

I know not. Thus passed the early life of Mary.

Charles had attained to years of manhood, purchased a farm near the village, and gave promise, at no distant day, of becoming influential and wealthy. When, at the age of twenty-two, he led Mary to the hymenial altar, her situation was envied by many a bleaching damsel, and her prospects were thought to be unusually happy. She thought so herself. Charles was amiable, attentive and moral. He had never, to be sure, entered into visible covenant with his God. He had never sat with her at the table of a crucified Saviour, and commemorated his dying love. But he was punctual, and even scrupulous, in attending the services of the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and she fondly hoped that one day he would be numbered with Christ's visible followers on earth. She relied implicitly on his professions, and trusted her happiness in his hands. For a time they were happy. He was cheered through the labors of the day by the anticipation of the smile of welcome he knew he should receive when he returned to his dwelling at night. When the frugal repast was ended, as Mary plied her busy needle, he would sit beside her and read aloud from some instructive book. In course of time new charms were added to his home. A little boy was ever at the window as the sun declined behind the Western hills; and, as the form of a man was seen tracing his steps toward him he would shout, 'Father's coming! father's coming!' An infant daughter, as he opened the door, extended its little arms, while the glad smile played upon its dimple cheeks, as the darling was buried with the kisses of an idolizing parent. Strange that the heart of man can be beguiled from a home like this! Strange that he can prove so true to his nature as to forget the wife of his bosom, or the children he has given birth to! But there was even now a viper implanted in his breast, whose fangs were struck for certain death. There was a poison at the fountain-head, which was to canker and corrode until it should infuse itself into every stream, and work a total destruction.

Those associations for the temporal salvation of the world, which discard the use of ardent spirit in all its forms, did not then know an existence. It was fashionable to use intoxicating drinks. If a friend was suffered to depart without having placed before him the well filled goblet, it would be called uncivil; and, even if the minister of the gospel left your dwelling before you had tempted him to sip the poison, you would be pronounced as wanting in respect for him.

Charles Adams was not the person to be called singular. He indulged in his habit because the others did. If his wife did now and then express a fear at the frequency of his potations when at home, she was told her fears were groundless; he knew where to stop; there was no danger of his becoming a drunkard. But his reasoning was false. Thousands had stood on the slippery spot he now occupied, and had fallen to rise no more. His faithful partner endeavored to convince him of this, but in vain! How delusive are the arts of this deadly charmer! She holds her victim captive at her will, and too often makes him believe that the chains with which she is binding him are his safeguard. Thus flattered, his ruin is sealed.

Year after year was sinking him deeper and deeper in the fearful vortex. His business neglected, his barns and granaries were going to decay, and the broken gates and fences about the house showed it to be the residence of a drunkard. There no longer was to him any attraction in the bosom of his delightful family sufficient to induce him to spend a single evening with them. The innocent prattle of his children was repulsed by harsh and unfeeling rebukes, while they sought protection by their mother's side, and, with an unconscious look that ought to have melted adamant, seemed to inquire why he was so changed. Often the supper was left beside the dying embers, waiting his return, until the hour of midnight; and when he did return it was under the influence of a

demon spirit, to abuse her whom he should have adored as an angel. Her wounded spirit sought relief in prayers and tears, until nature was exhausted, and then her slumbers were disturbed by frightful dreams and horrid phantasies of future ill.

One beautiful evening in August Charles returned home, as he had formerly done, just as the sun was setting. The day had been unusually sultry, and, as night advanced, here and there a light cloud was seen rising from the horizon, which gave evident token that a storm was coming on. He seated himself by a window that was open toward the West, and appeared in a deep study.

'Pa' will stay at home to-night?' said his little daughter, beseechingly, as she advanced toward him.

The father took the child upon his knee—a circumstance that had not occurred for many weeks—but said nothing. The confiding nature of woman's love is ever alive to hope. Mary thought she saw in this study a returning consciousness. But when did the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?' 'Now, Charles, do stay with us this evening—won't you?' said she.

'It is club meeting to-night. I am engaged,' he replied.

'We used to have so much pleasure when you were here—besides,' she continued, 'the clouds are rising, and I am afraid it will rain.'

'I care not for the rain. I know my own business. I cannot be dictated to,' said he, in a tone which told her she had said enough.

These last remarks ended the conversation. Mary brushed away the tears that started from her eyes unnoticed. He sat down to his supper in silence, which was not broken save by the muttering of the distant thunder, which warned of the gathering tempest. In a few moments he rose hastily from his seat, took his hat and left the house.

Darkness soon veiled the earth. The clouds were every moment growing larger and blacker. The reverberation of the artillery of heaven came nearer, and the lightning, which at first sent at intervals but a lurid glare around, now played with awful brightness on the clouds, and at times one continual blaze filled the earth. The rising gale sighed mournfully through the trees. The rain commenced falling in torrents. That was a fearful night. The warring of the elements without was but too true an index to the mind within. Mary tried to rest, but fearful forebodings haunted her. She paced the room, but her own footsteps started her, as if afraid they would tell some awful message from her erring husband. But hark! that moan! No. It is the moaning of the wind in the shutter. Again and again she moved at a knock on the door, but when opened she was met only by a blast of the tempest. She prayed and wept, and wept and prayed by turns, but yet no husband came. Thus passed the night. The hours of morning came—the tempest died away—but where was Charles?

The horrid secret asks a veil,
And all the terrors of the tale
That can be, shall be sunk.

The club had met. The obscene song, the inebriating cup, the fearful oath, passed freely round. At a late hour of the night the bacchanalian throng broke up. By crossing a foot bridge, Charles could reach his home in a shorter time than by following the main road. He expressed a determination to do this. He was so much intoxicated that his companions endeavored to dissuade him from it, but to no purpose. Reasoning made him desperate. He cursed the Author of the lightning and the storm, and, with a vow too horrible to repeat, left the throng and pursued his way to the river. The falling rain had raised the sweeping tide, and it dashed and foamed angrily before him, as if impatient to secure its victim. He reached the middle of the bridge in safety; then, reeling for an instant in the air, the forked lightning showed him his awful situation, and, with a horrid wail upon his

lips, he plunged into the flood beneath, and sank for ever.

The spirit of the fair Mary had received a wound which could not be healed. The tender plant may for a time withstand the force of the storm, but it must at last yield. A few months after this tragic event, the solemn tolling of the village bell, as a mournful procession moved slowly toward the churchyard, sent a note of sadness to many a bleeding heart. The soul of the faithful but broken hearted wife had taken its flight to that world where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The venerable mansion of Farmer Gray yet stands, and it is often pointed out to the passing traveller as the residence of the orphan children of Mary Walstein.

FOREIGN.

SPAIN.

Private Correspondence of the Morning Herald.

AINHOA, Nov. 29.—8 o'clock, p. m.

DEFEAT OF ESPARTERO, AND CAPTURE OF THE FORT OF SAN AGUSTIN.—I have this minute received an extraordinary express from Durango, with the following highly important official communication:—

["Royal Head-Quarters,
Durango, Nov. 28.

'It is with great satisfaction that I am enabled to announce to you that the army of his Majesty have, this day, gained two most glorious victories.

'Yesterday Espartero advanced from Portugelette on Bilbao, and had reached Baracaldo, when he was attacked by our brave troops, driven from position to position, and compelled to retreat in disorder—disgracefully, and with a *saute qui peut*. We have taken nearly all his artillery, the whole of his baggage, and an immense number of prisoners. Fresh prisoners are hourly bringing in, for we continue in pursuit of the flying enemy.

'Whilst Espartero was being defeated by Villareal, Egoia stormed San Augustin, and got possession of that important fort. There were made 65 prisoners. A number of Christians were burnt in the convent, to which the enemy set fire. We have taken two houses close to the fort, one of which was fortified. Bilbao is now open, and in all probability we shall enter it this day.'

The following are copies of other letters, which I have this instant received:

'Durango, Nov. 27, Midnight.

'Glorious news! We are masters of San Augustin. It was this afternoon taken by assault by four companies of the battalion of Aragon, supported by the 5th Battalion of Biscaia.

'Espartero is flying with his division in the greatest confusion.'

'Durango, Nov. 28.

'Espartero is beaten—routed, pursued, by our gallant troops. We have taken his artillery and baggage, and several hundred prisoners.

Heaven protects us! Bilbao falls!!—the revolution is at its last gasp!!!—Viva el Rey!!! I cannot guarantee the correctness of the whole of this information. The fate of Christina was sealed on the 27th!!!

PARIS, Dec. 3.—The Government has received the following telegraphic despatch:—'Bayonne, Dec. 1, eight in the evening.—The Spanish Minister of War has been replaced by Rodrigue de Vera. The Cortes, on the 27th ult., unanimously voted the exclusion of Don Carlos.

They were in a few days to discuss a proposition, prescribing the execution of this Prince should he be captured.

A letter from Bayonne, dated 27th ult. says.—'General Espartero has just succeeded in realising part of his plans. We learn that