





"But didn't you ask?"
"Ask what?"
"Where she came from?"
"Bless your soul, child! no; it was no business of mine."

house together; and when I got there, there they lay, side by side, seemingly equally lifeless; but she had only faintly; she soon came to."
"And he, Aunt Betty?"
"His name moved after they took him up. The doctor said his neck was broken by the fall, and he must have died instantly."

"Yes, Bessie, she was tried—tried for murder! and that is another proof of the awful consequences of such terrible tempers! After the accident (for it wasn't anything else) of course there was no end of the talk about it, and everything came out, even their little childish dispute. I told you her foolish, thoughtless words, about hating him and being revenged on him. Well, they got air somewhat, and were carried round, and no doubt made the most of, until they came to the ears of a young man, who was a lawyer in one of the neighboring towns, who had been terribly in love with Miss Eulalie, and had offered himself to her."

"Well, she was as proud as Lucifer, and she thought it was a great piece of presumption in him; and she refused him, very scornfully it was said; and more than that, Bessie, she did what no lady ever does—she told his offer openly, and made all sorts of fun of it."

"Oh, aunt, that wasn't right, was it?"
"Right? no child! but I am not telling you of one who did right, am I? Well, he had a temper full as bad as hers, not so quick, perhaps, but more malicious and full as deadly; he had vowed to be revenged upon her, and here, you see, was his chance, and he took it; he was the means of her being arrested."

"But, Aunt Betty, he couldn't think she would be proved guilty—I mean guilty of meaning to take Mr. Horace's life, could he?"
"No, child, of course not. He knew that well enough, and I don't suppose he really wished she should; but he thought (and he was right there) that the mortification of a public trial would be the bitterest revenge he could take upon her. He never stopped to think how many innocent ones would suffer with him, God forgive him; but he brought blood-guiltiness upon his own soul by it."

"But she was acquitted, aunt?"
"Yes, to be sure she was; nobody doubted that. But you see it was the disgrace, the horror of the trial; and oh, poor Mr. Maurice! it was hard on him. Sick and feeble always, and never used to any business in all his life; and now, when he was fairly heart-broken by the death of his father and only twin-brother, and by her hand, he had to be called upon and give orders, and act as the master and head of the family. But he did the best he could for her. He had the best lawyers in the land engaged, and he talked, and consulted, and wrote letters day and night, and only think how terrible it was to him to collect all the testimony, and see the witnesses, and hear all the dreadful particulars talked over again and again, as if they were only common matters of business—he that had been spared everything till now! But he did it all, and made no complaint, though he looked like a ghost all the time."

years. John never would believe it. He says to this day that somebody cheated, and that poor Mr. Maurice, who had never known anything about money matters, no more than a child, in all his life, was too easy a dupe. John says the Colonel was as true as steel, and he knew he never would have lived so if he couldn't fully afford it. But everything seemed to be upset, and it was decided to sell the place as soon as possible."

"Was not that a dreadful blow to them?"
"No; I don't think it was. They had all loved the place dearly; but they had seen so much sorrow there now, and they seemed so lonely over the blaze."

"It seems she heard it was to be sold, and as she knew how they had all loved the place, she thought they would feel dreadfully at leaving it, and she insisted upon buying it to give back to them. Poor, generous, headstrong child! She never stopped to think how all that had happened made them long to get away. She only thought, I dare say, that her cousins were losing their beautiful home, and she said they could save it to them. She had it took a large part of her fortune to buy it; but she didn't care for that; she never knew or cared about the value of money; and she let her guardian have no peace or rest till the place was bought and the papers all drawn up to give it back to them."

"And did she take it, aunt? Seems to me they couldn't—could they? And yet it was hard to refuse it, her?"
"Surely it was, Bessie; but, as you say, how could they take it? The ladies said it seemed like the price of blood; and it did. There was another terrible time about that; but they didn't take it, and I declare I don't see how they could. It most broke her heart, though, when they refused it, poor child!"

"But what excuse did they give? What did they say?"
"O! Miss Georgina and Miss Louise were going to be married, and the doctor had ordered Mr. Maurice to go to the south of France, and Miss Margaret was to go with him. But there comes your Uncle John. You see I was right, Bessie. I knew he would come, storm or no storm. There is not much more to tell you, but I must hurry up while he is in the barn. You must not speak of all this before him; he can't bear to hear Miss Eulalie's very name."

"Why, what did he think she meant to do?"
"Ob, no, indeed! he thinks just so—does—that was a terrible accident. But then, you know, if it hadn't been for her it would never have happened. And then he set such store by the Colonel, and Mr. Horace, he set his life by him! and the family being all broken up and scattered—of course he feels it all came through her, you see."

warm kitchen, Bessie said, in a whispering tone."
"Aunt Betty, there is a little girl out here; I guess, Uncle John, it is the one you saw out at the gate; she must be wet through; she seems benumbed and half-frozen; she cannot speak for trembling; may I bring her in?"

"Certainly, child! how can you ask? bring her in at once!" and Bessie, returning to the door, brought in the storm-beaten stranger, who, closely followed by the dog, crept shivering to the fire, and covered silyently over the blaze."

"Come nearer, my child!—move away. Don't!" said the kind-hearted John, thrusting aside the unwilling dog to make more room; "make room for your betters, old fellow! I guess the back of the kitchen is warm enough for you. Sit down, little girl, and warm you; it is no night for such as you to be out. I found it cold enough, and was well wrapped up, and riding, too; you must be chilled through."

"Take off your cloak and hood, child, said the motherly housekeeper, drawing up a chair for her. "And I'll give you a cup of hot tea; take off your things."

"No, no; take them off!" said Mrs. Merriam, laying her hand kindly on the girl's shoulder. "Why, my gracious! you are wet through! You'll get your death—take them off!"

"No," said the shivering stranger, speaking for the first time, in low, sweet, trembling tones, and raising her hand with a slight, and profoundly anxious gesture of command; "I prefer to keep them on."

"Who was that?" said John, turning suddenly and almost fiercely toward her. "Who said that? There is but one such voice in the world!"—and as she spoke he flung back the wet hood!—"Miss Eulalie!"

"Alas, yes," sobbed the poor, storm-beaten wanderer; "I am that most unhappy creature! Oh, John! oh, Betsy! you used to be kind and good; don't turn me out into the storm again! Oh, John, I know you hate me; but do not turn me out!"

"No, Miss Eulalie," said John, speaking gruffly, and turning away to hide his deep emotion. "You have no right to say that—I do not hate you—I never did hate you."

scious brow, and chafing the little cold white hands."
"He stood for a moment, silently contemplating, with fearful eyes and heaving chest, the poor little faded thing, lying so still before him; and then turned sobbing away."

"Go for the doctor now, right away, won't you, John?" said his wife. "And to-morrow morning you must write to her guardian, and tell him she is here."

"She won't be here to-morrow morning, Betsy," said John, solemnly, in a half-choked voice. "She said she was dying, and she spoke the truth; there is no mistaking that. If ever 'Death' was written on a living face, I can read it on hers. She won't be here to-morrow morning."

And John was right. Tender care and medical skill availed nothing. And when the morning sun rose clear and bright, scattering the mists and clouds of night and tempest, tinging the new-fallen snow with hues of rose, and speaking of calm after storm, peace after unquiet, a higher than an earthly guardian had summoned the poor wanderer home; and peace and rest (the peace and rest of the grave) had been granted to the erring and passionate, but loving, repentant, and long-suffering Eulalie."

Rights of Human Nature.

"Know thyself. 'Tis the sublime of man, Our noon-tide majesty, to know ourselves Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole! This fraternal man—this constitutes His charities and his bearings."

Reward for the Blacks.

The Evening Post, with a loyalty to freedom and justice which ever characterizes its course, comments forcibly upon the following statement by the Albany Evening Journal:

"But if North Carolina, or any other State, wishes to return to her allegiance, with slavery, no sane man between the Administration and the soldiers are to be sent back into slavery. This, if we understand aright the argument of the Journal, is the reward which a united and happy people ought to confer upon these men, and upon their wives and children, relatives, and friends."

"For the important services they have rendered to the cause of the Union the Evening Journal declares that a fitting reward would be their return to slavery."

The writer proceeds to narrate the story heard from the lips of Gen. Mitchell, of the extraordinary service rendered by the chief of his spy corps—a black and a slave. After a time Gen. Mitchell was removed. "Before I had time to get out of Tennessee, that man, so useful to our cause, was returned to his master by my successor, and probably flogged to death," said Gen. Mitchell.

The Evening Post continues: "Who can listen unmoved to such a story of wrong and perfidy? Does it not seem as though we invoked the curse of God upon our cause by so atrocious a wickedness? Yet this was but one individual; to that which makes us shudder in his case, the Evening Journal proposes to condemn hundreds of thousands equally loyal and devoted."

"We cannot listen with patience to a suggestion so shameful, so injurious to our honor as a Christian nation, and to act on which would surely draw down upon us the vengeance of God and the execrations of all honorable men and women. To return to bondage the colored people whom we have once declared free would be to violate all laws, human and divine. This act would stamp us forever as a nation worse than the pirates of the Barbary coast."

The Evening Journal asserts in reply that the Post misunderstood its position. It does not desire to return to slavery any who have served us.









