

For all who marked her with a kindly eye.  
It has been long ago—I was a child,  
When that bright blossom withered at the touch  
Of fell disease—but never can the light  
Of her transcendent loveliness be dimmed  
In my remembrance. No, I see her now!  
July 1, 1839.

E. A. S.

## THE LOVER'S TALISMAN;

### OR, THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"Anna," said the young collegian, "you are a noble girl—no die-away airs, because your lover is so long absent; no making all the rest of your admirers feel, that they are just the last persons in the world that you care anything about—no, no; you are not so selfish as all that, Anna."

A shadow passed over the face of the fair girl, and the smile died away upon her lips.

"Indeed, cousin, this *might* be a cutting reproach; but you do not intend it as such—I know you do not."

"Never," said the youth passionately; "I meant only to commend my cousin's sweetness of temper—her constancy is"

Anna raised her finger.

"I have issued my interdict upon that score, cousin; but do you know I have a Talisman that will ensure me the constancy of William—and it is of a kind too, that is valueless in case of fickleness upon my part?"

"Indeed; initiate me into its mysteries, Anna; there are a pair of blue eyes, that I should like amazingly to fix for me alone; and when you are married, sweet coz, perhaps your Talisman will be transferable."

"Aunt can describe its virtues best, cousin George; and if she will tell you the story of Hannah Newton, you will never be at a loss to understand the nature of the Lover's Talisman."

Mrs. B., the aunt, raised her eyes from her needle, and a faint smile played over her placid features. She was an unmarried lady of nearly fifty, dressed with great simplicity, her gray hair neatly parted over her forehead, which was still smooth and fair. The plain muslin cap, with its white satin strings, denoted a member of the Society of Friends.

"Thee is very fond of that story, Anna; but thee must not rely too much upon the power of the Talisman, as thee calls it; for ours is the constant sex, Anna, and we remember long, it may be, after we are forgotten."

I observed a faint blush stole to her cheek as she uttered this, and for the first time I began to ask myself why Mrs. B., (I use the English term of Mrs. as applied to ladies of a certain age, as I think it dignified, and altogether proper,) with all her sweetness of manner, and feminine excellences, should still have remained, like "the last rose of summer, left blooming alone." But the tone of the voice, the sitting blush, and more than all, the sentiment she had expressed, revealed to me at once a record of wasted affections, of lonely watching, and midnight tears, of the bitterness of sor-

row, known only to Him, who seeth in secret, and of that "concealment, that preyeth like a worm in the bud" upon the human heart.

Mrs. B. from that time became with me an advocate for the whole sisterhood of those who are to seek for a kindred spirit amongst the pure essences of the invisible world, instead of the grosser elements of earth. She told the story with a grace and pathos, that I dare not even hope to transfer to my pages—I can only give the details, leaving my readers to imagine the many fine touches of feeling and beauty, which could be imparted only by the lips of Mrs. B.

### THE STORY OF MRS. B.

Hannah Newton, at sixteen, was merely a quiet, sweet-looking girl, with small pretensions to beauty; for she had nothing of that regularity of feature, and brilliancy of complexion, that are supposed to be essential to it. She was neither a blond nor a brunette, but a mixture of both—her eyes were neither black nor blue; they were, I believe, hazel, but they owed much of their power to long curved lashes that veiled their extreme tenderness of expression, and made them appear much darker than they really were. I say this of Hannah in the early part of her life, for at thirty she was called beautiful by those to whom an elevated expression of countenance, combined with softness and grace of manners, constitute beauty.

Her mother was a pale, gentle woman, with large blue eyes, who had always been an invalid, and whose delicacy of look and demeanor contrasted strongly with the rough, harsh manners of her husband. Constant ill health had made her winning and dependent as a child; yet beneath all this softness of exterior, she carried a fixedness of principle, an elevation of mind, and strength of purpose, that had their full share of influence over her stern, imperious companion. Whatever might have been his previous irritation of feeling, no sooner did he enter the presence of his wife than all traces of it disappeared, even as if his rigid brow had been swept by the wing of his good angel.

Hannah had inherited all the fine womanly qualities of her mother, superadded to an excellent constitution, and a dash of her father's energy of will. It was well for her that it was so, for even from a child the duties of a woman had been exacted from her, and she was at once sister and mother to the little group about the domestic hearth. As she approached maturity she became the friend and companion of her mother, the nurse of her sick room, and even the utterer of her religious faith and devotion, as physical suffering sometimes dimmed the vividness of exalted truths. At such times the high-minded girl might be seen kneeling by the bedside, and with clasped hands, pouring forth the simple, fervent prayer of a young heart, deeply responding to the blessed truths of revelation.

The mother pressed her to her bosom with tears and blessings, for her progress to the tomb was made a pleasant pilgrimage, while cheered and supported by such a child.

At this time an addition was made to the little family, in the person of a youth of rare piety, and such powers of intellect as to warrant the elders in setting aside their ordinary rules for his benefit. Andrew Horton was an orphan, left penniless by his young parents, who both

died of an epidemic when he was scarcely a year old; bequeathing this, their only earthly gift, to the charity of the church. He became, as it were, the property of the church, and each individual of it claimed a right for the discharge of kindly offices in behalf of the little orphan. As he grew up, it was evident, he was not unworthy of their solicitude. He was of rare modesty, deep piety, and such wonderful intellectual endowments, that all eyes turned to him, as one destined to become a leader in Israel, a burning and a shining light in the temple of the Lord. Unusual care was bestowed upon his education; as was meet for one who was hereafter to become the expounder of the Word, and a voice to the people of the Lord.

Friend Newton had now claimed his privilege of entertaining, at least for one year, the favored youth, while he should prosecute his studies, and engage in those acts of devotion and piety, which so much engrossed his affections, and were so appropriate for one called to his high and holy vocation.

Mrs. Newton listened to the lofty utterance of prayer from the lips of the pious young man, with a new strength, and felt her faith quickened, and her hopes elevated while she heard the truths of her religion explained and illustrated in his clear, vigorous manner, with the glowing language of his aspiring imagination and fervency of spirit.

Hannah, always retiring, and occupied with household matters, had little time for converse with the youth; but in the secrecy of her own heart, she sat even at his footstool, and imbibed not only the stores of wisdom from his lips, but the far more dangerous lessons of youthful love.

Andrew Horton scarcely noticed the quiet, unobtrusive maiden, so occupied was he in his studies and devotions. But when it became necessary for him to accept the hospitality of another of the brethren, he started to perceive how often the image of Hannah mingled in his dreams, and obtruded upon his meditations. He missed everywhere her sweet voice and placid smile, and felt that she must henceforth be to him what no other maiden ever could become.

The affliction of the little family, occasioned by the increasing illness of Mrs. Newton, seemed to justify his frequent visits, and Andrew Horton, more than once, upon his return from the bedside of the dying, threw himself upon his knees, and besought forgiveness from the Father of spirits, that his visits should have been rather the promptings of earthly attachment, than those of a high and holy sense of duty.

All sternness and pride of manhood forsook Friend Newton, as he stood by the side of his dying wife. He threw himself upon his knees, pressed her thin hands in his own, and the tears streamed from the eyes even of the strong man. Andrew Horton was there, and his rich deep voice breathed the language of prayer. He ceased—the soul of the sufferer had taken its flight upon the wings of his lofty aspirations; the mystery of life had ceased in the cold form before him.

Hannah arose with pale cheek, and approached the bereaved husband.

"Go with me, my father," she said, gently putting her arm in his, while she pressed her lips to his pale, damp brow. The old man arose with the docility of a little child, and she led him forth to an inner room,

where none might witness the agony of that moment. When she placed the large arm chair for him and had adjusted the cushions, he opened his arms to his child, and she fell upon his bosom. It was an unwonted tenderness, for Mr. Newton had never expressed anything like it for any other being than his wife. Now that she had left him, he yearned for some heart to which he might reveal the burden of his sorrows.

"Thee has been a dutiful child, Hannah, though I may never have told thee so before. It always grieved, Hannah, that I expressed so little tenderness for thee; but it wasn't in me—I couldn't do it—but I love thee just as well, child. And I might have made thy mother a great deal happier, but for my stern, hard ways. Oh, Hannah, Hannah, the grave is the revealer of all hearts. What would I not give to hear her say once again that she forgives me!" and the old man bowed his head upon the bosom of his daughter, and wept like a little child.

Hannah had wept too, but she felt that she ought not to witness the humiliation of her parent, and she raised her head calmly—

"Thee has ever been a good father to us all, and my mother loved and blessed thee to the last."

"Hannah, Hannah, I was unworthy of thee!" His voice was choked by a gush of tears.

Hannah turned to the Bible and read a part of the fourteenth chapter of John, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you," and gradually the anguish of her father became soothed, and he pressed her again to his heart, saying—

"Thy voice is like thy mother's, Hannah, and thee will be to me all that a child can be; I know thee will; and I will subdue my nature for the sake of thee and the little ones."

He kept his word—from that day a gentleness was infused into his manners, and a tenderness of feeling hitherto unknown. If occasionally his former spirit gained the ascendancy, he went alone to the chamber that had witnessed the suffering and death of one so gentle, and when he returned, it was as if her mantle had fallen upon him.

Andrew Horton found himself the pupil, rather than the teacher of the noble girl; and his own zeal and piety were strengthened by his intercourse with her. They had exchanged their pledges of fidelity, and Andrew was about to leave the vicinity to prosecute his mission in a distant field. It would be many years ere he would return. Hannah in the multiplicity of household avocations, in attendance upon her sick mother, in the exercise of her own religious views, to which the silent worship of their sect afforded ample encouragement, had imbibed a lofty enthusiasm, a shade of spiritual mysticism, little in accordance with the practical faith of her people. She had watched the operations of her own mind, and compared them with circumstances and events, till she saw a mysterious connexion between them, and even at times was led to a something verging upon the spirit of prophesy. She delighted to dwell upon the inter-communication of mind with mind, and the power which she believed it had to influence a congenial spirit, even though separated at ever so great a distance. The mind was unsubjected to the laws of the body; it traversed the fields of space, and lived in the past as well as the present. Even the future, under

certain circumstances and states of the mind, she believed might be revealed to it. Why then should not the intense thoughts of the human mind, especially when directed to an object of attachment, go forth like winged messengers and work their influence upon the distant and beloved? For this reason, she said, she would keep her thoughts and imaginations pure, that no emanation from her own mind should mislead the conceptions of another; that no unhallowed emotions should ever be associated with her in the minds of those she loved.

Andrew Horton listened to these mystical views of the lofty girl, until his own mind shared a portion of her enthusiasm—if it were a weakness or error in judgment, it was at the least a harmless one,—one that to them could only purify and exalt, while it could never mislead another. Therefore, he gave himself up to the beautiful illusion, that established a perpetual intercourse between himself and Hannah in the long period of absence.

"I do not ask, said Hannah, whether I shall be forgotten. You cannot forget me, unless I cease first to think upon you. For oh, Andrew, I can never forget you; and the emanation of my thoughts will momentarily create an image of myself within your mind. Do you realize, my friend, what it is to love one like me? You can never forget me, even should you desire it; for my thoughts, fixed as they will be upon you, will forever present an intense image of myself to your mind. You may cease to love, but you cannot cease to think upon me. I hold the talisman, that will ensure me this. But, oh! Andrew, when you shall cease to love, when you shall desire to forget me, think not I can remain ignorant of the fact. No, never. While the attachment is mutual, and the thoughts and memory of each other pleasant to the mind—the emanations of each will conjoin, and there will be produced upon the fancy of each, the most vivid conception of the other—it will be as if a pleasant painting of each should be presented to the eye. But should the affections of either become cold, the image of that one will fade from the vision of the other. He may retain the memory, but that vivid impression that brings up the eloquent eye, the speaking lip, and the very tones, and look of endearment, will grow less and less distinct, till it shall fade altogether away. Now, Andrew, this must be the case with you. My image will be forever distinct to you, for I can never cease to think upon you. But should your's fade from my mind's eye, alas! I shall know too well how to interpret it."

Andrew Horton's brow contracted.

"Hannah, I did not expect this from thee. Have I ever given thee cause for distrust?"

"Never, my friend," she said, laying her hand upon his; "but thee will have many snares to encounter, Andrew. Beautiful faces will look up to thee in thy holy ministrations;—timid maidens, who will flatter more the pride of thy heart, than ever Hannah could, will tremble and weep at the fervor of thy eloquence, and come to thee as to a spiritual guide. Would it be surprising then, if vows to one like me should be forgotten?"

The youth trembled under her searching, anxious glance; but he drew the hand to his bosom and kissed the lofty brow of the impassioned girl. Hannah's head fell upon his shoulder, and tears started from her eyes.

"Hannah, thou hast a lofty soul, and thy love is to me dearer than aught upon earth. Do not distrust me, Hannah, I shall have thy prayers and thy blessings, and that mystery of inter-communication of thy soul with mine, which of itself will be an amulet to preserve me from danger. All that is noble and pure in life is associated with thee, and thou well knowest it is in contemplations like these that I delight."

Two years passed away, and the smile grew faint upon the lip of Hannah. She had taken the child, who was an infant at her mother's death, upon her knee, and its cheek rested upon her bosom.

"Hannah, dear, don't thee humber?" said the child, lifting its eyes to her face.

"Humber, my dear—what does that mean?"

The little one heaved a deep sigh. "There, to do so, sister—that was a humber."

Hannah felt the tears spring to her eyes.

"No, Georgy, I won't do so any more—it is wrong. I must make thee feel quite happy."

The child kissed her cheek many times, and put his arms about her neck, calling her a dear sister.

From that time Hannah went about her daily avocations, with a strong purpose to forget her own sorrows, in ministering to the happiness of others. The child had taught her to feel the selfishness of concealed suffering, and she wrestled in prayer for strength to sustain her under the many trials of her lot. She felt a strong internal conviction, that Andrew Horton had ceased to regard her with his former attachment. Impressed with this belief, she wrote a letter in answer to one of his, from which I shall extract a few sentences.

"Thy letters reach me with the same punctuality as ever, and their language is still tender; but, Andrew, the spirit is wanting. It is as if the sentiments turned to ice under thy pen. There should be no disguise between us. Thee should never attempt it with me, Andrew, for I can divine all. Thy image has almost faded from my sight, and I know that thee desires to forget me. The vows that bind thee to me have become shackles. It would more become thy calling, Andrew, if thee would tell me so at once; for deceit must be painful to thee. I absolve thee from thy vows, my friend; thou art free to do as seemeth to thee good. I will try even to forget thee, that my image be not troublesome, as I know it will be if I continue to think upon thee. My thoughts, fixed on thee, will perpetually create in thy mind an image of myself, which I would not do, if thy affections are fixed upon another.

"Farewell, my dear friend; I say it for the last time, and thee will forgive the utterance. Do not distress thyself upon my account. I was made for endurance—it is a woman's destiny. I would forgive thee, if I had aught to forgive; but the affections are not to be schooled like wayward children. I cannot even now believe they are transferable. Farewell—and may thee be very, very happy."

In the reply of Andrew Horton, he confessed all. Hannah had indeed divined the truth. He spoke of a sweet, gentle girl, whose witchery had chased the love of Hannah from his heart. But he implored her forgiveness, he deprecated his own fickleness of heart, and conjured Hannah to forgive him, to forget him, and be happy in some new attachment.

Hannah's proud lip curled in scorn, and she laid the

letter upon the coals of the hearth. She went about her accustomed duties with a new pride, a womanly spirit of endurance, that knowing the worst, hath nerved itself for the trial.

Ten years passed away, and Hannah had become like unto Deborah, in the estimation of her people. Her proud beauty, her fervent piety, and the burning power with which she sometimes expounded the truths of her religion, had raised her up to be a leader amongst her people; little short of a prophetess, indeed, did she seem to many, as she held forth in the congregation.

It was rumored that Andrew Horton would explain, and explain the scriptures once more in the place of his nativity. Hannah took her seat early, amongst the matrons—for time had abated nothing of the interest with which she once regarded him, although it had become modified by the circumstances in which he was now placed. Ten years had elapsed since the reception of that last letter, yet Hannah Newton felt her limbs tremble as she found herself once more in the presence of Andrew Horton.

She raised her eyes, as a stranger sat down upon the form beside her. It was the bride of Andrew Horton—a fragile, fair girl, whose eyes were fixed upon her husband, through the whole exercises, as if the only divinity she worshipped were vested in the manly form of the preacher. As the rich tones of his voice once more broke upon Hannah's ear, and she encountered those deep, passionate eyes, she closed her own, for a new weight of misery seemed pressed upon her heart. Why had he returned, to do away at a glance, that firmness which it had cost her years to acquire?

Hannah was quite alone when Friend Horton called. She arose with native self-possession, and spoke to him as to a brother.

The preacher struggled for utterance.

"Hannah," he at length said, "I have taken this long journey only upon thy account. I have come to implore thee to forget me. Thee has had much to forgive, Hannah; but thee cannot have suffered as I have done. When I took the hand of my bride at the altar, thy form seemed to come between me and her—and oh, Hannah, I felt then, and have not yet ceased to feel, that thou art the wife of my spirit."

"Andrew Horton—I must not listen to this. Thee wrongs the fair girl who lives only in thy smiles. Why did'st thou return to bring new sorrow to my heart, and to plunge thee deeper in sin?"

"Hannah, I returned not for this, but to implore thee to forget me. Thee cannot have forgotten that intercommunication of spirit with spirit, of which we used to talk. I feel its full power now; for thy image is ever with me, and daily am I taught to feel the constancy of thy attachment."

"Why should'st thou return to tell me this? I think of thee, Andrew, as the husband of another. I pray for thy happiness, thy usefulness, and that thee may be preserved from temptation. Friend Horton, this is unworthy of thee. I forgive thee—but let us part."

"Nay, Hannah, thee must hear all. I come not to speak of aught that might wrong my bride; no, it is for her sake as well as my own, that I implore thee to forget me. When her cheek is pressed to mine, I see only thee, Hannah. When she sleeps upon my bosom, with her fair arms about my neck, it is thy form, and thy

arms that seem to entwine me. I shrink from her caresses as from a deadly sin, for I bestow them as unto thee. Mary is as a sister unto me; but thou, Hannah, art the bride of my spirit."

Hannah turned deadly pale, and covered her face with her hands, while low moanings escaped her heaving bosom.

"Andrew, I foresaw all this, when I warned thee of the peril of loving one like me. I knew the nature of thy sex—delighting in the timid, the trembling and dependent—and that should one like this cross thy path, the love of Hannah would be a shackle. It is as I foresaw—but I will not reproach thee, Andrew; it was thy nature."

"And most bitterly have I suffered. My broken vows have rung a perpetual knell in my ears, and barred up the avenues to enjoyment. The loving, the trusting Mary, hath been the victim of my error. And thee, too, Hannah. The blight hath fallen from me upon two spirits, of whom the world is not worthy. Woe, woe is me!" And he pressed his hand to his brow, for the large veins were swollen and rigid with the intensity of his suffering.

Hannah laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Andrew Horton, thou art called not to ease and enjoyment, but to labor and trial. Gird thyself for the contest, and be strong even in the strength of the Most High. I will strive once more to forget thee. But, oh God! have I not striven? Have I not wrestled day and night, with tears, and many prayers? Andrew, I will pray yet again, that this bitter cup may pass away from us. But, oh! when I pray to forget, even in the agony of my spirit, do I not still remember thee? I will strive yet again. Andrew, return to thy bride; be all to her that thou hast promised at the altar to be, that thy conscience upbraid thee not for wrong done to the gentle and timid, whose spirit is ill able to bear suffering of any kind, far less to have it dealt out without measure, as it hath been to me. Farewell." She pressed his hand gently, and left the room.

For many years had Hannah Newton discharged the duties of her sex with a pale cheek and placid brow, sympathizing in the sorrows of all, but herself seeking sympathy from none; for with a mind lofty and exalted as hers, human sources of consolation were utterly unavailing. She stood alone in the majesty of grief, seeking consolation only from the Great Comforter. But now the smile lingered about her mouth, and the light returned to her eye—yet her step grew feeble, and her brow assumed a more transparent beauty. The image of Andrew Horton again mingled with her dreams, and visited her mental vision. She felt, she knew, that her love was still dear to him, that he turned to her with the fondness of earlier days. She knew this, but it filled her with doubt and anxiety. Had Andrew Horton, the minister of the Most High, dared to forget his vows to his wife, to her whom he had sworn to love and to cherish? Or was the fair bride at rest, gone in her youth and beauty to the bosom of her God?

Again, Andrew Horton, with pale cheek and a loftier beauty stood by the side of Hannah. He told how the sweet, child-like Mary, had fallen asleep, like a young floweret blighted upon the stalk. He dwelt upon her love, her beauty, 'till the tears of Hannah mingled with his own.

"And now, thee wilt be my own wife, Hannah, even as thou hast been the bride of my spirit. I shall acquire new strength with a spirit like thine. Thee will caution, advise, and elevate me. Thy love shall purify and exalt me. Mary was as a beautiful child, slumbering upon my bosom; when doubt and suffering came upon me, she would fling her white arms around me, and mingle her tears and sighs. But thou, Hannah, would'st have dispelled my doubts; thou would'st have led me to the true sources of consolation; and thy prayers would have been as the dew of Hermon to my spirit. Thy caresses would have blessed, while they exalted me. Wilt thou not be my own wife, bride of my spirit?" He drew her to his bosom—her cheek rested upon his. She pressed her lips to his, and her arms encircled his neck. A deep sigh escaped her, and her head fell upon his shoulder.

Andrew Horton raised her from his bosom and gazed upon her face. Hannah Newton was to be only the spirit's bride. She was dead!

## JUDITH BENSADDI:

### A TALE.

Second edition, revised and enlarged by the author.

#### *Preface to the Second Edition.*

Ten years ago the author heard, at bed time, some extraordinary incidents that had befallen a young friend of his. The romantic character of these incidents excited his fancy so, that he could not sleep until a tale was fabricated out of the materials, and the mind had unburdened itself by putting its conceptions on paper. After a hasty revision, this effusion of a restless imagination was sent to the press. It was published in a literary periodical of Philadelphia, and, to the author's mortification, a good deal blurred by a foul typography. It was copied, errors and all, into several country papers; and in spite of defects, whether in authorship or typography, the natural interest of the story caused it to be considerably read and admired.

After some two or three years, the author's name accidentally leaked out, and became generally known among his acquaintances; and it has been from that time, sent abroad occasionally, in connection with this sole specimen of his literary fancy-work. Feeling some regard for his reputation as a writer, even in this unusual line, he has been induced now, after so long a time, to employ some of his leisure hours in preparing a corrected and enlarged edition. He has given more development to the chief incidents and characters, added some of a subordinate kind that are new, and interwoven some descriptions of natural objects with the narrative. Thus he has more than doubled its size, and, he presumes to think, greatly increased the interest of the story. There is still in some parts a want of the careful finish, and strict correction, that are desirable, even in the smallest work of taste and fancy. For remaining defects, of whatever kind, the author can offer no apology, but either the want of genius for such compositions, or what is certainly true, the want of sufficient uninterrupted leisure amidst weighty cares and occupations, to polish a work of literary amusement. He has found an agreeable relaxation from severer labors of the mind, in this exercise of the imagination. Should any of his acquaintances think that the

composition of a tale, however innocent in its tendency or serious in its effect, misbecomes the gravity of his office, he begs to be excused for this once; and to be indulged in treating the only child of his fancy so far like a pet, as to be allowed, after such long neglect, to give it a new dress, and thus to let it go forth with better hopes to seek its fortune in the literary world.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

Sometimes a single incident at the outset of a man's career, may determine the course and color of his after life. He may find himself placed, unexpectedly, in such critical circumstances, that by a decision which cannot be delayed, he has the prospect of making, yet the apprehension of marring, his fortune during life.

An unlooked-for tide in his affairs may seem ready to bear him away to the islands of the happy; but he fears by the way some hidden rocks and quicksands by which all his hopes are in danger of being wrecked and engulfed forever. He stands upon the shore in trembling perplexity, strongly tempted yet afraid to embark. The tide of fortune begins to ebb; warning him that time and tide wait for no man; and that procrastination will be the death of opportunity. He still hesitates, painfully suspended between the attractions of hope and the repulsive suggestions of fear. The tide is gone: the happy opportunity has fled: he discovers, too late, that the danger was imaginary and the offered good inestimable. Then does he bewail his indecision, and reproach himself through life for the neglect of that golden opportunity. A bright and lovely object had, like a heavenly meteor, flashed upon his sight, and kindled his feelings to a glow. As it shone upon his enraptured vision, it invited him over the waters to its region of felicity; but when he delayed to answer the call, it vanished forever from his sight, and left him weeping upon the desolate shore. His only consolation was, that the result, though unfortunate, was not fatal, and still left open to him the humble path of exertion and the ordinary prospects of life, to which he had formerly looked. Reflection teaches him the salutary lesson, that the accidental opportunity was an act of Divine Providence, throwing rare circumstances into conjunction, to show man that his way is not in himself; and that his own conduct in so extraordinary a case, is evidence of weakness and fallibility, which should humble him beneath the mighty hand that aways the destiny of man.

Such a critical tide of fortune once occurred in the affairs of my life. It gave occasion to these reflections; and was of so rare and striking a character, as to make a story somewhat interesting and instructive. I proceed to record it, not only for the entertainment, but the admonition of the young reader; who should learn from it to act promptly as well as prudently, in critical conjunctures, and never to indulge any feeling in regard to human affairs to such excess, as to disqualify himself for the exercise of a cool and dispassionate judgment. This is the lesson which I would now teach him, from the most affecting portion of all my experiences.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### A STUDENT'S JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH.

I was born and educated in Rockbridge, a county that lies in the great valley of Virginia, and derives its name from that famous curiosity, the Natural Bridge. My parents were respectable, but in such moderate circumstances, that they could afford me nothing more than a good education. Our residence was on the North River side, near Lexington,