

lightly but firmly around her waist, and his eyes poured streams of the lava in his own fierce heart upon her, whose nature was sensitively alive to the energy of his will, radiating burning passion, too fearful for analysis, "I know he has loved you, and mayhap thinks you are all the world to him now; but the young tree bends where the old oak would break, and Mr Daere possesses one of those happy, mercurial temperaments that will recover this shock. As you cannot be his wife, as you must be mine, and are stayed by ten thousand fears such as are natural to even the bravest of your sex, will you let me take you in my arms and carry you safe through all these perils. I can command—will you obey? Would you, if we were on yonder bay in a storm, and our boat were in danger, hesitate to trust that I would bring you safe to shore? It is the surgeon's keen knife that is the kindest friend to the patient suffering with a dangerous limb. Let me tell you a story:—"

She bowed her head upon his bosom, and a strange smile stole over his features as he continued:

"We were out hunting. One of our party was bitten by a rattlesnake. There were no surgeons, no doctors near—not even an old woman was at hand. The unfortunate victim was a young man—as youthful as Mr. Daere, and he was pale with the fear of death and the horror of his situation. The man was a physical coward. "My boy," said I, "if you can bear the pain, I will try to save you. He assented, with a shudder and swooned with terror. I bade my companions bind him to a tree, so fast he could not move. I stripped the leg, and with my knife cut out the wound, and then burned the sore whence the blood was oozing, pouring tobacco juice in the incision, and binding up the gash with leaves and my handkerchief, pouring whiskey down his throat."

"The man suffered the most excruciating tortures, and howled like a wolf, for an hour. But he got well. Delay, indecision was fatal. The bite was certain death, the treatment desperately dangerous."

"To draw my moral: which is better—to torture yourself, your boyish lover, your parents and me by cowardly delay, or burst these bands at once?"

"But how, Schrieff? I feel so cowardly. What will they say? My father, Lansing, and my mother; how can I do it? I have no strength. These spider threads are ropes to me: conventionalisms have ever held me firmly, even while I chafed under them. I hate the thrall I am." And she wore a look of mingled irresolution, shame, fear and unutterable desires which caused Carl's whole heart to throb at the glimpse he saw of his approaching victory. He must arouse her to do all his behests—to give her will up to him entirely.

"Dare you be free, Emily? And he loosened his hold upon her waist, and stepping back a pace crossed his arms and fixed his black magnetic eyes upon her, till she was spell-bound by his giant will.

It was a picture for Velasquez, that magnificent King of the Body, as he towered there in the arch of the sacristy of that bare-walled, unconsecrated Church, like some Titan looming up and bidding defiance to all pigmies. The black garb he wore became his stalwart figure to a charm, and as he removed his hat, deep beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, which in the shadow seemed as bronze, relieved by the rich masses of his thick, jetty waving hair.

And the afternoon sunlight streaming in through crannies of the arching windows, sealed with canvass only, revealed the wealth of Emily's amber hair, and lighted up her graceful figure, until her white, flowing robes, seemed rather the vesture of a Hourii in Mahomad's Paradise, than belonging to a daughter of earth.

She answered him, at last, in low tones soft as the summer evening breeze from the deep blue sea, that swayed the grass for miles and miles around:

"Yes, Carl Schrieff, I dare and will. With you, for you I will leap into the yawning gulf. Remember! In the future be you worthy of the sacrifice."

He clasped her in his arms, answered: "My peer, my bride, have I at last found the

only woman I could ever love. Listen! In my pocket, I have the marriage license. This very evening ere three hours are over we will be made one in all things earthly. Emily, you shall be mine forever."

"YOURS FOREVER."  
So said a hollow voice. No one was near, those tones, were they an echo, from the surging hell beneath them? Were they mortal voice? Emily shuddered; but Carl who would not have feared the Evil One himself, had he stepped between him and his bent, quietly and firmly led her forth into the open air of the porch and told her it was fancy—an echo in the arches.

"Go with me," said he, "to the Mayor's residence. His wife and I are old-time friends. No one knows, save they and the County Clerk, I have obtained the license. It is fairly come by—you are of age. My countrywoman has sent out verbal invitations, for a surprise party at the Gores. Your father has returned. I will see they come, and send a servant to tell him you will stay with Miss Gore until he and your mother come. As soon as it is twilight, the Minister at the Mayor's will make us one, and we will have the Judge there, and your friend you just have left. Then we will adjourn to the Gores, your parents will arrive when the marriage is announced by His Honor, and what can they do but congratulate us, and adjourn the party to your residence."

"But what shall I say? What can I do when Lansing returns?"

"He will not return. I will send an express courier to Brownsville, with a brief note from you dated to-day, and signed with your maiden name. Tell him it was done to spare him pain."

She hesitated: "Schrieff, my father is passionate. He is honorable."

"But he never really liked Lansing Daere."

"True! but how he will despise me. It is so fickle when I pleaded so hard. And mother she adores him."

"Your father has energy; he will not despise me. Emily Hazleton, will you be a slave?"

The sting cut keen. She flushed. Carl for a moment quailed before that glance, but tactician ever, he seized his escape.

"Thank God! Emily, if I spoke harshly, you are not a weak chit—a mere drawing-room woman. That glance was worthy of my wife. But let it be the last. We must go: you are ready now. It is time to act: we can dream hereafter."

As they passed the angle of the porch, he pressed his lips to hers. Emily was free no more. The spell was complete. It was Carl Schrieff's first kiss.

As they descended the bluff the last rays of the setting sun bathed them in a crimson glory, and one beam stole into the chapparal bush where India watched them with an evil eye. When nearly out of sight, the Indian fortune teller suddenly crawled forth with sinuous motion like a snake, and hobbled off to the Mexican quarter of the town, muttering as she went along:—

The panther woos the snake, and thinks  
The golden serpent but a dove:  
A poisoned wine the panther drinks,  
And calls the mocking goblet love

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The private library of the late King of Prussia comprises about 56,000 volumes, and contains, for the greater part, works of history, archaeology, and Christian art. The library fills six large rooms of the royal palace at Berlin. Humboldt's works formed a special compartment, called the "Humboldt Press," and are found in greater completeness, from a large work on America, which costs 3,000 thalers, to the smallest pamphlet, than when Humboldt himself possessed them. This library has been left by will to the present king, with the exception of the artistic works, which have been bequeathed to the Queen Dowager. A question arose, if all the illustrated works, with woodcuts, &c., were to be understood as "artistic works," which question has been decided in favor of the Queen.

### Fun, Facts, and Fancies.

"Marriage," says Phizzle, like a mousetrap, is easy to get in but difficult to get out.

"Marriage," says Ditto, "like buttermilk, is palatable while new, but when old, too sour for even hogs."

"Marriage," says Do., "like poi on is a certain cure for love."

An officer who was on intimate terms with the Prince of Orange, one day asked him the purpose of an extraordinary march they were making. "Will you keep the secret?" asked the prince. The officer hastened to assure his master that he was incapable of abusing his confidence. "I believe you," replied the prince; "but if you possess the gift of keeping a secret, the same blessing has also been conferred on me."

#### DEFINITION OF A YANKEE.

He'd kiss a Queen till he'd raise a blister,  
With his arms around her neck and his felt hat on.  
Address a King by the title of Mister,  
And ask him the price of the thorn he sat on.

.....We overheard a poor weatherbound individual the other day, who was caught in the rain humming to himself in a doorway:

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,  
That chilling fate on me has fell.  
There always comes a sudden shower,  
When I han't got no umbrell.

Jones, suffering from an attack of influenza, went to serenade his lady-love and could only sing after this fashion:—

Cub, oh cub with me,  
The bood is beatin;  
Cub, oh cub with me,  
The stars are gleebin  
And all around above,  
With beauty teabing;  
Boodlight hours are best fer lub.

Jones felt that he was an unfortunate being, when a small boy opposite where he was singing, cried out "blow your dose you dab fool."

The first Lord Lyttleton was very absent in company. One day, at dinner, his Lordship pointed to a particular dish, and asked to be helped of it, calling it, however, by a name very different from that which the dish contained. A gentleman was about to tell him of his mistake "Never mind," whispered another of the party; "help him to what he asked for, and he will suppose it is what he wanted."

A French gentleman reproached his son for carrying a gold watch in a very careless and exposed manner; but the young gentleman persisted in the practice, in spite of parental admonition. In a crowd at the theatre, one evening, the old gentleman asked his son what o'clock it was, when he distressed and mortified to find his watch had been stolen. "Never mind," said his father, smiling; "I took it myself, to show how easily you could be robbed. Here it is!" He put his hand in his sob to restore it; but lo, and behold, it was gone! Some thief, more adroit than himself, had appropriated the property.

**JOKE ON WALKER.**—The Montgomery correspondent of the *Columbus Star* writes:—

As a specimen of the daring and vim of the soldiers now quartered here, I saw two of them on the dome of the Capital yesterday, (old sailors I presume) where the Secretary of State has in vain tried to get workmen to go and "stop a leak." The Secretary observing them, called to them to do the work whilst up there, to which they replied they would do so if he would bring up to them the putty and glass. This was decidedly and most respectfully declined."

Girard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of the letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, then of the council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold; but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense and amiability, that on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose, too, and accompanied his visitor to the antechamber. The change was so striking, that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit."

### Miscellaneous.

**LIFE INSURANCE.**—An Irish volunteer, whose life is insured for a few thousand dollars, went into the office in State Street, a few days ago, and very innocently said, "Gentlemen, will ye be plased to give me a little o' that money in advance, as I'm going to the wars, and the Lord only knows if ever I live to get back again." After a general roar of laughter, the company made him up a purse.

**AN ARAB'S MODE OF CURSING.**—A Frenchman, residing in one of the Oriental cities, while once watering some flowers in the window, accidentally filled the pots too profusely, so that a quantity of water happened to fall on an Arab who was below basking in the sun. The man started up, shook his clothes and thus gave vent to his feelings respecting the offender: "If it is an old man who has done this I despise him; if it is an old woman I forgive her; if it is a young woman I thank her." The young Frenchman, who had managed to keep out of sight, laughed heartily on hearing the malediction that fell to his share for his carelessness.

**DEATH OF LEVER, THE NOVELIST.**—A recent arrival brings intelligence of the death of Mr. Lever, which occurred at Spezzia, in the latter part of April. Charles James Lever was born in Dublin on the 31st Aug., 1806. At an early age Mr. Lever was destined for the medical profession, and studied with that view, first in his native country, and afterwards in France. Having been nominated physician to the Embassy at Brussels, and while occupying that position, he published his first work, "Harry Lorrequer." This was followed by "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," &c. He was editor of the Dublin University Magazine in 1842, but soon abandoned his post. In 1848 he went to Florence, and spent his later years in Italy.

**WIGS.**—One would never guess the device adopted by one of our Parisian dandies of ripe age to delude his acquaintances into the supposition that his luxuriant wig is the natural product of his own cranium. The secret has been betrayed by a treacherous barber. The gentleman, it seems, caused to be manufactured as many wigs as there are days in the month, each wig being provided with a box and a number. Each morning he puts on a peruke slightly differing from the others. Thus, the hair of number four is a trifle longer than number three, and so on to numbers thirty and thirty-one, which look as though they needed clipping. Upon reaching the last day of the month, our ingenious beaux visits his club or the *doudoir* of some fair one, runs his fingers through his "scratch," and says, in a careless tone "My hair is growing entirely too long; I must have it cut!" And the next morning he dons number one again. We recommend this clever dodge to such of our Adonises as have been so unfortunate as to become bald.

**A NAUTICAL ADVENTURE.**—While the steam packet *Le Claire* was on one of its trips from Marseilles to Algiers, lately, with four hundred passengers on board, it encountered a strong gale from the southwest. In the night a tremendous sea struck the ship, swept the deck, penetrated into the cabin and engine-room, and threw everything into the greatest confusion. In the general panic, while the crew were making every exertion to rid the boat of the superfluous element, a terrific cry was heard from the second cabin. "Help, help! the shark is gnawing me!" screamed, in a voice half-suffocated with terror, a travelling dramatic artist, who, awakening in a cold bath, had found in his arms a sheep, which had been precipitated into the cabin through an opening made to let off the water. They hurried to the traveller, whom they found more dead than alive, immersed in water in company with the placid quadruped. This accident has thrown the poor artist into such a state of excitement and hallucination that, in spite of all the consoling attentions that were lavished upon him, it has been impossible to counteract entirely the effect upon his nerves, and he still fancies himself pursued by a marine monster.—*Paris Semaphore*.