

Southwestern Weekly Post.

WILLIAM D. COOKE,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

TERMS,
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Devoted to all the Interests of The South, Literature, Education, Agriculture, News, the Markets, &c.

VOL. III—NO. 17.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 121.

SELECT POETRY.

LINES ON THE LOST.

Strain, strain the eager eyes,
To Ocean's western verge, which bounds the light
From seas far spread, where day with silent night
Rejoins eternity.

In vain: no sail appears,
Bearing on gladsome wing the long-lost brave
To love's fond gaze, 'tis but some restless wave
Which there its white crest rears.

Wife in the long left home,
The mother, wife and children anxious wait,
Oft smooth the frowsid chair, oft stir the grate,
As he at last were come.

No! Winter marked the crew?
Of Britons bold, brave his relentless reign,
And from his throne he summoned all his train:
Each forth his weapon drew.

Prepared, he bade them stand,
T'war the gates of Night, and to the hall
Where cold eternal kills, lead one and all,
That doomed yet dauntless band.

Doomed, but without decay,
They pass through Death, yet never reach the tomb,
Imperishably fixed, they wait the doom
Of their still life-like clay.

The seasons come and go,
Like Egypt's king embalmed, they're resting there,
Each in his ice-hewn sepulchre,
And pyramid of snow.

Yet Ocean tells their knell,
From shore to shore the solemn peal ascends,
And with its voice of many waters blends
Their dirge funeral.

And the winds wait for them,
For many a breeze which loves the seamen brave,
By shelly-beach, or its choir like cave,
Now sings their requiem.

The secret of their fate
Shall, when the sea gives up its dead, be shown,
And God for judgment by his great White Throne
The world shall congregate.

SELECTED STORY.

A SPOILT CHILD'S REFORMATION, OR, THE COUSINS.

"He didn't care much about it," he said; "they might marry him if they liked, and to whom they liked, provided he was not expected to make love. Give him his book, and a volume of Shelley, and really, wife or no wife, it was almost the same thing to him. By the bye, one thing he must stipulate—that she should not hunt nor talk slang."

This Launcelet Chumley said, yawning—although it was only twelve o'clock, yet it was ten before he came down to breakfast—and, sauntering from the drawing-room through the open window on the lawn, he stretched himself under the shadow of the chestnut trees to dream vague poems all the day after—a mode of existence that seemed to fulfill the sacred destiny of his being.

Launcelet Chumley was a spoilt child—a spoilt child full of noble thoughts and generous impulses, furnished by his prosperity, and choked for want of stimulants to exertion. He was also vain for want of wholesome opposition—provided people left him alone, they might do as they liked, he used to say. Let them not disturb his books, nor cut down the chestnut trees on the lawn, nor break his pipes, nor talk loud, nor make a noise, and he was perfectly satisfied. His indifference and indolence drove his mother to despair. She tried to tempt him to exertion by dazzling visions of distinction. But Launcelet prided himself on his want of ambition, and vowed he would not accept a dukedom if offered to him, it would be such a bore! His mother had indeed done her best to ruin him by unmitigated indulgence; and now she wrung her hands at her own work—But, as something must be done, she bestowed herself of marriage, which woman-like, she fancied would cure everything—indolence, vanity, self-love.

Mrs. Chumley bestowed her of a marriage—but with whom?

There were in London two Chumley cousins—Ella Limple, and little Violet Tudor. These two young ladies were great friends, after the fashion of young ladies generally. They had mysterious confidences together, and wrote wonderful letters. Ella Limple, being of pensive and sentimental temperament, talked of sorrow and sadness, and said there was no more happiness for her on earth, there being something she could never forget, though nobody knew what. Violet Tudor, her bosom friend, laughed at all sentiment, and expressed a shy contempt for lovers. She vowed also that she would never marry a less man than a lion king or a general who had seen seven service and was wounded badly seven times; and she did not know—perhaps she might. For Violet rode blood horses, and once pronounced an Indian officer a "muff," because he had never seen a tiger hunt—an expression that caused that gentleman to blush, and to feel that kind of anger which is, among his own sex, usually assuaged in a duel.

more could any mother demand for her son? Mrs. Chumley sent by that day's post an affectionate invitation asking Ella to pass a week with her, much to Ella's surprise and pleasure—for cousin Launcelet had long been a kind of heroic myth in that young lady's imagination, and she was glad to be asked to meet him.—"Though dearest Vi knows that nothing could make me forget poor dear Henry, all alone in those terrible East Indies!" she mentioned in the letter which communicated the circumstance to her bosom friend. Out of curiosity, then, she accepted the invitation; and in less than a week's time, she found herself at High Ashgrove, with all her prettiest dresses, and her last new bonnet.

Ella's correspondence with Violet Tudor increased overwhelmingly during the visit. The early letters were gay, for her; but soon they deepened into a nameless melancholy, and were rife with mysterious hints. Occasionally there burst forth in them the most terrific self-accusings that English words could frame. If she had become the head of a society of coiners, or the high priestess of a heresy, she could not have used stronger expressions of guilt. Violet was frightened at first, but she remembered that it was Ella's habit to indulge in all sorts of exaggerated self-accusations. At last came a letter which unveiled the mystery, reducing the terrible sphinx which devoured men's bones to a tame dog that stole his neighbor's cream—the usual ending of most young ladies' mysteries. "I do not know what my dearest Violet will think of her Ella, but if it is to be the death-blow of that long and tender love which has supported my sad heart through so many bitter trials, I must tell her the truth. Violet, I have broken my vows, and am deserving of the fate of Imogen in that dreadful ballad. Poor dear Henry!"

"Violet, love, I am engaged to my cousin Launcelet."
"My aunt made me the offer so supplicatingly, and Launcelet said so sweetly—I think you will make me a very nice wife, Miss Limple; that I could not resist. Besides, cousin Launcelet is a very handsome, and that goes a great way. You know I always found fault with poor dear Henry's figure; he was inclined to be too stout. Launcelet's figure is perfect. He is tall—six feet, I should think—and with the most graceful manners possible. He is like a picture—has a very bright brown hair, all in thick curls, not short and close like poor dear Henry's. He wears them very long, like the portraits of Raphael. Henry's hair, poor darling, was inclined to be red. His eyes are large and dark grey, with such a beautiful expression of melancholy in them. They are poems in themselves, Violet. Now Henry's, you know, were hazel; and hazel eyes are unpleasant—they are so quick and fiery. I like such eyes as Launcelet's—melancholy, poetic eyes, that seem to feel and think as well as to see. Hazel eyes only see. Don't you know the difference? He is very quiet, and lies all day under the trees, smoking out of the most exquisite hookah and reading Shelley. I do not on Shelley, and late Shakespeare. You fond Henry was of Shakespeare—that wearisome Hamlet! And now her own Ella is going to beg and pray for her dearest Violet to come here as soon as possible. I enclose a note from aunt Chumley, asking you; and, darling Vi, I will never forgive you if you don't come directly; for no lover in the world could ever separate me from my own Violet. If you don't come, I shall think you are angry with me for my bad conduct to poor Henry; and, indeed, I feel how guilty I am. I had such a terrible dream of him last night. I thought he looked so pale and reproachful, just like his favorite Hamlet. Good bye. I can't write another word, for aunt wants me to go with her to the village. Do come, dearest Violet, and come immediately."

This letter delighted Ella's friend. She had never like the flirtation with Cornet Henry Dampier, which she had thought very silly and sentimental, while this seemed to offer a real future. She wrote to her aunt—of whom she was considerably afraid—and, in a few days, arrived at High Ashgrove. She was received by Ella with a burst of enthusiasm, which, coming from one so calm, quite electrified Launcelet; by Aunt Chumley with no superfluity of kindness; and by Launcelet himself with a cold bow. Yet she was pretty enough. The thick raven hair, which it was her will and pleasure to wear crowding over her face in wide curly bands; her great black eyes; that never rested for a moment; her tiny hand; her fabulous waist; her light fairy figure; her wide red lips and her untamable vivacity, made her appear like a wild bird alighting on the steps of that still, lady, gentlemanlike house.

For the first two days Violet behaved herself with perfect propriety. She embrodered more than two square inches of Berlin work, and did not make a single allusion to the stables. She felt asleep only twice when Launcelet descended to read aloud the mistiest parts of Queen Mab, and she tried hard to look as if she understood what Epipsychidion was all about. Poor little woman! She knew as much about either as if cousin Launcelet, as she called him, had informed her in the native dialect of the glories of the Anax Andron, or as if he had told her how arms and the man were sung at Mantua long ago. But this state of things could not last long. Old habits and old instincts entered their protest, and Violet Tudor felt that she must be natural or she should die. Launcelet said that she was noisy, and made his head ache;

and he changed his resting-place for one farther off from the house, complaining of Miss Tudor's voice, which he declared was like a bird's whistle, penetrated into his brain. This he said to his mother languidly, at the same time asking when she was going away again.

"You don't keep horses, cousin Launce?" Violet said on the third morning, at breakfast, raising her eyelids, and fixing her eyes for an instant on him.

"Not for ladies, Miss Tudor," said Launcelet. "Why do you call me Miss Tudor?" she asked again. "I am your own cousin. It is very rude of you?"

"I should think myself impertinent if I called you by any other name," returned Launcelet, still more cold.

"How odd! Aunt, why is cousin Launce so strange?"

"I don't know what you mean, Violet," said Mrs. Chumley, a little sternly; "I think you are strange—not my son?"

An answer that steadied the eyes for some time; for Violet looked down, feeling rebuked, and wondering how she had deserved a rebuke. A moment after, Ella asked Launcelet for something in her gentle, quiet, unintoned voice, as if they had been strangers, and had met for the first time that day. It was a striking contrast, not unnoticed by Launcelet, who was inwardly thankful that such a quiet wife had been chosen him; adding a grace of thanks for having escaped Violet Tudor. After breakfast he strolled, as usual, into the garden, Mrs. Chumley going about her household concerns. Violet went to the door, turning round for Ella.

"Come with me, Elly, darling," she said; "let us go and tease Launce. It is really too stupid here! I can't endure it much longer. I want to see what the lazy fellow is really made of. I am not engaged to him, so I am not afraid of him. Come!" And with one spring down the whole flight, she dashed upon the lawn like a flash of light. Ella descended like a well-bred lady; but Violet skipped, and ran, and jumped, and once she hopped, until she found herself by Launcelet's side, as he lay on the grass, darting in between him and the sun like a humming-bird.

"Cousin Launce, how lazy you are!" were her first words. "Why don't you do something to amuse us? You take no more notice of Ella than if she were a stranger, and you are not even ordinarily polite to me. It is really dreadful! What will you be when you are a man, if you are so idle and selfish now? There will be no living with you in a few years; for I am sure you are almost insupportable as you are!"

Launcelet had not been accustomed to this style of address, and for the first few moments was completely at fault. Ella looked frightened. She touched Violet, and whispered, "Don't hurt his feelings!" as if he had been a baby, and Violet an assassin.

"And what am I to do to please Miss Tudor?" Launcelet asked, with an impertinent voice.—"What herculean exertion must I go through to win favor in the eyes of my strong, brave, manly cousin?"

"Be a man yourself, Cousin Launce," answered Violet. "Don't spend all your time dawdling over stupid poetry, which I am sure you don't understand. Take exercise—good strong exercise. Ride, hunt, shoot, take interest in something and in some one, and don't think yourself too good for everybody's society but your own. You give up your happiness for pride, I am sure you do, yet you are perfectly unconscious how ridiculous you make yourself!"

"You are severe, Miss Tudor," said Launcelet, with his face crimson. Violet was so small and so frank he could not be angry with her.

"I tell you the truth," she persisted, "and you don't often hear the truth. Better for you if you did. You must not let it be a quarrel between us, for I speak only for your own good; and if you will only condescend to be a little more like other men, I will never say a word to you again. Let us go to the stables; I want to see your horses. You have horses?"

"Yes," said Launcelet, "but, as I remarked at breakfast, not ladies' horses."

"I don't care for ladies' horses; men's horses will suit me better," said Violet, with a toss of her little head that was charming, in its assertion of equality. "I would undertake to ride horses, Cousin Launce, you dare not mount; for I am sure you cannot be good at riding, lying on the grass all your life!"

Launcelet was excessively piqued. His blood made his face tingle, his brows contracted, and he felt humbled and annoyed, but resisted. Tears came into Ella's eyes. She went up to her friend and said—"Oh, Violet, how cruel you are!"

Launcelet saw this little bye-scene. He was a man and a spoilt child in one, and hated pity on the one side as much as interference on the other. So poor Ella did not advance herself much in his eyes by her championship. On the contrary, he felt more humiliated by her tears than Violet's rebukes, and, drawing himself up proudly, he said to Violet, as if he were giving away a kingdom, "If you please we will ride today."

"Bravo! bravo, Cousin Launce!" Violet left the lovers together, hoping they would improve the opportunity; but Ella was too well bred, and Launcelet was too cold; and they only called each other Miss Limple and Mr. Chumley, and observed it was very fine weather—which was the general extent of their loving-making.

They arrived at the stable in time to hear some of Violet's candid criticisms. "That cob's

off-flock wants looking to. The stupid groom! who ever saw a beast's head tied up like that? Why, he wasn't a crib biter, was he?" and with a "Wo-ho, poor fellow! steady there, steady!" Violet went dauntlessly up to the big carriage horse's head, and loosened the strain of his halter before Launcelet knew what she was about. She was in her element. She wandered in and out of the stalls, and did not mind how much the horses fidgetted; nor, even if they meant to crush her against the manger.—Launcelet thought all this vulgar beyond words; and thought Ella Limple, who stood just at the door and looked frightened, infinitely the superior of the two ladies; and thanked his good star again that had risen on Ella and not on Violet. Violet chose the biggest and most spirited horse of all, Ella selecting an old grey that was as steady as a camel, and both went into the house to dress for the ride. When they came back, even Launcelet—very much disapproving of Amazons in general—could not but confess that they made a beautiful pair—Ella so fair and graceful, and Violet so full of life and beauty. He was obliged to allow that she was beautiful; but of course not so beautiful as Ella. With this thought he threw himself cleverly into the saddle, and off the three started—Ella holding her pommel very tightly.

They ambled down the avenue together; but, when they got a short distance on the road, Violet raised herself in the saddle, and, waving her small hand lost in its white gauntlets, darted off—tearing along the road till she became a mere speck in the distance. Launcelet's blood came up into his face. Something stirred his heart, strung his nerves up to their natural tone, and made him envy, long, late, and admire all in a breath. He turned to Ella, and asked hurriedly—

"Shall we ride faster, Miss Limple?"

"If you please," answered Ella, timidly; "but I can't ride very fast, you know."

Launcelet bit his lip. "Oh! I remember; yet I hate to see women riding like jockeys—you are quite right!" but he fretted his horse, and frowned. Then he observed, very loudly—

"Violet Tudor is a very vulgar little girl!"

After a time, Violet came back—her black horse foaming, his head well up, his neck arched, his large eyes wild and bright—she flushed, animated, bright, full of life and health. Launcelet sat negligently on his bay—one hand on the crupper, as lazy men do sit on horseback—walking slowly; and Ella's dozing gray hanging down his head and sleeping, with the flies settling on his twinkling pink eyelids.

"Dearest Violet, I thought you would have been killed," said Ella. "What made you rush away in that manner?"

"And what makes you both ride as if you were in a procession, and were afraid of trampling on the crowd?" retorted Violet. "Cousin Launcelet, you are something wonderful. A strong man like you to ride in that manner! Are you made of jelly, that would break if shaken?—For shame! Have a canter. Your bay won't beat my black; although my black is blown and your mare is fresh." Violet gave the bay a smart cut with her whip, which sent it off at a hand-gallop. Away they both flew, clattering along the hard road, like dragons. Violet beat by a full length—or, as she phrased it, she won cleverly—telling Launcelet that he had a great deal to do yet, before he could ride against her; which made him hate her as much as if he had been a Frenchman or a Cossack, and love Ella more than ever. And so he told her, as he lifted her tenderly from her gray, leaving Violet to spring from her black mammoth unassisted.

All the evening he was sulky to Violet, and peculiarly affectionate to Ella—making the poor child's heart flutter like a caged bird.

"Cousin," whispered Violet, the next morning, laying her little hand on his shoulder, "have you a rifle in the house, or a pair of pistols?"

Launcelet was so taken by surprise that he hurriedly confessed to having guns and pistols and rifles, and all other murderous weapons necessary for the fit equipment of a gentleman.

"We will have some fun, then," said she, looking happy and full of mischief. Violet and Ella—the latter dragged sorely against her will, for the very sight of a pistol nearly threw her into hysterics—went into the shrubbery, and there Violet challenged Launcelet to shoot with her at a mark at twenty paces—then, as she grew vain, at thirty. Launcelet was too proud to refuse this challenge; believing, of course, that a little black-eyed girl, whose waist he could almost span between his thumb and little finger, and with hands that could hardly find gloves small enough for them, could not shoot so well as he.

Launcelet was nervous—that must be confessed; and Violet was excited, Launcelet's nervousness helped his failure: but Violet's excitement helped her success. Her bullet hit the mark every time straight in the centre, and Launcelet never hit once—which was not very pleasant in their respective conditions of lord and subject; and so Launcelet classed men and women—especially little women with small waists—in his own magnificent mind.

"He had not shot for a long time," he said, "and he was out of practice. He had drunk coffee for breakfast, and that had made his hand unsteady."

"Confess too, Cousin Launce," said Violet, "that you were very good at shooting any time of your life, with it. Why don't you don't load properly. How can you shoot if you don't

know how to load? We can't read without an 'a'phabet."

In the prettiest manner possible she took the pistol from her cousin's hand and loaded it for him—first drawing his charge. "Now try again!" she said, speaking as if to a child, "nothing like perseverance."

Launcelet was provoked, but subdued, and he did as his little instructress bade him—to fail once more. His bullet went wide of the target, and Violet's lodged in the bull's eye. So Launcelet flung the pistols on the grass, and said—

"It is a very unladylike amusement, Miss Tudor, and I was much to blame to encourage you in such nonsense." Offering his arm to Ella, he walked sulkily away.

Violet looked after them both for some time, watching them through the trees. There was a peculiar expression in her face—a mixture of whimsical humor, of pain, of triumph, and of a wistful kind of longing, that perhaps she was, in her own heart, unconscious of. She then turned away, and with a half sigh, said softly to herself—"It is a pity that Cousin Launce has such a bad temper!"

After this, Launcelet became more and more reserved to Violet, and more and more affectionate to Ella. Although he often wondered at himself for thinking so much of the one—though only in anger and dislike—and so little of the other. Why should he disturb himself about Violet?

On the other hand, Violet was distressed at Launcelet's evident dislike for her. What had she said? What had she done? She was always good-tempered to him, and ready to oblige. To be sure she had told him several rough truths; but was not the truth always to be told? And just see the good she had done him! Look how much more active and less spoilt he was now than he used to be. It was all owing to her. She wished, for Ella's sake, that she liked her better; for it would be very disagreeable for Ella when she was married, if Ella's husband did not like to see her in his house. It was really very distressing. And Violet cried on her pillow that night, thinking over the dark future when she could not stay with Ella, because Ella's husband hated her.

This was after Violet had beaten Cousin Launcelet three games of chess consecutively. Launcelet had been furiously humiliated, for he was accounted the best chess-player of the neighborhood. But Violet was really a good player, and had won the prize at a chess club, where she had been admitted by extraordinary courtesy, it not being the custom of that reputable institution to suffer womanhood within its sacred walls. But she was very unhappy about Cousin Launce for all that, and the next day looked quite pale and cast down. Even Launcelet noticed his obnoxious cousin's changed looks, and asked her, rather graciously, "If she were ill?" to which question Violet replied by a blush and smile, "No, I am not ill, thank you!"—which ended their interchange of civilities for the day.

Launcelet became restless, feverish, melancholy, cross; at times boisterously gay, at times the very echo of despair. He was kind to Ella, and confessed to himself how fortunate he was in having chosen her; but he could not understand—knowing how much he loved her—the extraordinary effect she had upon his nerves. Her passiveness irritated him; her soft and musical voice made him wretched, for he was incessantly watching for a change of intonation or an emphasis which never came. Her manners were certainly the perfection of manners—he desired none other in his wife; but if she would sometimes move a little quicker, or look interested and pleased when he tried to amuse her, she would make him infinitely happier. And oh! if she would only do something more than work those eternal slippers, how glad he would be.

"There they are," he exclaimed aloud, as the two cousins passed before his window. "By Jove, what a foot that Violet has; and her hair, what a lustrous black; and what eyes! Pshaw! what is it to me what hair or eyes she has!" And he closed his window and turned away; but in a minute after, he was watching the two girls again, seeing only Violet. "The strange strength of ha'e," he said, as he stepped out on the lawn, to follow them.

Launcelet's life was very different now to what it had been. He wondered at himself. He had become passionately fond of riding and was looking forward to the hunting season with delight. He rode every day with his two cousins; and he and Violet had races together, which made them sometimes leave Ella and her grey for half an hour in the lanes. He used to shoot too—practising secretly—until one day he astonished Violet by hitting the bull's eye as often as herself. He talked a great deal, and had not opened Shelly for a fortnight. He was more natural and less vain, and sometimes even condescended to laugh so as to be heard, and to appreciate a jest. But this was very rare, and always had the appearance of a concession, as when men talked to children. He still hated Violet; and they quarrelled every day regularly, but were seldom apart. They hated each other so much that they could not be happy without bickering; although, to do Violet justice, it was all on Launcelet's side. Left to herself, she would never have said a cross word to him. But what could she do when he was so impertinent? Thus they rode, and shot, and played at chess, and quarrelled, and sulked, and became reconciled, and quarrelled again; and Ella, still and calm, looked on with her soft blue

eyes, and often "wondered they were such children together."

One day, the three found themselves together on a bench under a fine old purple beech, which bent down its great branches like bowers about them. Ella gathered a few of the most beautiful leaves, and placed them in her hair. They did not look very well—her hair was too light; and Launcelet said so.

"Perhaps they will look better on you, Miss Tudor," he added, picking a broad and ruddy leaf, and laying it Bacchante fashion on her curly, thick black bands. His hand touched her cheek. He started, and dropped it suddenly, as if that rough fresh face had been burning iron. Violet blushed deeply, and felt distressed, and ashamed, and angry. Trembling, and with a strange difficulty of breathing, she got up and ran away; saying, that she was going for her parasol—although she had it in her hand—and would be back immediately. But she stayed away a long time, wondering at Cousin Launcelet's impertinence. When she came back no one was to be seen. Ella and Launcelet had gone into the shrubbery to look after a hare that had run across the path; and Violet sat down on the bench waiting for them, and very pleased they had gone. She heard a footstep—it was Launcelet without his cousin. "Ella had gone into the house," he said, "not quite understanding that Miss Tudor was coming back to her seat."

Violet instantly rose; a kind of terror was in her face, and she trembled more than ever. "I must go and look for her," she said, taking up her parasol.

"I am sorry, Miss Tudor, that my presence is so excessively disagreeable to you!" Launcelet said, moving aside to let her pass.

Violet looked full into his face, in utter astonishment. "Disagreeable! Your presence disagreeable to me? Why, cousin Launce, it is you who hate me!"

"You know the contrary," said Launcelet, hurriedly. "You detest and despise me, and take no pains to hide your feelings—not ordinary cousinly pains! I know that I am full of faults; speaking as if a dam had been removed, and the waters were rushing over in a torrent—but still I am not so bad as you think me! I have done all I could to please you since you have been here. I have altered my former habits. I have adopted your advice, and followed your example. I'd try now how to make you esteem me, I would try even more than I have already tried to succeed. I can endure anything rather than the humiliating contempt you feel for me!"

Launcelet became suddenly afflicted with a choking sensation; there was a sense of fullness in his head, and his limbs shook. Suddenly tears came into his eyes. Yes, man as he was, he wept. Violet flung her arms round his neck, and took his head between her little hands. She bent her face till her breath came warm on his forehead, and spoke a few innocent words which might have been said to a brother. But they conjured up a strange world in both. Violet tried to disengage herself, for it was Launcelet now who held her. She hid her face; but he forced her to look up.

For a long time, she sought only to be released; when suddenly, as if conquered by something stronger than herself, she flung herself from him, and darted into the house, in a state of excitement and tumult.

An agony of reflection succeeded to this agony of feeling; and Launcelet and Violet both felt as if they had committed or were about to commit some fearful sin. Could Violet betray her friend? Could she who had always upheld truth and honor, accept Ella's confidence only to give her up? It was worse than guilt! Poor Violet wept the bitterest tears her bright eyes had ever shed; for she labored under a sense of sin that was insupportable. She dared not look at Ella, but feigned a head ache, and went into her own room to weep. Launcelet was shocked, too; but Launcelet was a man, and the sense of a half-developed triumph somewhat deadened his sense of remorse. A certain dim unravelling of the mystery of the past was unpleasant. Without being dishonorable, he was less overcome.

On that dreadful day Launcelet and Violet spoke no more to each other. They did not even look at each other. Ella thought that some new quarrel had burst forth in her absence, and tried to make it up between them, in her amiable way. But ineffectually. Violet rushed away when Launcelet came near her, and she sought of Ella to leave her alone so pathetically, that the poor girl, bewildered, only sighed at the dread of being unable to connect together the two greatest loves of her life.

The day after, Violet chanced to receive a letter from her mother, in which that poor woman, having had an attack of spasms in her chest, and being otherwise quite out of sorts, expressed her firm belief that she should never see her sweet child again. The dear old lady consequently bade her adieu resignedly. On ordinary days Violet would have known what all this pathos meant; to day she was glad to turn it to account, and to appear to believe it. She spoke to her aunt and to Ella, and told them that she must absolutely leave by the afternoon train—poor mamma was ill, and she could not let her be nursed by servants. There was nothing to oppose to his argument. Mrs. Chumley ordered the brougham to take her to the station precisely at two o'clock. Launcelet was not in the room when these arrangements were made; nor did he know anything that was taking

place until he came down to luncheon, pale and haggard, to find Violet in her travelling dress, standing by her boxes.

"What is all this, Violet?" he cried, taken off his guard, and seizing her hands as he spoke.

"I am going away," said Violet, as quietly as she could, but without looking at him.

He started as if an electric shock had passed through him. "Violet, going!" he cried in a suffocated voice. He was pale, and his hands, clasped on the back of the chair, were white with the strain. "Going? why?"

"I am sorry we are to lose you," he then said very slowly—each word as if ground from him, as words are ground out, when they are the masks of intense passion.

His mother looked at him with surprise. Ella turned to Violet. Every one felt there was a mystery they did not know of. Ella went to her cousin.

"Dear Violet, what does all this mean?" she asked, her arm round the little one's neck, carelessly.

"Nothing," answered Violet, with great difficulty. There is nothing."

"Big drops stood on Launcelet's forehead. "Ought you not to write first to your mother—to give her notice before you go?" he said.

"No," she answered, her flushed face quivering from brow to lip; "I must go at once."

At that moment a servant entered hurriedly to say the latest moment had arrived to enable them to catch the train. Adieu were given in all haste. Violet's tears, beginning to gather—but only to gather as yet, not to flow—kept bravely back for love and for pride. "Good bye," to Ella, warmly, tenderly, with her heart filled with self-reproach. "Good bye," to aunt; aunt herself very sad; and then "Good bye," to Launcelet. "Good bye, Mr. Chumley," she said, holding out her hand, but not looking into his face. He tried to bid her adieu; but lips were dry, and his voice would not come. All he did was to express in his features such exquisite suffering that Violet for a moment was overcome herself, and could scarcely draw away her hand. The hour struck; and duty with brave Violet before all. She ran down the lawn; she was almost out of sight, when "Violet! Violet!" rang from the house like a cry of death.

Violet—a moment irresolute—returned; then almost unconsciously she found herself kneeling beside Launcelet, who lay senseless in a chair; and saying, "Launcelet, I will not leave you!"

The burden of pain was shifted now—from Launcelet and her to Ella—sentimental and conventional as she might be—she was a girl who, like many, can perform great sacrifices with an unruffled brow; who can ice over their hearts, and feel without expression; who can consume their sorrows inwardly, the world the while believing them happy.

Many years ago—by the time her graceful girlhood had waned into a faded womanhood, and when Launcelet had become an active country gentleman, and Violet a staid wife—Ella lost her sorrows, and came to her place in the love of a disabled Indian officer, whom she had known many years ago—and whose sunset days she made days of warmth and joy; pursuing herself and him too, that the Cornet Dampier she had flirted with when a girl, she had always loved.

THE CHURCH-YARD BEETLE.
FRAZER'S Magazine has lately contained a number of very interesting papers called "Episodes of Insect Life," from the last published one of which we make an extract, as follows—

"A German named Gleditsch, who had laid some dead moles upon the beds in his garden, whether as examples of retributive justice for their defacement of his borders and walks, or for other good reasons, or for none at all, does not appear, observed that the bodies of the little gentlemen in velvet disappeared mysteriously. He watched, and found that the agents were beetles, which, having first deposited their eggs in the carcasses that were to be the provision for their larvae, buried their bodies, so that they might be safe from predatory birds and quadrupeds. Into a glass vessel he put four of these insects, having filled it with earth, on the surface of which he placed two dead frogs. His sextons went to work, and one frog interred in less than twelve hours—the other one on the third day. Then he introduced a dead linnet. The beetles soon began their labors, commencing by removing the earth from under the body, so as to form a cavity for its reception. Male and female got under the corpse and pulled away at the feathers to lower it into its grave. A change then came over the spirit of the male, for he drove the female away, and worked by himself for five hours at a stretch. He lifted the body, changed its position, turned and arranged it, coming out of the hole, mounting on the dead bird, trampling on it, and then again going below to draw it down deeper still. Wearing with his incessant efforts, he came out and laid his head upon the earth beside the object of his labors, remaining motionless for a full hour, as if for a good rest. Then he crept under the earth again. On the morning of the next day the bird was an inch and a half below the surface of the ground, and the trench remained open, the body looking as if laid out upon a bier, surrounded by a rampart of mould.

When evening came, it had sunk half an inch lower. The next day the burial was completed the bird having been completely covered. More corpses were now supplied, and in fifty days 13 bodies were interred by the four beetles in this cemetery under a glass case."