

once a pure, a lovely girl. She was an orphan. She was heart broken—with an anguished heart, bitter weeping, deep moaning and wailing, to hide her shame, she dug for herself, at night, clear, still as death, a grave in the angry waters washing the giddy heights of Quebec! She is gone! She is no more! Meantime William is receiving from the pure unchanged Emaline, note after note, glowing with woman's fine, endearing, whole-souled affections. She knows not that he has changed. She invites him to return and make her his bride.

Debased as he is, maniac as he is, one whom the pure Emaline would scorn as she would a scorpion, he determined to return—resolved to leave off the wine-cup;—sent her a note to prepare in four weeks, and sailed in an early trader for Portsmouth. His resolution to leave off the wine cup was powerless—it was broken!

William was now a raving, raging, delirious maniac. He is frequently confined and fettered in the hold, to keep his wild unearthly yells, ghost-like and terrific, from the ears of the crew during the silent watches of the night.

It is midnight on the ocean. A storm sweeps furiously o'er the white crested wave. The pale blue lightnings flashing rapidly, followed each other in quick succession, while the melancholy deep-toned thunder crashed and reverberated through the heavens. The deep gathering gloom settled round the devoted ship, rendered doubly terrific by the lightning's glare, while the storm-blast moaned and whistled through the rigging, and the wail of the discomfited deep sounded in doleful consonance—a warfare of the elements, terrible and sublime. A loud, shrill shriek!—a wail that curdled the blood in the veins, wild and terrific!—a sound as unearthly, as if by supernatural agency! for a moment it was heard, clear, loud and distinct; then died away on the blast. Once again! Again still louder, clearer than before did that shrill shriek ring upon the ear; and when lightning flash followed flash, the momentary glare discovered a white phantom-like figure, seated on the taffrail! Wildly it threw its arms about, while its white raiment streamed and fluttered in the wind. Another flash! it is moving over the deck. It is William Freeman delirious, wandering in his night-clothes—broken loose from confinement!!! Once, again, were heard his raving shrieks and delirious mutterings!—

“To night! Ah, the fatal night! No more of this! I go to meet my bride! Foul fiend, haunt me not with thy presence! Emaline! Ah, she beckons me—she invites me to approach! Emaline, I come!” Another shriek! The lightning glare revealed the fluttering garments, and the insane maniac, as he plunged into the gasping chasm of the boiling ocean! He sank! He was gone! Lost! lost for ever!!!

His trunk was searched; Emaline's letters were found, and other papers explanatory of past events; which the Captain presented to the fair Emaline, and circumstances connected with William's death explained.

A few short months, and the same fond, faithful heart that waited the return of William Freeman, was grieved, wasted, and sank in the lonely, “cold, dark grave,”

until the general resurrection at the last day! His father soon died with despondency and disappointment. His sister cried, grieved, lamented, and declined; her sensitive feelings, her shattered, emaciated frame sank beneath the pressure; and she, too, poor thing, was soon numbered with the dead! Ah, the devastations of Rum! who will tell them? Young man! remember one step in youth is a mile in old age, either for weal or for woe.

### A Word to Country Readers.

Much has been done within a few years to improve suburban residences, but that has extended but little beyond the sound of the City Church Bells; and even within these narrow precincts, we occasionally witness an exhibition of taste that gives us a painful realization of the fact, that money is lavished without one single fore-thought of what it is to produce. An expensive, ill-contrived, inconvenient, outside-show, paltry-fire board edifice, of the “Elizabethan style,” is erected “by contract,” fashioned after some English picture, without the least regard to the internal arrangements, which ought to be made to suit the wants of the family, present or prospective; and this *Cottage Orné* being stuck on to some seven-by-nine village lot, is dignified with the name of “our country seat,” by American City residents. It is time this false taste, or want of taste, were corrected; and while the world is all agog with shows of the Industry of all Nations, and we are bragging not a little of the architectural skill and perfection of our Crystal Palace, it seems to us a fitting time to talk about the want of taste in country residences.

Leaving the high-peaked, obtuse-angled, ginger-bread-looking, Gothic cottages of semi-city dwellers, standing, as many of them do, upon unornamented, naked hills, let us go out among the farm houses of old New-England, and into the log-cabins of new New-Connecticut, as Northern Ohio was called within our remembrance, or any of the other settlements of this great country, and see how American farmers live.

Let us take an actual farm house which has been occupied by the same family and their descendants a hundred and fifty years. Look at it. It is forty-six feet square, one story high, with a gable roof; a stone chimney occupies twenty-five superficial feet of the ground floor. On one side, the kitchen fire-place is about as large as a Gothic cottage bedroom, with an oven at the back bigger than the “dressing-room” thereunto attached. The kitchen is one of ample dimensions and fond reminiscences of Auld Lang Syne. At one end there is a passage leading from the “end door,” through which all the wood, in untold countless armfuls and sled loads, has been brought to that great fire-place and oven, and two others in the “square rooms.” By the side of the passage is the spare bedroom and the cellar way, up which the old quart mug has traveled more miles than any steamboat in America, bringing up cider enough to float a seventy-four. At the other end of the kitchen is the pantry and “old folks' bedroom;” the younger ones sleep up stairs. The kitchen, with its great wood fire and family circle, stretching from the old blue dye tub and cat in one corner, by the side of which granny sits knitting, round past grand father shelling corn in the centre, to the boys and their mischief on the settle in the other corner, is a scene of home happiness which few of the wandering children of New-England ever so far blot from their memory, that it does not occasionally return upon them in as vivid a picture of the imagination, as if the reality were palpably before their eyes.

Although I roam on hill or foreign strand,  
Or wander over the wide world's flowery earth,  
I still reverse my native land,  
And love with life that dear old kitchen hearth.

It is the only comfortable room in the house. The two