

RECONCILIATION.

"Faster, faster! your horses creep like snails; drive for your life!" said the impatient Morley, as the noble animals dashed along the turnpike road, while the sparks flew from their iron-shod hoofs like a flight of fire flies.

The postilion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though it had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a lovely young woman, who, pale, silent, and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

"Ellen, my love," said Morley, tenderly, "I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame."

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to hers, and by the moon-beams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streaming from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed Morley, "what means this? Ellen, beloved, aforesaid! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?" and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold quivering lips; a fresh fountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysterical sob, she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed but enraptured Morley, folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when, with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

"Morley," she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, "do you love me?"

"Dearest, best Ellen," he replied, "do you, can you doubt it?"

"Do you love me, Morley?" she repeated with increased earnestness.

"Truly—devotedly—madly," cried Morley on his knees. "By the heaven that is shining over us—"

"No more oaths; enough of protestations. Are you willing by one action, at this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?"

"If am, though it carry with it my destruction."

"I ask not your destruction; I implore you to prevent mine.—Return."

Morley gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

"Return!"

"Return, instantly!"

"Ellen, are you serious—are you?" he might have added, "in your senses?" but she interrupted him.

"I am serious; I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant, nor fickle," she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley's countenance.—"That I love, and in that love am incapable of change, do not Morley, insult me by doubting, even by a look. But O, if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honor, I implore you to take me back to my father—"

"To your father!" exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

"Ay to my father, my grey-headed, my doating, my confiding father; take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him," she cried, in wild agony, "even now, as I lay in your arms, spell-bound in my trance, while the carriage roiled on to my perdition. I could not move—I could not speak—but I knew where I was, and whether I was hurrying; yet even then I was with my father," she said, with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity, "he lay on his death bed; his eye turned upon me; his fixed and glaring eye, it rested on me, as I lay in your arms; he cursed me, and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of heaven, ere it be too late—"

"Compose yourself, my beloved, my own dear Ellen."

"Do you still hesitate," she cried, "would you still soothe my frantic soul with words? Your Ellen! short-sighted man, your Ellen! What shall bind her to a husband, who would abandon a father—what power may transfer the renegade daughter into the faithful wife? Morley, listen to me: as you hope for mercy, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!"

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet, and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility.

He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had labored about midway up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postillion.

"Turn your horses' heads," he said, "we shall return."

The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigor from the alteration in their course, and were proceeding at a

brisk pace on their return when Ellen again revived.

"Where am I—whether am I carried?" she wildly exclaimed.

"To your father, my beloved," whispered Morley.

"To my father, Morley, to my father! can it be—but no, I will not doubt, you never deceived me; you cannot; God bless you, my brother," and with her pure arms around his neck she imprinted a sister's kiss upon his lips, and dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence, upon his bosom. The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never in the wildest moments of passion, not even when he heard the first avowal of love from his heart's selected, had Morley felt so triumphant—happy.

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"Where is he? let me see him; is he alive—is he well?" shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

"For whom do you inquire, madam?" coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Ellen's father.

"Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus. I am not what you think me. But my father; my father, is he—is he alive, is he well? Oh, beloved aunt, have pity on me, I am repeatant, I am innocent—"

"In one word, Ellen, are you not married?"

"I am not."

"Heaven be praised! follow me; your father is not well—"

"For the love of heaven—before it is too late;" and the distracted girl rushed into the room and knelt at her father's side.

"Father! do not avert your face; father I am your own Ellen. I am restored to you as I left you. By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly, the offence, the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother—"

"Cease," said the old man, endeavoring, through the weakness of age and infirmity, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm; "forgive and answer me, is this gentleman your husband?"

Ellen was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward, "I am not," said he, "blessed with that lady's hand; she has refused it, unless it is given with your sanction; dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it."

"Do you pledge your word to this young man?"

"My sacred word as a man of honor. I may have inherited your hate, but I will never deserve it."

"Children, you have subdued me!" exclaimed the father. "Morely, my daughter is yours!"

Morley seized the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

"My father!" said the weeping Ellen on her knees, her arm around his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his.

The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Ellen's favorite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress.

The happy father sat with an arm around his daughter's waist, and as he pressed her lover's hand, he said,

"Behold in all this the goodness of God: behold the blessings which follow the performance of our duties.—Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light, had entailed my hate on his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you, who had never offended me, and whom every one else loved. This very day the cherished hostilities of years had given way before my desire to secure my daughter's happiness. I felt that age was creeping on me; and, but the morning of this blessed day, I had resolved to prove my contrition for the sinful harboring of hatred towards my lower creatures, by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds my better thoughts, and revived my worst, in tenfold strength. I did not order a pursuit. I did more. I felt, at least I thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would prove fatal. No time was to be lost: my will was hastily drawn out bequeathing my beggar daughter but her father's curse; it would have been signed this night; for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father."

"O my father!" interrupted Ellen, to whom the horrible images of her trance returned, "in pity, my dear father—"

"Bless you, for ever bless you, my ever excellent Ellen. Your filial obedience has prolonged your father's life."

"I am always heavy and stupid when I have a cold," said a gentleman, to which John Wilkes replied, "You have been afflicted too in the same way these twenty years, to my certain knowledge."

The following is almost a literal statement of events which occurred in my native town during the last war with Britain. For reasons, which need not be mentioned, the real names of the parties are not given.

The Recruiting Officers.

Early in the year 18—, two strangers arrived in the village of W—, whose military dress and martial air excited no small attention among the inhabitants of that retired spot. But, though they were engaged in the same pursuit, yet there was a strongly marked difference in their manners. One of them, whose name was Jenson, who was afterwards found to be a sergeant in the army, was noiseless and unassuming. The other, whom we shall call captain Reyton, soon announced himself as authorized to raise recruits for the ensuing campaign; and, with all the importance which a man dressed up in a little brief authority could assume, exhibited the treasures which were committed to him for bounty, to those who should enlist. He told of "battles fought and victories won"—of "hair breadth 'scapes in imminent deadly breach," and especially of "triumphs won by his own right hand," till credulity herself could hardly believe his assertions. Most of his time was spent in other calls than those of duty, and the card-table, the horse race, and other scenes of expensive festivity, appeared to be objects of deeper interest to him than the cause of his country. In the expenses incident to such amusements, the wealth which he had so proudly displayed rapidly diminished.

One evening, as a number of people were collected in a tavern at the Four Corners, a village about seven miles from W—, captain Reyton came in and was soon seated, with three or four others, at a card-table, deeply engaged in play. The game was soon decided in his favor. "I'll not play another on a five dollar bet," said he: "who'll join me in a game for one hundred?" "I!" and "I!" and "I!" replied three voices in succession. "Put down the sum then," says one. And the captain counted out one hundred dollars, carefully exhibiting his pocket book full of bills, which the sum taken out seemed scarcely to diminish.

"You have a power of money," said a bystander, who was not engaged in the game. "Oh, a mere nothing!—You would say so, if you could only see Uncle Sam's treasury, at head-quarters. I have only to go to that and receive ten times as much, when I want it," "And how much have you here?" "About three thousand dollars, or nearly. I paid one hundred and fifty dollars to a recruit here, just now, and a glorious good fellow he is." "What's his name?" "That's telling. I tell no tales about my business."

The game proceeded, and again the captain was successful. "I'll try a hand with him," said a stranger, who had come in during the game—"one thousand dollar stake!" The captain readily engaged. This time fortune (to use the dialect of the card-table) forsook him, and the one thousand dollars were deposited in the stranger's pocket. With a tremendous oath, he swore he would not go back poorer than he came, and was soon deeply engaged in another game. Night wore away, and at length he departed, bearing his last dollar, and pouring his heaviest curse on his fate. Day broke in the east ere he reached his lodgings.

Late in the morning he left his chamber, and repaired to the room in which the family were assembled, with a countenance that indicated no very happy state of feeling. He paced the room several times, then suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, "Curse the villain!" "Who!—what villain?" inquired Mr. Lester, the master of the house. "The villain that stole three thousand dollars from my pocket book last night?" "Are you sure that you did not lose it while you were gone?" "Lose it!—no. How could I lose it without losing the pocket-book? I tell you it is stolen. When I returned last evening it was all safe, three thousand dollars of it, lacking one hundred and fifty, that I paid to one Winship, a recruit that I got yesterday at the Four Corners." "What time did you return?" "Not far from 11 o'clock." "Indeed! I wonder we did not hear you. About daylight I heard some one go up stairs, I thought that was you." "I tell you I have not left my room since 11 o'clock last evening, till now. 'Tis that rascal Jenson; he is the thief, I've no doubt on't."

In the midst of this conversation Jenson came in. "What have you done with that money?" said Reyton, in a furious tone. "What money?" said Jenson. "The money you stole from me last night." "What do you mean?" "Mean! I mean as I say—" "I shall have satisfaction for this insult." "Now you mean to threaten my life?" "By no means." "You do, and you shall suffer for it," said Reyton, and immediately left the room.

With a mind agitated by surprise, anxiety, and just indignation, Jenson retired to his chamber. It was the last time. Soon a carriage was seen ascending the eastern acclivity of the Green Mountains, and conveying the unhappy victim of iniquity to headquarters at P—, to take his trial before a court-martial, for threatening the life of a superior. Yet, perhaps, at this moment he was less unhappy than the wretch who was triumphing over him. Such advantages does innocence enjoy over guilt.

On the evening after this event, the collection at the village tavern was larger than usual, and the presence of many who were seldom seen there, and the air of sober and fixed attention which pervaded the whole assembly, told that some circumstance of uncommon interest had called them together. But we will let them tell their thoughts in their own words.

"What will be done with the poor fellow, 'Squire Ledyard, if he is convicted?" "I do not know precisely, but I know military law is very severe. If he escapes with his life, it will be well for him." "Yes, that it will," said an old revolutionary soldier, who sat by the fire smoking his pipe. "When I was in the army, a soldier who threatened the life of his superior would have been shot." "And I heard Jenson say himself, that he would give sixpence for his life," said a bystander. "In the name of mercy, then, let us do being, if we can do anything," said a young man, whose countenance expressed the ardor of his feelings, "and not suffer an innocent man to be butchered without making an effort to save him." "It is an unfortunate thing for the young man, if he is innocent, that he started away so early this morning. I saw him go away before daylight. I do think that looks suspicious," said one of those present. "Not in the least, sir," said Mr. Harwood, the young man before mentioned; "he only walked out a short distance, and then returned to his lodgings, and there he was taken. Now, would he have returned, d'ye think, if he had been guilty?"

During this conversation the inn-keeper at the Four Corners had entered, and was attentively listening. "At what time did capt. R return?" asked Squire Ledyard. "He told me about 11," said Mr. Lester. "Well, that's a wonder, any how," said the inn-keeper. "He never left my house till four in the morning; and, when he did go, I suspect he left the most of his cash behind him." "What, how is that?" said the Squire. "Lost at cards, I suppose." "Why, what sort of a house do you keep?" "Why, I mean to keep a regular house, but young people will have their sports." "Will have their sports, and gamble till four o'clock in the morning!" The inn-keeper did not attempt a defense, and the conversation turned again on the events of the morning. Many spoke in favor of Jenson, and not a few facts were mentioned which served to darken the shade already thrown over the character of Reyton. At length, after appointing a committee to collect and arrange evidence, the company separated, having resolved to meet again on the next afternoon.

Meanwhile, Harwood was on his way to the Four Corners, to see what information he could there gain on the subject. The next day he returned, having obtained a full account of the transactions that occurred at the tavern during the time that Reyton was there. On inquiring for the recruit whom Reyton mentioned, there neither was nor had been any person of that name in the place.

In forty-eight hours after Reyton and his intended victim reached P—, Squire Ledyard was there also. The court was already organized, and the trial had commenced. A sentinel stood at the door of the room where the court was sitting. On requesting to be admitted, the answer was, "No admittance." "The commander-in-chief is within, is he not?" "He is." "I must see him on important business." "No admittance." "I am come to save the life of sergeant Jenson." "God bless you for that. There is not a finer fellow in the regiment than Jenson.—But, unless you can save him, there is little chance of his ever seeing the sunrise after to-morrow." In a few minutes Ledyard stood before the court, and stated his business. He laid before them the depositions and other evidences which he had collected in the course of two days, and the general and other officers examined them with an earnestness which showed that they were far from being indifferent to the fate of the accused.

The sequel may be told in a few words. The case was too clear to admit of doubt. Jenson was honorably acquitted, and Reyton met a punishment milder than he deserved, in having his name struck from the rolls of the army, and in being declared incapable of ever serving again as an officer.

Hard Bargains.—A jolly devotee of Bacchus, was a few days since found by a friend in a recumbent position against a pile of boards nearly dead drunk and vomiting profusely. "What is the matter?" was the enquiry. "Tis a hard one," replied the man. "Hard? how hard?" "Why, but half an hour ago, I bought a pint of rum, down town, and d—n me, [hiccup] if I ain't already sick of my bargain!"

"I find there are half a dozen par-

Flowers of a historic.

The following patriotic speech was delivered, it is said, at a late meeting in Illinois, called for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of getting up a second expedition against the hostile band of *Sac and Foxes*:

Friends and Feller-Citizen Sodiers:

We are met here for the purpose of excusing the subject about the hostilities lately convicted against our flourishing frontiers, by the *condacous red skins!*—(A murmur of applause.) I say we are met here to instigate whether we will still sit in our shanties, and see the spoiler whet his deadly and bloody and murderous knife against the hearts of our friends and *feller squatters*;—they are fearless spirits who have gone forth with a bold heart and a strong arm to *dig ditches and drain the swamps of the west!*—and whom we may look upon impishly and tee totally as the pianos of a new world! (Much cheering and calling "hear! hear!") Whether we will sit still and see their cornfields ravished, their wives violated before their very eyes, and their smiling pratling infants up in the most barbarous manner, or whether we will march at once upon this second champagne, and by our timely valorosity save them from a state of total defunction!—At the same time, extinguishing ourselves in eternal fame! (Here the *scalp-halloo* was thrice repeated.) Ah! my *feller-citizen sodirs!* I fully proprieate the sympathizing feelings of your hearts! I need but remind you of your duties towards your suffering and distressed and conflicted brethren! Their woes cry aloud for address, and perhaps are heard even now in the retracy of our presides and our chimney corners!—(Much agitation in the centre. Behold they lay down at night with a blooming cheek and a ruby lip, and—oh! my *feller sodirs*, must I revile the cruel, the dreadful, the fatal catastrophe—they *wake up ere morning in death!* (Here the *scalp-halloo* was again sounded, and after a little calling to order by an amateur speaker, who was taking notes with a piece of chalk on a board fence, the orator of the day resumed.) But I cannot dwell upon this horrible, this appalling, this dreadful subject,—a subject *feller-citizen sodirs*, whose horrors runs ferent the very grain, as I may say, of the soul, without—I say without (clearing his throat and addressing one of the crowd) —Stranger will you hand me a gourd of water with a little spriggle of the critter in it?—without feeling and inquinchole thirst for (tasting the liquor and addressing the man who brought it) a little more of the critter if you please; just a spriggle, a mere drap;—tar—an inquinchole thirst for that wengeance which all the gods of War, Vulcan, and Plato, and *Wesuvius*, claim as their high prerogative, but which I would shower, *feller citizens*, which I would shower in beams of wrath upon them are illegal, unconstitutional, and *is* *civiliz'd savages* which skulks amongst our bottoms, by day and by night, salutes forth to murder our families and *rob our potatoe patches!* Yes, gentlemen and *feller-citizen sodirs!* my soul rises spontaneously as I contaminate the glorious event that must extinguish our names in the hearts of our countrymen till time shall be no more! Our excess in this expedition is sartin—it is a mere sartin, and we will all light on 'em bodiaciously and tee totally obfistigate 'em off the face of the earth! I know you are all