



THE RISING MOON

(BY W. O. A. FRABODY)

The moon is up! How calm and slow She wheels above the hills! The waxy winds forget to blow, And all the world lies still.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE

From the Boston Pearl. THE PROMISING LOVER

"Frederick will be here this evening," said Letitia, as she put aside her wheel, tied on her clean apron, and adjusted the hair on her fair forehead.

"I have decided to comply with the wishes of my parents, whatever it may cost me," she replied, a tear starting to her eye.

"My child," said her father, "your parents do not wish you to discard Frederick for their sakes. Free, we have counselled you, warned you of your danger, and are still tremblingly alive to your best interests."

"Enough, enough, my dear father," cried Letitia. "I will give him a final decision the first time I see him, but it pains me to hear him slandered—this must be the report of his enemies."

Her father turned from her in despair. He saw that Frederick had won her affections, and that she was deceived by him into a belief that he was an innocent, but persecuted being.

Amidst these reflections, she was sitting, her head resting on the window, when the tramping of a horse roused her from her reverie.

"I have come, Letitia, to give you the best opportunity to seal my earthly happiness or misery. Tell me, oh tell me, at once, whether, by conferring on me this precious hand, you will render me the happiest of men; or whether you prefer to listen to the anxious standers of the world, and abandon me to wretchedness?"

Letitia attempted a reply. Emotion forbade its utterance, and she burst into tears.

"Why is this agitation?" said Frederick. "If you regard me, why not accept my proposals? If not, say so at once, and I will try and forget you and my own sorrow together."

enemies have done to make you doubt my veracity—but who can know me better than yourself, Letitia, to whom I have so unreservedly unobscured myself?"

"They," replied Letitia "who have watched your conduct, unobserved, for the sole purpose of saving me from ruin."

"And what has been the result of this clandestine investigation?" asked Frederick, haughtily.

"That you are addicted to gambling and intemperance," replied Letitia, coolly. "To have you guilty of either of these vices, would render me supremely miserable; I never can, and never will, be the companion of such a character."

"I admire your firmness," said Frederick, assuming a kinder tone; "I never will be guilty of either. I confess," he continued, "that my companions have induced me occasionally to play for amusement—but your society and presence will be an eternal barrier between me and these companions. I heartily despise the practice, and here vow to abandon it."

"Yet another question," said Letitia, "have you ever been intoxicated?"

"Never, never, Letitia, believe me. But had I—here I am on the verge of ruin; it is in your power to save me. Discharge me, and you drive me to desperation. Accept this hand, and my warm affection, and my home, endeared by the presence of my Letitia, will be happiness enough for me, without any of those extraneous sources of enjoyment. No sacrifice is too great to be compensated by your society."

"Words of promise are cheap," said Letitia—"but it will cost you a severe struggle to abandon your associates, and avoid the temptations arising from that class of society which will bring you in contact with the vices of the present day, and to adhere rigidly to the practice of temperance and virtue. Do you mean that you will do it, cost what it may?"

"I do, my dear Letitia," said he, clasping her to his bosom, and repeating his vows with a multitude of protestations of faithfulness and undying affection. The snare was cunningly laid;—the unwary bird was caught. Letitia, in an evil hour, promised to become the wife of Frederick.

The next day her parents inquired what was the result of their interview. Had she given Frederick a decisive refusal? O no. She designed, to have done so—"But for this once, my parents must excuse me of disobedience," said she. "Our mutual happiness seemed too great a sacrifice to be offered on the altar of paternal authority. Frederick has promised an everlasting reform. The contract is ratified for life. Henceforth the destinies of Frederick and Letitia are one!"

"Deluded child!" said her father, in an agony of emotion, "deluded child, how I pity you! But, said he, more calmly, "we will not reverse your decision, you have chosen for yourself, and from my knowledge of the human heart—the insidious nature of vice—and the manner in which Frederick has been educated, I feel assured that you have chosen disgrace and sorrow for your earthly portion. During my progress of observation on mankind, I have never known a man of Frederick's habits to be reclaimed by marriage. But I spare you. We will do what we can for your happiness, and pray God to prepare you, by meek submission, for the future."

From that hour, Letitia and her family were busied in their preparations for her nuptials, and a few months afterward, she became the fair and blooming bride of the insinuating and handsome Frederick. Her father kindly supplied her with whatever would render her comfortable and respectable.

Letitia removed to her new home, and became mistress of her own domain, cheerfully performing her own domestic labors, for which she was eminently qualified by habit and early instruction.

Few women had the talent of rendering their household more pleasant and inviting. Frederick, the wolf of whose character was deception, began well, and made fair promise of a kind and attentive husband. The autumn was a bright and blissful one to Letitia. She forgot that she ever doubted Frederick's integrity. Even her parents took courage and began to hope that their fears were groundless.

As the winter approached, and the farmers' busy season gave place to one of pleasure and repose, Letitia formed plans for mutual improvement and mental cultivation. She possessed a small, but choice library, from which her own mind had been enriched; but she hoped to obtain still richer treasures, sweetened by their being mutually enjoyed.

She fancied that while her hand was occupied by her distaff or needle, Frederick would read to her; or she, laying aside her work, would amuse and edify him, by reading some select passages, over which she had, in other days, lingered with delighted attention. But, like the leaves of the summer,

These hopes of her bosom were withered and strewn. Her plan, though obtaining her husband's pretended approbation, was from time to time postponed, while he formed a thousand excuses for not being at home, almost every evening, without giving any definite reason for his absence. Letitia tried to think it necessary business which led him so earnestly and so late abroad, but, in spite of her efforts to the contrary, a painful foreboding of evil to come, often oppressed her, and made her unhappy.

"To-morrow night I will read to you with pleasure, my dear Letitia," he would say, "but this evening, I have unavoidable engagements, and must go out."

As the next evening drew around her its mantle of shade, she would again make her preparation for an evening at home—and adjusting the furniture of her neat apartment, and sweeping, again and again, her clean hearth, over which the break of light shone cheerfully. The old-fashioned family stand, with an open book and candle, she sat conspicuously before the fire. Frederick's arm chair she placed by its side, and then taking her own work, sat down silently on the opposite side. Frederick understood this arrangement, and throwing himself into the chair, would exclaim "Oh that I had nothing to do but enjoy this bright scene, and occupy this pleasant spot; but really, Letitia, my business is so urgent, that you must excuse me once more; I hope soon to be more at leisure." Then, rousing the promise of to-morrow night, he would rise hastily, to evade her expostulations, and leave the lonely and disappointed wife to draw her own melancholy conclusions as to the nature and urgency of that business which led him so constantly from home—she knew not where! During these solitary hours, she was alternately employed with her work and her book. A hundred times she would repair to the hearth, and listen in breathless silence, to hear the sound of his distant footsteps—straining her eye to catch a glimpse of his person, in

the surrounding darkness—pensively saying to herself—"Where can he be so long?" and then again she returned, to stir her expiring embers, and spend another and yet another weary hour alone. Then, when nature sunk beneath the pressure of fatigue and sorrow, she retired to a sleepless pillow, "to watch the setting moon, and weep." And when at last Frederick returned, she sometimes tenderly expostulated with him on the mystery of his conduct, but often remained silent, as if unconscious of his fault, hoping to win him back from his wandering by kindness and submission. If he thought Letitia slept, he crept silently to his pillow—if not, he labored to justify his conduct by every falsehood he could invent; but conjugal confidence in of so delicate a texture that, when once rent, it seldom becomes again a seamless garment."

Months rolled on, while Letitia's sorrows increased in number and magnitude, but they were sorely kept in the sanctuary of her own bosom. There came a period, however, when the anguish of her spirit seemed wholly insupportable—a period, of all others in woman's history, the most delicate and interesting; when the clasping tendrils of her affection entwined themselves around her husband more closely than ever—when she eminently feels the need of that support and sympathy which it is his prerogative alone to give—a sympathy due from man to his suffering companion. But at this delicate period, Letitia was left more than ever to solitude and sorrow—she even became a mother while the ungrateful husband was absent on one of his gambling excursions. On learning the fact at his return, some faint emotions of remorse and awakened affection were kindled in his obdurate bosom. Frederick had often felt the reproaches of Letitia's silent glance, and now, as she looked him up in the face with speechless emotion, and pointed him out to the infant nestling in her bosom, he secretly reproached himself for his cruelty to so meek and uncomplaining a spirit. He saw her once blooming and rosy cheek now blanched and pale by suffering. He gazed at her, and the little helpless being thrown on his paternal protection, and he silently vowed a reform. "I have broken the most solemn vows," said he to himself, "I have forsaken this amiable being during those trying months when she much needed my kindness and sympathy; I saw the anguish of her spirit, as she tried in vain to lure me back to reason, virtue, and happiness; I have deceived her by a thousand falsehoods—spent not only my own, but her patrimony, by riot and gambling, and I must stop, or be lost forever." Such were his bitter reflections, as he hung over the sick bed of his lovely wife; and a tear gushing from the deep fountain of his soul, escaped his eye, and mingled with those which were tracing their crystal current down the pale cheek of Letitia. But oh! how faithful and transient are the feelings of remorse, and resolutions of amendment, in the bosom of one already enslaved in the wiles of vice. Before one week had elapsed, Frederick suffered himself to be led back by the solicitations of his vile companions to the shrine of Bacchus, and the vortex of a gambling party. Letitia could no longer be deceived by false promises; her nurse complained that he neglected his domestic affairs, his nocturnal absences became more frequent and protracted, and when at home, he was more morose and unmanageable; his flushed face, strongly impregnated breath, and red and swollen eyes, told a tale not to be mistaken or evaded. Things about the premises showed symptoms of neglect and decay. A board on the barn hung clattering in the wind by one nail—the garden gate was off the hinges—the fence broke through and unattended—the workshop forsaken; the farm deserted, and the wants of his family unprovided for. Long and hard did Letitia struggle against the setting tide of want and poverty. She planted her own garden, cut her own wood, fed her domestic animals with her own hand, and made every effort in her power to supply her own and her husband's wants, and nightly baptized her infant with a mother's tears.

One night, as the chill November blast howled fearfully around her solitary dwelling, and the rain beat against the casement, Letitia had eaten her last morsel, and had her last stick of fuel on the anvil. "And where is my poor dejected husband to-night?" said she, mournfully, and drew her babe still closer to her bosom, to impart both warmth and nourishment. As she looked around her solitary and cold apartment, a fresh scene of her wretchedness came over her, and made her frantic; she looked wildly around her. "My heart is torn in pieces," said she to herself, "I can endure it no longer. Doubt and uncertainty is agony. I will know the worst," said she, rising, and wrapping her child in a blanket. "I will know the worst," she repeated, as she closed the door after her, and sped her way towards the boat of the village, a mile distant—Nursing, abstinence, and sorrow had rendered her once vigorous frame feeble; a faintness seized her; she could only totter forward a few steps, and sit down on the door-stone of a neighbor, and distant relative of her husband; and her sobs were heard within, and her friend kindly offered all the sympathy and aid in her power. She knew the character of Frederick, and the worth and sorrow of Letitia. When Letitia had recovered the energies of her body and mind, to reply to her friend's enquiries, she begged her not to question her, but only grant her the favor of a little girl in the family to accompany her a short distance on an errand—Her friend forbore to press her further, and granted her request; insisting, however, that she should take an outside garment, to defend her from the biting wind and drizzling rain. On arriving at the boat, Letitia said to her young companion, "Just stand here, while I go, and inquire for Frederick." At that moment, a servant with a writer of doctaners, glasses, &c., crossed the hall, and knocked at the opposite door, which was opened from within. Letitia darted into the hall, and slid through the half opened door after the servant, and the door was immediately re-locked. Frederick was just giving out a hand of cards to a profane rabble round the table, and a pile of dollars lay at his elbow. Letitia fell on her knees before him; the cards dropped from his palsied hand.

"Frederick! my dear Frederick!" she cried—"for the sake of your perishing wife, your infant son, your character—oh, for the sake of the vows you made, for the sake of your temporal and eternal interests—abandon these cards, leave this table, and return to reason and to duty."

Frederick, as if seized with sudden madness, sprang to his feet, and seizing Letitia by the shoulder, shook her violently, and was about plunging her headlong from the room, when one of his companions in guilt stopped him.

"Villain!" said he, "lay another finger on that wretched woman's head!"

"Had I not pitied that wife," said another, "you would have been in prison before now."

"No grumbling," said another, as Frederick attempted to speak, "no grumbling; Club-law reigns here!"

Frederick raved like a madman. "Be calm—be calm," said the landlord, "go home with your wife, and treat her well, too; remember I have a mortgage on your farm—will you?"

Letitia had now got out of the room; Frederick followed her, but seeing she had company, inquired, with an oath, whom she had there.

"Not a word more," said a gruff voice near him, "you may get a cudgeling, yet, boy."

"Letitia and her young companion hurried trembling away from a scene so horrible. "Truly," said Letitia, "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Frederick followed on the opposite side of the way, muttering anathemas on his heart-stricken wife.

"And has it come to this?" said Letitia to herself, "has it come to this? Is this the society which my once dear Frederick chooses in preference to his once bright and happy home, and that wife to whom he swore undying kindness? Oh, the infatuation of the drunkard and the gambler! Oh, the infatuation of that girl who hopes to reclaim one addicted to these fatal vices! Oh, if I dared, how could I fall at the feet of my parents and confess my folly! But no—they shall never grieve over the extent of my misery; I will bear it alone." Such were her reflections, while retracing her steps to her cold and cheerless dwelling.

In the course of a few months, the property of Frederick was sold at auction, and he followed his father to what was then called the Far West. Years went by, and Letitia and her sorrows were forgotten, or remembered only as a troubled dream in the dim and distant recollection of some early friend; her parents had long rested from their labors, and no longer grieved over the fate of their unhappy daughter. The child who had accompanied Letitia to the hotel on that fearful night, had grown to womanhood, when an accident occurred which brought her again in contact with Letitia. While journeying west, she unexpectedly found herself in the neighborhood where she resided.—The events of that evening were still fresh in her recollection, and she felt a strong desire to see Letitia. A friend offered to accompany her. Accordingly, the next day they set out on horse-back to visit her. After riding slowly through a dense forest of pine and hemlock, the road rough and narrow—they arrived at an arena of cultivated lands, in the centre of which stood a log building, without chimney, door, or windows; the smoke issued from an opening in the roof—a flat stone set against the logs served for a fire-place—some white cloth, stretched before two apertures in the logs, admitted some light; a well remembered blanket, spun and wove by Letitia before her marriage, was suspended from a door. As the friends entered this gloomy abode, the foot rested on the naked earth—there was no floor. Another blanket was substituted as a partition across one corner of the house, that the daughters might enjoy the privilege of a separate sleeping room; another was hung up before some rude shelves, and made their pantry; a few remnants of Letitia's furniture remained in better keeping than one would suppose in so exposed a situation—but neatness, order, and industry, were still visible characteristics of Letitia's habitation.

There is a beauty of mind and feature which the lapse of time nor the pressure of sorrow cannot efface. Letitia, though faded and care worn, still retained that in the lineaments of her countenance which had rendered her so lovely in youth. Her two daughters were the miniatures of their mother in early life; they even possessed something of the refinement and polish of her manners, though bred in a log cabin, and trained up in a forest, without an education but what their mother gave them—an interesting proof of the power and efficacy of maternal influence and instruction in the most adverse circumstances. The only son had died at an early age, the victim of his father's cruelty. Letitia at once recognized her young friend, and gave her a cordial welcome, and urged her to stay to tea, with so much earnestness that she was induced to stay for fear of giving pain by a refusal. Letitia's frugal supper consisted of a corn-meal cake, some excellent butter, of her own making, and a dish of wild fruit, gathered by her amiable daughters, as an expression of good will to the friend of their mother. A cloth of snowy whiteness was spread upon a well scoured table, the furniture of which was of the plainest kind, yet with order and neatness. Letitia sat down to this plain repast with her friends without one apology, invoking the blessing of Heaven on the food and the interview, and recognizing the bounties of God's providential hand in their supply of "daily bread." As she served her Indian cake, she cast a glance at her daughters, who showed evidently symptoms of mortified pride, and pleasantly said, "A dinner of herbs and lode therewith, my friends." Her gratified friends would have partaken of their simple supper with no common relish, had not an incident occurred which dashed with bitterness their cup of blessing. No mention had been made of Frederick, nor had the young friend of Letitia dared to make any inquiries. When they sat down to tea, the blanket was removed from the door-way to admit the light. Frederick soon appeared, emerging from the forest, and reeling towards the house.—Letitia turned pale, and the daughters' cheeks were a still deeper tinge; no one, however, spoke. He was no longer the elegant form, the handsome man, but a bloated, lathsome figure. Miss H. endeavored to trace one feature of the former well-known Frederick, all was gone! He staggered forward to the door-way, caught hold of the logs for support, but his hand slipped, and he fell headlong into the house, the bottle he held in the other hand broke with the fall, wounded his hand, and lost its contents. A half-suppressed "O dear!" involuntarily and simultaneously escaped the visitants. The scene was too common to excite either surprise or exclamation in the wife and daughters. Frederick lay several minutes wallowing in rum, blood, and broken glass, uttering the most horrible language, and swearing to be revenged on his unfeeling wife, as if she were the cause of his present misfortunes. He at last succeeded in crawling upon a chair, still threatening Letitia with stripes and death. The guests felt the expediency of a speedy departure; the mother and daughters accompanied them to their horses. Letitia took the hand of her young friend, and falling a little in the rear, said, "You see, my dear, that my sorrows have not decreased with the lapse of passing years. Your visit has freshened in my too vivid memory the incidents of a scene which, even to this moment, thrills me with horror. You witnessed the conflict of my bosom on that dreadful night. Till then, I had in a measure deceived myself with

false hopes. Till then, I never believed Frederick entirely beyond the reach of my influence, or that he was associated with men of that debasement of character. Then I saw, for the first time, the extent of my misery, with all its aggravations. I wished to die, and was almost tempted to put an end to my life. But these frantic thoughts soon gave way to calm and rational reflection. From that hour I have been a stranger and pilgrim in the world, seeking a better country, and believe I have the comforts of sanctified afflictions—that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. I have nerved my heart to bear patiently the trials allotted me; I never expect to find rest but "where the wicked cease from troubling." I have, however, one keen self-reproach, which, at times, weighs down my spirit; I should have believed and obeyed my beloved father, who so kindly ascertained the character of Frederick; who so tenderly warned me; and never reproached me for disobedience, but sympathized and consoled me to the extent of his power, while he lived. "Father in Heaven!" she cried, her eyes turned slightly upward, and lifting her clasped hands, "Father in Heaven! forgive me this sin." There was something unworthy in that look; it spoke of communion with things unseen, and hopes anchored upon the skies.

The young friends mounted their horses, and bade the interesting trio a final adieu. As they wound their way along the rough path through the dark forest, they reflected long and faithfully on the evils resulting from those debasing vices, gambling and intemperance. In the meantime, Letitia returned with trembling steps to her cabin in the forest—to bear the reproaches and abuses of her inebriate husband, till removed to that house, eternal in the heavens, prepared for those who, by patient continuance in well doing, seek for honor and immortality, while her fair daughters, formed to embellish and edify society, were left to grope their way along the cheerless path, without education—unknown and unknown like forest flowers.

"Wasting their fragrance on the desert air."

From the Long Island Star.

A VISION IN HARPER'S BOOKSTORE.

(BY MARGARETTA McNARY.)

I stood in the edifice, and gazed upon the uncounted volumes that were lying around me. I breathed not the air which vegetates the earth, but felt the atmosphere that gives birth to genius. I had a vision, bright and beautiful—a feast of the soul, salutary and reviving. The dead had risen and come forth to salute me; I clasped the hands that had given the wealth of intellect to the world.—The lips which the lapse of years had held in the bondage of death, were loosed and tongues, that for centuries had lain unorganized, poured forth the eloquence of inspiration.

Foremost and highest stood the faithful seers and apostles, who transmitted to after ages the Book of Life.—A halo of glory, undefinable, surrounded them, for they "had looked upon the face of Christ"—they had witnessed the dying agonies of a God, and knelt at the grave of a crucified Redeemer.—Then came the retinue of sages who pierced the cloud of darkness, and rent the veil of ignorance from off the world. The venerable Isaiah stood with the scroll which preserved the solemn tale of the fated and fallen Jerusalem! The inspired heathen, the martyr of immortality, stood "blessing the gods,"—with the bowl uplifted. I looked again, and beheld the blood of Soreca paying the pathway for his soul's escape; and gleaming my hands, besought Jupiter to hurl a bolt at the head of Nero. Euclid, Copernicus, Newton, and a host of philosophers surrounded me in succession. I caught new inspiration from their lips; I opened the circle—defined light and heat, reversed the laws of gravitation.—Then burst a flood of music upon my ear, and I bent forward to catch the sublimity of ancient bards. Virgil, Homer, Tasso, and Amereon, poured forth their numbers copiously and enchantingly; but the hand of the sightless poet Milton, led me, awe-struck and wandering, o'er the abyss of hell, and bade me gaze into the unceremonious gulch of paradise and peace. Young, Watts, Pollock, and Montgomery, chanted forth the melodies of heaven, while Goldsmith, Byron, Burns, and Scott, sang of the loves of each. I sought amid them for some of my own sex—I met a Roche, a More, a Porter, and a D'Arcy, and rejoiced to find that they were not secondary stars in the firmament of literature. I approach them not to crave permission to call them my sisters, but to throw myself as a slave at their feet. The vision had fled. I no longer danced after the violin of Goldsmith, or wept for the miseries of Petrarch, but rushed into the street, and found myself a stranger in the midst of a populous city.

Singular Circumstance.—Last year, a Polish gentleman having caught a Stork upon his estate, near Lemburg, put round its neck an iron collar, with the inscription, "Hac ciconia ex Polonia" (this stork comes from Poland), and set it at liberty. This year the bird returned to the same spot, and was again caught by the same person.—It had acquired a new collar of gold, with the inscription, "India cum donis remittit ciconiam Poloniam" (India sends back the stork to the Poles with gifts). The gentleman, after having shown the inscription to his neighbors, again set the bird at liberty.

A Farmer, going to see how his men got on hoeing corn, found some of them lying down; "for," said they, "we thirst for the spirit, and are faint."

"Well, that means," said the farmer, "that you want grog; now, as you try to quote Holy Writ in your behalf, I beseech you also to call to mind that it says, also, 'Hol ye that thirst.' The men went at again at once.—Nashville Republican.

A Glorious Consolation.—An old lady being very sorely afflicted with a disorder that is usually denominated hysterics, imagined she could not breathe, and appealed to her husband on the occasion, with Mr.— "I can't breathe, Well, my dear, returned the afflicted husband, I would not try, for nobody wants you to."

A short story.—Jackson says to Van Buren, "I'll make you my successor."—Kendall says to Jackson, "make Van Buren take Dick Johnson on the ticket with him as Vice President."

"He shall do it," says the old chief—and forthwith several hundred office-holders, hungry expectants, political fortune hunters, and flatters of all denominations, with long ears, meet at Baltimore and cry ditto to what Gen. Jackson has already said, and this is called democracy; and the "voice of the People!" What a humbug.—New York Star.