

gold can ever pay you. Will you do more for me still? Can you bring me, from the next post-town, a sheet of paper and some ink, and will you let me be your guest till I receive an answer to this letter which I must write? When it comes, I shall have god enough to reward your care, and strength enough to proceed on my journey."

Of course he gained his point, for when did Horace Mann ever fail to do so? I watched his course after that for years, and I never knew him fail to accomplish what he undertook. The letter was written, and sent, and during the two months that glided away before its answer came, Horace Mann was my constant companion in all my walks. He wanted a guide and took me, for want of any other, quite careless as to what effect such an association might produce upon my mind. And yet, to do him justice, he was really good-natured, and when he found out, a week or two after our acquaintance commenced, that I could not read, he set himself to work in earnest to supply the deficiency. I loved my teacher, and my progress was rapid.

I suppose Horace Mann would as soon have thought of winning the fisherman himself to love, as me, the rough, wild-natured child of his adoption. But I have been told by physiognomical connoisseurs that half the blood in my veins is Spanish, and I, uncultivated child of thirteen, as I was, loved the handsome young Englishman with a wilder devotion than many a grown woman is capable. Oh, how I loved him!

He told me nothing of his personal history, but years afterwards I learned that he was very rich and noble. I was for a long time unconscious of the nature of my own love, until one afternoon, when we were walking, words of his revealed it to me.

"So they call you Agnes Lee, do they?" he asked, pulling me down on a rock beside him, and leisurely drawing my long hair through his fingers. "How in the world came you by such a romantic name?"

"I don't know what romantic means, sir," I answered simply, "but they called me Agnes Lee, because on St. Agnes' night I was cast upon the lee-shore, in a terrible storm, and my mother was drowned, and they hadn't any other name for me."

"Ho! that's it, is it? Quite a good account. You must have been born for tell-tale stories. Well, I've a mind to amuse myself now, by telling you one. Did you ever hear about love? But I know you never did; you, who never saw a handsome man in your life."

"Except you, sir," said I looking admiringly into his bold, handsome face. His laughing blue eyes twinkled with fun, in appreciation of the honestly-given compliment, and he proceeded to give me my first lesson of that love, stronger than life and more terrible than death. As he described its workings, my cheeks flushed crimson, and I knew that even so I loved him. At last he grew weary of me, or of his subject, and drawing a book from his pocket, (he had procured several from the market-town, in order to teach me to read,) he bade me run away for a while to play, and come again when I got tired.

Slowly I sauntered onward, with one remark which he had made sounding in my ears; he had said, "Love seeks beauty as naturally as the flowers the sunlight!"

Was I beautiful? My whole mind and soul were full of the question. At last I remembered a sunny pool of clear, fresh water, where I could see myself as in a mirror. I had often looked there to adjust my seaweed wreaths, but I had never noticed my

face, for never, until this afternoon, had the question suggested itself whether I was beautiful. Cautiously I crept to the brink, and many times drawing back in fear. I at length looked in. I unbound my long tresses, and they floated almost to my feet, long, heavy, and black as night. Set in them, as in a frame, a face looked out; a childish, sun-burned face. There were eyes there—like sloes, large, black, and melting, and anon flashing fire. I thought they might be beautiful, but I was not sure. As to the features, I was not very well competent to judge. I know now that they were regular enough for a sculptor's model, then I only knew that Horace Mann was handsome—my face was not like Horace Mann's, therefore, I thought it must be homely. But I was not satisfied. I stole lingering back to my companion, and found him in turn tired of his book, and ready to amuse himself with me. "Please sir, may I ask you a question?" I inquired, rather timidly.

"Why yes, Miss Agnes Lee, since you never in the world did such a thing, I suppose you may."

"Well, sir, am I handsome?"

Horace laughed long and loudly ere he replied.

"Well, you genuine descendent of Eve, you precious little specimen of feminine beauty, where you picked up your vanity, nestled here on the lee-shore, like a sea-gull, I don't know; but go and stand there in the sunshine, and I'll answer you.—Shake down your long, black hair, all about you, gipsy—there, that's right—now stand still."

I should think I stood still there a minute and a half, waiting for him to make his decision. I really suffered, while his eyes were so bent upon me. At last, his fixed, steady look, was getting to be torturing, and it was an inconceivable relief when he spoke.

"Well, Aggie, it took me some time to decide, didn't it? No, you are not handsome yet, Aggie. You are brown as a Malay, and there's something almost savage in your fierce black eyes. But your features are good enough—your hair is long and thick, and if it were taken care of, and weren't sun-burned, it might be magnificent; as it is, you're rather homely, but if some people had you, you might be made a very handsome woman."

Strange to say, dearly as I loved him, this reply gave me pleasure instead of pain, though I well knew, had he loved me, he never would have made it. But I don't think I wanted him to love me then. He had said I had the material for a handsome woman, and that was all I wanted to know. My heart beat quicker with a sense of power. I said that I would make him know that I was beautiful, some time—that some other day, I would make his proud heart beat quicker, and with this hope for the future I was quite content.

One day, soon after, we were walking together over the rough rocks bordering the shore. I remember a sense of life swelled high and exultant in my heart, and I bounded over the steepest ledges, hardly touching them, or paused to balance myself and turn around on their sharpest points.

"Come down here, Agnes Lee," said Horace Mann's voice, at length, and in an instant I was by his side.

"I've been thinking," he remarked, carelessly braiding up some strands of seaweed "I've been thinking you would make a capital ballet-dancer." And then he proceeded, in answer to my eager inquiries, to explain to me the nature of theatrical per-

formances in general, and ballet-dancing in particular.

"It's a bad life," he concluded, "and I wouldn't advise you to try it. But, after all, I don't know but you'd be better off there than here. You do very well here now, but what'll become of you when you get old? If you could get to be prima donna, you could make a fortune, if you only kept it. Let me tell you one thing, Agnes, some people think all dancing girls are wicked; but I tell you it is the soul governs the profession, not the profession the soul, and you could be as good and pure on the boards of the Royal Theatre, as in the Hermitage of Lough Derg."

It was but a few days after this last conversation, when the answers to Horace Mann's letters came, and having rewarded the fisherman's care with many a broad piece of shining gold, he bade farewell to the lee-shore of Cornwall. It was a beautiful morning in the early autumn, and I went with him a mile or two on his journey. Oh, how gladly the waves danced, and the sun shone, and I could see his heart was dancing too. As for me, I was not glad, nor yet very sorry, for my whole heart was full of a strong undying purpose. Pausing at length, he let go my hand.

"There, Agnes, you must go home now," he said, "good-bye my child," and, taking a guinea from his pocket, he added, "take that, Aggie; it's the best thing I've got to give you to remember me by."

"Will you just please to make a round hole in it, and mark an H on it somewhere?" I pleadingly inquired.

"Well, here's one with a hole in it, that will do—and there," and sitting down, he marked "H. M." in bold, distinct characters. "There, little one, good-bye now," and drawing me to him, he kissed me. It was the first time he had ever kissed me—the first kiss man had ever left on my lips, and it lingered there for weeks, and its memory had power to thrill for many a year.

(To be Continued.)

SHIPS OF WAR BUILDING FOR RUSSIA.—We understand that an official letter from Lord Palmerston, as Secretary for the Home Department has been received this week by the civic authorities of Glasgow, requesting to know particulars respecting some war steamers which his lordship was informed were building on the Clyde for the Emperor of Russia. His Lordship has, we believe, been misinformed on the subject, as there are no ships building here for the Czar; but there are at present being constructed two pairs of powerful first class mail engines and machinery for war steamers, by one of our first engineers, who is under contract to have them at Cronstadt in April, and to fit them up in the vessels there by his own workmen. Although there are no ships building here for the Autocrat, we have reason to believe that his lordship may learn something on the subject if he institutes inquiries on the banks of the Tyne or Wear.—North British Daily Mail.

The following ships of war were commissioned on the 27th: Dauntless 33, screw, Portsmouth; Pique, 43, Devonport; Phaeton, 50, Sheerness; and Euryalus, 50, screw, Obatham. The Dauntless is under the command of Captain A. Ryder, late of the Vixen, 6 steamloop, and promoted in 1848 for services at the storming of Port Serapique, on the St. Juan. The best command, that of the Euryalus, has been given to Captain G. Ramsay (1843). The Pique, the most expensive ship in the navy, except the Vernon, is to be commanded by Captain Sir F. W. Neilson, Bart., (1846). The Phaeton's captain has not as yet been appointed.

"Sumbon, what am your pinon ob ra's?" "Why, I think de one dat hab de shortest tail w'il get in de hole de quickest."