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LIBERIA HERALD.

[Concluded from the Last.]

Ambition now took the place of love; for, that active, energetic man must cherish some one predominant passion above all others, seems an immutable law of human nature. William Lee devoted all the resources of his fertile mind to the perfecting of this mechanical offspring of his genius; and after incredible labors—though aided and supported by his brother—in the year 1589, he brought his knitting engine into a condition fitted for the performance of its office. *It* produced six times the quantity of work, in a given time more than could be effected by the hand alone.

And now he fancied the hour of his triumph had arrived; for the queen, Elizabeth, who had been informed of this new marvel commanded Mr. William Lee to remove his engine to London, and work it in her presence. Honors and rewards floated plentifully about the atmosphere of his warm imagination; and even the former Maud Thoresby inly felt something like compunction and regret, for not having waited long enough to marry the man who was considered worthy to be introduced into the presence of royalty.

It was a grand day in Woodborough, that on which the mighty engine was removed from the place of its birth: and a great man, indeed did Master William feel, as the boxes containing its several parts were lifted into the vehicle destined to remove them, amidst the anxious looks and almost involuntary shouts of those identical inhabitants whose jeers and scorn had been liberally bestowed upon him during many past years. But William was ill-fitted to receive the praise of such as they were, then, and a smile of undisguised contempt, which no one could mistake, played upon his features as he mounted his horse, and rode though the crowd beside his marvellous engine.

The mob is a strange beast. Just as William Lee and his brother, and the cart containing the precious box reached the outside of the village, a volley of sods and stones was fired after them from the hand of the offended rustics; and Master Hugh Monks, the husband of *Maud*, was heard loudly to declare, "*That* it was a happy thing for the village to have at last got rid of a wizzard who had brought the devil himself amongst them."

And such was the last instalment of the debt paid at *Woodborough* to untiring perseverance, and the most remarkable mechanical skill.

Perhaps Mr. Lee fared better at court—let us see.

In a world made up for the greater part, of the deplorably shallow and the still more deplorably ignorant, appearances count for every thing Neither Mr. Lee nor his engine were particularly charming to behold: for the former was singularly plain in person, and had besides a very uncouth, rustic air; while the latter might without much injustice, be considered as clumsy a piece of machinery as even that age of clumsiness ordinarily beheld. But the inventor thought of neither one nor the other he had made the engine, and the engine could make the work, that was enough.

*W*hen the great Elizabeth beheld the operation, she pronounced it very ingenious but smiled most at the idea of seeing a Master of Arts employed so earnestly and eagerly in making stockings.

"*It* is maids' work," said she; "but that frightful engine is only fit for a horse."

The people at court, and, the people of Woodborough, were closer akin than the unsophisticated Mr. Lee could possibly have supposed. He received no honor, no reward! This proved most acceptable news at his native village; and Mrs. Maud *Monks* again rejoiced that she had escaped the toils of the dreamer, Master William Lee.

Harassed by disappointment and vexation, the unfortunate inventor of the knitting engine in a fit of indignation at the treatment he had received—first from the mistress of his heart next from his 'fellow townsmen," then from his sovereign, and last of all from the people at large, who offered him no encouragement resolved to quit, the country, and seek, patronage abroad.

He retired into Normandy; and under the protection of Henry the Fourth, of France, appeared at length about to receive the due reward of his skill and merit. But misfortune had marked him for her victim. *The* patron king was assasinated, and his successor cared nothing about curious machines or their contrivers.

In the interval, however, while the flash of glory yet shone upon his horizon Master Lee had married a portionless young lady of the country of his adoption, and but recently christened his first son "Henry," after his royal patron when, the violent death of the latter took place, and with that event all his own towering prospects were hurled to the dust.

Again to be humbled at the very threshold of honest pride, was one stroke more than he could bear. His *grief*, became excessive: the ingratitude of a blind and ignorant world, combined with mischances which seemed to occur merely to thwart him, had the effect of finally wearing out an otherwise unwearied spirit. He perceived that the world was about to close on him forever; so he made his will in favor of the infant Henry, requested his wife to go to England and bring the boy up at Woodborough, and having devised to her the sole property in five machines which he had then made, resignedly and peacefully gave up the ghost.

Mrs. Lee implicitly followed her husband's advice, and went to live on the very homestead where her husband was born. *T*here she brought up her son Henry, but it was in the midst of opposition and dislike and neglect. She seemed to be avoided, even because of the memory of the departed. But between the children of the former Maud *T*horesby and Henry Lee, a deadly dislike—a feud born in the blood always existed. As boys they fought—as young men they hated—as old ones they died, mutually unforgiving and unforgiven. Nor did this die with their deaths. It was born again with their children; and perpetuated generation after generation, even until the original cause of difference became matter for the apocryphe of domestic history.

In the meantime, however, a mighty trade was growing out of the produce of Master Lee's contemptuously-treated machine. It began to be appreciated as it deserved and finally hundreds of thousands became, and at this day still are dependent upon it for their daily bread.

From the United States Gazette.

A STAR IN THE DARK.

"There is a future to all who have the virtue to repent, and the energy to a tone"—Barwell Lytton.

"You may call it foolish and romantic, if you like, but I repeat it, that I could more easily forgive fault, committed, under, strong temptation, and foreign to the natural disposition, than a series of petty meannesses springing from and belonging to the character."

Thus spoke Helen *T*ravers to her sister Mrs. Cunningham, and the thread of their discourse is taken up when first it was over heard. *It* was a strange spot for anything like a 'confidential, or 'sentimental, conversation to have taken place but every one must have observed that subjects of interest often arise in the most unexpected manner. The two ladies had mistaken the hour at which *a* morning concert was to commence, had arrived somewhat too early, and had consequently taken their seats before any others were occupied. Perhaps, warming with the subject under discussion they had not observed the few stragglers who from time to time dropped in, and certainly had not heard the footfall of a gentleman who entered and seated himself immediately behind them, just at the moment when some of the attendants were making a prodigious din in their rearrangement of the benches near the orchestra.

I could not have married a man in whom *I* did not take pride," replied Mrs Cunningham; "*I* am very sorry for people who have ever been led away to do anything wrong, but they must take the consequences of their own conduct; certainly any thing like disgrace or the world's censure, falling upon my husband would crush me to the earth.'

"Not if his fault were the one fault of a life," resumed Helen;', not if you loved him very dearly.—Nay, I think his very suffering would draw you more together. *I* have a theory that the very happy do not love so deeply as those who have known sorrow."

"I call such ideas perfect nonsense."

"I know you do," replied her sister, with a faint smile and playing as she spoke with the fringe of her shawl.

"Any one would think to hear you talk, that you had fallen in love with some scap grace or another, and were seeking to excuse your folly.

"Susan! you know there is nothing of the kind—You know I have never felt any thing more lasting than a passing fancy which one shakes off just as waking breaks up a dream

"How should I know?"

"Then believe,—I would not deceive you though three and twenty, indeed *I* dread oldmaidism far less than an ill assorted union.

Helen *T*ravers turned her head as she spoke, and though she did not perceive the stranger, he caught the profile of her animated countenance. But the, audience were by this time arriving, and the sisters drew nearer together to make room for the new comers. *T*here was an end to their conversation, of course

Notwithstanding a certain family likeness a look that was caught now and then; the sisters were very different. The elder *Mrs*. Cunningham, was far the most beautifull if exquisitely chisseled features and a brilliant complexion could make her so. But though quick and clever even witty and accomplished she was deficient in sentiment and the powers of imagination; was a lover of detail; and therefore despised because it was to her incomprehensible, the higher and generalising mind. *A* thoroughly wordly education had completed her character, and rendered her a cold hearted, selfish woman of the world; without enough of heart to feel the necessity of affection, and yet possessing an insatiable vanity that fed on universal admiration! With features less regular, her countenance was changeful as the sea; for it mirrored every thought and feeling as they welled up from her woman's heart. Early removed from the influence of worldly minded parents, she had been reared by a widowed aunt, a high minded being who had sought and found the sweetest solace for her own early bereavment, in the artless nature of her young relative. Although by no means a stranger to the Metropolis or to society the country had been Helen's home. Her young heart had expanded beneath the influence of nature; her taste had been refined, her fancy quickened by it; and though she had read much she had time and leisure to think more.

In short, she was a fine natural character as little warped as possible by the prejudices of the selfish and the conventionalities of society. Death had a year before deprived her of more than her mother and the independence which this beloved relative had bequeathed to her while it rendered her an object of envy to her unmarried sisters, seemed to her own heart no consolation for her irreparable loss.

But the stranger who had over heard those few sentences which, to a thoughtful mind, revealed a world of knowledge what of him? He had come to that morning concert simply to enjoy music, in which he delighted, yet so absorbed did he become in some, all engrossing thoughts, that the sweet sounds which he had sought to hear fell upon his soul only, from time to time, as chimes that harmonised with his reflection whatever they might be, and were only remembered afterwards by the power of association which linked some peculiar cadence with a thought, a dream, a memory: or with a moment where his attentions had been roused by some expression of pleasure or admiration in the sweetest voice of Helen Travers. *He* was not what boarding schools girls and youths in their teens call young, for he must have reached five or six and thirty: and according to such high authority he had passed the age of romance and the capability of a sudden love, and yet in those two hours, he drank as deeply of the draught as ever did mortal man. A strange and awful Youth had checked and driven back the tide of emotions which belonged to its epoch, only that it might swell now with the concentrated might of a loftier sentiment, a chastened tenderness; and restrained passion. He would—ere half that time had expired—have periled life to have touched her ungloved hand, or to have caressed the light ringlet which floated from time to time beyond her bonnet?

It seemed too, that fortune was to favor him for friends came up and addressed *Mrs*. Cunningham; mutual introductions elicited that of Helen. *He* had but to follow them to their door and now he knew who she was and where she lived, This he did with wonderful calmness. People always are calm on really great occasions—except in deed, people who are themselves too small ever make or understand them.

Well—the pigmy of soul escapes through the entangling meshes which fate weaves for man kind, into the outer void of mere animal existence; they are the strong of heart and quick of sense who are retained to play great parts in the struggle of life and the war of passions. And yet—oh! mystery of humanity!—who that has suffered deeply has not felt that in the deepest depths of anguish there is a pulse which vibrates not with pain! Feebly and rather as the first faint promise of future joy, than the flicker of an expiring power but still to can-

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B. Liberia Herald

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