

ces—I have ordered my will written in which I have bequeathed all my estate real and personal to him, and if you refuse him, you must leave this roof penniless and choose your own path to destruction.” Sally fell upon her knees before him as he finished, and amidst the most heart-rending sobs entreated him as he valued her happiness in this life to reverse his decree for never could she consent to become the wife of Devail. But it was in vain that she pleaded, she could make no impression upon the resolute and strong heart of her parent and he left the room muttering to himself as he passed the threshold, something about obstinacy and ingratitude. His was a heart-rending situation—a painful struggle between duty to her father and love to Edward. To be forever exposed to the anger and under the displeasure of a parent she loved, was something she could not reflect upon, but with horror, and to submit to an union with Devail, when her heart was in the possession of another, was an idea utterly revolting to her nature.—What could she, what ought she to do under these circumstances? was the question she asked herself a thousand times and yet could not answer. She dropped upon her knees and breathed a fervent prayer to Heaven asking assistance to decide the important point, and praying for deliverance from the evils which seemed to hang over her head. There is something that breathes of Heaven in the reflection that when our best earthly friends forsake us in the hour of trial there is one friend to whom we may present our case, and with firm reliance on his mercy implore his aid. So Sally felt, and when she arose from her kneeling posture and wiped the bedimmed tears from her eyes, they fell upon one little expected thing—it was Edward Perkins. “Sally why are you weeping,” said he grasping her hand and pressing it with fervent affection “why are you weeping? Oh Edward, she answered I have much cause for grief, but speak softly or my father will hear you” and he sat down by her while in an artless manner that spoke her heart, she told him the determination and cruelty of her father, and the intentions of Devail,

Generous girl, said Edward, clasping her to his throbbing bosom, how unworthy am I of such love, but fear not the threatening clouds of adversity I will protect you my possessions though small will be sufficient for us, and love shall make the scales preponderate in our favor. “But my father forbids your coming again beneath his roof and the war will prevent our intercourse?” “never fear but the darkness of evening will assist me to cross the river, and the bower in your garden would be as delightful a place of resort as any other. Send for me in case of emergency and come life or death I will try to assist you. Farewell!” He departed leaving Sally to fan into a flame, the spark of hope which he had inspired until she could at length with a degree of cheerfulness look upon the path before her.

Devail made several visits at Mr. Ware’s, unwelcome indeed to Sally, he mentioned not the alliance for some time at length: he again asked her hand, but was met with an hesitating and unequivocal refusal which he had not expected. “But why is this?” he asked in apparent surprise, “I have your fathers permission.” “True,” she replied “but you have yet to obtain mine, and it is but justice to myself and you to state, that you can never have it—and further if you value your honor you will abandon the idea of an alliance, so repugnant to my feelings.” “But do you not know that I have your fathers will made out in my name?” “I know it sir, but am not to be swayed by the prospect of wealth, or the fear of poverty—wealth without love would be insupportable, but poverty when the heart is pledged loses its terrors.”—“Well Miss. Ware, I shall not, I hope, be so wanting in chivalry as to give up the pursuit immediately—you must yet be mine.” He left her, but that last expression, “you must yet be mine,” sounded like the knell of her hopes, as it was the reiteration of her fathers stern mandate.

(To be Continued.)

It is by studying at home, that we must obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement.

Johnson.

BUYING A PRIZE.

There’s many a slip between cup and lip.
Old Saying.

A fellow not much acquainted with the tricks of Dame Fortune, went into a lottery office in Broadway a few days since, and wished to purchase the highest prize, which was exhibited before the door in glaring figures, “\$20,000!” He was asked if he would have a half ticket or a whole one.

“A whole one, to be sure,” said Hodge, “there’s no use in plugging one’s self with half a prize; give us the whole or none—twenty thousand dollars say I.”

He paid the cash, took his ticket and went away. During the interval between the purchase and drawing, his head ran continually on the twenty thousand dollars. He could not sleep o’ nights, or if he slept, it was only to dream of money—of gold and silver by the bushel, or bank bills by the acre—and to talk in his sleep of the wealth he was about to possess. His reveries—his day dreams as well as his sleeping ones—were of riches. He speculated on the pleasure he would enjoy—on the figure he would cut in the world. He would purchase houses, horses, carriages; he would live in fine style; he would have servants to attend him; and above all he would eat as much gingerbread and lick as much lases as he had a mind to. He would also get him a handsome wife. The haughty Tabitha Tallboy, who had so long baffled his gallant endeavors, would no more turn up her nose at Mr. Hodge—the rich Mr. Hodge—Peter Hodge *Esquire*.—He would bring the proud huzzy to terms, if he did’nt he would eat a live racoon, that’s all.

The drawing took place, and Hodge, after a sleepless night, called at the lottery office for his prize. Walking in with the gait and dignity of a man who comes to receive money and not to pay it, he laid his ticket upon the counter and said—

“Now Mister I will take that little change if it is convenient.”

“Change!”

“Ay, that prize.”

“But, sir, you’ve drawn a blank.”

“I’ve drawn a blank! I wonder if I have?—I tell you what it is,