

prepared for this, make known at once your attachment, and plead for their approval. If they are obstinate or cruel, then trust to your Alfred, and the orphan's God."

"And do you think," she replied, "that you can make me waver for a moment? No, Alfred! I loved you, and still do love you for yourself; and let come weal or woe, henceforward I am thine own."

He clasped her to his heart, and kissed the fever from her burning lips, while joy too pure for utterance kept them long silent. At length, knowing the impatient spirit of Alonzo, and the unbending prejudices of Mr. Melbourne, he assured Gertrude that a moment's warning would enable him to place her under the protection of an aged lady, where she could remain in safety, until a brighter day should dawn upon them. They embraced and parted; but their last words had fallen upon the ears, and aroused the jealousy of a man, ripe, when aroused, for desperate deeds.

Alonzo, observing the absence of Gertrude, and hoping to meet her in the garden, had strayed thither, and seen the close of an interview which gave a death-blow to his dreams of happiness. The cause of Gertrude's coldness flashed in a moment over his mind—the veil was rent. Alfred Mellen was his rival. He had seen enough; and turning, hastened away, while hate and jealousy swelled his bosom, and all the dark thoughts of his gloomy soul were coursing through his maddened brain. He could have sacrificed his love—but thus to give place to a poor nameless clerk, was too humiliating to his pride—and, in the chambers of a mind capacious for desperate thoughts, he willed the ruin of that fair being to whom he had so recently avowed an inviolable love.

Gertrude now saw the madness of further delay, and she determined at once to kneel, and plead with the generous spirit of her aunt. Mrs. Melbourne was a woman of keen sensibility; and when she had learned the history of Gertrude's love, though disappointed and dissatisfied at this unexpected shipwreck of her projects—yet she felt it not only foolish, but cruel, to war with the affections of the heart. She therefore bade the weeping Gertrude be comforted, and expect in her a mother's tenderness and truth. But, when Mrs. Melbourne told Gertrude's story to her husband, all his family pride awoke. It was too humiliating that his son should be rejected for a beggar, and he meanly resolved at once to discharge and disgrace Alfred—and if Gertrude persisted in her attachment, to refuse her even the shelter of his roof.

Meantime, Alonzo thought by a bold game to intimidate his rival. He therefore wrote Alfred a note, reminding him of his boldness in daring to become his rival for the affections of his cousin, and called on him either to relinquish his pretensions, or appoint a time and place to meet and end the contest, *ab ultima ratione*.

To this Alfred simply replied: "When Miss Dalton bids me cease my pretensions, I shall obey, but not till then. Your threats and impudence I equally despise; and being unambitious for a bravo's glory, I shall not comply with your last request."

This answer only added fuel to the flames, and Alonzo threatened to post the cowardice of Alfred in the public prints. It must be remembered that as yet, reason had not complete dominion over the passions, and "honorable murder" was still sanctioned by public sentiment. After consulting with his friends, Alfred yielded with a beating heart to what he thought the tyranny of custom.

They met. Alfred fired into the air, and received the ball of his antagonist in the left side. His physicians entertained hopes that he would soon recover. Alonzo hastened from the scene and journeyed South, until immediate excitement should cease.

When Mr. Melbourne heard of his son's guilt and flight, and the danger of Alfred—so far from being moved to pity for the sufferer, he called down new curses upon his head, and commanded his weeping niece never more to behold him. But a woman's love shrinks from neither toil or danger; and Gertrude, despite her uncle, stole time to watch by the couch of her lover, with the devoted ten-

derness of a ministering angel. Ah! who shall tell the unalloyed joy of two young hearts, rich in each other's love, when thus communing and feeding their imaginations on dreams of future bliss! Their intercourses were brief and sweet; and every passing hour seemed to mould their spirits into one. Says the "wizard of the North,"

"Love is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind."

At length the vigilance of Mr. Melbourne discovered the visits of Gertrude, and with brutal cruelty he charged her with ingratitude to him, and treachery to his son; and warned her that if she ever again beheld this destroyer of his peace, she must leave his house forever. It was in vain that Mrs. Melbourne plead for the devoted girl. His callous bosom heard not love nor pity, and the voice so soothing to his troubled spirit in the hour of gloom, was now repulsed with cold indifference. Truly, "there is no passion more spectral and fantastical than hate."

In this dark day of trial, the timid Gertrude rose above herself and played the heroine. She heeded not the whispers of a heartless world. Buoyed up by the purity of her own thoughts, and trusting for protection to the orphan's God, she bade a sad farewell to the home of her childhood. Gertrude knew well the delicacy of her situation, but felt firm in her parity of purpose, and implicit confidence in the honor of the man she loved. I will not name the surprise, the sorrow, and yet the rapturous joy with which Alfred listened to the generous sacrifice of this confiding girl. But let a veil protect this scene. I will not desecrate by utterance, the hallowed thoughts that reigned in their bosoms at this eventful period.

But sorrow had now stricken a virtuous heart. The conduct of her son—her only child—was a barbed arrow in the bosom of Mrs. Melbourne, and seemed to sap the life-blood from her heart. It needed but this last sad stroke—the desertion of her adopted daughter—to bow her to the tomb. Mr. Melbourne saw, when now too late, the ruin he had wrought. Alas! nor son, nor daughter, nor beloved wife, would long remain to cheer him. He had made a solitude around him, but found no peace. Sorrow never comes single handed, nor did it now; for at this unwelcome moment he received the painful intelligence of his son's death. Alonzo had taken ship at Baltimore for Charleston. They were wrecked in a storm, and every soul but the captain and four seamen were lost. This filled the measure of the old man's grief; he bowed his head and wept, while his injured wife sank to the very verge of the grave.

The day after they had learned Alonzo's death, Mr. Melbourne received a roll of papers from the hands of a stranger, who briefly said "they are thine," and hastily withdrew. He broke the seal and began to read, but ere a moment had elapsed, a deadly paleness mantled his features—his hand trembled—a cold sweat stood upon his brow—he groaned, and fell senseless to the floor. He was soon restored from this melancholy shock, and pointing to the parcel he had let fall, bade them read and know all. The mystery is soon told. Melbourne, when young, had been sent to an uncle in the South to receive his education. He there became enamored of a beautiful young lady, who rewarded his attachment by the fervid love of her own mellow clime. Being too young to hope for liberty to marry, he had won his love to a secret union. Scarce six months had elapsed before he received letters commanding his immediate return. His father was peremptory—he could not take his lovely bride—he dared not avow his union. He struggled for a time with his feelings, but interest finally triumphed over honor, and he hastily fled from his once loved Mary, and left her to sorrow and dishonor. The news of his sudden departure had well nigh bereft her of reason; for she "found herself as all wives wish to be who love their lords." She finally threw herself upon the mercy of her parents, and was forgiven; and in a short time became the mother of a son. But yet she could not dissipate the gloom which preyed upon her spirits; and she suddenly resolved to seek her husband in the north. Lea-

ving letters of explanation and apology to her parents, she took ship for New-York, but by stress of weather, was driven into Norfolk, Va, where, worn down by fatigue, and broken-hearted, she sank into an early grave. To a gentleman in Norfolk, who seemed interested in her fate, she committed her infant, with this packet containing his history and name. She left money and jewels for his support and education. Her dying requests were religiously observed.

I need scarcely say that Alfred is this orphan. From the moment he learned his real situation, he had disclaimed his father's name. He had sought a situation in his father's establishment that he might learn his character, and, if it suited his pleasure, to claim a portion of his fortune. As soon, therefore, as he heard of his brother's death and saw the bereavement and desolation of his house, he had thrown off the mask that he might cheer the last hours of his unhappy parent. Mr. Melbourne had supposed that his wife and child had both perished; we can only imagine, therefore, with what transport he embraced his long lost boy.

Alfred and Gertrude were soon united by the "silken tie," that bound their willing hearts together for many blissful years. Mrs. Melbourne blessed her new children, and slumbered with her fathers—while her husband lingered to rejoice in the happiness of triumphant virtue.

Yale, Sept. 1837.

TALBOT.

SUMMER EVENING.

Continued from page 133.

As gold is often mixed with base alloy,
Painful experience shows a likened case
In love; when some base passion can destroy,
At least, obstruct, or drive her from her place.
But when so high an evil impulse runs,
And the usurper, faith and love o'erthrows,
We slight the blissful portion of her sons,
And seek delight, amidst a maze of woes.
When pride or selfishness obtains the rule,
Or bold impatience breeds a war within,
Then man forgets himself, and plays the fool;
So to escape correction, flies to sin.
Here love is first ejected—then condemned,
Then bears the ignominy of the whole;
Whereas to patience her rewards extend,
That points to hope, the anchor of the soul.
In worth and purity true-love is gold:
Of all its lasting properties possess,
To prove its truth be cautious, yet not cold,
If false 'twill fail, if true 'twill bear the test.
The fire that dies within a faithless heart,
Would in a true one still renew its flame;
Would by its exercise new life impart,
To strengthen courage, till it o'ercame.
Love will through all eternity survive,
And with her presence all existence fill,
There is a voice that gives the charmer life,
But not a voice that hath the power to kill.

To practice good, and do that good aright,
Is all the perfectness we can attain:
And this cannot proceed from human might,
Whence every effort, every thought is vain.
And shall we then refuse to follow good?
No, let us supernatural aid invoke;
And when with more than human strength endowed,
The most obstructive barrier may be broke
For all, in him, who only rules the skies,
We should for virtue, and success depend:
The God of Love, who every good supplies.
Love's rise should be, its centre, and its end.

But cease,—the approach of night must break my theme,
The gayest colours now are sober made,
The stars obscurely through the ether gleam,
The distant heights are indistinct in shade,
The cattle to their lowly rest are gone,
No traces of the sun's resplendence left,
He now pursues the opening of the morn,
And of his light we're nearly now bereft.
Save, that the crested half illumined moon
Pale, quivering, sheds her cool and faint return.
But she declining, will be absent soon;