New Series, No. 4.

For industries, common to provide beautiful to the control of the softieses of voice and manner, which seems in many cases to be a particular gift to the quarter of the manner of the production and order of the manner of the production are often united with beauty of the most dataling kind, and in almost every case, with a personal appearance preponessing accordion to the production of the productio

"But, Mr. Harris," remonstrated the man ufacturer, "isn't this rather sudden!"

and amounteed his intention of taking him home.

But, Mr. Harris, "remonstrated the manufactures, "sing't this resther undden!"

"What if it is! Im't the man mine?"

"What if it is! Im't the man mine?"

"Wo would be willing, sir, to increase the rate of compensation."

"No object at all, sir. I don't need to hire any of my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"Daire my hands out, unless I've a mind to."

"But only think of his inventing this machine," interposed one of the workmen, rather unlestily.

"Oh, yes I—a machine for saving work, is it individually the mind to have a mind to hav

Surprised and frightened, Eliza sat down, and leaned her head on her husband's shoulder, and

"Oh, George, we must have faith! Mistress says that, when all things go wrong to us, we must believe that God is doing the very best."

'That's easy to say, for people that are sitting on their sofus, and riding in their carriages—but let 'em be where I am, I guess it would come some harder. I wish I could be good; but my heart burns, and can't be reconciled any how. You couldn't in my place; you can't now, if I tell you all I've got to say. You don't know the whole yet."

"What can be coming now!"

"Well, lately Mas'r has been saying, that he was a fool to let me marry off the place; that he hates Mr. Shelby and all his tribe, because they are proud, and hold their hends up above thim, and that I've got proud notions from you; and he says he won't lot me come here any more, and that I shall take a wife and settle down on his place. At first he only scolded and grum-

his place. At first he only scolded and grum-bled these things: but yesterday he told me that I should take Mins for a wife, and settle down in a cabin with her, or he would sell me down

bled these things: but yesterday he told me that I should take Mina for a wife, and settle down in a cabin with her, or he would sell me down river."

"Why, but you were married to me by the minister, as much as if you'd been a white man," said Eliza, simply.

"Don't you know a slave can't be married! There is no law in this country for that: I can't hold you for my wife, if he chooses to part us. That's why I wish I'd never seen you—why I wish I'd never been bora; it would have been better for us both—it would have been better for be seen so wind!"

"Oh, but master is so kind!"

"Yes, but who knows! he may die; and then he may be sold to nobedy knows who. What pleasure is it that he is handsome, and smart, and bright!" I tell you, Eliza, that a sword will pieree through your soul for every good and pleasant thing your child is or has—it will make him worth too much for you to keep."

The werds smote heavily on Eliza's heart; the vision of the trader came before her eyes, and, as if some one had struck her a deadly blow, she turned pale and gasped for breath. She booked nervously out on the verandah, where the boy, thred of the grave conversation, had retired and where he was riding triumphantly up and down on Mr. Shelby a walking stick. She would have spoken to tell her husband her fears, but checked barself. I have a lind, mournfully, "bear up, now, and good by for I'm going, George!—going where!"

"So, Eliza, my girl, "and the husband, mournfully, "bear up, now, and good by "for I'm going, George!—going where!"

"Going, George!—going where!"

"Going of the proper that we had a beautiful to hope that a left us, but here here is and the hope of the proper

be free, or PII die!"

"You won't kill yourself!"

"No need of that; they will kill me fast enough; they never will get me down the river alive."

"Oh, George, for my sake, do be careful!
Don't do anything wicked; don't lay hands on yourself, or anyhody else. You are tempted too much—too much; but don't—go you must—but go carefully, prudently; pray God to help you."

but go carefully, prudently; pray God to help you."

"Well, then, Eliza, hear my plan. Mas'r took it into his head to send me right b" here with a note to Mr. Symmes, that lives a mile past. I believe he expected I should come here to tell you what I have. It would please him, if he thought it would aggravate 'Shelby's tolks,' as he calls 'em. I'm going home quite resigned, you understand, as if all was over. I've got some preparations made, and there are those that will help me, and, in the coarse of a week or se, I shall be among the missing some day. Pray for me, Eliza: perhaps the good Lord will hear you."

"Oh, pray yourself, George, and go trusting in Him; then you won't do anything wicked."

"Well, now, good bye," said George, holding a Eliza's hands, and gazing into her eyes, wittout moving. They stood silent: then there were last words, and sobs, and bitter weeping—such parting as those may make, whose hope to meet again is as the spider's web; and the hushand and wife were parted.

"I won't be taken, Elisa—I'll die first! I'll be free, or Pll die!"

"You won't kill yourself?"

"No need of that; they will kill me fast enough; they never will get me down the river alive."

"Oh, George, for my sake, do be careful! plon't do anything wicked; don't lay hands on yourself, or anybody else. You are tempted too much—too much; but don't—go you must—but go carefully, prudently; pray God to help you."

"Well, then, Eliza, hear my plan. Mas" took it into his head to send me right b—here with a note to Mr. Symmes, that lives a mile of!

bern of a sarching wiched; such lay hands on such-to-so many, but don't-groy on unstanced to see the state of the same of the