

of age and sadness. Hours of life ye are passing away! How fleetly! how rapidly! how imperceptibly! yes, rolling to eternity's sea, we reflect not that soon the last hour must come—and pass away!

Seasons and ages, business and cares, sorrows and pleasures, hopes and fears, ye are passing away. Soon in oblivion's waves will ye be forgot—soon will ye flee away. The stones of the mountain are wearing away; wide-spreading earth ye are wearing away, and with your desert of graves will vanish; your oceans will soon be dried up; your waving fields will soon be scorched and like the stubble be destroyed. Life's changeful drama will soon close on us all, and the places that knew us will know us no more.

But Virtue, and Goodness, and Truth, will still bloom: and the hopes of the just will still be as ever, when they have passed away from this world's delusion to that world of unchangeable glory, where Time begins and ends not, and where the righteous enjoy that bliss and that perfect happiness, which never passeth away.

GEORGE BLOOD.

New York, March, 1843.



### THE GUILTY WIFE.

Lonely and sad was the heart of Emily Chilton. She had left her native land with her pure mind unsullied by the follies of the fashionable world, and at the early age of fifteen had laid aside the discipline of her school for the pageantry of a bride, to gratify the ambition of her parents, whose blissful experience of wedded life, led them to hope their daughter's happiness and interest were both secured by the desired union, forgetting the bond of love which had made their trials seem so light, the soothing sympathy of congenial hearts which shared each other's sorrows. "But Emily is so young," they said, "and so gentle, she will be easily won by kindness and indulgence, and Captain Chilton is well calculated to guide her affections." And mild and gentle she was; and pliable the material which in proper hands would have been moulded into perfect form; but, alas! for human guidance.

A boyish ambition, which he dignified by the name of patriotism and courage, had induced Louis Chilton to join the American Navy, and, as in those days promotion came not so tardily, and anxious hearts waited not as now, until their laurels withered above the frosty brow of age, ere they received the meed of long tried service. Louis had attained the

dignity of Captain, while he was still young enough to prove his gratitude for his country's favor, by the prospect of a long life devoted to his country's good; but the unexpected acquisition of a large fortune, by the death of a distant relative, proved too great a temptation, and as it was necessary that he should personally attend to his estate, he easily satisfied himself it was best to resign his commission. It cost him some pangs to separate from those with whom he was accustomed to associate, but a sailor must be ever forming new ties, and Louis had none but those of casual acquaintance to sever.

Among his earliest recollections, and mingled with the sweet tones of his mother's voice, were the soft airs of Normandy, and many a song of "*la belle France*," sung to him by lips now hushed in the stilly sleep of death; but the ardent wish to visit his mother's home still lived in the bosom of her son, and the occasional tours which he had been obliged to make in his professional capacity, had afforded him but little opportunity to gratify his desire, and now that he might claim a goodly portion of that "*land*," he determined to take immediate possession; but he wished not to go alone.—He had met Emily Russell at a party, and was struck with her sweet face and simple manners, and thought if he could gain the affection of that youthful heart, what a lovely flower he would transplant from the "*wilds of America*" to that hot-bed of vice and fashion, Paris. It has been often said that our sex is fascinated by an officer's uniform. I know not how it is, but either the *dress* or the *man*, have peculiar tact in making themselves agreeable. I more than half suspect there is a lurking vanity at the bottom, which makes us think their glittering epaulettes and tinsel show, bring *ourselves* into more conspicuous notice; certain it is that Emily was pleased and flattered by the attention of the fine looking Captain Chilton, and it needed not much persuasion to obtain her consent to his wishes.

Two years had passed since these events had occurred, and amid the festive scenes of the gay world, Emily had almost forgotten she had a heart to be won, and neglected the all-important duty of securing her husband's affection. 'Tis true he treated her not unkindly; he gave her unlimited sway of his purse, and consequently their occasional interviews were not clouded by reproaches or complaints; but the heart of woman yearns with an aching void which nothing less than the "*untold wealth of heart*" can satisfy.