

Poor and Rich.

In a shattered old garret scarce roofed from the sky, Near a window that shakes as the wind hurries by, Without curtain to hinder the golden sunshine, Which reminds me of riches that never were mine— I recline on a chair that is broken and old, And enwrap my chill'd limbs—now so aged and cold, 'Neath the shabby old coat; with the buttons all torn, While I think of my youth that time's footprint have worn, And the dreams and the hopes that are dead with the dead.

But the cracked plastered walls are emblazoned and bright With the dear, blessed beams of the day's welcome light, My old coat's a king's robe, my old chair a throne, And my thoughts are my courtiers that no king could own; For the truths that they tell as they whisper to me, Are the echoes of pleasures that once used to be, The glad throbbing of hearts that have now ceased to feel, And the treasures of passions that time cannot steal; So, although I know well that my life is near spent, Though I'll die without sorrow, I live with content.

Though my children's soft voices no music now lend, Without wife's sweet embraces, or glance of a friend; Yet my soul sees them still as it peoples the air With the spirits that crowd round my old broken chair. If no wealth I have hoarded to trouble mine ease, I admit that I doated on gems rich as these; And when death snatched the casket that held each fair prize, It flew to my heart where it happily lies; So, 'tis there that the ut'rings of love now are said By those dear ones whom all but myself fancy dead.

So, though fetid the air of my poor room may be, It has still all the odors of Eden for me, For my Eve wanders here, and my cherubs here sing, As though tempting my spirit like theirs to take wing, Though my pillow be hard, where so well could I rest, As on that on which Amy's fair head has been pressed? So let riches and honor's feed mammon's vain heat; From my shattered old lodging I'll not wish to part, And no coat shall I need save the one I've long worn, Till the last thread be snapped, and the last rent be torn,

SELECT STORY.

The Tragedy at the Old Mill.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

THE saddest case that ever occurred in my practice, said the lawyer, was the one that became so wildly known as 'The Tragedy at the Old Mill.'

Let us hear it, by all means, shouted one of our convivialists, who had gathered in the Lawyer's mess-room at the hotel for the purpose of idly passing away the long hours of a winter's night.

Out with it, Wright! Out with it! urged another.

Thus solicited, the lawyer related the following:—

In one of the beautiful little valleys which are so numerous in the rich agricultural counties of Western Maryland on the banks of a quiet, lazy little stream, stood a country mill. You could see many just like it in a day's ride. The old high-peaked, moss-covered roof; the brick-dust coloured weather boarding, and small, meal-stained windows; the quietness and peace suggested by its appearance and surroundings, and the low musical swish-swash of the water as it rushed over the continually revolving wheel, were reproduced in every instance.

A few yards away on the other side of the road, on a little knoll whose grassy sides sloped gently down, stood a neat little cottage, in which, a few years ago, lived Abraham Flynn, the miller, and Laura Flynn, the miller's wife. Mary, their only child, was well known to all the young men in the neighborhood as the best dancer, the best company, the most beautiful and captivating little witch, and the most audacious and inveterate little coquette, in all the country round. Though busy all the live-long day, now dusting the scanty, well-worn furniture, churning the butter, baking bread and pies for the morrow, or spreading the miller's well-provided table, when night came she was never too tired to go out flirting with the boys, and vain had been all efforts to conquer

her merry, wilful heart. Jacob Wise, the tailor's apprentice in the nearest town, had sworn on his bended knees that his heart would certainly break if she longer refused him her love; yet, in spite of his oaths and tears, she called him 'an awful goose,' and bade him get up and go away, with a merry laugh.

Men are such dreadful tyrants, she said one day, when the miller had been expostulating with her for having refused a rich young farmer; such tyrants, all but you, dear pa; and so dreadful jealous! O dear me! I sha'n't get married for many a long day yet, so where's the use of being engaged, pa?

I am getting old, my darling, the miller replied. See my gray hair! I sha'n't live many years, and before I die—

Oh, don't say that, she cried, flinging her arms around his neck, while a sober, serious look came into her face. Don't say that, pa dear; you will live many a long year yet; and then, too, when—when—after awhile, you know, pa dear, when Jack—dear Jack—comes back with his fortune made, I'll try to be a good and loving wife to him, pa, indeed I will.

My God! don't tell me that, groaned the miller, half-angrily, half-sorrowfully, unclasping his hands from around his neck. Don't tell me that you still love dissipated, worthless Jack Legore. I would rather see you in the grave than his wife!

Don't call names, pa dear, she answered. He is trying to reform, and will be a good, true man, one day, I know.

The miller replied not a word, but holding her from him, looked long and sadly into her blushing face.

Don't fear for me, she continued. I told Jack that I never would be a drunkard's wife, and I never will. But I promised him that I would wait, and if he went away and worked hard, and made of himself a respected, God-fearing man I would then be his wife. That promise I will keep; yes, and as long as he is true to himself and me, I will be true and faithful to him, even as I expect God to remember me at the judgement day.

Her bright eyes sparkled with a loving light as she spoke, and her breast heaved with emotion.

Still the miller was silent, but the lines in his face were deeper and broader as he slowly walked down to his work at the mill.

So, at last, the truth was known to one; but to all the world beside, the miller's daughter was as heart-whole as on the day she was born.

A few years before this conversation occurred, Jack Legore and Mary had been betrothed to each other with the full and glad consent of both her parents. On his side there was no one to consult for both of his parents were dead, and his only uncle was rejoiced to have nothing to do with him. Those had been happy days for Jack—days in which there had been no signs of coming clouds and storms, but only sunshine and happiness and peace. He was a young lawyer, with a small but growing practice, in the town of Linwood, a few miles from the mill. Night after night, for months, he had been the only escort Mary had ever cared to accept to the numerous balls, parties and picnics for which this neighborhood was famous, until at last far and wide over the country, she came to be considered by all as Jack's exclusive property; and all the young people began to look forward with impatience to the joyous festivities which they knew would attend the wedding.

What was the surprise then, of everybody, when, Jack's visits suddenly ceased, and soon it became known that he had taken to drinking both hard and deep. Conjecture was rife as to the cause, and many reasons were assigned; but at last only one conclusion was reached: Mary had refused him as she had done so many others before him. Jacob Wise, the tailor's apprentice, had once endeavoured to set the matter at rest by questioning Jack himself. With a condescending and pitying air he had said, Oh, never mind her, Jack! I know her; she's nothing but a heartless, brainless flirt.

Jack stared at him a moment, as though not comprehending, and then administered a blow on the ear that laid the sympathizing apprentice sprawling in the dust. After that no one dared to approach the subject in his presence; and, in a little while, no one ever thought about the matter at all, except sometimes when Jack was seen reeling along the street, one of his old friends might say,—

Poor Jack! It's a great shame; he has been driven to the dogs by that miserable coquette at the mill.

It is necessary to state here what produced this change, so we will go back to the sunny days, before any suspicion, pain or suffering had come upon these young hearts.

One evening then, in the early spring-time, Jack and Mary were sitting on the little vine-covered porch of the cottage, earnestly talking of the picnic that was

to be held on the fast approaching first of May.

So Tom Peters had asked you to go with him, has he? said Jack, in reply to something Mary had been telling him. Of course you won't do it; but I say, Mary, I don't like his coming here so often. What the deuce does he do it for?

On business with pa, I suppose, Jack. And does he talk to you on your pa's business?

Oh, fie, Jack! you're getting jealous again, aren't you?

And if I am, replied Jack, beginning to get excited, as he thought Mary was concealing something from him, if I am I am beginning to think I have good cause to be.

Now Mary did not care a straw for Tom Peters. On the contrary, she rather disliked him; but here was an opportunity for worrying Jack, which her fun-loving nature could not neglect. And beside, Jack's tone was a little too dictatorial for her high spirit. She would not permit such conduct on a mere engagement. After she was married it might do; but she had her doubts whether she would permit it even then.

Jack, she said, after a little pause, don't you know that I think Tom Peters is just a splendid fellow?

Oh, of course you do; confound him! grunted Jack.

Then, too, he's rich. He has a diamond ring that would just look splendid on my—on some one's finger; and he owns a pair of horses, and this very mill that pa rents from him.

Jack, by this time was in a furious passion. He had called in a fault-finding mood, and was disposed to grumble at the most loving words; but here was something he had not calculated upon. There, right before his very eyes, sat the girl whom he loved and to whom he was engaged, telling him, Jack Legore, and a poor man at that, of all the advantages, which a richer man, and one whom he at least, knew to be a suitor for Mary's hand, possessed by reason of his wealth.

So that's it, is it? he fairly hissed out. You have been counting up the silks and diamonds he could buy you, and comparing them with the miserable calicoes you would have to wear as my wife, have you? Mary his gold if you wish; I won't object!

Don't get so angry about it, please! Mary very coolly replied. And, since you mention it, I believe I do think diamonds and silks are nicer than calicoes.

Jack could bear no more. Seizing his hat, he hastened away with a face white with anger; and after he had gone, Mary slipped up stairs to her room where she indulged in a good hearty cry.

Now this quarrel was entirely unnecessary, for Jack had no cause to be jealous. Tom Peters was a rich man, as Mary had said, but he had gained his riches in a manner that was not morally, if it was legally honest; and then, too, his fiercely passionate disposition had, on several occasions, placed him in the clutches of the law, from which only his money had extricated him. All this Mary knew, and she thoroughly despised the man; but, as he was the owner of the mill, she, for her father's sake, treated him kindly whenever he visited them.

Attracted by her good looks and pleasant manners, he soon grew to love her; and his visits, at first few and on business, rapidly grew more numerous. Until Jack himself had mentioned it, however, she had never looked upon him as a possible lover.

Peters was too acute not to see that he had no chance as long as Jack stood so high in her esteem. A good reader of character, he had long observed that Jack had not—that with Mary money would never weigh in the balance with love. He was always scrupulously polite and kind, but nothing more; he had patience, and could wait for Jack to make a blunder. In the meantime he watched them both with a vigilance that was untiring.

From the day of the quarrel, Jack Legore was the most miserable of men. But he was a proud one, too; and he firmly made up his mind that he would never, no, never—and he stamped his foot fiercely and swore an oath as he said it—so long as he lived, go to that mill again until Mary had apologized to him for the cruel words she had used. The long days grew into months, and no word came from her. Then Jack, as many a better man has done before him, thought to drown his sorrow in the wine-cup; and night after night, as he and his companions sang merry songs over their liquor, he may have thought that again he was happy. But when the mornings came, oh! the dreadful awakening! The sickness of body was nothing compared with his sickness of soul, as he thought would come to him that he had forever lost not only his heart's treasure but himself as well.

Friend after friend deserted him, until, at last, he was alone in the world.

His few clients went from him to others and then he was without means of obtaining money. This, however, only made him drink the more. It is one of the most wonderful things in this world, that no matter how poor a man may be, no matter how unable to obtain even a loaf of bread, he yet can manage to get strong drink enough to keep him continually intoxicated. So it was with Jack; and now he had come to be known as Jack Legore—the drunken attorney.

You may be sure that Mary was kept well informed of all his doings. Tom Peters took good care of that; and not roughly or openly, as a newsbearer, nor as though an intention lurked behind it; but covertly and cunningly, as though he were sorry, and sometimes through others he conveyed the news.

Once, Mary wrote to Jack a kind, pitying letter, in which she asked him to reform for her sake. But the note was handed to him unfortunately when he was in a bar-room, and drinking. Already excited with liquor, he grew angry at the thought of being pitied by her, and in a spirit of bravado he read the note aloud to his boon companions, and then tore it into pieces and stamped upon it.

Information of this deed was also speedily conveyed to Mary, and when she heard it all hopes of Jack's reformation, all her fond hopes of a union with him, died out of her heart. She now felt that she must break off her engagement with him, and for this purpose she again wrote to him, requesting him to call to see her on business of importance.

On the morning after receiving Mary's first note, when Jack awoke, the words "reform for my sake" were floating confusedly through his mind, as though they had been part of a dream; and he kept repeating them to himself, wondering where he had heard them. Presently, the night before with all its dreamful recollections came back to his memory, and he trembled like a leaf in a storm as he thought of the desecration of Mary's letter. Then the scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and for the first time he saw himself as others for so long had seen him. Oh, horror of that dreadful moment! He fell on his knees by the bedside, and burying his face in his hands prayed as he had never done before.

The hours passed away, and noon came, bringing with it a messenger with Mary's second note. Jack's landlady took it to his room, and tapped at the door. No answers came. Then she looked in, and there was Jack still upon his knees and sobbing pitifully. Guessing the cause, she slipped the paper into his hand and quietly went away.

A little before dark he came down stairs and started in the direction of the mill. Mary was sitting in the parlor of the little cottage waiting for him. She was prepared to be firm. He had disgraced himself and insulted her; surely, he was deserving of no pity. She pictured to herself the coming interview. Jack would prepare himself for it by drinking deeply, she thought. He would be maudlin and incoherent; she would be calm and cool and firm. She would give him good advice, and bid him farewell forever. As to his personal appearance, it was not difficult to imagine that; Peters had often enough described it. His eyes would be watery, his face swollen, and his clothes worn and dirty.

Without came the sound of approaching footsteps, a knock at the door, and Jack entered in his old familiar way. Walking to the middle of the room, and folding his arms over his breast, he stood before her, looking her full in the face. She looked at him in astonishment. The clothes were poor and threadbare, to be sure, but they were brushed until they were scrupulously clean and neat; the boots were blacked the shirt was as white as snow. The swelling had all left his face, which now was white and thin, and instead of the watery look, there blazed from his eyes a light born of a high and holy purpose, and in his attitude and appearance shone the spirit of a man.

You wrote to me to come, said he, simply, and I am here.

It was all so different from what she had expected, that she could no more have answered him than she could have flown out of the room. Here was no maudlin, ragged drunkard, whom she could pity and advise; but a sober, earnest-looking fellow, whose proud eyes seemed to read her very soul, and whose poor, pale face touched every chord of love and sympathy in her heart. The old love all came back with a rush that sent the warm color to neck and cheek; and although she knew that they still must part, she felt that the parting would be a sad and bitter one.

After a moment Jack spoke again.

Have you sent for me, said he, to reproach me with the past?

The inexpressibly sad tone with which this was uttered was too much for her, and she burst into tears.

Oh, no, not that, Jack! God knows, not that! she replied,

Then he knew that, in spite of all she still loved him, and the knowledge made him as humble and gentle as a child. In an instant he had her in his arms, and was pouring into her ear a wild torrent of loving words.

Hours passed away before all the past had been explained, and then he rose to go. When he took her by the hand for the last time, the promises were made of which she had spoken to her father.

Away out there, Mary, where the sun sets, there is an almost unknown land. There, thank God! no one will know of the sins done here; and I may begin my life anew. The old life died last night; the sun will shine to-morrow upon the new. With your love to cheer me, and by God's help, I'll be a man yet.

When the morning sun shone upon Linwood, Jack was already on his road towards the West.

* * * * *

Three long years had passed away since the parting on that morning when the miller discovered that his child still loved and waited for Jack Legore. In all this time Jack had written no word to tell where he was or what he was doing; but Mary trusted him implicitly, and had faith that one day he would come back to her a true and noble man. So full of life and merriment had she been in these years, so eager was she always for any kind of fun, that no one ever dreamed of the longing that was continually in her heart. She had rejected many good offers of marriage, and some bad ones; among the latter Tom Peters.

After Jack went away he had rapidly grown more and more demonstrative of his affection, and finally made Mary the offer of his hand. She refused it instantly and almost indignantly. He in no wise resented the affront, but the fire in his eyes showed the fierce passion that raged in his heart.

Miss Flynn, he had said on leaving her, I shall make you this offer again some time, and when I do, mark my words, you will not then refuse it!

After that he was a little more distant in his manner toward her, but still as polite and respectful as ever before.

Mary told her father of the occurrence that evening, and he expressed his approval of her reply.

But treat him kindly as you can when he comes again, Mary, he said, for I much fear I am in his power.

In his power! Why, how can that be, pa?

A pained and weary look came over the old miller's face as he replied,—

I should have told you before, my dear, he said; but I acted for the best. I wished you to have every advantage, thinking you might marry some of the wealthy young men who came to see you, and then all would have been well.

I could never marry for mere money, she replied. But come, cheer up, dear pa. I can work—surely it will not be difficult to teach a school; and both of us together will soon pay off the debt. The miller smiled, although his heart was sore at the enthusiasm of his child; but nevertheless her brave words inspired him with new courage, and he determined that come what would, he would never attempt to force her affections.

The next day Peters came to the mill.

Look here, Flynn! said he. I'd like to know what's the matter with that precious daughter of yours. Have you been sticking any infernal nonsense into her head about me?

Mary is old enough, replied the miller, to judge of men for herself; and I have made it a rule never to interfere with her judgment when once it is formed.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE STAR.

AND CONCEPTION BAY SEMI-WEEKLY ADVERTISER.

Is printed and published by the Proprietors, ALEXANDER A. PARSONS and WILLIAM R. SQUAREY, at their Office, (opposite the premises of Capt. D. Green, Water Street, Harbor Grace, Newfoundland.

Book and Job Printing executed in a manner calculated to afford the utmost satisfaction.

Price of Subscription—THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable half-yearly.

Advertisements inserted on the most liberal terms, viz.—Per square of seven lines, for first insertion, \$1; each continuation 25 cents.

AGENTS.

- CARBONAR.....Mr. J. Foote. BRIGUS....." W. Horwood. BAY ROBERTS....." R. Simpson. HEART'S CONTENT....." C. Rendell. TRINITY HARBOR....." B. Miller. NEW HARBOR....." J. Miller. CATALINA....." J. Edgecombe. BONAVISTA....." A. Vincent. St. PIERRE....." H. J. Watts.

Various small advertisements and notices on the right margin, including 'S. I.', 'Calculo', 'First Qu', 'Mail Se', 'Wholes', 'BREAD', 'FLOUR', 'CORN MEAL', 'OATMEAL', 'RICE', 'PEAS', 'BUTTER', 'COFFEE', 'TEA', 'LARD', 'LEATHER', 'TOBACCO', 'CORDAGE', 'SALT', 'KEROSENE', 'COAL', '172 W. JAN', 'Tin, Co', 'BEGS', 'Munn & Co.', 'Done at', 'Dec. 13.'