

which thought alone is capable, as he stood with his hand on the back of the young girl's chair; she meanwhile sat gazing silently into the bright fire, wondering what he could be thinking of, but never presuming to interrupt his thoughts. At length, he spoke.

'Eola, I have something to say to you of much importance, to me at least.'

'Yes, sir,' replied Eola, promptly; and innocently looking round to show that she was all attention.

'You are very young,' began Elwyn, 'perhaps too young to comprehend entirely the subject I wish to put before you, but our strange position at the present moment must be the excuse for my hastiness in thus addressing you. Eola, do you know what love means?'

A quick, sharp thrill ran through her slender frame, a vivid blush dyed her face, and her pulse seemed to vibrate more rapidly at the sound of that magic word.

Elwyn noticed her confusion.

'She thinks she knows, like a good many more,' he mentally exclaimed. 'Pretty child! she is as ignorant, no doubt, of the true significance of the term as an infant.'

'Well, Eola, have you solved my riddle?' he asked, aloud.

'Riddle, sir? It is not a riddle. I knew it long ago,' was the unexpected response.

'Then give me the definition—the explanation.'

'Oh, sir, I can feel it, but I can't speak of it. I don't think anybody could,' returned the young girl, nervously, and casting down her eyes.

'Have you ever loved any one?'

Eola tried to answer, but the words died on her lips, and a half pitiful, half reproachful glance momentarily flashed on the interrogator.

Elwyn was half ashamed of himself, and determined to come to the point without further circumlocution. Drawing nearer to the fair girl's side, he took once more her hand in his, and looking tenderly in her countenance, said, candidly and truthfully—

'Little one, I love you.'

He felt the tremor of the hand he held—he saw the electric thrill of joy that mounted to the lips of the guileless child, the tears of deep emotion that filled her eyes, and he said to himself—

'I have wronged her nature after all. She can love.'

And in another moment she was clasped in his arms, in all the fond fervor of reciprocated affection.

In the fulness of her young soul, she poured forth all its treasured secrets; how she had so long loved, in her childish way, him who now possessed her heart, and in sorrow and silence nurtured the growing affection, though without daring to hope for its return, or that the great heart she coveted would ever be hers.

'And do you think my love will always appear to you as worthy to be possessed as it does now, my darling?' inquired Elwyn, rather sorrowfully, and gazing in anxious fondness on her innocent countenance; for a fear still mingled with his hopes.

'Oh, sir, can you ask me such a thing?' cried Eola, while the ready tears sprang to her eyes.

'If you knew the world as well as I do, dear girl, you would scarcely be surprised at the question,' was Elwyn's response. 'You are but a child, Eola. Human nature is changeable, and youth is not always accountable for its actions.'

'What do you mean, kind sir?' again exclaimed the maiden, in bewilderment, for the idea of such a thing as a change in her present ardent love for Elwyn was to her perfectly incomprehensible.

'I will explain to you,

Elwyn led her to a sofa, and seating himself by her side, still clasping her little hand prepared to elucidate his meaning, fully resolved to carry through his preconcerted task at any cost of feeling to himself.

'You are only sixteen years of age, Eola. I am more than double that: now, cannot you conceive the possibility that you may tire of a man so much your senior, and sigh for the companionship of one more youthful?'

'Never—oh! never, dear sir! Indeed, you pain me by saying such dreadful things. Pray, pray, do not talk so.'

'Nay, hear me out. If you pledge yourself to love me, it must be for life; your whole heart must be mine without reserve till death shall part us. Now, I ask you solemnly; are you quite sure you are ready to take this pledge? I would not for worlds press my love at the risk of your happiness;

and did I think you would ever resent the sacrifice of your gentle heart to me, much as I long to possess it, deeply intensely as I yearn to call you my own. I would never claim your hand. Oh, Eola, if you value my future happiness, and your own, if there is any lurking feeling of fear or distrust of your sentiments in your breast at this moment declare it. I will freely forgive the pain you may cause me now, but spare my first love a more cruel fate than that of being rejected the fate of finding, when all too late, that it has ceased to be of value to her whose heart is the shrine at which it was laid. I know you are young, and that I am weak to trust myself so far to my feelings; but our position demands that I should not delay; had it been different, I would not have made this declaration until a future time, but now there is no alternative.'

Elwyn paused, and gazed earnestly in the young girl's face, while awaiting her reply.

'Shall I tell you all my heart, dear sir?' she asked, tremulously.

'Yes; all.'

'Then, I love you with all the strength of my being. I have loved you for years—I have lived on one of your simplest words of friendship for months—have felt my very life hung upon your smiles—have loved you as only the wretched and the lonely of God's children can love, and all without one single hope to keep that love alive; yet it has slept unchangingly until now; and now that you have called it forth—have told me that it is returned—have raised me, the wandering gipsy girl, to the honor of being allowed to worship you openly, and to devote to you every thought, feeling, wish and action—oh, sir! can you think that I could possibly have in all my bosom a single throb that is not for you? I know I am a poor, friendless, ignorant, and despised outcast; but, sir, such as I am, I am yours, and only yours, if you will have me, until life shall cease.'

'And are you prepared to ratify this vow at some future day before the altar?'

A blush, a burst of tears, and a faintly murmured 'Yes,' and once more was the sweet child clasped in the firm but tender embrace of her adored one.

Not one single suspicion mingled itself with the pure joy of that young, unsullied breast, not one thought of evil dimmed the horizon of the young girl's wide-spread sky of love. Had such a dark idea for a moment obtruded itself, she would have repudiated it as an insult to the exalted affection that had stooped to gather her lonely little self into the shelter of its greatness. Oblivious of every sorrow in her present bliss, Eola gave up trustingly and confidently to that noble being her whole heart and soul; while he, lonely as herself in a world whose people were so little in unison with his lofty principles, felt that he had approached the climax of earthly happiness; and longed for the hour that should make her his fond and faithful wife.

Elwyn Esward had never loved before, and now affection seemed to gush up in his heart like an inexhaustible fountain, rousing in his soul all the softer emotions inherent in mortality, which in him had so long remained dormant and concealed, but now, awakened into life by a master-hand, were all the stronger for their long disuse. Oh, that hour—that hazy hour—when the heart first yields itself to a mutual love! It lives in the memory for ever; we can recall it when other things seem but as far-off dreams that were never real. We may love again, again, and yet again; but the novelty that threw such a dazzling halo round our first affection never irradiates the others. Happy they whose first love is their last!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAPOLEON IN DISGUISE.—In an account of the masked ball at the Tuileries, lately, we read:—'There was certainly at the ball a cavalero, whose step exactly resembled that of the Emperor. His Imperial Majesty does not walk like any other person in France. The manner in which he moves about is most peculiar. He does not exactly glide, and his step is too stealthy and unelastic to admit of its being called a kind of gentle skating. But whatever it may or may not be like, it is impossible for any one who has never been in the same room with the Emperor to fail to detect him by it from among a thousand, no matter how well he might be disguised. The short gentleman who with the slender Spanish lady accosted the finely-formed one, who, rightly or wrongly, rumor says was the heroine of Gaeta, walked exactly as the Emperor walks, and talked as nobody but Napoleon would or could have done.'

A BECKY SHARP IN DRAB.

I was one evening at a large tea party, introduced to a very beautiful young bride. She had a large figure, well and most gracefully formed; the roscato hue of her cheek, and the soft brilliancy of her downcast eyes, were only equalled in beauty by the exquisitely fair neck, and the rich dark brown hair, banded in the smoothest Madonna style on her lofty brow. Her dress was of the richest dove colored satin; and her Quaker cap, and neck-kerchief folded in neat plaits across her bosom, were of India's most costly muslin. The handkerchief was attached to the dress by a gold pin, with a pearl head; and the belt of her dress was fastened in front by two more gold pins, each with a diamond head. The bridegroom was a very small, thin, awkward, ill-made man; his face—from which every morsel of whisker had been shaved off—was white, flat, and meaningless; and his dress, though quite new, was badly made, and badly put on; it was, however, a strictly Quaker costume.

In the course of the evening I said to the lady who had introduced me, 'How ever did that mean looking little man manage to get such a very lovely bride?' She smiled, and answered—'Strange as it may seem, I assure thee it was Rachel who courted him, not he. I will tell thee the story. About four years ago, Rachel's younger sister was married; and she was somewhat annoyed that she, the elder, and so much the handsomer, should have been passed by; so she resolved to provide herself with an husband; and thou knowest when a woman makes up her mind to do a thing, she triumphs over every obstacle. Rachel's first step was to draw out a list of the names of the eligible young men; opposite to each name she placed the amount of his annual income, as correctly as she could ascertain it. The most wealthy was placed on the top of the list, and so on in regular gradation. She had twelve names down. They lived in all parts of England; one in London, one in York, one in Bristol, and so on.

'Sylvanus Otway was at the head of the list. She had never seen him, and he lived near Norwich. He was down for seven thousand a year. Rachel seriously informed her father and mother that she had a 'concern' to attend the Norwich Quarterly meeting. They had no acquaintances they cared for there, and were disinclined to take so long a journey; but Rachel became so silent and sad, and so often told them she was burdened with the weight of her 'concern' to go, that they at length yielded to her wishes; and father and mother, Rachel and her sister Susannah, and one of the brothers, all went to Norwich. As the father and mother are acknowledged ministers, of course they were taken much notice of, and invited to all the Friends' houses; amongst others to Friend Otway's, and Rachel soon had the pleasure of being introduced to Sylvanus. She was delighted to find him a fine, handsome, intelligent looking young man, and to perceive that he was decidedly fascinated with his new acquaintances; and when at parting, he whispered to her sister, loud enough for Rachel to hear, 'I hope soon to be in your city, and to have the pleasure of calling at your house,' her cheek flushed with triumph, and her heart palpitated with joy, at the success of her scheme. Sylvanus soon followed them, as he had promised, and proposed for Susanna. He was promptly accepted, and they were married as speedily as the rules of our Society would permit. Rachel was exceedingly vexed and disappointed; but she is not a person to be discomfited by one failure, so she resolved to try again; but she has never been friendly with Susannah since. The next on her list was Josiah Gumble, of York, and his income was six thousand. Again she informed her father that she felt it was required of her to attend the York Quarterly meeting; and she added, 'it had been borne in on her mind, that the ministry of her beloved father, at that solemn assembly, would be blessed to some waiting minds.'

'There is nothing pleases our ministers more than flattery of their preaching gifts. Rachel is an adept at it. I have often found it difficult to keep my features in sober decorum when I have heard her speaking of the inward peace she had felt under the acceptable service of her much valued Friends. And then she presses the hand of the minister she is flattering, with so much feeling, as she says; but they like it, and Rachel has her own ends in view.—She went to York, and soon obtained the desired introduction to Josiah Gumble; he, too, was young, and passably well looking; Rachael contrived to be very much in his company; but she saw clearly that he was not to be caught. She told me she had never met any man who was so coldly in-

sensible to beauty, and so stupidly indifferent to flattery. However, Rachael was not disheartened; for it soon came out that Josiah was the victim of an unrighteous attachment to the daughter of a clergyman; for love of whom he deserted our Israel, and is now—alas! that it should be so—with his six thousand a year, gone over to the camp of the alien.

'The third on Rachel's list was John Jones, of London, her bridegroom now; he is worth about two thousand a year; and, as thou must see, no beauty. When Rachel first saw him, she was half inclined to leave him for somebody else; but the next on her list is only six hundred a year. The sacrifice was too great, and besides, James Lewis might be as mean looking, so she resolved on the conquest of John Jones. It was very easily accomplished, he made no resistance, he at once became the worshipper of her beauty; and now they are married, I think it will be her own fault if she is not happy. He is not very wise, but he is good humored and good natured.'

'How did thou become acquainted with this amusing story?' said I. 'Is it not a breach of confidence to tell it?'

'No, indeed,' she replied, 'there were more than a dozen of us in the room when she told it herself, and showed us the list; she said she did not want it now, so she gave it to Martha Elton, and bade her give a copy of it to any of the girls who would like to try the same plan of getting settled in life.'—Quakerism.

LETTER FROM SECESSIA.—Dear Juleyer.—I have just space of time to write you these few lines, hoping that these few lines will find you the same, and in the enjoyment of the same blessing. Oh, my unhappy country! Why art thou suffering at this present writing! I have not had a single new bonnet for two weeks, my beloved Juleyer, and my Solferino gloves are already discolored by the perspiration I have shed when thinking of my poor, dear South. My husband, the distinguished Southern Confederacy, is so reduced by trials, that he is a mere skeleton skirt. Oh, my Juleyer, how long is this to continue? Ere another century shall have passed away, the Yankees will have approached nearer Charleston and Savannah, and the blockade become almost effective. Since the Mackerel Brigade has changed its base of operations, even Richmond seems doomed to fall in less than fifty years. Everything looks dark. Tell me the price of dotted muslin, for undersleeves, when you write again, and believe me, your respected cousin,
Mus. S.C.

The following anecdote, from the life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, we specially commend to concert goers. There is a moral in it:

A party had gone early, and taken an excellent place to hear one of Beethoven's symphonies. Just behind them were soon seated a young lady and two gentlemen, who kept up an incessant buzzing, in spite of bitter looks cast on them by the whole neighborhood, and destroying all the musical comfort.—After all was over, Margaret leaned across one seat, and catching the eye of this girl, who was pretty and well dressed, said in her blindest, gentlest voice, 'May I speak with you one moment?' 'Certainly,' said the young lady, with a flattered, pleased look, bending forward. 'I only wish to say,' said Margaret, 'that I trust that, in the whole course of your life, you will not suffer so great a degree of annoyance as you have inflicted on a large party of lovers of music this evening.'

A TOUCHING GIFT.—In a bale of promiscuous clothing recently received in Manchester for distribution among the distressed operatives, from some place, the name of which is not given, there was found a boy's Scotch cap. In the cap was a letter, addressed 'For an orphan, or motherless boy.' On opening the letter a shilling was found enclosed, and the following touching epistle: 'May the youthful wearer of this cap meet its late owner in heaven. He was beautiful and good, and was removed by an accident from this world to a better. A weeping mother's blessing be on the future wearer of her bright boy's cap. November twenty-second, 1862.'

PHYSICIANS' faults are covered with earth and rich men's with money.