ment might confer on any woman; but I speak as the pledged, betrothed, affianced wife of another man—of one by whom I am beloved, and to whom I am truly, devotedly attached. I entreat you by all that is sacred in this confidence, which to you alone I have made, to spare me the pain of your addresses."

At the close of his own speech, Ernest Lavalle had taken her by the hand, and he had still held it through a part of hers; but when she uttered the words "betrothed," "wife," he dropped it, turned very pale, heard her to the end, and stood for a while silent. At last he looked up and said, "Lady, until this heart is cold, it will beat with tenderness for you. 'Twas the momentary madness of a melancholy man to think that such a one as you could ever become his; that an angel like you should be assorted with dust like me, was scarcely upon the possibilities of life, strange a thing as life is. You have acted nobly to me. I can appreciate your conduct. Complete your confidence. Who is your lover? Is he a Spaniard?"

"No; he is an Englishman."

"Lady, lady, forgive my anxious heart. Are you sure he means you true and fairly?"

"If there is faith in man, it is in Henrico."

"Pardon, lady: his English name?"

"Blount."

"Blount, Blount!—it may be. Say, lady, does he speak French?"

"As a Frenchman. I have heard him speak much of France."

"It is—it is he!"

"Do you think you know him?"

"Yes; I have seen him, drunk a cup of wine with him, and shaken him by the hand in Portugal. Farewell, dear lady, farewell." He took her hand, raised it respectfully to his lips, and, taking up his forage-cap, left the house. In the same hour he exchanged quarters with his friend the surgeon; and, except for a few minutes, in which he was directing the removal of his baggage, and during which he took leave of the Lady Montalvo, and shook the hand of old Ursula, he never but once again entered the dwelling of Juliana.

Ernest was at first supported by the consciousness that he had done what was right—what was the simple duty of an honorable man. He supped heartily, and slept well; but he awoke in wretched spirits, and wept upon his pillow. He wished that he had never seen her, and then again exulted to possess her image pictured in his mind, though forever separated from the bright original.

While the Lady Montalvo and Ursula sat wondering at the young Frenchman so suddenly leaving a house where such kindness had been shewn to him as an invalid, Juliana, though glad that he was gone, was thinking of him with a feeling of the fondest pity. A keen observer would have discovered this pity in the very step with which she daily passed the house where Ernest was now billeted, in her way to mass. There was not a shade of faithlessness in this to Henry. It was a pity which she would have confided to him, and invited him to share.

In vain Ernest made resolves that he would shut out all thought of her, and that he never would rise to watch her as she passed his window. His true effort to fulfil the former of these seemed terrifically to multiply the very thoughts he would have excluded; and when the hour came that he should have sat immovable and occupied in his chair, he as regularly obeyed the holy bell as any devout penitent in Badajos,—took his favorite post of concealment near the window, and watched Juliana as she passed with sighed and whispered blessings, and with a sort of wild idolatry that would have kissed the very stones upon which she trode.

CHAPTER VI.

"Up!—God has form'd thee with a wiser view,
Not to be led in chains, but to subdue;
Calls thee to cope with enemies, and first
Points out a conflict with thyself, the worst.
COWPER.

Love, like fancy, is by gazing fed; but it will forever chew the cud of a past gaze, and does not die for lack of object outwardly visible. Yet where the love is vain, this becomes a soul and frame destroying diet:—to know not only that you yourself are not the accepted, but to know him that is,—to have his form and face familiar to you:—the one all grace, the other all light and smiles; and to fancy the mute embracings with which he will be welcomed back by her whose slightest favor you would regard as life, is no light trial. Perhaps there is no sorrow which does so soon or so effectually wean a man from earth, and fix his thoughts and hopes upon heaven, as a disappointment in love.—It was thus with Ernest. Bred up by a pious mother in all the closest observances of a religious life, he knew where to flee for succour, and how, and when. He bravely fought the battle of faith, and he was aided to succeed in it so far as very greatly to control, if not altogether to subdue, his unhappy passion. He plunged himself into active duties abroad, and at home was closely engaged with sundry of the best treatises on the art of defence. His lessons were soon to be put in practice, for the spring was advancing; and one fine morning in March, from the ramparts of the citadel, he saw the British columns, looking bold and brilliant in their scarlet uniform, take up their ground before the city, preparatory to a siege. The sight aroused him. They had a fair garrison, and the defences had been improved with such care, that he thought there was little chance of the English carrying it. Perhaps there mingled with this exciting anticipation a secret desire to see his English rival driven back and away from all chance of present or of future opportunity to claim his betrothed; but this was a wish so mean he scarce dared to confess it to himself. He placed his zeal to the score of duty—love to France—love to his profession; and he was from the hour of the investment, continually on the works or in the workshops. At the bureau of the chief of the staff, he got sight of some returns of the investing force, which had been either brought in by a deserter or procured by a spy; and, upon the face of a regimental one, he read the name of Blount, Lieutenant, present, and on duty. Here, as he read the name, and the image of the fine youth, as he had seen him on his piquet-post, when, about a year before, he went into the British lines with a flag of truce, to enquire after a wounded and captured friend, for whom he brought money and clothes,—as this image rose before him, with all that was so manly, and so much the gentleman, and the man of feeling in the reception this youth had given him, all his own better feelings returned. The peculiar situation of these two faithful lovers, separated only by a combination of circumstances, as cross and perverse as ever ran between heart and heart, greatly moved and troubled him. It was a romance of real life that deeply interested him as a thoughtful reader of that large dark volume; and he panted to turn over the next page, and to find it end bright and happily. He would have given any thing for the creative and inventive power to shape out a path of bliss for them.

Juliana passed under his window now, each morning, with a quicker step, and it was one lighter and happier than before, though cannon were playing on and from the city; but she had a spring of hope in her young bosom that cast out fear. She had one only thought, "Henrico is near me—our good friends, the English, will take the city—these Frenchmen will surrender it—and then I shall see him again, shall embrace him to part no more."

There was something of a like feeling in the breast of Harry, as with folded arms, when off duty in the trenches, he would stand upon a low eminence on the south of the city, for hours together, to watch, *as he said*, the progress of the siege; while he was calculating the gables of old houses, and the stacks of chimneys, till he could satisfy his mind as to the exact position of that roof under which his Juliana dwelt. At moments, indeed, the wild and terrible disorders which he had recently witnessed at the storming of Cindad Rodrigo in the north, arose to his mind, and he would tremble with melancholy fears; but again hope smiled on him, whispered musically to him of victory, and the sweet and speedy reward of again beholding his beloved Juliana, and of again pressing her to his bosom.

The progress of the siege was animating. The salvos of the great breaching-battery, when completed, roared rejoicingly. The repulse of a brisk sortie—the gallant carrying of an out-work—at both of which Harry was present—filled him with bright and hopeful confidence; and, when they were off their tour of duty in the trenches, and he and his faithful and inseparable chum, Ralph Harland, sat down to their stew and mulled wine in the camp of ease, his spirits were as high and exuberant as his comrade had ever known them.

Strange, that, in the camp of the besiegers, and in the garrison of the besieged, two hearts should be throbbing for the same object—both with love—both with tenderness! yet one, with a joy that would admit no fears, no doubts, that chased away in its hopeful delight all thought of obstacles and intervening peril, o'erleaped them all, and seemed already to be reunited to its chosen fellow; the other, with a vain longing, and a sad depression, which nor labors, nor occupation, nor strong resolve, nor prayer, had as yet overcome.

An incident, which, in the midst of the rough tasks that Ernest Lavalle was daily engaged in, chanced to fall under his observation, affected him in a very powerful manner, and gave him more aid in self-conquest than he had hitherto found. The workshop of the various artificers belonging to the engineer department in Badajos was in a large and handsome church. Here blacksmiths, carpenters, and armourers, were constantly occupied in their various and noisy labors; and it was his duty, from time to time, in the course of the day, to visit and superintend them. The lieutenant-colonel of engineers, who was more particularly charged with the necessary preparations for the defences, had directed the workmen to cut some heavy planks, and stud them with large nails, in order to hang out on the face of the breaches; and to these obstacles, in themselves serious, he proposed superadding a huge and heavy *chevaux-de frise*, the wood-work of which was to be very weighty and solid, and the spikes of which, instead of being wooden, were to be composed of short stout sword-blades, fixed thickly all over it. Ernest chanced to visit the workshop just as some workmen were beginning to prepare this machine; already a few naked and sharpened sword-blades were fastened upon it.

"This will be a fine spit for the English roast-beef," said one of the men, as he was riveting in a blade; "the close scorching of a blaze of musquetry, and Monsieur John Bull will be done to a turn; his bayonet won't help him here, nor his outlandish hurra;—'twill be pleasant straddling for the sans culottes, the Montagnards."

"Not another nail will I drive in this infernal work," said a comrade, "though Napoleon himself were at my elbow."

"What do you mean?" said a serjeant-major, looking on.

"Why, mean what I say," answered the veteran, who was a corporal, apparently about fifty years of age, wearing the chevrons of thirty years' service on his arm, and a strong, steady-looking man, with grey moustaches. "Not another nail will I drive, though it were to save the place, or the empire itself."

"Confine him," said Lavalle, "instantly; and report him if he wont go on with his work."

"You may confine me—you may shoot me; but I will have no hand in fixing those sword-blades. 'Tis a machine fit only for Satan's invention, and Satan's service."

"Why, friend," said the serjeant-major—for with the old moustaches of the army they were always, by the express orders of the Emperor Napoleon, very forbearing—"why, what a fool you must be! Where's the difference between making a thing like this, and the mixing of gunpowder or casting of a bullet?"

"Not much, of a truth;—I can't argue the matter;—only this I say, I'll go stand target for English practice, but with this bit of devil's work I'll have naught to do. So if you have aught to send to the breach, I'll carry it; but not a stroke will I make on this invention of the colonel's, if I'm shot for it."

The serjeant muttered a "*sacre Dieu*" between his closed teeth, and said, "I remember the time when you were a man; but you have never been worth your salt since you lay wounded at that village in Germany, among those psalm-singing Moravians."

"You are forgetting that I won this bauble since," said the man, pointing to the cross of the legion of honor. "For the rest, it's little change in me I find to what I hope for; I am glad you have seen any. Ah! friend, I would rather be a hewer of wood and drawer of water in that village, than have the Emperor's own crown."

"Well, if the work of war is the work of the devil, as those hypocrites say, you have done enough of it in your time to entitle you to good wages and a hot birth; and it's just out of thought of that, that, if the officer will suffer it, we'll humor you, and send you up to the walls. Here, clap these tools on your shoulders; may be your head will be soon off them, and then you'll keep a still and civil tongue in it."

"It's that I look for, and that I wish," said the veteran. "They that take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

From the other end of the church there came a voice in German—"*Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.*" And Ernest observed an old German blacksmith pausing over his anvil, and gazing intently on the group.

"Whose words are those?" called out the veteran, turning round.

"*The words of* JESUS," answered the German.

The veteran fell upon his knees, and looked imploringly to Heaven, and tears streamed down his rugged cheeks; and, with an earnest voice, he cried, "Lord, remember me when thou comest to thy kingdom."

The place, the scene, the fierce and swarthy soldiers all about, gave to this open confession of faith a very strange and impressive solemnity. Ernest was exceedingly affected by it.

"It's not the first time," said the serjeant to Ernest, "that I have seen him in this way; but he has been a good old soldier, and one don't like to punish him for being weak in his wits."

"Ah, would you were all as weak in your wits!" said the man, rising and placing the tools on his shoulder; "would you had all lain sick in a Moravian hospital!—It's little you'd think of this vile world, and it's much you'd think of a better; it's little you'd fear man, and much you'd fear God; it's the Saviour you'd love, and it's sin you'd hate."

With these words, the man went out with his burden; and, musing on the wonder, Ernest slowly followed him. Unconscious that any one was so close behind, the man began reciting a German hymn. Ernest could not catch all the words distinctly; but here and there a couplet or a line, pronounced with warmer emphasis, reached him. These he remembered:—

The cross, the cross, O that's my gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain.

Here is an ensign on a hill

To all the world, his saving name:

All pilgrims who would Heaven win,
By Jesus' cross must enter in.

Ernest soon overtook and joined the man. "Are you well, friend?" said he.

"Yes, Monsieur Lavalle, I am well, and shall soon be better."

"You have been behaving very strangely."

"I know it must seem so; but I could not endure that the last work of my life should be work like that."

"What do you mean by *the last?*"

"Why, I mean that I shall soon be killed."

"This is a superstitious fancy, an idle fear."

"A fear, a fear! no, it's *no fear;* if there's aught false or blinding in the notion, it's from hope."

"What! do you wish to die?"

"Tell me first, master, for what is it you wish to live?"

Ernest was startled and silent. The man continued: "For thirty years I have been wandering about this miserable earth in arms—I have never sat by a fireside of my own—I have never sat at marriage-feasts or merry christenings—never sung or heard singing at vintage or harvest-home—I have no place of peace in the wide world but one, and that is to earthly eye invisible, for it is the foot of the Redeemer's cross."

"These Moravians have infected you. Do you think it a sin to fight for your country?"

"No, I don't go that length with them; but ah! sir, this is not fighting for my country; there's no blessing in heaven for war like this, no shield, no reward for men who serve one of God's scourges as we do. It's a chain I feel about me: there's a merciful One above will soon loose it."

"How long were you with these Moravians?"

"Two months. Let it be written on my grave—'He *lived only two months*—and he is gone home.'"

They were getting near the ramparts, and the stunning thunder of the great guns broke off their conversation here. Ernest was sent for by his commanding officer at the answering battery, near the castle-gate, to perform some service; and it was not till about three hours after that, as he was passing again towards the workshop, he saw the veteran soldier lying under a wall alone, apparently dead. He had lost a leg—his eyes were closed—his face bloodless;—he lay flat upon his back—*his hand was on his mouth*—and there was a very affecting look of humility and nothingness about the whole figure. Ernest put down his hand to feel if there was yet any life in him. His pulse beat faintly—he slowly opened his eyes and recognised Ernest. "Hope in thy—MERCY," was the last word on his lips,—and the released spirit fled away to be at rest.

Ernest was profoundly moved. He went into the workshop: the *chevaux de frise* was nearly completed, and the first night after the breach became practicable it was to be fixed in the dark by him. He returned slowly to his billet. All the religious impressions of his boyhood, and even of his childhood, returned upon him. He felt aspirations of a high and hallowed nature. He felt fears and misgivings injected by the great enemy of human happiness; but they fled before the opened gospels. He prayed aright—he conquered;—"*This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*"

(To be concluded.)

Rhinanthern Coccinea.—This is a hard name for a flower, but it is described as a most beautiful one. It is found in the greatest perfection in the woods of Cochin China, where, if the accounts of travellers are correct, it makes the most splendid appearance. It is represented as not only rising to the tops of the highest trees, *but as rising over them;* and "it so interlaces and festoons them that the whole forest is hidden. When in flower, the whole is one mass of crimson and gold, of so intense color that the eye can hardly bear to look upon it—and the scent is as fragrant and refreshing as the colors are brilliant."

CORK.

Many persons see corks used daily without knowing whence come these exceedingly useful materials. Corks are cut from large slabs of bark of the cork tree, a species of the oak which grows wild in the countries in the south of Europe. The tree is generally divested of its bark at about fifteen years old, but before stripping it off the tree is not cut down, as in the case of the oak It is taken while the tree is growing; and the operation may be repeated every eighth or ninth year; the quality of the cork continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off, it is singed in the flame of a strong fire; and, after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weights in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it may be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance, that no efficient substitute for it has yet been discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples for bottles—the ancients mostly employing cement for closing the mouths of bottles or vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork, which, being spread on the inside with a resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times, cork was not generally used for stopples to bottles till about the close of the 17th century, wax being till then chiefly in use for that purpose. The cork imported into Great Britain is brought principally from Italy, Spain and Portugal. The quantity annually consumed is upwards of 5000 tons.

Wooden Clocks.—The versatile genius peculiar to the Yankees is found in no place under the sun, so widely spread as in the steady land of Connecticut. Here the inventive spirit which first ushered *wooden clocks* into existence saw the light, and here the wheels of this business have continued to revolve with accelerated speed until the present day. In the town of Plymouth alone, we are informed, not less than *fifteen thousand* wooden clocks are made annually, and one individual in that town has acquired a fortune of nearly $200,000 by this business. One day last week, thirty handsome wagons, with two horses each, started from Plymouth, for one of the Southern cities, on a clock-peddling excursion. About three hundred wooden time-keepers, all warranted to go, were shipped recently for Baltimore or Richmond, where these wagons are to assemble, load up and disperse over the Southern country. When their supply is exhausted they resort to the city *depot*, and when that is out, Connecticut manufacturers replenish it again. The original cost of these wooden vessels, is about $5, and the retail price at the south, when made, like Peter Pindar's razors, to sell, is $20. There are not less than six towns in Connecticut, all extensively engaged in this kind of business. Unitedly, they make not far from *fifty thousand* every year, and yet the demand is still unsupplied.—*Narthampton Courier.*

The New Haven Palladium announces the appearance of Dr. WEBSTER's new translation of the Bible, with the following apology:

"He has done no more towards *altering* the Bible than those who translated it from the original tongue. Different nations have translated it into their own language, and Mr. Webster has done no more than to suit the language of the present age to its meaning. Many words have in the course of time become changed in their sense. For instance—the word *prevent* once signified to go before, or, to anticipate; it now means, to hinder, to stop; the word *discover*, meant *uncover*. Mr. Webster has very properly corrected these faults of our own language; they are not the faults of the Bible. The following are other specimens of his improvements. He has substituted *sixty* for *three score; cows* for *kine; persons* for *folk, buttons* for *tache; boiled* for *sodden; staffs* for *staves; shun* for *eschew*."

Now, if Dr. Webster has spent his precious time in retranslating the Bible for the sake of substituting *cows* for *kine, persons* for *folk, staffs* for *staves*, and *shun* for *eschew*, he has shown a less regard for the peninsula between the two eternities, than any man of his learning, that we have ever known. What could Dr. Webster imagine his fellow citizens had been studying all their days. The word *score* is used in composition almost as much as twenty, and it is possible, we imagine, that *tache* and *button* may convey a different idea. The curtains of the tabernacle might have been attached to something different from buttons, and the word *tache* would represent the machinery over which the loops were placed, better than *buttons*. When *hooks* are used, taches may be employed; but if we have *buttons*, we must have *button holes*.

It is, grammatically and theologically speaking, safe to let the scriptures stand as they are, unless some important mistranslation is discovered. The changes noticed above are childish, and should be considered inadmissible.—*U. S. Gaz.*

The Fair of the American Institute of New York is now open in that city. The exhibition of articles exclusively of American manufacture comprises an extensive variety finished in a style of workmanship that would do credit to the ingenuity and industry of any country. The Mercantile Advertiser publishes a list of the prominent objects of the exhibition, preceded by the following general remarks:

"The fair is a very interesting one, indeed; there is an assemblage of articles highly creditable to the inventive genius and manipulatory skill of our artists, and what we most rejoice to observe is, that there is an evident improvement in the style and finish of the specimens. To this, we would particularly call public attention, because it requires care in the examination in an unpractised eye immediately to perceive that the woollen cloths and cassimeres have what is technically called a finer face, that is, a closer dressing and smoother surface—that the various articles of iron and steel are more nicely wrought and have a higher polish. In fine, that in every department there is a regular advance towards perfection in the production of the various fabrics and utensils displayed; so that in London or Paris, they would attract attention as exhibiting cleverness in the workmen. There is a sensation produced in contemplating the rise of the arts among us to that state of perfection which is here shown that fills the mind with the most pleasing national reflections. But a few years since, and such a thing as an American manufacture to any extent, was almost unknown; now, there is scarcely an article of necessity, comfort or luxury, that may not be procured in quantities, and in a style and finish equal if not superior to those imported; while on the score of usefulness and durability, the American article is in most instances undoubtedly superior. We do not envy the feelings of that man who can walk through the Masonic Hall, without experiencing a swell of patriotic fervor in his bosom, as he sees the specimens of rising genius and skill with which he is surrounded, and reflects that they are the workmanship of freemen, educated and happy freemen, in the full enjoyment of their religious and political rights; who are well paid for their toil, and are consequently enjoying the comforts and blessings of a land of peace and plenty. It is this above all other considerations, that enhances the value, and gives a zest to such an exhibition. The moral, the social, the patriotic feelings which are thus engendered, out weigh an hundred fold, the physical beauties which, although glittering in his gaze, cannot give that high delight to be derived from the consciousness that all that is seen is the production of *voluntary and well requited labor*.

Mankind classed.—Mankind may be divided into three classes. Those who learn from the experience of others—they are happy men. Those who learn from their own experience—they are wise men. And lastly, those who learn neither from their own nor from other people's experience—they are fools.

From the Knickerbocker for October.

INDIAN NAMES.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, rivers and lakes are designated by their names?"

Ye say all have passed away
That noble race and brave,
That light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave,
That 'mid the forests where they roam'd
There rings no hunter's shot;
But the name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

Yes, where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curl'd,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conc-like cabins
That cluster'd o'er the vale,
Have disappear'd as withered leaves
Before the Autumn gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown.
Connecticut hath wreath'd it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breath'd it hoarse,
Through all her ancient caves.

Wochusett hides his lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monanock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye give the winds their dust.

Ye deem those red-brow'd brethren
The insects of an hour,
Forgotten and despis'd, amid
The region of their power.
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,
Ye break of faith the seal,
But can ye from the Court of Heaven
Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their untesisting tribes
With toil-worn step and slow,
Onward through trackless deserts press,
A caravan of wo.
Think ye the eternal ear is deaf?
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the *soul's blood* may not cry
From that far land to him?

EARLY DAYS.

From Friendship's Offering, for 1834.

Oh! give me back my early days,
The fresh springs and the bright
That made the course of childhood's ways,
A journey of delight.

Oh! give me back the violet blue,
The woodbine and the rose,
That o'er my early wanderings threw
That fragrance of repose.

And give me back the glittering stream,
The fountain and the dew,
That neither day nor nightly dream
Can ever more renew.

I would give all that tears have bought
Of wisdom, wealth or love,
For one sweet hour of early thought
This sordid world above—

One happy flight away, away,
On wings of nameless power,
One golden morn, one glorious day,
In childhood's rosy bower—

One sail upon that summer sea,
Whose passing storms are all
Light winds that blow more merrily,
And dewy showers that fall.

But ah! that summer sea no more,
Shall bear me gaily on;
My bark lies on the weary shore,
My fluttering sails are gone.

'Tis not that hope her radiant bow,
No longer bends on high,
But light has faded from her brow,
And splendor from her sky.

'Tis not that pleasure may not bring,
Fresh gladness in my breast,
But I am worn with wandering,
To find a home of rest.