

THE MAIL  
A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE MAIDEN AND HER LOVER.

[From The Clipper.]

Far, far away, beside the foam,  
A little maiden had her home;  
And princes wooed her, rich and gay,  
But still the Maiden was her way;  
She could not if they came or went,  
Within her humble home content;  
For things were not as now, you know,  
Long, long, and long ago.

Her father oft would muse stand,  
And hold his little maiden's hand,  
And, pointing, cry, "From o'er the sea  
One day my woe will come to me."  
And whisper as he shook his head:  
"What she doth, doth she wed?"  
He loves her, he loves her so,  
Long, and long, and long ago.

A lover came o'er seas, one day,  
And stole her simple heart away;  
But still the Maiden had her ways,  
And thought of all his after years,  
"Go back across the sea," she cried,  
And wept, "I cannot be thy bride;"  
For things were not as now, you know,  
Long, and long, and long ago.

She watched upon the bridge, next day,  
Her bonny lover sail away,  
She dropped his ring into the foam,  
And then at night wandered home.  
She wept, and kissed his silver hair;  
She loved them both, she loved them so,  
Long, and long, and long ago.

The Bank Forgery;  
OR,  
Unrepentant to the Last.

AN ENGLISH ROMANCE.

BY PHENIX DURIVAGE.

## CHAPTER II.

THE "COURSE OF TRUE LOVE" RUNS FAR  
FROM SMOOTHLY.

On being told that his son had been invited to dine with their next door neighbor, Pembroke broke out into a torrent of angry words.

"I don't want to have anything to say or do with the fellow," he said to Stephen. "He's an upstart. Rich as a nabob he may be; nevertheless he is an upstart."

"I do not think, father, that the gentleman deserves such an appellation," the young man answered, after a short pause.

"You don't think, indeed!" exclaimed Pembroke, with a sneer. "You do not mean to put your judgment against mine?"

"I should be sorry, sir, to do ought that a son should not do," was Stephen's respectful reply.

"Then go not into that man's house, sir."

"But, sir, I have promised."

"No master for that; you must invent some excuse for breaking that promise," Stephen's face fell, and for some moments he remained silent.

"You seem to forget, sir, that I am no longer a schoolboy," he said, presently. "I am ever, as you know, willing to obey you in all things; but on this one particular point I must beg to use my own will and pleasure. A man who has counted eight-and-twenty years of life can not submit to be trammelled always by his father, however wise that father may happen to be, and—"

"What on earth is the use of all these words?" burst forth Pembroke, white with rage. "If you are determined to act contrary to my wishes, do so, and take the consequences of your folly and disobedience. Not a syllable more," stopping Stephen, who was about to speak; "I won't listen to you."

The young man immediately left the apartment, and sought the presence of his mother, to whom he detailed the whole of the above recorded conversation.

"I am at a loss, Stephen, how to counsel you," she answered. "I would be loath to see you do anything that would annoy your father; but you are of an age to judge for yourself of what is right and what is wrong. Let your own discretion, then, lead you."

"I see no harm whatever in going to dine with the Chesters."

"Neither do I, my boy."

"Then, mother, I shall certainly conclude upon going."

The Porches dined at about seven o'clock; so, likewise, did their next door neighbor. With the assistance of a couple of sticks, Pembroke could just manage to crawl into the dining room, which he had no sooner reached than he looked round for his son.

"Where is Stephen?" he growled forth, fixing his keen eyes on his wife's face.

"He is next door, I think," she said, hesitatingly.

"Next door? Not at the Chesters', surely?"

Mary looked downward.

"Has he gone to dine with those people?"

"I believe so."

"Contrary to my wishes. Very well—very well, indeed," flashed the merchant. "He is a most disobedient son; but then she shall repent it—he shall surely repeat it."

Mary made no answer, but took her accustomed seat at the dinner table, her husband sitting opposite her, looking as dark and threatening as a thundercloud.

Meanwhile, Stephen was seated at Mr. Chester's hospitable board with Caroline, his host's lovely daughter, near him.

Although Mr. Chester's behavior was full of courtesy toward his guest, a close observer might have seen that he was not altogether at his ease. His eyes were restless, and, when he spoke, his voice sounded quite thick and tremulous as if its owner was under the influence of some strong emotion.

If Stephen were charmed by a distant view of Caroline Chester's face, what was he now that he was able to closely inspect all its many beauties? He was fairly fascinated by, and already head over ears in love with her; and in her sweet society he lost all recollection of his angry father at home.

Mr. Chester did not appear to keep any listening ear to the conversation of his guest and his daughter; on the contrary, he held himself aloof from them as much as possible, and was apparently considerably gratified by the fact of their being so interested in each other. The father evinced no anxiety to show off his daughter's accomplishments, nor did she herself attempt to make any display of her acquirements. At length Stephen glanced toward a piano, and asked for some music; and, without a moment's hesitation, Caroline went and seated herself at the instrument.

"Do you wish for instrumental or vocal music, Mr. Porchester?" she inquired, in a most unaffected manner.

"Oh, if you sing, let me hear your voice, above every instrument in the world," he replied, taking his place near her.

"Whatever shall I sing?"

"Whatever you please. Where shall I find your music?" he asked, looking about for some.

"Oh, you will look in vain; it has not been unpacked since we left the ship," she answered, carelessly. But no sooner had she uttered these words than she, and her father, likewise, looked confused; but, strange to relate, Stephen did not remark their evident embarrassment.

"I have an excellent memory," Caroline presently continued. "I can remember a score of songs without the least reminder."

Mary heaved a deep sigh; and, after a few more words, which it is unnecessary to register here, the mother and son separated.

On the following morning, Stephen departed for the city before his father had risen.

All that day Stephen felt harassed. He had slept badly during the past night, and news had just arrived that their ship, the Pearl, was lost. A boat, containing one of the crew of the hapless vessel, had been picked up at sea, and the fate of the Pearl had been ascertained beyond all doubt.

The knowledge of this heavy loss, and also the knowledge that another blow to the house of Porchester & Son was pending, together with his heart-aniexies, made Stephen feel completely wretched. He read his business letters, directed his clerks in their various duties, and listened to this person and to that, with his thoughts all the while far, far away, dwelling upon the fair being whose image was constantly before his mind.

Stephen continued silent.

Dinner was now announced; and presently the West Indian was engaged in discussing the merits of a dish of excellent soup, into which he had put nearly a whole teaspoonful of cayenne pepper.

The man was ignorant and rude by endurance; yet, strange to say, Pembroke Porchester bore with him most patiently, and even smiled at his coarse expressions.

Seated near his host, Zetterland, over his dessert, became suddenly confidential.

"I say, Porchester," he said, speaking in a whisper, and significantly nodding his head in the direction of Stephen—"I say, that's a danged nice chap, that son of yours, but rayther uppish. Nevertheless, I like him, and I shouldn't mind making him my son-in-law. Now, then, what do you think of that, Porchester?"

"I feel greatly flattered—greatly flattered, indeed," the merchant answered, at a loss what to say.

"Oh, you d—d, do you? Well, I'm glad to hear you say so."

"I was not aware that you had a family, Mr. Zetterland."

"Well, I don't pretend to have one; was the chuckling reply. "I can't see how you can call one daughter a family."

The merchant's son was thankful when the hours of business were finally over, and he could emerge once more into the outer air, and be alone with his own thoughts, which grew more and more disturbed the nearer he approached the home of his beloved.

He discharged his balsom cab at the corner of the square, and then on foot proceeded slowly onward.

He could see the doors and windows of the Chesters' house now. The windows were bright with light, and he fancied he could see the figure of his beloved fluttering to and fro behind the blinds.

"Oh, that he were with her there!" he exclaimed within himself.

By and by he gained his own door step. Then there arose in his heart a hard battle between his duty to his father and his love for Caroline; and he now paused on the step, uncertain how to act.

"—whether to follow the dictates of prudence, or those of his new born affection; whether to enter his own home or that of his neighbor. While he was thus deliberating, a hand was placed on his shoulder, and, looking around, Stephen beheld the smiling face of Mr. Chester.

"Ah, Mr. Stephen, I'm glad to see you," the latter cried, extending his hand, and grasping that of the young man. "I was just thinking of you; wondering whether you would pop in upon us this evening in the friendly manner we proposed.

"I have, father, Stephen replied.

"Against my wish."

"The young man was silent.

"Sit down, Mr. Porchester added, authoritatively.

Stephen silently and mechanically obeyed the order.

"I believe that I stated—distinctly stated—my aversion to your becoming intimate with the people who live next door?"

The listener bowed, assentingly.

"Yet, notwithstanding that, you have actually been dining with them?"

"I confess to the fact, which I hold as a blameless act on my part."

"Now, hearken to me; and heed well my words, for I shall utter no empty ones. I will, for once, overlook your lack of duty toward me, but neglect to observe my commands a second time and I will send you forth from my door as a beggar. I have the power to do so, as you know, and I shall not neglect to use that power."

Stephen rose from his chair, and made as if to leave the room, but his father's voice checked him.

"I have not yet finished," Pembroke remarked.

"I beg your pardon, sir," rejoined the son, very respectfully.

"It's my impression—and I'm not very often wrong in my impressions—that those Chesters are a pair of mere adventurers. The fellow has heard that you are the only son of a prosperous city merchant, and he thinks to catch you for his daughter. You will be easily snared if you do not strictly follow my counsel. Remember that I have warned you; and so, good night!"

"Well, of my dear mother, I cannot, I regret to say, pronounce so much. She has a nature exceedingly sensitive and anxious, and she ever thinks of others before herself. There are very few women in the world like my dear mother."

"I am to find that he feels no very serious effects from his late accident!" he had a most happy escape."

"He had, indeed," returned Stephen, in such a flutter as scarcely to be the master of his own voice.

"Generally speaking, your father enjoys perfect health, I believe?"

"Perfect."

"And your mother?"

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