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## MOTHER AND SON.

God by, then you're going, my darling.  
Away from the home of your youth,  
Far away from innocent gladness,  
Away from its faith and its truth,  
Alas! they are lighter than foam;  
Yet these are the troubles that draw you  
Away from your mother and home.

Ah! well it is but the same old story,  
The tendrils which cling to our life,  
Must ever be breaking and bleeding,  
And tangled and torn in the strife.  
Good-by, then, dear boy, and believe me,  
Wherever your footsteps may roam,  
My love is still watching, forgiving,  
And waiting to welcome you home.

You speak of the great and the noble,  
The temple that tempts you in Fame;  
You would climb up its mystical ladder,  
And would gild with its tinsel your name.  
Wake, my darling beloved, you're dreaming,  
You need not a wanderer be,  
In our cottage we're peaceful and happy,  
Stay at home, dear, and share it with me.

You cannot? you will not? farewell, then,  
Your visions must fade, and must die;  
Be honest, and upright and fearless—  
Sometimes think of me.—Good by!  
When the world's hopes and treasures  
Deceive you  
When you've proved them to be like  
The foam  
Then come back to the haunts of your  
childhood,  
Come back to your mother and home?  
—Major William A. Huntley.

## THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

### CHAPTER I.

Near the end of July, 1842, an open "caleche" might have been seen rolling along one of the three highways that lead from the frontiers of Holland toward Antwerp. Although the vehicle had evidently been cleaned with the utmost care, everything about it betokened decay. Its joints were open, discolored, weather-beaten, and it swung from side to side on its springs like a rickety skel eton. Its patched leathers shone in the sunshine with the oil that had been used to freshen them, but the borrowed lustre could not hide the cracks and repairs with which they were defaced. The door-handles and other parts of the vehicle that were made of copper had been carefully polished, and the vestiges of silver-plating, still visible in the creases of the ornaments, denoted a former richness which had been almost entirely worn out by time and use.

The "caleche" was drawn up by a stout, heavy horse, whose short and lumbering gait intimated very clearly that he was oftener employed in the plough and cart than in carrying his owner to ward the capital.

A peasant-boy of seventeen or eighteen was perched on the driver's seat. He was in livery; a tarnished gold band adorned his hat, and brass buttons glistened on his coat; but the hat fell over his ears, and the coat was so large that the driver seemed lost in it as in a bag. The garments had been worn by many of the lackey's predecessors on the box, and, in a long series of years, had doubtless passed from coachman to coachman till they descended to their present possessor.

The only person in the vehicle was a man about fifty years old. He was unquestionably the master of both servant and cabriolet, for his look and deportment commanded respect and consideration. With head depressed and moody air, he sat motionless and dreamy in his seat till he heard the approach of other vehicles, when, suddenly lifting his eyes, he would salute the strangers graciously and then instantly relapse into his former attitude. A moment's glance at this person was sufficient to excite an interest in him. His face, though hard and wrinkled, was so regular and noble in its contour, his look so mild and yet so earnest and penetrating, his broad brow so clear and lofty, that the most careless observer could not doubt that he was endowed with the best qualities of human nature. Besides this, there were unquestionable indications that he had been a sufferer. If a simple glance of his features did not impress one with a conviction of this fact, it was confirmed by the fringe of silvery hair that straggled over his temples, and the sombre, melancholy fire that glimmered in his eyes like the last rays of expiring hope.

His dress was in perfect keeping with his physiognomy. It was of that neat and simple style which always characterizes a man of the world who is governed by refined and elegant tastes. His linen was spotlessly white, his cloth extremely fine, and his well-brushed hat shone smartly in the sunshine. Occasionally, as some one passed on the road

he might be seen to draw forth a handsome gold snuff-box and inhale a pinch with so graceful an air that an observer would be convinced he belonged to the highest classes of society. A malicious eye, it is true, might have discovered by close inspection that the brush had been too familiar with his coat and worn it threadbare, that his silk hat had been doctored to preserve its lustre and smoothness, and that his gloves were elaborately darned. If an inquisitive critic could have pried into the bottom of the vehicle he would have detected a large crack in the side of the left boot, beneath which a gray stocking had been carefully masked with ink. Still, all these signs of poverty were so artfully concealed, and his dress worn with so careless an air of opulence and ease, that everybody might have supposed the traveller did not put on better clothes only because he had a whim for bad ones.

The "caleche" had rooled along rapidly for about two hours, when the driver suddenly drew up at a small inn on the dike out side of the city of Antwerp. The landlady and groom instantly sallied forth, and by their profound salutations and civility exhibited their marked respect for a well-known stranger.

"It's a fine day, Monsieur Vlierbeck, isn't it?" said the dame; "yet it's a trifle warm, however. Don't you think it would be well for the high grounds if we had a sprinkle more of rain, Monsieur Vlierbeck? Shall we give the horse some hay, Monsieur Vlierbeck? But stay: I see, now, your coachman has brought his hay with him. Will you take anything, Monsieur Vlierbeck?"

While the hostess was pouring forth this torrent of questions, Monsieur De Vlierbeck got out of the vehicle, and, entering the house, addressed the most flattering compliments to the dame about her good looks, inquired as to the health of each of her children, and finished by appraising her that he was obliged to be in town instantly. Thereupon, shaking her cordially by the hand, yet with a condescending air that marked and preserved the distance between them, he gave his orders to his lackey, and, with a farewell bow, walked toward the bridge leading into the city.

At a solitary spot on the outer rampart Monsieur De Vlierbeck stopped, looked round as if to see if anyone was observing him, dusted his garments, brushed his hat with a handkerchief, and then passed on through the Porte Rouge into the city of Antwerp.

As he entered a town where he was likely to find himself constantly an object of notice, he assumed a lofty carriage and self-satisfied air, which might have deceived anyone into the belief that he was the happiest man on earth. And yet—alas, poor gentleman!—he was a prey to the profoundest agony! He was, perhaps, about to suffer "humiliation,"—a humiliation that would cut him to the very heart! But there was a being in the world whom he loved better than his life or honor,—his only child, his daughter! For her—how frequently had he already sacrificed his pride, how frequently had he suffered the pangs of martyrdom! Still, so great a slave was he to this passionate love that every new endurance, every new trial, raised him in his own estimation and exalted his pain into something that ennobled and sanctified his very nature!

His heart beat violently as he entered deeper and deeper into the heart of the city and approached the house he was about to visit. Soon after he stopped at a door, and, as he pulled the bell, his hand trembled violently in spite of extraordinary self-control, but as soon as a servant answered the summons he became master of himself again.

"Is the notary in?" inquired the old gentleman. The servant replied affirmatively, and, showing the visitor into a small room, went to apprise his master. As soon as Monsieur De Vlierbeck was alone, he put his right foot over the left to hide the rent in his boot, drew forth the gold snuff-box, and made ready to take a pinch.

The notary came in. He was a spare, business looking man, and was preparing to salute his guest graciously, but no sooner did he perceive who it was than his face grew dark and assumed that

held sacred. I have reason to believe that God is about granting the earnest prayer I have daily offered for ten years. My daughter is beloved by a rich gentleman whose character I think I may confide in, and his family appears to sympathize in all his views. "Four months!" it is but a short time, alas! yet, ought I, by anticipating the legal period of a sale, to destroy all my fond hopes? Ought I instantly to welcome misery for myself and my child when I see the chances of sure relief from all we have suffered?"

"Then you want to 'deceive' these people, whoever they may be? Do you not suppose that by such a course of conduct you may make your daughter still more wretched?"

At the word "deceive," the poor gentleman winced as if stung by an adder, while a nervous thrill ran through his limbs and suffused his face with a blush of shame.

"Deceive!" echoed he, bitterly; "oh, no! but I dare not, by a rash avowal of my want, trifle the love that is growing up mutually. Whenever it becomes necessary to be decided, I will make a loyal disclosure of my condition. If the declaration ruin my hopes I will follow your advice. I will sell all I have; I will quit the country and seek in some foreign land to maintain myself and my beloved child by teaching." He stopped for a moment, as if swallowing his grief, and then continued, in a lower tone, half speaking to himself, "And yet, did I not promise my dear wife on her death-bed—did I not promise it on the holy cross—that our child should not undergo such a fate? Ten years of suffering—ten abject years—have not sufficed to realize my promise; and now, at last, a feeble ray of hope struggles into my sombre future—"

He grasped the notary's hand, looked wildly but earnestly into his eyes, and added, in suppliant tones, "Oh, my friend, help me! help me in this last and irying effort, do not prolong my torture; grant my prayer, and as long as I live I will bless my benefactor, the savior of my child!"

The notary withdrew his hand as he answered, with some embarrassment, "Yet, Monsieur De Vlierbeck, I cannot comprehend what all this has to do with the loan of a thousand francs!"

De Vlierbeck thrust his rejected hand into his pocket as he replied, "Yes, sir, it is ridiculous, is it not, to fall so low and to see one's happiness or misery depend on things about which other persons may laugh? And yet, alas! so it is! The young gentleman of whom I spoke to you is to dine with us to-morrow in company with his uncle,—the uncle invited himself,—and we have absolutely nothing to give him! Besides this, my child needs some trifles to appear decently before the guests, and it is probable that the civility will be returned by an invitation from them. Our isolation cannot long conceal our want. Sacrifices of all kinds have already been made to prevent our being overwhelmed with mortification." As he uttered these last words he drew forth his hand from his pocket with about two francs in small change, which he held exposed on his palm before the notary. "And now behold," continued he, with a bitter smile, "behold every cent I have in the world; and to-morrow rich people are to dine at my house. If my poverty is betrayed by anything, farewell to my child's prospects. For God's sake, my good friend, be generous, and help me."

"A thousand francs," muttered the notary, shaking his head; "I can't deceive my clients, sir. What pledge can you give me to secure the loan? You possess nothing which is not already mortgaged beyond its value."

"A thousand! five hundred! two hundred!" cried De Vlierbeck. "Lend me at least, 'something' to relieve me from this cruel difficulty!"

"I have no disposable funds," replied the notary, coldly. "In a fortnight perhaps I may have some; but even then I could promise nothing positively."

"Then, for the sake of friendship, I beseech you, lend me some money your self!"

"Your counsel is, perhaps, wise and generous; yet I will not follow it. You know that all my sacrifices, my painful life, my constant agony, have been patiently endured for the sake of my only child. You alone know that all I do has but one purpose,—a purpose which I

hold sacred. I have reason to believe that God is about granting the earnest prayer I have daily offered for ten years. My daughter is beloved by a rich gentleman whose character I think I may confide in, and his family appears to sympathize in all his views. "Four months!" it is but a short time, alas! yet, ought I, by anticipating the legal period of a sale, to destroy all my fond hopes? Ought I instantly to welcome misery for myself and my child when I see the chances of sure relief from all we have suffered?"

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)