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SELECTED TALES.

From Graham's Magazine.

ALLY RAY.

OR FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

"Your village, dear aunt, is certainly a most picturesque and beautiful place," said George Murray, a young collegian, to his aunt, with whom he was spending a vacation. It was a bright summer morn, and George had loitered in the breakfast-room to have a chat with Aunt Mary, while she was "clearing away the breakfast things," aided by her little handmaid Rose, whose sable face and thick lips brightened with many a grin at "Massa George's fun."

The little village B. was situated in a most picturesque portion of one of our Northern States. George had always resided far South, and the mountainous, beautiful scenery of his aunt's northern home, united to the high state of cultivation and air of comfort spread over the numerous surrounding farms, caused from him constant expressions of admiration. He stood at the window of the breakfast-room gazing on the romantic, beautiful view before him. All at once he exclaimed, "Come here, dear aunt, who is this beautiful girl? I met her yesterday as I was riding in the forrest; she is now coming through the grove toward the back part of the house."

"That is little Ally Ray," said his aunt, "a great favorite with us. She is the village shoemaker's daughter, and a good, nice, industrious little girl is she."

"A shoemaker's daughter," cried the southern-bred youth, 'you are jesting, dearest Aunt Mary, surely."

"Not at all," said his aunt laughing merrily at his manner. "She is most truly the daughter of Job Ray, and an excellent shoemaker is he, as Rose and I can testify, but your aristocratic notions are quite shocked, are they not, dear George? Is she not pretty—there—she has stooped to caress Carlo—see, that plump hand and well rounded arm—little foot and ankle. Father Job has fitted the foot well if the shoe is heavy; and her form is pretty—so nicely proportioned. The morning breeze has blown down some little rebellious curls from the comb with which she so carefully confines them—see them, "*strealing*" as Irish Mary says, from under the bonnet—and that rosy cheek, George, and bright eye. Foolish fellow! I suppose you think a shoemaker's daughter should be coarse, rough, and uncouth. Why Ally—or Alice, as is her real name—is as gentle as a town bred girl, and infinitely *better* bred, for kindness and love have nurtured her. She is a notable little housewoman likewise, for her mother died some years past, and her poor father is an invalid. She takes care of the little garden, which produces most of their simple food, and your uncle sends one of the farm men once in a while "to give," as they say, "little Ally a lift." Job is able at times to work at his trade, and his work is so well done that he meets with a ready sale for his shoes—that money buys the few things economical little Ally and her father need.—That plump little hand scrubs, washes, bakes and sews. She is a notable, industrious little body. And she is not ignorant either—during the winter she attends the county school, and when I visit the city I know well that the most acceptable present I can bring to little Ally, will be some addition to her small collection of books. She does a great deal of sewing for me—all Rose's clothing is prepared by her neat hand, and my common dresses are witnesses of Ally's industry and excellent workmanship—in that way she assists her father, who is so "ailing." But I must not stop here chattering. Ally has come to bring home some work, undoubtedly, and Rose's new Sunday dress pattern came from the storekeeper's yesterday, and Ally must make it quickly. Come, Rose." And the lively, light-hearted Mrs. Mills hastened from the room, followed by the happy Rose, who, as she passed out of the door with the waiter and its etceteras laughed outright at the prospect of a new Sunday dress. The youth leaned against the window long after the pretty Alice had disappeared—then suddenly recalling his thoughts, he rang the bell for a servant, ordered his horse, and shortly after galloped off on his morning ride.

Two months had rolled by, and the country surrounding the little village of B. was even more beautiful than it had been during the summer. A slight frost had touched the foliage, giving it a rich autumnal hue. George Murray and sweet Ally Ray were wandering in the woods together. The boy lover gazed with passionate earnestness on the innocent face of the lovely child, while her bright eyes were cast down, that he might not see the tears which dimmed their violet beauty. They were on the eve of parting. The next day and he would be far from her. His guardian had resolved he should finish his studies at a German University, and years might intervene ere they should again meet—possibly never.

"You must always love me, dearest," murmured the youth, "believe me always true—in a few years I shall be master of my own actions, then will I return to claim my little Alice for my wife. Remember, my own one, that you belong to me. Ah! Alice, do not, do not forget me."

The poor child, overcome with the thoughts of their separation, wept bitterly, and he soothed her grief with assurances of their happy future. She gazed with sad pleasure at the little locket he had purchased at the village watchmaker's and which contained some of his hair, while he claimed one little curl in return, and bent over her to choose the silkly lock—the sun was at its setting, and its brilliant rays shot through the trees, athwart the forrest path, shedding golden light upon the lovers—was it a beam of hope as a type of the future?

He left his country with saddened feelings, but looked toward the future with the bright eye of youthful expectation. He never dreamed of how differently he and poor Ally might be situated toward each other in a few years. What sympathy and companionship could exist between the high bred, finished man of the world, that years' residence abroad might make the now impetuous youth, and lowly Ally Ray, the shoemaker's daughter and village seamstress. Poor Ally! one would almost have prayed that she might soon forget him—but no, her early training had strengthened her in confidence and truth. She had never met with insincerity. Brought up in the quiet village, her little pious soul never dreamed of change or falsehood—hers was not a nature to forget.

The first letter George received from his Aunt Mary told him of poor Job Ray's dangerous illness—he was near dying when she wrote, and Ally's uncle, who lived in the "far west," was to come on for her in case of her father's death.

"I would adopt her myself," wrote the kind-hearted Aunt Mary—"dear little creature, I am much attached to her and I would raise her as my daughter; my boys already love her as a sister, and you, dear George, would not, I think, object to her as a cousin—but it was her father's wishes she should go with her uncle."

Poor George was almost frantic at the news, and when he again heard from B., Ally's father was dead, and she, poor girl, had left with her uncle for her new home in the then wild west. He could gain no certain information as to Ally's residence, She had promised to let Aunt Mary know, when she was settled, but if she wrote, the letter must have been lost, for they never heard from her.

Many changes took place before George Murray returned from Europe. Sweet Aunt Mary was dead, and when he visited B., on his return to this country, he found many things to sigh over. Uncle Mills had supplied his gentle, thrifty wife's place with another spouse—a stately, dignified maiden lady he had wooed and brought to his home.—The village had much increased. A lage hotel had sprung up where Father Job's sweet little cottage had stood.—Scarcely a spot remained as in those happy days when he and Ally wandered through the forest.

To do him justice, he still remained unchanged in his love for Ally—it was true that he expected to find her far distant from him in point of mental culture, but then he comforted himself with the anticipation of taking her to a lovely Italian home, and by patient love-lessons soon making her a suitable companion. But no Alice was to be found—the villagers had even forgotten her, and he left the place with deeper, heavier sadness than he had years before. Then hope danced merrily before him—now the future contained no anticipations of a sweet wife, Alice and home happiness. His uncle who had been his guardian was a bachelor, and resided on a large plantation at the South. He and his nephew were much attached to each other, and to his home did George repair, and so readily did he fall into the solitary habits of his uncle's bachelor life, that there seemed little possibility of his heart ever owning another love—but who will answer even for their own constancy?

"I wish you would marry, George," said his uncle one day after dinner. They had just arrived in Washington, in which place they intended staying a short while during "the season." "A sweet little wife," his uncle continued, "would cheer up our lonely plantation. I wonder you have never married—handsome, wealthy, nothing to prevent you."

"Why, my dear uncle," exclaimed George, laughing, "you should have set me the example yourself, why did you never marry?"

"I should have done so, George," replied his uncle sadly, "but the only woman I ever loved died suddenly on the eve of our marriage. Heigho! had she lived, I should not now be the lonely creature I am. I visited my friend Morton this morning, while you were lazily resting after your journey—the one whose political course you so much admire—he looked so happy—he was stretched out on a lounge reading, while his daughter, a beautiful witch, was singing and playing away merrily, to cheer her old father—how I wished she belonged to me—and then I thought she would make such a glorious wife for you."

"What! Miss Mary Morton?" exclaimed George, "why she is the acknowledged belle of Washington, nay, of every place, and she is noted for rejecting every one—they accuse her of possessing neither ambition nor heart. Young Smiley bored me for an hour this morning with her peerless charms and accomplishments."

But George did not find himself so bored when he met with Miss Morton. He found her indeed beautiful and accomplished, but at the same time there was an air of frank cordiality in her greeting that made him forget she was a belle and a stranger. Her bright eye danced most roguishly as she returned his ceremonious salutation, and noticed his uncle's gratified look.

He was soon her favored attendant. She rode, drove, danced, and waltzed constantly with him, until every one pronounced it a match. George was deeply fascinated with her, but at the same time felt a keen remorse for his bad faith to Ally, and a feeling of dissatisfaction would come over him when caught himself contrasting this high bred beautiful creature with the lowly Ally Ray.

"I could never love but once," said the belle one evening in a brilliant circle, as one talked of love, and first and second loves. "A fig for your second loves—there is no such thing as second love," and she extended her hand to George, with a strange look of mingled confidence and mischief combined, as the band struck up a waltz—his brain whirled as her soft breath played on his cheek during the bewitching measure of the music—he scarcely knew how he moved. "I will tell her all," he murmured to himself—"she may refuse me, but still she shall know that there can be a wild, devoted second love." And he told her all the next morning as she was arranging some new flowers the gardener had brought for her tiny observatory. George dwelt on the fervency of his love for Ally—he described with manly sincerity her girlish beauty, and confessed nobly his deep affection for even her memory—the maiden blushed, and tears trembled in her bright eyes as he dwelt on the sad years after they parted.

"But why did you not write to her?" said she, in low tones, as she bent over a fragrant plant.

"I did, over and again, but in utter desperation, for I knew not even where she lived."

"She never received your letters," said Miss Morton, turning toward him—he gazed at her wildly—"George! George!" whispered she, as she drew from her breast the little locket, "and have you not recognized your little Ally?'

It was indeed sweet Ally Ray. But we will leave our hero and heroine to enjoy the delirium of love, while we explain in sober language how the little Ally Ray was thus metamorphosed into the brilliant Mary Morton. Her uncle had become a distinguished man. The Eastern and Northern States send many such men as Aldred Morton out into the far west, to seek their fortunes, and the habits of self-dependence they are early taught make them strong in the strife and struggle of life. Ally Ray's name at her christening had been Mary Allice. Uncle Eldred loved better to call her Mary, for the only daughter he ever had, and who died in her childhood, had been named Mary, after Alice's mother, his only sister. Many forgot at last that Ally was not his daughter, and the old man wished that the world should think her his child. Through his indulgence and care she had every opportunity of education. Keen natural abilities, united to the earnest desire of fitting herself as an equal bride for George when they should meet, accomplished much; and at five and twenty the brilliant belle Mary Morton would never have been taken for the modest, gentle little Ally Ray. Life has many such changes, reader.

EMMA.

Sentiment and Anecdote.

A BEAUTIFUL LINE.—When Dryden, the great poet, was at school, he and his classmates were required by their teacher to write composition. He took as his theme the miracle performed by our Savior at the marriage in "Cana of Galilee"—the change of water into wine.—The composition was handed in, and it is said the only line of any poetical merit was the following:

"The *conscious* water owned its God and *blushed*."

This line of the youthful poet is one of the choicest gems in English Poetry, and is the more interesting for being the first ray emitted by the great *sun of poetry*.

BUSTLES.

Bustles are a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
They're stuffed with bran and sacks of tow;
Stick out about a feet or so,
They look first rate, by heaven!

COURTING.—"Oh, la me! 'Sewke, I wish I was a cape!"

"A what, Jonathan?"

"A cape—a nice muslin cape!"

"La, Jonathan, you're so quar!"

"Well, I guess I feel quar, any how."

"What's the matter?"

"Oh! you tarnal critter, you know what I mean. I wish I was a slick little cape, I duz."

"What for?"

"Give me a kiss and I'll tell you."

"O, I—I'm skeered too. But you're only to have just one. Now tell!"

"Cos then I'd give myself to you, and you'd put me rite round that purty neck of yourn."

At a late Bible class examination, the master having asked, "what is said of John the Baptist?" received the following answer:

"And this ere John came up out of the wilderness, and he was clothed in cammomile's hair, and he was girt about the neck with a leather bridle, and his meat was Locos and wild onions."

A minister in Vermont has forbidden any one to play a violin in his church. He says, "however serious his thoughts may be, the moment he hears a fiddle, he goes to thinking *how he used to dance!*

"Jim," said Timothy, the other day, to his son—"Jim, you are lazy—what on earth do you expect to do for a living?"

"Why, father, I've been thinking as how I would be a Revolutionary Pensioner."

VINEGAR MADE FROM BEETS.—It is stated that an excellent vinegar may be made from the juice of beets. A farmer lately grated a bushel of sugar beets to a fine pulp, pressed out the juice, (six gallons,) and put it into an empty vinegar barrel, and in two weeks he had as fine vinegar as was ever obtained from cider.—*Clipper*.

A WIDOW FOR LIFE.—The late Mr. Somes, M. P., the great ship owner of Liverpool, has left upwards of £500,000 in personal property alone. He has bequeathed £70,000 to his widow, with a request, not a command, that she will not marry again, fearing that there is no man worthy of her. "She deserves," says he, in his will "the best of husbands, as she has been to me the best of wives."

Speaking of the sale of the Bonaparte pictures at Bordentown, last week, the correspondent of the Union says—

The South obtained all the pictures of the collection really worth having, except those of Reubens, which were purchased for Europe. Washington, South Carolina, and New Orleans, have the gems; N. York the second-rate, followed by Baltimore; and the competition for the worst was between Boston and Philadelphia. The amount of the sale exceeded eighteen thousand dollars.

Fifteen of the best pictures were purchased by Mr. Robb of New Orleans, at a cost of about $5,000. He has also afforded liberal encouragement to native artists.

WEEP NOT.

BY JANE SIMPSON.

Oh! weep not that the friends ye loved,
Must change and pass away;
And weep not that on beauty's cheek
The roses must decay.

Oh! weep not that the gentle eyes,
Which once with kindness shone,
Can meet thy gaze with coldness now,
And pass as though unknown.

Though flowers fly, and friends deceive,
Mourn not when these depart,
But weep in bitterness to lose
Thy gay and guileless heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Heroine.

THE WIFE OF LAFAYETTE.

The faithful and devoted wife of Gen. Lafayette was a daughter of the illustrious house of Noailles. She was married at the early age of seventeen, and scarcely had the honey-moon glided happily away, when her youthful husband left her side to fight for American independence. During his absence, Madame Lafayette ruled her household and numerous estates with wisdom and prudence far beyond her years. At length the husband whom she loved so dearly, and of whom she was so justly fond, returned, covered with glory, to lay his laurels at her feet. Some few happy days were spent together, and then the storm cloud of the French revolution broke over their heads. Her husband was soon driven into exile, but it was thought that Madame Lafayette, living quietly and in great retirement on her estate in Auvergne, ran no danger. But her love of liberty, her high rank, her talents, made her an object of suspicion. She was arrested on the 10th of August, and soon after sent to Paris. Her mother, grandmother, and sister-in-law, all perished on the same scaffold. Madame de Lafayette herself was in daily expectation of death. She made her will, and waited calmly and resolutely for the summons to the guillotine. The revolution of the 9th Thermidor preceded, by five days, that appointed for her execution. As soon as she was liberated, she sent her only son, then in his childhood, to the care of Gen. Washington, after whom he had been named; and then hastened with her two daughters to find her unfortunate husband—then languishing in an Austrian prison. She reached Vienna by means of an American passport, obtained an audience of the Emperor, and solicited either the release of her husband or permission to share his captivity.

"As to the release of General Lafayette," replied the Emperor, "it is a very complicated piece of business: on that point my hands are tied."

Madame Lafayette joyfully embraced the other alternative—that of sharing her husband's gloomy prison. Sixteen months' close imprisonment in France, the loss of all her kindred, and her continual anxiety respecting her husband, had combined to affect her health, which declined so rapidly in her damp prison of Olmutz, that serious apprehensions were entertained for her life. Feeling the importance of her life to her family, and at their earnest solicitation, she wrote to the Emperor for his permission to spend a week in Vienna for change of air, and for the purpose of consulting a physician. Her letter remained two months unanswered, and then came in an imperial mandate, forbidding her ever to appear in Vienna, but offering her freedom, on condition that she would never seek to return to her husband's prison. Madame de Lafayette's noble and touching answer to this inhuman proposition, fortunately for prosperity, remains on record. It was as follows:

"I owed it to my family and my friends, to make some efforts for the preservation of my life; but they know me too well to suppose, for an instant, that I would accept it at such a price. I cannot forget that when we were on the point of perishing, my husband, by his physical and mental sufferings in Austria, and I, by the tyranny of Robespierre, in France, was not allowed to receive any communication from him, nor to inform him in return that his wife and children were still in existence; and I will never, of my own free will, expose myself to the agony of a separation from him again. However unsuitable this residence may be to my daughter, and however unfavorable to my health, we will gladly avail ourselves of his Imperial Majesty's goodness in allowing us to remain here, and will never trouble him with any more petitions."

From that time Madame de Lafayette made no further efforts, but bore her sufferings firmly and patiently until the victories of the French Republic, and especially those of General Bonaparte, changed the aspect of affairs.—General Lafayette was restored to freedom, and with his devoted wife returned to his native country, and fixed his residence at La Grange—the maternal inheritance of his wife—an estate siutated about twelve leagues from Paris. Here Madame de Lafayette spent the remainder of her short life in the bosom of her family, and in the practice of every Christian virtue. But the poisoned arrow of grief and anxiety had drank her life blood, and after many lingering months of suffering, this humble christian, this affectionate mother and heroic wife, closed her pure and exemplary life on the 24th December, 1806. Posterity has covered the name of General Lafayette with glory, but surely the patient endurance, the self-sacrificing devotion of his noble wife, deserve an equal meed of praise.

We saw yesterday, at the residence of Mr. Romulus R. Griffith, in this city, a counterpane made by Mrs. ANN WARNER, of Harford county, Md., a lady now in her 94th year. It is a beautiful article both as a specimen of fine needle work and in respect to the taste displayed in the arrangement of the numberless pieces of which it is composed. In the centre of this is the following inscription:

To the Hon. Henry Clay:
The Orator, Patriot and Philanthropist,
In token of admiration of his genius and his virtues,
Is presented this piece of needle work,
BY MRS. ANN WARNER,
Executed by her own hands in the 93d year of her age.

While lingers still my setting sun,
And life's last sands in silence fall,
Ere death's rude hand the glass shall break,
And o'er its ruins spread the pall—

I lift the voice which 'mid the storm
Of war our early patriot blest,
And with its dying accent hail
The patriot hero of the West.

Oh hallowed be thy matchless worth,
By a whole nation's love and prayers;
And thy eventful being close
Lamented by a nation's tears.

The old lady completed the counterpane in about six weeks, without assistance from any one. The spirit which animated her whilst engaged in rendering this handsome tribute from age to the great American statesman may be inferred from the inscription. The article will be taken in charge by James M. Merriwether, Esq., of Cincinnati, and be by him despatched to Mr. Clay's residence.—*Balt. Amer.*

THE HEART.—A modern writer thus beautifully treats of that "harp of a thousand strings," the human heart:—"What an old thing experience is! now turning over so rapidly the book of life, now writing so much on a single leaf.—We hear of the head turning gray in a single night—the same change passes over the heart. Affection is the tyrant of a woman, and only bids her to the banquet to suspend a cutting sword over her head, which a word, a look, may call down to inflict the wound that strikes to the death, or heals but with a scar. Could we fling back the veil which nature and society alike draw over her feelings, how much of sorrow—unexpected because unexpressed—will be found! how many a young and beating heart would show disappointment graven on the inmost core! what a history of vain hopes, gentle endeavors, and anxieties and mortifications, laid bare! There is one phrase continually occurring in conversation—"O, a woman never marries the man to whom she was first attached." How often—how lightly is this said! how little thought given to the world of suffering it involves! Checked by circumstances—abandoned from necessity, the early attachment may depart with the early enthusiasm which youth brings, but leaves not."

Hunter Hill, who assassinated Major Robert R. Smith, of Suffolk, Va., a few days ago, was arrested in New York on the 22d ult. and committed to prison. He confessed his guilt, and expressed his willingness to return to Suffolk without waiting for a requisition from the Governor of Virginia. He was to leave N. York on Wednesday morning last, in custody of an officer.

Disturbances have recently grown up among the Mormons and anti-Mormons in Adams and Hancock counties, Ill., which threaten to prove very serious in their consequences. The anti-Mormons have declared they will not stop short of the expulsion of every Mormon from Hancock county. A letter dated Quincy, Sept. 13, says that about sixty houses had been burnt down in Adams and Hancock counties.

It is said that Thomas W. Dorr, the hero of Chepatchet, who run off to save his bacon, has resolved to settle in Ohio.

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