

lence of temper, which ended in a flood of tears. Exasperated beyond all patience by his pertinacious conduct, Mrs. Carysfort threw down her book, seized the child by the arm, and shaking him severely in her anger, thrust him out of the apartment. As she closed the door and resumed her book, one loud cry broke on her ear. It seemed the climax of Frank's passion, for from that moment no sound disturbed the silence of the apartment.

An hour had probably elapsed ere Mrs. Carysfort closed the book, and prepared to descend to the drawing-room. Twilight had gradually deepened around her, as she sat in the recess of a window, absorbed in the engrossing interest of the tale she had been reading, and as she opened the door, she was almost surprised to find the hall quite dark. She stepped out—her foot struck some object in the passage, and the next instant a shriek, which might have almost awakened the dead, echoed through the house. Servants came hurrying in from all directions—lights were brought, and as Mr. Carysfort reached the spot, he beheld the forms of his wife and son lying senseless on the floor. Medical aid was immediately summoned. Mrs. Carysfort was restored to consciousness, but the boy—pale and beautiful as a stricken flower—was already cold and stiff in death!

The ravings of Mrs. Carysfort's frantic grief revealed all she could tell of the fearful mystery. A *post mortem* examination, on which the bereaved father sternly insisted, resulted in the discovery of a diseased state of the brain, which, sooner or later, would have eventuated in death or imbecility. The immediate cause of death appeared to be concussion of the brain, such as might be produced by some sudden shock, and in this case, probably, *scas* produced by the mother's violence. Had the child been in vigorous health, the chastisement he had received could not possibly have injured him, but in the state to which he had been reduced by a disease, superinduced by injudicious mental culture, the shock had proved instantaneously fatal.

Of Mrs. Carysfort's history during the several succeeding years, but little was ever known in her native land. Immediately after the death of her son, she was immured in a private lunatic asylum, in France, a raving, and, apparently, hopeless maniac. How long she continued in this state is uncertain, but she only obtained her release after her husband had followed to the grave his darling boy. It was whispered that her confinement had continued long after the return of reason entitled her to liberty; and that the influence of her stern husband had been exerted, during the remainder of his life, in ensuring her perpetual imprisonment. Whether this was true, cannot now be determined, but certain it is, that, after the death of Mr. Carysfort, his executors felt themselves compelled to release the unhappy wife. Mrs. Carysfort returned to her native land, and took possession of the large estate which the law allowed her to claim from her husband's relatives, who, as it seemed, preferred resigning the fortune which they held under the provisions of Mr. Carysfort's will, rather than allowing a legal investiga-

tion, which might unfold a dark tale of vindictive tyranny. Whatever might have been her bodily and mental suffering during those terrible years, she never disclosed the secret to any living creature. But remorse and sorrow, and a bitter sense of her own powerless subjection to one whose every passion seemed concentrated into a deadly hatred, had wrought a fearful change in her whole being, for, from that time—

"Never tear her cheek descended,
And seldom smile her brow unbandied;
And o'er that lovely face were wrought,
The intersected lines of thought,
Those furrows which the burning share
Of Sorrow ploughs untimely there."

Cold, calm, and utterly inexcitable, she was like the shipwrecked mariner who stands upon the verge of the ocean which has swallowed up all his venture, and looks without either hope or fear upon its rage. The waves of passion might roll to her very feet, but she trod the pathway dry-shod; nothing could touch her now; one deep and stunning grief had destroyed all capacity for future suffering. Yet who can tell what bitter pangs were hidden beneath that brow? who can measure the depth of that envenomed fountain, whose waters had flung desolation upon every flower of life! who can determine the keenness of the agony which was ever eating like a canker into her heart of hearts!

"The deepest ice that ever froze,
Can only o'er the surface close—
The living stream lies quick below,
And flows, and cannot cease to flow."

(NOTE.—Lest the catastrophe of my tale should seem as improbable as it is unusual, I would only state that it is the only part of the above sketch which is actually true. The mother was a celebrated English actress, who died some years since at an advanced age, and the child's death is said to have occurred in the manner just narrated.)

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

In life's spring time the glad earth seems
With sunlight thick bestroven—
Caressing bird, and leaf, and flower,
But the shadow is unknown.

We see the warm light where it rests,
On stream and mountain steep,
Unmindful of the valley left
In shadows dim between.

And when the moon-shine hushingly,
Glides down on hill and vale
She hides from us the shadow clasped
Unto her bosom pale.

Alas! for the coming change that will
The sunshine chase away,
And leave on hill, and stream, and flower,
Dim shadows, cold, and grey.

Alas! for the eye will turn aside,
Where gladness dwelt of yore,
And mark the shadows chase the light
From us, for ever more.

The forest and the mountain top,
May gleam as bright as ever,
But childhood's eye, and childhood's heart,
Return to us, oh, never.