

made her, with many tears, an offer of my hand. It was accepted. How we wept!"

Here the old man paused, and blowing his nose three or four times in a very earnest manner, as if to bury some thrilling recollection, proceeded more solemnly than before:

"Deborah was fair—O, exquisitely fair! but she was short—O, uncommonly short! Nature had condensed into four feet five a mass of beauty that would have sufficed a giantess. Nine-and-twenty years had fully developed the loveliness of her mind as well as her form, and both were perfect—O, quite so!

"Fathers have flinty hearts. Her sire also was in the hardware line. Rivals in trade, our respective progenitors were also rivals in credulity. 'Borry!' I said one day, in the overflowing of my heart's agonized afflictions—'Borry,' I said, 'how I hate my papa!'"

"I too, oh my dearest Timothy, abominate and detest the cold-blooded monster who calls himself my father."

"Let us leave them," said I.

"With all my ardent heart's most consenting acquiescence," said she. Stranger! I was the happiest of men! But a presentiment of the horrors which awaited me made even that delicious moment be only celebrated by our tears.

"Our preparations were soon concluded. There is a certain drawer in the counter of a professional vender of the articles of ordinary commerce which is called a till. The respective tills of our fathers supplied all our wants. One large trunk, containing all our worldly goods, was forwarded to Plymouth. A vessel was on the point of sailing, we knew not whither, when we arrived. We embarked. For days, and weeks, and months, we floated on the weltering deep, and were landed at last on the Californian shores of the interior of Africa—dread abode of Hottentots and lions—where the foot of civilized man and cultivated woman had never trod. How blest were Deborah and I! Our trunk was now nearly emptied; for to satisfy the cravings of the commander of the vessel, we were forced to part with almost every thing with which we had filled it. But a few books of that chastened and delightful class which draw forth sighs in every page, two shirts and a cotton night-cap, were all that remained to us of our property. We wandered into the tremendous solitude of that undiscovered world, and finding a place sheltered by trees and watered by fountains, we resolved to make that the conclusion of our pilgrimage, and there, in gentle converse and sweet melancholy, to taste the luxury of woe! We lived there for some years. Pardon me stranger, if I pause a little, and recover strength to relate to you the terrible catastrophe."

I confess, when the old man thus addressed me, that my heart thrilled with the most astonishing emotions of sympathy and curiosity. He went on, after an interval of about five minutes:

"Our furniture, as you may believe, was scanty. My bed was, as it is now, the earth; but Borry's delicate health required, and very short dimensions admitted, of a more sheltered resting-place. The trunk—oh horrid recollection!—she slept in the trunk which had contained our clothes. One day

when, overcome by the intense heat, she had laid herself to rest in this humble couch, she called to me and said, 'My heart, O Tim, is overcome with horrid apprehensions. I feel a sort of all-overishness.'

"I threw myself on my knee beside the trunk and looked down with a melancholy sort of pride on the beautiful creature lying nestled at the bottom of it.

"'Borry,' I said, 'give not way to despair; here take again the sorrows of Werter, and refresh yourself with once more perusing the most afflicting parts of the story.' She did as she was desired—she read aloud, and her tears proved how deeply she entered into the dismal scene. But other thoughts were in my heart; deeper, sadder, tenderer, than any that were awakened by the tale. I bent over her as she read—my tears were shed in torrents—I marked not any thing but my own miserable thoughts—my eyes were fixed on vacancy—her voice still sounded in my ears." By fits 'twas interrupted,—then the strugglings of irrepressible grief—then inarticulate murmurs—then a total silence! I recalled my wandering thoughts; I cleared my eye of tears—I looked. Horror of horrors! why did I not die that instant? There! at the bottom of that trunk, seen dimly through the liquid grave in which she was enclosed, lay Deborah—my life—my love drowned! drowned in her own tears and mine! From that hour I wandered through the world with the mark of Cain upon my brow—a murderer! Stranger is it not a harrowing recollection? Ha! I see that your soul is melted. There! feel my brow! I am not mad—no—no—no—yes—yes—yes—ah!—horrid—horrid!"

On saying this the mysterious stranger darted up a tree with the rapidity of thought, and in vain I tried to discover him. His narrative has never departed from my mind. Remember thee! ay, I'll remember thee while memory holds her seat in this distracted brain.

STANZAS.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on
And mingled into one:
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the West.

I saw two summer currents
Flow softly to their meeting,
And join their course in silent force,
In peace each other greeting:
Calm was the scene, through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
'Till life's last pulse shall beat,
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Flow on in joy to meet
A purer sky, where troubles cease,
A calmer sea, where all is peace.