

reason, that it would be a relief to the parties who had reason to dread being compromised, to learn that their secret accidentally divulged, had, at all events, fallen into the keeping of a gentleman and a man of honour.

I had hardly arrived at this resolution, when I heard the stealthy tread, and the uneasy respiration of the old woman on her return.

'Well, it's all over, an' a quick case it was,' she murmured, as she entered. 'She may well be thankful, so she may, not to be under them, like many a poor creature that's bad for a night and a day, and longer.'

'And how is she?' I urged.

'Och, well enough—as well as can be,' she answered, 'right well. Don't be delaying any longer; an' don't drop the note, for the life of you. Tell him it's a boy, an' a real plentiful boy; and she's getting on elegant.'

So saying, she hurried me to the hall-door, and observed in conclusion—

'Don't clap the door, do ye mind? and if you have any message back, don't knock loud—do you hear me?'

It was still profoundly dark, and the streets silent and deserted. It was past three o'clock, probably nearer four, as I knocked at Captain Jennings's lodgings. He had a handsome set of apartments in Kildare-street, and through the blinds of the drawing-room windows I could see the glare of lights, and the shadows of persons in the room. The hall, too, was lighted; and from the promptitude with which the door was opened, as well as from the talking and laughter audible from the drawing-room, as I followed the servant up the stairs, it was manifest that Captain Jennings was seeing company.

The servant was a novice in his profession, I suppose; for instead of acquainting his master with my arrival, and leaving me to wait in the hall, he ushered me up at once into his presence. Perhaps indeed, by way of compensation to my self-esteem, the worthy fellow, with more discrimination than those whom I had last encountered, detected something of the gentleman under my assumed lackeyism. In obedience to his direction therefore, and perhaps with some lurking curiosity to witness the contrasted situation of himself and of his victim, in the self same hour, I stepped into the room. It was as light as day with wax lights, and the party which consisted of some eight or ten, were for the most part engaged at cards. They were all talking and laughing with noisy gaiety; and an elegant supper was laid, with a profusion of plate and wine coolers, at a long side table. One of the first persons I saw was young Chadleigh, who was just concluding a satirical anecdote as I entered, and the next was Jennings. I saw the latter cast an angry glance at the servant, and instantly resume the smile with which he awaited the point of young Chadleigh's story; but I plainly perceived that in spite of his command of muscle, his face had grown almost deadly pale.

He waved his hand impatiently for us to withdraw, and as I did so, I saw him fill out a glass of wine. In the midst of the buzz and laughter which followed Chadleigh's anecdote, Captain Jennings joined me in the lobby, and as he did so, I heard Chadleigh call after him some quizzing insinuations as to the nature of my message, which coming from that quarter, and uttered in all the thoughtless levity of gaiety and dissipation, sounded sadly enough in my ear.

'Follow me,' said Jennings, drily, and led the way to the parlour. Placing the candle on the chimney piece, and standing close by the fire-place, he signed to me to shut the door, which I accordingly did; and when, in obedience to another sign, I had approached so near that our conversation could be distinctly carried on in tones little above a whisper, he continued with manifest tokens of agitation—

'You came—you came from'—and abruptly stopped, looked at me with a pallid countenance, in which was stamped the intensest anxiety.

'I come, sir, with this note and message,' I replied, placing the letter in his hand.

He broke the seal and read the note hurriedly through, but without any change of expression; then looked at me with anxious abstraction for a second or two, and once more read the note through from end to end.

'And the—the patient,' he added, fixing his eyes on me again; 'you know—I suppose you know who she is?'

'Yes—Miss Chadleigh,' I replied with an effort.

'He knows it all,' he muttered, scarce audibly, and looking at me still with the same abstracted and fear-stricken expression. 'And how is she?' he asked after a pause—'is she safe?'

'She is doing well, sir,' I replied; 'she is safely over her trial.'

'That's well,' he said, drawing a long breath, as if relieved, but without exhibiting any corresponding cheer in the expression of his face.

'And the infant,' I began.

'Well,' said he quickly, 'what of it?'

'Is also doing well,' I replied—'a boy, the nurse desired me to tell you—a very fine boy indeed.'

'The nurse,' he repeated, while his face darkened with renewed alarm—'What nurse? Why, my great God! she's not mad enough—surely it can't—she's not at home?'

'No, indeed, sir, very far from her home, and not likely to be found either,' I replied.

He seemed relieved, and again took up the note, but replaced it on the table unread, and turned and leaned his head on his hands on the chimney piece, as it seemed,

either buried in profound reflection, or wrung by some sudden agony. After a while he turned about, and thrusting his hands into his pockets, and stood with his back to the fire-place, and his head sunk forward. The light of the solitary candle upon the mantelpiece above him, deepened with its shadows the furrows of his contracted brow and down-drawn mouth. He looked, I thought, the very picture of comfortless and guilty wretchedness.

I had conceived instinctively, almost from the first moment I beheld him, a certain feeling of dislike towards Captain Jennings, and this predisposition my recent discoveries were, as you may readily supposed, by no means calculated to mitigate or remove. I could not help saying, in a tone which, had he been less agitated at the moment, might very possibly have provoked his anger—

'And may I ask, sir, have you no message of any kind for the unfortunate young lady?'

'Ay, ay, you're right; I forgot—to be sure,' he answered, glancing quickly and anxiously around him; and then raising his hand in painful reflection to his face, replied—'You are very right—a message—yes, yes, yes.'

As he said this he mechanically took up the note again, and looking vacantly at it for a few seconds, threw it, as it seemed, unconsciously upon the table. My eyes followed it involuntarily, and as it fell before me (it is, I hope, needless to say, totally without my intending it, and merely in the accidental way in which the eye is often irresistibly fascinated by, and attracted to exactly the object from which we are most anxious to avert to), I saw, and in some inappreciable fraction of a second, actually read the three first words of the note: they were—'Darling, darling husband.' Turning it hastily face downward, I pushed it back again towards Captain Jennings.

'Husband!' unworthy as I believed the man to be, you would scarcely credit me were I to describe the sense of relief and delight with which my heart expanded as that word met my eye. It seemed as if the voices of a thousand blessed angels were repeating it in melody and congratulations to my ear; in the glance that revealed it to me, I saw a creature rescued from the abyss of the darkest and most irretrievable of earthly ruin, and standing pure and safe in the light of heaven; my heart swelled within me, and tears rose to my eyes.

## MISCELLANY.

### BREATHING OF SPRING.

BY MRS. SARAH H. WHITMAN.

Already the green budding birchen spray  
Winnows the balm from the breath of May,  
And the aspen thrills to a low sweet tone  
To the mystic soul of the wood-nymphs known.  
In the tangled coppice the dwarf-oak weaves  
Its fringe-like blossoms and crimson leaves,  
And the velvet buds of the willow unfold  
Into downy feathers bedrept with gold;  
While thick as the stars in the midnight sky,  
In the dark, wet meadows the cowslips lie.

A love-tint flushes the wind-flower's cheek,  
Rich melodies steal from the violet's beak,  
In the rifts of the rock the wild columbines grow,  
Their heavy honey-cups bending low,  
As a heart which vague, sweet thoughts oppress,  
Droops 'neath its burden of happiness.

There the waters drip from the moss fringed wells,  
With a sound like the tinkling of silver bells,  
Or fall with a mellow and flute-like flow  
Through the channelled clefts of the rocks below

Soft music gushes in every tone  
And perfume in every breeze is blown,  
The flower in fragrance, the bird in song,  
The glittering wave as it glides along,  
All breathe the incense of boundless bliss,  
The eloquent music of happiness.

### THE POWER OF TRUTH.

How simple and beautiful has Abdel-Kadir of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

I informed her what I had seen, and she wept; then taking out eighty dinars, she told me I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and afterward bade me farewell, exclaiming—

'Go my son, I consign thee to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment.'

I went on well, till I came near Hamanduni, when our Kafillah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me 'what I had got?'

'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewed under my garments.' The fellow laughed, thinking no doubt, I was joking.

'What have you got?' said another.

I gave him the same answer.

When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

'What property have you got, my little fellow,' said he.

'I have told two of your people already,' I replied; 'I have forty dinars sewed in my garment.'

He ordered it to be ripped open, and found my money. 'And how came you,' said he in surprise, 'to declare so openly, what had been so carefully concealed?'

'Because I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised never to tell a lie!'

'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe my God? Give my thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.'

He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene.

'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief; 'be the same in the path of virtue.'

And they instantly at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.

### A DEFINITION OF A YANKEE.

A definition of a real live yankee is not easily given. The following deserves credit for ingenuity, if not for truth:

A real genuine Yankee is full of animation, checked by moderation, guided by decision, and supported by education. He has veneration corrected by toleration, with a love of self-approbation and emulation; and when reduced to a state of aggravation can assume the most profound dissimulation for the purpose of retaliation, always combined, if possible, with speculation. A real life Yankee, just caught, will be found not deficient in the following qualities: he is self-denying, self-relying, always trying, and into everything prying. He is a lover of piety, propriety, notoriety, and the temperance society. He is a dragging, gagging, bragging, striving, thriving, swapping, jostling, bustling, wrestling, musical, quizzical, astronomical, poetical, philosophical and comical sort of character, whose manifest destiny is to spread civilization to the remotest corner of the earth, with an eye always on the look out for the main chance.

A correspondent of the *Reveille* says 'all quiet in Mexico, and a Yankee next door to the Halls of the Montezumas.'

'You Zeke!'

'What ma?'

'Have you sanded your teeth and tallowed your hair?'

'Yes ma.'

'Tared your boots and corked your eyebrows?'

'Yes ma.'

'Then teaze your hat and go to meeting; we must be as fashionable as our neighbours.'

**BAD CONUNDRUMS.**—Mr. Editor—I never before met with the following, and perhaps many of your readers have not.

Why is Neptune like an Alchemist? Because he is seeking (sea-king) what never existed.—Why is a gunsmith's shop like a chicken pie? Because it contains fowl in pieces (fowling pieces.) "Dear me" sighed an involuntary old Bachelor, "I shall never be married." "Ah," says a bystander get a little gal and try (gallantary).—"Come Ben don't stand on the step, push ahead." "I cant—the omnibus is full." "No matter, Ben, jam in (Benjamin).—In the reign of which King of Athens was the sea most productive? In the time of Secross.—If a gentleman presents a Miss with a young dog why is he like a horseman going famously up a hill? He is giving a gal a pup (gallop up.)

A story is told of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle who was a great favourite.

'Ah,' says Sully, 'she has a mouth like an elephant!'

'Oh, oh, Mr. Sully, how can you be so rude.'

'Rude, ladies, rude!—what do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it is full of ivory.'

**VERY UNUSUAL.**—A man was arrested a few days ago, in New Orleans, for using indecent and improper language to his own wife.

**LITTLE ERRORS.**—In the hurry of a daily business, little errors will unavoidably happen now and then. Nothing is perfect, except one's first baby!

The Spaniards have a wise saying: "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior: at twenty to her equal; at thirty to any body that will have her."

**A SERMON FOR YOUNG LADIES.**—Dow, Jr. in one of his late sermons gives the following advice to young Ladies:

"My young Maidens—I know you all want to get married as soon as you enter your teens; but it is better to remain single and live upon the cold soup of solitude than to marry misery and wed woe. I have but a poverty stricken-opinion of the majority of my sex. They are corrupted by the miscalled refinements of the age, so inflated with pride, so fooled by fashion, so afraid of the soil on which they live, so giving to cultivating whiskers and mustaches, while their morals are in the most wretched state of want of weeding, and so overgrown with hair, vanity and laziness, that scarcely one in twenty is worth being entrusted with a wife."

**THE EDGECOMB TRAGEDY.**—It appears that George W. Pinkham murdered his wife and four children, under the dreadful influence of Millerism. The instruments