover of propriety, piety, notometry, and the temperance society. He is a bragging, dragging, striving, thriving, swapping, jostling, wrestling, musical, quizzical, astronomical, philosophical, poetical and criminal sort of character, whose manifest destiny is to spread civilization to the remotest corner of the earth.

The learned man who lately cut a slice of his thumb to see what his veins were like, is assisted by a chap who contends that madness is a mineral.

A writer says of girls: 'Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenious, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies, and everything, what a pity they should ever become women, flirts, and heartless coquettes!'

Query—Is death's door opened with a skeleton key?

The quickest way to raise spirits, is to increase the duty on rum.