

was a bank president who had once been a successful merchant, and that her mother was one of the most active dispensers of her own and the church's charities.

I made her acquaintance in this way. One hot noon in July, when the mercury at Delatour's marked the nineties, Deams said:

"Let us go down to Long Branch and stay over Sunday."

"Done and done," I replied, and so we took the steamer "Highland Light" in the midst of a crowd of twelve hundred, started down the bay, and arrived at the "Branch" in due season.

"Let us go to the Mansion House," said Deams, "Mrs. Lincoln stops there."

We accordingly jumped into a carriage at the depot, and hurried away to the office of the hotel, only to find it besieged by an impatient crowd, all demanding rooms.

"Let us go to the Congress, there is no chance here."

But it was the same at the Congress, and the same everywhere, until we were finally offered a billiard table for a couch at Green's. However, Green thought he did better when he gave us a sort of out-house furnished with two children's cots and a broken chair. I presume I should have rested well enough, except that my cot stood near a broken window, and an old horse, who evidently mistook me for a hay-rack or a peck of oats, was unceasing in his efforts to get in.

The three miles of the great plateau at the Branch had never been so thronged before, Gentile and Jew, Pharisee and Sadducee, rich but none very poor. Philadelphia Quakeresses and Baltimore belles swept past in carriages and paraded past under parasols on foot.

I determined to stay over for a day or two, while Deams went up to the city again on Monday. The beach at the Branch is very abrupt, and indeed is nothing more than a long low bluff, some thirty or forty feet high, of crumbling earth, at which old ocean keeps pounding away year after year. At eleven on Monday, I went with the crowd for a bath. The thousands who were plunging and swimming in the tumbling surf for a distance of two miles, were but as so many specks in the water, and all appeared like school-boys on a frolic.

I donned a bathing dress, and took to the water. What a luxury it is to watch for the great waves as they come rolling in, and to catch the crest of the billow, as it tumbles over you in spray! And how everybody looks! Dolphins and mermaids preserve us! You would not know your own mother? Hold on to the rope! Be careful of the undertow! Don't go outside the safety-line, for accidents, and cruel ones too, have happened! Brave men have lost their lives in trying to save women from perishing!

What is that shriek for help? A lady drowning! This way! she went down there, there just beyond the buoy! I always could swim like Leander, and I had noticed that the undertow did not go directly out to the ocean beneath the surface water, but was thrown to the south, in the direction in which I was standing, in a deep and powerful channel. While some cried for boats! boats!! and some for ropes! ropes!! not more than a dozen were ready to do anything but scream, and most of that dozen were straining their eyes vainly towards the sea. I swam to a sort of whirlpool, into which I thought it most likely the unfortunate lady would be drawn. The great difficulty was, that the waves ran so high about and above my head that I could see nothing at a distance. It seemed as if I had lived a year in the half minute in which I was swimming around, reaching under the water in every direction without success. Then I heard a shout from the bank. To the right! to the right!! evidently intended for me. I looked, but saw nothing. There! a little more to the right!! came another shout. Turning in that direction, I perceived something floating. It might have been sea-weed for ought I could tell, until I caught a gleam of the dancing light across it, and as it sank out of sight, the thought flashed across my mind in an instant that it was my neighbour of St. Barnabas. What I saw could only be Mary Worth's tresses of sunshine.

I think I can remain cool in most emergencies, but it required all my self-command to keep from fainting on the spot. With a great effort I made my startled nerves stand still, and struck forward to a point nearly at right-angles from my position, towards which I know the current would drift her. It was only a chance, for in the midst of the foam I could see little or nothing; but I went under, determined not to come up until I had found the object of my search. I thought I could live without air, and pushed forward now towards one point and then to all points in swift succession, until nature was almost exhausted. The salt water was gurgling in my throat, and I already heard that heavy drumming of the waves in my ears, which is said to be the funeral march of the soul as it leaves the body. I was just on the verge of despair and unconsciousness, when my fingers touched and grasped something that was floating by. Success always gives us new life, and in a moment I had dragged the precious burden to the surface.

I knew nothing more for an hour; but when consciousness was restored, I found myself in a spacious chamber, wrapped in blankets with hot water at my feet, a physician holding my hand, and a kind motherly face beaming over me. I opened my lips to speak, when a finger was gently laid upon them, and the physician said "you must remain perfectly quiet." But my anxiety on one point could not be controlled—I faintly whispered, "The lady, is she safe?"

"She is doing as well as you are," was the reply. I soon sank into that profound slumber which always follows the sudden prostration of high physical energies, in which I remained until near the sunrise on the following day.

The next morning after my salt water adventure, the physician found out that the young lady whose life I had saved was, indeed, Miss Mary Worth, the daughter of Marmaduke Worth, Esq., the highly honourable and respectable president of the bank of Mutual Safety, one of the oldest and most solid institutions in Wall Street, and that the lady herself was quite out of danger. It was true that her nervous system had received a severe shock, but for that, rest and time would have been the best physicians.

I had scarcely received this information, when Mr. Marmaduke Worth himself entered the room. I had but just time to notice that he was a portly man of easy manners, with a full face and the rudimentary double chin, which generally indicates good living and good nature. I had hardly opportunity to take this observation when he exclaimed:

"I am delighted, sir, to have the opportunity of thanking you for the inestimable service you have rendered me in saving the life of my daughter. From what I can learn, she would not have been living if it had not been for your bravery. Words are altogether inadequate to express my thanks; in which Mrs. Worth and my daughter most heartily join, and which they will certainly offer in person," and here Mrs. Worth entered, and taking my hands in hers, with all the charm of a woman's ways, expressed her gratitude over and over again. I think I never was so conscious of our obligations to gentle woman as when she bathed my head and softly parted my hair, and rendered me all those little delicate attentions which no one but a lady can bestow. I made the usual disclaimers of any particular obligation.

"I should have done the same thing, if possible, for anybody." "It was only an act of common humanity." "I was only more favoured than others in having had the opportunity of being useful," &c., &c.

"You may think so, Mr. Brant, for such I hear is your name, but let me assure you that your conduct is quite in contrast with that of another gentleman, who had voluntarily assumed the special charge of my daughter while taking her bath. I learn, sir, it was through his representations that she was induced to go out so far, and when the two were thrown off their feet, although a fair swimmer, he directed his energies to getting to shore, and left Mary to perish—the villain!"

The next day I was up and in my easy chair, and

a day later, I was informed that Miss Mary Worth desired to see me. I was shown to her room by her mother, and found the invalid reclining upon a lounge—pale and languid, her hair like a glory around the head of the Madonna, and more beautiful than ever. A delicate blush rose to her cheeks as she held out her hands to me, and her lips trembled as she endeavoured to express her emotions in words. I don't now remember what she said—Indeed, I think she said very little; but I do think that my eyes rested upon her more complacently than they did even at St. Barnabas', after the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Silk's seventeenthly. Mary was too weak to endure a prolonged interview, even if I had had the indiscretion to remain.

Don't think I was in love with her—we don't fall in love with the outside of anything, and the form is only the temple in which the young lover's goddess is placed. They are beautiful temples that contain very ugly divinities, and there are

"Divinities that shape our ends
Rough hew them as we will,"—

whose earthly temples are anything but attractive. As we became stronger, we were often together on the shore, watching the never peaceful but always restless ocean, as its waves were thrown in upon the beach with a sullen roar—or the rising moon, as in quiet majesty she rose up out of the eastern horizon—magnificently regal queen of the night. How charming it was to sit there, just at the end of the great gilded track the moon made, as if it were a road our hopes might travel over into some future, that should be as much brighter than the present, as the golden sheen on the water was brighter than the dull earth we walked on!

I have no doubt I talked a great deal of this sort of sentiment, and that I was in a way encouraged to do it. However, I don't think it bears repetition, and I shall not undertake to repeat it, although it is the very champagne of life—sparkling and sweet, but like the wine, I think it would lose its sparkle and sweetness if exposed too long to the open air.

I soon perceived that the confidential place I now held in Mr. Worth's family was not in every way agreeable. Mary's young friends were teasing her without limit. She was constantly asked "when she was going to marry her preserver?"—"when the cards were to be sent out?" and "how soon the bridal presents were to be sent in?" And Mr. and Mrs. Worth could not be insensible to similar remarks that were jestingly made in their presence. Grateful as they certainly were to me, they evidently thought that a son-in-law should possess other qualifications than those which he might happen to share with a Newfoundland dog. They were polite, but I could but notice a certain constraint in their manner and an evident watchfulness over the movements of their daughter.

I was now almost as well as ever, and on the Sunday evening following the accident I mentioned my intention to return to New York the next day. Mr. Worth evidently desired to say something or do something to relieve himself of the obligation he assumed he was under, and made enquiries as to my business prospects and how he might promote them. Mrs. Worth hoped I would come to see them when they should be settled in the city in the fall; but when I enquired if I should have the pleasure of saying good-bye to the daughter, I was informed that she was too indisposed to leave her room. But as I drove away in the morning I could not resist the temptation to look up at her window, and I shall never forget how happy I was to see her standing there to waive me an adieu.

To be continued.

Ignorance—A dark place where poor people are allowed to grope about till they hurt themselves, or somebody else.

Monk—A coward, who sneaks off the battlefield, and hides in a ditch.

Candle—One whose fate is to die of consumption, but who constantly makes light of his misfortune.

Life—Our drop in the ocean of eternity.