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TO THE

## TWENTY-EIGHTH VOLUME.

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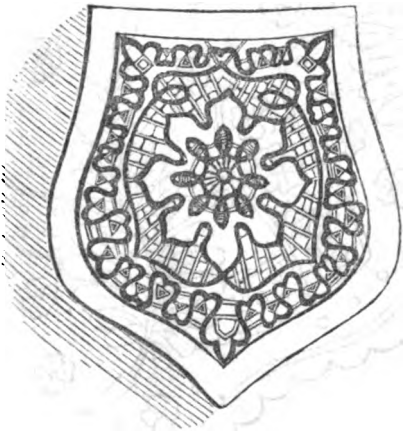
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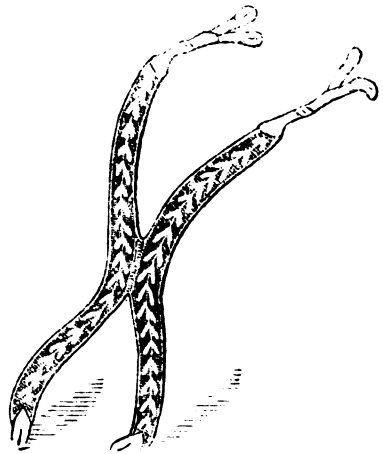
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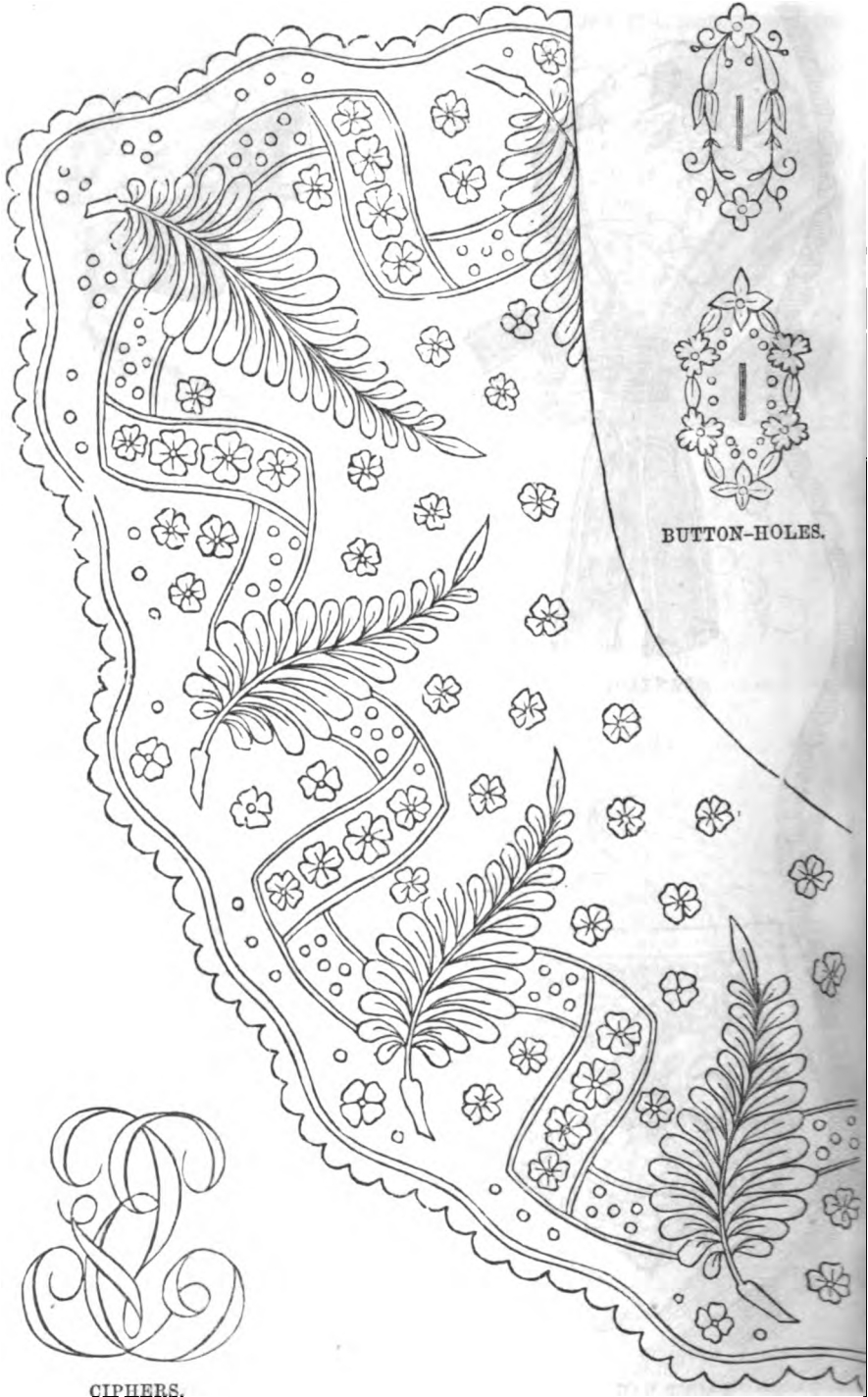
**HEAD-DRESS.**



**LACET BAG.**



**SUSPENDERS.**



BUTTON-HOLES.

CIPHERS.

PATTERN FOR COLLAR.

THE CAVALIER.

- nade To tend'rest words he swept the chords, And many a sigh breath'd he! While

o'er and o'er he fond-ly swore Sweet maid! I love but thee Sweet maid! . . . sweet

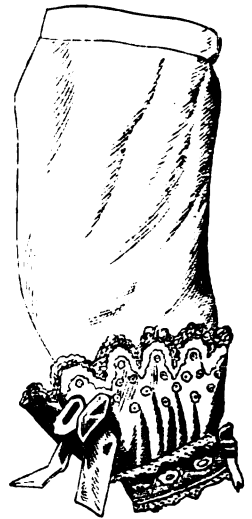
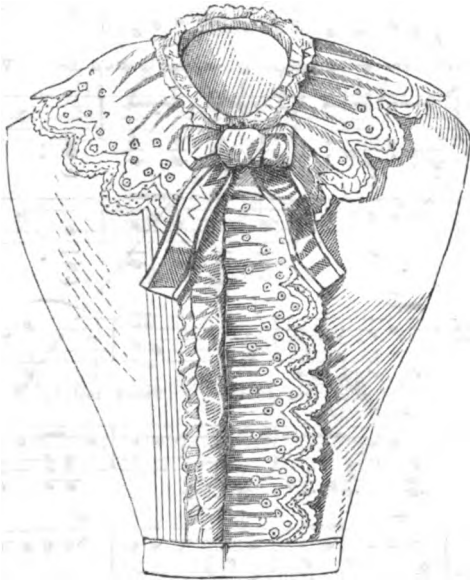
maid! . . . sweet maid! I love but thee Sweet maid! . . . sweet maid! . . . sweet maid I love but

thee.

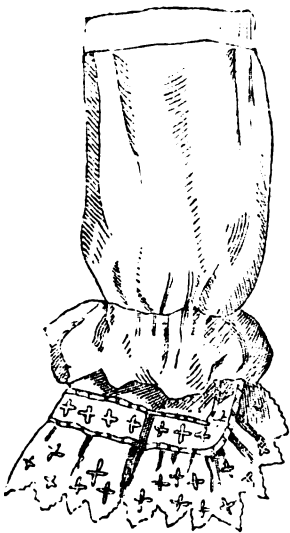
rais'd his eye to a lattice high,  
While he softly breath'd his hopes,  
th' amasement, he sees a wing about with the breeze,  
All ready, a ladder of ropes!  
Up he has gone, the Bird is flown!  
What is this on the ground?" quoth he!  
't is plain that she loves, here's some gentleman's gloves,  
he's off; and it's not with me.  
these gloves, these gloves, they never belong'd to me.  
these gloves, these gloves, they never belong'd to me."

Of course, you'd have thought, he'd have follow'd & fought,  
As that was "a duelling age,"  
But this gay Cavalier he quite scorn'd the idea  
Of putting himself in a rage.  
More wise by far, he put up his guitar;  
And as homeward he went, sung he,  
"When a Lady elopes—down a ladder of ropes—  
She may go to Hong Kong for me.  
She may go, she may go, she may go to Hong Kong for me.  
She may go, she may go, she may go to Hong Kong for me."





CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE.



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVE.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1855.

No. 1.

## A SKETCH "BELOW BLEECKER."

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

"DIED, on the eight instant, of consumption, Francisco Padrilla, aged sixty, a native of Venice." How often does such a notice meet your careless eye as you run over the list of deaths in the evening paper! The fifth act of another life tragedy has just closed in your midst, and surely there is enough on the surface of this brief announcement to form material for imagining the foregoing scenes. It is worded with all possible conciseness—the last clause might perhaps have been omitted, but in that did not the pen follow the home-turnings of the heart that had just ceased to beat? Had not the gliding gondolas of the "silent city" risen before the dying, and the dip of their oars sounded in his ear like echoing music? For sixty years he had buffeted the storms of life, and at least, amid the roar and the rush of the great city whither his steps had strayed, on the eight instant, he died. The fact you read of so coolly is filling some heart with curdling agony.

I used often to watch him go in and out, the poor foreign artist who never seemed to have any orders for the pictures that succeeded each other on his easel. His black velvet coat grew every day more rusty, his step more spiritless. How lonely he looked amid the jostling crowd in Broadway, and what a lingering, melancholy glance would he cast upon it as he reached his own corner, and turned down into the chill shadow of the lofty hotel! Once I saw him pause by a stand of oranges, in whose golden gleam he caught a look of sunny Italy—three cents was too much—he shook his head and passed on. With the exercise of a little Yankee guessing I soon learned much about the family. There was a boy with a Murillo head, and large, deep eyes, who, as winter advanced, went and came with the packages of law-papers which had been his father's burden. And day by day, in rain and shine, a girl of eighteen wrapped her thin shawl about her, and went to her round of

music lessons. I knew her errand by her well-worn port-folio.

But after awhile the daughter's splendid voice attracted the attention of an "artist Lyrique," and she received an offer for an opera engagement. The terms proposed would fail to pay for the wear and tear of voice and strength in a most laborious occupation, but the eye of the employe had glanced around the bare room, and rested upon the pale, pinched cheek of Filippa. With a coarse jest about rouging for the stage, he took his leave, and now the lamps of a rickety hack glare at midnight upon the bed-room ceilings of the neighbors. Filippa still returned at dusk from her music lessons, however, alone and hurriedly, patiently enduring the street impertinences which assail the "shabby-genteel" more than the laboring and even ragged poor.

But one night, while Filippa was singing at the opera, her father died. Did stupefied misery keep dry the eyes of those lovely Italian orphans as they bent above the silent lips, or busied themselves in vain endeavors to throw around the rough coffin something of the grace and tenderness of their own loved land? Poverty's iron cuts deep into the soul at such a time. There were all the repulsive accompaniments of death, there was the unmarked grave in Potter's-field staring them in the face.

But what is all this to thee, fair dweller in Fourteenth street, stretched on thy velvet lounge, planning a costume for Mrs. T——'s next reception? The remains of poor Francisco Padrilla lie in a low, dreary house far "below Bleecker." It is but a few steps from laughing, glittering Broadway, but your little feet never stumbled over its uneven pavement. There the roar of the near tide of gayety and bustle is a weariness and a mockery, and to you, perhaps, this recital seems the same. What is it all to you? Let me tell you. You were at the opera last night. From your luxurious box you saw and listened

to the impersonation of genius, and lent a laughing ear to presumptuous comments on the "fine points" of the fair girl before you. Did you follow her home in imagination? That voice that thrilled through your being, might it not have caught its pathos from some scene of suffering you may never hear of? that look, the wildness of whose grief was "finely done," you said, was it all acting? It was poor Filippa Padrilla who enchanted you last night. What sight is flashing before the eye she raises to light and splendor and wreathing smiles? the white, cold forehead of her unburied father. What sound is ringing in her ear, low, but having power to drown the orchestra accompaniment? the wail of her little brother, watching alone by the corpse. For the sake of his bread as well as her own, she dare not be absent on a benefit night. And yet the words of mimic grief almost choke her who has its quivering, bleeding reality in her heart. Oh! lift the veil, and the rose-

wreath on her brow will show forth a crown of thorns, and the trinkets, and gauze, and tinsel the mockery and misery they are. And all this so near, so near to you, fair lady; you can even hear her breath that gaspingly comes from the depth of her heroic conflict. A few steps, and she, a maiden like yourself, might stand by your side. But no thought of the possible truth disturbs, for a moment, your care of your lorgnette and ermined mantle, or changes your cold, criticizing gaze. She smiles—she sparkles—you look no farther.

Ah, lady! were the girl to come and tell you her story, I know your eyes would fill. Were you to lead you to that death chamber with its lone child-mourner, though you might shudder and shrink, I know you would pity, but the veil not lifted—the barrier is not broken down between Fifth Avenue and the purlieus of Clay street, and so on goes the current of our selfishness. You never think.

## SONG.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

PEARLS nestled in her golden hair  
So beautiful and bright,  
And diamonds with a thousand hues  
Shot forth a dazzling light;  
But on her cheek no roses bloomed,  
And pale was lip and brow;  
Yet in her loveliness she stands  
Before me even now.

Sweet music sent a thrill of joy  
Through many a gentle heart,  
But not a moment's happiness  
To her did it impart;

For sorrow was indeed enthroned  
Within her youthful breast,  
Her spirit sought no pleasure there,  
Her heart—it found no rest.

The flowers which graced her diadem  
Were not more fair than she,  
The rose-bud and the lily pure—  
Flowers from the almond tree;  
But sorrow will not flee away  
For music, flower, or gem;  
The hearts that cherish hidden griefs,  
God cheer and strengthen them!

## HUMILITY.

BY W. FLEMING.

THE skylark blithely plumes her wings,  
And up, up, up, with joyous bound  
Ascendeth, and "at Heaven's gate sings;"  
But builds her nest upon the ground.

So, on the wings of faith and love,  
Up, up, humility ascends

To the eternal throne above,  
While at her Maker's feet she bends.

Then, mark—by God's own finger traced—  
Her high and glorious destiny;  
"Pride"—said the word—"shall be abased."  
But I'LL EXALT HUMILITY!"

## THE AWKWARD MISTAKE.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

CORA B— was something of a flirt—there is denying it, though I do not like to admit anything to her disadvantage, for she was a great wife of mine.

He was a pretty, little brown thing, with skin that the rich blood mantled freely through, though it came from a warm, generous heart. Ripe lips, often parted to reveal two rows of nearly teeth, as the merry laughter burst fittingly out—figure rather petite, but full and useful—a foot and hand of fairy-like symmetry, hair dark, and glossy as satin—such were some of her outward attractions. Add a pretty, coquettish manner, and a temper unspoilably kind, and you will have some idea of Cora B—.

She was only eighteen, but her lovers were very so numerous, that, had she cared to count of them, she must have had a notched log like Robinson Crusoe, for surely her giddy head could never have remembered them without that, or some similar aid.

Everybody petted, admired and flattered her; to make love to one so loveable, seemed as natural as to inhale the fragrance of a

flower the newest, and consequently the most desired of her admirers, was Horace Henderson, a young man, who had recently come to Springfield, a native place.

His looks being the novelty of the season, he was decidedly clever and agreeable fellow—well educated and talented; therefore Cora, without any effort to make a serious conquest, would have been satisfied at her lack of skill, if she had not been so much interested in adding so distinguished an attachment to her list.

Her exertions were an effort greater than usual to do her duty, and even when she had so far succeeded in finding him her obedient servant to her commands, she saw, or fancied she saw, that his attentions were less the result of love than of admiration.

She was quite content, however, and the intimacies between them daily increased. Cora flirted with him so much. Horace carried her bouquets more than she did herself—she hardly ever went to any one else to fan her after dancing, and he asked her to ride with him, she accepted of it all of high favor.

A beautiful, cool, summer afternoon was selected for the first ride; and Cora, mounted on a gentle but spirited animal, exhilarated by the exercise, and excited by the lively nonsense her companion was talking to her, had never been in better spirits, or looked more lovely.

Their way led them along by the romantic banks of the Connecticut, in the direction of Ames' famous establishment—then, and I suppose now, a favorite ride with the people of Springfield, on account of the excellence of the road, and the beauty of the scenery.

The country was looking most enchantingly. The river gleamed blue and sparkling on their right, and on the left, a very full and complete orchestra of road-side choristers chanted bewitchingly behind their vernal screen. Cora's heart, as well as her ears, was filled with music, and her bright cheeks glowed, and her black eyes sparkled with pleasure.

The sun was still high when they turned homeward, and after a lively canter, they slackened their pace, to enjoy the quiet loveliness of nature. Coming to an alluring little side-road, which led into a wood, they were tempted by curiosity, and the earliness of the hour, to leave the main road to explore it.

It was an enchanting little fairy causeway, carpeted with turf, and canopied with green; Cora was wild with delight. Horace seemed either less pleased, or more occupied with other thoughts, for he was unusually silent. Cora, observing his absent mood, laughingly inquired the reason.

Horace rallied himself, and replied with gayety, a little forced,

"Ah, Miss Cora, has not a man in love the sanction of Shakspeare, and all the poets, to be merry or sad—absent or whimsical, at his own capricious will? I claim immunity under the laws enacted by the poets in favor of distressed lovers—for do you know, Miss Cora, you see before you a man very much in love?"

"It is coming!" said Cora to herself. "Well I'm sorry—perhaps I can laugh it off," and she answered aloud, "Indeed! let me take a good look then, for I should like to see the symptoms of a state, come to be regarded now-a-days as problematical."

"Pray be serious, dear Cora, for my sake," replied Horace, in an earnest voice. "I cannot jest on this subject—it is one too deeply involving my happiness. We have not known each other long, Cora, but I am not one of those who believe that the growth of friendship must always be counted by days and weeks. I think I know you well, as if I had been acquainted with you all my life—and I am sure you will not think I claim too much in asking you to listen to me. The love I feel is so deep and earnest that it demands and must have expression. May I speak freely, Cora?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Cora, in a tone of distress—for though something of a flirt, as I have admitted, she was incapable of a coquettish pleasure in witnessing her victim's pain, or keeping him in suspense. "Do not tell me any more—I am very, very sorry if I have done wrong, but I do not, and cannot return your affection."

Mr. Henderson looked up in astonishment; he appeared for a moment not to understand her, and then for a few minutes to feel some embarrassment, but he said at last, with a half-smile,

"You have made a very natural mistake, Miss Cora, and one it would, perhaps, be more politic, or at least, polite, to leave uncorrected—but my policy is always a straightforward one, and I will confess it was not to yourself I had allusion just now, but to Miss C——, of Boston. The kind friendship you have shown me, induced me to hope you would allow me the luxury of talking to you of what constantly occupies my thoughts. I trust you will permit me to do so still, will you not?"

Cora's face was scarlet—she had made the awkwardest of feminine mistakes. She dropped her horse's reins, and hid her face in her hands, overwhelmed with confusion, and unable to utter a word.

Horace caught the bridle, and led her horse for her, while he strove by saying the kindest things in the world—by treating the whole thing as a trifling jest, and by skillfully presenting to Cora the only consoling feature in the case—that her reply had been a refusal—to banish her annoyance and mortification.

After a time she was induced to join rather shyly in his laugh, and then followed his promised confession. It consisted simply of a lover's raptures over a fair divinity, whom, notwithstanding his secret adoration, his poverty forbade him to address.

Cora proved a very sympathizing and interested listener; and though she had no advice to offer, Mr. Henderson was charmed with the

absorbed attention she gave his story, and they parted better friends than ever, notwithstanding the blunder she had made.

A few days after this conversation, an opening presented itself to young Henderson, in another city, and he left Springfield to avail himself of it. He was absent for about two years, and having succeeded beyond his utmost hopes in his business, he treated himself, one summer, to the pleasure of returning to Springfield to spend his vacation.

As a matter of course, he renewed his acquaintance with Cora. He found her still unmarried, and unengaged; but quite as pretty, and he thought, far more fascinating than ever before.

The fact is, that having been entirely cured of the youthful fancy he had entertained for Miss C——, by the unexpected marriage of that lady before his circumstances had so far improved as to justify him in declaring his attachment, he met Cora with a heart free, instead of fettered, and he could not but see how very attractive, and loveably sweet she was.

His attentions were renewed, but in a very different spirit from that in which they had been tendered of old.

Cora, however, quite unaware of this change of circumstances and feelings, received them quite on the former friendly footing. Indeed she was far more friendly and secure, than then, for she fancied she knew exactly the state of Horace's affections, and her intimacy with him could not therefore possibly lead to misunderstandings either on his part or her's.

She felt thus quite free and easy to ride, walk, or talk with him without scruple. Sometimes, it is true, she had a feeling that there was something in his manner she did not quite understand—a something more of reserve, and at the same time warmth, than formerly, which puzzled her, but she decided she must be mistaken, and tried to banish such fancies.

One day it chanced that they rode out in the very same direction they had taken on the occasion of their first ride. Coming to the shady lane, they turned aside, as before, to explore its cool recesses, and see if two years had brought any changes to so retired a spot.

As they slowly pursued their way, Horace said smilingly,

"Do you remember, Cora——"

"My awkward mistake?" interrupted she, with a quick blush. "I was just thinking of it; but don't talk about it."

"I was thinking," said Horace, quietly, "that it was *my* mistake, not yours."

"How so?"

"Because I have since found that the confession of love I then made was but a mistake and a falsity—in short, my profession should have been to you, Cora, and I cannot imagine where my wits were not to know it. Dearest Cora, let me correct my error by telling you how dearly—better than I can tell, or you can imagine, I love you."

He looked at her, perhaps for encouragement, but not meeting the responsive glance he doubtless expected, he added in alarm,

"Surely, surely, Cora, you will not repeat the same cruel answer?"

"I can hardly tell," said Cora, hesitatingly. "You take me by surprise—you must give me time to consider. But," she added, with a blush and a shy smile, "I will make a confession. I was thinking just now, that if I had felt toward you *then*, as I do *now*, I might, possibly, have made my blunder still more awkward, by saying yes, instead of no."

FLORA AND POMONA.

BY MARY MORTIMER.

"Come hither, my sister, and rove with me,  
Spring's earliest flowers I'll gather for thee,  
Roses to twine in a garland fair,  
A crown of laurel to deck thy hair;  
Dear sister! I pray thee rove with me,  
These are my offerings, pure and free."

"Nay! Flora, I must to the vineyard hie,  
To watch choice fruits of the richest dye;  
To the sunny South with its balmy air,  
My darling sister, my mission is there;  
My offerings and gifts are more rare than thine,  
I gather the fig and sweet grapes from the vine."

"Oh! leave me not, sister, I rove in glee!  
Each blossom I tend is a gem to me!  
The bride in her beauty I deck with flowers,  
And the statesman too, in his studious hours,  
As he pores the dusty parchment o'er,  
Inhales their fragrance and sighs for more!"

"Oh! the fruits of Autumn in plenty are mine,  
I worship not at a flowery shrine!  
As fleeting and frail as Beauty's dower,  
So bud and bloom and fade in an hour.  
Such offerings, my sister, can never be mine,  
But fruit from the orchard and sheltered vine!"

"Farewell! then away to the citron groves,  
Where thou and the fawns so pleasantly rove,  
I'll dwell in pride in my shady bower,  
Where the dew-drop sparkles on leaf and flower;  
And the rose from the depths of the silent wood  
Breathes a passive language pure and good."

"Stay, Flora! awhile with thy flowery band!  
Which Nature yields with a liberal hand,  
They bloom but a moment, then quickly pass  
Like shadows before a vacant glass;  
I seek a wreath of immortal fame;  
The flower of knowledge for thee I claim."

THIS WORLD.

BY LIBBIE D——.

Don't call this world a dreary place,  
Whatever you call the people:  
And e'en of them some good are found  
In sight of every steeple.  
It's really not so bad a world  
As some would like to make it—  
Though much, as one has truly said,  
Depends on how we take it!

We here have gleams of happiness,  
Though it is hardly bliss;  
And, till we reach a better world,  
We'll be content with this.

We'll make the best of what is bad,  
Enjoy the really good;  
Not onward press to meet our woe,  
Nor o'er past sorrows brood.

A lovely, pleasant world is this,  
In fair sunshiny weather—  
And, but for sin's corrupting power,  
A good world altogether:  
Still, beat here loving human hearts,  
And sympathy is ours;  
Why grope then, hidden thorns to find,  
And thrust aside life's flowers?

## COUSIN REESY.

BY F. H. STAUFFER

A BEAUTIFUL place was the Bellevue Farm—with its waving fields, its low meadow lands, its secluded copses, and its antiquated spring-house—the tiles dilapidated, one every now and then having started off from the common brotherhood to go through the world on its own individual responsibility. The farm-house was an old-fashioned, two story stone building, with a porch roof on all sides but one. Against the latter was built a small modern brick kitchen, that looked in the contrast like a martin's nest against a factory chimney. The barn was of the old Swiss style, with a small over-shot, and a thatched roof. There was a large yard in front, in which the cows clustered to talk scandal, probably, or go to sleep under the shadows of the great stacks that flanked the sides. Here there was a little stream that wound as lazily along as a truant school boy, even thinking it irksome to turn the little water-wheel that Jonas, the hired boy, had put up for the amusement of Reesy and I. A trip-hammer, which kept up an incessant clatter, was attached to the wheel. Several cogs were broken off of the smaller one that made it move—and the strokes were, therefore, irregular—sometimes one at a time—then three or four in succession. Often at night, when Reesy and I lay awake telling each other "hatch-up" stories, the little trip-hammer went rap—rap—tap—tap—tap—tap, just for all the world as if it felt itself bound to laugh at anything we said, whether it was witty or not. And the orchard! I had almost forgotten that! with its pippins and red-streaked apples, and juicy pears and delicious peaches! The trees were old and gnarled; a few staid and prim, like prudish aunt Tabitha; others leaning this way and that way, in easy indifference, reminding one of a jolly set of fellows, half seas over, coming home from a fair, surmising how they could best escape a curtain-lecture from their respective Xantippes. The hogs strutted about the premises in all the pride of their peculiar privileges, investing every place that could be invested, and looking imper- tinently through cracks in the fence at spots prohibited them. And then, like many biped animals, more intelligent and greater adepts at dissimulation, they would pretend they were not disappointed by grunting in the most provoking

indifference. Some with their voices pitched C alt, others at a most excruciatingly horrible bass—their whole *Piginanni* concert putting on in mind of Faus' automaton band when the stopples become disarranged. Then there were ducks in the superlative of their quack and waddle-dom, and superannuated turkeys and geese which if they didn't save Rome, might, for aught I know, have done so had they been there. And chickens—not great, lubberly, overgrown shag-hair—looking like balls of carpet chain round on stilts—with craws illustrative of a talus cup, impossible to be filled; not such as "institutions" as Burham has written about—decent, respectable, order-loving Jersey Blue that cackled with pride when they had laid a quota of eggs.

Cousin Reesy—the feature about the feature when I first knew her was a clumsy, awkward looking nondescript of about twelve summers. Her hair was coarse and flaxen—her face burnt—her lips thick as an Ethiopian's—her arms like the arms of a wind-mill deprived of their sails—and her voice and laugh any- thing but musical. Her eyes were large and gray, only pretty when they sparkled with mischief, but then her fertile imagination was content with brooding some mischief or other, so they have been always pretty. What times we had! What advice was given grandma by aunt Tabitha, and gratuitously repeated to Reesy! What homilies, instructive as the Hippocrates, were received one moment and forgotten the next! Poor, prim, demure grandma! She might as well have attempted to teach a gooseberry-bush manners, or gauge the capacity of a statesman on the same principle that she would a barrel of old October wine. It was no matter how grandma's brow darkened, Reesy would steal to her side, and looking up into her face with her great eyes, would now exorcise the thickening frowns, and make the old dame say, as she composedly wiped her spectacles, that Reesy, after all was done, was a very good girl! We would hide and seek on the hay-mow—float our miniature barks upon the brooklet—long our sides ached at the old house dog would round after his tail, which at best was

miserable apology—or tired of watching the yellow grain as it fell before the flashing sickle, and surfeited with the plums that we had thumbed from the pies intended for the reapers, sank into sweet siestas beneath the over-branching trees. Ah! those sweet harvest times! How, as I sit by the window, my dark locks flecked with silver, come to mind the lines of T. B. Read!

“I sigh for the time  
When the reapers at morn,  
Came down from the hill  
At the sound of the horn;  
Or when dragging the rake  
I follow’d them out,  
While they toss’d the light sheaves  
With their laughter about.  
Through the field, with boy-daring,  
Bare-footed I ran;  
But the stubbles foreshadow’d  
The path of the man;  
Now the uplands of life  
Lie all barren of sheaves—  
While my footsteps are loud  
In the withering leaves!”

One pretty morning in June, during a vacation of the academy which I attended, the old lumbering stage from P— set me down at the Bellevue Farm. I was arrayed in an envious standing collar and dickey, a cloth coat, yes, reader, veritable cloth, and a pair of steel-mixed—oh-we-won’t-say-anything-about-ems—that in their excruciating tightness gave me a mincing gait, which I imagined was the superlative of gracefulness. Reesy was soon found. She had grown somewhat taller and somewhat prettier. But she was Reesy still—wild, romping, unsophisticated Reesy! A ride on horseback was proposed for the evening, and at the appointed time Reesy had two horses waiting at the gate. She clambered into the saddle after her own rural style, while I stood observing a complexity about mine that I could not understand.

After awhile I discovered that she had put on the saddle wrong end foremost.

“Why, Reesy,” said I, “what does this mean?”

“What is the matter, Fred?” she asked, naively.

“Matter? you little minx! Do you not see that you have the saddle wrong end foremost?”

“Oh! is that all?” with the most provoking coolness, and the most unconscious expression conceivable—“*how did I know in which direction we were going to ride?*”

I laughed at the mad-cap, and away we went, Reesy swaying in the saddle with the most elastic abandon, and her flaxen hair flying out in the wind; and I bobbing up and down in my city awkwardness and in my huge shirt-collar

like a Chinese mandarin. Rallying me for my stiffness and snail-like progression, she dashed off at full gallop, leaving me to tread at leisure the long, winding lane, with its branching trees and the patches of sunlight lying so sweetly among the relievings of shadow. After I caught up to her, we rode on together, far beyond the old mill, with its shattered water-wheel, dismounted flood-gate and high peaked roof. On the way I lectured Reesy on her rompish manners and boisterous air—and then repeated Homer and Virgil to her until my heart swelled with pride in the same ratio that her eyes dilated with astonishment. I imagined myself a Sydney Smith—and told her that Iliad would never have come down to us if Agamemnon had tweaked the nose of Achilles, and that the Æneid would have met a similar fate if any Tyrian autocrat had kicked Æneas in the fourth book! When she asked me if I knew Æneas and Achilles, and whether they lived in the city, I made fun of her and taunted her for her ignorance. But the little vixen had her revenge! Sometimes she would reply,

“Oh, Fred! you do wrong to mock me! I cannot help it that I am ignorant!” and the trembling lips and the low, mournful, reproving tone would make my very heart flutter.

At others she would turn up her large eyes with a deep look of regret and inferiority, and in a voice both despondent and envious, say,

“Oh, Fred! If I only knew as much as you do!”

At such times I would stroke my chin, where I expected a beard in time, by dint of cultivation—put on a ridiculous air of pomposity, straighten out my dickey and give my pantaloons a desperate hitch.

After an absence of three years, I met Reesy again. I was almost thunderstruck. I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses—so beautiful, so peerless, so superb was she in the crowning of her womanhood. Her eyes had become invested with a beauty unknown to them before. They were not cold, calculating, avaricious, grey eyes—but soft, bewitching eyes, “like brown birds flying straightway to the light”—eyes in their beauty set apart for softness and for sighs—such eyes as Moore says may have looked from heaven but were never raised to them before! Her hair had turned to a darker hue, and curtained as fair, as high, and as intellectual a brow as ever I beheld. Her bust had expanded to fulness—her arms were round and beautiful—and all was fascination and gracefulness where all had been awkwardness and ungainliness before.



"I have gazed on many a brighter face,  
But on ne'er a one for years,  
Where beauty left so soft a trace,  
As it had left on her's."

Her cheeks tinged with the carmine of the sunset, were plump, and exquisitely relieved the fine and expressive mouth that once had seemed to me so large. Her features were softened by the refinement of a spirit that felt highly and thought much. Her intellectual powers had been favored with as rapid and captivating a development as her physical. During the interval of my absence she had been to school—and having imbibed a desire for knowledge, and partly because she wished to repay her "tantalizing cousin Fred," she went into the improvement of her intellect with her whole soul. So she stood before me peerless in her beauty—mighty in her educational powers—fascinating in her manners, yet a young, loving, impassionate, impulsive creature still. Her voice seemed daily to grow more rich, more soft and penetrating than any sounds my ear had ever before received. It was so clear, so gentle—the intonations breaking out into rich melody as they were formed—trembling with susceptibility and delicate passion. I learnt to love her ere long, fondly, devotedly, with all the warmth, the ardor and the power of my soul. My looks, my words, my actions, aside from the hundred other betrayals that the keen eye of love alone can detect, revealed the fact to her. But to all my remonstrances, and my pleadings for her to become my wife, she would respond with novel gayety, call up unpleasant reminiscences, and repeat the compliments of days ago about "pug noses," and "carrot hair," and "uncouth physiognomy." She loved me

with all the fervency her fluttering heart was capable of, but was schooling it until she thought I had been sufficiently punished. For six months I was her companion at the Bellevue Farm—and eventually was forced to confess that Reesy did not love me, and that life would then be forever an aching void. At last I concluded that a trip to Europe would be beneficial to my health! With my countenance the very image of hopelessness and despair, and a low, tremulous voice, I took her hand to say farewell—*forever!*

She looked up into my face—and it was all up with cousin Reesy then! Sweet, impulsive girl! The tell-tale blood mounted to her cheeks, suffusing her very temples—her eyes beamed with a love and tenderness that a lifetime could not exhaust—her heart beat wildly, and her soft, white arms fell around me like the wings of an angel, while her sweet lips softly murmured,

"Oh, Fred! I do love you so! Better than anybody in the wide, wide world! You sha'n't go, Fred!"

And, reader, *Fred didn't go!* In about two weeks afterward—

At this juncture I was called out of the room. When I returned I found that Reesy had been reading over this little episode in my life, and had finished it after her own way by adding the following verses:

"I saw her and I lov'd her,  
I sought her and I won;  
A dozen pleasant Summers  
And more since then have run;  
And half as many voices,  
Now prattling by my side,  
Remind me of the Autumn  
When she became my bride."

## G O N E.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

I MET her in the Spring-time,  
When earth was bright and green,  
And flowers sprung in beauty  
To grace their floral queen;  
She wore a smile so holy  
I deemed her from on high—  
For love was in her countenance,  
And Heaven in her eye!

I gazed upon her beauty,  
Too sweet, alas! for earth;  
And marked the hour holy  
That gave to life new birth!

Oh, she was pure and lovely,  
As angels ever be!  
An Eden flower blooming,  
From earthly canker free.

I met her in the Spring-time,  
When flowers sweetly rise,  
And little warblers fill the air  
With floating harmonies;  
Alas! the vision faded  
Ere hope was fairly born;  
With kindred spirits dwelling—  
My angel love is gone.

## WALTER BENSON'S SCHOOL.

BY A. L. OTIS.

"If it were only a boy's school, Ned! I should feel some pleasure in knocking the little rascals about, and getting as much Latin into them as mischief out. I should feel like a carpenter with his own tools in his hands. But with girls, I shall resemble said carpenter, with a dentist's delicate implements. What can I do when I am in a rage at some feminine piece of stupidity? I can't ferule, nor storm, nor threaten—I can't even swear to relieve my feelings!"

"You are in an awful fix, Walter. Can't you get off? Try something else. Anything is better than being surrounded by a set of malignant girls."

"Malignant, eh!"

"Yes, malignant. I maintain it. They will naturally hate you, because you are their school-master, and it will be the delight of their feminine hearts to torment you—as cats do mice."

"I don't apprehend anything of that kind."

"You are sanguine. But can't you get off?"

"No. I answered my uncle's letter, promising to take charge of his school for him, before I knew it was a girl's school, and he has made preparations for a trip to Cuba for his health. So I can't back out. It will put at least one hundred dollars in my pocket, and that consoles me for the anticipated misery."

"Well, let me light my cigar, and good-bye, old fellow. I pity you. Teaching little girls—pah!"

He sauntered away, and left Walter Benson reassuring himself by thinking he should at least have easy work, and a quiet time during his college vacation, with a replenished purse at the end of it. He arrived at his destination, an ambitious village in New York, which boasted its academy; and this academy was to be his charge, with its one hundred maiden pupils, and two lady under-teachers.

School had commenced, and as Walter, accompanied by his uncle, entered, and passed to the principal's desk which faced the pupils, the buzz and stir dropped into deepest silence. Walter glanced over the room, and saw the many-hued assemblage wear but one expression—every eye was fixed on him with eager curiosity, which his gravity, however, supported. Presently his uncle, laying his hand upon his shoulder, and

giving a sonorous—hem—which seemed to render the curiosity breathless, said,

"Young ladies—this, till my return, is your teacher. I trust you will so conduct yourselves, as to give him the same affectionate and respectful regard for you which you have won from me. Some of you have been in my school from your earliest childhood, and I love you as my children; some are new scholars, and have just begun to obtain my good opinion, but in all I feel pride—too much pride and confidence to suppose that everything will not be done during my absence as well as now. I beg of you as a favor to your old teacher, to do credit to my instructions, and let the world see what honor and principle reign here. I shall teach you to-day for the last time for some weeks. But I cannot now say farewell. After school, such as care for me, may come to my desk and shake hands."

Walter was quite touched by the good old man's emotion, and its effect was enhanced, more perhaps than he knew of, by a few low sobs among the scholars.

He sat quietly by his uncle, observing the manner of recitations, &c., and gradually beginning to notice individuals. The first class, he was pleased to see, was composed of girls generally over fifteen years of age, several of them very pretty. They were, moreover, so far advanced in algebra, geometry, Latin, &c., that he hoped to find pleasure in conducting their studies. This class was to be his peculiar charge. To the under-teachers fell the drudgery of beginners.

After school was dismissed, each pupil passed before the desk, and received a few words of farewell from their beloved teacher, till all were gone but the first class, who then clustered around him, and with less restraint talked about the journey to Cuba, gave good wishes and hopes of a return in good health. Mr. Benson admonished some, encouraged others, and then said to all, turning to Walter, who sat gravely silent,

"Now, young ladies, respect my young representative, and do your best. Arrange yourselves in class order. Walter this is Sarah Brown, always head of her class. The next is Miss White."

He went thus through the class introducing

each separately, but Walter was not yet old enough to gaze coolly, and with discrimination at each blushing girl as her name was mentioned. On the contrary, he was so embarrassed that though his natural dignity and gravity served him well, he did not know a single young lady's name when it was all over.

The pupils then shook hands with their old teacher, bowed to the new, and departed.

But two had made any impression. The first attracted his gaze by the brilliancy and transparency of her complexion, which fairly flickered with changes. Her bright golden curls, and merry blue eyes, her white, small teeth, never hid by her laughing, rosy lips, and her tall, lithe figure, in incessant, though gentle motion, made a striking picture. His uncle called her by her first name, Caroline.

The other young lady would have remained entirely unnoticed, had it not been that Mr. Benson did not release her timidly given hand; he only transferred it to his left, and so detained her till the others had gone. Then caressingly smoothing her soft, brown hair, he dismissed her also with an affectionate

"Good-bye, Louisa, my dear. I will write to you."

Walter had time to note her well. She was by no means handsome, but her delicate, lady-like features, large, dark eyes, and soft, though not bright complexion, above all her sweet expression and deepening blush, which seemed as if it would never reach its culmination, made her very, very lovely.

"Is she your favorite?" asked Walter.

"She is one of my oldest scholars. Caroline being the only one who came before she did—and she is a good girl. I detained her that you might observe her closely, else you would have been long without discovering her fine qualities. She is so silent, modest, and gentle that others push her aside. Her diffidence makes her answers hesitating, and you might not have had sufficient patience to give her time to rally. Encourage her, Walter, and be gentle in re-proof."

"She looks as if she would never need re-proof."

"She is a school-girl, and you will soon find out what that means. Keep a steady countenance, Walter, no matter what pranks are played. Above all, you must obtain respect and good-will, or you might as well be delivered over to witches. You can do absolutely nothing with girls unless you have the good opinion of the school. Unruly exceptions are thus quelled, or held in check by the general voice. Ask my daughter to tell you

how that poor Mr. C—— was served last winter, when he took my school for a few weeks. At the end of two he had to be placed in a lunatic asylum."

"Unlucky dog! I begin to think, uncle, I had better not attempt this. You know I am the hottest tempered fellow alive."

"I think you will do. Here, Ellen," he said, as his daughter joined them, "tell Walter about Mr. C——."

"Oh," she said, "if you set me talking of my school days I shall never be ready to stop. How I miss the fun!"

"But Mr. C——," said Walter,

"Well, Mr. C—— was a tall, middle-aged, very ugly person, besides not being very cleanly. His hands and long nails were really displeasing. He had a quick, nervous way of speaking too, that we did not like. It was too much like impatience and want of self-command, a fault which always excites as much contempt in us girls as dignity does admiration. His nervousness also made him jerk about in a very ungainly fashion. To crown all, he took snuff, and wore his hair parted in the middle."

"Ah, that accounts. No wonder with such a piece of absurdity."

"Yes, but don't be too complacent till you are sure you have no little peculiarity of your own. If you have the smallest, the girls will discover and ridicule it."

"Well, what did the elves do to him?"

"The first day we shyly observed. After school our queen of mischief, Carrie, who was our dictator, went whispering round, making fun of his oddness. But the second day passed tolerably, though Carrie's merry pertness brought her a sharp, injudiciously administered rebuke. There began his troubles, because we all resented it."

"Serves him right!"

"Ha, Walter, you are under the spell of beauty too, eh?" said his uncle. "Well, so is the whole school. That girl holds her power by a good use of her pretty face and manners. Yes, it was amusing to see how every girl considered the affront personal, and burned with indignation at the man who could rebuke such charms. It was an insult to them all, or to their dearest prerogative. Go on, Ellen."

"At the next recitation, when Miss Caroline should have answered, she only giggled. She pretended to be amused at the grave, ominous stare of the teacher, and held her book before her face, and gave a little, low, merry laugh, that began to spread through the class—for we girls laugh easily from sympathy, and often

indeed at nothing. Mr. C— glanced round, and commanded silence, and you could have heard a pin drop—but it was broken again by a mischievous little ebullition of mirth from Caroline. It was irresistible. The whole school went off again, and every time Mr. C— thundered 'silence!' there was precisely the same result. So he dismissed the class, and kept us in till dark. We declared him too spiteful for anything.

"The next morning when we came to school, every girl had her hair parted to one side, to show that we wouldn't be like him for anything, even in the slightest way. As Mr. C—'s eye glanced over us all at our desks he changed color, and gave his long hair a nervous push behind his ears.

"The next torment we invented was in ridicule of his dirty paws. We each brought a little towel and a wet sponge, and when he had corrected our sums began to scrub away at our slate-frames and pencils which he had touched. We each had a sum to do on the black-board. Carrie went up first, and he handed her the chalk. We all smothered our laugh as she took it with roguish superciliousness, and when she had done her sum and put down the chalk—held her hand off carefully, and demurely asked permission to wash it. He said nothing, but gave us such hard sums, and kept us in so long to do them, that we hated him more than ever. He got so pettish too, and scolded so severely and interminably that we were worn out for that day.

"But the next morning before school, Caroline busily circulated little hook and eye boxes, on which was written 'open in rhetoric class.' We took a peep beforehand, but when class was assembled, we each slyly opened our box and took a pinch of snuff as Mr. C— gave the first question. Instead of answering, Sarah Brown kept her eyebrows raised, her eyes half open, threw back her head, and brought it forward suddenly with a loud sneeze. It went round the class and began again—some loud, some smothered, some repeated naturally, some feigned dozens of times. The whole astonished school stared at our class, and we could not help laughing and sneezing, and sneezing and laughing, while Mr. C— was white and choking with rage."

Walter raised his hands and eyebrows. "What imps!—what shall save me?"

"The next moment we were terrified into utter breathlessness, for Mr. C— really looked frightfully angry, as he rose and cried in an overwhelming voice, 'Silence! Stop that.'

"It was our turn to grow pale. I never shall

forget how scared I was when I had to give a little sneeze! But just think of that indomitable Caroline! She had started and trembled too when he spoke, but when after an awful silence of a minute, he said, peremptorily,

"'What is the meaning of all this?' She answered meek as a mouse,

"'We have all begun to take snuff, sir. It is the fashion in school now, and not being used to it—atcheu!'

"Mr. C— was at a loss for a minute, but he recovered and said,

"'I shall allow no snuff-taking till I have written to ask each young lady's parents whether they approve of it. Put away your snuff-boxes, young ladies.'

"We were blank with dismay. But when we found out it was only a threat we were as bad as ever. But I can't tell you any more. Our tricks must be kept in reserve for you. Oh, I wish I were at school yet!"

"I am glad there is one mad-cap the less. Heaven preserve me from that Caroline!"

"Caroline! She is the pet and delight of all the teachers. They always favor her. Why, even Mr. C— liked her so much that when he dismissed school for the last time, he requested her to stay a moment, and then begged her pardon for his harshness to her, and humbly tried to kiss her hand. We were peeping in from the dressing-room, and she knew it, so she gave the motion of a little box on the ear as she snatched away her hand, and then ran laughing out to us."

"The cruel puss. Has she no remorse?"

"Don't expect mercy from her if she gets you into her power, but take the command yourself, Walter, and if you do it well she will submit and like you."

"Thank you, Ellen. Upon my word I have undertaken a rash thing!"

"No, no, Walter, you are young and handsome. Your dark eyes and white teeth will do much for you."

"I am glad I shall have some help beside my own authority."

The next morning saw Walter installed with an appearance of self-reliant dignity that gave no hint of his fears. After opening school, the first class was called up to recite. Sarah Brown, head girl, answered respectfully and promptly. So the next, and the next. Then came Louise. His voice took a gentler tone as he gave her the question, but she could not answer it. In vain she tried to remember. She looked down musingly, then threw a distressed glance around, then an appealing one to him, pressed her finger

to her lip, and her blush grew deeper every instant. Even after a little prompting she could not go on, and Walter was obliged to say reluctantly, "The next!"

Caroline lifted up her bluest of eyes, rested them innocently upon his lips, and unfalteringly began some nonsense, having only enough resemblance to what was in the book to show, either that she had glanced over without comprehending the lesson, or that she was not thinking of what she was saying. Walter looked at her severely, and as she met his frowning glance her color flashed up—she paused—paled—blushed again, and said honestly,

"Please excuse me! I do not know my lesson this morning."

"Had you any good reason for not learning it?"

Again lifting her eyes, she scanned his face to know what reply she might dare to give, and meeting an unrelenting, steady gaze, which showed that even of *her* a reasonable and respectful answer was expected, she looked away abashed and did not reply.

"Miss Caroline will please go to her desk," he said, with displeasure, "and study while the class recites. She may remain after school and do herself justice by a good recitation."

Humbled and astonished, she turned slowly, and taking her seat lay her head upon her arms, and began to cry violently.

Walter was secretly discomposed, so much so that he hardly knew what he was about. He impatiently gave the question to the next, when Louise again faltered, and then blushed at his haste when he saw her pale, humbled face.

When the lesson was over, Louise lingered before his desk.

"What does Miss Louise want?" he asked.

"May I do justice to myself by a good recitation after school?"

"If you wish it," he replied, much pleased.

"Thank you, sir," she said, and retired.

After the other scholars had gone, Caroline, who had recovered her spirits, and Louise, were summoned to the desk. Louise stood first. With a clear, low voice she began the lesson and recited perfectly.

"I commend Miss Louise's perseverance," her teacher said, with a smile and bow. "If she will only have a little more confidence in herself she will do excellently."

As she stood blushing with delight before him, Walter could not help feeling the strangeness of his new position. He, who lately had been an equal of just such girls, chatting and flirting with them, to meet now that reverent glance thankful for his praise!

He dismissed Louise, and turned his admiring gaze from her to calm it into sufficient coldness before he should let it rest upon Caroline.

When he did look at her, he saw her slender form trembling, but a look of mischief in her face that said *she* was not going to be good, and "do excellently."

"Begin, Miss Caroline," he said, relentlessly.

She looked up archly, and said, "I don't know it a bit better than I did in the morning."

"Have you studied it?"

"No sir."

"Why not?" No answer. He felt that she was braving him, and said coldly, "I am ashamed for you, Miss Caroline. You may go."

His tone was so reprehensive, yet so gentlemanly, that she was subdued.

"Do you mean to my desk, to learn it?" she asked, hoping she had a chance to redeem herself.

"No. I mean you may go home. I never try to help those who will not help themselves. I do not wish my own time trespassed upon longer."

Proud and angry, she was gone in a moment. From that day she was refractory. To be sure, she never failed in her lessons—she would not again trespass upon his "own time," but in a thousand ways she annoyed him, by inciting to disobedience, by loud whispering, by answers so contrived as to raise a laugh without giving him occasion to reprove them.

Meanwhile Louise stole gently into his goodwill. She was so confiding, so abashed in the classes, so fond of staying after school to prove to him that she *did* know her lessons. The girls generally called upon each other for assistance in doing difficult sums—she brought them directly to him, and by her strict attention gratified him. It was a refreshment to teach her.

There was inscribed upon one corner of the black-board the words, "The most worthy," and upon the other, "The most unworthy." Under the first of these a name was placed every Monday morning, before school commenced, showing who had been most commendable during the past week. It remained until the next Monday, and was seen by all visitors. No name was ever put under the other words unless there had been some very great delinquency. The first glance of the scholars as they entered on Monday was to see who bore off the highest honor.

Walter, in his extreme annoyance at Caroline's conduct, and in his desire to make some impression on her thoughtless nature, formed a plan that he thought would answer. Accordingly, when on Monday morning, he threw open the

school-room door to admit the pupils, he watched its effect.

It should have been said before, that even among the scholars Caroline lost favor. In a girl's school there is always one exalted above the rest, a unanimously elected queen, whom the others delight to honor, and Louise now stepped into this place, whence Caroline had been deposed. Louise, and admiration of the new teacher succeeded Caroline, rebellion and merry mischief. This change was very marked, and Louise felt her ascendancy with pride and exultation. She became scornful in her treatment of one whom formerly she dared not even try to rival, while Caroline, though grieved to lose her hitherto unconsciously enjoyed popularity, seemed glad Louise had come to be appreciated. She looked upon her not with envy, but with admiration.

As Walter watched, he saw Caroline whisper joyously to Louise, "Oh, Louise, there you are up for most worthy. Ain't you glad?" and her own face showed genuine pleasure.

Louise blushed with delight, but when her glance fell upon the opposite name, that blush only deepened, while a look of triumph stole into her face.

"See, see," she said, maliciously touching Caroline's arm, and pointing out to her, her name in the long, unoccupied place, under the words "most unworthy." Caroline saw, and a look of deepest wounded feeling overwhelmed her joyous countenance. She cast a reproachful glance at Walter, and left the room.

He bit his lip. Disappointment in Louise, and regret at the severity of his punishment of what was only youthful frolic and love of mischief, made him very much disconcerted with himself. He waited anxiously for Caroline's return, and at last sent one of the young ladies for her, who returned saying she had gone home. He was afraid he should not see her again.

He had an absent air all day, and when Louise softly applied for some help in her sums, almost scornfully referred her to Sarah Brown.

It gave him great satisfaction to see Caroline enter the room the next morning. She left on his desk an excuse from her father, for her yesterday's absence, resumed her seat, and readily applied herself to her studies.

When school was about being dismissed, Walter arose and said, "Young ladies, this name was not put here for the week, but only for a single day, that she who bears it may see how her conduct appears to others; how very unworthy of her great gifts and good heart, such trifling and childishness is."

He solemnly erased the name, amid a silence only broken by Caroline's almost inaudible sobs. As he glanced over his class, he thought Louise's face wore a look of disappointment. School was dismissed, but those sunshiny curls were still flung over the desk, while the weeping girl hid her face in her arms.

Walter pitied her, and thinking it would be better now, when her feelings were at last touched and softened, to give her some friendly counsel, he approached, and said, in a low voice,

"Miss Caroline, will you permit me to say a few words to you?" She lifted her head as if to listen, but her face was still buried in her handkerchief. Walter's advice, given very kindly and gently, procured for him an apology for misconduct, sobbed out from the very bottom of her heart, and when he said,

"Now do not distress yourself farther, Miss Caroline, or I shall think myself a cruel tyrant for having so used my power to wound you. Dry your tears, and smile again for my comfort." She turned away, sobbing afresh, murmuring, "But I deserve it all!"

After she had gone, Walter spent his noon hours in self-reproach, and regret. But it was in vain to wish now, that he had had more patience, that he had discriminated better, between good-natured frolic, and smooth goodness, assumed to curry favor. Yet when Louise again stood before him that afternoon, listening with earnest attention to his explanations of the lesson, when her color stole up as he spoke to her, or looked at her, he believed he had only ascribed ill-feeling where it had no place.

Before the school-house, was a mill-pond, frozen over, so as to make excellent sliding or skating. Between morning and afternoon sessions the girls enjoyed the opportunity for the favorite exercise. Walter often gazed from the window upon the gay, fitting forms, laughing and screaming with glee, and longed to be where his dignity forbade him to go. He was boy enough yet to have his heart bound at the sight of the sport, and also to feel disappointment at being merely a spectator. If a very merry laugh reached him, he could not help joining in it, and he held his breath while the girls skimmed in succession down the long slide. If he only had his skates and liberty!

With a sigh he left the window one day, and went down to his dinner, in a wing of the building. He was about to return to the school-room, when he was met by a crowd of scholars, who began to speak all at once, in great excitement. He could only make out—

"Carrie—fainted—slipped on the ice!" and

several of her companions entered, bearing in her slight form. She was not insensible, but mutely enduring the severest pain, which took from her all power of movement. As she was brought to Walter, she gazed imploringly at him, and her pale lips moved to say, "my arm."

It was cold down stairs, and as the place was used only as a lecture room, there was nothing in it but piled up benches. She must go up stairs, therefore, where there was a sofa, and fire, in the dressing-room.

Taking her gently in his arms from her trembling companions, Walter carried her up, her fair head lying on his shoulder, in total unconsciousness of everything but intense pain. He sent instantly for her parents, and a physician, but meanwhile she opened her eyes, and said,

"My arm is broken, sir. Can you straighten it?"

Walter dared only give relief by cutting open the tight, blue, merino sleeve of her dress, and gently bathing the swelling arm in cold water. Every touch hurt her severely, but when he expressed his regret, she smiled sweetly, and reassured him.

"Little heroine!" he said, admiringly, and he was aware that one among the numerous scholars who had been standing around moved away and went to the school-room. Soon he heard the girls whispering among themselves.

"Louise crying! What for?"

"Because Carrie is suffering, I suppose."

"I didn't know she cared so much for her."

Walter felt the words echo in his own heart with the word I in the place of she.

"I will go and comfort her," said the first speaker.

"Is it Louise who cares so much for me?" asked Caroline, faintly.

"We all do," said one of the girls.

"But is poor Louise crying for me? Do tell her I am better, that Mr. Benson has made me much more comfortable. Don't let her cry!" and tears began to flow down her own face.

Her companion who went with her message returned, and a still lower whispering began. Caroline was again suffering acutely from the awakened feeling caused by her tears, and she did not hear it, but Walter caught the words, "She says she's artful and did it on purpose to make Mr. Benson pity her."

"Ridiculous! I always thought that Louise a mean thing," was the reply.

"Yes, she's jealous. That's what she's crying for. I declare I can hardly help telling Mr. Benson. There he is, thinking her the pink of perfection!"

The doctor arrived, and the arm was set without forcing a cry from the patient girl. Her parents had also come in a carriage to take her home. Her father approached to lift her, but she whispered that she wished to thank Mr. Benson. Walter bent over her, and through her tears she sobbed, "I am so sorry I cannot come to school again before you leave. I wanted so much to make you think better of me. I was the most unworthy, but if I could only let you see what I can be!" She broke into a smile, and Walter, to whom her tears had been almost irresistibly infectious, found her smile entirely so. As she looked into his beaming face, she for the first time seemed to see that her teacher was almost as young as herself.

"Good-bye, Mr. Benson. Thank you for your kindness to my poor arm," she said, holding out her hand frankly.

He clasped it gently, and longed to dare to kiss it, but with fifty scholars, the doctor, and parents as spectators, he thought best to forego the pleasure. He fancied she understood his wish so bright a blush sprang up.

The remaining weeks of Walter's teaching were dull enough. Louise's sweetness seemed assumed, and her frequent need of assistance was very irksome to him. The happy part of his day was the few minutes he spent in the parlor, when Caroline generally sat reading by her mother's side. He never failed to call to ask how she was, and snatch a few moments gaze at that bright face becoming so very dear to him.

His last day at the academy arrived. Walter was so abstracted he scarce knew what he was doing, and he thought with displeasure of the leave-taking. He made it general, and did not invite any particular adieus after school. Therefore the scholars departed as usual, and Walter was left alone. Even the teachers had gone, and he sat at his desk, thinking how long these weeks had been, and how full of import to him. Raising his eyes, a girlish form stood before him, with head bent and hands clasped, while the deathly pale and downcast features wore an expression of grief.

"Well, Miss Louise?" he said, freezingly.

She started slightly, and placing her clasped hands over her heart, lifted her full, dark eyes, and said beseechingly, "Do you hate me?"

He felt irritated enough to say "Yes," but answered with assumed gravity and sententiousness,

"Deserve regard and you will be sure to obtain it. Good-bye—I wish you well." She did not move

"Will you tell me how I have forfeited your good opinion?" she asked.

"I cannot!" he said, impatiently. "Do not ask me. I am your teacher no longer. My opinion is of no consequence to you now."

"No," she said, her face pale, but her eyes glowing angrily, "for it is only that of an easily deluded, self-important boy!"

Astonished, after enjoying for so long the respect belonging to his late dignity, he found the severity of his look melting in embarrassment, while Louise regarded him fixedly.

"Yes," she said, "we meet now on equal terms, Mr. Benson, and I can reply to you as to any other presumptuous young gentleman who takes too much upon himself. Caroline and I have often laughed at your boyish assumption of authority."

Walter thought of the black-board and changed color. Louise still regarded him with eyes eager in revenge. He did not care to be braved farther, and rose, saying,

"My presumption never went so far as to ask any favor of Miss Louise. If Caroline has laughed at me she shall have an opportunity of explaining herself. Allow me!" and he stepped past her as she stood in his way.

His good heart could not bear her look of disappointment and grief. Turning quickly, and taking her passive hand, he said, "Forget my hasty words. I do not believe you came here to say what would make us part angrily, and I am sorry I did not perceive at once your kindness in thus giving me an opportunity to ask pardon for my frequent impatience. You forgive me?"

She scornfully turned away, and Walter hesitated no longer, but left the room. He was touched, however, as he returned to the ante-room to leave the key, to see her sitting at his desk weeping bitterly.

He was asked to tea that evening by Caroline's parents, and went, accompanied by his cousin Ellen.

Caroline received him laughingly, and they passed a merry evening notwithstanding Walter's occasional preoccupation, and some sudden changes of mood which made Caroline's face like an April day.

Walter watched an opportunity, and while the others clustered around the piano listening to Ellen's singing, he asked, by way of introducing a more intimate and personal conversation than she seemed willing to allow, whether Louise had spoken truly in saying they had laughed together at his boyishness.

Caroline's eyes flew wide open, and she stammered,

"No, never! I mean we never laughed," and unwilling to expose her schoolmate's want of truth, she said no more.

Walter rejoined.

"I am very glad! I would not have you laugh at me. There is a feeling incompatible with ridicule that I hope may——"

Caroline's quick blush and suddenly drooped head betrayed her consciousness. In broken whispered sentences Walter told her how she had won his heart, and though she did not volunteer a similar confession, he guessed too well not to risk asking her father's consent to a long engagement the next day.

It was denied him then, but when after three years he again presented himself, having prospects sufficiently bright to warrant a careful father in consenting.

Caroline pledged him her faith, and so they walked together in the pleasant summer starlight, talking over old school days. Caroline often sighed in the midst of her happiness, and said,

"Poor Louise!"

## THE LIBERTY POLE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Up with the tall mast! let it be  
 Raised by the loyal country, higher  
 Than old St. Peter's gilded spire,  
 Crowned with the cap of liberty.

A noble landmark! let it stand  
 Unstained by the storms of creed;  
 Unstirred while warring nations bleed—  
 The sign of freedom in the land.

Up with the banner of the free!  
 And write in words of burning gold  
 On every striped and starry fold—  
 God speed the march of liberty!

A shout comes up from vale and crag,  
 Brave hosts surround the stately mast;  
 The ballots of the free we'll cast  
 While floats aloft our fathers' flag.



penniless, homeless, forsaken by all the world, forgive both my wrongs and yours. Love her, comfort her loneliness, stay her failing strength, heal her broken heart. Tell her I forgave her all, everything."

There was a holy hush. Genevre glided to her mother's side. The calm moonlight fell about her like a glory. Sinking on her knees she threw one arm about her neck, and laid her head upon her bosom.

The woman wept as she had never wept before. The hot tears rained on Genevre's forehead, but she did not wipe them away.

"And you do love me?" she asked, stilling her sobs for one brief moment.

"Yes, mother," said Genevre, quietly, and the innocent head nestled so confidently. The golden locks fell all over bosom and arm.

"Genevre you are an angel," with another burst of emotion.

"No, dear mother, only your child that loves you—oh! so dearly. And I shall take such good care of you. I have learned to work, and you shall sit down and rest. Your hair is still beautiful, mother, oh! you are all very beautiful. You shall rest and grow happy, and by-and-bye you will grow young again, and look like that dear picture that I used to hold in my little hands, kiss its cheek and call it, 'pretty mamma.'"

"But your friends—will they not desert you when they know—"

A white hand sealed her lips.

"Hush! my mother. You are everything to me—I will never leave nor forsake you. Your love—my *mother's* love is worth ten thousand friends. How I have longed for this moment!" and she gazed with calm, full delight in that older face already losing half its haggard woe.

Hours passed. Genevre slept. On that bosom that had known so much guilt, passion, remorse, purity trustingly reposed. Long lashes swept a cheek fairer than leaf of rose. The gentle lips unlocked, and showing a line of white beneath their crimson, seemed the very portal of beauty.

Joy for the wearied mother!

Little by little that overburdened heart was confessing. She bent low and pressed a first kiss on the sweet forehead. Genevre murmured in her sleep, "dear mother."

What emotions leaped up in that cast-off heart! A ray from the olden life rifted the clouds of sorrow. The crusted earth of sin was broken. A river of love flashed between its dismal borders. Down over all came that broad, clear sunlight of forgiveness which some have felt; but who, who can express its deep, abiding joy?

The prodigal mother was safe. In her child's love the weeping Magdalene had found a haven. Hands glittering with gems had cast her off; marble portals closed upon her, splendor had mocked her desolation. But beneath the roof she had desecrated, kisses and tears and winding arms and love words welcomed her.

Look to-day, dear reader, in that pleasant cottage. Wheat fields drop their gold on the borders of the little gardens. Sleek kine stand lowing at the gate. Within, a vision of beauty moves about the little room. In her hands every thing seems whiter, purer, more beautiful. By the window—a look of peace given not by the world resting on her fine features—sits a woman much advanced in years. Every little while she answers to the music of a young, sweet voice.

That other is Genevre—the sweet flower of Norwich.

## I KNOW, I KNOW THAT THOU ART GONE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

I know, I know that thou art gone,  
I know that never more  
Thy form, beloved, will greet my sight  
Upon this earthly shore.  
Far, far beyond the wees and joys  
Of such frail world as this,  
Thine angel feet long since have trod  
The azure hills of bliss.

Yes, thou art gone, and from this earth  
All bloom, all joy is fled,  
All loveliness seems like the shroud  
Which wraps the soulless dead;

Yet e'en the simplest thing of thine  
How reverently I trace,  
And I can bless each stream that e'er  
Hath mirrored thy dear face.

But when the everlasting doors,  
Beloved, were oped to thee,  
Say! didst thou backward look to cast  
One pitying glance on me?  
Dost love me still, if not, oh! why  
Are such blest feelings given,  
If earthly love may never pass,  
Though pure, the gates of Heaven?

## HERBERT MOLEEN.

BY JENNIE WEST.

### CHAPTER I.

"WHERE do you spend this evening, Herbert? As usual though, I suppose, with the beautiful Annie Stewart," said Dr. Moleen to his nephew, as they arose from the tea-table. "I had no idea the little creature could charm you so completely. Well she is a very pretty girl, but nothing to compare with one I saw this morning."

"Now, uncle, you know that Miss Stewart is acknowledged to be the most beautiful female in the city."

"Oh yes, and the wealthiest, too; but still I say she will not compare with that splendid-looking girl I saw to-day."

"Do tell me her name, uncle, you have really excited my curiosity to know who she is. I never heard you speak so flatteringly of any female before."

"I suppose that because I am near forty, and not like my worthy nephew, 'a lady's man,' you think me no judge, or admirer of beauty," answered Dr. Moleen, good-humoredly.

"But you have not told me who she is, nor where you saw her, uncle."

"I do not know that I can tell you who she is. She was not born in the station she now occupies, or born to fill it either, I know by her looks, and by her gentle yet dignified manners. But for the cloud of sadness and care upon her fair brow, I could have fancied that she had sat for the noble heroine in your last piece, you have given such an accurate description of her, as your lady—somebody—who was it?" Had the doctor looked at his nephew, he would have discovered something very much like a blush pass rapidly over his countenance, but he did not notice it, as he was lighting his cigar, and without waiting for an answer he continued, "I always imagined that you had a penchant for sparkling, black eyes, raven tresses, and queen-like form, and I am now much surprised to see the little fairy blonde, Annie Stewart, so alter your former tastes. Now, Herbert, my boy, you need not look so disconcerted, I am reading you no lecture, nor am I opposing your choice. Far from it, you have my consent to woo and wed the pretty Annie, and I dare say I shall help to pet and spoil her as much as you or our good old housekeeper, Mrs. Reene."

"Stop, stop, my dear sir, do wait until I have been guilty of love before you hang me with the matrimonial noose."

"Why, Herbert, you do not deny being in love, do you? I am sure I saw decided symptoms sometime ago, and though not so good a judge of that as of other diseases, I really thought you pretty far gone. I suppose you will also deny spending four evenings of every week with her, and deny, too, stealing Mrs. Reene's moss rose-bud, which was a little too bad, Herbert, to take the very first bud, after all the watching and watering the old lady had bestowed upon it."

"Oh no, I deny neither of these charges——"

"And why should you spend so much of your time in her society, unless it is more pleasant to you than any other, and what more expressive gift could a gentleman give a lady than a sweet rose-bud? A confession of love, is it not, in the language of flowers?"

"Why, uncle, you quite surprise me, conversing of maidens fair, and love, and flowers, subjects on which I never heard you descant so eloquently before this evening. But are you not going to tell me where you met this beautiful unknown?"

"As I called at an old, tumble-down-looking house, in — street, to see a sick child, this morning, I saw the lady whose appearance pleased and surprised me, contrasting as it did, with the wretched-looking apartment and its other occupants. They were miserably poor. I never inquire the names of such poor people, as I do not send in my bill to them—but I did ask the name of the lady, after she had left the room. 'Oh that was Miss Helen Loraine,' replied the woman." Here the doctor could but notice the evident uneasiness of Herbert, who arose hastily from his seat, and commenced pacing the room, but he proceeded. "'She lives up stairs,' said the woman, 'and often comes in to sit by little Willie; sometimes she brings him something nice to eat, although I know, poor things, they have little enough to eat themselves. They sit up there day after day, and night after night, stitching away. It makes my heart bleed, to see them growing paler every day. Miss Helen don't look like she did when she came here.

bosom, confessed to none but himself. Oh, had either one but told his feelings, how much suffering they would have escaped. But no—the doctor had so long laughed at Cupid's darts, that now he felt himself a victim, he shrank from the ridicule and jests which he feared an acknowledgment of it would bring upon him—so merry had he always been at his unfortunate companion, so sure he would never be taken captive.

He felt the power of this new passion so plainly, he thought that Herbert must see and know it too, and no love-sick youth of twenty could have felt more embarrassed than did the worthy doctor. He expected to be accused of it every day by his nephew or Mrs. Reene; but days and weeks passed away, and Herbert made no allusion to it. How could he? He saw that his uncle loved from his manners, and he supposed it was with her whom he worshipped at a distance, it is true, and in secret, but nevertheless with an ardent and enduring love. He could not bear the idea of appearing as a rival to his uncle. He felt deep regret that he had not told him at the time of the interest awakened in his heart, but now it was too late! He was nerving himself up to hear that she was to become another's, and that other his nearest relative, his second father, for whom he felt the deepest affection. He was fearful when alone with his uncle, that the mention of her name would send the tell-tale blood to his face, and make known the secret which he now determined to lock within his own breast forever. Thus, as I have said, a restraint grew up between them—and widened, imperceptibly to them, but surely, this first breach between two loving hearts.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A MONTH had passed away, and Louise Loraine sat, a convalescent, in the little room alone. Her sister had left her a little while to take some work she had just finished to the shop. Very beautiful was the young girl, as she sat trying to finish some light needlework which she had insisted upon performing, but her delicate hands would sink into her lap every now and then, and her lovely eyes assume a dreamy expression. Suddenly she started and listening to footsteps ascending the stairs, her pale cheek slightly flushed, and her lips parted as though in pleasant anticipation. A well-known rap upon the door, a low "Walk in," and Dr. Moleen entered, holding a beautiful bouquet in his hand. Louise gave him her hand frankly with a smile, and requested him to be seated. He drew a chair near hers, and after inquiring how she felt, and where

Helen was, with some hesitation he handed her the flowers, saying, "I have brought something you will like better than pills and powders, I trust."

"How very, very beautiful," murmured Louise, admiringly.

"Will you not do more than admire them?" asked the doctor, in a low tone.

"I thank the giver very much," said Louise, "and I——"

"I thought you would read them," murmured he—"I thought that they would speak for me—express better than I can the emotions of my soul."

He gazed anxiously at her, but Louise only bent lower over the flowers, almost hiding her blushing face with her beautiful curls. After a few moments silence, he again spoke, "Louise, I have felt a fervent love for you ever since I first saw you, which has, if possible, increased every day. Oh, say, dear Louise, may I hope to call you mine? Can you love me?"

Still Louise spoke not—her head sank down on her bosom, and the color on her cheek deepened almost to purple.

"Louise?" asked he, suddenly, "I pain you, do I not? What shall I think from your silence? He leaned eagerly forward and looked in her face. "I see," said he, with a sigh, sinking back in his chair, "I have grieved you with this avowal 'twas unexpected to you. Yes, yes, I ought to have remembered the disparity of our ages—and the difference of character, person, and all—forgive me, Louise—it was presumption in me to love you, to think of your returning it. Forgive me, dear Louise," he noticed her tears falling on the flowers, "I will not pain you again by alluding to the subject. Let me at least retain your friendship." He arose to leave. "I hear your sister coming, you can tell her what has occurred. Farewell, Louise, I will leave you now."

"Oh, no—no—no," cried Louise, starting up, "not till I have told you how happy you have made me. How much I love you."

He caught her to his bosom, and she wept upon it regardless of the entrance of Helen, to whom the doctor related what had passed.

"Oh, doctor," said Helen, tremulously, "you forget our station. I feel that the dear girl is worthy of you, but the difference now existing in our position and yours is too great. It would be felt by both—do not think of it more."

"No, we must not," murmured Louise, as she endeavored to leave his embrace.

"Only say that you love me," said he, holding her fast, and putting back her curls. "Enough."

I proclaim myself your protector, and I defy the world to say who has a better right."

## CHAPTER V.

DR. MOLEEN went home that evening, feeling all the importance of being "engaged," and as if he could, without embarrassment, inform his household immediately of his intention of taking unto himself a wife. But when he reached home, and met Mrs. Reene, he began to reflect that telling a respectable woman of forty, who had kept house for him a number of years, that he was going to bring a young mistress home, might not be such very good news after all. He passed on to Herbert's room, thinking he would tell him first, and get him to break it to Mrs. Reene. Not finding Herbert in his room, he sat down to await his coming. He mused on the events of the day—his proposal—his fears lest it might be rejected—his delight on finding it otherwise—and last began to think how he should begin to tell Herbert, and he wondered what he would say—would he be glad or sorry—not many young men would feel any pleasure on being told by a rich uncle, whose heir they had been considered for some ten years, that he was about to marry—still, Herbert was not a common young man—he had raised him better—but still—the doctor mused a good while on it, and when his nephew came in at last, he felt some reluctance in telling him, and spoke in a confused manner. "Herbert, I want to tell you something—will you hear it now—I—I—"

"Yes, uncle," said Herbert, sitting down, his cheek growing paler.

"I am—I wanted you to know it first of all—I—I am engaged to be married." He had got it out at last, and sat staring at Herbert, who felt that he must say something, though it required a great effort to say, "I thought as much, uncle. Is it to the pretty seamstress?"

"Yes, she is a seamstress, and I don't care who knows it. Helen talked about the difference in our station, and told me it would never do, but that is all nonsense, don't you think so?"

Herbert tried to reply, but her name had banished all command of his voice. His uncle looked at him with a surprised air, and then continued, "I thought you would agree with me, Herbert, that it is not wealth or rank that makes a woman lovely or agreeable, and as to this world's goods—why, Herbert, what is the matter? You look as pale as a ghost. Are you sick?"

"Yes, uncle, I feel faint. I have not been well to-day. I will lie down on the couch here—

go on with what you were saying. I will feel better in a minute." But the doctor did not go on; a suspicion had entered his mind that this sudden indisposition was caused by disappointment relative to his property. He felt hurt, he had supposed his nephew more noble, more attached to him than to think of such a thing seriously where his happiness was concerned. Oh! had he but known the truth, how much trouble it would have saved him. Yet his trouble of spirit was not to be compared to that of Herbert's.

## CHAPTER VI.

SOME two weeks after the conversation narrated, Herbert entered the drawing-room of the wealthy Mr. Stewart. He had been a frequent visitor there. Annie, the beautiful little blonde, was an old schoolmate of his when both families resided in the country, before Annie started to the boarding-school, and Herbert's mother died, leaving him to the care of his uncle, Dr. Moleen. They had met every vacation, and now Annie had graduated, and been at home some six months, and among her many visitors, none were more welcome than her old friend Herbert. He felt a brother's love for the gay young creature, and often spent the evening with her, little dreaming of awaking in her bosom more than a sisterly love.

"Why, Herbert, have you been absent from the city? I have not seen you for more than two weeks," were the words of Annie, as she arose hastily to greet him, a smile of pleasure lighting up her beautiful countenance. "Ah, no—you have been ill—I see you have."

"Yes," said he, sinking into a seat beside her, "I have been rather unwell—yet 'tis not much. I'll soon be well," he added, trying to evade the earnest look with which she regarded him.

"Herbert," said Annie, seriously, "something is the matter with you that you strive to conceal. I have noticed for some time that something weighs upon your spirits. Now why not tell me what it is—perhaps"—she hesitated a moment, then resumed—"it may be that I could be of some little service—at least you might, I think, share your troubles with me. You always help me out of mine, you know. Has your last work been rejected by the publishers?"

"Oh, no—"

"Has your uncle refused to advance you the funds, you think proper for a young gentleman of your style of living?" asked Annie, trying to call a smile to the sad countenance of her companion.

## THE YOUNG MISER'S DREAM.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"COME, Sam, you really must subscribe. Here are all of us going to give something, and you can afford to give a trifle as well as we."

"I have already told you I had no money to spare."

"Poh! you *must* spare it. How can you refuse? You know poor Jones well: think of his family left destitute by his shocking death—we are all liable to the same fate, and should be charitable. Come, now, sign your name—don't be so selfish and miserly."

"What good will my name do your list without money? and once more I tell you I have none of that to give," and Sam Lee turned angrily from his tormenting companions, and walked quickly down the street.

The subscription to which he was urged to contribute was for the widow and children of a carpenter, who had been crushed to death by the falling of a wall belonging to the house on which he was at work. His associates, feeling deeply for the bereaved and destitute family, interested themselves in their behalf, and all contributed something from their humble means, all except Sam Lee, to whom, as we have seen, they appealed in vain. Disappointed and chagrined by his refusal, the men looked scornfully after him, as with hurried steps he passed from their view.

"What does that stingy fellow do with his money? he earns more than any of us, and never spends anything," was the remark that passed from one to another of the group.

What does he do with his money? That had long been the standing wonder of his associates. Lee was a first-rate mechanic; had always employment and good wages; boarded at a cheap house, had no expensive habits, and yet he never seemed to be in possession of a dollar. His fellow-workmen strove in vain to unravel the mystery. Lively and talkative as he was in general, an allusion to the subject always made him suddenly silent, so that they were forced to content themselves with their own vague speculations, and at last concluded that he must send all his savings home to his people. But was this surmise a correct one?

Seven years previous to this time, Lee had come to the city from his far-off home. He was

one of a large family, for whose support the little farm on which they dwelt but poorly provided; and when he first began his labors as a carpenter, Sam proposed to himself to do all he could toward helping the old folks at home. During the first year he so far adhered to his purpose as to send a small remittance in each of his letters to the homestead, and at Christmas made a brief visit thither, on which occasion he took pains in purchasing for each member of the family what he thought would prove a useful and acceptable present. Very happy did his boyish heart feel in witnessing the delight he was able to confer on those he so well loved, and very firm was his mental determination to repeat his visit and his gifts the next Christmas.

But on the return of the time-hallowed festival his feelings underwent a change, and instead of paying the contemplated visit he sent a letter, pleading the impossibility of his doing so, and inclosing *ten dollars* as a Christmas-gift to the whole family. And five years had passed since then, and not once during that long period had he revisited the home of his childhood. "'Twas too expensive," he would sometimes mutter to himself, as if in answer to some invisible rebuker; so he contented himself with sending a letter of good-wishes, with the same large sum as a Christmas-gift, on each recurrence of the season.

The secret of the matter was Sam had become miserly and grasping to a degree marvellous in one of his age and originally generous disposition. Carefully hoarding his weekly gains, he found no pleasure equal to that of counting over and feasting his eyes on the gradually increasing sum; but then his pleasure was alloyed by the continual dread of losing his treasure. He had deposited it at different institutions, from each one withdrawing it as his tormenting fears prompted, till he finally resolved to get it in his own hands, and trust to his own ingenuity in keeping it safe and unsuspected. This he had done only a few hours before the subscription was set afoot for the poor family of Jones; and wondering at the pertinacity with which he was importuned to subscribe, the more strange as he had ever steadily resisted all attempts they had made on his purse, whether for charity or amusement, Sam came to the conclusion, which none

but a miser's brain could conceive, that his comrades were aware of his secret riches, and were meditating how to gain possession thereof.

With this idea he hastened to his boarding-house, and having carefully secured the door of his chamber, lighted a candle, and drew from the secret repository he had himself designed a small, strong box. He unfastened it with trembling fingers, but the sight of its golden contents reassured him. With dilated eyes, he counted over the bright coins, for he had taken care to put away only hard, genuine gold and silver; he played noiselessly with the glittering heap, turning now and then an apprehensive glance around, as if afraid that from some of the gloomy corners of the dimly-lighted apartment some one would emerge to snatch his prize.

At length he closed the box, and was about returning it to its hiding-place, when he suddenly paused, and his countenance began to work with contending emotions. He thought of the poor widow whose sudden and terrible bereavement had appealed to his native generosity, till the promptings of that covetousness which was fast becoming his ruling passion silenced the whispers of his better nature. He paused irresolute, took a half-eagle from the pile before him, turning it over and over in his hand, debating with himself if he should not appropriate to it the relief of poor Jones's family. But as usual avarice gained the mastery, and returning the half-eagle to the box, he rested his arm on the table by which he sat and fell into a reverie, his eyes still riveted on the precious box beside him. His reflections did not seem to be of a very pleasant nature, and it was with a gesture of vexation that he finally drew a letter from the drawer of the little table, and proceeded to read it carefully through, pausing now and then in apparent perplexity. The letter was from his father, urging him to return to his native place, as the town near which they lived was now thriving and growing fast, and offered inducements to a good, steady carpenter, as the only one at present there was rather indolent and dissipated. Moreover, if Sam had laid by a little sum, as was likely, there was a capital chance for investing it in a good business in the same town, as Mr. B—, the grocer, was anxious to start for California, and would sell his large stock at a bargain, for two or three hundred dollars in cash, and the remainder to be paid to his wife in small sums at stated periods. James Lee, Sam's younger brother, had been employed in the store for several years, so that if Sam could become the purchaser James could carry on the business for

him. Such was the purport of Mr. Lee's letter, and on first receiving it, Sam had almost decided to act upon its suggestions; but unwilling to part with his beloved money, though conscious that it would tend to his ultimate advantage, deferred from day to day his decision.

Now as he read it again, he thought more anxiously on the subject. He knew that his father was correct in surmising that a skillful and industrious mechanic such as he was, could do well in a thriving young town as the one indicated. Then as to the grocery store, he had ample means to close with Mr. B—'s offer, and by taking James into partnership with himself, could at the same time advance the interests of himself, and the whole family, since James lived at the old home, and was regarded as the mainstay of the house. Thus Sam reflected, and began to see the folly of losing two such rare chances.

While he sat thus absorbed in thought, the evening wore away, all grew quiet in the house, and with his head resting on his hand, Sam fell asleep. He was startled by a slight noise at the door of his room, and listening attentively, soon became aware that the door had been cautiously opened, admitting a tall, dark figure, though the light was too dim to enable him to distinguish the features of the intruder, who glanced around, and then, as if observing the little box, advanced quickly to the table. Sam had only waited to feel certain that his instinctive apprehension was correct, and springing forward dealt the robber a blow with his clenched hand on the temple, which prostrated him on the floor. In falling, a faint cry escaped him, and Sam started with dismay, for the voice somehow sounded familiarly on his ear. He trimmed the candle, and kneeling beside the unconscious victim of his blow, put aside with trembling fingers the hair that shrouded the stranger's face, and beheld with horror—his own father.

Agony and terror held him motionless for a time, during which, with harrowing distinctness the truth revealed itself to his mind. His father had several times spoken of his yearning desire to see his long-absent boy; he had at last come the long, dangerous journey, had sought him in his room, and the light not being sufficient to show if he whom he sought was in the room, had advanced to trim it, when the hand of that eagerly-sought son stretched him senseless and bleeding on the floor. As all this darted with lightning speed across his tortured brain, Sam sprang to his feet with a deep groan of anguish and—awoke.

So vividly was the fearful dream impressed

upon his imagination, it was long before he could shake off the terrible feelings it had aroused, and regard it only as the result of his fevered thoughts, and constant solicitude for his treasure, or as a warning against the soul-blighting influence of the passion he was indulging. The latter interpretation Sam chose to give his dream, and he resolved not to harden himself against it. He gave a *gold eagle* as his contribution to the widow's fund the following day, and very soon after was in his early home, where both his enterprises succeeded to his satisfaction, and he ultimately became a wealthy man; but never again did he yield to the suggestions of avarice, or forget the claims that his kindred and those in distress had upon him.

## THE ONE THAT I LOVE.

BY RICHARD CON.

THE one that I love hath golden hair,  
And an eye of beauty beyond compare;  
She hath pearly teeth and a wee-bit mouth,  
And a breath like the balm of the sunny South;  
Her voice is like to a poet's dream,  
As gentle and soft as a Summer stream;  
And well do I know that she loveth me,  
For the strength of her love looketh out from her  
e'e!

The one that I love hath a heart at ease,  
With the sweetest of Nature's harmonies;  
She loveth the bees, and she loveth the flowers  
That make up the joy of the Summer hours;  
She loveth the rain, and she loveth the snow,  
And she loveth to soothe another's woe;  
But, best of all, she loveth me,  
And the strength of her love looketh out from her  
e'e!

The one that I love hath a soul of truth,  
Unstained from the days of her earliest youth;  
And she often whispereth unto me,  
"I never loved any before I loved thee!"  
And she layeth her delicate head on my breast,  
And she heareth the beat of my heart 'neath my vest:  
She is all of life's joy that is left unto me,  
And the strength of her love looketh out from her  
e'e!

The one that I love is a part of my life—  
I have made her a blessing—I have made her my  
wife;  
I will love her forever; I will love her for aye;  
I will love her till life shall itself pass away;  
In that bright world of peace and of beauty above,  
In the realms of the blest, I will seek for my love;  
And the angels of glory will kiss her for me,  
As the strength of her love looketh out from her e'e!

## HAUNTED.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

WITHIN a time-browned cottage,  
Down by the water-side,  
A grand-dame and her little child  
Oft sat in the eventide,  
With shadows creeping 'round them  
In the dim and dusky room,  
They seemed to hear sweet voices,  
And see fair forms in the gloom.

They were gentle, swaying shadows,  
Tones that were floating low,  
Like the music of many waters  
Moving with ceaseless flow;  
But never a tone of wailing  
Fell on their list'ning ear,  
Nor saw they a form of darkness  
Filling their hearts with fear.

Now the lake-side cot is lonely,  
The grand-dame grim with care,  
No longer she smiles on the sunshine  
That lit the little one's hair;  
The shadowy room so haunted  
Will never give back the child,  
Who smiled by her side at eventide,  
And the weary hours beguiled.

Though she darkens her little chamber,  
And watches the shadows that fall,  
'Tis never the form of her grandchild  
That steals o'er the murky wall.  
And ever she sighs in sorrow,  
And chatters in grief and pain,  
Then smiles that the eve of the morrow  
She can watch for the shadow again.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

BY JANE WEAVER.

"It seems to me," said Miss Newton, "that people, who marry for love, are never as happy as those who marry without it."

"My dear," said her mother, "that's a strange opinion."

The young lady colored.

"Not, mamma, with the experience of some of our friends before us. There's my old school-mate, Julia, who made such a romantic marriage; and who is now miserable."

"I am glad you mentioned her, Emily, for now I know how you fell into your error. For instance, I do not admit that Julia married for love, in the true sense of that term. In other words, she was not in love with Lieut. Carter, but an ideal officer, who was perfection in all things."

"Oh! mamma."

"I am not a bit too severe. Most of the marriages, which school-girls call love-matches, are of this character. Between the young couple there is really no love at all, but each loves an ideal being, which the curls of the lady, and the moustache of the gentleman, have respectively suggested. Of course, when, after marriage, the two become intimately acquainted, the delusion fades. The husband soon discovers that the wife, who comes down to breakfast in curl-papers, who is often out of temper, and who now thinks of her own comfort quite as much as of his, is anything but an angel. On her part, the wife finds that the lover, who was miserable, before marriage, if he could not spend the evening with her, is now frequently *ennuied* when he remains at home, is always selfish, and often capricious. In this way, the scales fall from the eyes of both; and disgust succeeds to infatuation. Nay! by a natural law of the mind, the reaction leads to injustice; and each thinks too little of the other now, because they thought too much before."

"What a picture you have drawn, mamma! Never, never will I marry, if I am to be thus deceived."

The mother smiled.

"But, my dear," she answered, "I have not said that all marriages ended thus. My remarks were confined to those, in which there was no true love on either side, but in its place a

romantic fancy for an impossible bit of perfection. It is only those, who are foolish enough to marry under this delusion, who live unhappily; for they only are disappointed."

"But, mamma," said the daughter, hesitatingly, "how can you call that love, which admits even the possibility of a fault in the one beloved?"

"True love, my dear, loves in spite of faults. Or rather, it is founded on a just appreciation of character, which teaches him or her who loves, that the one beloved, even with her or his faults, is better adapted than any other to render the lover happy."

"What a cold, calculating thing you make love to be!"

"Not at all, my child. Providence wisely gives to most, if not all, an instinct, as it were, by which to know whom to love. This instinct, however, comes into play, not when we are still children, but only when we have grown up: and it is as distinct from the infatuation of the school-girl, or the sophomore, as day is from darkness. We fall into love, even the wisest of us, and do not reason ourselves into it. We cannot analyze why we love, but we feel that such or such a one will make us happy."

"But isn't that what Julia did?"

"No, my dear. The instinct I speak of is one of a matured person, and Julia was a mere child. Indeed some never grow mature, no matter how old they become."

Emily looked puzzled.

"I seem to be too metaphysical for you," said the mother, with a smile. "Let me see if I can make my meaning plain, by the use of an illustration."

The daughter's face cleared off.

"You liked well enough," said the mother, with another smile, "to amuse yourself with your doll, when you were a child, didn't you? You found pleasure in playing with broken bits of china, which you had no difficulty in fancying to be dishes. Yet you could not deceive yourself now in this way? You could not amuse yourself with a doll?"

"No, no," replied Emily.

"And why? I will answer for you. It is because your tastes have altered. Nor do you



stop to reason about it, when I ask you if you could still play with broken china. You feel, instantly, that you could not. Well, in like manner, a matured woman, or a matured man, who has learned to think and to feel, is instinctively drawn toward, or repelled from, persons of the other sex. This magnetism, if I may call it such, often leads, when it is one of attraction, to love."

"Why not always?"

"Because, my dear, matured men, or women, hold their feelings under more or less control; and are not willing to bestow their hearts, unless they can also give their esteem. An acquaintance, formed under these circumstances, ripens into love, only when the sum of the good qualities, in the beloved object, exceeds the sum of the bad ones: and when, besides, the adaptability of character, each to each, becomes more and more apparent. This is real love, Emily, and

nothing else is worthy of the name. When persons marry, with this sort of feeling on both sides, there is no danger of unhappiness, because there is no danger of deception. The husband does not, to his chagrin, discover that he has married quite a different creature to what he imagined he had, nor does the wife, fancying she had secured an Apollo, find out, to her horror, that she has wedded a Pan."

"I see now what you mean," said the daughter, thoughtfully, "and acknowledge that I was foolish. I had not thought enough about the matter, when I said that Julia married for love."

The conversation ceased at this point. We have only to add that it was not lost on Emily, who, two years after, married the man of her choice: not, indeed, such a one as she would have selected, when a school-girl, but one whom she could, through all her life, look up to and love.

## LEOLA LEE.

BY LILY MAY.

A BUD just bursting into bloom,  
Nurs'd by the fresh'ning dews of May,  
A hope that scatters darkest gloom,  
A sunbeam glancing o'er life's way;  
A bird just fledged and fit for flight,  
A leaf loos'd from the parent tree,  
A strengthened plant that loves the light;  
Like these was young Leola Lee.

She lived a gentle, quiet life,  
Few knew what virtues she possess'd,  
For words had never roused to strife  
The hopes that slumbered in her breast;  
And yet, a wild, ambitious dream  
Had dared to find an entrance there;  
Anon, there came a fitful gleam  
Which needed all her gentle care  
To fan it to a brilliant flame,  
Then feed it ere it fled away,  
'Till persevering it became  
A light to shine by night and day.

It brightly gleamed where'er she moved,  
Though visible to none beside,  
It was her brightest hope, and proved  
Her guiding star on life's wild tide—  
Yet still there rankled in her breast  
Thoughts that would ever give her pain;  
Until that burden of unrest  
Found utterance in this simple strain.

"And must my inner spirit feel  
What I with words can ne'er reveal?"

Must feeling's fount unchecked still flow,  
Unconscious of the hidden woe  
That sorely rankles in my breast,  
And oft disturbs my nightly rest,  
And I be doom'd to another still  
The fire that yet consumes at will?

"Father above, to thee alone  
I pour my deep and heartfelt moan,  
Be my communings e'er so brief  
My o'ercharged heart can find relief,  
And though I meet, nor praise, nor blame,  
From those for whom I've asked the same,  
No words from me can ever tell  
How long I've loved them, and how well."

Time pass'd, yet never to her heart  
Came the full answer to her pray'r,  
For she would never claim a part  
Save that allotted to her share,  
Which carelessly and coldly sent  
Found no sweet echo in her soul,  
So finely were the fibres blent  
'Twas hard to reach that inner goal.

But if those strings should e'er be tried,  
They'd wake so deep, so wild a strain,  
None but the true and purified  
Could fully waft them back again;  
May no rude hand attune them o'er  
With false pretences all the while,  
Better be silent evermore  
Than waken'd by a touch of guile.

## MRS. BENTLEY'S LESSONS.

### A SKETCH OF SUMMER BOARDING.

BY MRS. FROTH.

"WHERE are you going this summer, Anna?"

"Oh, I am sure I don't know. There's an end put to our pleasant summer tour, now that I have two children, for I am sure I could never travel with such a tribe after me, nurses and all. I found one *enough* goodness knows. Charles wants to take country board somewhere—near enough for him to come out every night."

"Then you'll go to Rocklandtown, of course."

"I hate Rocklandtown."

"So do I; but you know the old adage, 'beggars mustn't be choosers,' and after all Parker's is really a capital place."

"Parker's! yes, a capital place for gossip and slander—I have always heard that."

"It is no more of a place for gossip than all boarding-houses are. There are always some who *will talk*, and some who *will listen*, and some who *will repeat*, and of course at a large boarding-house like Parker's, you will no doubt come across specimens of each. But that is no reason why *you* should deprive yourself of the conveniences which that farm-house possess over all of which I have any knowledge."

"The greatest inducement to me would be your society, for of course you go there. You are a regular fixture, are you not?"

"To be sure we have taken rooms. We always do from year to year, but this summer I do not know but that we shall give them up. I have no young children to keep me there, and I have a great fancy for spending the summer at the sea-shore. In fact, I came here to offer you my rooms, for you must know every room in the house has been rented since February. There are plenty who will be glad of them. Mrs. Parker turns scores away every spring. I only want to give you the first choice."

"You are very kind, Nelly—just like your own dear self to think of me with my noisy little troop. Not a very pleasant exchange to the boarders, I fancy, if they were to take the place of your all but grown up children."

"You will find plenty of company—it is a regular nursery; and there could not be a finer place for children than that broad, green lawn, with its graveled walks; and back, the meadow

land with its orchard trees, and the avenue of althea's that affords such a shaded path even at noonday. I tell you what, Anna, you drive out, and look at the rooms, and if you don't like them don't think of going. Emily Turner is very anxious to get board there, but she does not dream of my giving up my rooms, or she would have been after them long ago."

Mrs. Bentley began to think that Parker's must be a very desirable place. That evening the charms with which her friend, Mrs. Haydon, had invested the spot, were portrayed to her husband in the same glowing colors, and resulted in a drive out to Rocklandtown the following morning.

The rooms did indeed seem very inferior and small, but the air of cleanliness about them, and the genial good-humor glowing in the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Parker attracted Mrs. Bentley; and as she stood on the broad, stone piazza that extended across the back of the house, and looked out through the cloister-like arches upon the charming grounds beyond, she made her decision, and forthwith completed her arrangements.

"So you are going to Parker's to board," said Mrs. Grassdell, the wife of a brother of Mrs. Bentley. "I am glad of it. If you are not taught some lessons there, that you need to learn, then I am mistaken."

"What lessons do you mean, Ellen?"

"Never mind. It is my opinion though, that you will learn something beyond nominative I, possessive my or mine, objective me."

"What *do* you mean, Ellen? Do you think I am egotistical?"

"Not exactly, but you have lived so exclusively amongst your friends, and they have so flattered, and petted, and spoiled you, that you know no more of the world than a baby."

"I do," answered Mrs. Bentley, the color mounting to her face, "I know enough about the world. It is only because I prefer imputing good motives to persons instead of bad ones, that makes you think me ignorant."

"Now answer me honestly, Anna, who is more frequently in the right in the estimate formed of

our mutual friends—you or I? If I had been deceived as many times as you have, I warrant no one would have the opportunity of deceiving me again; but each new face you see you put your trust in, and are fool enough to believe every smooth word spoken to you. *If you don't learn some lessons this summer then I am mistaken.* I only hope and pray that your eyes will be opened to see who your true friends are."

"I do not want my eyes opened any wider," said Mrs. Bentley, pettishly. "I see enough that is disagreeable now."

After such a conversation, it would have been singular if Mrs. Bentley had not felt some distrust of the strange faces amongst whom she was soon thrown; but it lasted not long. A slight acquaintance with the 'goodlie companie,' which assembled around the well-filled board, or gathered in the old stone piazza of a morning, or in the large, cool parlor at eventide, convinced her that the grievous lessons her sister-in-law had predicted would be postponed for that season. Never since her removal from her Southern home had she been thrown amidst so charming, and so congenial a set.

First in her admiration stood Mrs. Nolen, a lady whose brilliant conversational powers engrossed her attention. The ease and affability of her manner was tempered by a certain dignity, which while it attracted Mrs. Bentley, prevented her from forming the intimacy toward which she felt so much inclination. A Mrs. Moodie, for whom Mrs. Bentley at first felt an aversion, became at length her great favorite; and indeed her sparkling vivacity, and very many winning ways, made her the life of the household. Another great attraction was her exceeding truthfulness of manner. Mrs. Bentley fully appreciated this truth, for she had often been condemned by her own family for her excessive candor. She loved her friends devotedly, never suffering them to be attacked in her presence without defending them to the best of her ability. She told them pleasant things said of them, because it gave her pleasure to do so. Of persons to whom she was indifferent, she was quite as apt to gossip as are the majority of her sex; and those whom she disliked, she disliked with a hearty fervor, until she discovered some redeeming trait in them, and then not unfrequently did her impressible nature cause her to unsay the unkind things that she felt guilty in having said. Her undeveloped and undisciplined character was the occasion of her being often misunderstood, and only in the hearts of those who had known her well and long could she win a lasting place.

One morning, when Mrs. Bentley was in Mrs. Moodie's room, the conversation turned upon Mrs. Nolen.

"I do not know how I have incurred her displeasure," said Mrs. Moodie, "but she has not been in my room this season, and previous summers we have been very intimate. I am sorry, for I admire her exceedingly."

"Why is she angry with you?" said Mrs. Bentley, curious to know particulars. "I am sure I did not know it. She always speaks of you as though you were on the best terms."

"Oh, we have had no quarrel—some stories that had got about this spring, and that I thought I had traced to her, but after all I believe Miss Somers is at the root of it. I mentioned them to Mrs. Nolen's sister, and that has been the cause of the coolness, I fancy. Mrs. Nolen is one who would take no pains to defend herself if she was falsely accused."

"How unlike she is to me. I could never rest until I had confronted my accuser—but if I had her dignity to fall back upon I should be content. I wish I was like her."

"You need not wish to be. It is all very well in Mrs. Nolen, whose experience of life has been such as to make her so, but I should be sorry to see you so artificial."

"Oh, she is not artificial. It is just as natural to her to be dignified as it is for me to talk and eat in my 'harum scarum' way."

"You have not known her so long as I have. She was wild and wayward enough before that unfortunate affair of hers."

"What unfortunate affair?"

"Is it possible that you have never heard of it? Well, I shall not be the one to enlighten you."

"Now that is really unkind. You know how much curiosity I have, and I shall always be imagining something dreadful until I hear the tale."

"Indeed, I shall not tell you. Miss Somers knows more about it than I do. Ask her if you want the particulars."

The next morning Mrs. Bentley joined Miss Somers as she started for a morning walk. The one subject uppermost in her mind she could hardly help referring to, but Miss Somers was busily recounting the story of her troubles with Mrs. Moodie, who she thought was treating her very cruelly this season.

"I do not think I shall stay here all summer," said Miss Somers, "it makes it so unpleasant for me. I have most cried myself sick about it, for Mrs. Moodie and I have always been so intimate."

"Why don't you tell her that you never said these things? She would surely believe so old and so intimate a friend. She knows that she has been mistaken once in her suppositions, and of course she is as liable to have made another error. I'll tell her for you."

"No, no, that wouldn't do. I don't want her to know that I have said anything about it to you. There is always some fuss here. I advise *you* to be careful. Speaking out what you think, as you do, will very likely be the means of getting you into some scrape before the summer is over."

"Never fear for me. 'I like every one in the house too well to quarrel with them.'"

"There is one lady in this house that a person of your disposition ought to be careful of. I shall not tell you who it is, but I will put you on your guard. She is 'all things to all men,' and if I am not mistaken you have already formed a very incorrect estimate of her character. She is a very dangerous, insincere woman."

"Why, Miss Somers, do you know what you are doing? You are saying that which will by turns make me suspicious of every lady in the house, for I should never find out who it was. Now that you have told me so much you ought to, in justice to me, and to the other ladies, let me know which one it is. I am sure it is very kind in you to take such an interest in me, and I appreciate your kindness. You need not be afraid of my making an improper use of your confidence. Is it that funny-looking lady who came last?—oh, what's her name, she has such restless-looking eyes, and talks so much about her principles? I have not spoken half a dozen words to her."

"Mrs. Grimshaw you mean—oh, no. This is the first time I ever saw her, but the lady I refer to I have known for years, and I was as much captivated with her once as you are now."

"Who can it be? not Mrs. Moodie, for she is truth herself, nor those lovely sisters, Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Stanley, for they are the most religiously conscientious people that I ever came across, nor Mrs. Nolen, who would never stoop to any evil, nor—"

"Stop, stop—you need not go on with the list—Mrs. Nolen is the one, and you can admire her talents and her beauty as much as you choose, but never trust her."

Mrs. Bentley drew a long breath. "How very kind of Miss Somers," thought she. "I never should have distrusted *her*," she said, aloud.

"The ladies in the parlor were speaking of you last evening after you went up stairs,"

continued Mrs. Somers, "and one of them said that she admired your simplicity of manner and your naturalness. 'It is an affected simplicity, I imagine,' said Mrs. Nolen, 'and her naturalness is nothing but art.'"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mrs. Bentley, her cheeks all in a glow. "How could she think so meanly of me? I'm sure I have always wished to be different, and tried to be, but it was of no use. Many a lesson my sister, Mrs. Grasedell, has read me about my thoughtless, impulsive ways. Ah, Ellen was not so far from right after all! I think my eyes will be opened this summer, as she said they would be."

"Mind you don't say a word about it to any one—only watch for yourself."

"Very well. Oh, Miss Somers, Mrs. Moodie commenced telling me something about Mrs. Nolen's early life, or rather, she made an allusion to some unpleasant occurrence, which, when she found I had not heard of, she would not continue, but told me that you knew more of the particulars than she did. What was it?"

"That happened long ago, and ought not to be revived, for no one can accuse Mrs. Nolen of the least indiscretion since. Mrs. Moodie, on the contrary, is always committing some imprudent act, and she need not talk about Mrs. Nolen."

"She did *not* talk about her. I want you to understand me. She positively refused to tell me of the circumstance, to which she had accidentally alluded, and sent me to you for information."

"It was only an old love affair, or rather a want of love in an affair she had on hand. Her husband was her first choice, but through the instrumentality of friends she became betrothed to another. Frightened at the near approach of the day fixed upon for the wedding, she retracted her promise, and subsequently married Mr. Nolen. There have been many versions of this affair, but this I know to be the true one."

"Well, she did *just* right," said Mrs. Bentley.

"If I had known her, I would have upheld her through the whole. I think more of her than ever—to have sufficient independence to break off an alliance so near completion, when her heart was with another. Yet, I wish she had not said that of me, and I am so sorry to think her insincere; but perhaps her experience of life may have caused her to appear more so than she really is. I am sure from things I have heard her say, that underneath the cold exterior which she sometimes assumes, she has a warm heart that throbs right nobly. I was reading a poem to her, not long ago, wherein was narrated

some act of heroism, and I saw the tears gather in her eyes, and her lips quiver. Oh, Miss Somers, I am sure you must be wrong."

"You are welcome to think so, if you chose. I am sure it makes no difference to me," replied Miss Somers, plainly showing her pique by her tones.

They had retraced their steps, and were now sauntering slowly through the grounds. Mrs. Moodie came toward them, and Miss Somers fell back.

"I know all now," said Mrs. Bentley. "It was not at all what I expected—but quite romantic, wasn't it? Mrs. Marston ought to hear it—it would furnish her with materials for her next story."

"Yes, they say that *that* Mrs. Marston writes. Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Stanley have taken a great fancy to her. I must say it is more than I have."

"She seems clever enough, but nothing remarkable. When do the Canning's arrive?"

"They are expected next week, I think. Ah, here we have come upon Mrs. Marston, botanizing."

"Not botanizing," said Mrs. Marston, "only gathering a few wild flowers for Willie, who is not well to-day, and he does so dearly love flowers."

"But the Canning's," continued Mrs. Bentley, "do tell me about them. I have heard Mrs. Canning was perfectly beautiful."

"She is very handsome—do you know her, Mrs. Marston?"

"No—yes—that is, I am not acquainted with her, but I have frequently met her, and we have several mutual friends. I am very anxious to know more of her, for I hear she is a lovely, warm-hearted woman, and such a character I should value more than all the beauty in the world. Combined as they are in her, they must make her very attractive."

"You will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself; she is a great favorite of Mrs. Haydon, Mrs. Bentley."

"Yes, I know that. Isn't Nelly Haydon a lovely creature?"

"Well—yes, I like her very well," was Mrs. Moodie's disjointed answer. "She did not want to come here this summer, but her husband engaged the rooms last year, and Mr. Parker would not let them off. She was in a great way when I saw her last, because she could not get them off from her hands, for she was determined not to spend another summer in the same house with Mrs. Whilton and her unruly boy."

Mrs. Bentley looked amazed. Mrs. Haydon's

apparently disinterested motives dawned upon her in a new light.

"Did you ever see that black lace breakfast-cap, and faded green silk wrapper of hers? I declare they nearly killed me—but what a shame for me to make fun of so dear a friend of your's. If she only had a little more taste in dress, she would be quite endurable. Of course you would never think of repeating what I have said."

"You are right, Mrs. Moodie. I never should think of repeating it, for I would not have Nelly's feelings so hurt for the world."

Mrs. Bentley left Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Marston, and retraced her steps to the house. After that morning's conversation, she did not fraternize quite as well as formerly with Mr. Moodie. Feeling a little distrust both of her, and of Mrs. Nolen, who did not avail herself as frequently as formerly of the opportunities for enjoying their society; but her acquaintance with the two sisters, Mrs. Percival and Mrs. Stanley, and their friend, Mrs. Marston, increased rapidly. Mrs. Grimsbaw also attached herself to this party, and Mrs. Bentley felt conscience-stricken that she could not bring herself to like better one whose good principles, were so frequently brought forward as her guide and rule of conduct.

The summer days, despite the heat, passed pleasantly away. Beneath the shade of some wide-spreading elm or chestnut, the ladies gathered, and while one read aloud some poem of rare beauty—now Mrs. Browning's, and again our own grand Edith May's—the others bent busily over dainty bits of embroidery, or pieces of worsted work, whose brilliant colors contrasted finely with their white morning dresses, and the greensward beneath and the green branches above them.

The evenings, then, what merry times! In lively sallies, in mirthful games, and in bewildering music the hours lost themselves. The Canning's were great favorites, and contributed vastly to the enjoyment of the party. Only poor Mrs. Marston kept aloof. Some unfortunate misunderstanding between herself and Mrs. Canning had effectually alienated them, notwithstanding Mrs. Marston's earnest desire to make her acquaintance. Now and then, through Mrs. Percival's persuasions, she would make her appearance in the drawing-room for an evening, but her own sensitive, rather suspicious nature, caused her not unfrequently to fancy slights, when none were intended, and consequently these evenings were anything but pleasant to her. Finally, she withdrew herself entirely to her own apartment, and as her room was

large and pleasantly furnished, some of the ladies were almost always to be found there during the evening.

Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Percival, Mrs. Grimshaw and Mrs. Bentley met there on one occasion. Some of the boarders were in the parlor, and others watching the gentlemen at their games in the ten-pin alley.

"How sweetly Mrs. Hunter dresses," said Mrs. Stanley.

"Um!" said Mrs. Grimshaw. "It is plain enough to see what she makes so much display for. I advise you to look after your husband, Mrs. Percival."

"Oh, no danger," laughed Mrs. Percival. "Mrs. Hunter is an old friend of mine, and of my husband's, too. I could not trust him in any keeping."

"Well, I am opposed to such extravagance in dress, and principled against it too. Besides, you can't make me believe that she does not flirt. She may be an old friend of the Percivals, but I am sure she never knew Mr. Marston more this summer—eh, Mrs. Marston?"

Mrs. Marston colored slightly. "It never entered my head to ask my husband," she answered, seemingly embarrassed.

"It is my advice to you to interest yourself a little in the matter. Mrs. Hunter is a dangerous woman," continued Mrs. Grimshaw.

"I do not see any occasion for interfering with my husband," answered Mrs. Marston, coolly.

"Others may, if you do not," said Mrs. Grimshaw, with emphatic nods of the head.

Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Percival exchanged glances, and Mrs. Bentley's face was more flushed than Mrs. Marston's. It required the memory of her sister-in-law's precepts to keep her quiet.

"Oh, I see you don't think there is any occasion for anxiety, but I know better than to let my needless fears. It is from a sense of duty that I have used my eyes and my ears, too. I know what is going on," continued Mrs. Grimshaw.

"I must insist upon an explanation," said Mrs. Marston, with dignity. "I do not understand such accusations."

"If I have put you on your guard, that is all that is sufficient, for I am no busy-body, and I tell tales backward and forward for the sake of making mischief. I considered it my duty to say what I have said, but I shall not tell anything more."

Mrs. Bentley, fully aroused, answered, "I should not take any notice of reports coming in

such a way, Mrs. Marston. For my part, I never believe those fancy statements. If one can tell me what was said, and who said it, it may be worth while to pay some attention."

"So you mean to convey the idea, Mrs. Bentley, that I have not heard any reports concerning—"

"I mean to convey the idea, that if you had heard any, I should have had a much better opinion of your principles if you had kept them to yourself," interrupted Mrs. Bentley, her cheeks aglow with the indignation which she felt.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Bentley," interrupted Mrs. Marston; "but indeed, I would rather you would not incur Mrs. Grimshaw's displeasure, by—" Mrs. Marston hesitated, and Mrs. Grimshaw finished for her.

"By your interference, I'll give you a piece of advice, Mrs. Bentley, attend to your own affairs, your husband's and your children's, but leave your friends to take care of themselves. You will have quite enough to keep you busy with the first, I imagine, and at any rate, you will never get any thanks from the latter."

Mrs. Bentley thought little of this speech at the time, but she remembered it afterward.

Mrs. Marston had become a great favorite with Mrs. Bentley, since her distrust of Mrs. Nolen, and she now espoused her cause against Mrs. Grimshaw with valor. She discussed the matter with the other ladies, in eager warmth, without realizing that she was thus giving greater publicity to the disagreeable rumor, and consequently increasing Mrs. Marston's annoyance.

Not long after this, Mrs. Moodie came into Mrs. Bentley's room, and closing the door after her with an air of secrecy, said,

"I have come to ask you a question, Mrs. Bentley—not that I believe you have ever said such a thing, but it will be a satisfaction to hear from your own lips that there was no foundation for the story. Miss Somers tells me that you came to her, and told her that I had given you the whole history of Mrs. Nolen's early life, and in that way threw her off her guard, until you had gained your point in ascertaining from her all you wished to know."

"Oh, Mrs. Moodie, how can people be so wicked? But this is a falsehood that carries its refutation along with it."

"Of course it does. Miss Somers is too shrewd a person to be taken in that way. It only confirms the opinion I had already formed of her."

Mrs. Bentley felt sick at heart. She recalled what Miss Somers had told her of Mrs. Nolen's

speech about herself, and she was not long in coming to the conclusion that that also was a falsehood. From that day she sought Mrs. Nolen's society with renewed avidity, and the more she saw of her the better was she convinced that she was well worthy of the high esteem in which her friends held her. Mrs. Nolen treated her with exceeding coolness, and both Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Bentley were led to infer that Miss Somers had told her own story to Mrs. Nolen, but the subject was too delicate a one to admit of any explanation to her, and Mrs. Bentley was therefore obliged to let the matter rest, very much regretting that her curiosity had lost her a friendship from which she had promised herself so much pleasure.

But she had not yet learned to be politic, and she treated Miss Somers with all the scorn that in her opinion she merited. Miss Somers revenged herself by insinuations which were not lost by the ears upon which they fell, and gradually Mrs. Bentley found herself avoided by the ladies. Even Mrs. Marston partook of the general feeling that Mrs. Bentley was curious, intermeddling and a gossip. And about this time another of her *mal-apropos* remarks confirmed the unjust opinion in Mrs. Canning's mind.

In conversation with Mrs. Canning, Mrs. Bentley, speaking of the high terms of regard in which she had heard her spoken of by her friends, said, "I believe they were dissatisfied with your marriage, having expected a more advantageous alliance." Mrs. Bentley was quite unaware that Mr. Canning's circumstances had been very inferior previous to his marriage, but had supposed that the friends of Mrs. Canning would not have been satisfied with any "business man," that their ambition demanded some titled foreigner, or some man high in office in our own country, from what she had heard said. But Mrs. Canning construed it differently, and being very spirited, and very devoted as a wife, she resented the affront which she imagined Mrs. Bentley had put upon her husband. Mr. Canning was in reality a great favorite of Mrs. Bentley's, she feeling particularly attracted toward him as he was from the same New England state; but thereafter her attempts at conversation with either of the two were failures, and as she was ignorant of the cause of offence, she was unable to vindicate herself.

Mrs. Bentley began to feel constantly annoyed by the change in the manner of the ladies toward her, and when she recalled her defence of Mr. Marston, and the subsequent coldness of his wife, and the train of circumstances which had caused Mrs. Nolen to repel her advances

toward intimacy, she looked upon herself as an injured woman, and resolved that she would no longer endure the *disagreements* of her situation.

It was no difficult task to persuade her husband that a few weeks at the sea-shore would be a desirable change, and consequently they made their arrangements for departure.

The requisite city shopping fatigued Mrs. Bentley so much as to bring on a severe attack of nervous headache, which deferred their departure for several days; and during this time the kindness of the ladies well nigh obliterated all her unpleasant feelings. Mrs. Percival's small, fair hand seemed to chase away the pain from her head with its magnetic influence. Mrs. Marston reading in Ber low, dreamy voice would not unfrequently soothe her into slumber when all other means had failed. All volunteered some assistance, and the result was that when at length the Bentleys took their departure, they left with pleasant feelings toward all excepting Miss Somers, whose violation of principle had been too flagrant to entirely overlook; and the good little Mrs. Grimshaw, whose principles in the eyes of Mrs. Bentley stuck out like bars of iron in every direction; and toward whom she still reproached herself for feeling badly.

Upon their arrival at the sea-side they joined the Grassdells and their party at the hotel in which they were boarding. When Mrs. Bentley had last seen her sister-in-law, she had given her a glowing description of the charming society at Parker's, and the delightful summer she was passing there.

Now she felt a little uncomfortable at Mrs. Grassdell's first question, for she detected the lurking smile in her eyes.

"Well, how do you like Rocklandtown boarding by this time?"

"Oh, very well," replied Mrs. Bentley, resolving that she would not give her the satisfaction of hearing of her unpleasant experience.

But Mrs. Bentley was one who was apt to speak of what was uppermost in her mind, and had no tact at concealment, and the result was that one afternoon, when they were conversing alone and sociably, she gave her sister-in-law a full history of the events of the summer.

"And is this all the trouble you have had?" said Mrs. Grassdell, with an elongated face. "Mere moonshine, why from what I had heard I imagined the whole house to have been in an uproar—everything dreadful going on, and you at the bottom of all the fusses?"

"Where did you hear anything about it?" said Mrs. Bentley, her face expressing the amazement which she felt.

"Oh, a friend of Mrs. Canning's told me. You have made yourself a name this summer, my lady, whether you deserve it or not; and I am not one whit sorry. I warned you that you would learn some lessons this summer."

"Well, now, what lessons have I learned? I am sure I don't know. Not to distrust every one certainly, for with the one exception of Miss Somers, I am sure it was more an unfortuitous chain of events that caused the misunderstandings there than anything else."

"Well, begin at the beginning with me, and I will tell you what lessons your experience ought to have taught you, and if you have not learned them now you never will. In the first place you found that Mrs. Haydon's motives were not so purely disinterested as you imagined them to be. Now next time a friend comes to you in great anxiety to do you a kindness, see what motives of her own she has to serve before you are so eager to accept."

"I would rather be deceived by false friends a hundred times than to doubt the kind motives of one real one once. Besides, Nellie Haydon probably thought she was doing me a kindness, as well as accommodating herself," replied Mrs. Bentley.

"There are none so blind as those who will not see," said Mrs. Grassdell, warmly, "and positively you provoke me beyond anything. I suppose Miss Somers was doing you a kindness, in your estimation, in telling these abominable stories."

"No, indeed. I cannot bear Miss Somers, and I was not at all diffident in showing the estimation in which I held her."

"There! another lesson for you! Such things don't answer, Anna. It was no use to increase her ill-will—you must learn policy, and no matter how much you despise a person, so that you don't let them know the opinion in which you hold them. There is two lessons for you to begin with. Now let me see what next. Why, your curiosity to know the past history of people—you must get over that. It is no matter who nor what people were, nor who their grandfathers and grandmothers were, so that they are agreeable and answer your purpose. You only make them suspicious of you if you show any interest in their genealogical tree."

"Well, I am sure I——"

"Don't interrupt me. There's three lessons for you. Now for the fourth. Mrs. Nolen may or she may not have said what Miss Somers told you that she did. Even if she did say it, you have no right to think less of her for it—she thought so, no doubt. You expect people to

think too much of you—but there is more evil than good thought of every one, let me tell you. Then there's that Mrs. Moodie that you think truth itself—I don't if you do. 'Consistency is a jewel.' I suppose it has never entered your head that the first opportunity which she had of ridiculing your peculiarities behind your back she would embrace it. No, I have no faith in her truth; and you were served quite right for interfering between Mrs. Marston and that Mrs. —. What's her name, that woman of *admirable* principles? It is *such* a pity you did not like her. I should place great confidence in a person who brought forward their principles on every occasion," said Mrs. Grassdell, sarcastically.

"Mrs. Grimshaw you mean. Well, now, she really did try to act from duty, but it made her very disagreeable nevertheless."

"I would not give a fig for her '*sense of duty*,' nor '*her principles*,' nor for her either. Yes, I would too, for that was a capital piece of advice she gave you. You never do get any thanks for defending your friends. The truth is, it is humiliating to be placed in a position that requires defence. I don't doubt but that Mrs. Hunter has flirted with Mr. Marston, and every other gentleman, married or single, who will give her an opportunity. I have always heard her spoken of as a flirt—a despicable character for a married woman."

"Ah, indeed I don't think she flirts, Ellen. She is attractive, and the gentlemen like to hear her talk—she has such an interesting way."

"*Interesting way!* hum! I just wish she had tried her interesting ways with *your* husband. How did you like Mrs. Canning?"

"I was very much pleased with her at first, but I know she did not like me. What was that you heard from a friend of hers?"

"I could not begin to tell you all. Do you remember asking her if her husband wasn't of low origin?"

"I never did. I never asked such a question in my life. Why, Anna, it seems to me people are crazy to tell such stories."

"Well, now, you certainly did say something of the kind, for she did not dislike you at first."

"Stop. I do remember asking her once if her friends did not object to her marriage with Mr. Canning, but surely that could not have offended her. I intended it as a compliment, for she is beautiful enough to have been a queen."

"Well, you *are* a strange woman. Don't pay people such equivocal compliments, I beg of you. I suppose you left Parker's on bad terms with every one, didn't you?"



"No, indeed, I did not. Only Miss Somers. All the other ladies were so kind those few days that I was sick, and did everything in their power to help me off."

"I don't doubt it," said Mrs. Grassdell, with a low, merry, little laugh.

Mrs. Bentley felt her cheeks burning, but she could not equal her sister-in-law in retorts, and she wisely kept silence.

Mrs. Grassdell, who was very clear-headed, and took an amazingly common sense view of everything, saw at a glance the estimation in which Mrs. Bentley had been held at Parker's, and the apparent cause she had given them for so holding her. She also knew that her sister-in-law was very far from being a wilful mischief maker; but at the same time she saw her faults in so exaggerated a point of view, that it unfitted her to be of as much use as a less prejudiced person would have been. However, what she said had the effect of causing Mrs. Bentley to reflect upon how far she had been instrumental in producing the unpleasant state of things that existed, and she saw that although her errors had been innocent ones, they had been errors none the less. She knew also from tales of past summers which she had heard at Parker's, that it had not been the first time that disagreeable things had happened; and she saw the necessity of great care and watchfulness in a house where so many dissimilar dispositions were congregated. It had been her first experience in boarding, and fortunately it came at a period

of life when she could not fall to be benefited by it. Thereafter she was somewhat more distrustful of those with whom she was thrown, and not quite so apt to fall into her old enthusiasms. Her undeserved reputation as a mischief-maker amongst the set she had met at Parker's she felt able to live down; and the mortification which she experienced at the time, was fully recompensed by hearing afterward that Mrs. Nolen, whose acquaintance she still kept up, and who continued her particular admiration, had said that it was impossible to form a just estimate of a boarding-house acquaintance, and that never had she been more deceived than in the opinion she had been led to form of Mrs. Bentley upon her first acquaintance with her.

I have finished my sketch. It lays no claims to being a story. In fact, I have been giving a faithful narration of actual occurrences. I have had my object in so doing, and if any one has patience sufficient to read it through, and in future summers to profit from Mrs. Bentley's experience, two objects may be served instead of one.

My husband, Mr. Jeremias Froth, says that I might have saved the paper, pen, ink, and time that I have consumed in writing it. Jeremias is a very clever man, but I shall have my own way this time. If he chooses to give a laughable experience of his own in country boarding, as an atonement for my dull, prosaic sketch, I shall not interfere with him.

## INVOCATION.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

DREAMS of the Summer-time,  
Where have ye flown?  
Answer my icy heart,  
Send back one tone!  
Cheering me, blessing me,  
Telling of hope,  
Lifting the shadows that  
Over me droop.

Flowers of the Summer-time,  
Why have ye died,  
Leaving no tracery  
On the hill-side?  
Daisies and violets,  
Pets of my own—  
Folded their dewy leaves,  
Lo! they are gone.

Birds of the Summer-time,  
Soft gentle showers,  
Meadows and woodlands  
Scattered with flowers,  
Dreams bright and sunshiny,  
Gilded and fair,  
All faded and vanished,  
Like mists of the air!

Come back, oh, Summer-time,  
Bringing thy flowers,  
Bringing thy bird-songs,  
To murmuring bowers,  
Bring all thy sweet voices,  
Sweet, fresh, and free,  
And oh, bring sweet dreamings  
Back freshly to me!

## ON PURPOSE, AND ACCIDENTALLY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

SOMEBODY wrote to somebody:

"MY DEAR ADDIE—Bandbox your pink muslin bonnet and come to me without delay. *Francis Enderwood is with me, and this will, I am sure, explain all. Au revoir.*

"P. S.—Do not forget your drab tissue."

The young lady to whom this was addressed looked first pleased, then embarrassed, and finally contemptuous. The bonnet which Mrs. Brand mentioned in so common-place a manner as "pink muslin," was set down in *her* vocabulary as "rose colored," without any reference to the material; the "drab tissue" was "a faint grey cloud"—a poetical-looking dress for which words were altogether too heavy.

For Miss Addie Coltney, the object of Mrs. Brand's disinterested solicitude, was very much under the power of certain floating visions, almost as undefined as the figures one traces in summer clouds, which visions often led her into performances that were entirely different from what any one else would have done under the circumstances. When she could forget all this, and act out her natural self, she was a laughter-loving girl, whose mirthful spirit was the especial admiration of invalids and persons of a misanthropic turn—indeed, Addie's conquests among bachelors and widowers of this cast were, like the things in newspapers, too numerous to mention.

Her appearance was as variable as her mood; when her dress was becomingly arranged, with her ringlets just the proper length, and not too much of the corkscrew, she was pretty and interesting—at other times she appeared quite ordinary. To do Addie justice, however, she was very apt to be *becomingly* dressed; and her light curls, which she knew well enough to be her chief attraction, were always arranged with peculiar care. When looking her best, she was said to have "a picture-face;" and she seldom failed to interest travelled men and *bookish* men.

Mrs. Brand was a charming acquaintance for everybody, but *particularly* for young ladies. She lived in quite a poetical-looking cottage, which *she* called "little" in spite of its elastic qualities where visitors were concerned, kept carriage-horses and saddle-horses, half-a-dozen servants, entertained company by the score, and flattered herself that, because she had not a stone palace

in the city, she was *economical*. Mr. Brand had heard this so often repeated that he wondered why he did not believe it.

Mrs. Brand was the kind of person to whom people confided troubles, love-scrapes, and all sorts of hopes and disappointments. Too mature to be feared as a rival by the young ladies, and yet young enough to sympathize with the repinings of various discontented young gentlemen, she was constantly supplied with enough information to set up several fortune-tellers; and in return for these proofs of friendship, she employed herself quite unconsciously in endeavoring to bring together the proper halves that are generally wandering through the world at a respectful distance apart. Somehow, people that knew Mrs. Brand always seemed to get married, and she certainly knew very delightful people.

Addie Coltney was a decided favorite; and for some time past she had heard a great deal from her friend of a certain Francis Enderwood, who was always travelling in Italy or somewhere on the continent, and who was very fastidious and very charming, somewhat in the style of Mr. Rochester. The two had been often closeted in Mrs. Brand's comfortable dressing-room, and had sat upon the said Francis and canvassed his various traits until Addie knew him perfectly, and had his whole appearance laid out in her own mind. Mrs. Brand had told her that she was the very person whom Francis Enderwood would admire; he had, she said, the passon of the old painters for light colored tresses, and said so many pretty things upon the subject that Addie blushed and felt quite Sampsonish. Mrs. Brand wondered that he did not return—he had been in Italy for two years; and Addie, too, wondered—particularly as her friend had mentioned her to him in one of her last letters; and thus matters stood until the day in question.

All that morning Addie was busy in arranging bows of ribbon, gathering lace-frills, and doing various little nothings so indispensable to a contemplated journey.

Papa came home to dinner; and when Addie requested leave of absence, he smilingly consented—thereby depriving himself of his house-keeper, and appealing to the tender mercies of the three Irish servants who presided in her

absence. For Addie was the "sole daughter of his house and heart"—a dead wife's legacy—and *her* wishes were always the first to be attended to.

Well, Addie went to Mrs. Brand's, and found Francis Enderwood comfortably established there. To him the lady had said,

"I am sure that you will like my young friend—you are just cut out for each other—and I hope that you will be everlastingly grateful to me for bringing you together."

"I must say," observed her visitor, laughingly, "that I await with much curiosity the arrival of this paragon. She is a blending of all the delightful characters that I ever heard of."

"I did not intend to convey the idea that she was a *paragon*," replied Mrs. Brand, somewhat perplexed, "*you* may not think her even pretty, for she makes no pretensions to the character of a beauty, but she *interests* people. That vest, which you are so fond of wearing, cannot be called *pretty*, and yet it is universally admired."

"Then I am to infer that Miss Coltney is *grotesque-looking*?" said the gentleman, with a most quizzical air.

"You provoking creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Brand, "you really do not deserve that I should interest myself for your benefit."

"I thought it was for *Miss Coltney's* benefit," he remarked, quietly.

"You thought no such thing!" she replied; "for if I did not know that you were free from the least suspicion of puppyism I would not have mentioned you to Addie. To continue what I intended saying when you interrupted me, she is different from others in being *better*—not that she is of a decidedly religious cast—but you will understand what I mean when you see her."

"*Different from others in being better*," repeated Francis Enderwood to himself, "that is saying a great deal."

Mrs. Brand had certainly drawn a character that interested him exceedingly; and he found himself counting the hours until the expected arrival of the new guest.

Poor Addie! She had jumped into the stage in a happy, hopeful frame of mind; but a cross baby, who persisted in wiping a couple of muddy feet upon her neat travelling-dress—an unpleasant neighbor of inexhaustible proportions, who seemed determined to crush her—and a dusty side of an hour in the heat of a warm, summer day, entirely annihilated her equanimity; and when she arrived, she looked cross, disordered, and not over clean.

Francis Enderwood had watched for the clumsy vehicle, and was at the window when she alighted;

but his first impressions were decidedly unfavorable. He felt provoked at Mrs. Brand, and provoked at Addie for being so different from what he had expected; and with very little alacrity he obeyed Mrs. Brand's summons to come forward and be presented.

Addie could scarcely forbear an exclamation of surprise. She had enshrined in her own thoughts a noble-looking individual, with a flashing eye and eloquent mouth, and a cast of face dreamy and refined-looking in the extreme; she saw quite a common-place man in appearance, with no particularly distinguishing traits, and not an inch above the middle height.

She rushed up stairs to change her dress; and when safely closeted with her friend, poor Mrs. Brand was assailed with a torrent of reproaches.

"Oh, Mrs. Brand, how *could* you!" exclaimed Addie, in a state of the greatest excitement. "I could not believe that was Francis Enderwood!"

"What is the matter?" said her puzzled companion, "you do not seem to be pleased with him."

"He is perfectly horrid!" continued our disappointed heroine, "I cannot conceive the possibility of his ever being *endurable*!"

Poor Mrs. Brand was sadly perplexed. Her pet manoeuvre was in the greatest danger of being utterly spoiled; for a telegraphic despatch in Enderwood's expression had already informed her that matters with him were in very much the same state. Still, she could not bear to give it up.

"You do not know him yet," she pleaded, "he appears very different to me. But Addie, dear," she continued, imploringly, "*don't* put on that green dress—green is his favorite aversion; wear this charming pink organzy—he will like that."

"For that very reason," replied Addie, "I shall avoid wearing it. I should despise myself for endeavoring to conform to *his* taste."

Mrs. Brand sighed, but in vain; the green dress was donned forthwith by her resolute visitor, and the two descended to the parlor.

Addie took particular pains to court the attentions of Master Willie Brand, a young gentleman who had just arrived at the dignity of pantaloon, and Enderwood conversed with Mrs. Brand. Addie did not acquit herself well that evening; her manner was cold and dignified, and seemed to express a perfect contempt for every opinion put forward by her new acquaintance.

Mr. Enderwood spoke of Naples, and the different places he had visited, the different entertainments in which he had figured, and Addie sat and called him names to herself, in

which amusement the epithets "fop" and "egotist" were extremely prominent. Even Mrs. Brand was compelled to admit that Francis Enderwood was less like Francis Enderwood and more like a very conceited, disagreeable person than she had ever supposed it possible for him to be. "If they would only throw off their masks," thought she, "and stop acting!" But she, her puppets were obstinate and remained perfectly obtuse to all the signs, explanatory, warning, and beseeching, that were so liberally lowered upon them.

An almost visible yawn, which Addie scarcely met the trouble to suppress, warned Mrs. Brand to immediate action; and her visitor readily quiesced in her proposal of retiring.

"You are fatigued after your journey, are you not?" said Mrs. Brand, anxious to give Mr. Enderwood a more favorable view of her progress's dulness.

"Not particularly with my journey," replied Addie, with decided emphasis, "but I feel remarkably stupid to-night."

The gentleman rose and bowed very coldly, and the ladies went up stairs together.

"Oh, Addie!" exclaimed Mrs. Brand, "how admirably you do behave! To think of the names of eloquence, sprightliness, and sentiment you have wasted on me, and now, when I bid you to do your best, you are no more retaining than a post!"

"I should consider eloquence and all that you have mentioned," replied Addie, "much more wasted upon that conceited ape down stairs."

"But he never acted so before," remonstrated Mrs. Brand, "and he really is not conceited."

"Then why does he act so now?" inquired Addie. "If his natural character is so different," she continued, "let him act that, and I shall be likely to tolerate him."

Mrs. Brand wished to give Addie a few hints respecting her own conduct, but she could plainly see that they would not be well received; and in a sigh, she descended to her other subject. She greeted her entrance with a laugh, and threw himself back upon the sofa in a perfect exhibition of merriment.

"Mrs. Brand," said he, at length, "you are a wicked woman! That wonderful Addie, of whom you have raved to me for the last six months, has not been forthcoming, and you have led up the first damsel at hand to pass off on me for your paragon. I could think of nothing, as I looked at her, this evening, but a blue, green grasshopper!"

Addie has a great horror of dressing at gentlemen," replied Mrs. Brand, "and when I

told her that you disliked green, she persisted in wearing that dress."

"Ah?" said Francis Enderwood, "I like that." And he really did.

But the next morning, Addie appeared in yellow, and his tortured feelings could scarcely bear the sight. But Addie was as calmly indifferent to the likes and dislikes of Mr. Francis Enderwood as though such a person had never been in existence. The night before, she had been a quiet listener; but, now, having, as she sagely supposed, studied her man thoroughly, she arrived at the conclusion that he was an egotistical fop, and determined to shake him a little in his own esteem. A few sharp retorts soon convinced the gentleman that he had been entirely mistaken in the very moderate opinion he had formed of her acquirements; and he smiled to think this was the paragon whom Mrs. Brand had described to him as being different from other people in being better.

Mr. Brand furtively studied the couple from over the top of his newspaper, and thought of two people obstinately persisting in sitting *dos-a-dos* when a glance at each other's faces would set all things right.

"I declare, I am almost resolved not to attempt to do anything more for people!" exclaimed the disappointed match-maker, on the third morning, "Addie acts like one beside herself—and Francis Enderwood has taken the most disagreeable parts of all the disagreeable people I have ever seen. I have tried pic-nics, boating-parties, every sort of excursion on which people have been known to fall in love—but Cupid still keeps at a most respectful distance. What shall I do now?"

"Let them alone," was the quiet reply.

At first, Mrs. Brand was disposed to treat the suggestion with contempt; but when she thought the matter over, it had quite a reasonable sound, and she fully resolved to act upon it. The case in question was a perfect anomaly in her line of practice, and, of course, required a new mode of treatment.

Scarcely, however, had she come to this wise determination when Addie received a letter from her father requesting her immediate presence at home. He was ill, but not dangerously so, being quite subject to such attacks: "But I miss your soft hand and gentle footstep, Addie," he wrote, and away went Addie to collect her things; and that very afternoon she was quietly established in her father's sick room.

Francis Enderwood remained with Mrs. Brand. Addie's departure did not shorten his visit in the least; but to all the lady's remonstrances he only

answered with a laugh and a declaration that the whole affair had been a most excellent joke.

"Well," said Mrs. Brand, quite warmly, "I have, at least, *one* comfortable reflection, Mr. Indifferent, whatever you may think of Addie, you cannot possibly think *worse* of her than she does of you."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, as though he should never give the subject a second thought. But he did give it a great many; and felt quite provoked that he had made himself repulsive because Miss Coltney did not happen to suit him.

"This is really something like," remarked the invalid, as Addie fidgeted lightly about his chair, giving little, magic touches here and there, which soon imparted to the room a peculiar air of comfort, "this is really something like—but I am afraid, Addie, that I have been somewhat selfish in recalling you from the gayeties of Mrs. Brand's house to the dullness of a sick-room, because I *could* have done without you."

"Do not let that trouble you, papa," replied Addie, "for Mrs. Brand's house was unusually dull. I was the only visitor, except a disagreeable sort of man, the loss of whose society is no deprivation whatever."

"Why, I thought that you expected an unusually pleasant time!" exclaimed Mr. Coltney, in surprise.

Addie just then upset two or three vials—whether on purpose or accidentally she never explained—but it diverted her father's attention from the subject, and he quite forgot to expect an answer.

It was a bright autumn day; and the town of N—, which was a sort of unfortunate mistake between city and country, looked particularly dull.

At least, so thought our friend, Addie, as she sauntered indifferently along, arrayed in the latest Paris fashions, which she always took particular pains to procure, notwithstanding her often-uttered assertion that "there was nobody to see." Not that Addie made any undue display, or looked in the least like the fashion-plate of a magazine, her bonnet was a plain straw, with a blue ribbon simply crossed over the top, but it looked as no bonnet except one fresh from the hands of a Frenchwoman *could* look, with a saucy, jaunty little air of its own that communicated itself to the face of the wearer.

Handsome carriages passed through the principal street of N—, belonging to people who owned country-seats on "the outskirts;" and gentlemen with moustaches stared from the car-

riages at Addie, and pronounced her "quite a passable figure for such a Sahara as N—."

Her father had long since recovered—materially aided, he declared, by her skilful nursing—and, since that chapter at Mrs. Brand's, Addie had become quite desponding and resigned; her bright imagings had been rudely shattered, and she had fully made up her mind always to live "a fair maiden in her father's mansion."

Coming events do *not* cast their shadows before, at least, not always; for our heroine walked mechanically on without the least suspicion of an approaching adventure, and could not have been made to believe that her good genius would have appeared in the shape of an old horse.

Yet so it was; she had left the fashionable promenade and turned into one of the by streets that led into the country. The residences here were quite scattered, and scarcely an individual was to be seen except a group of turbulent boys just let loose from school. They were conducting themselves in the outrageous manner peculiar to boys in general, whooping, yelling, and turning somersets with the activity of practised circus-riders. A poor, old horse, released from drudgery on account of age and infirmity, paced leisurely through the street, until, distracted by the noise, it roved wildly about from one side to the other.

Addie was somewhat frightened, and stood behind the shelter of a tree, waiting for the boys and the horse to proceed; but the sight of the worn-out animal inspired them with fresh activity, and they immediately commenced an attack upon it. One or two climbed upon its back, some pommelled its sides, and one hung by the tail; while the poor, bewildered creature strove in vain to free itself from its persecutors.

Addie remained quiet until she could bear the sight no longer. It made her feel perfectly sick; and walking toward the noisy crowd, she addressed herself to the foremost boy,

"Do you know," said she, "that you are doing a very wicked thing in tormenting this poor, old horse? Do you think that such cruelty will remain unpunished? Let the poor creature go, instead of adding to its sufferings by such unprovoked barbarity."

It was a novel spectacle, a well-dressed young lady haranguing a crowd of turbulent boys, and so they appeared to think, for they stood gazing upon her with open mouth, while the horse took advantage of their astonishment to trot off. The oldest of the urchins concluded that this might prove better sport; and they pressed so closely around our Quixotic dame that she wished herself safely at home, and endeavored to draw

down the black lace veil that hung on the back of her bonnet. But it was obstinate and resisted her efforts; and her situation had become embarrassing in the extreme when a gentleman stepped forward to the rescue.

This was Francis Enderwood; he had seen Addie from a carriage-window, but without recognizing her; he thought her an extremely pretty, stylish-looking girl, and was very much surprised to see the same graceful figure standing in the midst of a group of boys. He advanced nearer, and saw that she was annoyed and bewildered; in a moment, his arm had been offered and accepted, the refractory veil was mastered, and without a very clear notion of her destination, Addie walked on with burning cheeks and downcast eyes.

"I was afraid," said the gentleman, "that you might deem me intrusive—but I could not resist the impulse of coming to your assistance."

Addie started at the sound of that voice, and looked more closely in the face of her escort. She was not mistaken; in spite of the missing moustache, and the Americanized look that had superseded his air of foreign travel, she recognized her particular aversion of the preceding summer, and felt more embarrassed than ever.

But one comfort, he had not recognized *her*; and drawing her veil still more closely over her face, she hastily murmured her thanks, and endeavored to avoid all further conversation.

"I will not trespass upon your politeness any longer," said she, in rather an abrupt manner, "I shall now be quite safe from all annoyance. Good morning."

And she slipped her hand from his arm, bowed distantly and disappeared down the nearest street—leaving Francis Enderwood both disappointed and bewildered.

He was visiting some friends, who were among the great ones of N—, and to them he confided his adventure, with a glowing description of the unknown young lady.

"Haven't the least idea who your inamorata can be," observed Ned Duncan, as he nonchalantly removed his cigar, after listening to what he was very much disposed to pronounce humbug, "unless," he continued, "it is Miss Coltney—*she* is quite a stylish-looking girl."

He remembered the name, but thought nothing of it—there were, doubtless, plenty of Coltnays in the world.

"Introduce me, will you?" he exclaimed, "I shall be eternally obliged to you!"

"Well, yes—I suppose I cannot escape it," rejoined his companion, "rather ashamed to go there, though—it's long since I've called."

That very evening, as Addie sat meditating in her own particularly cosy room, "Mr. Duncan and a strange gentleman" were announced; and she descended to the drawing-room to be presented to Francis Enderwood for the second time.

Her face seemed familiar, and yet he could not exactly read it; and it was some time before he had fully identified her as Mrs. Brand's protegee. His astonishment at this discovery was extreme; and he began to think that he must have been very blind during these two or three days.

Annie soon discovered her power and determined to use it. She was not a heartless coquette, but just sufficiently spoiled to make the captivation and refusal of Mr. Francis Enderwood a very pleasant thing. Her face was beaming with intelligence and mirthfulness—a quick sense of the ridiculous gave point to every thing she said—and both gentlemen agreed in pronouncing her a very charming creature.

"*This* really is the Addie Coltney whom Mrs. Brand described," thought Francis Enderwood. "Why did she not show what she really was during that unfortunate visit?"

"*This* is quite like the Francis Enderwood I used to know before I saw him," soliloquized Addie. "Why did he wear so hideous a mask at Mrs. Brand's?"

"That Mr. Enderwood is a very agreeable person," said Mr. Coltney, who had entered the room some time before the gentlemen left, "how did you become acquainted with him, Addie?"

"Mr. Duncan introduced him," she replied, blushing at the thought that, although this was the truth, it was not the *whole* truth.

"Very agreeable, indeed," continued Mr. Coltney, "I hope that he will call again."

"One, two, three," counted Addie, on the slipper she was working; and she seemed to dismiss Francis Enderwood from her thoughts with the next puncture of her needle.

"I hope that you will not consider me too inquisitive, but I should *very* much like to know how you came to be surrounded by all those boys, and why they were annoying you in that strange manner?"

Addie laughed and blushed, and finally she thought it best to tell the whole story.

There was a sparkle in Francis Enderwood's eye that she could not mistake; and she felt provoked at herself that *his* good opinion should have such an effect upon her. He seemed about to say something; but after a few common-place remarks, he took up his hat and departed.

Addie sat there and pondered and lectured

herself in vain. Francis Enderwood was now a frequent visitor at the house, and in the whole circle of their acquaintance there was not a more polished gentleman, a more entertaining companion, or one who had displayed nobler traits or higher principles. He was what the world calls "a good match"—he was a decided favorite with her father—and she began to ask herself what he was to the daughter? The question rose up constantly, but she had not decided it at his next visit.

A beautiful bouquet, composed entirely of rose-buds and heliotrope, was laid on the table at which Addie sat working.

"How exquisite!" she exclaimed, with a start, "are they really intended for so unworthy a person as myself?"

"If you will accept them," replied Mr. Enderwood, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"The smallest donations thankfully accepted——" but Addie suddenly stopped, for Francis Enderwood had seized her hand, as he exclaimed,

"I shall understand that *literally*, Addie, and expect you to take *me*, too."

Skeins of worsted and floss silk became mingled together in an ir retrievable tangle—the bouquet was hopelessly crushed—and papa, who was walking deliberately into the room, as usual, became fairly frightened out, and made a hasty retreat.

"There is *one* thing," said Addie, as she put back her disordered curls, "which I have entirely forgotten."

He leaned eagerly forward, and said,

"What is that?"

"To refuse you," she replied, "I meant to do it out of pique for your conduct at Mrs. Brand's—and I don't know that it is too late, *now*."

"Oh, yes, it is entirely," he rejoined, "I should not believe you now, if you said it—and, beside, you were not Addie Coltney at Mrs. Brand's, but a sort of wayward damsel who chose to assume her name. I should have acted very differently to your own charming self."

Addie was standing at the drawing-room window, pondering over these things, when she was startled by the sudden apparition of Mrs. Brand, very much excited and very much fatigued.

"Shopping *as usual*!" she exclaimed, sinking into the depths of a huge arm-chair, "and flying through every shop in this ridiculous N—— for things that in any *decent* city would meet you at every turn, and almost cry out to come and buy them. How can *civilized* people *live* in such a place?"

Addie smiled, for it was one of Mrs. Brand's

chief amusements to abuse N——; and she waited until the tirade was entirely finished.

"But, Addie," continued the lady, "do put me out of suspense, at once, and tell me if that aggravating Francis Enderwood, and that still more aggravating *you* are really going to make a match of it? I heard the news this morning, and, tired as I was, I posted directly up here to have it either contradicted or confirmed.

Addie smiled, blushed, and played with the tassel of the window-curtain.

"Quite a tableau!" exclaimed Mr. Coltney, "upon one face a never-sufficiently-to-be-expressed look of astonishment—upon the other, a decidedly pleased embarrassment. What is the charade, ladies?"

"The charade," replied Mrs. Brand, is this, that I consider myself an extremely injured individual. I brought two charming people together—gave them all sorts of reasonable opportunities to fall in love—and, without the least consideration for *my* feelings, they behaved to each other so outrageously that I wonder they were not enemies for life. They part, as the novels would say. Several months elapse. Addie gets into a street row with a set of little miscreants about an old horse—when, just at the crisis up pops Francis Enderwood, conducts her out of the melee, asks an explanation of her rather singular position, and rewards her heroism by a present of his hand and heart. This is the story as nearly as I can remember it."

Mr. Coltney was very much amused. "What have you to say for yourself, Addie?"

"Nothing," she replied.

"Nothing?" repeated her father, "a very prudent young lady! Well, I have considerable to say," he continued, "a gentleman—called upon me to-day, with a polite offer to deprive me of my housekeeper—but, as I fortunately discovered that he was the 'disagreeable sort of person' whom you met at Mrs. Brand's, I suppose I was quite right in giving him a most decided 'no!'"

Addie turned around in some alarm; but Francis Enderwood made his appearance with an aspect of such intense satisfaction that she was soon reassured.

"My dear Mrs. Brand," said Mr. Coltney, abandoning the neighborhood of the lovers, "what I can gather from the little comedy that has been enacted is this: take two people entirely suited to each other, and endeavor to lead or drive them into the traces, and they will rebel—let them alone, and they will walk in as naturally as possible. If match-makers could only be convinced that they hinder more than they help!"

# FLOWERS WE HAVE CULLED.

BY THE EDITORS.

## AN ANGEL IN EVERY HOUSE.

THERE is an *angel* in every house. No matter how fallen the inmates, how depressing their circumstances, there is an angel there to pity or to cheer. It may be in the presence of a little child; or it may be enclosed in a stooping and wrinkled body, treading the downward path to the grave. Or, perhaps, in a cheerful spirit, looking upon the ills of life as so many steps toward heaven, if only bravely overcome, and mounted with sinless feet.

We knew such an angel once, and it was a drunkard's child. On every side wherever she moved she saw only misery and degradation, and yet she did not fall. Her father was brutal and her mother discouraged, and her home thoroughly comfortless. But she struggled along with angel endurance, bearing with an almost saintly patience, the infirmities of him who gave her existence, and then hourly embittered it. Night after night, at the hours of ten, twelve, and even one, barefoot, ragged, shawless and bonnetless, has she been to the den of the drunkard, and gone staggering home with her arm around her father. Many a time has her flesh been blue with the mark of his hand when she has stepped in between her helpless mother and violence. Many a time has she sat upon the cold curb-stone with his head in her lap; many a time known how bitter it was to cry for hunger when the money that should have bought bread was spent for rum.

And the patience that the angel wrought with, made her young face shine, so that though never acknowledged in the courts of this world, in the kingdom of heaven she was waited for by assembled hosts of spirits, and the crown of martyrdom ready, lay waiting for her young brow.

And she was a martyr. Her gentle spirit went up from a couch of anguish—anguish brought on by ill-usage and neglect. And never till then did the father recognize the angel in the child; never till then did his manhood arise from the dust of its dishonor. From her humble grave, he went away to steep his resolves for the better in bitter tears; and he will tell you to-day, how the memory of her much enduring life, keeps him from the bowl; how he goes sometimes and stands where her patient hands

have held him, while her cheek crimsoned at the sneers of those who scoff at the drunkard's child.

Search for the angel's in your households, and cherish them while they are among you. It may be that all unconsciously you frown upon them, when a smile would lead you to a knowledge of their exceeding worth. They may be among the least cared for, most despised; but when they are gone with their silent influence, then will you mourn for them as for a jewel of great worth.

*Mrs. Denison.*

## POOR LONE HANNAH.

POOR lone Hannah,  
Sitting at the window, binding shoes:  
Grey and wrinkled,  
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse,  
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,  
When the bloom was on the tree—  
Faded Hannah,  
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor  
Passing, nod or answer will refuse  
To her whisper,  
"Is there from the fishers any news?"  
Oh! her heart's adrift with one  
On an endless voyage gone!  
Lonely Hannah,  
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,  
Ben, the sun-burnt fisher, gaily woo; ;  
Hale and clever,  
For a willing heart and hand he sues.  
May-day skies are all a glow,  
And the waves are laughing so!  
For her bridal  
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

Close beside her,  
Through the peach tree bloom, a pigeon coos;  
But she shudders,  
For the wild South-easter mischief brews.  
Round the rocks of Marblehead,  
Outward bound, a schooner sped;  
While poor Hannah  
Dropped a silent tear upon her shoes.

'Tis November,  
Now no tear her pallid cheek bedews;  
From New Foundland,



Not a sail returning will she lose.  
 Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,  
 Have you—have you heard of Ben?"  
 Half-crazed Hannah!  
 Sitting at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty Winters  
 Since have bleached the rugged shore she views,  
 Twenty seasons,  
 Never one has brought her any news;  
 Still with dim eyes silently  
 Every white sail watches she:  
 Poor lone Hannah!  
 Sitting at the winding, binding shoes!

Anonymous.

#### THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S CHARITIES.

THIS winter so far has been severe upon the poor. Bread is dear, fuel scarce, and the weather unusually cold. For the first time in many years the Seine has been frozen solid, and enough snow is upon the ground for sleighing. During the holidays I was confined to my room by ill-health, not severe enough for the bed, yet shutting me up; and as I looked from my window upon Place St. Sulpice, and saw the white flakes rudely shaken down by the bitter north winds, I said, God help the poor!

A little boy, on the pavement below, is busy trying to sell his few apples, "*Belles pommes, messieurs; belles pommes, mesdames; un sou, seulement un sou,*" comes up through the cold air, thin, tremulous, and incessant. I had watched that lad three days. I cannot tell why, but I had to look at him, fascinated, although my heart ached as I gazed at the suffering little figure. He was young, quite young, yet had an earnest, thoughtful expression, premature in the large eyes; as sadly out of place was the starved look about the thin lips, blue with cold, the sunken cheeks, and slender neck. Poor little fellow! the miserable, thin blouse hung wet about his shivering form, while the old cap had an ugly hole in the top, and, as I looked down, I could see the snow fall and melt. And he never sold an apple—a dozen withered, decayed things, certainly not tempting; yet he never ceased in his earnest efforts. At daylight, I awakened, hearing that appeal; as the freezing winter evening swept down the streets, it was the last cry to cease.

My imagination pictured some sick father, some widowed mother or sister, depending upon this feeble effort for daily bread. I could not look at the little sufferer any more in quiet, and sent Nannette with orders to purchase the entire stock of the little street-merchant. I watched them from the window—the glad light which lit

up his thin, pale face, as she took his apples—the eagerness with which he brought out an old piece of brown paper, and insisted in an attempt to tie them up, are beyond my telling, as I saw them through my tears. On Nannette's return, I asked her if she knew where he lived.

"In this house, madam."

"In this house, Nannette?"

"Oh, yes, madam, I often meet him on the back stairway. His people live quite high up. I never see any but him."

"Well, Nannette, purchase his apples every day; and when you see him passing our kitchen, give him something."

I do not want to write of my few charities, but cannot tell you clearly my little history without. The next day, and the next, my little merchant was at his stand. In the meanwhile, Nannette, with the activity peculiar to her, had made fresh discoveries, and was full of information. The family above consisted of an old man, a very old man, and his two grandchildren—a boy, my little apple-merchant, and his sister, sick in bed. They had lost father and mother, some months since, of the cholera; and the old soldier, for such he was, with great difficulty kept them in bread. Indeed, Nannette said she could not make out where the little did come from.

One afternoon, some days after receiving this intelligence, I happened in the kitchen, as my little friend passed up the stairway. Some ill greater than all the rest was being received, for the big tears were coursing down his hollow cheeks in silence. A strange impulse seized me to follow him. I was framing in my mind some excuse for the intrusion as I followed unnoticed, for he was busy with his sorrows, and a vain attempt to choke down his sobs and tears. Arriving at the topmost landing, I had to pause for strength—and saw him go in at a door partly open, which he left ajar behind him. In a moment I followed. The door was open to aid a poor chimney, and, as it was, I looked through a smoky atmosphere upon the sickness and misery within. The room, a half-garret, with ceiling sloping to the floor, and lit by a skylight of four panes, was almost destitute of furniture, and so dimmed by smoke, it resembled a den. An old table, on which were a few dishes, two broken chairs, and a low cot, made up the sum. Upon the cot I saw, through the gloom, a thin, pale face, the counterpart in death almost of my little apple-boy—an old man, whose snowy head seemed to gather about and increase the light of the apartment. The boy stood with his back to me in silence.

"Well, Maurice, my child, did you see my old general, and will the doctor come?"

It was a minute before the boy replied,

"They drove me from the door—the doctor says he has not time, but will have Marie taken to the hospital."

The old man started, and said, quickly,

"Not there, not there—we have given it enough." Then, after a pause, he added, "Patience, my children, the good father will find us yet."

The little suffer lifted a skeleton hand, and, placing it on the old man's said,

"I am better now—much better—I will be well soon, grandpa."

I felt myself an intruder on sacred ground, and hastened to offer my services. The embarrassment connected with such tendering of assistance was greatly increased by the pride of the old man. He who did not hesitate to expose his aged head to the blasts of winter, upon a public bridge, and beg for his children, shrunk back proudly when his poor home was entered, and its secret life laid bare. I drew, however, the proffered chair to the other side of the bed, and, taking a fevered hand in mine, soon found a way to the old man's heart and confidence. By degrees, I had their history—was told how he had lost his brave boy—how the wife followed, and how they sank deeper and deeper in poverty, until starvation itself was there. The grandfather had sought work, but was too feeble for any service. The children had striven bravely in many ways, until Marie was taken sick, and then the furniture and ordinary comforts disappeared, until the last sou went, and the poor sufferer sank nearer and nearer to death.

I will not dwell upon this sad picture. I mentioned this instance of distress to my friend, Madam B——, and she, who knows everything woeful, had, among other matters, stored away the cipher which, marked upon a letter addressed to Louis Napoleon, takes it directly to his hands. She wrote to him that an old soldier of the grand army was starving to death at No. — St. Sulpice. She received no answer, and no notice whatever seemed taken of her kind appeal; but soon after, an unknown heart came to the assistance of our poor friend. The furniture was restored, fuel and food came in abundantly, a Sister of Charity took her position by the bedside, and, stranger than all, one of the most eminent physicians in Paris came daily to the garret. I saw the fair donor of all this good—

a stranger to me, although her face, from some cause, seemed familiar. She came in a plain private carriage, remained but a short time, yet was very thoughtful and kind.

Poverty could be driven from the door, but sorrow remained. Earth had no mineral, the fields no herb, science no skill, to bring the fleeting shadow back to life. The physician shook his head sadly, and every day went more slowly from the humble home. But it was all in vain; we felt that she was dying. One afternoon, little Maurice came for me; it was indeed the closing scene. About the bed were gathered the strange lady, the old man, the Sister of Charity, Maurice and myself. The winds, sobbing, rattled the sleet upon the roof, as we bent over that little couch to catch the last faint breath. How slowly the hours wore away! The storm without gradually grew still, as the little breathings came quicker and lower. At last they ceased—the storm and struggle—and suddenly the sun broke through the sky-light, falling in glory upon the little form—falling in glory upon the grey head—falling in glory upon the beautiful face of the fair benefactress, and no earthly coronation can ever make her appear half so beautiful as she was by the little couch of poverty.

These things are done, we are told, for political effect; well, perhaps so—I am only happy in knowing that they are done.

"*Bell Smith Abroad.*"

POETICAL TRIMMING FOR LADIES' BONNETS.

AIR—"The Blue Bonnets are over the Border."

MARCH, march, change and variety,

Fashion than one month should never be older;

March, march, hang all propriety,

All the girl's bonnets hang over the shoulder.

Never rheumatics dread,

More and more bare the head,

The danger is nought but an old woman's story:

Back with your bonnet then,

Spite of satiric pen,

Fight for the bonnets that hang over the shoulder.

Come to the Park where the young bucks are gazing,

Come where the cold winds from all quarters blow;

Come from hot rooms where coal fires are blazing,

Come with your faces and heads in a glow.

Natives astounding,

Slow folk confounding,

It makes the profile come out so much the bolder;

England shall many a day

Talk of the stupid way—

Girls wore their bonnets once over the shoulder.

*London Punch.*

# DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A ROSE.\*

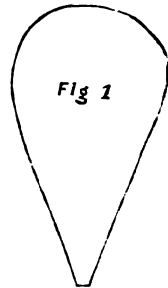
BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



**MATERIALS.**—Pink, red, yellow, or white tissue paper, medium sized wire, green calyx cups, cotton and gum arabic—a pair of plyers.

Roses should be cut two or three sizes. For a small rose two sizes are sufficient. Cut a square of tissue paper the size you wish for the largest, then another square a little smaller; fold it in eight parts, and cut it in a circular form like fig. 1, which will form eight petals when opened, take a piece of wire long enough to form the stem, fasten it on to a good-sized bulb of raw cotton, the bulb should be so large that the smallest set of petals will just cover it; the first

one should be gummed down on to the cotton to prevent it from showing; slip on eight of the



\* **MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for Japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers, being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Orders by mail punctually attended to. A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

smallest size, folding down each petal, then that of the next size, being careful to keep the threads on until all the sizes are folded down; then open carefully from the heart with the end of the plyers; curl the outside leaves with your scissors; slip on the green calyx for the back and a green cup; wrap the stem with light green tissue paper. In branching flowers copy from natural roses whenever it is possible.

## I CANNOT LOVE AGAIN.

If I had met thee ere I knew  
The bitterness of love,  
Then might thy gentle eloquence  
My wayward fancy move.

It cannot be—oh! cease to plead.  
For it must be in vain;  
Thou knowest well I once have loved,  
And cannot love again.

S. M. T.

**F A L S E H O O D .**  
**A C H A R A D E I N T H R E E A C T S .**

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

**ACT I.—FALSE—**

*Dramatis Personæ.*—OLD NOBLEMAN.—BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.—ARTIST.

*SCENE*—Studio of Artist, with the music-stand for easel, and a large arm-chair near the curtains for the sitter.

ENTER ARTIST, who places a sheet of music for canvass on his easel, and prepares his colors from a work-box. (*A loud knock is heard in the passage.*) The Artist rushes to the door, and opening it, commences bowing, when

Enter OLD NOBLEMAN, escorting BEAUTIFUL



YOUNG LADY. He wears a star on his breast, and a large sash over his shoulder. His wig of tobacco is gracefully arranged over the forehead, and his whiskers are of the deepest puce silk. The Beautiful Young Lady is very attentive to him; and as he stands at the door to cough, from the exertion of ascending the stairs, she gently beats his back, to relieve him. He in gratitude takes her hand, and gazes fondly upon her, and chuckles her under the chin.

The Artist prepares the easy-chair for him, and as he places the Old Man in the desired attitude, the Young Lady clasps her hands, as if in admiration.

The Artist commences painting, falling back every now and then to judge of the effect of his picture. Presently he points to his eyes, to tell that he is going to paint that part; and the Old Nobleman, looking at the Beautiful Young Lady,

calls up a loving look. The Artist throws his hands up in admiration of the beautiful expres-



sion, and the Young Lady appears deeply smitten with the Old Man. To look the better upon his love, the Nobleman shifts his position. The Artist rushes to him to re-adjust the "pose," and, putting his hand upon the Old Lord's head to turn it round, knocks off his splendid wig of tobacco. The Beautiful Young Lady screams, and hides her face in her handkerchief; whilst



the Artist clasps his hands in grief. The Old Nobleman, jumping from his seat, picks up his wig, and, shaking his stick at the wretched Artist, walks up and down the room with dignity and anger. Then taking the Young Lady's arm, he drags her from the room.

*Exeunt*, followed by the wretched Artist, in vain endeavoring to apologize.

**ACT II.—HOOD.**

*Dramatis Personæ.*—LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD.—THE WOLF.

*SCENE 1*—Supposed to be part of a forest.

ENTER LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD, with the red table-cover as a hood. She carries a basket on her arm, labeled "FOR MY GRANDMOTHER." She dances along, only stopping every now and then to pick a flower from the carpet. She points to the writing on the basket, and, imitating the

actions of an old woman, informs the audience, as she laughs, that her Grandmother is a very old lady. Then she dances about again.

Enter THE WOLF, with a tight brown Mackintosh for skin, and a boa for his tail. He advances to Red Ridinghood, and commences

flattering her Little Red Ridinghood sits down into the bed, and, covering himself up, pretends to be asleep. She on the flowery carpet, and listens to him. She



points to the label on the basket and then to the door, to tell him that she is going to see her Grandmother. Then she shows him a large slice of bread, and a pot marked "JAM," which she is carrying to the old lady. The Wolf again compliments her, and, having winked,

Exit Wolf at full speed, followed by Red Ridinghood, dancing.

SCENE 2—*Bed-room in the house of Poor Grandmother. The sofa against the wall, for a bed.*

ENTER The Wolf, with a large well-filled night-cap, and spectacles on, and a sheet over his shoulders for night-gown. He jumps quickly

into the bed, and, covering himself up, pretends to be asleep.



Enter Little Red Ridinghood, still dancing. She goes to the bed and shakes the Wolf, holding up the basket to let her supposed Grandmother see the present she has brought her.

The little girl then points to The Wolf's eyes, and expresses great wonder at their extraordinary size. Then she strokes his nose in astonishment at its unusual length. Then touching his mouth, she in action intimates that it is very large, when The Wolf suddenly jumps from the bed, howling.

Exit Red Ridinghood, running, pursued by the Wolf.



### ACT III.—FALSEHOOD.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—OLD GENTLEMAN.—TWO THIEVES.—POOR LITTLE BEGGAR BOY.—POLICEMAN.—BOOKSELLER.

SCENE—*A street in Philadelphia must be imagined. On one side a table covered with music-books.*

ENTER BOOKSELLER, who goes behind his stall, and, putting his hand on one side of his mouth, pretends to be crying his goods.

Enter OLD GENTLEMAN, in walking costume, and carrying a large umbrella.

Enter TWO THIEVES, in long drab coats, with large sticks under their arms, closely watching the Old Gentleman's actions. They have each of them got a well-burnt-corked black eye.

The Old Gentleman goes to the stall and ex-

amines the books. He takes one, and, pulling from his pocket a well-filled purse, pays for it



The Two Thieves wink to each other, and point to the purse.



Enter POOR LITTLE BOY, who also goes to the stall to look at the books. The Two Thieves advance, and, cautiously lifting up the Old Gentleman's pocket, take away his purse. The Old Gentleman feels them, and turns sharply round. The Two Thieves immediately seize the Poor Little Boy by the collar, and, pointing to him,

declare that it was he, and that they caught him doing it.

Poor Little Boy begins crying, and, in violent pantomime, protesting his innocence. Old Gentleman, waving his umbrella, calls for police.

Enter POLICEMAN, with his staff drawn. The Old Gentleman goes through a descriptive scene

of action to tell the tale; and the two wicked men nod to the constables in corroboration. The *Little Boy* is seized by them and carried off, kicking, and followed by Old Gentleman, shaking his fist at him.

One of the Two Thieves, drawing the purse

from his pocket, holds it up in triumph. He is perceived by the Bookseller, who sees through the falsehood.

*Exeunt* the Two Thieves, rapidly followed by the Bookseller, with his mouth open, as if shouting for help.



## THE BROOK IN THE FOREST.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

*THE* brook in the forest,  
The quaint water-mill,  
The oak-shaded valley,  
Are beautiful still;  
Their birds still sing sweetly  
Their sun still shines gay;  
But a light from the spirit  
Hath vanish'd away,

The near ones, the dear ones  
Who roam'd with us then;  
No more through that valley  
Will wander again;  
They are dead and departed,  
Or scatter'd afar;  
And most dear to the soul  
Their memories are.

Thy leaves are unfaded,  
Thy wavelets leap light,  
Oh, oak shaded valley,  
Oh, brook, sparkling bright;  
But the heart that adored you,  
Adores you no more;  
With the fervent devotion  
It gave you of yore.

On the hills and the glades  
The heavy mists fall;  
And a feeling of sorrow  
Encompasses all;  
And the night like a curtain  
Descends on the hill;  
On the oak shaded valley,  
The brook and the mill.

## LOVE'S FAIRIES.

BY ANNIE GRAY.

*ONE* is the child of a Summer,  
The brightest that memory tells,  
When the skies wept golden blessings,  
And Hope rung her magical bells  
When the earth was mad with music,  
And the very stars were spells.

*ONE* is a maiden, whose tresses  
Were browner than Autumn's sere sheen,  
Whose lips gave lightest of kisses,  
And the tenderest words between,  
Whose eyelids the death-snow presses  
Where the mountain reapers glean.

*ONE* is a friend who had gathered  
From the garner of ages dim  
Rich lights of the olden poets—  
But the angels had whispered him,  
And he laid him down in laurels,  
And Heaven is home for him.

*ONE* is the love of a life-time,  
The truest and tenderest long,  
The light in a world of sunshine,  
And the idol in realm of song,  
Bright dweller in Love's warm dream-land,  
Glad hope of a spirit strong.

## CROCHETTING.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

At the solicitation of many subscribers, we repeat the directions regarding the terms of and stitches in crochet.

**CHAIN STITCH** (abbreviated into ch.) is the foundation stitch in crochet. A loop of thread is made on the hook, and through this the thread is drawn, forming the first chain stitch; draw the thread through this one, and a second is formed. Continue the process until you have done the required number.

**SLIP STITCH** (sl.) is a stitch chiefly used for the veinings of leaves, and similar parts, in imitations of Honiton lace. It serves, also, to carry the thread from one part to another, without either breaking it off or widening the work. Insert the hook in the stitch next to that already on the needle (unless the directions particularly say, *miss* so many,) and draw the thread at once through both stitches. Repeat.

**SINGLE CROCHET** (sc.)—Insert the hook in the chain, and draw the thread through it; this forms a second loop on the hook. Draw the thread through these two by a single movement, and the stitch will be completed.

**DOUBLE CROCHET** (dc.)—Raise the thread over the hook, so as to pass it round, before inserting the latter in the chain; draw the thread through, and you will find three loops on the hook; bring the cotton through two, which makes *one* instead of those taken off. Thus two are still on the needle; finish the stitch by drawing the thread through these.

**TREBLE CROCHET** (tc.) is a stitch precisely similar to the last; but as the thread is passed twice round the hook before the insertion of the latter in the chain, there will be *four* loops on, when the thread is drawn through. Bring the thread three times through two loops to finish the stitch.

**LONG TREBLE CROCHET** (1 tc.) has the thread

twisted *three* times round the hook, before it is passed through the chain; consequently, it will require the thread to be drawn four times through two loops to finish the stitch.

To work **THROUGH** a stitch, is to draw the thread *under* instead of *in* it. This is stronger than the usual method, but not so neat; it is, therefore, rarely used for anything but very open work.

**SQUARE CROCHET** is that which is made entirely in small squares, those which form the pattern being closely filled in, and the ground open. Open squares are formed thus: 1 dc. 2 ch., miss 2, repeated. Close squares contain three dc. stitches thus: 1 c., 1 o., would have 4 dc. 2 ch. Every pattern in square crochet requires a foundation chain of stitches which can be divided by three and leave *one* over; as it is obvious that if an open square were the last of the pattern, a dc. stitch would be required to form the square at the end.

Sometimes a very large piece of work may be made in treble square crochet. In this work, a close square of 4 tc. stitches; an open square, 1 tc. 3 ch., miss 3. This style requires the pattern to be divisible by four, with one stitch over.

The stars, daggers, and asterisks used in printing knitting and crochet receipts signify that any stitches given between two similar marks are to be done as many times as directed: thus, x 3 dc. 2 ch. x three times, means 3 dc. 2 ch., 3 dc. 2 ch., 3 dc. 2 ch.

When one repetition occurs within another italics are used at each end of the part. \* 1 p. 2 k. 1 p. 1 k. (a) m. 1, k. 1 (a) 6 times \* 8 times, means that one complete pattern being finished, when you have made 1, knitted 1, 6 times, 8 of those patterns, beginning again each time at the first \*, will be required for the round or row.

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## NECKTIE IN TAPIOSSERIE D'AUXERRE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

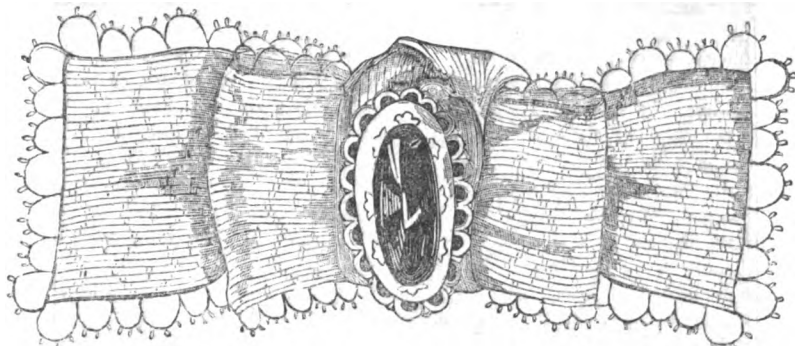
**MATERIALS.**—Seven skeins of brilliant scarlet chenille, quarter of a yard of black net, one skein of coarse, black sewing silk, steel shuttle, and pearling pin.

Our readers are aware that the term *tapisserie d'auxerre*, is applied to embroidery done by darning on net. The necktie, of which we give an engraving, is not only very comfortable, but

also really very *distingue* in appearance, and particularly suitable for wearing in mourning, with a black gilet and jacket.

Cut the net in half, so that each strip is two

nails wide; one of these will make the knot and ends, and a sufficient length must be taken from the other to go round the neck. Each end is to be one and a half nails long, and the knot will



require two nails. All the pieces are to be darned in the same way, working in the length, the effect being that of parallel zig-zag lines.

1st row.—Pass the needle under 2 threads, over 2 in the entire length. *Begin every row at the same end.*

2nd.—x slip the needle under the 2 threads on a line with the last 2 raised, *sloping downward*, over 2, under 1, over 2, under 2, over 3, x repeat.

3rd.—Pass the needle under 2 on the same sloping line, x over 4, under 2, \* all the way.

4th.—Again raise the next 2 threads on the downward line, x over 3, under 2, over 2, under 1, over 2, under 2, x repeat.

5th.—Raise [the next 2 threads on the downward slope, x over 2, under 2, x throughout the line.

6th.—Now raise 2 threads, *sloping upward*, x ov 3, und 2, ov 2, und 1, ov 2, und 2, x repeat.

7th.—2 threads upward, x ov 4, und 2, x rept.

8th.—2 threads upward, x over 2, under 1, over 2, under 2, over 3, under 2, x repeat.

These eight lines form a pattern to be repeated until there is as much done as would be wide enough for an ordinary ribbon. Five patterns

and a half will do for the ends, and about four for the knot and the piece that goes under the collar.

The ends are edged with tatting, done with the coarse black silk, thus:—

1st loop.—7 double, 1 picot, 4 double, 1 picot, 3 double. (Draw up this, and all the other loops, in the form of a semicircle.)

2d.—3 double, join; x 3 double, 1 picot, x 4 times; 3 double.

3d.—3 double, join; 5 double, 1 picot, x 3 double, 1 picot, x twice, 5 double, 1 picot, 3 double.

4th.—Like 2d.

5th.—3 double, join, x 4 double, 1 picot, x twice, 3 double.

Repeat the four last loops until sufficient is done to trim the ends all round, except at the part which is attached to the knot. The piece for the knot must be twisted into the form of one, and the folds edged also with tatting. The edges of the net are hemmed before the tatting is sewed on; a piece of chenille is sewed at the edge, over the hem, and a loop of chenille is twisted into every loop of tatting.

## CARRIAGE BAG.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—Opal beads; three shades of Nasturtium wool, and Evans' Mecklenburg thread, No. 7. Penelope canvass.

The entire pattern, which may be worked from the engraving without the slightest difficulty, is

done in opal beads, a tint which forms a better contrast to the Nasturtium wool than any other. As it is desirable that they should be sewn on as strongly as possible, the Mecklenburg thread is especially adapted for that purpose. Each square



in the engraving represents one on the canvass, } of the petals of the flowers must be done in the  
and should be covered by a bead. The veinings } darkest wool, but the rest of the grounds filled



with three different shades worked in diagon- } better than any others for carriage-bags; as,  
ally. } though light and gay-looking, they will never

Bead patterns will be found to wear greatly } get soiled.

## GENTLEMEN'S KNITTED BRACES.

**MATERIALS.**—Rich, dark blue, or crimson  
crochet silk; two knitting-needles, No. 14. Cast  
on 19 stitches.

1st row.—K 2, m 1, k 1, slip 1, k 1, pass the  
slip stitch over, p 1, k 2 t, k 1, p 1, k 1, slip 1,  
k 1, pass the slip stitch over, p 1, k 2 t, k 1, m  
1, k 2.

2nd.—P 5, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 5.

3rd.—K 2, m 1, k 1, m 1, slip 1, k 1, pass the  
slip stitch over, p 1, k 2 t, p 1, slip 1, k 1, pass  
the slip stitch over, m 1, k 1, m 1, k 2.

4th.—P 6, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 6.

5th.—K 2, m 1, k 3, m 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass  
the slip stitch over, p 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass the  
slip stitch over, m 1, k 3, m 1, k 2.

6th.—P 8, k 1, p 8.

7th.—K 2, m 1, k 5, m 1, slip 1, k 2 t, pass  
the slip stitch over, m 1, k 5, m 1, k 2.

8th.—Purled.

Repeat this pattern until you have done the  
length required for one half of the braces. Then  
cast on, and do another length. When made up,  
they should be lined with white Petersham rib-  
bon, and finished with white kid trimmings.

## CHILD'S BLOUSE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THIS blouse is made of very fine holland, trim-  
med with worsted braid. There are two ways of  
making it; the first is that given in the engraving;  
the second, is made of the richest crimson velvet  
with gold braid and buttons.

THE FIRST PATTERN.—Measure the length  
from the child's knee to the top of the shoulder;  
and cut out, in holland, a perfect round, exactly  
double the width of the length you have taken,  
and two nails over, thus—if it be half-a-yard

## THE TURRENE MANTELET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

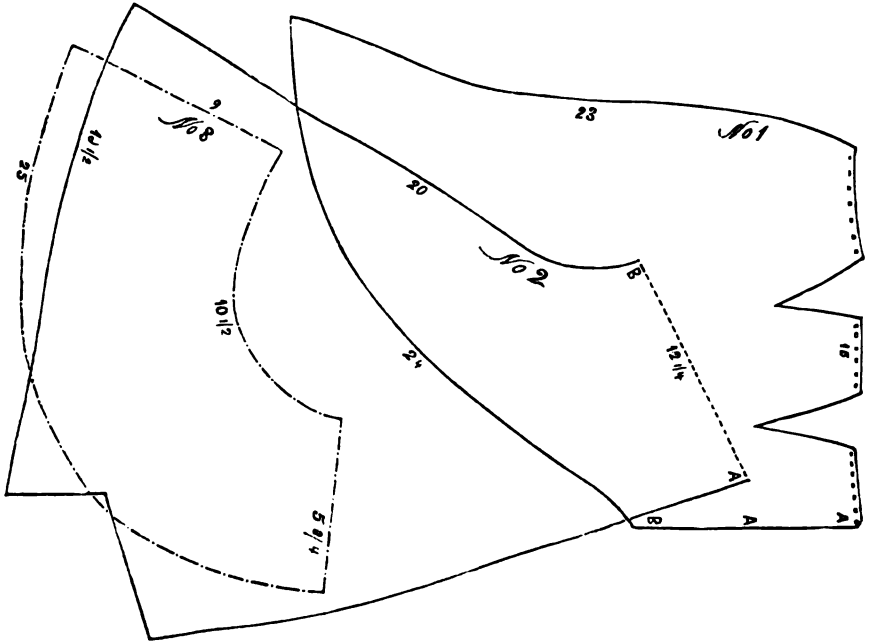


We give, for this month—in our series of “How To Make One’s Own Dress”—the annexed engraving and pattern of the Turrene Mantelet, which has just come out in Paris. The pattern, on the next page, is reduced; but the dimensions of the full-sized pattern are marked, in inches, on every side, so that it is easy, with a tape-measure, to enlarge it. These tape-measures are sold for a trifle, or anybody can make one, by taking a piece of tape, borrowing a carpenter’s foot-rule, and marking the tape with inches.

The Turrene Mantelet is composed of two parts only: the mantelet proper and its cape. We have divided the pattern into three, in order

to give it complete without folding back the corners or reducing the size.

Having cut No. 1 and No. 2, join the parts marked by dots; bringing A to A at the neck, B to B at the arm; then you will have the whole pattern of the mantelet, as it ought to be, all in one piece. No. 3 is the cape, slightly drawn at the neck, which is marked by rings. This cape hangs naturally in small flutes owing to its cut. Its edge is trimmed the same as the bottom of the mantelet, that is, with a plaited ribbon having fringe on each edge, and then a guipure lace with fringe. All the edges of the mantelet in the front, the neck, and the revers, in short,



all round, are ornamented with the same ribbon fringed at the edges. The bottom of the front ends, and the edge behind have the guipure and fringes like the cape. By the use of this pattern, a fashionable mantelet may be made, for half the price it would cost at the shops.

LATEST PARIS STYLES OF SUMMER BONNETS.



## MARRYING A FORTUNE.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"So Ellen Hazehurst is to marry Squire Newton's son?"

"Yes!"

"And to do it has jilted George Brown?"

"It is too true."

"Young Newton's fortune, I suppose, is the reason."

"So they say."

"Well, I hope she may be happy."

"Does she deserve it?"

The speakers were two ladies, and the latter, who was the elder, looked up from her knitting and spoke.

"George is an excellent young man, and, though poor, is certain to succeed in his profession at last," was the evasive response. "But then, however prosperous he may be, he'll hardly become as rich as the Newtons. In point of fortune Ellen couldn't do better."

"Fortune is not everything. Even if the two suitors came before her now, for the first time; even if she was not already pledged to George; I should consider her preference of young Newton a great error."

"You don't say so!"

"I do. Young Newton has been brought up to no profession, is extravagant in his habits, is not of the strictest principles, and has no great qualities, either of mind or heart, to render a wife happy. George, on the contrary, is loved by all who know him. Happy, indeed, will be the woman who becomes his."

"Well, Mrs. Jones, you may be right. But I've seen so much of poverty, that I can't blame Ellen. Many's the hard word I've known to pass between husband and wife, which would never have been said if the husband hadn't been hurried for the want of money."

"Such persons, I fear," replied Mrs. Jones, "would have been querulous, even if surrounded with wealth. No station in life is exempt from annoyances and even serious troubles. Things happen even to rich people to try their tempers. Where there is real affection, and common sense to back it, the married have little to fear. But without love, or without forbearance, the wealth of the Indies can't secure happiness."

"You think that young Newton will not make her happy?"

"I know he will not. Ellen has a score of excellent qualities, but little patience. She is very sensitive, and he is coarse at heart. Her vanity has led her to sacrifice one eminently fitted for her, one who would have studied her every wish, and soon she will find herself, as a great author has said, a living body tied to a foul corpse. It will be the story of Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall' over again. God help her!"

The conversation was here interrupted, by the entrance of another visitor, nor did the two ladies meet again, until Ellen had consummated her treachery by marrying young Newton. But one day, Mrs. Powell called on Mrs. Jones, and the late nuptials came up for discussion.

"They say George is almost crazy," was the remark of the visitor. "He and Ellen had been engaged for two years."

"It's a great blow. But he will get over it. What will assist him is the conviction that he has been worshipping an ideal, for Ellen, if she had been what he thought her, would never have broken her engagement."

"She looks unhappy already. I met her, the other night, at Mrs. Warren's, and I thought, more than once, that she actually shuddered when her husband drew near: and no wonder, for he looks like a brute alongside of her. I believe you were right in what you said, when we last talked of Ellen."

"Her husband was carried home, within a week of their marriage, intoxicated. Some of his bachelor friends, who had come up to the wedding, staid for a dinner he gave to them at the hotel: and such behavior, it is said, was never seen in the village before. Poor Ellen!"

The forebodings of Mrs. Jones were even more completely fulfilled with the lapse of years. Young Newton went from bad to worse, became a sot and gambler, outraged his wife in the tenderest point, and finally, after dissipating his entire fortune, perished miserably on the highway, during a snow-storm, and was found, the next day, dead in a drift with an empty jug at his side. But, before this, happily for her, Ellen had broken her heart. Her children, two in number, would have had to go to the Alms-house, had not George Brown, now eminent in his profession, stepped forward and adopted them.

For he never married. Some men recover easily from disappointments of the heart; but there are others who never do. The idol, once shattered, no fresh one can win worship. George Brown belonged to this class. He and a maiden sister lived together, and became, after Ellen's death, parents to the orphan children.

It is not always, reader, that marrying merely

for fortune ends in a tragedy so deep. But it never leads to happiness. Where it does not break the heart, it degrades the character, so that the wife, who might have been a blessing to herself and others, becomes of "the earth earthy," utterly fails of her mission in life, and dies at last having achieved no more than if she had been of "the brutes that perish."

## JULY.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

It is the glorious Summer-time,  
The winds are soft and low,  
And o'er the hills, sunlight and shade  
Alternate come and go;  
The voice of Summer sweet is heard,  
Among the leaves and corn,  
For winds are full of whisperings  
At eve and early morn.

Yes, glorious Summer now is here,  
With all her lengthened train,  
She sways her golden sceptre o'er  
The fields of rip'ning grain;  
The flowers along the river's side  
Are bending down, as though  
They wished to clasp their shadows in  
The crystal depths below.

A gladsome voice is stealing from  
The distant bourne and brake,  
The clouds, that float upon the air,  
Are mirror'd in the lake;  
And softly trips the purling brook,  
On silver feet along,  
While from the bushes on its bank,  
The birds pour forth their song.

The world seems very fair and bright.  
The sunlight sweeps our brow,  
But it will be as beautiful  
A few short years from now;  
With lightsome step July will come,  
With cool, refreshing show'rs,  
With laughing brooks—with singing birds  
With sunshine and with flow'rs.

The streams will glide as gently on,  
With music sweet and low,  
Upon whose banks at eventide  
We roamed so long ago.  
The same bright sun will still pursue  
His trackless course on high,  
And stars as bright and beautiful  
Will still gleam in the sky;

Although the earth will be as fair,  
The birds sing on each bough,  
They will not sing their songs for us  
A few short years from now!  
For ev'ry living thing on earth,  
Must shortly droop and die,  
And we shall soon have passed away  
Like cloud-tints from the sky.

## A RURAL SONG.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

Oh, sweet is the lay at early day  
Of the birds within the dell;  
While the leaves are wet with the dew-drops yet,  
And the snail sleeps in his shell.  
Oh, sweet is the sound of the streamlet clear  
In the rocky mountain born,  
But sweeter by far to the ploughman's ear  
Is the sound of the dinner horn!  
Oh, sweet is the song, as he bounds along,  
Of the happy shepherd boy;  
With his eye so bright, and his heart so light,  
And his smile so full of joy.

Oh, sweet is the sound of the falling rain  
On the wings of the West wind borne,  
But sweeter by far to the rustic swain,  
Is the toot of the dinner horn!  
Oh, sweet are the tones to a mother's ear  
Of her careless, merry child;  
With his golden hair and his face so fair,  
And his laugh so clear and wild.  
Oh, sweet is the sigh of the Summer wind  
As it sweeps through the bending corn:  
But sweeter than all, to the ploughman's mind  
Is the neontide dinner horn!

## THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 369, VOL. XXVII.

### CHAPTER V.

A YOUNG girl, pale and fragile almost as a shadow, came through the side gate of Bellevue. She hesitated a moment, looked up and down the street, and then turning toward the water moved languidly to an angle of the wharf, and placing a little bundle at her feet, glanced drearily down upon the tide as it tossed in and out against the timbers.

It was near sunset, and the March winds, that blew raw and cold from the river, seemed to chill her through and through, for her sweet, pale features became pinched, while she sat sunk in gloomy thought, and a tinge of purple crept around her mouth, which trembled visibly either from chilliness or coming tears. Her eyes seemed fascinated by the water, so dark and turbid that it appeared to hold some mysterious secret of repose in its depths; and once or twice she murmured, "Why not? why not?" in a voice of the most touching misery. Then she relapsed into silence again, broken only by a shiver when the wind rushed sharply over her.

"Where can I go?" she exclaimed at last, her voice breaking forth in a cry of anguish. "To his mother—she will turn me away with insults, as she did before. To my aunt!"—she uttered the name with a shudder, and shrunk down beneath her shawl, as if some blow had been threatened, and relapsed into dreary silence again. At last she arose with an effort, and casting a regretful look back upon the water, as if she longed to sleep beneath it, moved up the street again, her frail figure waving to and fro like the stalk of a flower beneath the light weight of her bundle. Thus she disappeared in one of the cross streets that intersect the Second Avenue.

We find her again, just at night fall, panting with fatigue, before a palace-building in the vicinity of Union Park, and there she stood, grasping the iron fence with her hands, afraid to advance, and physically unable to retreat. It was a pitiful sight, that fair young creature, trembling beneath the weight of her little bundle, and kept only from falling to the earth by the fast hold she had clinched on the cold iron.

The brown front of the building loomed above her with forbidding grandeur. The sculptured lions, crouching on the stone pedestals each side the broad entrance steps, seemed frowning her away. But there she stood, breathless and waving, afraid to let go her hold lest she should fall to the earth.

The gas had just been kindled within the house, and a flood of light came peering through the stained sashes of a bay window, and fell like a gorgeous rain around her, illuminating, as it were, her misery.

Catharine Lacy fell back, and slowly retreated from the glare, clutching at the iron fence at every step.

"Oh! that I could get away!—oh that I had not come! I am sinking—they will find me senseless on the pavement. Oh, my God, give me strength—one moment's strength."

There was strong mental energy in that frail creature, and the desperate cry with which she appealed to God seemed to win down life from heaven. She unclenched her hand from the railing, paused an instant, casting her eyes first to the basement entrance and then to the sunken arch guarded by the lions, and moved on with something of firmness, nay, even of pride in the movement.

"No, not there," she said, passing the basement, and mounting the flight of steps hurriedly, as one who felt her strength giving way, "I am her sister's child, and will enter here."

She rang the bell and waited, struggling bravely against her weakness, and sustained by that moral courage which is the only true bravery of womanhood.

"I have done no wrong," she thought, "why should this terror come over me? If poverty and helplessness were a sin, then I might tremble, but not now—not for this—not because I have left a pauper's bed for her stone palace."

The door opened, and a dainty mulatto boy, with livery buttons, and a white handkerchief visible at a side-pocket, presented himself. "Mrs. Judson couldn't say; better go down to the basement. That's the sort of thing for

servicing-people, and folks that come with bundles; couldn't take it upon me to answer a single question here," he said.

Catharine advanced quietly into the hall, and sat down, with the light of a tinted lantern overhead falling directly upon her.

In spite of her little straw-bonnet and plaided blanket-shawl, the boy discovered something in her air, and the pure loveliness of her features, that checked his rising impertinence.

"Go tell your mistress that Miss Lacy—no, that her niece, wishes to speak with her."

The boy paused to take a survey of her person, and went down the hall, smiling till his white teeth shone again.

"Perhaps it's a lie, and perhaps it isn't—who knows," he muttered, threading his way up the flight of stairs set aside for menial footsteps. "But won't she catch it for claiming relationship, true or not?—well, I shouldn't wonder."

The greatest trial that can be inflicted on an ardent nature is that of *waiting*. When the mulatto came back, he found Catharine with a flush in her cheeks, eagerly watching his approach.

"You may go up to Mrs. Judson's room," he said, moodily; and muttering to himself, he added, "and much good it'll do you,"

Catharine was about to mount the richly carpeted steps, that swept down between thin, curving rosewood bannisters, like a sloping bed of moss mottled with forest-flowers, but the mulatto interfered, "This way, Miss, this way, Mrs. Judson ordered me to be particular and bring you up these stairs."

Catharine withdrew her foot from the soft carpet and followed the boy in silence. The warmth of the house affected her feeble form pleasantly, and she longed to lie down and sleep before seeing her aunt. The carpets under her feet were so luxuriously pliant, it seemed impossible for her to move. The air was bland, for as she pressed forward, the breath of flowers from a conservatory swept over her, and it seemed, after the atmosphere of Bellevue, like a gale from paradise. Oh! if she could but remain quietly where she was all night, without seeing any one, with that soft carpet to sleep on, the breath of those flowers floating over her. But no, the mulatto kept turning to be sure that she was close behind; for he seemed rather suspicious of her frequent pauses. At last he threw open a chamber door.

"This is Mrs. Judson's room, Miss," and he made a feint as if going back in great haste, but returned the moment Catharine entered the chamber, gliding along the wall, and peeping through the partially closed door, with all the

craft of his race, determined to ascertain by the first words whether the fair girl with her humble garments was really the niece of his mistress or not.

The room which Catharine entered was a spacious bed-chamber, fitted up in a style of grandeur which contrasted strongly with the mournful look and modest garb of the young girl, who should have freely claimed a welcome there

A spacious bed stood on one side, the pillows overlaid with a light gilded canopy of grape-leaves and fruit, through which the crimson drapery, that swept to the ground on each side, gleamed like flashes of the sunset through a golden cloud. The same rich crimson broke through the open network of rosewood that formed the foot-board and side-pieces of the bedstead; and to this was contrasted the pure whiteness of richly laced pillows, and a counterpane that seemed of quilted snow. On a crimson lounge, severely magnificent, for all this grandeur had an air of rigid coldness hanging over it, sat a tall lady of fifty, or fifty-five, perhaps, with a slight frown upon her forehead, and her keen, black eyes fixed upon the door.

Catharine saw this, as she paused a moment in the shadow before entering; and she saw also, with a sinking heart, that the frown deepened as she made her appearance; while a quick pressure of the lip added to the displeasure of that haughty face.

Mrs. Judson had evidently been disturbed while completing her evening toilet, for though her purple brocade fell in precise and voluminous richness adown her tall figure, her head-dress of purple velvet and golden acorns hung upon a hook of gilded spray attached to the frame of her toilet-glass, while several diamond ornaments glittered upon the marble underneath, and an undersleeve of Brussels point had evidently fallen from her hand upon the carpet before she assumed her present imposing attitude.

"Well, Catharine," said the lady, with frigid dignity, "you have come again, I see; what is the trouble now?"

"I have no home—I am in want," said the poor girl, in a quiet, sad voice. "You are my mother's sister—sister to an angel in heaven—and in her name I ask you to have pity on me."

"No home? no home? Are you not bound to Madame De Mark, the most fashionable milliner in Broadway. How could I or any one provide for you better? You astonish me, Catharine Lacy, by these complaints!"

"Madame De Mark gave up business almost a year ago," answered Catharine, with a degree

of gentle firmness that imparted dignity even to her tone of supplication, "she had grown very rich with one thing and another."

"Well, but you were bound to her still, she is compelled by law to give you a home."

Catharine smiled a wan smile, but with an expression of some humor in it.

"Madame De Mark's home! Do you know what it is, aunt? A garret-room in the loft of one of her own buildings. The lowest servant in your house would turn from it in disdain; and for food, why, aunt, this rich woman lives absolutely the life of a beggar, and begs refuse scraps of meat in the market for her cat which she devours herself. That was the home and food which Madame De Mark gave to me, after she left off business. Instead of learning a trade, I was compelled to sweep out the offices and scrub the stores for her tenants."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady, smoothing the trimming of her sleeve, "Madame De Mark forgot that *I* bound you to her, it seems to me."

"No, madam, she did not forget it; and because you had abandoned me, because of her knowledge that I was friendless, she made me a drudge. I was not strong, the work broke me down. Oh! aunt, I was heart-broken, and ready to fall down on my knees with gratitude for the least breath of kindness, and—and—"

"Well," said the aunt, looking coldly up, as the poor girl paused, her eyes full of tears, her lips quivering.

"There was one in the house who *was* kind to me, so kind that I loved him, heart and soul," continued Catharine, in a low voice.

"*Him*," cried the aunt, half starting from her lounge, "him, a man! Shameless girl, how dare you talk of a love like that in my presence?"

"Aunt, I have not another creature to love on earth."

"And who told you—who compelled you to love at all? It is an indecorous word.

"And yet 'God is love,'" answered Catharine, lifting her soft eyes, misty with tearfulness, upward, while her lips unconsciously pronounced the quotation.

"Don't quote Scripture here, in this infamous fashion; don't talk to me of love. What right had you to love any one but Madame De Mark herself? Thank heaven, I never found it necessary to love any one."

"But *I*," answered Catharine, with the most profound humility, "*I* had no other happiness. never knew what it was to love myself, till he told me how dear, how beautiful I was to him." The aunt arose and stood up. Her dress fell in

rustling folds around her, her black eyes flashed fiercely.

"How dare you—infamous girl, how dare you; leave the house."

"No, aunt, I am not infamous. He loved me, and I, oh! how truly I loved him. We were married, aunt; as honorably married as you and my uncle were. Do not call me infamous thus, for I will not endure it."

The aunt sat down again, wondering at the strange beauty that lighted up that young face, almost touched by the passionate speech, for she could understand all the pride that was in it, though pathos and appeal were lost upon her.

"Speak a little more moderately, if you have anything to say, Catharine; and if you are truly married, tell me how, and when. I'm sure it would give me great pleasure to have you well settled and off my hands. Who is the man you are talking about?"

"George, Madame De Mark's son," answered Catharine, drawing close to her aunt, and speaking in a whisper, "but do not tell of it; he said I might tell you, but no one else."

"But where is he? How came you here at this time of night, and in that dress, too? Madame De Mark is a rich woman, and the young man is her only son. Is this the way he keeps his wife, and my sister's child?"

"He is away. I have not seen him in five months. He does not know how miserable I am. Aunt, dear aunt, have pity on me; I have just come from the hospital—my poor baby is dead and buried."

"Hospital! what hospital? Not Bellevue? not the Alms-house?"

"Yes, the Alms-house, aunt. Where else could I go? *He* was away, and if he wrote, I never got the letter. His mother turned me out of doors, with bitter language and coarse abuse. I was afraid to come here."

"But if you were married, how dare Madame De Mark treat you in this way?"

"She pretended not to believe me—though I am sure he told her of our marriage with his own lips. She was angry because I would not let her keep my certificate, and said it was all made up."

"Where did this marriage take place?" inquired the aunt, quickly.

"In Philadelphia. He went there, when madame was away from home a week. She did not know of it."

"Let me read the certificate," said the aunt, extending her hand. "This young man will be rich; I must see to it. The certificate of marriage, girl. What are you waiting for?"



Catharine began to weep bitterly, and wringing her hands, fell upon her knees before the haughty woman.

"Oh! aunt, aunt, don't ask me—I have lost it—I have lost it."

The aunt drew back, and gathering the folds of her dress around her, as if she feared those quivering little hands might impart shame to her person.

"Oh!" she said, with bitter emphasis, "lost, is it? When—where?"

"I don't know. It was in my bosom when I was taken ill; but after that I know nothing about it."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the aunt, and the unpleasant gleam broke fiercely into her eyes, "and as you lost the certificate," she added, "what was the clergyman's name who married you?"

"I don't remember. George told me that the paper was right, and I never troubled myself to read it; but *he* knows, of course."

"Oh! of course, *he* knows," echoed the proud woman, disdainfully. "But the place? In what place was this wonderful marriage performed?"

"In Philadelphia."

"Well, the street—in what street did this clergyman, with the unforgotten name, live?"

"I never knew," answered the weeping girl; "but oh, aunt, do not doubt me, for as honor is my witness, we were married."

"Oh, yes, the proofs are conclusive," answered the lady, with bitter irony in her tone.

"Aunt, aunt, do believe me!" cried the girl, moving forward on her knees, and holding up her clasped hands. "*He* will tell you how true it is—*he* will get another certificate. He cannot be away much longer, let me stay with you till he comes."

"When he comes to own you, in my presence, you shall have shelter here. Till then, never enter my door again. Go now, and live, if you can, on this falsehood and its shamelessness."

"Oh, aunt, aunt," cried the wretched girl, "I am his wife—I am his wife! Look at me, do I blush? Does my eye sink? Aunt, I am innocent of wrong as you are, and as truly a wedded wife as you ever were!"

It was painful to see the cold, stern pride which rose and swelled in that woman's bosom, lifting her form haughtily upward, and quenching the color from her lips on which the last cruel words of that interview were forming.

"Leave the room, leave my house forever!" she cried, pointing to the door. "Go hide your infamy, and tell those romances among your proper associates. Compare yourself with me!"

"No," answered Catharine, standing before her aunt, pale and proud as herself; but with a pride that had a relenting dignity in it, that sprang from the womanliness of her nature so fearfully outraged, "no, aunt, I do not compare myself with you, not for a moment. Let that Great Being make the comparison, who looks upon us both as we stand; you, a rich, proud woman, turning your sister's child with insult into the street; I, a poor, friendless girl, feeble from sickness, tortured with anxiety, without shelter, and without a human being to care for me—let God make the comparison between you and me. Let Him judge us two!"

Catharine turned, as she spoke, and walked from the room, leaving her aunt standing like a statue in the clear gas light. The passion of that young creature had paralyzed her. She, so unused to contradiction, so imperial in her household, had she lived to be thus braved! What right had that miserable wanderer to call upon the God that *she* professed to worship! She would not have been more astonished had a pauper knelt beside her on the velvet-clad steps from which she monthly communed, solely to witness the sanctity of her life. Thus astounded and overwhelmed, she stood, till the quick footsteps of her niece were lost upon the stairs; then, with a deep breath, she sat down to compose herself, and even had recourse to an enamelled vinaigrette that lay upon the toilet-table, so much had her nerves been shaken. All this had the desired effect, and in a few moments the lady was arranging the golden acorns over her dark tresses, gathering them in clusters where the silver threads lay thickest, and regarding herself with great complacency in the mirror.

Directly a waiting-woman entered in answer to a touch that she had given to the bell.

"Rachel, there was a serving-girl come here just now, did you see her? is she gone?"

"No, madam, she fainted in the front-hall—fell down like a dead creature before any one had time to show her out the other way."

"And where is she now?"

"Lying there yet, as white as snow, and as cold as ice; the girls have been doing their best, but they cannot bring her to."

One gentle impulse did arise in the woman's bosom, as she heard this. She seized the flask that had just soothed her own nerves, and moved a step toward the door; but a cold after-thought drew her back. "The girl might speak, might proclaim her relationship before the household if she were brought to consciousness under that roof. Nay, so little did she seem to be ashamed of the past, might proclaim her residence of

Bellevue, her very pauper condition, before the assembled menials." She laid down the flask and turned to the glass, a little paler than before, but with marvelous self-possession.

"Send for a carriage, and have her carried to the nearest station-house, there should be plenty of doctors there; besides, it is their duty to see to such persons."

"But she is insensible, madam," persisted the waiting-woman, who had some feeling.

"That is nothing," was the reply, "we cannot leave a strange girl lying in the hall."

The woman went out muttering to herself, and with angry moisture in her eyes.

The lady seated herself once more, and began to arrange the lace of her undersleeves with considerable nervousness. Something of human feeling was at work in her bosom, and from

time to time she arose and looked out of the window, always with increasing agitation. At last, a carriage drove up: and grasping the silken curtain hard with her hand, she half dragged it over her, as if afraid to be seen watching. She saw, through the dim light, a group of persons carrying a prostrate form down the steps leading to her own door. The carriage lamps flashed upon a pale face as it was lifted upward. The woman caught one glance, and drew back with a faint thrill of dismay. The face gleamed upward so deathly in its whiteness that she crept from the window, and cowered down in her sofa, tormented with the vague fear that the dead was appealing to heaven against her cruelty. For the moment, that proud woman had the sensation of a murderess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## DREAMINGS.

BY W. F. B. JACKSON.

In a dimly-lighted chamber, lighted by a single lamp  
Throwing wild and shiv'ring glances from the ceiling  
low and damp,

Where, if e'er a silver moonbeam entered through  
the casement wide,

Tremblingly it fled, the shadows gath'ring closely at  
its side;

Where the night wind, straying ever, moaned in  
every hidden nook—

Now like surging of the river, now like murmur of  
the brook,

Sat the student, idly dreaming, dreaming o'er his  
open book.

When the sorrow-laden twilight, panting on the  
breast of Eve,

Crimsoned all the air with blushes, he had sat him  
down to weave,

In the golden woof of fancy, visions beautiful and  
bright,

Such as through the mists of Dream-land burst upon  
the vanished sight.

Visions sad, and visions tearful, through the dimness  
hurry fast,

Drawn by magic wand of memory from the chambers  
of the Past—

While the Future, glad and joyous, gleams with  
forms too bright to last.

One from out the thronging numbers gazes sadly on  
him now,

As the ghastly lamp-flare flickers o'er his pale and  
thoughtful brow;

Dressed in robes of snowy whiteness, such as deck  
the angels bright,

Round her head a glist'ning chaplet, wove from rays  
of Heavenly light,

Stands she gazing down upon him, while the love-  
light in her eye

Sheds a holy radiance o'er him, and the night-wind,  
fleeing by,

Bears upon its perfumed pinions, faintly heard, the  
ocean's sigh.

Now his curling lip, half-parted, softly whispers,  
"Mother dear,"

And from out his eyes' dark fringes gently steals  
stern sorrow's tear.

Now her angel form hath vanished, and another  
form is there,

With the stars that light the Dream-land shining in  
her wavy hair;

Fairer than the fairest flowers that in Eden's bowers  
grew—

Brighter than the star of evening, while her eye of  
azure hue

Lies beneath its silken curtain like the violet bathed  
in dew.

'Tis a sister, loved and cherished in life's dawn, when  
hearts beat high,

Ere the clouds of sorrow gather, and the tear-drop  
dims the eye!

Now she bends a moment o'er him, and her glances,  
rife with love,

O'er a rainbow-bridge of beauty bear his thoughts to  
Heaven above.

Like the other she hath vanished; and within that  
chamber small

Hymns are sung by angel choirs, while the darkness,  
as a pall,

Drops upon the dim light chamber, covering visions,  
dreamer—all.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**TASTE IN DRESS.**—A late writer in the North British Review makes some capital remarks upon this subject. He says, in substance, that every woman owes it to the sense of the beautiful, to dress with taste. He adds that her own happiness, if she is a wife, is involved in it, for her neatness and elegance of attire has much to do with pleasing her husband, and unless he is pleased she cannot be happy. Every right-minded female will acknowledge the truth of these opinions. Men seek the beautiful in woman: it is a natural instinct; and women, generally, by as natural an instinct, aim to be lovely. A tasteful dress, with most of the sex, adds materially to the personal appearance: it is only a few, if any, who can afford to neglect it. By a tasteful dress we do not mean necessarily an expensive one; but a dress suitable in color and style to the wearer. Instead of being a folly, therefore, to seek elegance in dress, as some have contended, it is a positive duty. Of course we do not uphold that extravagant devotion to dress, which is the disgrace of many a weak-minded woman. A careful wife or daughter will study economy in her attire, and will herself make as many of the little elegancies of the toilet as she can. The facilities enjoyed, through the Magazines, and especially through "Peterson's," of obtaining the different fashionable patterns, gives ladies a wide choice, so that no one is excusable for being dressed either out of style, inappropriately, or too extravagantly. Recollect, fair friends, it is taste, not mere expense, that makes a dress beautiful.

**WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.**—The author of "Bleak House" is as much the first novelist of this generation as Sir Walter Scott was of the last. We are glad to see, therefore, that T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, has published his complete works in three several styles, at prices unprecedentedly low. One of these editions is in twelve volumes, bound in paper, each volume at fifty cents, or the whole twelve for \$5.00. Another edition, which Mr. P. calls "The Library One," contains the same twelve novels bound in five volumes cloth, at \$7.50 for the sett. These five volumes contain over four thousand large double column pages, which renders them the cheapest sett of books we are acquainted with. Nor is this cheapness obtained by using indifferent paper, poor type, or flimsy binding. A third, and still more elegant edition, profusely illustrated with steel and wood engravings, is in twelve volumes, tastefully bound in cloth, at \$1.50 per volume, or \$18.00 for the sett. This is a most magnificent, yet still cheap, edition. By reference to Mr. P's advertisement, on the cover of

this number, it will be seen that either of these editions will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, on the receipt of an order enclosing the money. Or any one of the novels, either of the paper cover edition, or of the illustrated and elegantly bound edition, will be sent, postage free, on receipt of the proper price. In all these editions the maximum of cheapness and merit has been attained. It would be impossible, we think, for any person to lay out the money for either to better advantage.

**ABSURDITY IN SOME FASHIONS.**—It is said, by those who saw the Empress Eugenie in London, that the fashionable bonnet, which looks so absurd on most ladies, became her exceedingly. We can readily believe this, for she was the first to wear such a bonnet, because it set off her style of face so happily. Having been adopted by an empress, it immediately became the rage, though not one fair face in ten looks well in it, and though it exposes the complexion and should not therefore be worn except in a carriage. The London Punch wittily says, in allusion to these ridiculous bonnets, that the "summer bonnets have run to ribbons." Fashion is often preposterous in this way. A princess, who had a deformed arm, originated the fashion of leg-of-mutton sleeves, with which our mothers, twenty-five years ago, disfigured themselves. A great lady, who had ugly feet, is said to have introduced the excessively long skirt. The true way to dress is to study what suits the style of the wearer. The French women universally dress in this way; and therefore are always well dressed. It is in the hope of reforming taste in this respect, among our lovely countrywomen, that we give so many patterns that are the *mode*; always half-a-dozen steel-plates every season, besides a score or two of wood engravings of fashions; for in this way ladies can have a selection from which to choose.

**OUR ORIGINAL STORIES.**—We are forced to complain, though loath to do it, of the manner in which our original stories are appropriated. All over the country, they fill the columns of the newspapers; yet scarcely one out of ten is credited, as it ought to be, to "Peterson." This is not always the fault of those copying a story; for accident, we are convinced, has much to do with it. But as few of the other Magazines publish original tales, and none publish such as we do, wouldn't it be best, editors all, whenever you find a good story unacknowledged, to credit it at once to "Peterson?" Perhaps once, in a score of times, you might make a mistake: but the other nineteen times you would be sure to be correct.

"FLOWERS WE HAVE CULLED."—Under this title we shall occasionally publish extracts from new books, or fugitive poems, as in the present number. What say you, fair friends, to this fashion of a bouquet?

TIGHT LACING.—A witty doctor said that tight lacing was a public benefit, inasmuch as it killed all the foolish girls and left the wise ones to grow to be women.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Literary and Historical Miscellanies.* By George Bancroft. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A collection of essays by Bancroft, the historian, the subjects being chiefly literary or historical. Five of the most interesting are devoted to German literature; a very able one is occupied with the causes of the decline of ancient Rome; another discusses the wars between Russia and Turkey up to 1829; and the last, and perhaps best of all, is the famous address pronounced before the New York Historical Society, on the "necessity, reality and promise of the progress of the human race." The wide research and philosophical vision of Bancroft are exhibited in every one of these admirable essays however; and not alone in those which we have named. The publishers have issued the volume in a style to correspond with the Boston edition of Mr. Bancroft's history.

*A Journey Through the Chinese Empire.* By M. Huc, author of "Recollections Of A Journey Through Tartary and Thibet." 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Those who have read Mr. Huc's interesting "Travels in Tartary" will hasten at once to procure this work. To those who have yet that pleasure in store, we would say that this is even a more interesting and instructive book. The author resided in China, for many years, in the capacity of a missionary: is at once a keen observer, a candid narrator, and a graphic writer; and, therefore, has given us, in these volumes, probably the most reliable account, ever offered to Europe or America, of the people, institutions, and customs of the Celestial empire. We were surprised, on reading it, to find how many errors, respecting China, were afloat, not only in merely popular compilations, but in grave gazetteers and encycloppædias.

*Bell Smith Abroad.* 1 vol. New York: J. G. Derby. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A very superior work, describing a winter in Paris. The fair author is witty, observant, graphic and pathetic by turns. We quote, in our "Flowers We Have Culled," a touching incident as a sample of the book. We believe we do not violate secrecy, in stating that "Bell Smith" is the wife of the American Secretary of Legation at the French capital: and we are sure that so spirited an author ought not to remain unknown.

*Surgical Reports, and Miscellaneous Papers on Medical Subjects.* By George Hayward, M. D. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This work will be popular with the public as well as with the medical profession, for it not only avoids merely technical terms, but discusses themes that interest all. Among the subjects are "Wounds Received In Dissection," "Remarks on Burns," "Case of Hydrophobia," "Statistics of Consumption," and "Lecture on some of the Diseases of the Literary Life." The volume is neatly printed and bound.

*The Englishwoman in Russia.* By A Lady Ten Years Resident in that Country. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The author of this work only left Russia about a year ago, and as she writes with impartiality, her book is probably the most reliable of any lately published on the same subject. We have read it with great interest. The semi-barbarism of the Czar's subjects is fully established in these pages. Several illustrations adorn the volume.

*Sanders' Young Ladies' Reader.* By Charles W. Sanders, A. M. 1 vol. New York: Ivison & Phinney. Philada: Sower & Barnes, No. 33 North Third street.—This neat duodecimo will be found useful, not only in the higher female seminaries, but in the upper classes of female schools generally. The exercises, whether in prose or in poetry, are selected for their combined literary and moral excellence. We recommend it particularly to the examination of teachers and parents.

*History for Boys; or, The Annals of the Nations of Modern Europe.* By John G. Edgar. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A really well-executed history for boys, of the different states of Europe, beginning with that of France and terminating with that of Russia. We recommend it as a capital work to serve as an introduction to modern history. The style is simple, and the facts lucidly arranged. Numerous spirited illustrations embellish the volume.

*Dickens' New Stories.* 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This elegant volume contains a complete collection of Dickens' recent shorter stories, comprising "Hard Times," "The Seven Poor Travellers," "Lizzie Leigh," and numerous others. It is in double column, octavo, to correspond with the other volumes of Dickens, as published by T. B. Peterson: this one making the twelfth of the series.

*Ironthorpe: The Pioneer Preacher.* By Paul Creyton. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—We are always glad to see a new work from this author. The present is a story of backwoods' life, intended for juvenile readers; and right pleasantly, as well as instructively, is it told.

*Blanche Dearwood. A Tale of Modern Life.* 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brother.—This is a novel of American life, from the pen of an anonymous author. The editor of the N. Y. Express, who read it before publication, praises it highly. So do we.

*The Missing Bride.* By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new novel by this popular author would be sure of a large sale, even without the elegant type and paper with which "The Missing Bride" is got up by Mr. P. The present work is full of those scenes of intense passion for which the stories of Mrs. S. have become celebrated. We do not know where to point out, in the whole range of American fiction, a chapter more powerfully descriptive than that entitled "The Body on the Beach." A breathless interest always attends the novels of Mrs. S.: and "The Missing Bride" has this characteristic to even a greater extent than common. We observe an improvement in tone in each successive work, her later ones being free from many blemishes which marred her earlier ones. The volume before us contains over six hundred printed pages, or quite fifty per cent more than is found in ordinary novels.

*A commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories and Fancies, original and selected.* By Mrs. Jameson. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This deeply interesting work arose from a habit Mrs. Jameson has had, for many years, of making a memorandum of any thoughts which came across her, and marking passages in books which excited either sympathetic or antagonistic feelings. Her volumes on Shakespeare's women, as well as those on Sacred and Legendary Art, originated from such notes. The fragments that remained, she says, are now given in this book. The work is divided into two parts, the first on ethics and character, the second on literature and art. We are sure that it will find a hearty welcome from the public. It is just what every lady desires to have on her centre-table, to pick up at odd moments when there is not time for more connected reading. The volume, like all of Appleton's books, is handsomely printed.

*The Two Guardians.* By the author of "Heart-ease." 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We presume this is one of Miss Yonge's earlier efforts. for though quite a meritorious novel, it is inferior to either "The Heir of Redclyffe" or "Heart-ease." Marion is a finely-drawn character, as is also Lionel, the blind boy. The volume is issued in the neat style, which characterizes all the publications of the Appletons.

*Leaves From A Family Journal.* By Emile Souvestre. 1 vol. New York: Appleton & Co.—This must not be confounded with ordinary French novels, to which it is as superior as a breezy day is to a miasmatic night. We have not, for a long while, read a more graceful, tender and pleasing fiction. Two elegant illustrations adorn the volume, which is neatly printed and bound.

*Sister Rose. In Seven Chapters.* By Charles Dickens. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new and touching story, by the author of "Bleak House," printed from the advanced sheets. Price twelve and a half cents.

*The Watchman.* By J. A. M. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brother.—The moral of this engrossing fiction is that eventual success awaits the efforts of all who earnestly strive to do their duty to God and man. The incidents are mainly drawn from real life. Those who were pleased with "The Lamp-lighter" will be delighted with "The Watchman." The volume is handsomely printed.

*The Patent Hat.* By Philo. New York: Carlen & Phillips.—An eccentric book, in which some hard hits are dealt "to mankind in general and the clergy in particular," as the title-page forewarns the reader. It is in prose and verse. The oddity of the title will probably induce many to procure the volume, who will afterward, we trust, find edification in its perusal.

*Virginia; or, Harper's Story Books, No. 7.* By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brother.—Another of a justly popular juvenile series. The aim of the book is to teach kindness and forbearance to servants and inferiors; and while this moral is always kept prominent, the interest of the story is never allowed to flag.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

MAGIC TABLE. TO FIND A LADY'S AGE.—Let her tell in which column her age is found. Add together the first numbers of those columns, and the sum will be her age.

Suppose, for example, she says that she finds her age in 1st, 2nd, and 5th columns. Then the addition of 1, 2, and 16, (the first numbers of said columns) gives 19 for her age.

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	38	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57

53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

## THE GARDEN.

**COLORING GLASS FOR FLOWERS.**—Recent discovery has shown that remarkable effects can be produced on plants, by interposing colored glass between them and the sun. Blue glass accelerates growth, and Messrs. Lawson, of Edinburg, have built a stove-house glazed with blue glass, in which they test the value of seeds for sale or export. The practice is to sow a hundred seeds, and to judge of the quality by the number that germinate; the more, of course, the better. Formerly, ten days or a fortnight elapsed while waiting for the germinating of the seeds; but in the blue stove-house two or three days suffice—a saving of time, worth, so say the firm, \$25,00 a year.

This use of color in the growth of plants is not altogether new, but its application to the germination of seeds has not, perhaps, commanded the attention it deserves. By using colored glasses upon the palm plants at the Kew gardens in England, the palms were made to flourish as if in a tropical climate. Varying climates will give varying results, just as solar rays vary. We have no doubt that many of the rich tints of flowers of other climes could be made perfect in this country by properly colored glasses, just as the palms of Kew were made by colored glasses to rival the palms of the tropics. The subject opens a wide field for experiments that would richly remunerate an inquiring and tasteful horticulturist.

## USEFUL RECEIPTS.

**A French Physician's Dentrifice.**—Fine charcoal, one ounce; red Peruvian bark, one ounce; sugar candy, half an ounce; camphor, half an ounce; bole ammoniac, two drachms; dragon's-blood, two drachms; gum mastic, two drachms; roach alum, two drachms; cream of tartar, two drachms; orris-root, two drachms; the whole reduced to an impalpable powder. The charcoal should be used immediately after it is made, pounded while still hot, and at once mixed with the other substances. This powder must be kept in a wide-mouthed bottle with a glass stopper, and a little put for daily use into a small box.

**Toasted Cheese.**—Cut the cheese into slices of moderate thickness, and put them into a tinned copper saucepan, with a little butter and cream, simmer very gently until quite dissolved, then remove it from the fire, allow it to cool a little, and add some yolk of egg, well beaten; make it into a shape, and brown it before the fire.

**Green-gage Marmalade.**—Take off the skins, stone, weigh, and boil quickly, without sugar, for fifty minutes, keeping them well stirred; then to every lot of four pounds add three of good sugar reduced quite to powder; boil the preserve for six or eight minutes longer, and clear off the scum perfectly before it is poured into the jars. When the flesh of the fruit will not separate easily from the stones, weigh, and throw the plums whole into the preserving-pan, boil them to a pulp, pass them through a sieve, and deduct the weight of the stones when putting the sugar. Orleans plums may be served in the same way.

**Rhubarb Wine Equal to Champagne.**—To every gallon of soft water add five pounds of ripe rhubarb, cut into thin slices and bruised; let it stand nine days, stirring it three times a-day; let the tub be covered with a cloth; strain it; and to every gallon of liquor add four pounds of white sugar, the juice of two lemons, and the rind of one; then to fine it, add one ounce of isinglass to every nine gallons; let it ferment three weeks; add one pint of brandy, and bring it up. Make in July, bottle in October, and to each bottle add one table-spoonful of brandy and one teaspoonful of lump sugar.

**How to do up Shirt Bosoms.**—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put it in a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire—and then having covered it, let it stand all night—in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it and keep it for use. A table-spoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to lawn, either white or printed, a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.

**Apple Bread.**—A very light pleasant bread is made in France by a mixture of apples and flour, in the proportion of one of the former to two of the latter. The usual quantity of yeast is employed as in making common bread, and is beaten with flour and warm pulp of the apples after they have boiled, and the dough is then considered as set; it is then put in a proper vessel, and allowed to rise for eight or twelve hours, and then baked in long loaves. Very little water is requisite: none, generally, if the apples are very fresh.

**Eau de Cologne.**—Oil of bergamot, three-eighths of an ounce; the oil of cedars, three-sixteenths of an ounce; oil of orange-peel, three do.; oil of lemon-peel, three do.; oil of orange flowers, three do.; oil of rosemary, one thirty-second of an ounce; camphor, two grains. These substances to be added to a quart of spirits of wine, sixty degrees above proof. Let the whole be shaken during a quarter of an hour, suffered to remain without agitation during a fortnight, and then filtered and put into eau de cologne bottles.

**To Keep Off Ants.**—A circle of lime or chalk laid round any plant will prevent ants from touching it. There is no other remedy against their encroachments.

*Syllabus.*—Grate off the peel of a lemon with lump sugar, and dissolve the sugar in three-quarters pint of white wine; add the juice of half a lemon, and quarter pint of cream; beat the whole together until of a proper thickness, and then put into glasses. A pint of good milk may be substituted for the cream.

*Lavender Water.*—To a pint of rectified spirit of wine, put one ounce of the essential oil of lavender, and two drachms of the essence of ambergris. Put the whole into a glass bottle and shake it well. The above, we believe, is the easiest method of making lavender-water.

*Perfume for Gloves.*—Extract of ambergris, four minims; spirits of wine, two ounces. Rub the gloves inside with a bit of cotton impregnated with this perfume.

### FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS of pink grenadine figured in pink and black. The skirt is plain but very full. Corsage (not seen) is plain and high. Sleeves of the pagoda shape trimmed on the top of the arm with a bow of ribbon. Mantelet of white muslin, made square, with the fulness set on a yoke. It is finished around the bottom with a deep flounce. The yoke, front, armholes, and flounce are all finished with a narrow ruffle. White lace bonnet, trimmed with pink flowers.

FIG. II.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS of violet colored silk, having two skirts, each of which is edged with a band of pink silk. Corsage high, and trimmed with *bretelles* which are quite full, and much deeper on the top of the arm where they form a cap. These, as is also the ruffle around the waist, are trimmed with pink silk. A large pink bow behind. Sleeves of white lace in three puffs.

FIG. III.—A GENTLEMAN'S DRESS of plaid pantaloons and buff coat.

FIG. IV.—THE CERES BONNET, of white tulle with black spots, edged with a bias of black velvet. The top of the crown is also black velvet. A deep blonde fall turns back on a bunch of field flowers which decorates the front of the bonnet. Inside, blonde and field flowers.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S BONNET, straw, with a double front, ornamented with sky-blue ribbons No. 7. Inside, small bows of ribbons.

FIG. VI.—BASQUINE BODY, of black lace, ornamented with black velvet on the lappets, and on the sleeves are small bows of the same.

FIGS. VII & VIII.—PIERROT COLLAR, of muslin, finely embroidered. Down the front there is an embroidered muslin frill laid flat. This collar may be worn with an open or high bodied dress; if the dress is open, the frill is allowed to project. The sleeves are to match. Under the embroidered wristband there is an elastic band. The trimmings form a *revers a la mousquetaire*.

FIGS. IX & X.—BROCHE COLLAR, square, embroi-

dered muslin and festoons. Sleeves at the side to match.

FIG. XI.—CANEZOU WITH BRETelles OF RIBBON.—This is a lace canezou, ornamented with ribbon in the style (now so fashionable) called *bretelles*. The *bretelles*, or braces, are formed of a length of ribbon, pinned down to the back of the waist, where it is drawn to a point; is usually finished by a small bow or rosette. The two ends of the ribbon are then brought over the shoulders to the point in front of the waist, where they are fastened in a bow, the ends being allowed to flow loosely over the skirts of the dress. Much of the effect of these *bretelles*, of course, depends on the style of the ribbon employed in making them. The ribbon from which our design was copied was of a beautiful shaded pink, with a white edge. At the throat and on the sleeves of the canezou there are bows of the same ribbon.

FIG. XII.—CAP SUITABLE FOR DINNER OR PLAIN EVENING DRESS.—This cap is made of Brussels lace, and is trimmed with rows of Brussels lace, vandyked at the edge. The ribbon, which is disposed in large loops at one side, is slate-color or blue. Above the loops is a bouquet of blue convolvulus. On the opposite side of the cap are two or three small loops, and one long end of ribbon.

FIG. XIII.—THE GOSSAMER.—A superb black lace mantilla, drawn from the original in the fashionable emporium of Molyneux Bell, No. 58 Canal street, New York. This is probably the most remarkable affair of the season. Indeed, Mr. Bell has no equal, in this country, in his line of business, his taste being singularly delicate and his facilities for obtaining new and choice patterns unrivalled.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Lappets for BODIES have not yet lost their vogue, but they appear to have entered on their period of decline. A good many are made with pointed waist and without lappets. The bodies are enriched with an infinity of trimmings, chiefly buttons or ribbons. Ribbons flutter on the skirt, behind, or in front from the waist; ribbons falling from the body are now the very pink of fashion and quite the rage for the time being. The skirts are made very full. Many are gathered in at the waist in large hollow and round plaits. The front of the skirt is neither so long nor so full as the back; and the former must leave the foot visible, and the latter forms a rounded train. We may mention that dresses made with low corsages are much worn with *peplines* or *canezous* of muslin or lace. For dresses composed of barege, muslin, and other light textures of a similar kind, the corsages are now usually made without *basques*.

Nothing absolute as regards SLEEVES. All liberty is left to choice. We see sleeves of every kind, but the majority are puffed. Black velvet ribbon has lately been employed in a novel and effective manner as a trimming for white under-sleeves. Some of the new under-sleeve of tulle and worked muslin are formed of triple *bouillonnes*, and the *bouillonnes* are separated by a row of small bows of narrow black velvet ribbon. Many sleeves open at the ends, and

trimmed with three rows of Mechlin or Valenciennes lace, having between each a double row of loops of black velvet ribbon. These loops slightly raise the row of lace beneath them. In the inside of the arm each row of lace is looped up by a rosette of black velvet ribbon. COLLARS of a style to correspond with these sleeves, and intended to be worn with them, have been introduced. They consist of a ground of lace, trimmed round with three narrow rows of lace, the rows being separated one from the other by loops of black velvet ribbon. The collar is fastened in front by a rosette of black velvet.

The embroidered PETTICOAT has given way to the founced petticoat. Some have the precaution to put in the hem a row of straw-plait to stiffen it. This is an expedient indispensable to prevent the skirt, so full at top with the bulk of the modern hoop, from falling and lying flat and plain, instead of swelling out gracefully as it ought.

CORSETS follow step by step the transformations of the fashions: and it can scarcely be otherwise. The all-important in stays is for them to be in harmony with the cut of the dress. For instance, it would be absurd to have stays compressing the hips, when the extreme fullness of the skirts requires them to retain their full development. In this case, the corset should be short, and not come over the hips. If the body is pointed, the corset, as a docile servant, should yield to its exigencies. In a word every change of fashion brings a new study for the corset.

MANTILLAS of white embroidered muslin are much worn this summer. They are usually low on the shoulders, in the scarf style, and finished with an embroidered ruffle. Black lace mantillas are also fashionable, the most elegant of which are composed of Maltese lace.

PARASOLS, which always occupy a prominent place among the requirements of the summer season, are this year more than ever varied in color and rich in ornament. Their variety ranges from moire silk of one plain color to the richest figured silk. They are usually lined, and have elaborately ornamented handles. One of the newest parasols is composed of apricot-color moire, and is edged with satin stripes in white and maise-color. At the top it is finished by a large bow of ribbon with flowing ends. The stick is of wrought ivory, and the handle gilt and set with imitation emeralds. A parasol of white moire antique, covered with gulpure lace, is ornamented all over at intervals with small bows of ribbons. One of the most elegant we have seen, consists of plain white silk, sprigged with small rose-buds and leaves, in the natural colors of the flowers. This parasol is lined with white, and edged with white fringe: the stick is ivory, lined with silver. Among the prettiest parasols of the season, may be mentioned some composed of silk of a beautiful sea-green hue, ornamented with a sprigged pattern in the same tint as the ground. These are lined with white, and edged with green fringe.

## PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—It is certain that no other Magazine receives such praise from the press as ours. We may say this, without vanity, for we have striven to deserve it. Neither labor nor money is spared to make "Peterson" the best ladies Magazine in the world. The Janesville (Wis.) Free Press, noticing the May number, admits that we have succeeded in this aim, for it writes:—"This is the best work of the kind in the world." The Dem. (O.) Mirror, acknowledging the receipt of the June issue, says:—"It is the best work of the kind published in the Union." The St. Lawrence (N. Y.) Democrat says:—"It is well worth double the price asked for it." The Handsboro (Mis.) Reformer says:—"Peterson's is not only the cheapest Magazine published, but we think it the best." The Volatic (N. Y.) Times says:—"Every department is conducted in the most able manner, and every page is an index of talent and taste." The Highland (N. Y.) Gazette says:—"Its steel fashion-plates are the most natural and life-like of any we ever seen." We quote these few notices, out of hundreds of similar purport, to show our subscribers that we do not boast, but only state the truth, when we claim to publish the "best and cheapest ladies Magazine." And yet we intend making it even more desirable.

MORE THAN WE PROMISE.—Last month, we began "How To Make Paper Flowers;" and the second of the series appears in this month. In the present number we give a piece of new Music. Neither of these improvements were stipulated in our Prospectus for 1855. But those who know us, know that we are always, in this way, doing more than we promise.

POST-TOWN, COUNTY AND STATE.—In remitting, mention, *at the head of the letter*, the post-town, county and state. When a subscriber removes, she or he must inform us, not only what the direction is, but what the old one was.

GET UP A CLUB.—Who will get up a club? Any subscriber, who will lend this number to get up a club, if she cannot get up one herself, shall have it replaced, by sending us word.

GIFT BOOK OF ART.—We will send, *free of postage*, this splendid affair, containing fifty steel engravings, on receipt of one dollar.

SEND A STAMP.—All letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.



# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1855.

FIFTY-ONE ORIGINAL ARTICLES.  
FORTY-THREE EMBELLISHMENTS.

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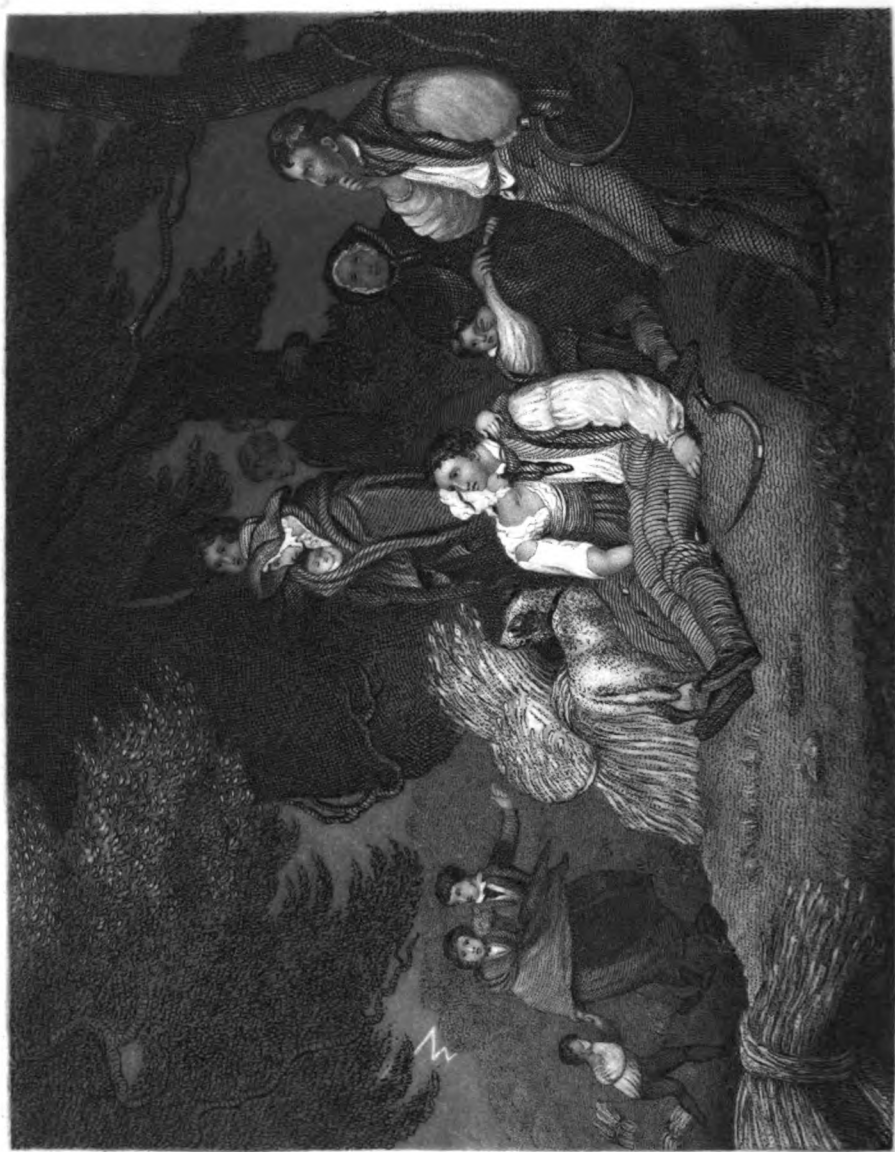
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Persons ordering the Magazine from agents or dealers must look to them for the work. The publisher has no agent for whose contracts he is responsible.

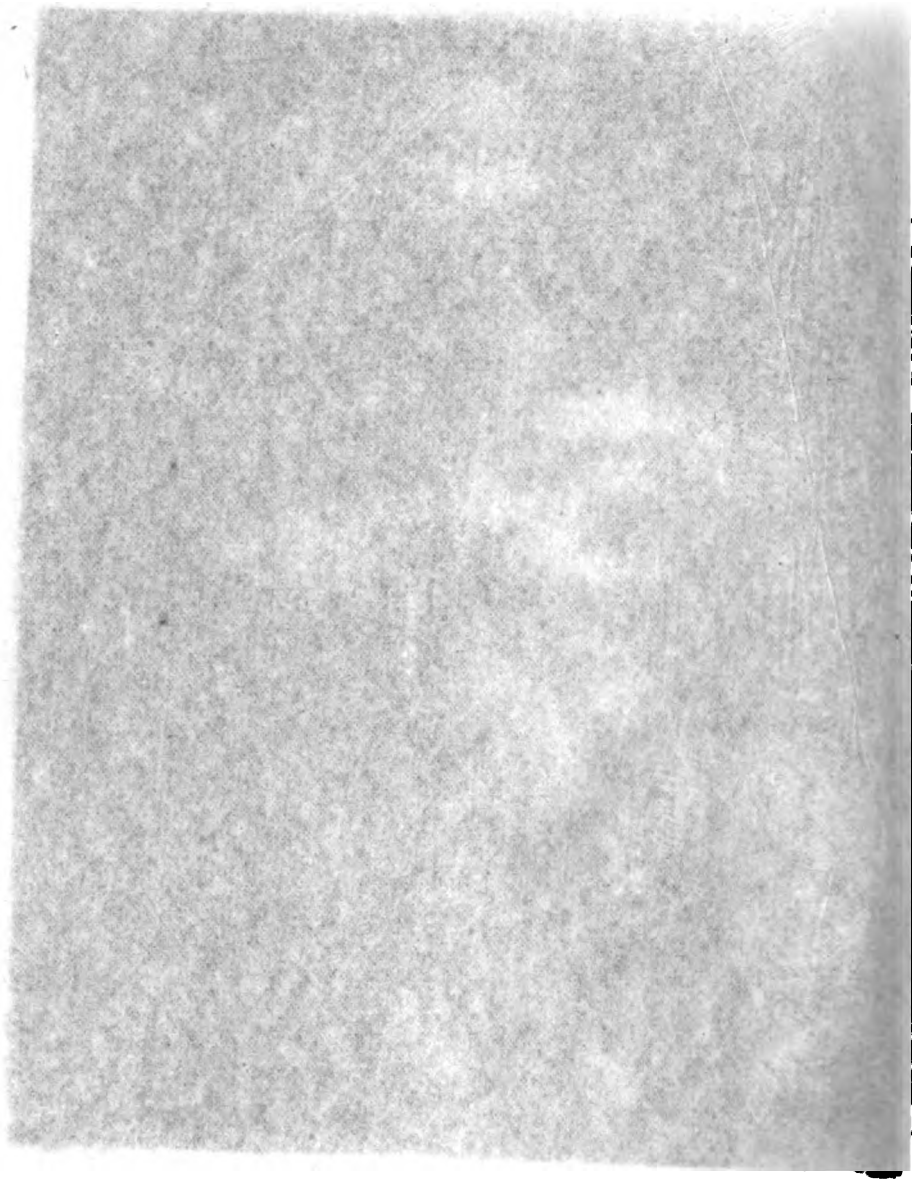
Letters directed to "Peterson's Magazine," if requiring an answer, must enclose a return postage.

Back numbers may be had of the principal agents, or of the publisher.









hope is gently whisp'ring, Deep with-in my throbbing heart, "Soon a - gain thou't meet in glad-ness, Nev - er more on earth to part; Soon a -

*Rall.*

gain thou't meet in glad-ness, Nev - er more on earth to part."

*Colla voce*

*Cres.*

*ff*

2.  
 And from southern climes returning,  
 Now the swan flies to our shore,  
 While the radiant smile of spring-time  
 Kindly beams on us once more;  
 And sweet hope is gently whisp'ring,  
 Deep within my throbbing heart,  
 "Soon again thou't meet in gladness,  
 Never more on earth to part."

3.  
 Now I'll banish all weeping,  
 And no longer will be sad,  
 While the clouds and hags are smiling,  
 Still to bless and make me glad;  
 For sweet hope is gently whisp'ring,  
 Deep within my throbbing heart,  
 "Soon again thou't meet in gladness,  
 Never more on earth to part."



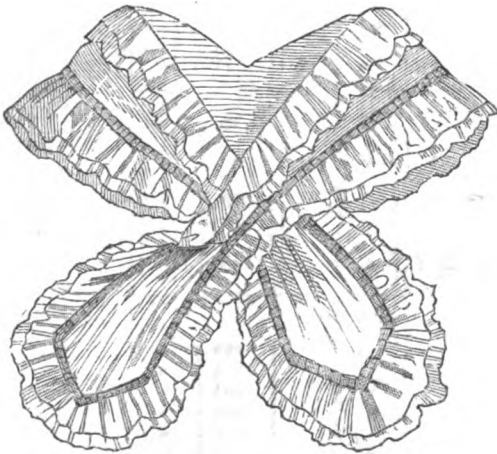
HEAD-DRESS.



BONNET.

*Emily R*

NAME FOR MARKING.



CANEZOU.



CAP.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1855.

No. 2.

## MY UNCLE JOB'S CITY EXPERIENCE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

AUNT JUDITH bustled about like a woman of consequence, as decidedly she was. First through the kitchen, then the passage way. Finally the old-fashioned parlor had a thorough brushing up. The china dog with a broken head was comfortably adjusted, the Declaration of Independence well dusted, and a flower or two stuck in its wooden frame, uncle Job's chair wheeled about, uncle Job's pipe laid on the mantel, and all things were ready.

Sam stood out by the old brown door, cap in hand, ready to toss it up at sight of the venerable traveller who had been "way off to Bostin." That was a door to speak of, to read of. Of a grey green mosaic, seamed and cracked and battered, it had borne the test of nearly two hundred winters, while the moss itself had turned white on its memorable front.

"There he comes," said aunt Judith, in a tone of subdued delight; and "hurra! here's the old gen'l'man," shouted Sam, tossing his cap in the air, "and I've shelled all the corn in the garret—hurra!"

And now behold uncle Job in his arm-chair, his face displaying a broad grin, his horn cased 'specs fairly laughing as he gazed around with the comfortable idea of being fairly at home.

"Well, home *is* home, ain't it, and the humbler the better, say I," exclaimed the good old man, with a confident nod, ensconcing himself snugly in his chair. Sam fixed his black eyes on me, the rogue.

"I'm sartin sick of the city, and city folks I was e'enamost going to say," continued the old gentleman, "but I won't, for there might be a few right straight down good people there, though I calculate *they* live a leetle outside, ha, ha. What say you, Sammy, (Sammy was my cousin in training for a farmer) like your place yet?"

"Farmer to the back bone," replied Sam, promptly.

"Specially when that old flail gits thrashing, eh? Well, I do feel uncommon good-natered this morning, and, to tell you the truth, I got flustered over there sometimes. I thought brother Joe's family was a leetle put back when they first see me, reckon they *was* surprised—maybe, and maybe not; I don't peticerlerly care.

"I thought it was funny to hear brother's fashionable wife say, whenever she introduced me to strangers, (p'raps 'twasn't kalkulated for my ear) 'he's husband's brother; very wealthy farmer; owns most the whole of H——.' Then they was always askin' me questions about my beautiful, great farm *here*, and my fine lots there; and how many of my housen was *occupied*. 'Praps they didn't know I laughed in my sleeve, even if 'twas too big for the fashions."

"How are all the folks?" asked aunt Judith.

"Well—pretty well," said uncle Job, in his quiet way, "Heester's grown a beauty, and has mighty high ways with her, mighty high. She's like hot-house fruit, onnateral, and in consequence seems a power more than what she is. Jenny (they call her Miss Jane—but I can't pucker my mouth) is as nateral as life, just what she was last summer when she was out here; but Elly, poor girl, looks pale as a water lily. Fact is, she's too good for 'em, any of 'em;" and uncle Job struck the floor with his staff. "They never'll make *that* girl a fashionable doll. They're all down upon the poor girl because she likes a sensible mechanic—I say I hope she'll have him;" down came the cane again. Aunt Judith handed him his pipe.

"Rich," he muttered, "yes, if a man's only rich, it's all folks cares for. If I hadn't a 'bin 'husband's brother, very wealthy farmer—own almost the whole of H——,' do you think I'd a been noticed in that great showy parlor of brother's. No; I wouldn't a ben noticed no more than a beggar."



Uncle Job puffed a few puffs, and then he turned to my cousin, "Sam," his forefinger wagged accompaniment, "Do you bear this in mind, boy—never measure a man by the length of his purse—no matter if it's a pocket-book. Money's a plaguey sight more apt to make a man mean. It's a sort of cooper; barrels up the soul and then *heads up the barrel*; and then a great hand writes on the top, something about 'riches,' and a camel, and the 'eye of a needle in capital letters. Sammy, it's hard work to be rich and good too.'

"When I got to brother's," said uncle Job, "it was pretty late. Well, I'd been a ridin' for the first time in the cars, and my head swum round like a top. Gracious! how them cars do go, hey? beats all nater, I declare! But, Sammy, I've got a little story for you, my boy—oh! the exceeding sinfulness of human nater," and uncle Job heaved a sigh, puffed six times, and then continued, "after I'd bin in 'em an hour or so, and began to git a little used to the lightning, I saw a pale, miniky-looking little fellow, some younger than you, Sam—yes, I guess he was consid'ably so—sitting all alone by himself. Thinks I 'that poor child is in trouble,' and the old feeling about the heart came over me so strong, that ses I to the conductor, 'tell that little fellow yonder to come here when the cars stop again.'

"So next station I got the boy down to me, and I saw his clothes was torn dreadful, and his hair looked uncombed and neglected like, so I was bound to help him. So said I to him, 'how far are you going, my boy?'

"'To Boston for work,' he answered.

"Now I thought it was proper sperited for so little a chap to be seekin' a living, and I told him so; encouragement is good, you know, Sammy. Then I asked him if he had any parents; and he shook his head sad-like, and

told me that his mother and father had jest died of the cholery, and left him and his two little sisters, both of 'em babies. I began to feel choking like—but I forgot to ask him where his sisters was.

"'Well, my lad,' says I, 'where will you go when you get to Boston? what'll you do?' Shook his head mournful-like, said he didn't know—spos'd he should have to sleep in the streets with his little sisters, for he hadn't a cent of money. Well, that was awful; I begun to edge my hand into my pocket; I took out two dollars and a quarter. I stopped at a place and bought some gingerbread and crackers; he didn't eat as if he was hungry, because he said he wanted to save 'em for his sisters. I put that two dollar bill in his hand, good Boston money, and then," uncle Job buttoned up his coat, "I felt comfortable.

"By'm by I missed him. Says a gentleman to me, ses he, 'did you give that little rascal money, sir?'

"I could have—looked hard at that man. Says I, 'I gave a poor, depressed orphan child, who has lost his parents by the cholera, and is sup-porting—'

"'Stop, sir,' said the gentleman, 'and hear my story. That little thief got out at South Boston, with his father and mother and six sisters and four brothers and two first cousins, and heaven knows how many second cousins, and I haven't seen my pocket-handkerchief nor your cane since.'

"Sam, I felt bad, I did," said uncle Job, reflectively.

After a pause, he gave a deep sigh, held his pipe reversed till the ashes fell out, shook his head, scratched it a little, and in a soft, musing way murmured, "I haven't seen that cane since." But I will tell you more of my uncle Job, perhaps, in a future paper.

## COME BACK.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Come back! I long to clasp thy hand,  
And press my lips to thine,  
To hear thy voice in tones of love,  
Still answer back to mine.

There is a shadow on the flowers  
That traces out thy name,  
I yearn for love like thine of yore,  
Say, art thou still the same?

I hear sweet words around me, words  
Of love and kindly cheer,

That stir the fount of gratitude,  
But ah! thou art not here!

And I've a joyful heart to sing,  
Life is so dear to me;  
But over every glorious thing  
Are shadows, love, of thee.

And 'mid the dim soft tracery  
That pencils o'er life's track—  
My spirit fondly calls for thee—  
Come back to me, come back!

# THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73.

## CHAPTER VI.

AND they carried Catharine Lacy to the station-house, still insensible. A doctor was sent for, but it was a long time before he came, and when he did arrive, the poor girl refused all assistance, but lay upon her couch, which was worse than a beggar's, racked with a sense of her utter desolation, till thought caused fever, and fired her whole system with artificial strength.

She spent the night without sleep, and in profound darkness, tortured with visions of her lost child in his pauper grave, and of its father. For the first time she thought of the latter with doubt and bitterness. Had he deserted her? She had read of these things. And her aunt, how cruelly she had taken up the belief of her unworthiness. What had she done to be thus treated by those who should have protected her? Why was she of all human things selected out for wrong and insult?

These were severe questions for a girl not yet sixteen to ask of her own proud spirit, in the degrading darkness of a station-house; and if her soul was filled with bitterness, when it could make no reply, who will wonder.

It is a terrible thing when a warm, young heart learns to distrust humanity, and is thrown into the world without shield or buckler, to contend with that coarse reality which crushes out all the rich poetry of youth and leaves bitterness in its place. No wonder poor young creatures, like Catharine, sometimes become reckless and sinful against that society which begins by being cruel to them. What Catharine might have done, after that night of fearful trial, if left wholly to herself, I cannot say; but God puts no human soul upon this earth to leave it altogether subject to evil influences. When humanity fails, then comes a sweet, low voice from the throne of God, and those who listen grow calm and strong, as flowers brighten beneath the warm dew which visits them in the night-time.

True, Catharine was an orphan, but who knows that the mother who has carried all her

earthly affections to heaven, that they may become purified, is not a better guardian to the soul of her child than she ever could have been on earth. No, no, Catharine Lacy was not alone in all that night. Two spirits hovered around her, and when the waves of bitterness would have rushed over and filled her soul, they were swept half aside, leaving the young girl more tranquil and strong of heart than she had been for months.

The heavenly love of a mother, which had partaken of divinity, and that earthly love which draws us closer to the gates of heaven, had watched over the young girl in her deepest humiliation. Toward morning, she fell asleep, with a fragment of the Lord's Prayer upon her lip. It seemed to her in that half dreamy state, as if her parents were both listening as they had done years ago, and smiled to think that she was asking help of God once more. All day the poor girl slept. Once or twice an officer came in to arouse her, but there was something so child-like and happy in her slumber, that he went out again leaving her undisturbed.

Toward nightfall, Catharine awoke, and after partaking of some coarse food, which the head policeman had ordered for her, she took up her little bundle and prepared to go forth into the streets again.

Her plans were no longer in confusion. She would go to Madame De Mark, and ask the protection denied by her own relative; this was a duty which she owed to George De Mark, before throwing herself upon the wide world. She had little hope of conciliating the eccentric old woman, but resolved for his sake to have the interview. Very slowly, for she was still too feeble for much exertion, Catharine made her way down the city, strengthened by her own steady purpose, and saved from the torturous feelings of suspense by the very hopelessness of her project.

It was nightfall before she reached her destination. The dim stairs, over which she trod, creaked gloomily beneath her light footsteps, adding to the evil foreboding that crept closer

and closer around her heart, as she entered the shadow of that now half-deserted building.

Her pace grew more rapid as she advanced, for the courage of desperation was upon her; and her knock against the half-closed door of Madame De Mark's room was clear and firm.

"Who is wanting me?" inquired a sharp, snappish voice, and the door was partly opened. "Who is it? you Jane Kelly, come in, my pet, come in. Is it good news, or bad, that you bring me? Come in out of the passage. What keeps you hanging back so? Putting on airs, hey? making believe you are in no hurry for the mate to that ear-ring, the sparkle? All fudge and nonsense, just as if I didn't understand it all. Come in with you—there, there, now lift your veil."

The old woman had drawn Catharine through the door with great eagerness, clutching her arm with those claw-like fingers, till the poor child almost called out with pain. She felt that the old woman was trembling with some emotion, which struck her as intense rage, and when her veil was drawn aside it revealed a face so shrunken and pallid with affright, that for a moment the old woman did not recognize it.

"What? what?" she hissed at last, as the certainty of her presence forced itself upon her, "you alive and here. Oh! ha, she shall pay for this!"

As she spoke, the wretch clutched her hand with a more cruel gripe around the young girl's arm, and gave her a fierce shake.

"Alive!—you alive and here," she repeated, "oh! but some one shall pay for this."

"You hurt me," said Catharine, shrinking with pain, "I come to you for help, do not harm me!"

"Help! to me for help—you, you!" cried the old woman, drawing back and pointing her lean finger almost into Catharine's face, "help certainly you shall have. Help to the house of correction. I'll help you there certainly. You can depend on me. But where is the baby, the dear little infant, what have you done with that, hey?"

"It is dead!" answered Catharine, with simple pathos, "I am all alone."

"So the dear little baby is dead, is it? what a pity! There must have been lots of mourners at the funeral. Why didn't you send for me, I'd a come with pleasure."

"Don't," said Catharine, lifting both her hands, and holding their palms out, as if to ward off a blow, "don't, unless you wish to kill me. It was your son's child."

"My son's child, was it? oh! yes, I remember

now. You were married to my son, as you call him, the last time I saw you. Perhaps you will give me another sight of that precious marriage certificate."

"Don't ask me for it?" murmured Catharine.

"And why not? I must look at it again and again, before the fact will make itself clear. Come, come, let us see the paper."

"It is lost!" said Catharine, in a low voice, "there is nothing left but my word to prove that I am really and truly your son's wife!"

"My son! you will call the young man my son, as if he even had a drop of my blood in his veins. I tell you he was De Mark's son by a first wife, and I ——. Well, yes, I am his step-mother, his father's widow, and his guardian till, till ——. But what's the use of talking? You couldn't understand it."

"But I understand this, George is not your own son, thank God for that!"

"No more my son than he is your husband, honey bird, be sure of that," cried the old woman, with a spiteful laugh.

Catharine's eyes sparkled. It was something to know that the old woman had really no claim on her for respect.

"But you have always looked upon George as a son, and you *know* that I am his wife."

"Indeed, *how* do I know that? Let me read over the certificate, and then——"

"He told you that we were married, I am sure of it"

"But his father never told me that he had ever been married, till he brought this boy home. Oh! they are deceivers all; don't put any faith in the blood, my dear; but just go away like a nice girl and hide your shames in the country. I'll give you a trifle for travelling expenses, and then you might make a nice match, where no one ever heard of you before."

"Hush, madam, I will not listen to this, it degrades me and my husband."

"Your husband, ha! A tender, attentive husband isn't he? Don't you wonder when he will come back?"

"Tell me where he is gone. Oh! tell me that, and I will trouble you no more!"

"Why? what would you do?"

"I would follow him to the uttermost ends of the earth, as a true wife should follow the man she loves."

"Would you, my dear? But that it just what my son does not want. He has left you, girl, and I tell you he will never return, never, never, do you hear?"

"I do not believe it. Sooner or later he will

come back to contradict the wicked slander. He is *not* a bad man!"

"Just as you please to think, my dear, only he is a long time in coming!"

Catharine gave a quick motion of the hand, as if to silence the slander, and, turning fiercely upon the old woman, demanded if she would give her shelter and protection?

"No, no, my dear, the thing is just impossible," answered the old creature, with jeering malice in her look and voice, "that would be owing to the world that I gave some faith to your romance about Philadelphia, the clergyman, and all that."

"It is well!" was the reply, and Catharine was conscious that a sensation of unaccountable relief went with her words. "Now I have nothing but God to trust in, all his creatures have forsaken me."

"Oh!" ejaculated the old woman, kissing her crucifix, "what has God, or the mother of God, to do with heretics but to punish their sins? Go away, dear, go away."

"I will," was the sad reply. "You send me out among men like a wild bird into the woods, but God takes care even of them."

"That's a nice girl, you'll go into the country away west or east, where no one will ever hear of you again. Don't come back to disgrace the poor boy, and I'll pay your passage in the emigrant cars just as far as you will go. Only let it be a long way off, and remember, dear, how much it will cost me."

"No," answered Catharine, "I cannot leave the city till he comes back."

"I tell you he never will come back, never! You hear me, never! never!"

Catharine turned very white, and clenched her little hand hard on the back of a chair.

"How do you know this, madam?" she questioned, in a husky voice.

"He told me so himself, dear; depend on it he never will come back, and never can marry you, it would make him a beggar."

"Why?"

"Why, darling? because his father just left it in his will that George should never marry without my consent; and if he did, that all the property should come to me, so, my dear, you understand how it would turn out if you were really married, he would be a beggar, and I rolling in gold—rolling in gold. Oh, if you only had been married, now wouldn't it have been a run of luck for me? But he won't do it—not fool enough for that—never thought of such a thing."

"Do you mean to say that George has practised a deception on me?"

"Oh, a little cheat, nothing else, of course you understand all about it; the certificate that you made so much of, all fudge and nonsense. Just go away, darling, as I tell you, he'll never come back till you do, and never then, I dare say,"

Catharine held by the chair still trembling from head to foot. In all her trouble she had possessed one source of consolation and strength, deep faith in her husband's love and integrity. Now her very heart seemed uprooted for a moment, she had no faith in anything. She leaned heavily on the chair, grasping it with both hands, but her limbs trembled and gave way, she sunk slowly downward, and bowing her face, cried out in bitter anguish, "Oh, my God, what have I done that all Thy creatures turn against me? Let me die—let me die!"

Madame De Mark turned away. At the head of her cot was a small hen-coop such as farmers use in transporting poultry to market. Through the bars of this coop two or three lank, hungry fowls were protruding their long necks, and set up a low chuckle as if they joined the old woman in mocking at the poor girl.

"Ha, ha, you understand it, dears," said the crone; "here now, my pets, help yourselves." She went to a platter that stood on her deal table, and dividing a cold potato with her fingers thrust half of it through the bars, and began quietly eating the other half, while she eyed the poor girl with a look of malicious cunning, apparently quite unmindful of the anguish that burst from her lips.

At last Catharine lifted her head and looked steadily at the old woman.

"Madam, if you have deceived me in this, if you saw George." She paused, the name almost suffocated her, and goaded with fresh agony she arose to her feet.

"Woman, woman, as you have dealt with us, so will the God of heaven deal with you on your death-bed!"

The next instant Catharine Lacy passed through the door rapidly as one flees from an impending death blow.

Madame De Mark looked after her with a wild, fierce look; then she snatched up her crucifix and kissed it. "A heretic, a heretic—why should I mind the words of a heretic? What right has she to call on God?"

But her grim features worked with fear long after she ceased speaking, and she repeatedly kissed the crucifix in her hand as if striving to bribe protection from it.

Scarcely half an hour had elapsed when there was another knock at the door, and Jane Kelly, the hospital nurse, presented herself.

madame, with her glittering eyes turned on her victim; "it isn't me that delays you, walk on I'll follow with all the pleasure in the world; perhaps she's got the mate to this about her!"

"No such thing," exclaimed Jane, with another burst of passion, "you know well enough that I told you it was in my trunk."

"Oh!" ejaculated the officer, with a glance at the old woman, who gave back a significant nod, and cast another jeering glance at the woman.

"Did you tell me that? thank you, dear, it's pleasant to find a person so frank. You hear, sir, she confesses. Kind, isn't it?"

Jane was about to speak, and probably in her wrath might have committed herself still further, but the policeman dragged her forward. She made a little resistance at first, but at last moved on more patiently, though still burning with indignation, which was likely to break forth to her disadvantage the moment she was allowed to speak again.

Madame De Mark seemed to be aware of this, for though she appeared to follow the officer and his charge, every few minutes she would glide up to the side of her victim, and whisper some taunt or jeer that stung the woman's wrath into fresh vigor, and in this state she was placed before the magistrate.

The moment she entered the police-office, Madame De Mark changed her whole manner; the glitter of her eyes was subdued, her demeanor became quiet, and notwithstanding her rags and general untidiness, there was something about her which bespoke a knowledge of good society and its usages. Besides her face bore evidence of a keen intellect, the more remarkable from the squalid poverty of her appearance.

She advanced before the judge, and made her charge in a clear, truthful manner, that left no room for doubt, though the magistrate seemed a good deal astonished by the value of the property stolen; and when madame, with her usual boast, spoke of rolling in gold, an incredulous smile stole across his lips.

Madame De Mark saw the smile, and a little of her natural shrewishness broke forth.

"You don't believe me, you think, perhaps, I stole the things first myself," she said, sharply.

"No, I do not trouble myself to think of any thing that has not taken the form of evidence," said the judge, smiling with an expression that madame liked still less than the first; "to-morrow we will look into the case, if you will appear against the woman."

"But you will lock her up—you will not allow her to go home?" cried the old woman, eagerly, "she will hide my diamonds away, and I shall never see them again!"

The magistrate waved his hand as if to silence further speech, and writing on a slip of paper, handed it to the officer.

"Come," said the officer, touching Jane.

The woman turned sharply upon him.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Into another wing of the Tombs: don't make a disturbance now, but come peaceably."

"Not unless this wretch goes with me," cried the woman, furiously. "I tell you she is ten thousand times worse than a thief, she wanted me to commit murder, to let one of the sweetest creatures that ever lived starve on her sick bed, she tried to bribe me with that very ear-ring. I tell you, gentlemen, she is more of a murderer than I am a thief ten thousand times over!"

She was interrupted by a laugh, low and quiet, but which shook madame's meagre form from head to foot.

"Pleasant charges, very," she observed, addressing the magistrate, "perhaps I stole my own jewels."

"I shouldn't wonder," murmured the judge, scarcely above his breath, but madame heard it.

"Yes," she added, "and perhaps I engraved my own name on the back."

She held out the ear-ring, and the judge saw G. De Mark engraved on the antique setting. He had heard the name, and now gazed with great curiosity on its owner, for with all her apparent poverty he knew her to be one of the wealthiest women in New York. He handed back the ear-ring with a bow, and waving his hand, ordered the prisoner to be removed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## AUGUST.

THE sun is shining bright and clear,  
'Tis lovely Summer weather,  
Sunlight and shadow gaily dance  
Upon the grass together;  
While from the fields the reapers' song,  
Is borne on ev'ry breeze along.

The harvest-time again is here,  
The earth is full of gladness,  
And though I hear the sound of mirth,  
My heart is full of sadness;  
For memory's gates are open wide,  
I weep for loved ones who have died. D. M. J.

## WHY I DIDN'T MARRY FLORA GOODMAN.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

ONE day I was rummaging among my uncle Joe's papers, and found a rough sketch with this title. Here it is. I was sitting last summer smoking a cigar with my friend, Tom Fairbanks. It was at Rockaway, and we were lounging in our own room, with our feet elevated on the window-bench. Best way in the world of sitting that. Wonder if ladies never try it when no one is near? Guess they do. We had smoked two cigars, and commenced on the third. There's something very strange about a cigar—it makes one cool in hot weather, and warm in cold weather. And there's a great deal in enjoying it with a crony! Tom was a fast friend of mine, and a fine fellow—yes, a real fine fellow—there was something in him. He was fond of society, and a great favorite with the ladies, and now as I looked off over the leaping waves and mused—cigars always promote reflection, they're a real moral institution, and that's why the clergy patronize them, I suppose—as I smoked and mused, I wondered why he had never been caught in any of the nets spread for him. There was a tall, dark-eyed beauty who had made a great impression on his heart. He had danced and flirted through a whole New York season with her, and from the way in which they both denied it, I had really believed them engaged. But Tom had suddenly drawn off, and left the young lady to point her toes and curl her raven ringlets for some one else. I never knew the reason of this, and with my mind full of these thoughts, I suddenly turned on Tom, and asked him why it was that he didn't marry Flora Goodman?

Tom took his cigar from his mouth, looked at me, arched his eyebrows, and then commenced puffing again.

"No, but tell me; you were very much taken in that quarter once."

Tom made no reply but to throw open his collar a little more—Tom and I had mounted Byron collars since we came to Rockaway. There seemed no getting anything out of him.

"Did the lady cut you, Tom?"

I thought this would rouse him. "No," was the emphatic response.

He then knocked off the ashes of his cigar,

saying, "And so you want to know why I didn't marry Miss Goodman."

"Yes, I thought papa had been spoken to, and the bridal dresses ordered."

"No, I never had anything to do with Mr. Goodman farther than to settle myself in his chair when he left the parlor clear for me in the evening. Flora generally sat on an ottoman—long-waisted people look better on ottomans, you know."

"Well, you didn't tire of long waists, did you? I thought you admired everything about Miss Flora."

"So I did, then; that's my reflection now. And she was a very beautiful girl—a very fine one in many respects."

"And she had the 'go' about here too—something very stylish. What's the reason she didn't suit you, Tom?"

"She did, all but one thing."

"You were very long in finding that out then."

"It was something I saw that led me into the secret."

"Well, out with it, or I'll duck you the very next time we go in bathing."

"You shall have the story. You may call me foolish to take notice of such a thing, but I'm a little peculiar sometimes. I was to wait upon Miss Goodman to a party. I had ordered a magnificent bouquet, and talked to my washer-woman an extra five minutes about the 'getting up' of my linen. I had my moustache trimmed, and got a new pair of patent-leathers. I really looked well that night. Though I believe there is no connection save the alliteration between sensibility and scrubbing-brushes, even the housemaid gazed at me with a sort of pathetic admiration as I came down stairs. I never saw Flora more enchanting, and I glanced round Mr. Goodman's richly furnished drawing-rooms, thinking it would be quite comfortable to walk in and hang up my hat there. I handed Miss Flora into the carriage as tenderly as possible. She kept me waiting a long time in the dressing-room, a thing I abominate, but I was enough of a lover then to be as patient as Job.

"I tucked the young lady under my arm, and

we descended to the parlor. Joe, don't you wish the old fashion would come back when the gentleman handed the lady at arm's-length, by the tips of her extended fingers? There was opportunity then for some display of one's bringing up—a slow, graceful curtsy, and a finished bow."

"Well enough for you fellows that are so proud of your figures," said I, "but some of us are glad to get through the ceremony any way, without displaying our awkward shoulders and in-the-way arms—and if I might hint it, some ladies would not make it a very graceful operation."

"Oh! if it were the fashion it would be taught as a science; part of one's course at dancing-school."

"You are not yet to learn, Tom, that there are some limbs, male and female, that never can be made to work easy—the dancing-master cannot impart grace where nature has not properly prepared the material."

"Well, at any rate, we made our entree in style that night. Flora's smile and bend were faultless, and I can make a pretty good bow. The evening passed. Flora's behavior to myself and others hit the lady-like thing to a nicety. Her courtesies were shown so gracefully and so generally as to exhibit no marked preference, and yet there was an air, a slight manner, visible only to myself, in her way of receiving my attentions that was flattering in the extreme. Supper came. Terrapins and champagne make

one feel very complacent; but I was not quite so much exalted as not to notice everything Flora did. She was standing near an old gentleman, quite an aged man, over seventy, I should think, with a kind, benevolent face. He seemed attracted by her beauty, and was talking to her with a pleased expression of interest that made one love as well as reverence the silver hairs upon his temples. But she seemed uneasy. She did not attend to what he was saying. He was no dandified youth who might ask her to ride, or take her to Maillard's, or send her bouquets, and so he was not worth wasting her time on. Suddenly she interrupted him in the middle of a sentence with, 'I beg your pardon, sir,' and turning her back upon him, commenced a conversation with a fellow that walks Broadway with his glove half-off to show his diamond rings. As she took his arm to promenade, she caught the old gentleman's look, surprised, hurt and aggrieved. But no expression of regret came over her countenance. Her head was carried as easily as before, and her glance as bright. It was enough for me. I never forgot Flora Goodman's rudeness to that old man. To say the least, there is nothing more ungraceful in a young girl than any lack of respect or attention to old age, and it shows a want, a great want of something, a radical defect somewhere. The jig was up from that night; and that, my dear fellow, is why I did not marry Flora Goodman."

We smoked another cigar, Tom and I, and then began to dress for the evening's farce.

## THE LAKE-SIDE SHORE.

BY B. SIMEON BARRETT.

SUMMER's breath is lightly falling  
On the silent waters blue,  
And the moonbeams bright are sporting  
With the drops of glittering dew;  
Hark! away upon the waters  
There's a sound of dipping oar,  
And a boat-song, lowly chanted,  
Echoes down the lake-side shore.

Now the night-bird's song comes floating  
Sweetly on the midnight air,  
Waking all the depths to listen  
To the bird that thus should dare  
To break the wierd and solemn stillness,  
That had reigned so long before  
In the wood, and mead, and valley,  
On the silent lake-side shore.

Now the song comes swelling bolder,  
And the boatman's chant is heard  
Louder o'er the distant waters,  
As it would outvie the bird;  
But each song at last is finished,  
And the bird to rest once more,  
Leaves no sound to break the quiet  
Of the happy lake-side shore.

Who can say there is no pleasure  
Thus to walk the night alone,  
List'ning to the night-bird's music,  
Or the boatman's solemn tone?  
Where is there a spot more lovely  
When the veil of night hangs o'er—  
Where another place more holy  
Than this silent lake-side shore?

# HERBERT MOLEEN.

BY JENNIE WEST.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 33.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Two years had passed away since Herbert left America and settled in London, known only to a few friends by his own name, he had under an assumed one become quite popular as a poet and dramatist. One evening, as he was leaving the theatre, after the successful performance of a play he had just published, he heard his name pronounced just behind him, and turning round he perceived Mr. Stewart with a female on his arm that Herbert supposed must be Annie, but oh! how changed from the blooming belle he had last seen her.

"We have been watching you all the evening," said Mr. Stewart, as they shook hands. "Annie discovered and pointed you out soon after we took our seats, but you were so interested in the performance you could not look about you."

"Why, when did you arrive? Where are you staying? Can you answer all my questions at once? But tell me first how you are, Annie."

"Annie's health has been poor for a long while, she is now a little better, she says. It is on her account we are here. The physicians thought travelling would improve her. But we are at —, come round in the morning. I am afraid my pet will not be so well being out so late to-night."

"Oh, yes, papa, I feel better."

"Well, my dear, wrap your shawl closer around you as we go to the carriage—Herbert, be sure to come."

"Most assuredly. Good night."

## CHAPTER IX.

"My child's life is in your hands, Herbert. You know not what it has cost me to make this confession, but what weakness will not a father commit who sees his child dying—fading away before him day after day—aye, year after year, for ever since you left us, Herbert, she has been declining"—he paused.

The young man sat with his head bowed on the table near him, motionless and silent.

"I have immense wealth, Herbert—but you can rise without it, you have talents that will bring you fame. I would not speak as though

bribing you, it is the life of my darling I would have you save, if possible—if not, you can at least make her few days pass more happily. You say you are still unengaged, what—"

"Mr. Stewart, I will be frank with you. I have loved—deeply, unchangably—but she whom I loved is—"

"Dead?" asked Mr. Stewart, anxiously, as Herbert paused.

"She is now the wife of another," said Herbert, with an effort: after a few moments silence he added, "You now know all. I can never blot out the love I have felt for one—the ideal of my youth, but I have ever loved Annie as a brother. It shall be as you say—but will she consent after hearing what I have told you?"

"Why tell her, Herbert? Forgive me—but oh, you cannot know what I have suffered—to see my child, my beautiful, my only one, sinking into the grave that took my wife from me in one short year from our marriage! But I cannot press you more, Herbert—I dare not—forgive me."

"It shall be as you wish, my life shall be devoted to your daughter—perchance I may be of some service in the world yet. I have felt as though every person had something to live for except myself. I seemed to be a useless atom upon the earth's surface. You have given me a part to perform, oh, assist me now in the performance of it." He arose and placed his hand in that of Mr. Stewart, who pressed it fervently, saying,

"How can I ever thank you—but oh, if Annie should only learn how I have humbled myself—yes, and her too in your eyes."

"No, no, my dear sir, you have only opened my eyes. I ought to be glad to know that there are any on the earth that love me. I shall ever strive to be worthy of the confidence and trust you have reposed in me—but you will help me—you know my heart now, you will always understand me, and be near to sustain me?" Mr. Stewart bowed, and pressing Herbert's hand was about leaving the room, but was detained by the latter, who said hesitatingly, "Do not ask me to speak to Annie first on this subject. You can with delicacy and propriety prepare her for—"



"Yes, I will save you that trial; but may I speak as though I had"—there was a flush passed over his face as he spoke it—"received the proposal from you?"

"Certainly, any other proceeding might arouse her suspicions—but I leave it all with you. Believe me, my dear sir, you will always find me willing to do all in my power to promote the happiness of Annie."

#### CHAPTER X.

THE shades of evening were falling as Louise sat by the couch on which her sister reclined. Pale and wan, yet very beautiful were the features of Helen Loraine, as she lay with her eyes half closed, and her thin fingers wandering among the pretty curls of little Willie, his sister's babe, that was sleeping by her side. Two years had but perfected the beauty of Louise, which was of a very different style from Helen, her full bust, blooming cheeks, and cheerful elasticity of movement contrasting strongly with the pallor and languor pervading Helen.

"We start to-morrow for France, dear, sunny France," said Louise, with animation. "I know you will be well by the time we reach our native country."

Helen smiled sadly as she replied, "It may be so, Louise, and we will go over all the grounds around the old chateau, and visit each morning our father and mother's grave, and we will plant the sweetest roses by them."

Yes, and visit all our old friends. They will be so rejoiced to see us in possession of our old home again, and we will play hide and seek, Helen, as we used to among the holly bushes. I hear my husband coming—shall I light the lamp?"

"Not if you can do without, I much prefer the moonlight."

"Yes, I can see very well to get his slippers and gown," and placing them by the arm-chair, she hurried to meet him at the door.

"I have heard from Herbert," said the doctor, as soon as he was seated. "A friend of mine has received a letter from Mr. Stewart, who writes that Herbert is in London, and is now his son-in-law, having lately married the young heiress. I always thought he loved her. Strange, very strange," mused he, as if to himself, "I never could hear from him before, if he was in London."

"I am so glad," said his wife, "that you have heard from him. It always troubled you, not knowing what had become of him."

"How do you feel, Helen, any more strength

with which to begin our trip? Ha!" he exclaimed, as he felt her pulse, "something wrong here—nervous, very—why what have you been doing, receiving the farewell of your dear five hundred friends to-day—is that it?"

"Oh, no," said Louise, "she has seen but few to-day, and I thought her much better, and Willie would stay with her, and I expect he has worried her. I will take him away."

#### CHAPTER XI.

A VERY happy bride was Annie. It seemed as if new life had been given to her. Her step became more buoyant, and a slight tint of the rose again visited her cheek, and her fond father flattered himself that his darling would yet be spared to comfort him in coming years. Herbert was not so deceived, he knew how frail the flower committed to his care, and he watched over it with increasing tenderness and anxiety. The deep love and sweet temper of his young wife could but awaken more interest in his heart, but while thus admiring and loving, and though devotedly loved by her, there was still a void to him that nothing could fill. He was more cheerful than before his marriage, he felt there was some one who loved and cared for him, and he did not brood over his disappointments in loneliness now, but devoted himself to the young being who had loved him for years.

He had wealth now, and many would have been glad to have been his friends, but he cared not for them, but was only intimate with the few that had known and respected him as the poor author. Yet Herbert did not affect to despise wealth, but acknowledged the advantage he derived from it, as he could now give free scope to his mind and pen without the thoughts of remuneration to trouble him and fetter his bold spirit. It often seemed to Herbert that he possessed two lives, or existed in two separate states, both of which had for him pleasure, yet mingled with pain. When with Annie, her sunny smiles and affectionate manner won him from his customary coldness and reserve, and he would smile and converse as of old, though the remembrance of her feeble health, and how frail a tie bound her to earth would cause his heart to sink, and he would press her slight form to his bosom with a silent prayer that God would spare her to him, nor leave him entirely alone again with nothing to live for—thus when with Annie, he seemed to live for her alone. Yet when Herbert sat in his study alone, engaged in writing, there ever appeared a pair of soft, dark eyes looking down upon him very unlike Annie's, and he felt as if

presence of one who knew every emotion of soul, and under whose influence he thought and wrote. He had often tried to free himself from this delusion, but his efforts were all useless, the image of the loved one of his youth medved over by his side in these silent hours sed in his study—he wrote for *Helen*, and in he composed his most brilliant productions, look of approval in those calm, spirit eyes dearer far to him than the applause with ch the world greeted them. Sometimes he ight that it was unjust to Annie to let the ge of another share the heart she believed lly her own, would intrude and cause him ppy hours, though he strove not to reproach elf for that which he could not possibly pre-

Thus the months passed away, and the y Annie would read and praise with childish asiasm each new work of her husband's, un- sious of the connection which Herbert ever etween them and his spirit companion. fore their marriage Annie had once spoken is uncle's wife as a very beautiful woman, asked him if he had ever seen her, but the and evasive reply showed her that it was asalt to him, and thinking that Herbert ot recovered from the unkind feelings which l entertained toward his uncle, she forebore zning his name again, or that of his wife.

## CHAPTER XII.

rays of the setting sun lingered about f chateau, as though reluctant to quit its ful gardens, terraces and fountains. It tuated but a league from Paris, and was ain the home of Helen Lorraine and her

The uncle who had robbed them of their ad died suddenly, and his brother, a very t kind of person, on examination of his ound what he had long suspected was the at its rightful owners were the orphans d been compelled to leave it three years

He traced them out, and restored to eir rightful inheritance.

ie western piazza, watching the purple den clouds, stood Helen, her beautiful ighed by a gleam of the setting sun.

ely she looked, and her rather pensive ighted up with a quiet smile, as her

ned from the gorgeous heavens to the l landscape before her. She was again ative land, the place of her birth, the

her parents. Many recollections of ys were awakened by the familiar ob-

and her. Her heart swelled with grati- od, who had rescued her from a life of

poverty and privation, and had raised her up a friend in a strange land, one who had been a kind brother to her, and an affectionate husband to her sister, and had left his native land to gratify their longings to reside in their loved France.

As Helen thus mused, she reproached herself for not being happier when she had so many blessings. "And why am I not?" she asked her heart—"why am I not happy? I am wealthy—I have many friends—a sweet sister, a kind brother, a pleasant home. Why is there still a longing after something more? Do I still regard one who remembered me not?—do I still worship a phantom? Foolish creature that I am!" She turned hastily as though to fly from her own thoughts, and met Louise, who handed her a small parcel, saying, "Here, take this, you naughty girl. It's your birth-day, and you can take it, but you don't deserve it," and Louise shook her head laughingly at her. Helen undid it and found an elegant handkerchief, delicately embroidered, and trimmed with superb lace. "How very beautiful! and your own work too. Many, many thanks, sister dear—but why did you call me naughty?"

"Why, haven't I been five weeks embroidering that for your wedding handkerchief, and did you not this very afternoon send poor Jules off with a rejection half-crushing——"

"Never mind Jules," said Helen, smiling, "he will get over his disappointments, if he has had any."

"But seriously, Helen, I don't know what you do expect. Jules is handsome, intelligent, and wealthy enough."

"Oh, yes, I don't care for wealth now, you know, I have plenty."

"Well, he is young."

"As to that I do not know but he is too young. What do you say? Let me see—Jules is a good deal younger than your husband, and I am older than you, so I——"

"Now you hush your nonsense about our age. My husband is plenty young for me. But seriously, Helen, I don't know what kind of a man would suit you. Handsome, wealthy, intelligent, and very devoted, what was lacking?"

"Love for him," said Helen, quietly.

"Well, you are a strange girl. I should like to see you in love. But I am afraid such a piece of perfection as you would expect will not be discovered soon. I hope I shall live to see him though."

"I don't think you will see me throw my arms around his neck the first time we meet, if you do."

"Come—come, no more of that, if thou lovest me."

### CHAPTER XIII.

ANNIE MOLEEN lay upon her dying bed. Not a fond father's or husband's love, nor the best medical skill London afforded could longer keep the grim foe at bay. The healthful glow that had tinged her cheek the first year of her marriage was gone with the elasticity of her step. For months the tide of life had been ebbing, ebbing, and now it was at its lowest. Young and beautiful, she must leave the world that was now so bright and beautiful, so full of happiness to her. Her father, pale and feeble with the anguish of his heart, bent over one side of her couch, while on the other knelt Herbert, his eyes at times fixed with a despairing glance upon her fading features, but oftener with his face pressed down against the pillows.

She lay with her eyes closed, and an expression of pain on her countenance, her breath coming with difficulty, and the dew of death gathering upon her snowy brow. After a few moments she seemed to breathe freer, and opening her eyes she glanced from father to husband several times, then with an effort she placed her arm around Herbert's neck, and drew his face down close to her's, murmuring as she did so, "Dear, dearest husband, do not grieve so, you have been very kind to me, and oh, how happy I have been with you, it seemed as though a long life-time were too short a time to love you—but I must leave you now."

"Annie, Annie, I cannot give you up!" exclaimed the distressed Herbert.

"Oh, yes, Herbert, you can trust me to God—He will take me to Him—He gave, He takes—His will be done. Dear Herbert, try to be reconciled to whatever He doeth. There have been times when it would not have seemed so hard to me to die, but God knoweth best—He has let me live two years with you, darling, and oh, they have been very, very happy years"—her voice sank, and she seemed to close her eyes from weariness, while a smile lingered over her lips. Soon she resumed, "Do not mourn after I am gone, try to be cheerful, happy. I would not have my memory a shadow darkening your life. Think of me as happy, strive also to be happy. Remember what I say," she turned to her father. "Father, my dear father, I am going, but you will have Herbert with you. He will ever be a son to you, I know. You must love one another and stay together for my sake. Do not feel so troubled, father. Kiss me, dear father. Do not

stay here when I am gone, you and Herbert must travel, you must not remain in this place—farewell, father—Herbert, my dear Herbert"—her voice had gradually grown fainter. Herbert held his ear closer, thinking she was still whispering, but no sound, no breath come from those closed lips, they were still in death!

### CHAPTER VX.

MR. STEWART and Herbert left England soon after Annie's death. They visited Italy, and remained there many months. Among its interesting ruins Herbert took more pleasure than he had supposed he ever could take in anything again, and its delightful climate had benefited Mr. Stewart's health, which had failed considerably beneath the shock of his daughter's death.

Other countries too had they visited, and more than a year had passed when they arrived at Paris, intending to remain as long as they could find anything in the city to interest them, and leave for America. Soon after their arrival, a time hung heavy on their hands, they attended the theatre. As the play proceeded, Herbert not finding much attraction in the performance, turned his attention to the audience. As his eyes roved carelessly over the brilliant assembly, he almost started to his feet on beholding not far from him his uncle seated by two ladies, one of which was the long cherished object of his love. How wildly his heart throbbed as he now gazed upon her as the wife of another. She had changed since he had seen her. Her form was more queenly, and was now clad in the richest of velvet robes, which added still more to the dignity of her appearance, but her lovely cheek was pale, and her eyes looked deeper and darker than ever. She smiled when addressed by her companions, but even her smile seemed melancholy. Herbert's eyes rested long and earnestly upon the idol of his dreams, and he could not repress a sigh as a faint, heart-sick feeling crept over him. 'Twas some time ere he recovered himself enough to call Mr. Stewart's attention to the presence of his uncle.

"Ah! I had not seen them. Strange—to meet here! Shall we not speak with them?"

"Pardon me, my dear sir, but I would rather not meet my uncle. You can, if you wish, but do not tell him I am here."

"I will not address him unless you wish to," said Mr. Stewart; "but I think, Herbert, you ought to banish these hard feelings toward your uncle. What caused them I know not, but he sincerely regretted your leaving him, I know. For I often heard him speak of it. But the

performance is about over—if you do not wish to be recognized, we will step into the shade of this column while they pass by.”

They did so, and his uncle's party moved by them, Helen's mantle almost brushing Herbert, who stood scarcely breathing, his eyes riveted upon her form until it passed through the door. As they moved into the light again, Herbert was accosted by a young acquaintance with, “Ah, Moleen, how are you—I was wanting to see you. When do you leave the city?”

“To-morrow—can we not?” he added, turning to Mr. Stewart.

“Just as you say, Herbert—but you have tired very suddenly of Paris, much sooner than I expected.”

“Call at our rooms in the morning early, Harvey, if you wish to see me particularly. I am anxious to leave here to-morrow.” And he turned and confronted his uncle!

“Is not this Herbert?” exclaimed Dr. Moleen, in joyful surprise, as he seized his nephew's hand and shook it warmly. For a moment they stood silently gazing into each other's faces. Then perceiving Mr. Stewart, the doctor grasped his hand also, expressing in honest terms the joy he felt at this unexpected meeting. They were much surprised when he informed them of his residence in France.

“You will go with us to our hotel, will you not? Come, the carriage is waiting. Helen had sent me back for her handkerchief and fan, or I should have missed seeing you. What important events are sometimes brought about by trifles. Come with us, will you not?” urged the doctor.

Herbert hesitated. The cordial manner in which his uncle had greeted him had revived the strong love he had once felt, for him, and he would have accompanied him had he not dreaded so much a meeting with Helen. It seemed as though a dagger pierced his heart as the doctor mentioned her name, and he felt that he could not meet her. He pleaded the lateness of the hour, in excuse for not complying with his uncle's wish.

“Then you will be around in the morning?”

“We expect to leave Paris to-morrow,” said Dr. Stewart.

“Leave to-morrow! You cannot leave now—it has been so long since we have met. Oh, no, you must go home with us to-morrow and spend month or so.”

“Impossible!” said Herbert.

“Don't say that!” exclaimed the doctor, “there's nothing to prevent your doing so, I am sure. Why would not go away without seeing my wife and baby, would you?”

An expression of pain passed over Herbert's countenance which the doctor noticed, and attributing it to the remembrance of Annie's loss, he said, with feeling, “I heard of your great loss and deeply sympathized with you, believe me. But you must not think of leaving soon. We will expect you around in the morning at — hotel: we will not leave for home until afternoon, and then you must go with us.”

Mr. Stewart saw from Herbert's manner that he wished to avoid this meeting, and desirous of saving the feelings of both, he said, “Herbert has an engagement for the morning which may prevent his coming. I will be around—but do not keep your ladies longer in the night air. You will see us before we leave.”

“Well, good night,” said Dr. Moleen, hurrying away.

“He forgot his errand, did he not?” asked Mr. Stewart, as they reached the door. “Step back, Herbert, and see.”

Herbert obeyed, and with palpitating heart and trembling hands took up the fan and handkerchief from the seat on which they were lying, and followed Mr. Stewart. They entered a cab and rode to their hotel. Mr. Stewart spoke of their unexpected meeting with the doctor, and made several other remarks, but received no answer from Herbert. Had it not been so dark he would have seen the agitated countenance of the latter, as he pressed the articles in his hand alternately to his heart and lips, and when they stopped he thrust them hurriedly beneath his seat. As they were parting in the hall for their chambers, Mr. Stewart laying his hand on Herbert's shoulder, said seriously, “I wish you would go with me to see your uncle, Herbert.”

“Ask me anything but that, my dear sir.”

“But what shall I tell him prevented you?”

“Tell him I have preparations to make as we leave in the——”

“Yes, but you have time to call.”

“Then I have an engagement, you know I told Harvey to come around in the morning,” said Herbert, hastily.

“Well, well, Herbert, I am sorry you will not go, but we will say no more about it,” and the kind-hearted old man entered his room, bidding Herbert good night.

## CHAPTER XV.

HERBERT entered his room, and after locking the door, he went to a table on which a lamp was burning, and drawing the fan and handkerchief from his bosom, he laid them on the table, and seating himself by it, remained long in

painful reverie. The hours fled by, and still he sat there, his pale brow contracted, and a look of such deep, deep woe in his large, dark eyes. His lips were pressed together, yet now and then a convulsive sigh would part them.

Oh! what sad hours did Herbert spend that night! At length he opened the fan, and glancing over its brilliant surface, his eye was attracted by some words carved on one side. Starting up he held it closely to the lamp, and plainly traced the words "Helen Loraine, from W. H. M.," and the date placed beneath it was very recent. "What can it mean?" burst from his lips unconsciously, as a wild hope sprang up in his heart. "Can it be that she is not his wife? Oh, no, no, it cannot be, and these are my uncle's initials and her maiden name. What can it mean? Dated but two months back!" Catching up the handkerchief, he eagerly searched for her name upon it, but was about laying it down in disappointment, when he discovered among the rich embroidery, worked in with the same stitch, and not showing unless carefully scanned, the name Helen Loraine, followed by the same date that the fan bore.

The excited Herbert paced the floor until the morning came. He never once thought of repose so utterly bewildered was his mind. Now hoping, now striving to quench that hope as useless and deceptive, he was summoned to breakfast ere he became aware that the night had passed.

"Was you sick last night, Herbert?" asked Mr. Stewart, anxiously, as Herbert entered the room. "I thought that I heard you walking about in your room, and I was afraid you were sick."

"Oh, no, I was not at all sick," replied Herbert, in an absent manner, as he seated himself at the table.

"Why, Herbert, you are breaking your eggs into your coffee instead of your egg-cup."

Herbert pushed back his chair impatiently, and rising from the table walked to the window. Mr. Stewart looked at him in surprise, but without speaking, proceeded quietly with his breakfast. Herbert walked across the room several times, when suddenly pausing beside his companion, he abruptly asked, "Did my uncle marry Helen Loraine or her sister Louise?"

Mr. Stewart looked up in astonishment at the agitated countenance of Herbert, who repeated his question in firmer tones, for his voice had trembled when he pronounced the name of Helen, and with an air of great impatience, ere his surprised companion could reply, "Why Louise, the younger one."

"My God!" ejaculated Herbert, as he sank into a seat.

"Did you think it was Helen?" asked Mr. Stewart.

Herbert could only bow.

"And it was Helen Loraine you loved?" Mr. Stewart had advanced to Herbert's side and laid his hand upon his arm, as he asked this earnestly.

"It was," answered Herbert.

"It may be then you may yet gain her hand. She is still unmarried, perhaps unengaged. Cheer up, such love as yours should surely be rewarded. We do not know. But we will hope that happiness may yet be in store for you." Encouraged by the kind words of his friend, Herbert told over the history of his early love and disappointment. Taking the fan and handkerchief from his bosom, he showed him what had first caused him to think he might be mistaken as to his uncle's choice. "As my uncle said, 'what important events are sometimes brought about by trifles.'"

"True, very true," said Mr. Stewart, adding, "I will take those along as I am now going to call."

"I will accompany you!" exclaimed Herbert, springing from his chair.

"But, my son, you have preparations to make, as we leave——"

"Not till I know my fate will I leave Paris!"

"But you have an engagement, you know you told Harvey——"

"Spare me, my dear sir, for heaven's sake come on."

## CHAPTER XVI.

A MONTH has passed away, and a happy group are seated on the piazza of the chateau, consisting of Mr. Stewart, Dr. Moleen, his fair wife, and little Willie. But where is Helen and Herbert, you ask. Come with me to the library at the far end of the piazza, the mischievous glances of Louise have been directed toward it several times already, and you will find them seated on the sofa. With flushed cheeks, and eyes that fairly sparkle with the intensity of his feelings, Herbert is pouring into Helen's ear the story of his love, but his heart sinks as he draws near its close, and she sits still and statue-like, no tell-tale blushes tint her fair cheeks, the long, dark lashes are not raised to permit one ray of love-light from those lovely eyes to shine upon the anxious lover, whose whole soul is now thrilling with the torture of suspense. Thus she sits with her taper fingers clasped over a book in her lap. He has ceased speaking, and leans earnestly

toward her—still no response, nor does she raise her eyes.

“Helen, dear Helen, will you not answer me?”

“You ask for my love,” she answered, in low, quiet tones. “It is not mine to give.” Herbert started as though he had been struck, his cheek becoming as pale as hers, while she continued, “Years ago I loved, deeply, fondly, that love still reigns in my heart. What you ask I cannot give you.” Herbert could scarcely suppress a groan of anguish, but he strove manfully with the agony of his spirit. “’Twas in America I first met him I loved. I was poor, my sister and

myself toiled for our daily bread,” a quiet smile stole over her lips, “his kind smile went like sunshine to my sad heart. Dearer by far than all the gems that wealth can buy has been this little gift from him,” she opened the book she held and displayed a moss rose-bud pressed between its leaves.

“His name?” eagerly demanded Herbert, as he strove to fathom the deep meaning in the beautiful eyes now raised, for the first time, to his. There was a blush on her cheek now, as with trembling lips she murmured “Herbert Moleen.”

## A SUMMER DREAM.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

How sweet to lie upon this mossy bank,  
And dream the gentle Summer hours away!  
The murmur'ing streamlet, gliding at my feet,  
Is breathing to the flowers a sad, sweet song,  
That lulls my spirit to a soft repose:  
Some melancholy tale of love it seems,  
For 'e'en the rose's lips grow pale with sighs,  
And gently aways beneath her lover's kiss,  
The wanton breeze, that wafts to me a scent  
Of buds and blossoms as it wanders by.  
Overhead the white clouds idly float across  
The boundless blue, as if they never dreamed  
Of storms that oft-times rage amidst their homes,  
When the loud thunder shakes the world below.  
Softly the shadows lie upon the grass,  
While sunbeams sift the whispering leaves above,  
And strive to reach my cool retreat, in vain.  
Where the red flowers bask in the warm rays,  
The honey-lover roves and sips his sweets;

Or butterfly perchance a moment lights,  
And spreads his gaudy wings; then idly soars,  
And sails upon the dreamy Summer air.

The day wheels slowly to the distant West,  
And Nature sinks into a deeper dream,  
As if o'ercome with drowsy heat. The birds  
Have sought the coolest shade, and whisper vows  
Among their leafy homes, and now and then  
Burst forth in song—when all again is still.

Here, o'er some poet's “simple, heartfelt lay,”  
Whose heart once echoed Summer's music,  
I love to linger, far from strife, and din  
And bustle of the busy world I would  
Forget. Then thoughts of the bright past come back,  
And dreamily I wander 'mid the scenes  
Of long ago, when life was holiday,  
And Summer filled the lightsome heart with song,  
That sorrow's mournful wail could never reach!

## ISABEL.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

By thy coffin I stood, one Winter night,  
When the distant hills were robed in white,  
And coldly the pearly moonbeams fell  
On thy warm face, sweet Isabel.

Back from the brow so white and fair,  
They had folded the waves of silken hair,  
On the placid face a faint smile gleamed,  
As if the pale sleeper sweetly dreamed.

The hands were crossed o'er the peaceful breast,  
And I wished not then to break thy rest.

I bade thee a long, a last farewell,  
And we parted forever, sweet Isabel.

To a glorious city now thou art gone,  
Where there is no night, of day no dawn;  
Oh, there are many mansions there,  
And all is bright, and all is fair.

There are shining walls, and the gates of gold,  
For the soul that is pure, will wide unfold,  
And happy are they who enter in,  
They will suffer no more, no more will sin.

## IN THE CLOUDS: A RHAPSODY.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

I HAVE just returned from a gallop on horse-back, and every vein tingles yet with the excitement of the motion. But I have come back also from the clouds. While I sit and write, they are with me as in a dream. The clouds, the wonderful clouds! with their sunny slopes, their ruby mountains, their golden cliffs, their unfathomable abysses of gloom, their Dante-like visions of Paradise, their Miltonic glimpses into gulfs of eternal woe.

It had been raining all day, but toward four o'clock the sun burst forth; and saddling Gipsy, away I went. The mare was as glad as I to be out on the breezy hills, and both were wild as young hawks. Curvetting and snorting, she careered along, her black mane flying out like a storm-cloud; while I, excited as a school-boy on a holiday, could hardly keep from shouting. Stolid, middle-aged couples, jogging along in close-shut carriages, looked back at us curiously through the window, as if they half suspected I was a madman; for why should a sane person, they reasoned, splash through mud and water, at the imminent risk of being caught in a shower, when he might doze in a chariot, behind two sleek, safe-going horses.

Why? Because, if there was no other reason, it was a field-day in the clouds, or rather an actual battle, an Austerlitz at the least: and the heavens were alive with armies. You could not see it, oh! respectable nonentities of flunkeydom, as you winked and blinked on your damask cushions; but I could, and so could Gipsy, for why else than because she heard it afar off, was her "mane clothed with thunder," and her eyes afire with lightnings? When the now dead Czar held his annual review, the vast plain, it is said, fairly blazed with the glory of arms, of uniforms, of banners, of mailed Circassians, and of shining horses; but as the multitudinous armies of the clouds, this afternoon, charged, wheeled, retreated, rallied, and charged again, the spectacle was ten thousand times grander. At times the whole sky became as dark as night. It was when the black battalions, every one with its vow of death, rushed to the conflict. At times, the heavens were crimsoned far and near. It was when the great sun, the Achilles of the fight, drove his chariot headlong through the

ranks of the foe, till its wheels rolled everywhere in blood. The victory at last was won. Sullen and grim, the cloudy hosts fell back, yet facing defiantly; while, as they retired, the conqueror advanced. He came with pennon and banner borne triumphant, with squadrons of gilded cuirassiers thronging and thronging out of sight, with legions on legions arrayed in purple and gold, with priests swinging incense that rose in amber clouds, with myriads of swords glittering as the exultant warriors shook them aloft. I heard the cymbals sounding. Yes! the cymbals, and the trumpets, and the shouts; and you also would have heard them, if you had been there, and seen, as I saw; for even yet the words ring in my ears, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates."

Men have written of mountains, of the forest, and of the sea: but the clouds suggest all of these, and in their most poetical aspects; and so I will write of the clouds. What can be more beautiful than the ever-varying clouds? On the sea or the mountains, at morning or evening, in sunny translucent skies, or after a day of tempest, clouds are ever lovely, and often sublime. Men pay enormous sums for pictures by Claude or Turner, but as I rode home to-day, I saw one finer than either ever painted. Some green woods on the left, sparkling after the rain; above them a cloud, blood-red, in the sunset; and partly in front, and brought out against all a volume of pitchy-black vapor. A bit of sunshine, a few trees, the smoke from a brick-kiln; and lo! a picture, that, on canvass, would have been worth a thousand guineas. Men have made pilgrimages to Italy, and have served art, as Jacob did Laban, for twice seven years, yet brought back nothing equal to this. Why will not artists study clouds? Turner did, and those who know Nature, as revealed in clouds at least, will ever worship him. Most painters make you a cloud so wooden and heavy that it looks as if it would fall and crush the cows in the pastures below: while others, who succeed in giving it an aerial look, fail to catch the atmosphere, or hit off the magic transmutation which direct and reflected lights always bestow on clouds. We repeat it: clouds, well studied, would be better than years abroad. I remember a picture by Croysey, a

brilliant noonday over mountains, in which white fleecy clouds, tipped with sunshine, float lazily in a sky of transparent blue. It makes me drowsy to look at, bringing up visions of summer afternoons, till I almost hear the bees humming in the clover.

Clouds at sunset have been described to surfeiting. Yet clouds at sunrise are as magnificent. Turner has a picture, in which a steam-tug is towing a man-of-war out of harbor, under the light of a belated moon; while, in the opposite horizon, the sun is rising through clouds and fog, in that profusion of gorgeous color, which Turner delighted in. There is nothing in the picture but this. The cold blue on the left, the crescent reflected in the steely water, the black tug with the white vapor issuing from the steam-pipe; and on the right the many-hued clouds, as they lie on the horizon, like a city on fire. A thousand times have I seen such contrasts; yet the public and even artists call Turner extravagant: which, take my word for it, they would not do, if they had studied Nature as he did. My memory is a gallery of such pictures, as grand as any Turner ever painted: they rise before me, thank God, continually; and I have no need to go to the British Gallery, or to have the purse of a duke, to enjoy them.

Clouds over the sea are surpassingly beautiful. On a summer day, when the sun is setting, look out eastward, if there are clouds in the sky, and you will see whole fields of amber. Moonlight, with clouds, and the ocean under all, fairly brings back fairy-land. Now the whole wide expanse of water grows dark, except a thread of light, on the sea-board, that seems a white coast with the sun shining on it: now a lake of silver succeeds, far off, as if on a solitary plain; now the black bank of cloud, behind which the planet has been, begins to whiten on its upper edge: and now a bridge of glory is suddenly thrown across the deep to the strand at your very feet, and breathlessly you await, for one moment of rapt delusion, to see the gates of heaven open and angels come and go along that celestial pathway. Clouds, with the moon wading through them, how melancholy they are! As a boy, I used to gaze bewildered on such scenes, wondering if when I died I should unravel the mystery of that still cold planet, and should fly above the clouds. The moon and the clouds, in some inexpressible way, affected me with a sense of mystery; reached depths of my young existence that no other plummet had yet sounded; stirred divinest emotions of love, and adoration, and awe. Thunder-clouds influenced me as powerfully: but they did it in a different manner. I was then,

so to speak, excited out of myself; I cried aha, aha, as when the horse snuffs the battle. I could not comprehend why some people fled in terror from such sights, for to me they had a strange fascination: and I compared them, even then, to armies marching against each other, dark armies of the skies. The old Norse blood in me kindled: I rejoiced in the approaching fight. It is the fashion, in these days, to call such emotions brutal. But I hold, with that excellent Christian, Dr. Arnold, that the man, whose pulse does not quicken at reading of a great battle, has a moral defect somewhere in his character.

Science, when it analyzes the clouds, rises into poetry. It tells us that the vapor, whose gold and purple decks the sunset, came but yesterday from other latitudes, perhaps from other hemispheres. The rain-clouds, that will to-morrow deluge the valley of the Mississippi, were evaporated from the distant waters of the South Pacific. Probably some dusky Tahitan girl but lately arranged the flowers in her hair, by mirroring them in the brook, whose atoms now float in yonder summer cloud, that, all the afternoon, has been wandering about the blue, "like a white lamb astray." The welcome clouds, promising shade and coolness to the wearied warriors in the Crimea, were first distilled from the South Atlantic, and but yesterday kissed the Victoria Regia, in its original haunt, far up the Amazon. Without the ministry of clouds the earth would be scorched up, the grass would not grow, seeds would no longer germinate, trees and plants would cease to blossom, and the whole earth would become one vast Sahara. It is the cloud, fresh from the icebergs of the North, that cools the parched atmosphere when the north wind blows in summer. It is the cloud that mitigates the fierce heat for the traveller in the tropics. The absence of clouds, in central Tartary, has kept alive, age after age, that horde of nomades, who, under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, have twice desolated the world, and may yet again become "the scourge of God" for enervated civilizations. The machinery of the clouds was first set up before the globe was peopled, yet it works to-day as steadily as it did thousands of years ago. Evaporated over vast areas of equatorial ocean, the vapors ascend into the upper atmosphere, are borne by the trade-winds to colder zones, are condensed on the sides of snow-covered mountains, become palpable to the eye in the shape of clouds, and descend in refreshing rains. It is the dissolving cloud that patters gently on the roof, or sings among the grape-leaves of the arbor, on a hushed summer afternoon: and it is



still the cloud which rushes down in torrents, which rattles in hail, which softly whitens the fields with snow, or which blinds the wayfarer in the mountain gorge with a hurricane of wildly intermingled snow and hail and rain. Forever and forever, since the morning stars sang together over the world's creation, the clouds have kept up their circuit. Rising from the great deep, they have girdled the globe, and falling in showers, have flowed in rivers back to the sea, whose currents have then carried them to their original home. Truly did Holy Writ, centuries before science demonstrated this, exclaim, "note the place whence the rivers come, thither they return again."

I have seen in clouds all things that are great and beautiful. Yesterday, I looked across the hills, and lo! in the west, where the sun shone on gathering storm-clouds, were the Delectable Mountains, the same that Bunyan beheld, when, in holy visions, he followed the pilgrims on their progress. In a little while, the mountains were gone, but in the sunlit crimson clouds, impending over the still waters of the Schuylkill, I recognized the New Jerusalem, with its streets of gold and ruby, and the river flowing quietly beneath into which white angels went down to welcome Christian. At other times I have seen enchanted gardens, such as Alladin walked in; Appenines white with snow; Mount Blanc with its rosy brow; seas of death beating incessant, with black surf, on iron-bound coasts. Or I have watched Homeric battles, or seen the great struggle of the Titans, or beheld the war in which Lucifer was hurled from the battlements of heaven, descending prone for nine full days, falling and falling daily into deeper abysses of darkness and woe. Or I have looked into forests, whose far vistas suggested tales of magic, till I almost expected to behold an Armida emerge from the gloom. Again, and I have seen that ebon river, down which the dead lady of Shalott legend, the poor, enchanted prisoner, floated stilly at midnight. Or smiling mountains, with fair Arcadian slopes in front, where one waits for shepherdesses to appear crowned with flowers, if not to hear the reedy pipe. Have you not seen these things also? Go out, with a soul alive to Nature, and doubt not but they will be revealed to you.

There are no colors like those of the clouds. Titian never rivalled them. He and all the great painters have stood afar off and worshipped, feeling that they could not enter the holy sanctuary. What pencil can catch the sunlight on a cloud? Or imitate the transparency of amber-clouds? Or more than hint at the gorgeous hues

that crowd the sky, when the sun sets after a tempest? Clouds, on mountains, diversify color as in a kaleidoscope. I have seen a field of young wheat at the edge of a precipice, with the golden sunshine glittering green upon it after a shower, projected against a purple-black rain cloud, that moved along the side of a mountain ridge, miles away. Or hills on the horizon, bathed in Tyrian-colored vapor, like the fumes of rarest Burgundy, while all the foreground glowed with effulgence, except where dark woods jutted out into verdant meadows, or blue waters slumbered beneath the hill shadows. Or a populous plain, with farms and villages scattered over it, a river sinuously winding across, and the shadows of clouds moving, in stately procession, like cowed monks, over the green and gold of the landscape. Or the cattle knee-deep in clover, with hills rising just behind, from whose ravines the morning mists, like incense, curled slowly up. Or clouds, on winter evenings, when the night shuts in omens of tempests, that seem like warriors brandishing threatening swords in the sky, or dark-robed priests, warning back with their rods, prophetic of disaster.

The clouds magnetize the spirit, they do not appeal to our sensuous part. I look at the clouds, and grand thoughts arise in me. My reveries are of heroes, who have died for their country; of meek mothers who have sacrificed themselves, during a long life-time, for sick or deformed children; of martyrs who have perished by axe or fire, blessing their enemies, or singing hallelujahs amid the flames. I see Joan of Arc in the market-place at Rouen, the smoke almost hiding her from view, dying with "Jesus" upon her tongue. I behold the gloomy glens, in which the persecuted Covenanters met to pray: and discern suddenly, over the crest of the hill behind, the white vapor, as the troopers, who have surprised them, discharge their carbines. I see St. Catharine borne above the clouds by angels, no traces of her late mortal agony upon her face, but a divine calm instead. When I gaze at sylvan landscapes, I think of happiness here: when I turn my eyes heavenward to the clouds, it is on the ineffable glory of Eternity that I reflect. In the presence of the great clouds little, or mean, thoughts, are impossible. I come back from communion with them strengthened for deeds of self-sacrifice, for dying, if need be, for the right, or, more difficult martyrdom than all, living and suffering for it. When, after a storm, the masses of clouds part, and the sun bursts forth between, it is as if the gates of heaven opened, to let, for one moment, a glimpse of its effulgence out: and he must be wholly "of the

earth earthy," who does not, at the sight, feel the wings of his spirit stir, or whose soul leaps not up in recognition of the immortal. —But the night comes. The clouds fade, more and more indistinct, till darkness swallows all. So, from my mind, vanishes this vision of the clouds.

## THE DEPARTED TRIBES.

BY MRS. G. M. RIDDLE.

THEY have faded, they have faded  
 In solemn gloom away,  
 Like mist-clouds from the mountain,  
 At dawning of the day;  
 Like the falling leaves in Autumn  
 They bowed before the blast,  
 But alas! the budding Spring-time  
 Brings not to them the past.

THEY have vanished, they have vanished,  
 They have left their own bright land—  
 Its blue hills, and its waters,  
 A spirit broken band.  
 They have left these forest shadows,  
 The white man bade them "go,"  
 And with faltering step passed onward—  
 Under their weight of woe.

THEY are silent, they are silent,  
 Their hearths are still and lone,  
 We hear no more their voices,  
 Cold is their altar-stone.  
 Some sleep at last, in quiet  
 In a lone, forsaken grave,  
 Where comes no sorrowing mother  
 To weep for her young brave.

Yet in exile she is dreaming,  
 That like a graceful fawn  
 He bounds through greenest woodlands  
 Which echo with his song;  
 That his bark glides o'er the waters  
 Of laughing streamlets gay,  
 Whose golden sands are gleaming  
 In the light of endless day.

SO hath passed that race so noble,  
 From their homes and hearth away;  
 So hath passed the gallant chieftain—  
 So hath passed the young and gay.  
 Voices along the streamlets,  
 On their mossy turf-grown shore  
 Still chant a mournful requiem  
 For departed tribes. "No more!"

THEY must wander, they must wander,  
 Still must they weep and moan  
 O'er joys that are bereft them—  
 Weep! for their glory flown.  
 And with sorrowing heart press onward,  
 For the way is drear and long  
 Ere they reach the far-off hunting-ground,  
 And hear the greeting song.

## SHE GAVE ME A ROSE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

SHE gave me a rose, a beautiful rose,  
 In the sunny month of June,  
 As together we strayed in the forest shade  
 By the light of the Summer moon.

Each cool green leaf in the moonshine lay,  
 As our hearts in the light of love:  
 And the blue lake slept with its weary waves  
 As the eternal sea above.

The roguish zephyrs had ceased their play  
 To listen, it seemed to me,  
 To the earnest vow I breathed to her  
 As we stood 'neath our trysting tree.

She answered not to the words I spoke,  
 But she gave me the rose she wore

In her raven hair, and I knew I was loved,  
 I knew I was loved before.

O'er the quiet lake shone the burning stars,  
 They'd never shone so bright,  
 For love lent brightness to earth and sky  
 That beautiful Summer's night.

I whispered again, "Wilt meet me here?"  
 She answered in accents low,  
 "Again I will be at our trysting tree  
 When the sweet June roses blow."

Again in the calm June Summer night  
 I stood by that shadowy tree,  
 But the spirit of the shrouded dead  
 Was 'neath its shade with me.

## MINNIE'S RUSE.

BY LIZZIE ELMWOOD.

"HEIGH-HO!" sighed Minnie Arlin, "what a plague these lovers are! Particularly if one is not quite certain whether they are enamored of one's self or one's fortune. I wish I knew——" and as she said this, she glanced thoughtfully after the retreating form of a tall, gentlemanly-looking young man, at that moment passing out of the gate in front of her father's mansion.

Minnie was not a beauty, as heroines usually are, but she possessed a sunny, gleeful temper, a warm heart, and a well cultivated mind, which amply compensated for all deficiencies of form and face, so that among the truly discerning she found many and warm friends.

As her father was very wealthy, many suitors knelt at the feet of Minnie, who otherwise would have sought a lovelier bride. But to all she had given a kind, but decided negative, until she met with Walter Roby, the visitor who had just bid her adieu. He was a young lawyer, who had recently come into the village of Belmont, and who, possessing a handsome person, fascinating conversational powers, and bland and agreeable manners, very soon won the confidence and good-will of the people, and particularly of the ladies.

He did not at first, however, notice Minnie with much attention; but in the course of a few weeks, he seemed to be suddenly enamored, and soon became very attentive.

Though Minnie was much flattered by this apparent devotion of the "handsome lawyer," yet she had a large share of that rare, but important article, *common sense*; and as she suspected that this assiduity did not arise wholly from a love of her own rather plain self, she determined to prove her lover. He had, this very day, made her the offer of his heart and hand, and begged her's in return: but Minnie had given him this reply, "Mr. Roby, I am not prepared to answer you immediately—I shall require at least two weeks to reflect upon it." He was somewhat daunted by this cool answer to his rather eloquent and ardent proposal; for he deemed his handsome person irresistible. He urged her for a shorter probation; but she would not relent, only telling him that if she decided before the time had expired, she would inform him.

Minnie sat long in her room that night devising

some means to ascertain his real sentiments. She thought if she were only handsome, she might rest assured that he loved her; and then she could return that love. She revolved many schemes, but none seemed plausible; and finally, when the bell chimed twelve, she retired, resolving in the morning to impart her trouble to her father, and implore his aid, for she was motherless.

Morning dawned, and Minnie arose refreshed and pale. As the breakfast-bell rang, she greeted her father at the foot of the stairway. "What ails my birdie this morning?" he said, as he gave her his accustomed kiss. "I'll tell you after breakfast, papa," replied Minnie. Accordingly, when the meal was finished, she twined her arm within his, and accompanied him to the parlor, where she unfolded to him her suspicions, plans, and hopes. Minnie's father was not surprised. Mr. Roby had applied to him to sanction his contemplated proposal to Minnie; and as Mr. Arlin thought him a worthy, talented young man, he told him that "if Minnie consented, *he* should." When she had concluded, Mr. Arlin said,

"Don't be troubled, my daughter. It would be strange if we could not devise *some* means, by which to ascertain *what* this young lawyer is in love with." He then unfolded his plan, and when they parted, Minnie's face had resumed something of its old look of careless gaiety.

The first week of Walter Roby's "banishment" (as he told her he should call it) had not passed, when it was rumored that Minnie Arlin had entered the shop of Mrs. Rand, the milliner, as an apprentice, and that when questioned, she had replied, "She did not wish to be a burden upon her father in his present circumstances." There came also flying reports of loss of property, which seemed in accordance with Minnie's conduct, and many people began to believe that Esq. Arlin would be obliged to dispose of his handsome mansion and fine farm. Minnie continued her daily tasks at the milliner's shop until the two weeks had nearly expired. Two days before the time had expired, she despatched to her lover the following note:—

"MR. ROBY—If you still entertain the sentiments you professed at our last interview, I will give you my reply this evening,

MINNIE ARLIN."

Walter had heard the rumors, and had endeavored to ascertain their truth. He trembled lest they were true, for he felt that he could not make Minnie Arlin, if poor, his bride. He was quite undecided what to do, when he received Minnie's note; but immediately sallied forth, determined to satisfy himself as to the truth of the rumor, if possible. Stepping into the office of a physician, with whom he was upon terms of intimacy, he said, after a few moments conversation, "What is it, doctor, about this affair of Esq. Arlin? Is he really so reduced that Minnie is obliged to become a shop girl?"

"Well," replied his friend, "I thought at first there must be some mistake, but I heard the old gentleman say this morning, when some one spoke of Minnie being so *industrious*, that Minnie Arlin would not see her father reduced to poverty, and not make some effort to assist him. So I presume there is foundation for the reports. But, my dear fellow, Minnie is a noble girl without her property—if she has not so pretty a face as some."

"Oh," replied Roby, carelessly, "I hope you don't think I'm committed there. I have been somewhat friendly with Minnie, it is true; but nothing serious, I assure you. No trouble about the *heart*," and he laughed, "though," added he, "I should regret exceedingly to have them meet with reverses." He soon after took his leave, and returning to his office, seated himself at his writing-desk, and wrote, sealed, and despatched the following note:—

"MY DEAR MISS ARLIN—During the time that has elapsed since I saw you last, my feelings have become somewhat changed—or rather I have analyzed them more closely—and I fear we can never be happy together. I see now that I was somewhat premature in my proposal; though I still entertain the warmest feelings of regard and friendship for you. Your cool reply to my proposal led me to suppose that your feelings were not very much interested in myself—and perhaps it were best for both that the affair should terminate here. I remain most respectfully, your obedient servant, WALTER ROBY."

Minnie shed some tears, when she received this cool epistle; for she had hoped, as maidens sometimes do, that her lover might "be tried in the balance, and *not* found wanting." But brushing the tears away, she went to her father, and handed the note to him, saying, "Ah, father, you've lost the handsome, accomplished young lawyer for a son-in-law. He don't think your homely, *poor* Minnie can make him happy."

Leaving the room, she caught up her straw hat, and went out to ramble in the woods to a favorite haunt, hoping the sweet influences of Nature might soothe and calm her somewhat troubled spirits.

The scene was lovely, for it was the sunset hour, and the dreamy, golden light glanced down between the interlacing boughs upon the soft green moss, making dancing lights and shadows in every greenwood path. The air was soft and balmy. No sound broke the stillness of the forest shades, save the sighing, plaintive wind-harps, or the occasional carol of a bird. Yielding to the lulling influence of the scene, Minnie seated herself upon a fallen tree, and was soon lost in a reverie.

In her musings, she thought how pleasant it would be to be loved for one's self alone; and voice seemed whispering in her ear, with soft, thrilling tone, love's own cadence, and dark eyes were gazing into her own with tender, loving look. She had wandered thus far into love's fairy dream-land, entirely unconscious of all around, when the crackling of a dry twig started her, and she sprang up in alarm; but a pair of dark eyes looked into her own, and a familiar voice reassured her. She laughingly greeted the intruder, saying, "Why, Herbert, how you started me!" He smiled, and advancing to meet her, replied, "I am sorry I occasioned you a fright—I did not think to find you here; but you are looking pale—are you faint?" and he gazed at her with so much anxious solicitude, that poor Minnie's equanimity was entirely overthrown, and sinking again upon her seat, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. The feelings so long pent up, and the tears that had been gathering for several days, had at last found vent.

Herbert Clayton had grown up with Minnie from childhood. He had always loved her, but had felt that a deep gulf separated him, a poor widow's son, from the only child of the wealthy Esq. Arlin, and therefore he compelled himself to "worship from afar." He, too, had heard the rumors of Esq. Arlin's losses, and he supposed this was the cause of Minnie's agitation. He could scarcely repress the hope, sweet and faint though it was, that Minnie might *now* be his; but checking this feeling, he seated himself by her side to comfort and cheer her, if possible. Gradually she became calm, and then she imparted to him the story of Roby. He was indignant at such baseness, and led on by his feelings told Minnie of his own love and hopes. His unselfish affection touched her heart. Here was one who loved her for herself, and was willing

to take her, even if poor. But the wound she had received was too fresh to allow her to do aught but rise embarrassed, and though thanking Herbert with her eyes, to shake her head sadly.

But that chance interview decided the fate of both. The more she thought of Herbert's disinterested offer, the more his character rose in her estimation. Meantime, as she had consented to receive him as a friend, he often visited her; and gradually esteem for him ripened into love.

One soft, summer evening, Herbert ventured to urge his suit again; and this time Minnie, though as embarrassed as before, did not say him nay, but returned a blushing answer that filled his heart with joy. They lingered long amid the forest shades, and when they returned, Herbert sought Esq. Arlin, while Minnie ran up to her room, like a frightened deer.

When Herbert had confessed his suit, Esq. Arlin, looking archly in his face, made reply, "Do you wish to make *poor* Minnie Arlin your bride? Can you think of taking a *dowerless* wife?"

"Oh! yes," earnestly replied Herbert, "I should never have told my love, had she still been as in days gone by."

The old gentleman smiled a peculiar smile, and said, "Yes, Herbert, she is yours—you are worthy of her; but I am glad, for your sake and her's, that I am not so *poor* that she will be a *portionless* bride. But you must let Minnie tell you the story."

Minnie *did* tell him the story, and Herbert was almost aghast at the idea that *he* had won the hand of the heiress of Esq. Arlin's wealth; but Minnie laughingly told him that her poverty had lost her one lover and won her another.

Herbert was also a lawyer. But poor, and without influential friends, he had many times been nearly discouraged; but now he felt his heart become strong within him, more because he had won the hand and heart he so had long desired, than at the prospect of a portion of her father's wealth.

They were soon after married, and Esq. Arlin's handsome mansion was thrown open to the crowd of friends who gathered to witness Minnie's bridal.

Before the day arrived, however, the story of Minnie's *ruse* had become rumored forth in the village; and Roby, finding himself and his selfish principles too much the topic of conversation, found it convenient to leave Belmont for another field of labor.

## THE SOLITARY WORSHIPPER.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

I KNELT upon the everlasting hills,  
O'ershadowed deep by skies of bending blue;  
And far below me lay the sunny rills,  
From many a leafy thicket peering through;  
I gazed afar upon the distant woods  
That swelled and sway'd before the zephyr's breath,  
But here, amid the mountain solitudes,  
Brooded a funeral hush like that of death.

I knelt and prayed to that Invisible Power,  
Whose hand, unseen, sustains this vast domain,  
When man, content with Heaven's unrivalled dower,  
His Eden birth-right might again regain;  
My soul went up in adoration deep,  
Piercing the shadow that hovered o'er my way,  
Heeding no more this earth's unreal sleep,  
But looking forward to eternal day.

I thanked Him for that boundless realm of blue,  
This verdant earth in Summer beauty drest;  
For every flower that sparkles in the dew,  
And every leaf by zephyr's wings caressed.

The voice of Nature, in my wayward heart,  
Stilled the wild passion-waves that wandered free,  
And bade the shadows of distrust depart—  
The darkling clouds of stern Despair to flee.

A still, small voice then answered unto mine,  
Thrilling my spirit with its solemn tone—  
"Mortal, the joys and hopes of earth resign,  
And place thy thoughts on Heavenly things alone;  
Despair not, though the way be dark and drear,  
For darkness flies before the light of morn;  
Each passing hour but brings the moments near,  
When in new radiance shall thy soul be born!"

That solemn voice, with inspiration rife,  
Pierced the deep recess of my wayward soul,  
Lighting the ocean of my inner life,  
Whose restless waters moved without control:  
I turned away forgetful of the wo  
That haunts the pleasures of this transient earth,  
For Hope was singing in a cadence low,  
Of joys that waken with the Heavenly birth.

"FORGIVE, AS YE WOULD BE FORGIVEN."

BY LILLE LILBERNE.

"I CAN work, mother, I know I can; I can work for somebody, can do something now that you are so much better, and can spare me. And, mother, if I can only earn a little, you will not have to go to work so soon as you did before. Oh, mother, I can; I know, I know that I can." And over the quivering lip of the noble boy a glad smile broke, and in the deep, earnest eye was a higher and a holier light, and the sweet voice was more wildly winning in its sudden joyousness, in its pleading truthfulness, as he added, "And I can study evenings, mother, some, when I do not have to help you; and I will not care if I do not go to school any more, if—"

"But what can you do, my son?" And the voice of the invalid mother was faint and feeble.

"Oh, mother," and the dark eye of the boy flashed with light, "I can do a great many things. I can pick apples and husk corn, and—and I can learn to do a great many things, I know I can. I am older than they think me; I am almost fifteen. You said this morning, mother, that you wished for some apples, and I have been thinking and thinking, ever so long; and, dear mother, may I not go to Mr. Vernon's, now, and work this afternoon? He will, I know, give me some apples for you."

A faint smile trembles over the faded lip of the young mother as she gazes on her beautiful boy, and Ernest knows that he may go; and kissing that white brow bounds hopefully, eagerly from the room.

And that poor, widowed one is left alone. Closely she clasps her pale and wasted hands over her suffering heart, and a low moan breaks startlingly on the deep stillness there. And through the crushed tear-drops that steal to the soft, sad eyes, she looks around the narrow apartment, so dark, so cold, so comfortless, and wildly, as if some bitter agony was wringing the tired heart, she murmurs,

"And all, all is gone. But a single piece of bread is left, and—and soon our rent will be due. They say that Mr. Vernon is a hard and cruel man. Will he wait, or—"

And a shudder moves the feeble frame, and she bows the faint and aching head upon the low couch. But *rest* is not there.

And the twilight hour has come; and still the suffering mother moves not. She is watching, she is waiting for her only one. How long the hours have seemed. She hears his footstep, not light and free and joyous, but quick, low and impatient.

He has entered the apartment. He has passed to her side. His face is flushed crimson, his manner deeply agitated, and his words fall wildly, incoherently on the heart that listens.

"Oh, mother, mother, I have not brought you any apples—not one, mother."

"No matter, my son, I will do very well without them." And the words are spoken soothingly, yet the slight voice trembles.

"Oh, mother, and I had worked so hard all the afternoon, with the workmen at Mr. Vernon's; and then, when we came back from the field, I went up to him, in little Ella's flower garden, and asked for a few apples to carry home to mother. He frowned upon me, and said, if my mother wanted apples she must buy them. One of the men told him I had been at work; and then he only muttered something about its keeping me out of idleness. Oh, mother, how disappointed I was. But I did not reply, I did not cry, not then; but, was it wrong? I felt that I would like to see him poor and distressed and oppressed, and suffering as you do now, without home or friends, and—and, mother, I could not help it, but I could curse—"

Mrs. Gray started. A wild cry trembled through her heart. The wound had struck to its depths. No hand on earth could heal it.

Oh, the agony of that one moment, when she found that dark and deadly passion in the soul of her beautiful boy had been awakened. Wildly she winds her frail arms around him, and presses his white lips close, close to her aching heart, to hush there the fearful words that are gathering over them. With an earnestness, startling in its deep intensity, she says,

"Oh, Ernest, Ernest, what have you said? what would you say? Heavier, darker, colder than death is this one sentence on my soul. How could *you, my son*, indulge for one moment in such feelings? Oh, God, and have I indeed lived to see this day."

"Mother, mother," and the hidden face is

lifted to her gaze. "Oh, oh, mother, forgive me; forgive me that I have so wounded your feelings, that I have added another sorrow to your suffering soul. *It shall never be again.* I—I am more guilty than he was." And the humbled boy lay sobbing in her arms.

Closer she pressed him to her weary heart. One kiss upon those trembling, pleading lips, one look of love from those darkened eyes, one low whispered word—the still small voice from heaven, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven"—and then all is silent amid the deepening darkness there.

And from that crushed heart a voiceless prayer was wrung, was struggling up to the home of love and mercy, to Him who answereth the spirit whisperings that find no utterance. And then and there, in that one hallowed hour, was his heart consecrated for a high and holy work in life. The spirit of the highest, the breathings of the Infinite, the still small voice of All-seeing would be there a power and a presence forever. It was human to hate—it was divine to forgive.

And the child still slept. His high heart was humbled, his proud soul subdued and sanctified; and amid his troubled dreams he whispers, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven." And like some broken outcry seems the trembling tone, yet it fell in mournful music on that mother's watching heart. Exhausted by toil, excitement, anger, disappointment and sorrow, the wearied child still slept.

The twilight hour has come. The evening shadows, deep and dark, tremble over that pale face, wet and warm with the crushed tear-drops that still linger there. The latch of the door is gently lifted. A slight figure passes into the room. A low, sweet voice echoes through the lone chamber,

"I have brought you some apples, Mrs. Gray." And ere the latter could speak, Ella Vernon had laid her treasures on the rude table and fled.

Ernest moved and moaned in his sleep, as that low, thrilling tone broke upon the stillness there, and slept again, slept till the first faint flush of morning light trembled through the broken shutters and half-drawn curtains. And the first sun rays, like light upon the morning flowers, touched his shaded brow, and awoke him from that long night slumber. The white, yet still lovely face of his mother was bent close to his, as if she had been watching, had been counting his every breath. Slowly the past, like a deepening pain, stole over his heart.

"Mother," and his eye fell upon the gift of Ella; and then all unconsciously he placed his hand on his brow in thought. "Oh, mother, it

was a dream then that Mr. Vernon refused you the apple, and spoke so harshly to me, and—and——"

"But *that* was no dream," she added, "no, no. But a still, small voice I heard in my sleep; and I knew it was for me. I knew it came from heaven. I knew my Father spoke, 'Forgive, as ye would be forgiven.'"

Days passed on. Mrs. Gray still continued ill. Until now she had supported herself and her son by her needle. It was but little that Ernest could earn, and that was spent for bread, and yet often, often there would be none in the house. And then, tired and faint and hungry, he would sink on his mother's couch, and hiding his pale face on his heart would whisper in agony,

"Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

Some weeks had elapsed since the quarter's rent was due, and several times Mr. Vernon had called for it. The dying widow was unable to meet the demand. She told him so, and hoped the time would come when she would be able to cancel the debt.

But no. Mr. Vernon would rent the cottage to others, and—the widow and her son were turned from it.

A low, dilapidated hovel received them.

But this last blow was too much. Long had that young mother struggled with poverty, sorrow and sickness; and now, this added affliction, the exertion necessary to be called into action, and which she was wholly unequal to, anxiety, disappointment, despondency, all aided in prostrating the poor and friendless woman.

In less than a week in that cold, dark hut, alone, alone—save the angel presence of her only son, whose gentle ministries were holy in their simple earnestness, in their beautiful truthfulness, their purity, mournful yet angel-like, a hope and a blessing in that one darkened hour—she breathed her last.

One dying kiss is pressed upon the lips so often bent to her's, and one mild whisper is there—the last of earth,

"Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

And the desolate orphan boy is alone. His beautiful mother is dead.

How dark with death seems life.

And there, at that midnight hour, in that dark, cold room, so comfortless, so desolate, kneels the lone, forsaken orphan, kneels there beside that low, uncovered coffin; kneels there alone, alone, and wild moans break on the fearful stillness, trembling up from the wounded heart.

The cold breathings of the darkened night steals through the broken casement, and moves the damp tresses from the faded forehead. And

autumn's first leaves, stirred by the morning breeze, have gathered slowly and silently around him, are mingling with the waning shadows, are trembling with the hot tear-drops that fell from the aching eyes, are stealing in still sadness over the dark coffin. And still there comes up the murmur, and still is heard the moan, “Forgive, as ye would be forgiven.”

It seems as if that is all that is left to him of earth. His beautiful mother is dead. There, at the edge of yonder forest, is the grave.

There, among the withered blossoms, among the fading flowers, among the twining wild vines, amid the deepening shadows of the dark, old wood is that one hallowed spot, that holy, forgotten place, where memory will ever come to worship and to pray.

And the lone and friendless boy still lingers there, the only mourner, and consecrates the place by prayers and tears.

And then bursts forth, bewilderingly and in bitter agony, on the trembling twilight air, wild words that are wrung from the helpless heart, wild words, that seem, amid the startling stillness, like some deep prophecy of the far-off future,

“Father, Father, oh, grant me power to return good for evil a hundred fold. Give me strength or this, the strength that is not of earth, to— to smite our enemies, to bless them that hate, to atone for them that persecute. Be this life's holy lesson, learned and remembered. Be this life's deep destiny. Be this a power and a portion forever.”

And this is the orphan's prayer, the prayer of the forsaken, that steals out, like strange music among the forest shadows and the evening breeze.

And as he planted the wild willow and the weeping cypress there, still, still came up the whisper, as if it were a lesson that must be remembered, as if it were a line of life upon a heart amid the deepening darkness there, “Father in Heaven, grant me power to return good for evil forever.”

And then came back the echo, one thrilling and one whisper, and he knew it was for him; he knew it was his own heart's answer; he knew it came from heaven, “Forgive, as ye would be forgiven.”

And was that broken spirit prayer heard? Was that one wild wish of the wronged answered, answered from above, those longings breathed out in bitter agony?

It is passed. Mr. Vernon, the haughty landowner, had become the millionaire merchant; the poor had whispered that the large estates

long since transferred to him by the death of a distant relative, others could and would lay claim to; and in this, his honor, his honesty, his integrity was implicated.

Two children only had been left to him. The son, a young man of much promise, whose high attainments, cultivated powers and classical knowledge were rarely equalled for one of his age, he wished to prepare for the bar.

And he wrote to one, still young in his profession, and yet whose lofty name was a high household word; one whose proud success had won him a noble fame, one already honored and distinguished and trusted, to ask if he would receive him into his office. It was long after Mr. Ashton had received the letter from the hand of his servant ere he opened it. He had flung it carelessly on the cold marble of the table on which he bent his aching brow. And still and statue-like he sat there, in all the proud majesty of sculptured grandeur and pictured gracefulness. What thoughts swept through his heart, as he still sat there, none might know.

Perhaps the darkness of a past might be gathering there. Perhaps the silent sadness of the present might fling a warping weight over all thought and feeling. Perchance hope and heart had gone forth to meet the far-off future, with a promise of its holy loveliness ever a presence there, a guide and a guardian, a dream, like the deep, thrilling mystery of unseen years. It matters not. But as he lifts his face it is pale and sad, and his softened, subduing eye falls on the neglected letter.

One low sigh, as if awaking to the dull realities of life, and the note is opened. It is read.

And slowly and silently the rich crimson stains his lofty brow. Then that face, beautiful in its proud intellectuality, majestic in its classic grace, and loveliness, so winning, so changeful, is deadly white, and the dark flash of the large, searching eyes are again fixed intently upon the page. And again each line, each word is read. And the proud look is half-hidden, and the haughty lip slightly moves, and the dark, damp hair is pushed back more wildly from the pale temple. And again he bends the proud face upon the cold table, in thought, perhaps in prayer. And then he is himself again.

And yet, over those lofty features steals a strange, sad calmness, and from those dark eyes breaks a deeper, a more fascinating light. And the hand trembles not that writes the answer back. It is wholly in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Vernon.

And the young man has come. Mr. Ashton gazes upon him steadily, almost sternly, till he



shrinks back half-abashed and embarrassed from the searching, earnest glance of those large, bewildering eyes, that seem to read his very soul; and then a slight smile moves the rich lip of the lawyer, and he warmly, kindly, affectionately greets him.

And weeks went on. Never before had Francis Vernon met with such an able and efficient instructor, and yet one so kind, so generous, so indulgent. From the lofty treasure-home of that mighty mind he was gathering up classical knowledge, high legal attainments, noble sentiments and god-like thoughts, and a beautiful science that was a power and not a passion. And while the young man learned and loved, there was a deep, almost painful feeling of reverence for his distinguished preceptor. It is but the high heart-homage the world unconsciously ever offers to genius, heaven-given, heaven-guarded, whose breathings here on the earth are the eternal ministrations of a holier home than this.

A suit of law was instituted against Mr. Vernon, in which his property was endangered, his honor implicated. In the ever-successful hands of Mr. Ashton he wished to leave his cause. He repaired to that gentleman's home. All was stated; the papers were placed before the lawyer, and a bank-note of value was laid with them as a retaining fee.

A shadow came up over the face of Mr. Ashton. His proud lip slightly curled, and he answered half-haughtily,

"No, sir."

And then he faintly smiled, and his voice was low and sad as he said,

"When this affair is decided, favorably, I trust, sir, there will then be sufficient time to meet all obligations incurred."

Mr. Vernon looked fixedly into the face of his lofty companion. He read there that that forbade him to press the subject further. And he gazed for a moment in awe and admiration on that proud one, and left the office. The son, too, had heard all this, but dare not question him who still sat there silent and statue-like, gazing half-wildly upon the papers.

The documents were all examined; and there was sufficient time for a full and complete investigation; time to bring all his lofty legal knowledge to bear upon the case so confidently and hopefully committed to his care and keeping by one who trusted that all would be well.

And yet there was a sad misgiving of heart that he would not succeed. He knew not why. It was the first time he had felt this fear. And hours, and days, and nights he spent in prepara-

tion for this one event, on which hung the fortunes, the honor, the hopes, the happiness of a family. And still, still proud and mighty as he was, he shrank back from the trial. For some days the family of Mr. Vernon had been in town. But not once had the earnest entreaties of Frank, the repeated and pressing invitations of the father prevailed upon him to call at their hotel. He always politely yet proudly declined.

The day came for the trial. Thousands had assembled to witness it. And as the renowned Mr. Ashton made his appearance in the crowded court-room, the mass inadvertently, as if in homage, as if in reverence, swayed back to let him pass. Slightly, almost involuntarily, he bowed his acknowledgments; and the proud, firm step faltered, that smote upon the floor, for the first time.

A shadow, like death, has darkened over his soul. A weight, heavy and cold and oppressive, hangs upon his shrinking heart, whose pulses beat low and slow beneath it. He cannot help it.

And when, as counsel for the defendant, he arose to speak, there was a nervous movement, a shrinking diffidence, a trembling timidity, a faint, low, broken tone, as if it were a first effort, a first attempt; and with every spoken word, a change came over his lofty features, over lip and brow, as if he were painfully conscious of his own embarrassment, of his own failure. How strange all this.

He whose gifted soul had never bent to fear; whose thoughts had grown strong and stately in the exercise of its infinite faculties; whose mighty mind swayed the world with a power unseen, yet felt irresistibly; whose stern spirit, like a proud and powerful presence, held in awe, elicited admiration, the homage of each and every one.

And now that vast concourse gaze upon him in silent wonder. His friends watch him with a painful shuddering they cannot resist. His opponents, who have come up to the encounter in fear, knowing with whom they have to contend, feel a momentary relief. And a smile of scorn, of exultation, of triumph is seen on each haughty lip, that cannot be mistaken.

Ashton pauses a moment. He is gazing around unconsciously over all that vast assembly. But he sees only a shadowy forest of human forms and faces. The weight, the darkness on his heart gathers deeper.

And there he stands, a proud, lofty, majestic being, still silent, motionless, while his quick and painful breathings only tremble on the crowded air. But a low, sweet voice, so lone, so thrilling, so bewildering, from the deep depths of

an un-forgotten past, whispers words that have once won him from darkness. He heard them then, and bowed to their holy teachings; he hears them now, in this one trying hour, and bends to their deep power, bends his strong soul and listens.

The charm is over; the spell is broken; the darkness has fled. A still small voice in his heart is heard, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

He starts from his bewildering reverie. The white lip crimson; the half-hidden temple flushes; the pale, cold forehead is warmed by an unseen breath, and a flush of almost fearful light springs to the deep, dark, beautiful eye. And then, in a voice whose tone is like the wild, winning music of some immortal harp, swept by trembling and impassioned fingers, that awakens echoes that die not away on earth, he speaks.

And upon the gathering, the deepening stillness there, breaks the proud, powerful, startling strains that charm with their fearless fascination. Over the hearers' hearts sweep, in wild majesty that Omnipotent eloquence that is ever so irrefutable, irresistible.

There is a lofty gracefulness in the bewildering language there breathed, there is a startling sublimity in the careless composing of sentences and sentiments. Those words of argument, drawn from the deep depths of profound logic, of practised reasoning, of urgent conclusions, are overwhelming in their proud strength, are all unanswerable, unapproachable.

And still thrilled that resistless eloquence through the hearts of the hearers; still rung his deep words among all that listening crowd; still trembled with wild vibrations that voice that ever had power to convince and subdue, that tone so low, and yet so deep and bewildering. And still as ever was Mr. Ashton successful in his cause.

Business had detained him in the court-room, on the last day of the trial, until night. Then, wearied and dispirited, he gained the street. Francis Vernon took his arm, and mechanically he latter walked by his side. The young men turned and ascended a flight of steps. The next moment they stood in the broad entrance hall of the lofty mansion. Francis Vernon spoke,

"My father wished us to call here. He would see you to-night."

Mr. Ashton started. He thought he had reached his own place of abode. It was too late now to retreat, as the parlor doors were swung open and Mr. Vernon came forward with leashed surprise, with a warm welcome to meet him, his preserver.

Yet he dare not express all this to the high and haughty, yet kind and generous one whom he felt had saved him. And yet his gratitude was most fervent. After a moment's silence, Mr. Vernon invited his guest to accompany him to his own apartment. With a proud bow he obeyed.

A beautiful girl rose as they entered. She sprang to her father's side. She had not noticed the stranger's entrance. She supposed her father was alone. She had not seen him since his cause was decided.

And now she wildly clings to him, and low, trembling words break from the quivering lip.

"Thank God, my father, you are saved your fortune, your honor, your all."

The father presses her closely to him, and bends his lip to her brow, and said, in a voice scarcely audible, and he stepped aside,

"And, my Ella, the one who has saved us is here."

Ella looks up. The stranger advances, a sad smile moves his lip as he extends his hand to the fair daughter of his client.

Involuntarily she places her's within it, and there it remains cold and passive, for the mild glance of her earnest eye is wandering over his stately person, is fixed upon that pale, proud face.

His voice falls upon her ear, upon her heart as he speaks words to her.

The quick crimson has faded from her brow, has fled from the trembling lip over which breaks the one wild cry,

"Ernest Gray."

And then she hides her face upon her clasped hands from his view.

And the voice is slightly tremulous that says, "Then I am not forgotten, Ella?" And with deep agitation that softened his rich voice, he resumes, "Neither have I forgotten that angel one that brought that one holy gift, at the twilight hour, to a dying mother. Oh, *that* will ever be remembered."

Mr. Vernon stood gazing on the two in astonishment. All, all come back like a darkened thunderbolt to his heart. He read all now, and a low groan was wrung from his guilty soul.

Unable to stand beneath the withering consciousness of his own conduct, he sank upon a seat, and bent his blanched brow upon the table. What dark throes of agony wrung his wakened heart none but God knew.

Ella gazed on the loved form of her father. A wild look of distress broke over her pale features as she said,

"And you, sir, have done all this for us, when, when——"

"Speak not of it then, I entreat you." And the words were spoken with painful incoherency. "I have but done a duty. I have but practised what I early learned. I have but lived out the one life-lesson my dying mother breathed upon my childish lip, even when the dark curse of oppression gathered, lingered there. My mother has saved me. On all the past she has written for me, 'Forgive, as you would be forgiven.' This have I learned and loved. On this I have leaned my life. It has been a memory and a hope and a blessing. It has been a presence ever around me. It has been a promise on the covenant cloud. Like heaven this has come up to me, for my mother's spirit has breathed it, and the deep curse that darkened my young life fled from thence forever. And it ever seems that my mother's spirit is still watching over me and around me, is ever here to guard and to save, is ever whispering over holy words for me to live and practice. That angel presence is all, every thing to me."

Mr. Vernon lifted his face so pale, so haggard, so stamped with agony. Ella sprang to her father's side.

"Father, dear father," she cried.

But what words of consolation had she for him then?

"Leave me, Ella, leave me alone," he said, and the tone was hoarse and hollow. One moment she gazed upon him and then obeyed.

For long, long hours was the conference between the two; and when Mr. Ashton sought his room that night it was with a perturbed step, with deep agitation in every movement, with a soul that had been stirred to its very depths.

And what thoughts still swept through his tired heart, as hour after hour passed by, with his throbbing temples on his clasped hands, none might ever know. And as he arose and paced his spacious chamber, one low sentence was said,

"No, no. It was but the wild and earnest enthusiasm of gratitude. Only that for me, only that and fame, cold, hollow and mocking."

And a low, mournful sigh succeeded, that told to the midnight silence there what would not have been breathed to another, told of the deep wants of the heart, of its yearnings and its longings, of the holy passion and sublime love that was ever its birth-right, though all might be forever hidden from the world by a resemblance of pride and coldness, by life's shadows ever deepening, by the fame that was to him a destiny.

A few more days did Mr. Vernon spend in town—not again had Mr. Ashton called upon them. He pleaded business and declined. And

yet ever in those hours of weariness and study there was a sweet, sad face looking into his. There were tearful eyes lifted timidly to his own. There was an angel one bearing a holy gift to a dying mother. Ever in his midnight hours that gentle vision of the past came up. Ever in his morning dreams that pure picture of the present was near. Ever in the evening hour of prayer it was there. A beautiful being, whose form was one of graceful elegance, whose face was one of pleading loveliness, knelt to him to thank him for a mercy deed. And only came up that vestal vision so enchantingly, so mockingly.

Was not his heart too high, too haughty, too proud to love? Had not the world said this? Had not the many, wearied in their ineffectual efforts to win his worship, echoed it?

"I must go home for a few weeks, Mr. Ashton, my sister is dying," said Francis Vernon.

Mr. Ashton started. The announcement was new. The warm flush fled from his shaded forehead of almost feminine fairness; and white and tremulous was the lip that answered,

"Go then, immediately."

The words were spoken with one breath. The next moment he was in his own apartment.

"Ella Vernon dying!"

The words were not spoken, were not whispered, were not breathed; but he felt that all of life was fading from his vision, was dying in his heart as this one fearful thought thrilled wildly through it.

That long, long day, that long night was passed in anguish, in the agony of dying hope, of darkened happiness. And then, calm and proud and stately, he pursued his usual routine of wearying avocations.

And yet with what nervous impatience did he expect a letter from his friend. None came. And heavily the hours wore on; and days and weeks, and still was the young man abroad, and still he had not heard from him. But in the public prints he read of the continued illness of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Vernon.

And now it was with a shudder that he took up a public journal. He feared to find a different announcement. And yet with a restless movement, with a searching glance that took in every word, he glanced over published paragraph and page.

A note is placed in the hands of Mr. Ashton. It is from Francis Vernon. With a convulsive effort he breaks the seal. With the calmness of despair he reads the contents:

"MR. ASHTON—My dear friend, much as you have done for us, ever sensible of the obliga-

tions we have incurred, still under the deep and abiding sense of the injuries you have received, I have yet another, still another favor to ask of you. I would commit to your trust the delicacy of a dying sister. With your honor it will be as safe as with heaven. I fear not. The secret will be held sacred. Ella loves you. And yet even this confession I have not wrung from her heart. But in her troubled dreams, at the midnight hour, she has told it all. She has prayed that she might see you but once, once more. Will you grant this unspoken request of one that is dying for you? your own feelings must answer this.

Yours, F. VERNON."

In an elegant apartment, close by the open window, on the dark cushions of a sofa, half supported by pillows, reclined the still beautiful Ella Vernon. Through the careless folds of the rich curtains, through the pale passion flower blossoms that drape the proud pillars of the portico, through the clematis that clings to the costly casement, through the trembling wild vine-leaves, whose heavy fragrance seems well nigh oppressive, the warm sunlight still struggled, and its softened rays pressed the faded forehead of the sleeping girl, and mingled with the ungathered tresses of damp hair that lay darkly on the muslin folds of her snowy robe. And pale flower leaves, wafted in by the evening breeze, lay, light-like, upon the helpless form, among the masses of fair hair, as if scattered there by the white wing of hope.

Ella sleeps. Francis Vernon, in that one hour, is the only watcher there, there where the loved one is dying.

Slowly the door is opened, and Mr. Ashton enters unannounced.

The brother starts from his seat. Wildly he wrings the hand of his friend, but does not speak, and, fearing to betray too much emotion, leaves the apartment.

Mr. Ashton is there alone. Long he gazes on the beautiful and slumbering form before him. Long he gazes on the face so white, so lovely still. The foot of death is not there yet. Long he remains kneeling there beside that unconscious one, counting the slight respiration that scarcely moved the cold folds of finest muslin that drape the faded form. Long he remains there counting the faint pulses that are struggling low and irregularly at the transparent wrist. And long he gazes as he would on a piece of still and beautiful sculpture.

And was death watching there too?

The thought flashes fearfully through his heart. With a trembling hand he pushes back

the damp, heavy tresses from that white brow. It has disturbed the deep slumber.

She moved and moaned, and murmured the name of him whose listening heart had heard the whispered, broken words.

"I am here, dearest," was breathed low on a dying music strain.

Slowly those large, soft eyes were opened. Slowly a slight flush stole to the faded, shaded temple. Slowly he clasped her wasted hands together, and a faint whisper trembled over the white lip,

"Father, I thank Thee."

But the effort was too much. A change came over the fair features, and she sank back powerless upon the damp pillows.

Was this death?

Mr. Ashton wildly summoned assistance. But she had only fainted, and with ready restoratives was soon restored.

A few hours later, and he still stands there by that sick one's couch. The man of God too is there. The consecrating marriage rite is there performed, so strangely startling in its deep power, so holy in its trustfulness, so beautiful in its earnest truthfulness, so pure in its solemn sacredness.

The hallowed ceremony is over, and the dying girl is a bride, the bride of one loved from early childhood. And then, and there, in that one shadowy hour, the evening hour of prayer, can you not see that angels are registering there, to be held holy, to be remembered forever?

Mr. Vernon had been humbled to the very dust, and from thence he arose a changed being, a better man, a worshipper of his God. And in low and broken accents he said to him to whom all was due,

"You have saved to me my inheritance, you have saved to me my honor, you have saved to me my child, and—the eternal blessings of a holy God will ever be with you: you nobly forgave as you would be forgiven. And may, oh, may my heavenly Father too pardon me for all the dark wrongs I have wrought."

And was not the poor, lone, desolate orphan boy's prayer heard, heard and answered, answered from above?

He had returned good for evil. He had lived out his mother's lessons, had given them to the world, a free-will offering. And from his high heart there rose the one eternal anthem of gratitude, of love, of worship for this.

But—the world will tell you that this is not true to nature, yet it is true to heaven. The mighty mountain, the wild-wood land, the far-off forest, the valley plain; the ocean's roar and

the river's rush, and the lakelet lone and the bounding brook. And then the morning sun and the evening twilight, and the midnight shadows, and the wild-bird's song and its hymns of praise and thanksgiving to its Maker, God. And then the wildly clinging vines, and the forest flowers, and the prairie blossoms, and light and shadow; and zephyrs' breathings, and the wind-god's voice, and the thunder's tone, and, and—

This is nature, all nature.

The poet sees it thus; the painter pictures it all; the mind and heart receive it. It is nature, all nature. And the painter and the poet too will tell you of a higher and holier one. They will point you to the past, when Jesus lived and labored and taught, and suffered, and died. They will point you to the cross and to Calvary. The poet will picture to your imagination with the pen of inspiration, that one holy, god-like came to earth, that humbled Himself thus to come among the works of His own hand; to be here, here; to be despised, insulted, persecuted and slain for a lost, lost world, that he came to save, to forgive, to win to heaven by His words and His works. Is he less a painter or a poet that tells you this than Him who spreads out to your view, all alluringly, the scenery of nature?

Nay, but few fine minds, but few lofty souls, but few unworldly hearts, even alive to the high and the holy, ever awake to the true and the great, ever conscious of an innate, almost infinite power, whose gaze is above and beyond earth, who has felt in his heart the breathings of heaven, who has felt upon the soul the rod of consecration—can do this.

His pictures are wrought from his own soul. His pictures are wrought from his own spirit imaginings. His poetry is limned from the light of a lofty heart, that soars upward and onward in the strength of God, listening, ever listening to that voice that is eternal, that guides, directs and counsels, ever listening to these whisperings none else may hear, and yet here, on the earth, lowly and lone as was the son of God.

How often are such painters and such pictures set aside. They are not true to nature. But yet they are true to Heaven, and heaven is within the heart. No marvel that its emanations, its creations, its conceptions are the very spirit of inspiration—the very words that Jesus taught, the very life that he lived, our Saviour here on the earth.

It is nature—the village gathering, the village gossip. The pen has traced it out for the world to see. It is true. But are there no higher scenes for the painter's pencil, no holier themes for the poet's pen, no mightier mental developments;

no loftier life to live? Yes, yes. And yet the picture is set aside. The world cannot understand it. The world cannot appreciate it. It is too high, too holy, it is too much like heaven. It cannot be true.

It is true. True to the lives of a few whose hearts may be, have been trial-tried, have been sanctified by suffering, have thus been fitted for this one high immortal work, that earth will trample upon, whose beautiful workmanship it cannot behold.

Yet is he less a painter and a poet? The picture is one of purity, perfection, of the past, of truth. The holy heart-heroism the world knows not of; it is too noble, too spiritual. Yet it is felt within the soul. It lives there forever. God sees it, acknowledges it, owns it; the light is from above, the light is love, love hallowed and eternal.

Oh, world, spurn not the spirit of nature. Turn not away from the teachings of truth, though that truth is the still small voice of Heaven, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

Mother, teach this to that son of thine. Let it ever to his childish mind. Breathe it over to his proud heart. Live it in thy life. Is it too pure a precept to tell to that wayward boy? Is it too holy a lesson to learn the world? Nay, nay, it is the doctrine that Jesus taught. It is the precept that He practised. It is the life that He lived, lived on the earth. This, "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

They are the words the Redeemer would have the world hear, the world believe and practice. And there are yet hearts left that will believe it, that will receive it. There are yet hearts left that have learned the heavenly lesson, that will live it.

It is true to the lives and the hearts of many who have struggled long beneath the weight of woe and wrong, that is there, still deepening and darkening, and who can say, in the strength of heaven can say, "I forgive, as I would be forgiven."

Mother, teach this lesson to thy wayward boy to that child of thine; breathe it to his heart, whisper it to his spirit, live it ever in thy heart and pray God to add His blessing. Believe, and it will be given.

Mother, listen. The future of that child warmly cherished, so earnestly worshipped, is with thee. Mould that mind aright. Guide that struggling soul into all of truth. Bend the spirit to the teachings of heaven. Breathe to that young and yearning heart the holy lesson of Jesus. Whisper still the beautiful word "Forgive, as ye would be forgiven."

# NIGHTGOWN.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

### ACT I.—NIGHT—

*Dramatis Personæ.*—POOR MAN.—LITTLE BOYS.—COFFEE MAN.—POLICEMAN.—DANDY.—FIGHTING MAN.

SCENE—*An imaginary Street by night.*

ENTER POLICEMAN with japan table-cover over his shoulders for a cape, and holding in his hand a lantern. He tries all the doors round to see if they are fast. A rattle is heard in the distance, when exit the Policeman hurriedly.

Enter LITTLE BOYS shivering. They point to their mouths and shake their heads to say they have had no food all day, and then huddle together against the door, and go to sleep.

Enter COFFEE MAN dragging the music stand with the kettle and tray of tea-things on it. He puts his hand on one side of his mouth as if shouting, when



Enter POOR MEN who collect round stall and drink, whilst others warm themselves at the fire under his kettle.

Enter Policeman, who discovers the Little boys sleeping against the door. He draws his

staff and orders them to move on. Little Boys begin crying, when Policeman drives them away.



Enter FIGHTING MAN with a shooting jacket and jackboots on. His hair is cut short, and over his eye is a black patch. He is protecting DANDIES who have been making a night of it. It is with great difficulty they can walk. Their cravats are twisted round, and their coats thrown wide open, to show the dreadful condition they are in.

Poor Men gather round DANDIES and petition to be treated to something to drink. Fighting Man orders them off, threatening to knock them down, but they still ask for drink. DANDIES at last give money to Fighting Man, who goes off with Policeman, and soon returns, bearing several bottles of champagne and a pewter pot. They drink.



The DANDIES then, to pass the time, order their Fighting Man to stand up and square at Policeman. They fight.

Policeman is knocked down. DANDIES in their

delight give him money. At last they grow so boisterous that, being unable to walk, they are carried out by the Mob, headed by Policeman and Fighting man. *Exeunt omnes.*

### ACT II.—GOWN.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—A GENTLEMAN.—HIS WIFE.—DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

SCENE 1—*As much like Chesnut Street as possible. To the right a splendid Gown is seen hanging in an imaginary Draper's window, and labeled "VERY CHEAP, FOUR DOLLARS."*

ENTER GENTLEMAN and HIS WIFE in walking costume. The Gentleman observing the gown in Draper's window, starts with fear, and endeavors

to drag His Wife on. But she is riveted to the spot with admiration, and refuses to stir. The Gentleman clasps his hands in horror, when

Enter DRAPER'S ASSISTANT, who in an engaging manner invites the Lady to enter. He points



to the gown and then to the shop, until at last the Lady is persuaded and enters, rapidly followed by the Gentleman, who thumps his hat on his head, and buttons his coat to show his dreadful state of mind.

SCENE 2—*Interior of Draper's shop. On one side is planted a table as counter. Chairs, &c.*

Enter DRAPER'S ASSISTANT ushering in a GENTLEMAN and HIS WIFE, to whom with pleasing smiles he offers chairs, and begs them to be seated. He takes down the gown and holds it before the Lady, who is enchanted with it. She

is, however, greatly surprised at the highness of the price, and with a fascinating expression holds up three fingers as an offer. The Draper's



Assistant, in a most gentlemanly manner, instantly refuses it, and to tempt the Lady holds the dress up before her. The gown looks so lovely that the bargain is instantly struck, and the Gentleman called upon to pay the four dollars. With many sighs he gives the money, his eyes being all the time fixed on the ceiling in a look of anguish. The Draper's Assistant, placing his hands on the table and leaning over, pretends to ask whether he can do anything else that evening, when exit the Gentleman hurriedly, dragging His Wife after him.



### ACT III.—NIGHTGOWN.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—OLD GENTLEMAN.—CHAMBERMAID.—BOOTS.

SCENE—*Bedroom at an Hotel. Against the wall a sofa as bedstead. Chairs, &c.*

ENTER OLD GENTLEMAN, who has just arrived by the train, wrapped in a heavy cloak with the collar turned up and a comforter round it. He carries a wet umbrella, and his trousers are splashed with mud. He is followed by the BOOTS, carrying a night candlestick and a large portmanteau.



Old Gentleman informs the Boots that he is wet through, by wringing his coat-tails and shivering. Boots is affected, and recommends a glass of something hot, which greatly pleases the Old Gentleman. Exit Boots.

Old Gentleman then throws off his cloak, and placing his portmanteau on a chair, endeavors to unlock it. But his key will not turn, and growing impatient he forces the lock with his umbrella. As soon as he has lifted up the lid

he falls back in horror, and presses his forehead. He intimates that it is not his trunk, and lifting



up a lady's nightgown, dashes it fiercely from him. Rushing to the bell-rope, he pulls it violently. But nobody comes, and being wet through, he determines on going to bed.

He slips on the nightgown, and taking out a well-frilled nightcap, he puts it on, and jumps into sofa for bedstead.



Enter Boots with a tumbler of hot water for grog. On seeing the Old Gentleman dressed as

a lady he is surprised, and, fancying he has mistaken the room, apologizes, and is about to retreat, when Old Gentleman beckons him to advance. Boots blushes deeply, refuses, and flies from the room.

Enter CHAMBERMAID, bowing to Old Gentleman, who is boiling over with passion. She

seeks to console him for the unintentional insult. He explains to her the dreadful state he is in, and shows her his whiskers. She screams and rushes from the room.

Old Gentleman nearly driven mad, leaps from bed, and, with the white sheet over him, hurries away in search of her. *(Soft music.)*



THE BLIND CHILD TRYING TO GRASP A SUNBEAM.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

I CANNOT catch the sunshine,  
 Dear mother, tell me why  
 A gentle, little sunbeam  
 Should be so strangely shy?  
 I feel it touch my forehead,  
 And softly kiss my cheek,  
 But when my hand would grasp it  
 Its place in vain I seek.  
 I hope it does not fear me,  
 Like that dear little bird  
 That sang to me so sweetly,  
 But flew soon as I stirred—  
 I would not long confine it,  
 Do, mother, tell it so!  
 I cannot, cannot find it,  
 Where did the sunbeam go?

It must be very lovely,  
 Pray has it silken wings?  
 Or petals like the flow'ret  
 That in the meadow springs?  
 I wonder if it has a voice,  
 Do tell me, mother, dear!  
 And will you in our morning walks  
 Lead me where I may hear?  
 But, mother, you are weeping,  
 I hear a choking sigh—  
 Please, mamma, let me kiss you,  
 And do not, do not cry.  
 I will be very patient,  
 Nor for the sunlight pine;  
 But tell me if in Heaven  
 I shall not see it shine.

THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL GLEN, LOVE.

BY HELEN M. LADD.

THERE'S a beautiful glen, love,  
 With sweet odors freighted,  
 And many a gem, love,  
 By fancy created.  
 Where music comes sweet, love,  
 From cup, leaf, and flower,  
 And strange fairies meet, love,  
 To dance in each bower.  
 Through this exquisite grove, love,  
 Flows a beautiful river,  
 And garlands gem-wove, love,  
 Droop over it ever.

Would that I were now, love,  
 Down this river gliding  
 With you at the prow, love,  
 And Faith our skiff guiding.  
 With the breeze on our brow, love,  
 With the sun ever shining,  
 With vigil and vow, love,  
 Our true hearts entwining.  
 The name of this glen, love,  
 Is Hope, and the river  
 With its ripple and gem, love,  
 Is Love and Forever.



## THE FIRST QUARREL.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

ONE evening as I mounted the stairs with the rapidity usual to me, after a long absence, I heard Clara's clear ringing laugh, mingled with the gentle tones of my dear Marcelle; both heard, and hastened to meet me.

I took them in my arms, and my kisses descended from the brow of the mother to that of the child.

"Well, thank God," I cried, gayly, "this is a happy home!"

"Do you not know the news then?" Marcelle interrupted, her whole face glowing with pleasure.

"No, what is it?"

"The child can speak?"

"No, can she really?"

"Listen!"

And addressing the little girl in her most caressing tone, she entreated her to repeat the syllables which she had uttered before. Clara replied at first only with those confused but charming murmurs belonging to early infancy; but suddenly, seeming to think better of it, she distinctly called "Papa," and held out her little hands to me.

Overjoyed, I clasped her in my arms. This first word lisped forth with difficulty, seemed to me as a second birth. The child had quitted the phalanx of mutes, where until now she had been confounded with the creatures of instinct, to enter that endowed with speech, reserved for the sons of Adam only. She had begun to claim her right to the sovereignty of creation; until now she had been but a living image, henceforth another soul was added to our life.

As might be expected, Marcelle's affection for Clara was redoubled, and she became her sole thought and care. To material wants was now added solicitude about her moral training. She must watch the awakening mind, protect it from unfavorable influences, and surround it, like Montaigne's cradle, with harmonious sounds and lovely visions! And thus the chain became every day more heavy, each fresh improvement of Clara's, by creating a fresh obligation, added another link; and I beheld it increasing with her growth until it filled the house, and drove me from it.

Marcelle felt it, and as an inevitable conse-

quence suffered; but her maternal instinct, added to her exaggerated ideas of duty, made her struggle against these very natural feelings: and these differences of opinion gave rise, too often, to mutual irritation and annoyance.

One summer's evening I returned home, worn and mentally wearied with a hard day's work. A refreshing breeze was just beginning to rise, after the overpowering heat of the day, and whispered among the leaves, as it bore along the perfume of a thousand flowers; whilst the last rays of the setting sun bathed the white houses in the suburbs with a glittering flood of light. My heart was swelling from the long day's oppression, and feeling as though my feet had wings, I hurried home.

Formerly, Marcelle was on the watch for my return, and hastened to meet me; but since Clara had engrossed her whole time, I had been forced to renounce this sweet custom. I cannot tell why I so particularly regretted its loss this evening, but I longed to see her, and take her out with me, to enjoy the delicious freshness of the evening.

I entered quickly, and asked for her immediately; she was in her own sitting-room, which had for some time been devoted to the child's use; there I found her, her head buried in her hands, whilst Clara, surrounded by her playthings, was seated on the floor at some little distance, pouting and with tears yet wet upon her cheeks.

I saw at the first glance how matters stood: there had been another of the child's outbreaks, which were becoming every day more frequent.

I had returned happy and comforted; but the sight of the two countenances before me was sufficient to dispel all my joy; it came like a cloud to shroud the sunshine of my heart. However, I conquered my first impulse, which had been to turn away, and approaching Marcelle I begged, with a smile, to be informed of the cause of this grand quarrel; but the mother was indignant at my treating the matter so lightly, and began an enumeration of her troubles.

They were the thousand anxieties of an ever-watchful mind. Attentive to the child's smallest actions, and from them deducting the most serious consequences, as if it were the peculiar

privilege of infancy to be ever influenced by the profoundest reason, which no man constantly obeys, she gave a meaning to every word and every motion, and imagined an intention to exist in the mere caprice of a moment. I had very often endeavored to warn her against her dangerous habit of drawing inferences, to persuade her to let the seed germinate by itself, always taking care to supply it with water and sunshine, without prejudging the ear which is to result from it; but all my efforts had been unavailing, and they were not more fortunate this time. I was again obliged to listen to what I had so often heard before. Clara was selfish and obstinate; her affection was interested; she was submissive, or disobedient, according to fancy!

And then came, heaven knows, what consequences and fears for the far-distant future! I listened with ill-restrained impatience, for time was flying, and the rays of the setting sun were rapidly dying away one by one. I took advantage of the first pause made by Marcelle, to try to soothe her, and, as she was about to reply, I rose and took her hand.

"Time enough to be serious to-morrow!" I said, gayly; "I want you to go with me to the nursery-grounds. My father expects us, and if we do not hasten, the nightingale will have finished her song."

"Go out!" exclaimed Marcelle, "and the child?"

"We will take her with us," I replied.

"Is it not too far?"

"I will carry her, if necessary."

She went to the window and looked out.

"Good heavens!" she said, "but it is—I am fearful of the evening air, my dear: see, the mist is already beginning to rise; it will not do for Clara to encounter it."

"Well then?" I exclaimed, in the restless manner of a man who stands in need of air and exercise, "we will leave her in Jeanne's care."

"Leave Clara here! impossible," Marcelle hastily replied: "every time I absent myself I feel the grievous consequences of my neglect; and now, more than ever, am I anxious to keep her with me, and constantly watch over her."

"Now listen to me, Marcelle," I answered, quickly; "there is, notwithstanding, a limit to all things, and it is not right that our two whole existences should be devoted to this child; she was given us by God to be our consolation, I should think, rather than a jailer."

"Oh, pray!" interrupted Marcelle, her eyes filling with tears, "do not bring up that subject

again; do you not believe that it pains me to refuse you?"

"But why attempt to accomplish an impossible task?" I cried, out of all patience. "The child must learn some day or other to walk alone, then why accustom her to be always supported? Does woman's sole duty on earth consist in rearing her offspring? Can it be a law of nature, that over each imperfect creature in the cradle, another completed being should stand guard, flaming sword in hand, to ward off the spirit of evil? What necessity can there be for this constant external guardian, when God has planted one in the heart of each of us? Conscience awakes of itself, but requires exercise to strengthen it!"

"I am perfectly aware that our opinions differ on this point," replied Marcelle, in a trembling voice; "but—if I am mistaken, why not be more lenient?"

"Because the error into which you have fallen is dangerous to all three; because Clara's little arms entwined around our necks, ought to bring us closer, rather than separate us; but you place her between us as a wall, you make her a trouble, a restraint; and you hazard in this game, not only our more social pleasures, but the true appreciation of our duties! Are you sure that the child you now make an obstacle will not become less dear? that her faults will not sooner exhaust our patience, and that you will not convert an intended joy into a burden?"

"At least I can answer for myself," said Marcelle, whom the severity of my tone had offended, and who was passing gradually from sorrow to bitterness.

"Then you would insinuate," said I, wounded in my turn, "that I alone am capable of forgetting my duty?"

"Was it I who expressed that fear?"

"At least you exculpated yourself at my expense. But no matter, this thirst for martyrdom is a necessary attribute of your sex; you like to feel the crown of thorns; and if God in His mercy lays it lightly on your brows, you press it down with both your hands: every one of you has more or less of the passion for self-immolation?"

Marcelle started, and the blood rushed to her face. It was the first time, in all our disagreements, that a bitter word had passed my lips; she gave me one sorrowful look, then drawing herself up, said coldly,

"So be it, but what need then of this discussion? The wise do not argue with fools."

And taking Clara by the hand, she passed into the salon.

I made a motion to detain her and offer some excuse, but my pride prevented me; perhaps also I yet felt somewhat aggrieved. I had come home my heart swelling with happy hopes, and I could not yet forgive her for having so suddenly dissipated them.

My feelings were not improved by a burst of laughter from the child, evidently elicited by her mother's efforts to amuse her. Presently I heard the piano; Marcelle was playing her noisiest quadrilles, to the evident great delight of Clara, who shouting with joy, endeavored to keep time with her feet to the music. I forgot that this was mere show to conceal her sorrow; and that this forced gayety was assumed to prevent the ready tears from flowing: I took the gay mask as a defiance, and answered with a bravado.

I sought in the drawers of the bureau for a forgotten cigar, the last vestige of my past extravagances, and having found one, began with the greatest effrontery to fill her little boudoir with clouds of smoke! Marcelle continued to play her giddiest dances, I whistled my liveliest airs, each doing his best to vex the other, as much from regret as spite.

We were surprised by aunt Roubert in this agreeable occupation; she made her appearance at the door of the little room, just as I finished my cigar.

"Eh! eh! you seem very merry here," she said; "my dear boy, you sing like a lark."

"It's the only way to drown the noise of the piano," said I, throwing a glance of ill-humor toward the salon.

"Ah! the piano tries your nerves, poor thing," said aunt, gayly, as she opened the window to get rid of the acrid odor of the tobacco.

Marcelle, hearing Madame Roubert's voice, had hastened into the room, and now remarked that my tastes must have suddenly and strangely altered, as it was only a few days ago that I had passed an entire evening in listening to this very music which now seemed so much to annoy me.

"Well, very likely! why are you surprised?" asked aunt Roubert, as, already established in the easy-chair, she was beginning to knit; "do you not know that we weary at last, even of that we like best? there should be moderation in all things, my dear."

I darted a sharp glance at Marcelle, who felt, rather than saw it, and colored slightly.

"Doubtless, dear aunt, when it concerns our pleasures, and——"

"And even when our duties are concerned," peremptorily added Madame Roubert.

"Hear, hear," said I, almost involuntarily: Marcelle bit her lip.

"It seems to me," she replied, "that on the latter point, negligence is more general than an excess of ardor."

"But not the less to be feared," replied her aunt; "and I have reason to say so, as I have experienced it."

"You?" I cried, "where and how?"

"Ah! it is an odd story, my child," said she, with a sigh. "You would hardly believe it of me now; but I was once young like the rest of you! Your uncle was the husband of my choice, and I was never happy unless knitting, or working at his elbow; so, when business was over, he used to come and seat himself on the low chair at my feet, and tell me all he had done during the day; enter into all his difficulties, and though I sometimes understood very little about it, I wished for no greater happiness than to listen to him."

She stopped, hesitated, and looked up at me.

"You are laughing at the old woman, are you not?" she said, with a timid embarrassment not belonging to her age, and of which I should not have suspected her.

I warmly protested against such an idea, and Marcelle with a kiss entreated her to continue. The old lady shook her head—"Oh, but 'tis the usual way, we cannot believe we shall ever grow old, nor forget that we have been young! But no matter—I was saying then, that I had become accustomed to your uncle's society, I had made it, so to say, my daily bread, and prayed that I might never be deprived of it. Unfortunately, I had not taken into consideration M. Roubert's zealous activity in the discharge of his business.

"One fine day, he took into his head to think that the work left to the junior clerks, would be better done by himself, that there was need of reform in the office, and that it concerned his honor to look to it. Immediately there was a grand rummaging of papers, looking over of dusty files, and yellow deeds. Every evening he returned loaded with papers; which he remained till past midnight arranging. It was impossible to find out whether he were too hot or too cold, what dish he would prefer, or to inquire if there was any news in the paper; from the moment he seated himself at the writing-table, he became a nonentity, and I might as well have been alone!

"On Saturday, at least, I tried to tear him from his work, to take a walk with me along the river, or through the fields; but it was all of no use; there was always some document to look over, or some calculation to prove. First I pouted, then I cried; and last of all I got angry in good earnest. I felt that if matters went on much longer in this manner, he at his pen, and

I at my needle, we were in a fair way to become strangers to each other; so one day, grown bold by the sorrow I felt, I said to myself—this state of things has lasted long enough, and must be put an end to. Never shall I forget that day! It was an afternoon in Whitsuntide, about the middle of the delightful month of May. The sun shone brightly on the tops of the houses, the sparrows chirped in the gutters till they were hoarse, and the bells rang out merrily. I watched my neighbors, in their new clothes, double-locking their doors, and preparing to go a Maying; and as I looked my heart grew sad within me, till at last I made up my mind. I went straight to your uncle, who had seated himself at his writing-table and was mending a pen, laid my hand upon his arm, and resolutely said,

“To-day is a holiday; we have worked hard all the week, and ought to rest to-day; come, and take a saunter in the fields.”

“Impossible, dearest,” he said, gently: “I have these accounts to look over, and, ‘duty first, and pleasure after,’ you know.”

“But,” I interrupted, “there is no duty which has any right to monopolize a man’s entire life, or to exempt him from all other obligations. You promised me your love and society: do you already regret that promise?”

“I!” he said. “Is it possible you can think such a thing, Jeanne?”

“Then prove the contrary by giving me your society during the hours that I have a right to it.”

“He still endeavored to raise his conscientious scruples as reasons for denying them, but I interrupted him. I told him there was far more pride than conscientiousness in these pretensions to doing better than the rest of the world; and that if he desired to be just, he must divide his time and attention between his various duties: and as he still resisted, I made a sudden dash at his papers, and seized them in my arms.

“What are you about?” he cried.

“Rescuing my husband from his business,” I boldly replied, whilst cramming the papers into my linen-chest, the key of which I turned and put in my pocket.”

“And what did M. Roubert do?” I exclaimed.

“He started up angrily enough,” she replied, “turned red, and then pale; but I brought him his hat, took his arm and said, come! so sweetly, that he was obliged to smile in spite of himself, and there was peace between us.”

“But since?”

“Afterward,” she said, “he moderated his zeal, and never again forgot that he was not merely a business man.”

My eyes and Marcelle’s met, but only for a moment; she turned away abruptly, and rose to put the child, who had begun to fret, to bed.

I then remembered that my father was expecting me. I had letters of business to consult him upon; and, begging Madame Roubert to excuse me, I set off for his lodgings.

I was in that state of mind when one looks upon the dark side of everything, and all around me seemed to add to my melancholy feelings; during my whole walk I met nobody but beggars, or drunken people quarreling. Even my father, generally so calm and serene, was that evening quite overcome. He had just heard of the total ruin of a friend of his youth, who had been suddenly reduced from wealth to poverty, at an age when the mind finds it difficult to change one set of ideas for another.

He proposed that we should walk, as was his custom when he felt the need of motion to calm his mind. We went down to the nursery-ground, and wandered by moonlight through its alleys. The flowering acacias perfumed the air; the sky glittered with innumerable stars, and the sound of our footsteps was lost on the freshly-made paths. In this manner we made the round of the grounds, exchanging only, at long intervals, a few words; whilst the sole sounds which in the still evening met our ears, were the distant rumbling of the market wagons, and the barking of a dog on a neighboring farm. At last, the church clock struck eleven: my father remembered that I had others expecting me, and bid me good night.

I returned slowly home. This walk under the clear sky of night, had soothed the irregular and quickened pulses of my heart; my head was clear, and I felt a longing for that peace and love which constitutes the charm of home. I was no longer angry with Marcelle; I no longer blamed her; but anxious on my side for a reconciliation, I feared to find her less disposed for it; I doubted what reception I should meet with, whilst a foolish pride counselled me not to be the first to make advances.

I very leisurely mounted the stairs, divided between my desire for a reconciliation and this false and foolish pride. I quietly opened the door; the lamp was extinguished, and all was dark and silent. A sharp pang shot through my heart.

She has not heard me, I thought, and is asleep most likely.

I softly made my way to her room, through the unclosed windows of which the stars sent a feeble light.

On finding myself there again, surrounded by

objects, to each of which belonged some sweet remembrance; and as the scent of "vetiver," Marcelle's favorite perfume, saluted me on entering, the flood of bitterness which had again risen in my heart subsided, and I drew near to Clara's cradle, in which I heard her breathing softly. A moonbeam, penetrating the light drapery, fell round her head in an aureole of glory.

As I stood gazing upon that fair and rosy face, as yet untouched by care, my heart swelled with emotion. The innocent happiness of childhood seems to draw us nearer to God! I deeply regretted that this dear child should have been made the cause of dispute and recrimination between Marcelle and myself; and I felt I had been guilty of injustice toward this darling little creature. With some remorse I bent over the child, and pressed my lips upon her chestnut

curls. As I did so, a hand seized mine, and from behind the white curtains rose Marcelle's sweet face.

"Ah, then! you do not hate her for having separated us!" she said, smiling through her tears.

"Not if you are happy in that separation," I said, with an earnest look.

She laid her hand upon the cradle.

"Oh, no," she cried, "I am not, I cannot: let us rather endeavor to consider each other's happiness, and in doing so we shall make our own. Aunt Roubert has enlightened me, and I have understood, and will profit by her lesson."

At these words her hand crept up to my shoulder, her head bent with mine over her child, and she drew us both together in the same embrace.

## SUMMER DAY DREAMS.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

THE hours of the Summer day  
Pass with its cloudless light away,  
And from my chamber window high,  
I see upon the clear blue sky  
My country's banner gaily stream,  
And stars and stripes in sunlight gleam,  
And every breeze that spreads it wide  
Thrills to my soul with earnest pride,  
Its upward flight now seems to me  
Meet emblem of our liberty.

My native land thy skies are fair,  
For Southern softness warms the air,  
And luscious fruits and brightest flowers,  
And greenest verdure deck thy bowers;  
Light labor and thy fertile fields,  
The golden promise richly yields;  
And streamlets bathe thy mountain side,  
And noble rivers proudly glide,  
With thundering torrent foaming flood,  
Wild waste and savage solitude.

But thought and hope and fancy stray,  
Far from its smiling shores away—  
And oft in reveries I sigh  
For ruder breeze and darker sky;  
O'er mountain crag and cliff to roam,  
With but a visioned dream of home,  
To mark the eddying mists that blow  
Round purpled hills enwreathed with snow,  
Or watch the rippling currents break  
Upon Loch Lomond's silver lake.

And view the varied charms that lie  
To lure the dreamer's thoughtful eye;

Where upland pass and shadowed glen  
Lead from the toll-worn steps of men;  
Where Nature's high untrammelled mien  
Stamps living grandeur on the scene;  
Where poet's pen and history's page,  
Traditions stored from age to age,  
Bids from the past pale spectres glide  
Above the spot where heroes died.

It needs no minstrel's kindly hand  
To bind me to my Fatherland,  
For from my childhood's earliest hour  
I've felt and owned its nameless power:  
At Scotland's name my heart pulse thrills,  
And Scottish blood my bosom fills;  
'Mid dear and old familiar things,  
Her song remembrance fondly brings—  
I hear once more her ballads sung  
Half sadly by a Northern tongue.

On heather hills, by lonely tarn,  
By silent glen, or mountain cairn,  
The cowering brownie wanders o'er,  
Or pauses near the peasant's door;  
And elfin sprites enchantments weave  
At midnight hour or haunted eve;  
'Mid withered ring in meadow green,  
Triumphant sits the fairy queen,  
To lure in shape of lady gay  
Some truant knight from earth away.

Like music's softly dying note,  
Around my heart such visions float—  
Near to my soul they warmly lie,  
The earliest dreams of infancy;

Until with riper years I sought  
 To know how well earned field was fought,  
 With eager haste I conned them o'er,  
 Rich in a world of ancient lore,  
 Rejoiced with Bruce in triumphant pride,  
 Paled at Culloden's blood-stained tide.

And oh! this bright, fair Summer day,  
 How much I long to be away,  
 By bonnie Ayr's fair winding stream;  
 To lose myself in rapturous dream,  
 To muse in dry but sacred gloom,  
 And bend o'er one immortal tomb.  
 Or mark the passing shades that lurk  
 Round Alloway's auld haunted kirk;  
 Or through the mouldering halls to glide  
 Where Mary lived and Rizzio died.

I cannot tell how dear to me  
 Each chosen spot of earth would be;

How thought and feeling's magic sway,  
 And every impulse points the way  
 To that rude shore, where foams the sea  
 In surging breakers, wild and free—  
 Where castled wall and cloister grey,  
 Gleam through the misty Northern day,  
 Where Pictish tower and Druid stone  
 Reveal the flight of ages gone.

Fate's mystic volume that unfolds  
 My future life, the truth withholds,  
 But if my fancy rightly spells,  
 The best decree her page foretells,  
 It whispers my strong wish shall be;  
 The power to waft me o'er the sea,  
 And spread before my longing eye  
 The land of thought and poetry,  
 Until each living picture seems  
 More brilliant than my brightest dreams.

## CHRISTIANS-FIELD.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

THE Christian's field, a lovely name,  
 In far-off lands it lies;  
 A picture, in a broad green frame,  
 To all its children's eyes.

There classic towers are richly filled  
 With lore of other lands;  
 There dark brown soil is deftly tilled  
 By honest laboring hands.

From out the mist-robed Baltic isles  
 The hardy yeoman comes  
 To thee, oh, Christians-field! and smiles  
 To see thy joy-filled homes.

Proud Art, and Science, rear their tent  
 Beside thy thick stone walls,  
 Where rough-reared youths, on learning bent,  
 For them leave sleds and balls.

Each little child is taught to pray,  
 To love the Saviour's word;  
 And kindness draws it, day by day,  
 Still closer to the Lord.

'Tis this that makes a Christian's field  
 Of that wide royal manor,  
 Where prince and peasant homage yield  
 Beneath the gospel banner.

## GONE BEFORE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Once there was a peerless being  
 Walking ever by my side,  
 Like a sunbeam in the day-time,  
 And a star at eventide.

And she floated thro' my dreamings,  
 Through the long and stilly night,  
 Like an angel floating downward,  
 From the sinless realms of light.

Pure and beautiful I thought her,  
 As the glowing midnight star,  
 Hanging in its own deep azure,  
 In the Heavenly world afar.

But one eve there came an angel  
 Gathering gems on Time's dull shore,  
 With the angel went the maiden,  
 Out from earth to come no more.

Soon the angel will be coming  
 Back again at her command,  
 And he'll lead me to my lost one,  
 To her home—the Better Land.

And I mourn not we were parted,  
 For I knew that joy replete  
 'Waits the patient, weary-hearted,  
 In yon Heaven where we shall meet.

## "THE NEW DOCTOR."

BY E. W. DEWEES.

Good, old Dr. Lutemwell was dead.

For twenty years had he faithfully ministered to the ailments of young and old in the quiet little village of W—; no rival, whether homoeopathic, hydropathic, or "young physic," had poached on his domain. He had reigned with undisputed, and somewhat despotic sway, and at his death he regally appointed a successor, as great monarchs are wont to do.

The advent of the "New Doctor," or the "Doctor's Heir," as some called him, was an event of immense interest to the villagers. There was a delay of several weeks before he could possibly arrive, and meanwhile the whole village, men, women, and children, wondered, and guessed, and conjectured, and surmised, as only villagers can.

The good, old doctor had spoken in the very highest terms of his successor—had declared him to possess every requisite qualification—talents, industry, good character, and a kind heart, as well as some years' experience, no trifling advantage.

At length there was a report that the doctor had come—or at least Mrs. Patterson's girl's sister, had been told by the cousin of the young man who pounded drugs in the doctor's office, that he was as good as come, for he was certainly on the road.

Then came rumors of a new plate on the poor, old doctor's door, (how shocking;) then the *certainty* that the new doctor had actually arrived, had been seen and spoken to by several persons.

Unhappy Dr. Wissenall! had he but known how busy people were with him, and his concerns—how everybody was peeping and peering and prying about him, in search of some flaw or imperfection, it would surely have troubled his dreams, if not his conscience.

As was but natural, when nearly all was conjecture, scarcely two opinions about him coincided, and the most contradictory statements were made concerning him.

The "New Doctor" was not yet a worn-out theme, when, about two weeks after his arrival, a bevy of young girls were assembled round Mrs. Mayland's pleasant tea-table; they, of course, discussed him too.

The hostess' lovely daughter Ella, a bright,

charming girl of seventeen, very sweet and innocent, listened with an amused smile to the conversation, and at last broke into a merry laugh.

"I never heard so many contradictions in my life!" she exclaimed. "Why no two of you agree on a single point. I have heard him called old and young, handsome and ugly, agreeable and rude, German and French, and I don't know how many other impossible opposites within five minutes. I begin to be curious to see this Appolo-Appolyon."

"Begin to be curious!" cried lively little Anna Jay. "I've been dying of curiosity these two weeks. I go round five squares every day, in going to school, just in hopes of seeing, or finding out something as I pass the house. But the only success I have had as yet, was to see the girl shaking the door-mat one day. Curiosity! I'm all curiosity—and what do you think Lizzy Morris did? She was so curious that she shammed sick, pretended to have a dreadful headache, or something, and sent for the new doctor just so as to see him, and talk with him—so horrid of Lizzy Morris!"

"Well, but how did she like him?" inquired a half-a-dozen eager voices.

"She didn't like him at all. She thought him dreadfully rude, for instead of being flattered when she allowed him to surmise her reason for sending for him, he left her very abruptly, telling her in a rude, blunt kind of way, that there was nothing the matter with her but want of common sense."

"How mortified Lizzy must have been!" said Ella, blushing for her friend. "And as for him, I abhor him. How could he hurt the poor girl's feelings so?"

"Lizzy's feelings!" laughed Anna Jay, incredulously, "she hasn't any, that I could ever find out."

"No, indeed," said one of the other girls. "she is a coquette 'au naturel;' she can think of nothing but flirting, and she was served just right; it's my opinion, that she determined from the first, to make a conquest, if not a catch, and I, for one, am glad she is foiled."

"Never fear, she'll try again," said another. and hereupon followed a complete dissection of

poor Lizzy's character, but being conscientiously opposed to gossip I shall not retail all that was said.

Not more than a week after this conversation, Ella Mayland rose with a sore throat and headache, and other symptoms of a severe cold, or some impending illness.

Her parents spoke of sending for the doctor, but Ella so strenuously opposed the idea that they said no more about it till the next day; when, finding she was decidedly worse, instead of better, as they had hoped, Mrs. Mayland spoke more decidedly of the necessity of calling in medical aid; but Ella still would not hear of it. She was thinking of Lizzy Morris' reproof, and dreading the idea of incurring a similar one from the stern "New Doctor," should he fancy himself summoned on false pretences.

Mr. Mayland said little, perceiving that Ella was feverishly excited at the very mention of the doctor's name, but not choosing longer to defer what he considered a necessary step, he stopped at Dr. Wissenall's office as he went down the street, and requested him to call on his daughter.

Meanwhile, Ella, overcome by her increasing illness, and her uncomfortable feelings, struggled no longer for appearances, but submitted passively to her mother's infallible remedy for a sore throat—permitted her neck to be well rubbed with goose-grease, and tied up in flannel. Afterward, her mother having left her to attend to an important commission down street, she wrapped herself in an old shawl, laid down on the lounge in the sitting room, and dropped asleep.

After a time she woke from a heavy, troubled slumber, to become slowly conscious that a grave, middle-aged man was sitting at the foot of the sofa reading. The stranger had a foreign air, and his long, black hair fell about his neck in rather a wild fashion. Ella, confused by recent dreams, and approaching delirium, looked at him with great, bewildered eyes, puzzled to know whether the being before her was a reality or a creature of her imagination. Suddenly a pair of large, dark, hazel eyes with a peculiarly keen, earnest expression, were turned full upon her, with a look of inquiry.

"It's the new doctor!" Ella said to herself, as her heart gave a frightened leap, and weak and nervous as she was, she felt for a moment absolutely faint with terror.

The stranger drew his chair nearer, and said, in a finely-toned bass voice, with a slightly foreign accent,

"Are you long ill?"

"Oh, no, not ill at all!" said Ella, hastily,

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with a frightened voice. "I assure you I did not ask father to trouble you. Indeed I am not ill——"

"I will be the judge of that," said the doctor, gravely. He was feeling her pulse as he spoke, "Will you let me see your tongue?"

Ella sat upright, with nervous haste, and opened her mouth as wide as if it had been her object to swallow her interrogator.

"So wide was not necessary," said the doctor, quietly smiling; "but I have had the advantage to see your throat as well. Why have you not told me your throat was sore?"

"It is nothing to signify," said Ella.

"It must be very painful," said the doctor. "You have also a high fever. When your mother returns home, say to her she shall put you to bed. Lie down again, now."

So saying, the doctor arranged the pillow under the weary, throbbing head, which was glad to sink into it, and then, looking round the room, he spied an old shawl of Mrs. Mayland's, which he made an awkward, manish attempt to fold into a squarish shape.

Ella with languid, half-closing eyes, wondered what in the world he was going to do with it, and wondered still more, when he came and spread it over her feet, saying, with a kind smile,

"I must not have you take cold."

"Thank you," murmured Ella, drowsily, and she thought, as she caught another kindly glance from the doctor's splendid, brown eyes, as he was leaving the room, "He is not such a terrible creature after all!" That was her last conscious thought for many long weeks.

Ella's illness proved to be an attack of that most unpopular and dreaded disease, the varioloid.

Though not an unusually severe case, the very name was enough to drive every servant from the house. Therefore the whole care of nursing Ella, as well as many other duties, fell upon Mr. and Mrs. Mayland; and as the health of the latter was but delicate, she was almost overwhelmed by her exertions.

In this emergency the doctor came to their aid; he added the duties of nurse to those of physician, and many a long night-hour he stole from the rest he absolutely needed, after his day of anxious and fatiguing cares, to sit beside the unconscious girl, ministering to her wants as tenderly as any woman.

The disease was at length conquered, and Ella's health began steadily to improve. She was very weak, but consciousness had returned, and she began to take note of what was passing around her.



She heard, with grateful surprise, from her father and mother, of the disinterested and devoted kindness the doctor had shown her—of his unwearied and fearless attendance.

She felt it her duty to thank him personally and specially for his services, but she had not yet overcome the timidity with which he had at first inspired her, and from day to day she delayed the task which she lacked courage to perform.

The doctor's daily visit was generally quite long, and every one made Ella like him better. She became soon so well acquainted that not a vestige of terror remained; she had learned on the contrary to regard Dr. Wissenall as a man possessing the most kindly and genial nature, as well as a noble and upright character.

It was no longer with an effort that she one day said to him,

"Dr. Wissenall, I have never yet thanked you, as I should have done, for the great kindness my parents tell me you showed me during my illness; but pray do not think me ungrateful; indeed, in my inmost heart I have felt, and thanked you for your generous goodness."

"I did nothing," said the doctor, briefly.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing—because I would gladly have done so much more."

Ella smiled gratefully at his warmth and earnestness, and inspired with confidence by his cordial manner, proceeded, with some hesitation, to speak of a matter which had greatly occupied her thoughts.

"There is one thing which troubles me, doctor; I see mother has removed my mirror, and I have not had courage to ask—but tell me—am I much disfigured?"

"No—the contrary!" said the doctor, emphatically. "It is most certainly true that your appearance is positively improved." Then seeing Ella's look of incredulity, he took a little pocket mirror from his coat pocket, saying,

"See for yourself."

"Ella saw for herself. And though she was really, owing to Dr. Wissenall's skilful management, but slightly disfigured, she was so much disappointed after what had been said, that she burst into tears.

The poor doctor looked perfectly aghast at such an outburst.

"I know not what is the matter," he said, in a puzzled tone, and with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "I know not what you cry for—have I not told you true?"

Ella burst into a fit of laughter as sudden as her tears.

"I cannot help laughing," she said, apologetically, when she had recovered herself, "to think what must be the reason you fancy me improved. You retain, I perceive, a vivid and unfortunate recollection of that first visit you made me. When the stupid girl showed you up to the sitting-room, where I lay in a torpid sleep on the sofa, wrapped in flannel and old shawls."

Ella laughed again, but the doctor said in a tone of earnestness and feeling,

"You always were, and always will be, beautiful to me, Miss Ella."

Ella looked up hastily, surprised by the doctor's words and manner. Perhaps the suspicion of a conquest flashed into her silly little head; but if so, she read no confirmation of the idea in the doctor's sedate face as he sat composedly writing a prescription.

Still, the thought which had suggested itself, though speedily banished, left the door open for all sorts of mischief, as the reader will see.

In the first place, the simple relation of the patient and doctor had been disturbed. Ella perceived the possibility of regarding Dr. Wissenall otherwise than as merely a medical adviser. This possibility admitted, she looked on him with new eyes, and the consequence was that the new eyes saw wonderful things.

Instead of a good, kind, elderly person, to whom almost filial homage might be paid, she saw a noble-looking man in the prime of life, with a broad, splendid brow, bearing the stamp of intellect—a mouth where decision and tenderness seemed equally blended in the expression, and eyes, glorious with the light of enthusiasm and feeling.

Ella took one long look, as though to study to understand that noble countenance; and afterward was she able to confound the impressions with which the investigation inspired her, with the reverential homage we pay to venerable age.

The doctor's daily visits continued, for Ella experienced a serious relapse and did not speedily rally. Those visits had now come to be the most precious time in the day to her; and often after the doctor had gone she would sit for hours as if in a dream. Do not laugh—oh, most sensible reader, if I tell you she was recalling each word he had uttered—trying to remember the exact expression of his brown eyes, as he said so and so—and remembering especially his beautiful dreamy smile at such and such a time. Ella was treading the enchanted ground, which woman's foot never touches but once—because she can but once truly love.

Though still almost a child in years, Ella

nature was too vehement and passionate to allow her to mistake her own feelings; she knew but too well that she loved, and felt but too keenly that never, either by word or look, had the doctor ever indicated any special preference for her. Kinder, more thoughtful he could not be, but vainly she sought for more.

Her agitation and anxiety on this subject were so great as to retard her recovery, but at length she was so far improved as to receive Dr. Wissenall's permission to go down stairs. He proposed coming himself to see how she bore the exertion, as she was still very weak.

One sunny afternoon, therefore, Ella sat waiting for him in her pleasant chamber.

She was dressed with unusual care, in a pretty white wrapper, with a simple cap with blue ribbons, which set off, by contrast, the faint pink which was beginning to return to her cheeks. Scarcely a trace remained of the effects of her late illness, and she really *was* now more truly beautiful than she had ever been in her life; for there was a new expression—a deeper sentiment in her clear blue eyes than had ever gleamed there before.

Dr. Wissenall soon came in, in high spirits—he congratulated his patient gaily on her appearance, and himself assisted her down stairs, followed by Mrs. Mayland.

The doctor was invited to stay to tea, in honor of the occasion, and having obtained his assent, Mrs. Mayland, after seeing her daughter established in an easy-chair, went to attend to some domestic matters.

Her departure was followed by a long silence. So long and so oppressive did Ella find it, that she felt, in her nervous state, as though she must scream aloud to break it, since she could think of no word to say.

At last Dr. Wissenall spoke; but his words only agitated her the more.

"I wish to consult you, Miss Ella," he said, and I beg you to speak to me freely and truly. Do you think it possible that a man so old, and so unattractive in every way as myself, could ever win the first and best love of a young, beautiful, and most attractive girl?"

Ella was silent—her fast beating heart prevented speech.

Dr. Wissenall looked at her and proceeded, in truth, Miss Ella, I deeply love such a person as I have named; but I fear to presume, to fear such a one could never love a plain old man like myself. I do not think that, as you are, she has any idea of my folly, my presumption—I fear to do harm and not good by pleading my helplessness. You are yourself young and

lovely—advise me—aid me—tell me, do you think such a thing could be?"

A jealous suspicion had darted into Ella's mind. What if she was mistaken in what she fancied might be his meaning? What if he *really* loved some one else? Was it not a possible, a probable thing?

In a scarcely audible voice she said hurriedly, "I cannot advise till I know the person——"

The doctor paused as if to consider.

"If I should name your friend, Miss Lizzie Morris, should you think I might hope?"

The shock and revulsion of feeling these words occasioned, were too much for Ella in her feeble state of health. After a desperate effort to command herself, she burst into a violent fit of weeping, which she could neither control nor restrain.

Yet no words can express the mortification this unfortunate display of emotion caused her. What was she doing but betraying a secret she would have guarded with her life, to him, who, most of all others, her pride told her should never guess it. Something she felt she must do or say, to give coloring to this humiliating self-betrayal; when, therefore, the doctor bending over her, asked softly why she wept so—she answered hastily,

"Because I am so sorry for poor Lizzie."

Dr. Wissenall turned abruptly away, and walked three or four times up and down the room. In the increasing darkness Ella could not see his face, but his firm, deep voice sounded broken and tremulous, when pausing before her he said,

"I understand you, Miss Ella. You have felt truly that Miss Morris' name was but a fictitious one, to represent a being as far above her as the stars are above the earth. Not less kindly than decidedly is your refusal given. I must try to meet my doom manfully—but oh, Ella," here his voice faltered a little, "I pampered my heart with such a beautiful dream about you. I should have known better——"

He turned away as if unable to control his emotion, he was about to leave the room.

Ella recalled him by faintly pronouncing his name. "Tell me again," she said, with a great effort—"you are cruel—you torture me—I am so weak and faint I cannot understand—who is it, tell me—tell me?"

Dr. Wissenall's look was answer enough.

Ella replied to it by holding out both hands to him, murmuring as her head sunk on his shoulder,

"Surely you knew it was for myself I wept. Yes, for sorrow then, and now for too much joy."

## "SHE'S ONLY A DEPENDANT."

BY LILLA LAWSON.

### CHAPTER I.

ADALINE REYNOLDS sat alone in one of the many rooms of her uncle's splendid city mansion. Yet the brilliantly lighted parlors were thronged with a gay assemblage. Why was she the only one sad?

It was her cousin Clara's birth-night, and when Clara had been asked who Adaline was, the cruel answer was "only a dependant, a distant relation of father's." Adaline had heard the contemptuous reply, and hence she was alone and weeping.

Adaline sat, her sad eyes riveted on the silvery moon, which was shedding its light full upon her upturned face. That face was one of the most beautiful imaginable. The gentle sephyr that came in at the open window played among raven tresses, which flowed around a neck of marble whiteness. There was deep thought written on the ivory brow; but the mouth was the most expressive feature, the ruby lips, though full and pouting, denoted firmness. Tears were gathering in the large, soul-lit eyes, and one fell upon the small white hand.

Adaline, at this, started up as if an adder had stung her, and brushed the tear-drops from her eyes, saying, while her cheeks flushed to crimson, "Back, back to your fountains. Although I am only a dependant, I will win a name, and they shall yet be proud of their poor cousin."

Slowly Adaline dropped upon her knees, asking God to guide her in the step she was going to take. When she arose, the guests were departing, for she could hear the carriages as they rolled away. Yet she did not retire until the dawn of day. But she sat not idle there. Her slender fingers were flying over the paper on which she was writing. They must have been thoughts that were heavenly, for her features were lit up with divine inspiration. When she slept at last, angels must have visited her in her dreams, for her mouth was wreathed in smiles. Smile on, sweet Adaline! God has heard thy prayer. A glorious gift is thine, the gift of poetry. Thy voice of fame will bow many souls before thee, thy proud cousins among the number.

The morning sun was shining bright and beautiful. Mr. Howard sat alone in his library. He

was thinking of the past. Once more the grey-haired old man was a child again, seated around his father's fire-side, with his brothers and sisters, listening to his kind sire's advice, or looking to catch his mother's love-lit smile. Then a cloud came between him and his life of sunshine. The death angel claimed his fondly loved mother: another and another passed away until all was gone, but his idolized sister Ada. Her he saw just verging into womanhood. Another vision passed before him, his now proud, aristocratic wife. She whom he once thought almost too good for this earth, was now only a gay devotee of the world. She had deceived him, it mattered not how: it was too late now for remedy. His daughters, three in number, had grown up to womanhood: and inherited all their mother's foolish pride. He had heard Clara, the eldest, but the evening before, say that Adaline was only a dependant. The words had sunk deep into his heart. Was not Adaline his sister's child! Again, and Ada passed before him, arrayed in her bridal robes, and leaning upon the arm of her husband, a young minister from the glorious West. He heard her farewell words, and felt her farewell kiss. She was gone to her western home. A few short years passed by, when one dark day a letter came, telling him of his sister's death, then of her husband's, and asking him to rear her child as his own. Had he not done so? Did he not love that child as his own? Yes, nobly hast thou done thy duty to thy dead sister's child. But alas! thy words were the only kind ones Adaline received.

While he sat thus, recalling the past, two soft arms stole around his neck, and a sweet voice said, "Uncle, what are you thinking about?" "Must I tell you that it was of my little pet? Oh! how lonely I will be when she is gone." "Gone where, uncle?" "Why to Mrs. Westbrook's. Did I not promise to send you next month?" "Yes, uncle, but I thought you had forgotten it. I am so happy now at the thought of going back to dear Walnut Hill once more; not at leaving you, uncle." And tears came into her eyes as she kissed him, and bounded out of the room to give vent to her feelings. She was happy at the thought of once more seeing kind Mrs. Westbrook, her much loved teacher; but

she could not keep from shedding tears when she thought of her dear old uncle, who cared more for her happiness than for his own. Again she murmured the words of the night before. "I will win a name for his sake. Hope shall be my motto now and forever." And in a few moments she was walking down the street toward the post-office, bearing in her hand the treasured thoughts that she had penned when hope was almost dead in her heart.

CHAPTER II.

"MOTHER," said Clara Howard, "did you know father is going to send Adaline back to school again?" "Yes, I knew it—and I have told him that she will repay him with ungratefulness." Just then Emma came in with a newspaper, saying, "There is such a beautiful piece of poetry written in the Gazette. It is called 'Thoughts of Heaven;' and the editor has complimented the authoress, whose name is Lena." Clara read it, and poured forth her praises on the writer.

Adaline was in the next room, and her heart bounded with joy and hope, as she recognized her own poem.

Two weeks passed rapidly. We will pass over the farewell, and Adaline's sadness at leaving her kind old uncle. The "poor dependant" is again Mrs. Westbrook's favorite pupil. The kind teacher appreciates her lofty, intellectual mind, and eagerly peruses the pieces coming from Adaline's pen, for Adaline tells her secret to her kind preceptress.

The name of Lena soon found its way out in the literary world. No one suspected, however, that Lena, the gifted poetess, was Adaline Reynolds. Not one of Mr. Howard's household, when admiring the gifted Lena, thought of the poor dependant cousin. Once a suspicion of the truth came like a flash of lightning to Mr. Howard, but he dismissed it with a smile, saying, "I wish it was so."

Three years passed. Adaline was still with Mrs. Westbrook, for although she had long since graduated with the highest honors, she preferred remaining with her kind friend, and assisting her in her duties of labor and love. She feared the word dependant too much to go back to the city. She often, however, heard from the only one who cared for her there, and his letters were full of affection and kindness.

A new light had dawned upon her also. She loved with a true woman's heart: and was beloved in return, by one who was nobleness itself. Yet he knew not that he loved the poetess Lena.

The world was ringing with her praise; and he too had admired the heaven born talent of Lena; but he little dreamed who she was.

Adaline, on her part, knew not yet that Mr. Edward Stanley was sometimes called the Hon. Edward Stanley, and was the Congressman from A——. She had met him as Mrs. Westbrook's cousin, during a visit he had made to her preceptress: and they had loved instinctively. She had promised to become forever his the ensuing spring. He had left her, but with a promise to return as soon as his duties would permit.

She was seated, in a pleasant reverie, when she was interrupted by the servant girl, telling her that an old gentleman wished to see her. He was none other than her uncle. In a few moments she was clasped in his arms. Mr. Howard thought Adaline more beautiful than ever; and when Mrs. Westbrook told him Adaline was Lena, tears of joy rolled down his aged cheeks. "Ah! uncle," she said, "who would Lena have to love her, if you were gone?" "Even now, darling," answered her uncle, "I have just given my consent to the Hon. Edward Stanley; and when you are the Congressman's bride, you may forget your uncle." Adaline could not speak, for a moment, for surprise. Then she said, "Never, never, will I forget your kindness to the poor orphan. I would not have been what I am now, if it had not been for your generosity. In my helpless childhood, you watched over, clothed and fed me. Now in my days of prosperity I would be ungrateful indeed to forget you. But why," she continued, blushing, "did you call Edward Stanley a Congressman?" "Because he really is. Did you not know that?" "Never until this moment, as I live and breathe." Just then Mrs. Westbrook entered. Mr. Howard told her why Adaline looked so bewildered. "I intended telling her myself, and ask pardon for the deception I practised upon both of them," said Mrs. Westbrook. "I told Edward this evening our Lena's history just before he left."

When Mr. Howard returned to the city, Adaline accompanied him, but she did not go to his mansion. She stopped with an old schoolmate. It was soon noised about that the gifted and beautiful Lena was in the city; and her true name came out at a grand ball, where her cousins, and all their aristocratic friends were present. Adaline was attended by her betrothed husband, Edward Stanley. She was arrayed in a robe of white satin embroidered with silver. A silver cord coiled around her waist, and then descended till its heavy tassels almost touched her feet. Her raven curls were confined by a band of the richest pearls, whilst a necklace of

the same encircled her snowy neck. Her cheeks were flushed, for she was listening to her lover's voice. But when the Misses Howards' arrival was announced, proudly, almost haughtily, did she meet them, with a calm dignity, befitting a queen receiving her subjects. Her genius, and the brilliant match she was about to make, rendered her victory complete. Invitation after invitation followed. She was the ruling star of the season.

### CHAPTER III.

Time passed. Mr. Howard lay on his death-bed, prostrated by a sudden and mortal disease. Adaline had flown to nurse him, for Clara had eloped with a worthless adventurer. Edward Stanley was also there.

"Uncle, for so I will call you," he said, "I am sorry to see you so ill." "You have just come in time," said the old man, "to receive my blessing before I die. I have no right to ask the favor of you, yet I will. Protect my wife and children." "I will be to them all you wish," solemnly said Edward Stanley, "for your kindness to her who is dearer to me than my life." The sufferer smiled faintly. "Oh, God, I thank thee," he cried, "I can now die contented." Emma and Annie, the haughty ball-room belles, were awed by that scene of death; and solemnly vowed that they would live differently, as they pressed a kiss upon their dying father's lips, and saw their mother borne lifeless from the room. Clara, the disobedient child, was not forgotten. "Give her my blessing," said the old man, "and tell her I freely forgive her."

A few months, and he was joined by his repentant wife, who died blessing Adaline with her latest breath, and leaving her two daughters, now almost penniless, to the poor cousin's care.

It was a bright and beautiful morn in the early spring, when Lena, the gifted and beautiful, stood before the altar, to become the wife of the distinguished Edward Stanley. There too were Emma and Annie, looking happily on; while Mrs. Westbrook smiled her congratulations. It was in a country church that they were married. Mrs. Westbrook would have it so. But there were many there from the gay city to witness the ceremony. Little children strewed bright flowers in the pathway of the bride as she returned to her carriage.

Edward Stanley not only took his wife, but her now dependant cousins. Adaline did not look upon them as such, however, but treated them as sisters.

But where was Clara all this time? For three years she was not heard from. But one dark winter's day, a pale woman, in tattered garments, might be seen wending her way down to the Hon. Edward Stanley's beautiful residence. Feebly she knocked for admittance. The servant stared at her wonderingly, when she asked if Mrs. Stanley was at home. "Tell her yes," said Adaline, who always listened to the voice of distress. The pale supplicant entered, and cast her eyes on her two sisters, who knew her in a moment: and at once Adaline received the wanderer to her heart.

Clara had come home to Adaline's to die, a deserted, heart-broken wife. All that could be done, was done to restore her, but in vain. Adaline's voice soothed her in her wildest words of delirium: and it was Adaline's voice that convinced her she could yet be saved. Clara died a true Christian, with the words, "Father: mother! I come." Thus the proud, contemptuous beauty owed her last comforts, nay! even her escape from a pauper's grave, to the "poor dependant" she had scorned.

## THE PROUDE LADYE.

BY DI VERNON.

SHE will not own she loves him,  
Though aching is her breast  
With all its weight of sadness,  
Its "burden of unrest."

She will not own she loves him,  
Though drooping 'neath his gaze,  
And trembling in his presence,  
Or glowing 'neath his praise.

She will not own she loves him,  
'Tis hidden in her heart—

The deep, abiding secret,  
And will not thence depart.

She will not own she loves him,  
And he doth sue in vain—  
Still deeming her cold-hearted,  
Not knowing of her pain.

She will not own she loves him—  
But hush! he hears her sighs;  
He sees it in thy blush, ladye,  
He reads it in thine eyes.

# TO MAKE A CARNATION PINK.

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



**MATERIALS.**—Carmine paper, feather hearts, calyx, buds, light green tissue paper, cake of green wax, gum arabic. Cut six sets of petals

petal with your scissors, one side in, the other out; take a small piece of green wax, fasten it on to the heart or stamin. Just below the feather, to keep the leaves from slipping off, slip on the first set of petals, press it close around the stamin to keep the wax from being seen. Then slip on the rest of the leaves, pressing each set around the lower part—as the first one, only not quite so close. When all the petals are on, fasten a small piece of wax on the wire to keep the leaves in their place. Then cut the wire off short, gum the inside of the calyx, and press the flower into it with your pliers: if the gum is strong it will hold without any difficulty. Straight grass will answer for pink leaves, or they may be cut of green glazed paper.

**NOTE.**—In selecting flowers for a bouquet or basket, choose those which represent the most fragrant and beautiful in nature, such as roses of all kinds, pinks, lilies, honeysuckle, daisies, heliotrope, laurestena, orange blossoms, pansies, cowslip, verbenas, all colors, wild flowers, forget-me-nots, &c. &c.

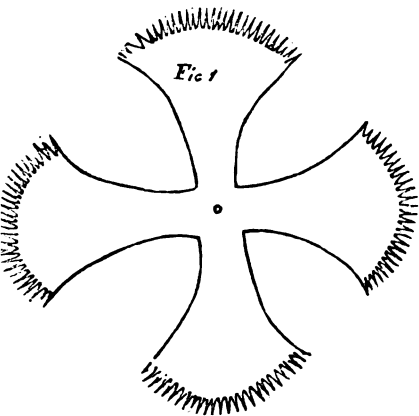


Fig. 1 of carmine paper, curl each petal inward the centre; then curl the edge of the

## DEEDS OF LOVE.

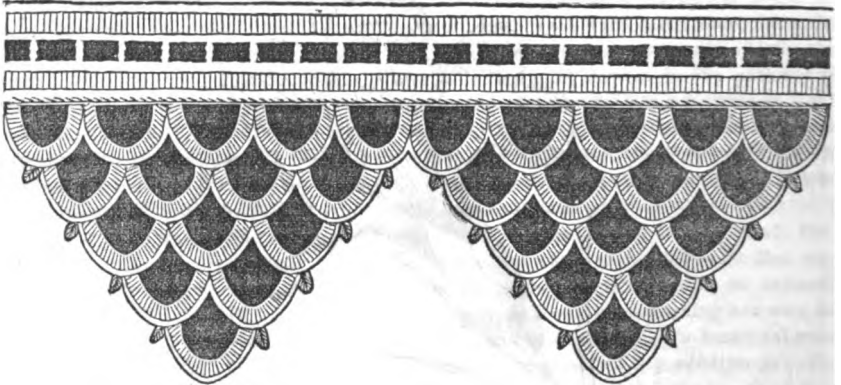
THE flow'rs that in the meadow bloom,  
The stars that gem the blue,  
The wind, the wave, the calm, the storm,  
God's work forever do.

Then up and labor for the right,  
The more, as deeds of love  
Become white angels after death  
To welcome us above.

C. A.

## CROCHET EDGING.

BY MLLR. DEFOUR.

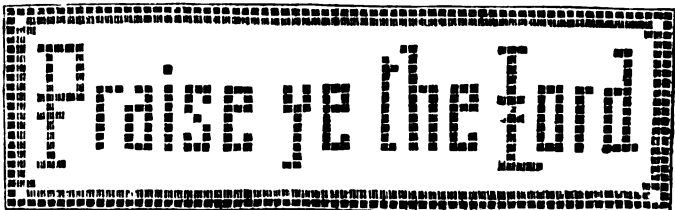


**MATERIALS.**—For petticoats, Messrs. W. Evans & Co.'s boar's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 10; for children's drawers and other similar articles, No. 16 or 20 of the same cotton.

Make a chain of the required length, taking care that it is not tight in any part; and work on it one row of d c. 2nd, open square crochet. 3rd, double crochet. 4th, x 3 s c on ch, 9 ch, miss 3, 2 c s, 9 ch, miss 3, 2 s c, 9 ch, miss 3, 2 s c, 9 ch, miss 3, x, repeat between the crosses to the end of the length. 5th, x s c on 2nd and 3 s c, 10 s c under every one of four chains of 9, 6 s c under the 5th, turn, 9 ch, 2 s c on the next loop, 9 ch, 2 s c on next, 9 ch, 2 s c on next, 9 ch, 2 s c on next, which is the 1st of the pattern; turn; 2 ch, slip on the

1st of these, and on one of the last 2 s c, 10 s c under each of three loops, and *half the 4th*; turn; make three loops, over the 4, as you did 4 on 5; turn 2 ch, slip on 1st and on s c, 10 s c under ch, 10 s c under next, 6 s c under next; turn; make 2 loops over 3; turn, 2 ch, slip on 1st and on s c, 10 s c, under ch, 6 s c under next; turn, one loop of 9 ch over 2; turn; 2 ch, slip on one, and on s c; 10 s c under ch, slip on one, and on the last of 10 s c, 5 s c under the half remaining of next loop, 2 ch, form into a dot as before: work down the side of the point, with a dot at each row of loops, to correspond with the other side. Repeat this fifth row for every set of five loops, which indeed form one pattern.

## BOOK-MARKER.



VERY pretty perforated cards, with fancy borders, for making book-markers, to be worked in silk or beads, can now be procured anywhere. Berlin patterns of large size are certainly hand-

somer in beads than anything, but care must be taken in selecting the shades. Seed beads are proper for this work, and can be procured in as perfect shades as wools, with the additional

advantage of never fading, as silks and wools certainly do. To work the design in beads, and ground it in white beads has the richest possible

effect. The back should be lined with sarsenet ribbon, of which an end, long enough for the book, must also be left.

ORNAMENTAL GLASS BOXES.

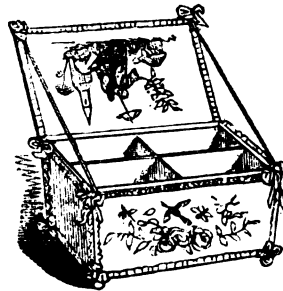
BY MRS. PULLAN.

The first of these is a box for holding sewing-cotton, hexagonal in shape, and made entirely of glass, all the outer parts being decorated in Potichomanie. The small pieces of glass may readily be made with a diamond-cutter; and

are then sewed together at the different points and neatly quilled ruches of ribbon, may be put up the joinings, or merely bows to conceal the joints. The inner divisions are not ornamented, but are bound round, and in the centre a velvet pincushion fills up the space.



after being suitably ornamented, are bound with narrow ribbon, in the edges of which, a needleful of silk is run, which being drawn up at all the corners, amply suffices for binding. These

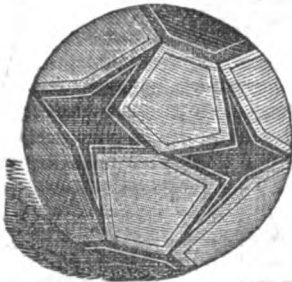


The second is designed to hold pins, hair-pins, &c., is quadrangular in shape, made of glass like the other. It will be improved by a ruche of narrow satin ribbon. Any lady of taste may easily make these boxes.

HARLEQUIN PIN-CUSHION.

This pretty pin-cushion is in patchwork, made of velvet, silk, and satin, in as many bright and

varied colors as possible. The principal pieces, of which there are twelve, are pentagons, or five-sided figures. Five are sewed round one for each hall; the points of every two meet, and are sewes together, and the space between is filled in four pointed and one square piece, all also of different colors. Care should be taken that these colors blend well together. The top should be black, or some other tint that will harmonize with everything, whilst each one should be arranged with reference to those on each side of it. Green, amber, rich blue, claret, and violet will go well together in the order in which we give them; or the claret and amber might change places. But put the violet in the place of the amber and the effect is destroyed; as though it harmonizes with green it does not with blue. When finished it should be stuffed with ends of wool, and the joinings stuck with minikin pins. We know no prettier pin-cushion than this.



varied colors as possible. The principal pieces, of which there are twelve, are pentagons, or five-sided figures. Five are sewed round one for each

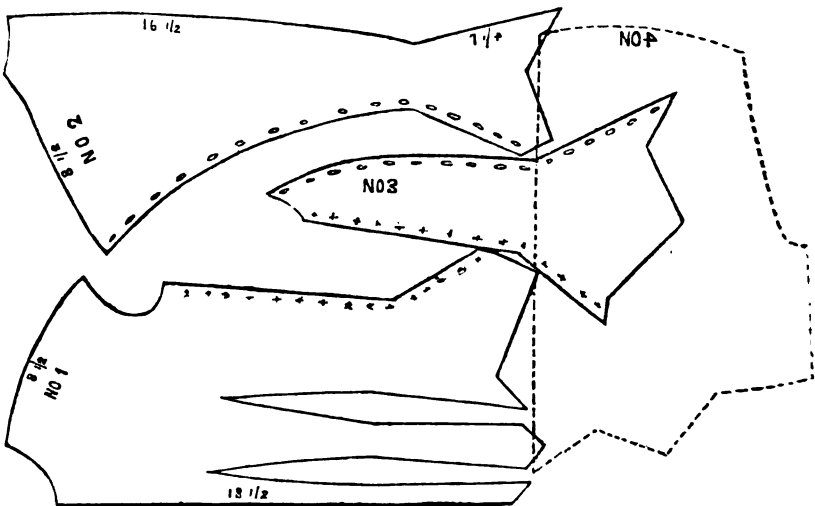


# THE ATLANTIC BASQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS is an elegant and convenient affair, suitable for the Springs or the sea-shore. We have just received it from Paris, so that our fair subscribers may rely on its being the very latest style for summer wear. It is made of white Marseilles, or any other white material, but the Marseilles is the most *distingue*. The pattern below will enable any lady to cut one for herself. First enlarge the pattern to the size indicated by the inches, and then, from the paper pattern thus made cut out the various parts of the basque. No. 1 is the front, No. 2 the back, No. 3 the side body, and No. 4 the sleeve. The sides marked O O O are to be joined, as are those marked \* \* \*. We have already seen one of these beautiful basques made up, and the admiration it excited promises to render this new style affair all the rage. It certainly has the advantage of looking well with almost any complexion. The trimmings are of gimp and buttons, arranged as in the pattern. It is called here the Atlantic Basque, because it will be the most fashionable basque that will be worn at the Atlantic sea-coast, this summer, by the fair visitors. It has the merit of combining economy, convenience and elegance, a rare and valuable characteristic.



## MORNING COLLAR.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—Fine jaconet muslin, royal embroidery cotton, No. 80, of Messrs. W. Evans & Co., of Derby; and boar's-head sewing cotton, No. 50, of the same firm.

We have great pleasure in introducing to our readers a style of collar now extremely fashionable among Parisian belles; and which commends itself especially for the neatness of its appearance, and the rapidity with which it can be worked. All the dresses worn during the morning toilet in Paris are quite high, and closed up to the throat. The habit-shirt is, therefore, of plain muslin, and the collar is the only part embroidered. This collar is worked in the style given in the engraving. The pattern being marked on one piece of muslin, another is laid under it, and the two are run together on the

wrong side, and the edges cut evenly. Then turn on the right side, and, with the boar's-head cotton, stitch the line forming the hem. Tuck the collar thus double on a piece of *toile ciré*, trace the fruit and leaf, and work the outlines in button-hole stitch. Then work the spots seen in the centre of the melon, and over the collar, by taking a stitch four or five times at least in the same place. Cut away the under-muslin of the leaf, scroll, and outer sides of the melon, leaving all the rest of the collar double. The sleeves worn with these collars are all in the Mousquetaire style, that is, turning back from the wrist, over a bishop's sleeve, not made very full. The sleeves and collars should always exactly correspond.

## EDGE FOR UNDER-SLEEVES, ETC.

**MATERIALS.**—Swiss muslin, fine embroidery cotton, and Marsland's sewing cotton, No. 40.

Trace the pattern upon the muslin with a quill pen, and a liquid prepared by mixing blue with gum-water. Work the centre of each leaf in raised satin-stitch, as also the outer edge; and the line between is sewed closely over, as also the stems. The small circles are open eyelet-holes made with a stiletto. Previous to sewing over trace round a few times with the cotton, to fill in the space between the lines and give the work a raised appearance. Cut out the spaces in the centre of the large circles, and sew over the edge, first making a few tracings. Make the wheels as follows. With sewing cotton attach

the thread to the edge; make a second stitch, a little way apart from the first, leaving the thread loose, so as to reach to the centre of the circle; twist the needle several times in this thread, and fasten it, making a stitch or two in the edge; repeat thus three more times; in making the last bar, bring the needle to the centre, draw it out and work over the thread in the centre, so as to form a circle; bring it up to the edge and fasten off. Work the hole in button-hole stitch, first lacing closely the space between the lines, and cut away the superfluous muslin from the edge. Bottom for petticoat worked the same as sleeve, only on thicker material.

## INSERTINGS.

WORKED ON muslin, with fine working cotton, a button-hole and satin stitch, sewing over the

stems, and circles in open eyelet-holes. Letters and names worked similarly.

## A FRAGMENT.

Now blooms the lilac, sweetening all the air,  
And by the brook the alder, and the rose,

Propt at the cottage door by careful hands,  
Bursts its green bud and looks abroad for May.

T. B. H.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**SEA-BATHING. ATLANTIC CITY.**—Philadelphia is eminent, beyond all American cities, for its contiguity to first-rate resorts for sea-bathing. Long Branch and Cape May, which together are capable of accommodating ten thousand persons, have long been famous. But both are destined to be eclipsed, if we do not err, by Atlantic City, located on Absecon Beach, nearly due east from our great metropolis. In facility of access, this new watering-place has already no rival, the cars making the run between it and Philadelphia in about two hours. The strand is wide and hard, affording a drive twelve miles long, one of the best in the world. The surf is just what it ought to be, perfectly safe yet exhilarating, less rough than at Long Branch but not so tame as at Newport. The fishing and sailing are capital, as is also the gunning at the proper season; while the oysters are among the most delicious to be found anywhere.

Those of our Southern, Western, or even Northern friends, who contemplate a visit to the sea-shore, we recommend to try Atlantic city. There are several capital hotels there, but the best is the "United States," which, standing in the midst of a grove of trees, combines shade below with a magnificent view of the ocean from its upper stories. This unrivalled house is built in the best style, and is nearly a century ahead of the hotels usually found at the sea-shore. The chambers are spacious, well ventilated, and with high ceilings: the drawing-room, the reception-rooms and dining-room are all superior; and the location is altogether the best on the island. The table is really a miracle of profusion and taste, being under the charge of A. T. Garrett, a Philadelphia caterer of long established reputation. A band of music is retained exclusively for this one hotel. Already it has become the centre of fashion and health. A fortnight at the sea-shore, if we may speak from our own experience, does more to recuperate a person, than a whole summer spent elsewhere.

**E. L. WALKER'S MUSIC.**—We give, in this number, another piece of new music, selected expressly for "Peterson," by E. L. Walker, who is altogether the most competent person in that line in Philadelphia, or probably in the United States. Mr. Walker has just opened a new music and piano ware-room, in Howell's elegant sand-stone block of stores, at No. 142 Chesnut street, a few doors above Sixth. His establishment presents a *coup d'œil* which is not approached by any other of the kind in Philadelphia. Mr. Walker proposes to publish and sell music at this new and superb establishment, while he will continue to deal extensively in Chickering pianos.

Such of our fair subscribers as wish for new music cannot do better than to call at Mr. W.'s, or, if they reside elsewhere, to send their orders by mail, when their wishes will be promptly attended to. Mr. Walker is continually publishing new music, best of keeping on hand a stock of standard and fashionable music. It is his practice, when the price of a piece of music is remitted by mail, to forward the piece ordered *free of postage*.

**GOOD-HUMOR AND BEAUTY.**—"Good-humor is one of the best of cosmetics," says an old writer; and he spoke wisely. There is nothing which brings on wrinkles so soon as giving way to ill-temper. A cheerful disposition, on the contrary, preserves good looks. The beauty of amiability, moreover, is the highest kind of female loveliness; for it is the beauty of the soul, which is always more winning than mere physical loveliness, especially in the estimation of those most worthy to be won. As ill-health is frequently provocative of ill-temper, and as women often owe their ill-health to a neglect of out-of-door exercise, the connection between amiability and habits of exercise is as direct as between mere physical beauty and the same habits. Don't mope away life in a close room, if you would be lovely and happy. Woman was never designed for a hot-house plant. Cultivate health and good-humor; and you will grow to be beautiful, whether you are so now or not.

**AN EXQUISITE POEM.**—What a gem of a poem is the following, by Walter Savage Landor, the eccentrician, on his wife, daughter and grandchild! He calls it "The Three Roses."

When the buds began to burst,  
Long ago, with Rose the First  
I was walking; joyous then  
Far above all other men,  
Till before us up there stood  
Britonferry's oaken wood,  
Whispering, "*Happy as thou art,  
Happiness and thou must part.*"  
Many Summers have gone by  
Since a Second Rose and I  
(Rose from that same stem) have told  
This and other tales of old.  
She, upon her wedding-day,  
Carried home my tenderest lay;  
From her lap I now have heard,  
Gleeful, chirping, Rose the Third.  
Not for *her* this hand of mine  
Rhyme with nuptial wreath shall twine;  
Cold and torpid it must lie,  
Mute the tongue, and closed the eye.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The History of Napoleon Bonaparte.* By John S. C. Abbott. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It is rarely that the critic is called on to notice a work so elegant as this. Containing over twelve hundred octavo pages, printed in large and beautiful type, and profusely illustrated with the finest woodcuts, it is a treasure, merely in a mechanical point of view, even in a well-assorted library. The absorbing character of the text, however, will be its surest claim to popularity. It would be impossible to write the story of Napoleon without making it interesting; but no man heretofore has succeeded in rendering it so much so as Abbott. From the first chapter to the last, he holds the reader breathlessly enchained. In spite of a style occasionally slipshod, in spite of a worship of his hero that sometimes rises to absurdity, Abbott so lays hold of the imagination, that no man, who has the least enthusiasm, can peruse these pages without kindling as he goes, without almost deifying Napoleon for the time. There is a living reality about the narrative, the result of the author's earnestness, which will always make it a popular authority on Napoleon, let fault-finders say what they may. To be just to Mr. Abbott, he gives a fairer estimate of Napoleon than any writer who has yet discussed the great hero. We have read, we believe, nearly everything that has been written about the emperor; and have long been convinced that Americans generally entertained false views respecting him; though this did not surprise us, for we knew that only British biographies of him, the works of Scott, Alison and others, had been republished here. England, however, has lately recanted her former opinion, and now acknowledges Napoleon's civil as well as military abilities. The great emperor was undoubtedly the vastest intellect that has lived since Cæsar; and far less selfish than is usually supposed. Abbott is right in saying that Napoleon really desired to make peace with England, but that this the British oligarchy would not allow. Sometimes, indeed, the hero-worshipping author carries him too far; but readers of judgment will easily detect these aberrations: and, on the whole, the work is at once the most absorbing, the most comprehensive life of Napoleon, that has ever been offered to the public.

*The English Orphans; or, A Home in the New World.* By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A former fiction, by this author, "Tempest and Sunshine, or, Life in Kentucky," had much success. We think that Mrs. H. has gained a reputation, instead of losing it, by this second effort. The novel is a very suitable one to read at the sea-shore, in the country, or elsewhere on summer afternoons.

*Immortal Herbert.* By Geraldine E. Jewsbury. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A novel of high power, and inculcating an excellent moral. It is published in cheap style, price thirty-seven and a half cents.

*The Diamond Cross; or, Tight Times and other Tales.* By Clara Moreton. 1 vol. Philada: W. P. Hazard.—It is needless, in these pages, to extol this writer; for she has long been one of our most popular contributors. Always natural, graceful, and eminently feminine; full of sentiment without being in the least sentimental; dealing with the every-day actualities of life rather than with romantic impossibilities; and yet keeping constantly in mind that, in modern fiction, it is the heart and its struggles which constitute the proper burden of a story, as in the Greek drama it was destiny, she interests the reader, without violating reality, and writes of love without becoming absurd. The volume is very handsomely printed. It is just the thing for a lady's centre-table.

*Cornell's Intermediate Geography. Part Second.* By S. S. Cornell. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A few months ago we noticed the first part of this excellent work. The present part is written and published in a similar meritorious manner, and is designed for pupils who have completed a Primary or Elementary Course of Instruction in Geography. The colored maps are eminently good. Mr. Cornell's system affords a great saving of time, as the pupil sees immediately, not only what he has to learn, but how to learn it.

*Le Cœur Manqué; or, Social and Religious Customs of France.* By E. De Courcillon. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Under the guise of a story, M. de Courcillon has graphically delineated life in the French provinces, and thereby conferred a real service on literature; for while the world has been surfeited with books on Parisian life, this is the first of its kind we remember to have seen; and Paris is not France, the popular saying to the contrary notwithstanding.

*Mother and Step-Mother. In Twelve Chapters.* 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Some persons attribute this to Dickens. Mr. P. does not issue it, however, as by that author, though as the story originally appeared in "Household Words," it has received Dickens' sanction, and may contain, as we think it does, bits of his writing. It is certainly a powerful tale, and is published in cheap style, price twelve and a half cents.

*Cone Cut Corners.* By Benuuly. 1 vol. New York: Mason & Brothers.—A Maine-Law story, full of bitter, scathing satire, and exhibiting considerable ability in hitting off character, but too sketchy, and degenerating often into an imitation of Dickens. Yet, on the whole, it is a superior fiction. The author has really too much merit to permit him to remain unknown. Who is he?

*Star Papers.* By Henry Ward Beecher. 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby.—A collection of articles on art and nature, originally contributed to a religious paper over the signature of a star. They abound in eloquent thoughts, and exhibit a hearty love for the beautiful, whether in nature or in art. It is a delightful book.

*The Winkles.* By the author of "Wild Western Scenes." 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—As the author of "Wild Western Scenes," this writer enjoys an enviable reputation. The present work will do no discredit to his fame, but, in some respects, add materially to it. The Appletons have published it in excellent style.

*Notes on Duels and Duelling.* By Lorenzo Sabine. 1 vol. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.—An odd book, full of curious information respecting the origin of duels, the code governing them, and the most remarkable duels that have been fought.

*The Story of the Campaign.* 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—A reprint, from Blackwood's Magazine, containing a trustworthy narrative of the war in the Crimea.

#### AMUSING GAMES.

**GAME OF CROSS—PURPOSES.**—Request a gentleman to write down the following list:

- Set down a lady's name.
  - Set down some time past.
  - Write the name of a place.
  - Write either yes or no.
  - Yes or no again.
  - A lady's name.
  - Some time to come.
  - Yes or no.
  - Yes or no again.
  - Some color.
  - Some number between 4 and 10.
  - Some color.
  - Yes or no.
  - Some number between 15 and 100.
  - A lady's name.
  - A gentleman's name.
  - Name of a clergyman.
  - A sum of money.
  - Name of a place.
  - Any number at all.
- Then request the gentleman to read off the list he has written in answer to the following questions:
- Who did you first offer to marry?
  - When?
  - In what place?
  - Did she love you?
  - Did you love her?
  - Whom will you marry?
  - How soon?
  - Does she love you?
  - Do you love her?
  - What is the color of her hair?
  - What is her height?
  - What is the color of her eyes?
  - Is she pretty?
  - What is her age?
  - Who is to be bridesmaid?
  - Who is to be groomsman?
  - What clergyman is to marry you?
  - How much is she worth?

Where will you reside?

How many servants will you keep?

For the gentlemen to retort upon the ladies' change of the sexes at the proper places in the above, will make the game agreeable.

#### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*To Preserve a Bouquet.*—A florist of many years' experience gives the following receipt for preserving bouquets for an indefinite period:—"When you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it lightly with fresh water. Then put it into a vessel containing some soap-suds; this will nutrify the roots and keep the flowers bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning, and lay it sideways (the sock entering first) into clean water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out, and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water. Replace it in the soap-suds, and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soap-suds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a very passable state; but attention to the fair, but frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed, or all will perish."

*Orange Marmalade.*—Take the same weight of Seville oranges as of loaf sugar. Grate one half of the rind (choosing the roughest part) of each orange and pour boiling water over the gratings. Then cut the oranges across and strain them through a sieve. Boil the ungrated parts of the skins tender and wipe them in the insides with a clean cloth. Cut these into very thin chips and let them boil in the sugar, which should be previously clarified, until they are transparent. Then put in the orange juice and the water strained from the gratings, and let all boil together until it becomes a jelly, which may be known by cooling a little of it in a saucer.

*Kisses, or Cream Cake.*—The whites of three eggs, one drop of essence of lemon, as much powdered sugar as will thicken the eggs. Whisk the whites to a dry froth, then add the powdered sugar a teaspoonful at a time, till the egg is as thick as very thick batter. Wet a sheet of white paper, place it on a tin, and drop the egg and sugar on it in lumps about the shape and size of a walnut. Set them in a cool oven, and as soon as the sugar is hardened, take them out; with a broad-bladed knife, take them off the paper, place the flat parts of two together, put them on a sieve in a very cool oven to dry.

*Jaunemange.*—Take two ounces isinglass, dissolve in one pint of boiling water, add to it one pint of sherry wine, the juice of three lemons, and rind of one; sweeten this to your taste, then add the yolk of three eggs well beaten—put it on the fire, let it simmer, but not boil—strain it into your mould. N. B. The best way to dissolve isinglass is to put it into a basin, and just cover it with water, and place it in a saucepan of water over the fire—there is then no fear of its sticking or burning.

**Apple Bread.**—A very light, pleasant bread is made in France by a mixture of apples and flour, the proportion of one of the former to two of the latter. The usual quantity of yeast is employed as making common bread, and is beat with flour and rum pulp of the apples after they have boiled, and the dough is then considered as set: it is then put in a proper vessel, and allowed to rise for eight or ten days, and then baked in long loaves. Very little water is requisite; none, generally, if the apples are very fresh.

**Yoka Pudding.**—Mix four table-spoonfuls of yoka-root in a pint of cold milk. Beat four eggs, add them, three ounces fresh butter, cut in small bits; a dessert-spoonful of rose-water; a few drops of essence of lemon, or ratafa, and a tea-cupful of sugar. Boil two pints of milk in a saucepan; a boiling stir in the other ingredients, without taking the pan off the fire, let it boil till thick, then pour it into a mould to cool. Turn it out and serve it cold.

**Cement for Broken Glass.**—A cement which is colorless and transparent, will be the best for repairing broken glass. Try the following method:—Take a little isinglass in spirits of wine, and add a small quantity of water. Warm the mixture gently on a moderate fire. When mixed, by thoroughly stirring, it will form a transparent glue, which will unite broken glass so firmly and nicely that the joint will scarcely be perceptible.

**Preserve Eggs.**—It appears from experiments made some years ago, by an egg dealer of Paris, that eggs may be preserved for a considerable time, by placing them in a vessel and covering them with a saturated solution of lime and a little salt. A large number of eggs thus stored were locked up for several months, and on opening the vessel, they were said to be found, without one exception, in excellent condition.

**My Lind's Pudding.**—Grate the crumb of half a pound of butter a dish well and lay in a thick layer of crumbs; pare ten or twelve apples, cut them in slices and put a layer of them and sugar; then repeat alternately, until the dish is full, put a bit of butter on the top, and bake it in an oven, or in a water-bath, until done. It can be despatched. An excellent and economical pudding for this season.

**Boil a Leg of Lamb,** so as to make it look white. It should be boiled in a cloth to make it white. Slice into steaks, dip them in egg, strew them with crumbs of bread, fry them a nice brown, and serve them round the dish. Garnish with dried parsley. Spinach should be served to eat with it.

**Custards.**—Mix together the milk, cream, and sugar. Stir the wine into it, and pour the mixture into your custard-cups. Set them in a warm water-bath near the fire, till they become a firm curd. Put them in a very cold place. Grate nutmeg over them.

**Tea.**—Very strong coffee without sugar or milk, frequently, much alleviates it.

## FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

**FIG. I.—A MORNING DRESS** of pink cashmere, with a deep border woven in wreaths. The undersleeves and front of the corsage have a bordering in the same style, but narrower. A cambric habit-shirt and collar. Cap of Valenciennes lace, trimmed with pink ribbon.

**FIG. II.—AN INDOOR DRESS** of plaided grenadine. The skirt is made plain, but full. Corsage high and plain. A black silk jacket can be worn over this dress at pleasure.

**FIG. III.—THE POMONA** is made of black moire antique and puffings of Brussels net, in points, outlined with a double plaited trimming, with a pretty satin ribbon in the centre and a fringed edge. The puffings of net giving a full, light and pretty effect, is still more increased by being dotted with a pretty little button to match that on the plaited trimming, the whole being finished with a row of deep guipure lace fringed. It is one of the most unique and stylish mantillas we ever saw, and was fabricated by Mr. Bell, No. 58 Canal street, New York, for a distinguished lady in New York city, and has only been copied in a few rare instances. It is a new feature in this rapidly increasing business, that at this establishment a lady can have a garment designed for her especial use, for any and every occasion, by simply sending an order, with a description of the person and occasion it is needed for. Remember this ladies.

**FIG. IV.—ANTOINETTE FICHU,** formed of guipure insertion, tulle puffings and full rows of guipure lace. The fichu is crossed in front, and the rounded ends, which are edged with lace, descend over the skirt of the dress. Within the tulle bouillonnes are runnings of gold-colored ribbon.

**FIG. V.—EVENING HEAD-DRESS.**—The front hair is turned back from the forehead, and disposed in rather full rouleaux on the temples, with a small, flat curl at each side of the face. The whole of the back hair is confined under a net formed of pink silk and pearls, like the ancient owl.

**FIG. VI.—BREAKFAST CAP.**—The cap is made of very clear muslin, beautifully worked. The head-piece is broad, and the crown small. The latter is encircled by a fringe of worked muslin; and two ends, also worked, flow loosely at the back of the cap. The border or front trimming consists of two frills of worked muslin, the one turned downward and the other upward. Between these frills there is a quilling of blue gauze ribbon.

**FIG. VII.—BONNET.**—A plain frame covered with white-figured silk of the new kind lately introduced, which presents a perfect resemblance to French chip. The bonnet is edged with rows of narrow white lace, and across the upper part there is a *fançon*, or piece of lace, of the half-handkerchief form, gathered in on the left side, and fastened by a large rosette of white gauze ribbon edged with pink. To this rosette are attached long flowing ends. On the other side of the bonnet, and just above the curtain, there is a small bow of the same ribbon. Under-

trimming of pink and white roses. The strings are of very broad ribbon of the same kind as that employed in trimming the outside.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—The combination of black and white in costume, is becoming one of the favorite fashions of the day, and is no longer considered as typical of mourning. Even for ball-dresses, black and white have been placed in juxtaposition, when these dresses have not been intended for mourning. A ball-dress, just completed, is composed of white tulle, and trimmed with flounces edged with four rows of narrow black velvet. The corsage has a berthe, forming a *cœur* both in front and behind, and the berthe and short sleeves are covered with frills edged with velvet in a manner corresponding with the flounces. In the centre of the corsage, and on each shoulder, is placed a spray of pink acacia. Long sprays of the same flower ornament the hair, and droop over the back of the neck.

One of the most beautiful DINNER DRESSES which we have seen, for a watering-place, is composed of white muslin. It is trimmed with three richly-worked flounces, each surmounted by a puffing of plain muslin, edged above and below by narrow Valenciennes lace. Within this puffing a blue ribbon is run. Up each side of the front of the skirt, there are three bows of blue ribbon with flowing ends, these bows being placed on the puffings which head the flounces. The corsage, of worked muslin, has a basque, formed entirely of puffings over blue ribbons. A *revers* of worked muslin descends from the shoulders to the point in front of the waist, and passes round the back in the form of a berthe. The short sleeves are trimmed with three frills and three bows of blue ribbon.

There is no change in the make of dresses. The basque, as we have before observed, is in general

confined to dresses composed of silk. Those of barege, muslin, and other light fabrics, have full corsages, open in front, and are usually worn with a ribbon ceinture.

Then there is the SWISS BASQUINE of Swiss muslin, ornamented before and behind with a kind of *plastron* made of a mixture of Valenciennes insertions and satin-stitch embroidery. This *plastron*, which begins at the neck and reaches almost to the bottom of the basquine, gets narrower at the waist. The front is ornamented with small butterfly bows all along the body. This very pretty fancy garment is terminated by three insertions of satin-stitch and Valenciennes bordered by a mechlin insertion. The sleeves, ornamented after the same design, terminate in a large bouillonne, to which succeed two insertions also bordered with mechlin. Just in the bend of the arm is a bow of ribbon corresponding with those on the body.

Dresses of plain BAREGE are also flounced, and the flounces are frequently edged with a ruche of silk, pinked. To sustain the flounces, they are sometimes lined with silk. The corsages of these dresses are full, in general partially open in front, and trimmed with a puffing surmounted by a row of lace, the bouillonne descending to the waist in front. The sleeves are plain at top; at the lower part they are trimmed with two frills, placed one above the other, and each headed by a puffing.

We have still one more charming article to notice: namely, braces intended to be worn with a full dress toilet. Just imagine three embroidered insertions separated by narrow ribbon ruches, and hanging down in rounded ends in front. At the edge, a narrow Valenciennes slightly drawn. In the middle, on the breast, two transversal insertions also bordered with ribbon ruches.

## PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

**CONCEDED SUPERIORITY.**—The superiority of this Magazine, as a periodical for ladies, is almost universally conceded. Everybody, who tries it for one year, acknowledges its unrivalled merit. The July number has been received with unanimous approbation, by both subscribers and the press. The New York Pathfinder says:—"We advise all who wish to secure the best Ladies' Magazine in the country to lose no time in subscribing for this. Our wonder is how the proprietor can afford so much for the small sum of \$2 per year." The Circleville (Ohio) Herald says:—"We think this is the cheapest of the American Magazines, as it certainly is the best for ladies." The Litchfield (Ct.) Republican says:—"It has the best Fashion Plates and Diagrams of any Magazine that we receive." The York (Pa.) Republican says:—"Those of our readers who wish to subscribe for a Magazine that publishes the best original stories we advise to take 'Peterson.'" Here

is unbiased testimony that this periodical excels equally in cheapness, in fashions and in its reading matter.

**WHEN TO BEGIN.**—New subscribers will be particular to mention with what number they wish to begin. Also their post-office, county and state.

**REMOVALS.**—In case of a removal, inform us not only to what the new direction is, but what the old one was.

**GIFT BOOK OF ART.**—For one dollar, we will send, postage pre-paid, this splendid affair, containing fifty steel engravings.

**SEND A STAMP.**—All letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.







JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

glade;

case with a small

crs.

The note  
It was d  
Short and  
There w  
A youth  
And

Car moment he stopp'd, A packet he dropp'd, Then, off like an arrow he flew.

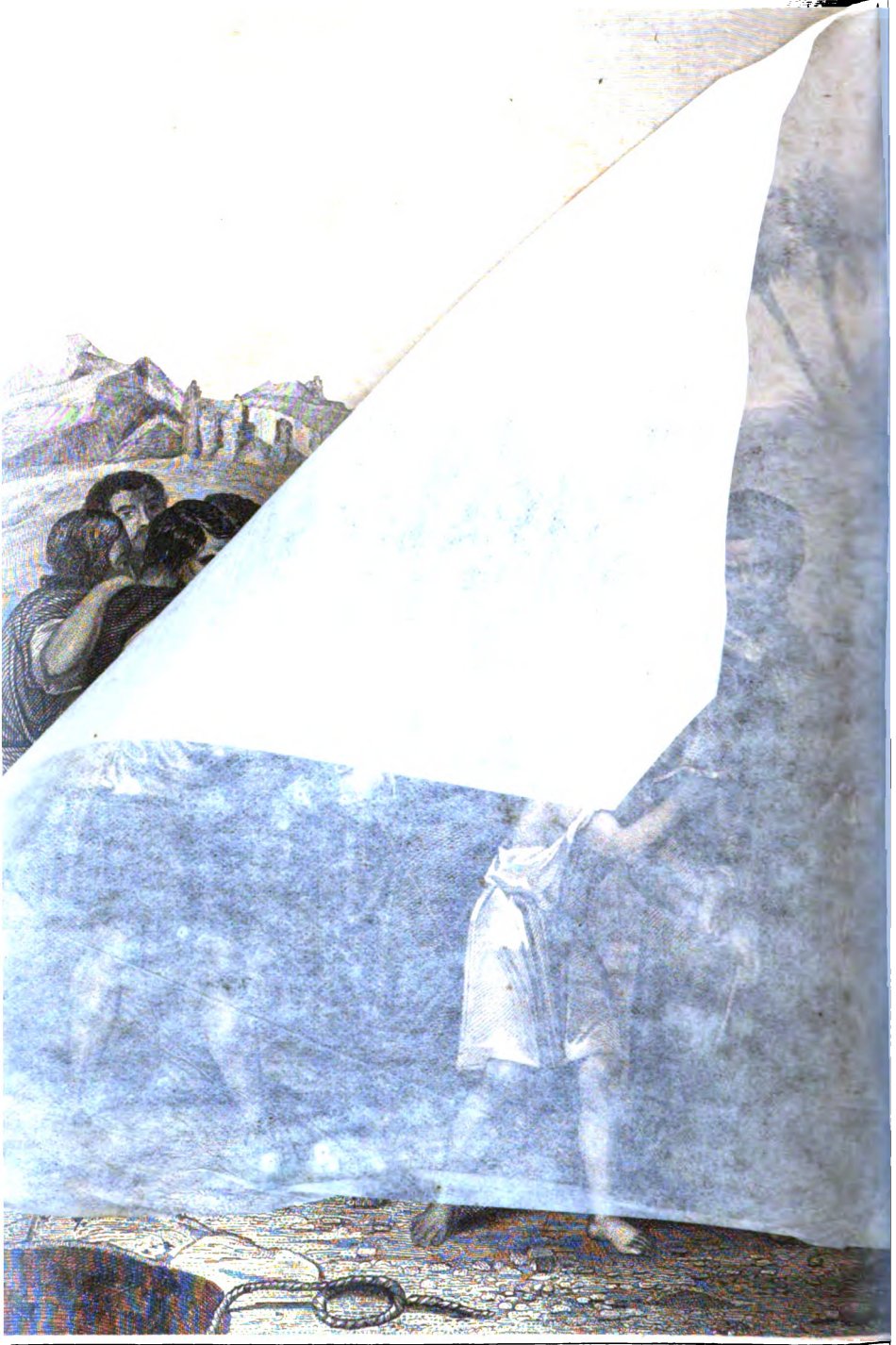
And the

Cavalier found Thus was

left on the ground A

A small case with a small tablet - music.

*[Faint, mostly illegible text in the background, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



THE END OF THE WORLD IN THE YEAR 1000 OR THEREABOUTS.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine

Glad; One moment he stopp'd, a pocket he dropp'd, Then,

...and There was left on the ground A small

case with a small billet.... donez— A small case with a small billet... donez.

The note was not long,  
It was dated "Hong Kong,"  
Short and sweet as a letter should be,  
There was sketch'd in the middle,  
A youth with a fiddle,  
And under them "fiddle-de-dee."  
He turn'd it about,  
"Meant for me, I've no doubt,—  
Some contemptible rival—that's plain;  
If I knew who it was,  
I would outgig him—poor!  
He should not be so pleasant again—  
He should not be so pleasant again."

2.  
He read on—thus it ran:  
"Much misguid'd young man,  
To suppose that for night after night,  
"Merely twanging guitars  
A link to the stars,  
A lady thy love would requite;  
Still it's hard to be told,  
When you've sung in the cold,  
That you're not to have any reward:  
So—this billet I've penn'd,  
And, along with it, send,  
Just a trifle to show my regard—  
Just a trifle to show my regard."

4.  
Joy, conceit, and surpris,  
Flash'd at once from his eyes,  
As he read out aloud as above;  
"T'ras, is he," carol'd he,  
"I half thought so—it's she!"  
It's a hint to return to my love,"  
He twick'd his cravat,  
Gave a tap on his hat,  
Then sank on the grass in a swoon!  
For on opening the case,  
He beheld his own face,  
Looking wotfully long, in a spoon!—  
Looking wotfully long, in a spoon!



JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

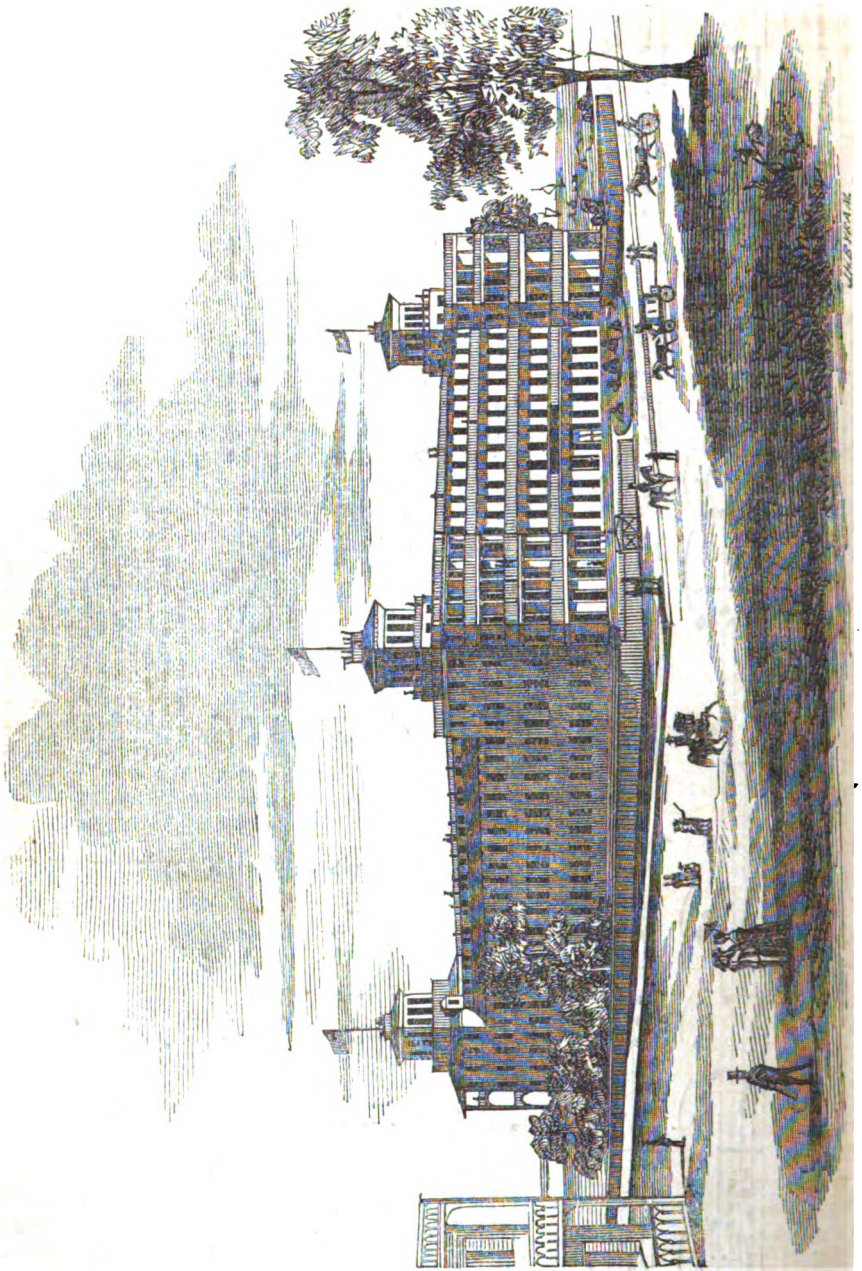
glaùe; One moment he stopp'd, A packet he dropp'd, Then, off like an arrow he flew. And the Cavalier found There was left on the ground A small

case with a small bullet....-donx- A small case with a small bullet... donx.

2.  
The note was not long,  
It was dated "Hong Kong,"  
Short and sweet as a letter should be,  
There was sketch'd in the middle,  
A youth with a riddle,  
And under them "Kiddle-dee."  
He turn'd it about,  
"Meant for me, I've no doubt—  
Some contemptible rival—that's plain;  
If I knew who it was,  
I would cudgel him—poor!  
He should not be so pleasant again—  
He should not be so pleasant again."

3.  
He read on—thus it ran:  
"Ketch misguided young man,  
To suppose that for night after night,  
I'm merely twanging guitars  
Think a tink to the stars,  
A youth thy love would requite;  
Skill it's hard to be lost,  
When you're wrong in the cold,  
That's your bill to save and  
So, my little, I've no reward:  
And, along with it send,  
Just a trifle to show my regard—  
Just a trifle to show my regard."

4.  
Joy, conceit, and surprise,  
Flash'd at once from his eyes,  
As he read on aloud above;  
"I hit it," he said, "it's she!  
It's a hint to return to my love."  
He twitch'd his cravat,  
Gave a tap on his hat,  
Then sank on the grass in a swoon!  
For on opening the case,  
He beheld his own face,  
Looking wofully long, in a spoon!—  
Looking wofully long, in a spoon!



UNITED STATES HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

## "HOW I WENT ANGLING AND WHAT WAS CAUGHT."

BY E. W. DEWEES.

"I do wish, Bob, you would get married!" cried my mother, impatiently, one day after she had endured my company a whole long summer morning.

The suggestion was by no means a new one, for I was five and thirty, and it had been iterated and reiterated, by all my family ever since I was twenty-five. I therefore regarded my mother's remark as the beginning of a kind of family ritual, and responded as usual,

"Why so, ma'am?"

"Because," she answered, shortly, deviating somewhat from the beaten track, "it's high time."

"Granted," said I.

"Yes," pursued my mother, "you're old enough, and you're rich enough, and you're clever enough; and why you don't get married I can't see. You would be much happier than you are idling about here, with nothing better to do than to follow an old woman about from cellar to pantry, putting your hands to every bit of mischief which 'Satan sends for idle hands to do'—and all for want of some sensible employment."

"Would petting a foolish wife be a sensible employment?" I asked, laughing.

"She need not be foolish."

"But the wise virgin will not have *me*, and I will not have a foolish one, and there is just my trouble."

"You are too modest by half," returned my mother, as she was leaving the room.

I pondered that last remark of my mother's. I thought it showed discernment and judgment, and wondered more people were not of her way of thinking. The melancholy general reflection that modest worth is almost sure to be underrated, threw me into a pensive and sentimental mood, and snatching up my hat and fishing tackle, I sauntered out for a reverie under cover of my favorite sport.

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The subject of my late conversation continued to occupy my thoughts. The truth is, my mother was not more anxious to see me married than I was to be so. I had always regarded the married state as the happiest; my heart glowed as much as any man's ever did, at the picture my fancy drew of a loving family and happy home. But the mischief of it was, I could not find any one to please me. I did not consider myself, nor mean to be, over fastidious, but among all the flat, fluttering, furbelowed fine ladies I met in society, I found so little nature, so little goodness, so little heart, that I *could* not fall in love with them let me try as I would.

It was truly a lamentable case. Here was I, a really clever enough fellow—well to do in the world—considered, as I knew well enough, something of a catch—willing and anxious to be caught, and nobody skillful enough to do it. It was almost a parallel case with that of the poor pig in the nursery rhyme, which ran about the streets ready roasted, with a fork stuck in his side, crying, "Who'll eat me?—who'll eat me?"

Pondering this gloomy thought, I wandered on and on, quite beyond my usual bounds, and at last, rather tired, I clambered up a steep rock which overhung the brook I had been following, and sat down to rest.

It was a true summer scene—quiet and warm and bright—nicely shaded, however, where I lay, and the cool sound of the rippling water added just the only charm possible, where all was so charming.

I listened with delight; but in doing so became sensible that besides the regular monotonous babbling of the brooklet, there mingled other sounds of splashing water, which occurred at irregular intervals, and which seemed to proceed from below the rock on which I reclined. My curiosity led me to explore the mystery. I clambered quite to the top of the rock and looked down over its furthest edge.



Cupid! god of love! how was I rewarded! The rock on the side over which I looked descended sheer some fifteen or twenty feet, when a projecting ledge formed a kind of natural seat, below which the water rippled. The spot was quite hung over and shaded by trees and thick shrubs. It was a complete sylvan grotto, and within it, as seemed most meet and fitting, was its nymph.

A young girl, apparently about sixteen, sat on the rocky ledge bathing her feet. Her attitude and occupation reminded me strongly of the pretty picture we have all seen in old-fashioned annuals of Dorothea—except that my little beauty was evidently gay and fresh and lively, while Dorothea in the picture is weary and sad.

I could not make up my mind for a time to disturb so charming a scene, and therefore continued to gaze in silence from my lurking-place.

Ah! those dainty little white feet, with their pink tipped toes, which gleamed so fair through the clear water—or flashed for a moment above its surface flinging about the bright glittering drops, and then plunging again beneath the cool blue—never shall I forget them! The gracefully bent head with its bright golden curls and braids, against which now and then the sun glistened from a chink in the leafy screen—the lovely neck and arm—the cheek delicately tinted with pink, of which I now and then caught a glimpse, formed a picture more enchanting than anything I had ever imagined. More than all, the perfect innocence and modesty which accompanied all the movements of this second Susanna, (an unfortunate allusion by the way, but I scorn the idea that any one could connect me in thought with those rascally, peeping, sneaking elders) however as I was going to say, when I interrupted myself, the modesty of my sweet Diana charmed me even more than her beauty.

My heart of ice suddenly burst into a flame. "Heavens!" cried I to myself, as I felt it thumping against my side—"what is this new sensation? Bob B—your hour is come. You're in love!"

At the moment I came to this conclusion, the float on my fishing line dropped at the feet of my charmer, and immediately—well I'm not going to lay before my confidential public an account of all my delicate and skilful manoeuvring—enough, that within a half an hour I was seated socially by my water-fairy's side, trying to look as much like Neptune or Massaniello, or any other water-hero, I did not care which, as I could. I gave a sly tweek or two to my shirt-collar to make it lie down, sailor fashion; turned back my wristbands, and kept my hat carefully

on, so that that one little spot on my crown which was growing thin, might not be observed, flattered myself I should do pretty well on my new role.

Nora, I soon discovered her sweet name, was most charmingly gay and chatty. No prudery, or thoughts of evil ruffled the current of her child-like, innocent thoughts. She was a careless child at play, glad of a playfellow.

I would have joyfully lingered for hours in that enchanted grotto; but ere long Nora rose, and sauntered forth. I followed; endeavoring to beguile the flowery way she led me as agreeably for her as the wolf did for Little Red Riding Hood; and while schemes, as deep laid and appropriate, though less blood-thirsty toward my innocent companion, formed themselves in my mind.

I was never in such spirits—I was charmed with myself in the novel character of wooer. The railroad rapidity with which my drama progressed excited me. In one short hour, I, the impregnable, the flinty-hearted, had not only fallen head over heels in love myself, but also, I flattered myself—but mum—of all things I hate a boaster.

However, as I have said I was in high spirits and excited, and among other nonsense ventured at last to say, laughingly,

"Do you know, sweet Nora, that I have been haunted by a singular presentiment ever since the moment I first caught a glimpse of you?"

"What is it?" asked she, smiling.

"That you will one day be my wife!" I exclaimed, with the bold emphasis of conviction and determination.

Nora burst into the merriest of laughs, and at the same moment turned into a little path which led down from the door of a rose-wreathed cottage. A young and handsome gentleman advanced hastily to meet us, and Nora with the demurest of mischievous smiles courtiesed low, as she presented "her husband!" I saw the look of mingled coquetry, mischief, curiosity, which she stole at me from under her downcast lashes; I saw the difficulty she had to repress her merriment—I saw what a fool I had been making of myself, and I turned precipitately to fly. Nora's peal up laughter now burst forth; peal after peal rung on the air, and I heard my tormentor call after me,

"Pray, pray, sir angler, return, and I will show you my baby!"

Well, ladies and gentlemen, it's twenty years from that day to this; but I'm a bachelor yet, I suppose I always shall be; for I am as far off as ever from finding my ideal.

I cannot say the adventure I have narrated had any very deep or lasting effect upon me—and yet it had though; for since that same summer afternoon I have never gone angling, and if ever I chance to see a silly girl paddling her feet in water, I run as if ten thousand were after me.

## ADALUSA'S LAY.

BY O. H. CRISWELL.

<p>I AM away from thee, my love, thy voice I do not hear, Thine eyes of light shine not on me—ah, no! thou art not near. Though other forms are round me now, and thine I do not see, My thoughts are still with thee, my love, my thoughts are still with thee. Bright gleam the light on ev'ry face amid the festive throng, And music sounds for dancing feet that swiftly glide along: Although I join with them the dance, my heart feels lone and drear, For, oh! thou art not here, my love, oh, no, thou art not here— Though many strive to win my heart—they cannot, for 'tis thine, And yet, and yet I often fear thou never wilt be mine:</p>	<p>Thou lovest me, they say, dear one, but still it may not be— I worship none but thee, my love, I worship none but thee. They know not that I love thee thus, for silently I hide The secret buried in my breast—yes, even thou'rt denied The knowledge that my lonely heart in vain for thee doth beat— And yet its throbs are sweet, my love, and yet its throbs are sweet. The festive scene is over now—again I am alone— And dearer still in solitude art thou to me, mine own! In fancy I behold thee near, but no, it cannot be— I am away from thee, my love, oh, very far from thee.</p>
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## SEPTEMBER.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

<p>SEPTEMBER days once more have come, In all their glad array, And in the azure space above The cloudlets are at play. With precious loads of golden fruit, The trees are bending down, And hills and vales extending wide, Are clothed in russet-brown. The seed, that was in Spring-time sown, Hath brought a golden spoil, And stacks and ricks of grain repay, The husbandman for toil. Once more, once more I'm roaming by Contooocook's gliding stream, Where I once loved in days ago, To wander and to dream. Once more I view the olden haunts Of childhood's happy hours,</p>	<p>When earth seemed very beautiful, My pathway strewn with flowers. A train of mournful memories My mind comes thronging o'er, As once again I turn to view The hallowed scenes of yore. Out, from their lone sepulchral halls, A thousand fancies start, Then back to shades of former years, The fleeting dreams depart. The Spring brings back its warbling birds, Its sunshine and its flowers, The Summer-time returns again Its cool refreshing showers. But change is stamped on everything, And "written on the tide," For I have mournful memories Of loved ones, who have died.</p>
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## THE TWO PICTURES.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

ONE might have travelled through all England without seeing a prettier, more home-like cottage than that in which dwelt the prosperous house-carpenter, George Mason, with his family, consisting of his blooming wife Fanny, and their two noble little boys of five and seven years. The snowy walls gleaming out here and there through clustering masses of foliage, the garden with its tiny beds and narrow walks always in trim order, the neat appearance alike of the family and their dwelling, all gave evidence of the young wife's taste and activity; as the plenty and comfort they enjoyed bore testimony to the husband's steady and industrious habits. Harmony and contentment reigned within that cheerful cottage, to which George had conducted his fair bride on the wedding day, and to which his feet were ever joyfully turned after his day's willing toil as the dearest spot on earth to his heart. Eight years had thus passed when trouble came suddenly upon the happy family.

George fell from the top of a building on which he was at work, and his injuries were so serious as to confine him for several months to the house; and when, on recovering, he eagerly sought for his customary employment the search was useless; times were changed, work was slack, money scarce, provisions dear, and George Mason was almost driven to despair; for not only had the money which close economy had enabled him gradually to lay by been spent during his long illness, but several small debts had unavoidably been contracted, so that in every way his situation was gloomy and harassing. He was grieved, too, by the change in his family. Care and secret anxiety had worn away much of Fanny's first bloom; the little ones missed the gaiety which had characterized their parents, and lost a portion of the buoyancy that belongs to happy childhood.

One morning George left home immediately after breakfast, to seek his friend Alfred Lowe, from whom he was sure he could borrow a small sum, which on getting employment would be speedily repaid. It cost him a struggle to make the request, which to his astonishment was refused.

"The fact is, George," said his friend, "there no use in staying in England, we seem to be

going behind-hand every year. I have made up my mind to emigrate."

"To emigrate!" repeated George, in surprise.

"Yes; we are going to Australia in the next ship. I intended to call at your house to-night, and urge you to go too. Now don't be so hasty," seeing that George shook his head, "think about it; talk it over with your wife, and you will soon agree, as we did, that it is the best thing to be done. Sell out and get ready for the voyage, and if you are short of funds I will cheerfully assist you, for I know that once in Australia we will all do well."

With a sadder heart than ever, George Mason turned his steps homeward, and detailed to his wife the result of his application to Lowe. Her pale cheek grew whiter at the mention of Australia, but he quickly reassured her by declaring that he had no idea of emigrating.

"No," he continued, "it must grow worse with us before we think of that. It is hard enough to have to remove to some of the neighboring towns, but I fear that we will have to do so. Winter will soon be here, and there seems no hope of a change for the better. And yet I cannot bear the thought of leaving our little place. Do you think you can leave it, Fanny?"

His mournful tone and look went to the wife's heart, and it was only by a strong effort that she could say with a tolerably composed voice,

"Any place would be home to me, George, with you and the little ones."

The husband was not deceived by her forced cheerfulness, and he sighed deeply as his eyes fell upon the children.

"Poor things!" he said, sadly, "they too will miss their home; they have been so happy and healthy hitherto they will feel a change all the more."

This allusion to the little ones overcame the mother's composure, but still struggling to keep back the rising tears, she smiled upon them as they came to her side with ready sympathy, bidding them go and play.

"Yes, run out and amuse yourselves, boys; the road is warm and sunny now," added the father, cheerfully, but the gloom again settled on his brow as he turned away, saying but half aloud, "Make the best of your time, for God

only knows what sort of a home you will soon find yourselves in."

The children left the room reluctantly, but once out on the road-side, in the warm sun and mellow air of autumn, the shadow passed from each buoyant spirit, and seeing near by some oyster-shells and pebbles, they were soon busy with their favorite amusement of making houses and grottoes.

"Robbie," said the eldest, suddenly, "don't you know the old pictures in the garret? wouldn't they make our house look pretty?"

"Oh, yes," replied little Robbie, eagerly, "but mamma wouldn't let us have them, would she?"

"Maybe she would. I'll run in and ask her, and do you take care of all the things."

Harry bounded into the house to make his request to his mother, who, with work-basket in hand, was about sitting down near the front window, whence she could cast an observing glance at the boys.

"You must be very careful of them, if I let you take them, Harry," she said, her momentary hesitation yielding to the child's eagerness, "for I have had the pictures a long time, and should be very sorry if anything would happen to them."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I will take such good care of them, and Robbie will be careful, too. Mayn't I get them, mamma?"

With a smile and caress she assented, and in a moment Harry was on his way to the garret, whence he soon returned with two old, unframed pictures. The mother watched him as he proceeded in triumph to his brother, who clapped his hands with delight at the sight of the coveted treasures; and in the midst of her trials it cheered her to have the power of giving them so much innocent happiness.

"Now, Robbie, we must be very, *very* careful, for mamma says she will be sorry if anything happens to these pictures," said Harry, as demolishing their previous work, they began anew their architectural efforts.

An hour passed. Fanny, as she was leaving the sitting-room to prepare the noontide meal, looked out with the intention of calling the children, but seeing them so intent on their play she concluded to give them a little while longer. After a time, a shrewd-looking Jew came up the road. Stopping at a convenient distance he surveyed the old paintings attentively, then apparently satisfied, approached nearer, and bending down began to praise the children's pretty work, finally offering them each a shilling for the pictures.

"We can't give them to you; they are not ours," replied Harry.

"Whose are they, then?"

"Mamma's, and she gave them to us to play with."

"But she does not care about them, or she would not give them to you for playthings. Where does she keep them?"

"In the garret among other old things," said the child.

"Then, of course, she has no use of them, and would rather you should take the money. See here!" and he drew from an old purse two crowns, "wouldn't you rather have this pretty money than the old pictures?"

Little Robert looked admiringly at the bright coins, but Harry stoutly resisted the temptation. "Mamma told me to take good care of the pictures, and so I will—nobody shall have them;" and he placed a tiny hand guardingly on each picture, while he looked anxiously toward his home.

"Is that your mother's house?" asked the old man, pointing to the cottage, and being answered that it was, he proceeded thither. His rap was answered by Fanny, to whom he stated that he had seen the pictures with which her children were playing, and as he had a fancy for old pictures, and such things, he would give a guinea for the two, if she would part with them. Mrs. Mason was about accepting his offer when something in his manner caused her to hesitate. Under the guise of indifference she thought he concealed a real anxiety to make the purchase, and her suspicions were confirmed when he at length raised his offer to thirty shillings, declaring at the same time that the pictures were not in themselves worth a shilling, but a desire of having his collection of old curiosities as large as possible led him to offer a large sum for any addition to it.

Fanny replied, that as the pictures had been given to her by a friend, and she had had them a long time, she would not like to part with them, but that perhaps she would make up her mind to sell them after consulting her husband, and if he thought it worth while he could call again. Without replying to this suggestion, the Jew finally departed. Fanny then called in the children, and her husband soon after coming to dinner, she related the circumstance.

"It seems to me you have rejected a good offer, Fanny," was his reply. "For my part, I think the two crowns he offered the boys a great price for the old daubs, though as I am no judge of the fine arts my opinion is worth nothing," he added, with a smile.

"I should certainly have taken him at his word, if it had not occurred to me that we might dispose of them to more advantage."

"I doubt it very much. However, he will probably call again, and then you will know better how to act. Perhaps you can strike a better bargain; though unless you have a particular desire to keep them, I should advise you to let him have them at whatever price he offers. But where did you get them, Fanny? I have no remembrance of ever having seen them before."

"I had them long before I first saw you, George," replied his wife. "It is a long story, but if you want to know how they came into my possession, you must have patience."

"In my childhood, as you already know, I was a frequent visitor at the parsonage of my uncle, the vicar of A—. On one occasion, I had strolled out with my cousins, and two or three other little girls, and we walked along a road leading to a noble mansion in the vicinity, until being very tired and warm we sat down to rest and regale ourselves with the cakes my thoughtful aunt had supplied us with. While we were enjoying ourselves to the utmost of our desires, I chanced to look up the road toward a little hill at some distance, and saw a feeble old man toiling up the slight elevation, who seemed scarcely able to move even with the support of his stout walking-stick. I don't know what put the idea into my head, but remembering that a little spring of the coldest, clearest water gushed up on one side of the hill, I proposed to take our tin-cup and go bring a drink to one of my cousins who was complaining of the heat. She was very glad of my offer, so taking the cup I started off, my head filled with vague feelings of pity for the feeble wayfarer, and desire to have a nearer view of him.

"I passed him, and going to the spring began to look about me as I filled my tin-cup, and at last turned my eyes, as if by chance, toward the object of my childish curiosity. Imagine my surprise when I found that the supposed old man, was one in the prime of life, with jetty locks and whiskers, and features of noble beauty and prepossessing expression, although sorrow and sickness seemed to have made him prematurely enfeebled. He reached the spring, and sat down upon the grass to rest. I took courage, as I was passing with my cup of water, to ask if he would like a drink. He took it with a sweet smile, thanking me in a tone so musical and at the same time so melancholy that it brought tears to my eyes. I saw that he was sick, and fancied he must be also in trouble. I filled my cup again, and took it to my cousin.

As I was going again to the spring, I saw that the stranger, as I thought he must be, had bent his head upon his knees as if faint and exhausted; I went back, and getting our little basket which still contained a good many nice cakes offered them to him with no slight embarrassment. He was not offended, however, but accepted them readily, and as he ate he told me he had eaten nothing since the previous day. I was much distressed by this, and asked if he would not come with me to my uncle's, as dinner would be ready by the time we could get there, or if he would not, might I not bring him something, as aunt always cooked such nice things that a person could eat them no matter how sick they were, I added, fearing he would be offended at my offer.

"No, my dear little girl," he answered, a bright light coming to his large, black eyes, "no. I cannot accept either of your kind proposals. I have told you what I would die rather than tell another, and from no one but yourself would I accept what I have; but you are a tender-hearted child, and I love you as I have not loved any one for years."

"He spoke more to himself than to me, but I understood him and whispered that he would love my uncle and aunt too, if he would only go with me to see them, but he only shook his head mournfully as I continued my entreaties, and I ceased. But a bright thought occurred to me, and pausing only to ask if he would remain there much longer, to which he replied that he would not leave so pleasant a spot till toward sunset. I bade him good-bye, and rejoined my companions who were wondering at my long delay. After dinner, I told my uncle and aunt of my morning adventure, and requested the latter to give me the shillings and sixpences, (my carefully hoarded spending-money) which I had placed in her hands for safe keeping, until the time arrived for buying something to take home as a present to my mother. I knew that she would prefer my giving the money to the sick man, and I was sure that he would not refuse it from me.

"My good uncle smiled at my request, and would have added a crown to my little store, but I refused it, as I wished to be able to say the money was all my own. On reaching the spring, I found the invalid had fallen into a light slumber, so I seated myself noiselessly near to await his waking. Very soon he awoke, and smiled cheerfully when he perceived me at his side, and he chatted with me so long and kindly that I grew more at ease with him every moment. When I thought it was almost time to leave the

spring I offered him my little gift. He was going to refuse it, but I put my arm coaxingly around his neck, and I felt his tears on my cheek as he kissed and blessed me.

"We left the spring together, and I accompanied him to his lodging, an upper room in an old, uncomfortable lodging-house. There was very little furniture, and that of the shabbiest kind I had ever seen. It grieved me to think of his living in such a place. I thought of our farm-house, humble and poor though it was, yet comfortable and cheerful, and wished he was there, but I did not like to tell him so; nor to remain long with him, for he seemed completely exhausted by walking, though it was not a great distance; so I took leave, promising to return the next day.

"I went accordingly the next day, and spent several hours with my new friend, who, I now learned, was an artist. There was something indescribably winning in his manners, and I listened to his every word with wrapt attention, and loved him as if he were an old and dear friend."

"Stop, stop, Fanny," interrupted her husband. "Do you know you are making me horribly jealous? And I always fancied that I was your first love, too."

"Don't jest, George; these reminiscences are very sad to me, and I am trying to give you a faithful description of my childish feelings for this gifted and unfortunate being. Let me go on in my own way. On this occasion I took courage to tell him what had been my thoughts the evening previous about his going to my own dear home. He smiled kindly as if gratified by my childish ardor, but would not accept my invitation. He told me how pleased he should be to be able to see my parents, how he felt sure he would love them if only on my account, but that he could not travel even that short distance; he had been a great traveller, but now he had only one more journey to make—that long journey which all must take once, to return no more.

I looked at him in vague alarm; but he went on talking of his death as being very near, and I repented at the thought as if about losing one I had always known and loved. He caressed and comforted me tenderly, and when I had ceased weeping told me that he wished to paint my portrait, so that I could take it to my mother as a gift from him. He had not been able to paint anything for a long time, but he thought he could execute this, if I could come every day, and remain some time. I was overjoyed at the proposal, knowing what delight it would give my mother, and feeling also that it would be a ratification to himself. However he was too

unnerved by our previous conversation to commence the likeness, and though the next day, and the next, and every day to the one preceding his death, he made the effort with all the strength that an ardent desire could impart to his sinking frame, he could not succeed, and the work was never fairly begun. He was much grieved at his inability to accomplish the one thing which he had set his heart upon doing; and I was grieved too, though more for his disappointment than my own, and still more for his daily increasing languor, which, child as I was, I could not help noticing. That walk from the little spring on the first day of our acquaintance was his last walk, in this world. I took him various dainties that my aunt was skilled in preparing for the sick, and he received them gratefully, partaking of them with apparent relish, though more, I believe, to gratify me than for the care he had for them.

"One day on making my accustomed visit I found him worse than usual, and unable to rise from his miserable bed. He received me with his usual affection, though only able to utter a few words at long intervals. I sat beside the bed the whole afternoon giving him a spoonful of some refreshing drink occasionally: and I knew by the way he held my hand, and sometimes gently stroked back my hair, that my presence was a comfort to him. When at length I was obliged to go as it was getting late, he pointed to two old paintings which I had often observed, and in a feeble voice said he gave them to me—it was all he had to give, and he would perhaps be able to tell me something about them at another time. He asked me also to come early the next day, and to tell my uncle he would be pleased to see him at the same time. I was very glad to hear this, for at my uncle's request I had several times intimated to the sick man that he would be pleased to visit him if agreeable, but he had hitherto refrained from giving a decided answer.

"Early the next day we went, but alas! In the silence of night, in the gloomy solitude of that wretched room the artist had breathed his last. I wept bitterly over the cold remains, and my uncle wiped away his starting tears as he looked on the calm face that still bore traces of lofty beauty, marred though it was by sorrow and disease. He reproached himself also for not having waived all ceremony and visited the dying man; but then he had not thought him so near his end, and knowing, from what he heard, that he did not wish his retirement intruded on, he had deemed it best to wait until his visits would be desired.

"We learned from the keeper of the lodging house that the artist had hired the room nearly three months before, and that he had given his name as Clifford. An assured name uncle thought, but nothing farther could be ascertained, so uncle buried him in the village graveyard, and had accounts of him published in various papers; but nothing relating to his history was ever known.

"The succeeding week I returned home, carrying my legacy, the two old paintings. No one ever admired them, but though pronounced on all hands dirty, and shabby, and worthless, I always preserved them as mementos of the unfortunate dead. After we came here to live, in unpacking the things I brought with me from home, I brought to light the pictures which I had thought of getting framed for the sitting-room; but you ridiculed the idea, and I began to think that as you said they would prove but shabby adornments, so I put them away in the garret, where they remained in safety undisturbed till the children thought of them to-day, and wanted them for their play-house, and as we all seem to have little pleasure these times I could not deny their request. Now you have the whole history of my poor pictures, which you thought scarce worthy of a glance when I spoke to you of them years ago."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Fan, I don't think them worth a second glance now, so far as their beauty goes, for they are poor, dingy-looking

things. Owing to association, however, they doubtless look better in your eyes."

"I have an idea, however, that they may be valuable in themselves, and perhaps that was what the poor artist intended to tell me," said the sanguine Fanny. "At any rate it can do no harm to inquire. There is our doctor, very likely he may be able to tell something about their merits—suppose you go to his office this afternoon, George, and ask him about them."

"Well, yes, I will go, for as you say he is probably a judge of such things; if he is not, I know of no one else about here that is."

Accordingly Mason took the pictures to Dr. Lambert, who was a man of cultivated taste, and after a very slight inspection gave it as his opinion that they were of value. He advised George, however, to go to London with them, which he did the next day, bearing a letter from the doctor to a gentleman in that city, who pronounced the paintings works of one of the old masters, and offered to give fourteen hundred pounds for the pair. George, bewildered as he was by such good fortune, gladly accepted the offer, and turned homeward with a joyful heart, though still puzzled as to the great value of the shabby, old pictures! The rapturous joy of the whole family as he related the wonderful news who cannot imagine? But in the midst of his rejoicing and pious gratitude, the gentle Fanny shed tears to the memory of the unknown artist.

## A WISH.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

As softly steals the rosy blush  
O'er floating clouds at even,  
As swiftly course along clear streams  
Beneath a smiling Heaven—

As lovely flowers begemmed with dew  
A fragrance sweet are breathing,  
Where roses with the hawthorn fair  
A chaplet bright are wreathing—

So be thy journey o'er life's way;  
As warm, still sunlight shining,  
Reflected from soft flowing streams,  
Or clouds with silver lining.

As pure as dew-drops on the flowers  
Along the way-side growing,  
Or music from a brighter sphere  
In golden measure flowing.

Such ever be thy journey here;  
And joyous be its ending,  
The good, the pure, the bright, the fair,  
In love immortal, blending.

The flower, the rose, the cloud, the dew  
All earthly ones are sharing;  
But though the shades predominate  
Still trusting—ne'er despairing—

A fadeless crown is their reward,  
In realms of light immortal;  
Then strive to win, and enter in  
That fair and golden portal.

Where angels pure in robes of white  
Will welcome thee rejoicing,  
And seraph in rare harmony  
Sweet praises will be voicing.

## ISABEL MONTCLAIR'S FAULT.

BY LALLA ELMWOOD.

EARLY one bright and beautiful May morning, when the dew-drops still lingered on the flowers, Isabel Montclair stood at the altar, and tremblingly pronounced the solemn marriage vow which linked her destiny with that of Edward Howard's. Beautiful indeed she was, with her raven tresses floating around her snow white shoulders. But her cheeks, which a few weeks since rivalled the rose in their hue, now as pale as parian marble. The warm congratulations of her friends were unheeded by her. For the first time, she thought of the fatal step she had taken. She felt as if she had committed a sin in vowing to love and honor him who stood beside her, when her heart and affections were irrecoverably another's, though *he* deserved them not.

"Here is a bouquet my friend requested me to present to the bride," said a light-haired youth. He bent his curly head toward Isabel, whispered something, and was gone. A crimson flush stole over Isabel's pale, sad face for a moment, but it quickly fled, leaving her paler than ever.

When alone she examined the flowers, and a note dropped to the floor from among them. She hastily picked it up and read—

"Farewell to hope, love, and life, but not to thee. I leave forever my native land for Italy. May you always be as happy as you are now is the prayer of your heart-broken VERNON."

Alas! he did not know the heart he had won, nor that an enemy had whispered a few words of fearful import to the credulous Isabel. She believed them, and one evening, when the high-ouled artist was standing in the door of his studio looking up at the silvery moon above him, and thinking only of love and Isabel, a servant handed him a package containing his letters and miniature, with the request that he must never see her again. At first he deemed it but a stratagem to try his love; and sought an explanation. But in vain, for none was given. Then rumor came that she was about to be married. On that day, which crushed his hopes of happiness forever, he sent her a bouquet of sweet-scented flowers, which told her she was still beloved by him.

Five years passed. Isabel had learned to love Edward for his kindness to her, yet she felt she could not appreciate him justly, until she saw the light go out from his dark eyes and his cheek grow paler, and noticed that he met the king of terrors with the resignation of a true Christian. Then when she listened to his sad farewell, and felt for the last time his kiss upon her brow, she realized how desolate she would be without him. Her father had been called home a few weeks before, and she was alone in the world.

The crimson sunlight, with its golden beams came stealing into the boudoir where Isabel was seated. She held a withered bouquet in her hands, and tears were in her deep blue eyes. That morning she had learned that Claude was innocent. Yes, Grace Gordon had confessed on her dying bed her only falsehood, and asked forgiveness. It was readily granted, for Isabel could not but pity her, when she said, "I loved him, I knew you were credulous; and that was the stratagem I took to separate you, for I thought I could win his love. Since then I have never known one happy moment."

It had been a glorious Indian summer day, with its bland air, and hazy light, falling so peacefully on the heart, when Isabel Howard and her husband's niece, Fanny, drove up to Mr. Leon's mansion in Italy, where they were warmly welcomed by the family.

Fanny thought they stared at aunt Bell rather singularly as she introduced her to her husband's relatives. Perhaps it was because they were struck with so much beauty. She declared aunt was more beautiful than ever. But she did not know why the bloom of health was coming again to Isabel's cheek. Fanny's curiosity was gratified, when her little cousin Ida came in, and threw her arms around her cousin Bell's neck, and said, "I know I'll love you, for you are so much like Mr. Vernon's beautiful portrait he has hanging in his studio. Father do not you think so?" "Yes, Ida, dear, and to satisfy you, and to make an apology to your cousin for staring at her so rudely, we will go into Vernon's little studio." Strange emotions sprang up in the bosom of Isabel, as she gazed at the portrait.



Her heart told her the owner must be the one she had wronged so long in thought; and now perchance she might see him and all would be forgiven.

It was a glorious night, such as is seen only beneath an Italian sky. The moon shone with its soft mellow light, peculiar to the clime. Isabel was gazing at the beautiful heavens above her, her mind wandering far back over the past. Another too was gazing with his midnight eyes at the same scene. He also was thinking of the past, his first and only grief. "It was on such a night as this," he murmured, "she pledged her love to me, and on such a night as this my hopes were crushed." Isabel heard the murmured words of the stranger. She heaved a deep sigh, and when he looked at the apparition before him, he stretched his arms forward to clasp her to his heart. Simultaneously she sprang forward with the words, "Forgive, oh, forgive me, Claude, I have always loved you."

His heart was still true to its first love, and when explanations were given, he clasped her again to his heart, and whispered, "Bell, you will yet be mine, the past will be forgotten in the bright future." "And you," she replied, "you will forgive me, Claude, and will love me as of old?" "Yes, willingly." "Ah! I am so happy," she murmured. She need not have said so, he knew it from the expression of her low-lit eyes.

"Look, look cousin Fanny at Mr. Vernon. He is gazing as earnestly at cousin Bell as he used to at that portrait in his studio." "I wonder who introduced them," said Fanny. The mystery was soon solved, and when Isabel Howard returned to her native land, her artist lover accompanied her. Once more she stood at the altar, and pronounced the solemn marriage vow, and it was unflinchingly this time. She was cured forever of the fault of being "too credulous."

## Y E ' V E C O M E A G A I N M Y L I T T L E B I R D .

BY E. C. HOWE, M. D.

Ye've come again, my little bird,  
Ye've come from Southern land and sea,  
To greet with song the pretty flowers  
That gaily bloom o'er vale and lea;  
Oh, softly floats thy happy song  
On winds that gently waft along.

Oft in the glowing Heavens I've seen  
Gay birdlings dressed in plumage fine;  
And heard their richest, happiest strains,  
But none so clearly rich as thine;  
Oh, softly floats thy dulcet song  
On winds that gently waft along.

'Mid flowery fields and meadows green,  
Thy home shall gay and pleasant be;  
And o'er the hills thy silv'ry notes  
Shall roll in sweetest melody;  
How softly floats thy tender song  
On winds that gently waft along.

Oh, ne'er again, my pretty bird,  
Go to the Southern land or sea,  
But rest thee here through Winter chill,  
I'll make a happy home for thee;  
Oh, softly floats thy lovely song  
On winds that gently waft along.

## N I A G A R A .

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I stood beside the torrent as it rushed  
In wondrous strength along,  
And my heart murmured not of strange, wild beauty,  
Nor wove its thoughts in song.  
Silent I stood and watched the foaming current  
All wreathed in misty spray,  
Dash onward in the proud exulting splendor  
Of haughty boifndless sway.

Back from the slippery rocks my steps retracing,  
With one long earnest sigh  
I turned and placed for life—God's noblest picture  
Framed in my memory.  
Time, chance, or change can never more erase it,  
The tameless, ceaseless roar  
Of that untrammeled world of glorious water  
Will haunt me evermore.

## "TOO LATE."

BY H. L. SPENCER.

### I.

"OPEN the window, mother, and raise me up, that I may see the sun set once more before I die."

So whispered a little girl of eight or ten summers, the hectic glow on her cheek and the wild light in her eye betokening the near approach of the king of terrors.

Long and earnestly she gazed upon the sun as it sunk among the gorgeous colored clouds that skirted the western horizon—then with a smile of sweet satisfaction, sank back upon her pillow and slept.

### II.

"CAN you pay me a part of the money that is due my husband for last week's work?"

"There is nothing *due* your husband for last week's work till pay-day, which comes the twentieth of the month, as you well know."

"But Janie is sick, and we wish to get some medicine for her, and the druggist will not let us have it without the money."

"Fudge! the same old story that rings in my ears from morning till night, from one month to another."

"But what I say is true; Janie is very, very sick," and the tears started in the mother's eyes,

"and if medicine cannot be procured, we know not how long she will be spared to us."

"Well, that will do; call on pay-day, and then all that is due you shall be promptly paid."

The proprietor resumed his cigar and paper, and the heart-broken mother turned sadly away.

### III.

THERE is a sound of weeping in the laborer's cottage, for Janie is no more. Pale and cold she lies in the little pine coffin. In her transparent fingers is a bunch of violets, freshly gathered, and a wreath of the same sweet flowers is on her head.

Under the maple by the road-side is a little grave where Janie will soon be laid to rest. The birds will sing over her, the flowers will bloom around her, in the valley the brook will murmur softly by day and night, but she will gaze upon their beauty and listen to their melody no more.

### IV.

"AND how is your daughter, Janie?"

"She is dead."

"Dead! had I known her illness was so serious I would have paid you your husband's wages the other day."

"IT IS TOO LATE."

## FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY MRS. JAMES MATTOON.

The song of the bird and hum of the bee,  
Are passing away in their fitful glee,  
The opening bud and expanded flower  
Will charm us no more at the twilight hour.

The robin hath roamed with his mate away;  
No longer the whip-poor-will chants his lay;  
And the moonbeams gleam on the voiceless air!  
Fought with the spirit of love and prayer.

No more can I twine for thy flowing hair,  
No white rose-wreath in its beauty rare!  
No pluck for the vase the richest dye,  
No rich the rainbow-tints in beauty vie.

No more can I gather the little wild weed,  
No hose fragrance all other sweet flowers exceed;  
No 'en this humble flower, which graces the plain,  
Can mitigate sorrow, and soften e'en pain.

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The humming-bird too with its bright crimson breast,  
He too with the flowers is seeking for rest;  
In vain did I offer protection and care,  
From Autumn's rude blast and the keen Winter air.

Not one of the dear little warblers would stay  
In my vine-covered trellis, 'mid mosses as gay  
As the plumage which Nature so lavishly spread,  
Oh, they could not stay, as the flowers were all dead.

For Flora had beckoned them on to a clime,  
Where flowers ever flourish and suns ever shine,  
And the sweet Summer zephyr is wafting perfume  
Where the orange and myrtle are ever in bloom.

Then cannot we glean from these lessons of love,  
Some impulse divine, some light from above?  
Some Flora to guide us to Heavenly bowers?  
Where blossom unceasing perennial flowers.

little taper, for augury, afloat on a great and dark flood. I hope for nothing better than its speedy extinction, and the falling back upon me of the clouds of solitude and folly. Yet let it go.

"A YOUNG LADY, handsome, healthy, wealthy, accomplished and sensible, desires to make the acquaintance of a young GENTLEMAN. Persons answering that description may, if they choose, answer this advertisement.

KALADORA ANDROS."

The letter appeared as above mentioned. The next number of the Journal in due season also appeared. Miss Meriam opened its damp leaves with a queer sensation of embarrassment, as if somebody must of course have answered her epistle; neither could she relieve herself from a sort of mortification, arising from an involuntary conviction that her presumed unknown correspondent had by some secret means become possessed of the truth as to her own name and place. In such a frame of mind she hesitated before seeking the reply, and was partly relieved, but in truth more disappointed at not finding any. She had not really expected, but yet had wished an answer. She waited another week, actually worried that her letter should attract no notice. Yet she was ashamed and angry at her worrying too. But it seemed as if she must positively have *some* termination for her adventure. It was no matter at all, of course, about any particular individual. To the actual appearance of a real "young gentleman," Miss Flora was supremely indifferent. But having condescended to enter into such an undertaking, it would be most inglorious to prove unable to evoke an answer from anybody, either in earnest or in joke.

But at the end of the next week an answer came. It was as follows:

"MISS ANDROS—I do not know whether you are really a young lady, or a veil for the epistolary talent of either of the editors of the Journal. In either event, I answer, not your personality, but your sentiments.

"The trouble you are in, viz., the superabundance of the foolish, and the inaccessibility of the wise, is merely an individual instance under a general rule. For the general rule is that wealthy women will be sought by despicable young men for their money, and avoided, that is, as wives, by honorable young men, lest they be thought to seek their money. If you are what you say, God pity you, for your horoscope must almost surely be a dark one.

"For suppose that A. You marry a fool.

Then he spends your money, neglects you, and ruins both you and himself, for himself he knows no better than to ruin—so far as he can be said to be ruined—with the indulgences which money can give him, and which he knows too little to resist; and you he ruins, if not positively, yet comparatively, because he is such a fatal burden to you. For if you would rise in intellect or soul, you must do it under the discouraging weight of a senseless thing that knows not nor cares for your aspirations, and drags you ever downward by mere inertia of its own, by the saddening consciousness that you might perhaps have had a friend and sympathiser instead, and by the terrible clog of sorrow.

"Or B. You remain an old maid. If irreligious, you are a seared and soured old stick, sapless, sorrowful, without a tendril of love or affection clasped from your own heart to another's, or from another's to yours; with every offer of warm love either suicidally counteracted by some unrepressed fault of your own, or pitilessly jammed back upon you, as the diabolical sheriff in the old story jammed back the tortured victim's tongue into his miserable mouth with a stick.

"There is, to be sure, a third suppositio, viz., that you find one worthy of you, and marry him. But of that the chances are so infinitesimally few, that I shall not discuss the prospect or the results.

"But, it may be said that all this is not germane to the matter. An agreeable acquaintance was sought, and here I have sent a Jeremiah instead.

"Out of sorrow cometh joy. I might, nevertheless, be a pleasant acquaintance. I think I answer the description in the advertisement. Therefore, if you wish to see me, you can see me. UNSTRADT."

A short editorial afterpiece read as follows:

"The above answer, the only one of any significance, out of a dozen which we have received, contains a sealed note, addressed to Kaladora Andros. This, upon an intimation from that incognita, we will forward, in all secrecy, to her order."

All this Flora Meriam read in the beautiful boudoir, as if in a dream. She read it again. There was nothing in it but calm and sad ratiocination. It read as if written by some philosophic or misanthropic man, answering her to divert some sorrow of his own by discussing that of another. There was no sympathy, no joy. And the deliberate proffer of acquaintance—should she send for the note? This would

evidently contain the name of the gloomy respondent.

Now that an opportunity of bringing a tangible, actual result from her impulsive experiment offered itself, she shrunk with fear from deciding it. Like the old witch in the Bible, she feared to see what she had called up. She determined not to send for the note, and worked all the rest of the day upon drawing and German.

So she did for a day or two longer; but the unknown correspondent plagued her constantly. He had gradually assumed in her mind a distinct form, evolved from the opinions which she had based upon the sober character of the letter. She was haunted, therefore, by a notion of an upright, pale young man, with a face overspread with clouds of gloomy musing; dressed in a black suit, with speckless gloves, collar and wristbands, and a white cravat. Not a very pleasant companion. Yet the persevering phantom even intruded himself once into her dreams. And, next Sabbath, when a young divinity student officiated in the stead of her beloved pastor—the poor fellow *must* begin somewhere—she was struck, upon seeing him stalk up the aisle and the pulpit steps with a vague fear lest he might be the man, and might recognize her by the consciousness in her face. So she studied the hymn-book until the sermon, and was relieved by the twang and inanity of the young gentleman's verbose and bare-boned dogmatics and solemnities. The gloomy correspondent would at least have preached thoughts.

Miss Meriam, in sheer vexation that she was no more mistress of her own mind, and determined to relieve herself in some way, wrote two notes, on Monday morning; one to the editor, signed K. Andros, requesting him to send the note to "Care of Miss Mary Sands, Boston;" and another to the said Miss Sands, who was a former schoolmate, requesting her to forward the note so directed, to herself, Flora Meriam, and to say nothing about it. In due time the note arrived—a not very extraordinary note, in plain envelope—and was opened by Miss Meriam, not without some trepidation. She found only these words, dated the day after the publication of her letter:

"If you attend the evening lecture at the tabernacle, four weeks from to-day, you will see me.  
UNSTEADY."

Unsteady? What a vague, uncomfortable name! And of evil omen in respect to the per-assuming it. Unsteady how? And how was

she to see him? Was he to appear as a cloaked myth, besetting the door? Or as a wild enthusiast, springing up in the midst of the audience, with crazy interruptions of the speaker? Perhaps he was to speak.

She examined the dailies for a few days last past. A well-known lecturer was announced to speak at the Tabernacle on the evening mentioned in the note, one week from the day of its receipt—a minister of great reputation, and beyond middle age. He must needs be the man. The sober tone of the letter in the newspaper was appropriate enough, from a clergyman, though the personal information in the note just received seemed from him superfluous and useless. Yet that appeared the most probable solution of the puzzle, and although she had heard Dr. A— before, she determined to attend the meeting that evening, if only to observe whether he would allude to his secret yet public correspondent.

Upon the appointed evening, Miss Meriam entered the Tabernacle in good season, and having selected a front seat near the upper end of one of the galleries, awaited the address, and examined the audience. All sorts of people came in, in great streams, which gradually diverged away through aisles and seats, as rivers waste themselves in sandy deserts. Old people, young people and dandies; well-dressed, ill-dressed, and dressed in no particular way; handsome, ugly, and indiscriminate, filed in by hundreds and settled quietly into their places, while Miss Meriam watched them. But she saw no one whom she could select as her correspondent, though many bold-faced and insane fellows stared rudely up at her, in admiration or curiosity.

At last two gentlemen entered the pulpit, both tall and straight; one grey-haired, yet strong, the other young, slender and active.

When the hour for the address had arrived, the old man, Dr. A—, arose and stated with some little difficulty, that owing to an attack of a bronchial disorder within three days, he had been compelled to substitute a comparative stranger, Thomas Bemis, Esq., for himself. He added that his proxy, he was convinced, would more than supply his own place; for that he had already no contemptible reputation as a speaker and thinker; and he trusted, he said, that since the change had been advertised, no disappointment would be felt.

Mr. Bemis then arose, and was received by the audience, either in welcome or indulgence, with considerable applause. His personal appearance was much to his advantage. He was

tall and straight, as we said. His features were noble, his head handsome, and embowered in great abundance of closely curling brown hair. Blue eyes, large and deep-set, and a straight nose, were the most striking of his features, which is as it should be; it is for women to have beautiful mouths. His address, which lasted more than an hour, and was received with very great satisfaction, contained not one single word or thought which Miss Meriam could interpret as referring to the letters in the Journal.

The lecture, as lectures should be, was rather rhetorical than logical *in effect*; yet in truth the rhetorical ornamentation hung like wreaths of flowers around the iron chain of the argument underneath. The speaker showed the utility of beauty by many deductions from facts within the observation of all; but we cannot even give a synopsis of his thoughts. The great crowd sat in deep silence beneath the magic music of his voice, the sudden beauty of his startling thoughts, the bright gleams of his eye. At one point and another where a climax of noble thoughts lifted all the audience upon the lofty path of the orator, Flora Meriam could not help laughing at the utter self-abandonment of some, who followed him with open mouth and breath suspended, and fell back with a sigh of pleasure as the last crowning thought was placed. She laughed, even though the tears of sympathy and admiration stood in her eyes. As the lecturer ended, a moment's silence held the great hall; and then a storm of stunning applause went up, bursting out and rolling on with the power, as it seemed, of a thunder-clap. Deafened by the roar and half-choked with the dust, but with a heart all throbbing to the lovely truths which she had heard, Mrs. Meriam with difficulty and by patient and careful progress regained her carriage and departed home, with a sort of resolution to believe that she *had* seen her newspaper correspondent, although she could not resist a conviction that she only thought so because she wanted to think so.

But her voyage of discovery had not been successful. Suppose she *had* seen him? As she reclined wearily upon her magnificently upholstered cushions, she speculated with infinite dissatisfaction upon her dilemma. Either she had seen him or she had not. If yea, how should she find out who he was? If no, evidently there was no better prospect of it. There seemed no possible way of pursuing the acquaintance—if such it might be called—further, except by further advertising, and naming some rendezvous, or address for letters; neither of which could she bring herself to attempt. So she

resumed her usual avocations of study and company-keeping in huge displeasure; partly at herself for going as far even as she had done, but more at the indefinite results of her advances. Thus she lived for some time, haunted at intervals by the remembrance of the unknown, whose phantom had now exchanged his grim ultra-clerical exterior for the citizenly one of T. Bemis, Esq.; and driving vigorously through music practise, talking, reading and parties, she strove to get away from her foolish fancy.

She had perhaps partly succeeded, when lo! all her returning comfort was instantaneously dissipated into the same whirling clouds of perplexity which had plagued her so much, by the sudden appearance, at an evening party near Union Square, of T. Bemis, Esq., whom she discovered standing quietly by himself, listening to the seraphic strains which Miss Ermengarde De Freese was pouring forth with piano accompaniment. He seemed much delighted in particular at the refrain of a *Tyrolien*, which Miss De Freese terminated with a small, dry squeal far up in the north-east corner of her head, thus:

ce!"  
la  
la

"Oh, where is my hunter boy? Tra

Miss Meriam was perplexed. What should she do? Somehow it seemed as if he would certainly see her and read her thoughts. She suddenly ceased talking, and appeared so embarrassed that the daughter of the house, upon whose birth-night the party was given, and with whom she had been conversing rapidly and merrily, asked if she were ill; offered her *vinigrade*; suggested stepping up stairs and lying down a little while; was very solicitous. But Flora declined all these little attentions, and only stepped out upon a balcony a moment for fresh air. Here she mustered her courage, and indulged in keen reproaches at herself for her folly. Was she a city beauty of such pretensions to wit and intellect, to be discomfited by the mere sight of a slender man whom she had never seen but once, who had never seen her, and between whom and herself not one word had passed? That she, who had transpierced so many with a repartee or a look, should wither before a conqueror who did not even see her? How abominable! She would procure Mr. Bemis to be introduced to her, for the mere purpose of immolating him upon the altar of her self-respect; as barbarians steal strangers to sacrifice to their gods. She would even demonstrate a superfluity of self-con-

trol, by skilfully talking round and round the riddle with which she had been playing, in such a way as to puzzle her wretched victim in case he *should* know what she meant, with evidence of a knowledge whose extent she would hide. And having made fun of him, and worried him to her proud heart's content, she would leave him—to perish, if he liked.

So Miss Meriam, armed in double beauty, namely, that which was properly her own, and also that which the excitement of her two resolutions, to please and to destroy, caused to sparkle in her eyes, to glow upon her cheek, to evaporate from the accelerated vitality of her perfect health and intensified mental action, re-entered the gay saloons with direful intent.

She mingled again with the laughing talkers; passed from group to group, rejoined her friend, the young hostess, looking by accident (of course) about the room in the course of conversation, saw a tall young man with deep-set blue eyes, and a Grecian nose and curly hair; inquired his name, was told that he is Mr. Bemis, a teacher in Ward School, No. 35, and measurably a literary man, having had "a success" at the Tabernacle some little time since. So she takes a sudden fancy to know him, is gratified, and having been named to him, and he to her, there is an opportunity to open her attack.

Somehow or other the machinery does not operate. She had thought of so many witty things—where are they all gone? Surely it is not one steady look from two great, deep, blue eyes, a single bow, one remark, in a deep, grave voice, to the effect that the speaker is delighted to become an acquaintance of Miss Meriam—it is not those insignificant things which can disconcert her? Why no—and with a rapid rush of anger at the capability of being disconcerted at all, the beauty is herself again, and speaks without indulging in the customary meteorological preliminaries.

She complimented Mr. Bemis upon his brilliant address at the Tabernacle, with the addition that she was present at its delivery, and, he added, with a significant look, by special invitation. The look was wasted, Mr. Bemis was lattered, he said, quietly, that he was pleased. But he did not seem at all conscious that any special invitations had been given out upon the occasion.

One dart blunted.

This about a special invitation must evidently seem rather flat, thought Miss Flora, and she was mortified.

She was very curious, she said, in autography; having a pretty extensive collection of specimens;

and she was busy in forming a theory as to the relation between character and handwriting; would Mr. Bemis favor her?

He would, with the utmost pleasure; and he executed a signature with great rapidity and freedom upon a blank card.

"Thomas Bemis, New York city." A bold, square, yet rapid hand, very different from the finical and delicate manuscript of the note. Neither did he seem fearful of risking any disclosures which might arise from the possession of his writing by a stranger.

Two darts blunted.

What a talkative, bold thing he must think me, she reflected; and was mortified again a little more. She began to feel acrid. But controlling herself she tried again; and volunteered some remark about the last *prima donna* in Italian Opera. Looking at her companion while speaking, she perceived that his eyes wandered about the room; and she stopped suddenly, extremely provoked—indeed, rather more so, perhaps, than she would have been under ordinary circumstances.

Mr. Bemis blushed and offered an apology. Said he,

"I am a bit of a physiognomist. Everybody has some hobby, you know. And just now I was most earnestly engaged in studying every face I could see for a special purpose. I am so little in company that my student habits remain with me yet; and it was in a manner involuntarily that I was so neglected and rude. May I hope for excuse? I could not have a more competent teacher of whom to learn my new lesson for company," continued he, as he bent his deep eyes again earnestly upon Flora, seeming to see, for the first time, that she was very lovely—and he smiled and blushed slightly again. "Nor a more welcome one," he added.

Blushing in her turn at the light which seemed to spring up and glow in his eyes as he looked and spoke, and at the curious mixture of inexperience and self-possession in his manner, she answered, looking upon the floor, for she could not quite face his gaze,

"Undoubtedly: nobody is so excusable as a hobby-horseman; since you have confessed yourself to be one of the tribe. I am one myself—or rather a hobby-horsewoman; but I have always wished to manage more than one steed. I cherish the unwomanly desire of singly controlling a four-in-hand team, at least something like the 'Jordian Acrobat' in the ballad.

"What is it?" asked Bemis, with interest, "I don't remember it."

She quoted from "Bon Gaultier."

"Never on a single charger rides that  
Stout and stalwart Moor—  
Five, beneath his stride so stately bear him  
O'er the trembling floor."

She added also, "I don't emulate the erect  
position of Mr. Acrobat, but only his plurality  
of Arab steeds. But, Mr. Bemis, if you will not

think me too inquisitive, I want very much to  
ask what is the physiognomic quest in which  
you were so absorbed."

"Do you know anybody named Kalsdera An-  
dros?" asked he, abruptly, and looking straight  
and steadily at her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY MRS. M. J. RICHARDSON.

Oh! stranger kind, repeat no more  
Tales of thy native land;  
I cannot leave my Mountain Home,  
With its dear household band;  
Too well I love its happy scenes,  
Its torrents wild and free,  
Each thing familiar to my gaze,  
They're all too dear to me.

There's kindness in thy manly voice,  
There's beauty on thy brow,  
There's nobleness in that dear heart  
That breathes to me its vow:  
Yet sure no more the mountain child,  
Afar with thee to roam;  
Too loved by me are all things here,  
Too dear my Mountain Home.

Oh! sad would be my father's heart,  
And grieved my mother dear,  
My daring brothers list in vain  
A sister's voice to hear:  
Then urge no more the simple maid  
To share thy home with thee,  
Too dear, too loved are all things here,  
Each heart too kind to me.

Thou'rt deeming that my mountain song  
Thy distant home might cheer;  
If there's a freedom in its notes,  
A wildness round it here,  
The bird that's chained may sing no more  
Of aught that's glad and free;  
I cannot leave my Mountain Home,  
'Tis all too dear to me.

I would not cause one sadd'ning thought  
To dim that brow of thine;  
I would not round thy noble heart  
A wreath of grief entwine;  
Then stranger, gentle stranger, go:  
I cannot bid thee stay;  
I have no tie to bind thee here,  
Thy home is far away.

The mountain maid will not forget  
Thee in her simple prayer;  
And though thou roam'st the wide world o'er,  
Her blessing shall be there:  
And in the songs she oft shall sing  
Thy name as oft shall stray;  
Oh, well kind thoughts of thee she'll keep  
Though thou art far away.

## THE GOLDEN THREAD.

BY HELEN M. LADD.

THERE'S an old and faded fabric  
Woven of smiles and tears,  
With rare and beautiful soul-dreams  
Blended with hopes and fears.

In the 'midst of this fabric olden,  
Wrought in a silvery beam,  
Runneth a bright thread golden,  
Like a ray in some dark-hued dream.

Though over this faded fabric  
Many a tear be shed,  
Still untarnished by tears or time  
Gleameth this golden thread.

Hearts may sorrow in secret,  
Hope may lie drooping or dead,  
Yet in the fabric shineth  
This glittering golden thread.

Death may shadow the ground work,  
Despair to sorrow be wed,  
In the darkness gleameth ever  
This beautiful golden thread.

It bringeth a balm to the sore heart  
When every joy is fled,  
This fabric whose name is Memory,  
And Love is the golden thread.

## THE SHIRT-COLLAR.

FROM THE DANISH OF ANDERSEN.

THERE was once a dandy, whose goods and chattels consisted of a boot-jack and a hair-brush; but he had the smartest shirt-collar in the world. The shirt-collar had grown so odd, that he now began to think of marrying, when he happened to find himself in the same wash-tub as a garter.

"Mercy on us!" cried the shirt-collar; "I never saw anything so slim, so dainty, so delicate, or so elegant before. May I make so bold as to ask your name?"

"I shall not tell you," said the garter.

"Where do you live?" asked the shirt-collar.

But the garter was by nature rather shy, and did not know how to answer.

"I suppose you are a belt," said the shirt-collar—"a belt to fasten some under-clothes. I see that you serve for use, as well as for show, my little lady."

"You must not speak to me," said the garter.

"I am sure I cannot have given you any encouragement to do so."

"When one is as pretty as you are," said the shirt-collar, "is not that encouragement enough?"

"Get away—don't come so near me," said the garter. "You seem to be quite like a man."

"I am a fine gentleman, sure enough," said the shirt-collar. "I possess a boot-jack and a hair-brush."

This was not true, for it was his master who owned these things. But he was a boaster.

"Don't come so near me," said the garter.

"I'm not accustomed to such behavior."

"Ridiculous prudery!" said the shirt-collar.

And then they were taken out of the wash-tub, and starched, and hung over a chair in the sunshine; after which, they were laid on the ironing-board. And now came the glowing flat-iron.

"Mistress widow," said the shirt-collar—"little mistress widow, I feel very warm. I am quite metamorphosed: my creases are all smoothed down. You are burning a hole in me! Oh, dear! I offer myself for your acceptance."

"You, you ragamuffin!" said the flat-iron, as she drove proudly over the shirt-collar; for she imagined herself to be a steam-engine, that rolls

over a railway, and draws carriages. So she called him ragamuffin.

The edge of the shirt-collar was somewhat frayed, so the scissors were in request to cut it smooth.

"Oh!" said the shirt-collar, "you are certainly a first-rate dancer. I never saw anything so elegant in my life. No human being could imitate you."

"I should think not," said the scissors.

"You would deserve to be a countess," said the shirt-collar. "My only worldly possessions consist of a dandy, a boot-jack, and a frizzing-comb. I wish I had a county to lay at your feet."

"What! is he wooing me, forsooth?" said the scissors, who waxed indignant, and gave such a violent snip, that the shirt-collar was in a fair way to be cashiered.

"Then I must make a proposal to the hair-brush," thought the shirt-collar. "What remarkably beautiful hair you have, my little missy! Have you never thought of becoming engaged?"

"You may well imagine that I have thought about it," answered the hair-brush; "for I am engaged to the boot-jack."

"Engaged!" cried the shirt-collar. There was now nobody left whom he could woo, therefore he pretended to despise courtships in general.

A long time after, the shirt-collar lay in a bag at the paper-mill. There was a large company of rags; the fine ones and the coarse ones herding together respectively, as it was proper they should. They had all a great deal to relate, but especially the shirt-collar, who was a mighty boaster.

"I have had so many sweethearts," said the shirt-collar: "they left me no peace of my life. But it must be confessed that I was a very fine gentleman, and a very stiff one, too. I had a boot-jack and a brush, that I never used. You should have seen me in those days, when I lay on one side! I shall never forget my first love. She was a girle: so dainty, so soft, and so elegant; and she flung herself into a wash-tub for my sake. There was a widow, too, who was glowing with love for me; but I would not have her, and she grew black with fretting. Then there was a first-rate dancer, who gave me the



wound I now suffer from; for she was such a passionate creature! My own hair-brush was in love with me, and lost all her hair with grief at my coldness. Yes, I have gone through a great many adventures of the same sort; but what I am most sorry for, is the garter—I mean the girdle, who threw herself into the wash-tub. I have a deal upon my conscience."

The conceited boaster stopped short at these words; for the machine cut him, just then, into a thousand pieces.

What a pity that conceited old bachelors, who brag just like the shirt-collar, of conquests they never made, could not, like it, be made mince-meat of in the midst of their bragging!

## ALONE WITH THE DYING!

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

SOFTLY sinking, sweetly dying,  
In the holy twilight gloom,  
Where bright angel faces glimmer  
And people the dim old room,  
And the light of life is darkling  
In the shadows of the tomb!

Like a wounded bird is flutt'ring  
Her heart within her breast,  
And her spirit, like the sunlight,  
Sweetly sinking in the West,  
Seems to wish awhile to linger,  
And yet longs to be at rest!

See! her pale lips are quivering,  
And their folds are preest apart,  
And still fainter grows the beating  
Of that quiet waiting heart!  
She—of life and death an emblem,  
And of them both a part!

Beyond azure walls uprearing  
High their sapphire portals bright,  
Where the lovely stars are flashing

On the ebon brow of night!  
And where treads the moon in prayer  
Through the soft and gentle light!

Her sweet spirit hath departed,  
There to rest forever more,  
No longer a lashed tide-mark  
Out upon Time's beaten shore!  
Nor her heart all sick and weary  
Of the ocean's ceaseless roar.

Holy thoughts of deep contrition  
In the stillness come and go,  
Murm'ring softly as a streamlet,  
In their sweet and gentle flow;  
Like the church spires, pointing upward  
From the weary world below!

I am kneeling, meekly kneeling  
In the moonlight soft and still!  
And a thousand sweet emotions,  
Come my weeping heart to fill—  
"Oh! pardon my short-comings, Lord!  
Teach me how to do Thy will!"

## OTHER DAYS.

BY L. N. BURDICK.

Out a shade of sadness comes  
Stealing o'er my troubled heart,  
Driving hence each buoyant hope—  
Bidding every joy depart.

Memories of the bye-gone years  
Float before my mental view,  
Calling up a thousand griefs—  
Opening bleeding wounds anew.

Would that I could banish far  
Every thought of other years—  
Would that I might chase away  
Olden memories fraught with tears.

Daily—hourly—still arise  
Dreaded ghosts of former woes;  
And the river of despair  
Onward, deep and silent, flows.

Would that I might freely quaff  
Draughts from fabled Lethe's stream,  
That the past with all its griefs,  
Might appear as but a dream.

Ah! the grave alone can heal  
All these sorrows of the soul,  
And my spirit, crushed to earth,  
Eager strives to reach its goal.

## MISER-LINES.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

### PART FIRST.

"HARRY, I never before had to ask so many times for a necessary article. I do believe you are growing stingy. Come, look in my face, let me see if there are miser-lines on your cheeks. Do you know I had an uncle once who was a miser? He was rich enough to buy all Philadelphia, they say, I never saw him, and I'm sure none of his money never came to me. It all went to benevolent societies, queer, wasn't it? But I remember the description a younger cousin used to give of him, and she said he had two deep, long lines on either cheek, running from the root of the nose round to the chin. She told it in such a ludicrous manner that it always made me laugh, as it was a peculiarity I called hem miser-lines. Let me look at you; no, your cheeks are smooth almost as my own; there never will be a miser-line there, I know. But there are two, faint, very faint wrinkles on this pen brow. It looks ominous," continued the boy, young wife, laughingly shaking her head. "I wonder what it means; I think you apply yourself too steadily to business."

Young Maitland hardly replied to this gay speech of his beautiful wife, but turning listlessly from his paper, leaned his head upon his and.

"Charles," cried Annie, laughing a little, that old uncle, you know. Well, Fred and Charley—you know cousins Fred and Charley, they've both got something to remember him for. Now don't go to sleep while I tell you, fix your bright eyes right on mine and don't ever wink. They knew as everybody else did, I suppose, that uncle 'Siah was immensely rich."

"You know," put in Harry, smiling a little. "There it is provoking that I can't break myself of that foolish thing; I can't think when became a habit; but—you know——"

She paused, blushed, and with slightly pouting manner that was quite becoming in her, said, "I will conquer it," and proceeded to tell her story, which, by-the-way, Harry looked for it impatiently.

"Well, one day uncle 'Siah came from Indiana to visit aunt Henry, and the boys, Fred and Charley, tried in every way to please the old gentleman, partly on account of his age, but

'most partly,' as little sis says, on account of their pockets—you——, there I didn't say it, did I? Uncle 'Siah seemed quite attracted by their quiet and self-denying habits, and the attention the rattle-brains showed him; so the day before he was to return home, he said to them, 'boys, after dinner come in the library; I want to give you something as you have been such good little fellows since I have been here.' You may just imagine how red their cheeks grew, directly, and what visions of splendor floated before their eyes. Fred says he remembers that he looked confidently for fifty dollars, though he modestly hinted to Charley it might be only ten, and on the strength of their expectations, they both got trusted at a neighboring toy-shop to the amount of a whole dollar."

"Not the only ones," muttered Harry, "who get trusted on the strength of their expectations."

"No, but don't sigh so dolefully, dear. One o'clock came, though the boys declared confidently it never would. At two dinner was on the table, at three, despatched, and immediately after, Fred and Charley, with hair combed smoothly, and dressed in their holiday suits, crept into the study with cheeks as red as peonies.

"The old man was there. Two very small parcels laid on the table at his side; he beckoned them to be seated. 'Boys,' he said, solemnly, 'I am about to make you a present of some money; and I want you to use it discreetly. You are young, and do not yet know the value of such a commodity, but do as I did, save your money. What I give to you now is the same amount I began life with, and by prudence and energy I have become rich; I hope you may do the same. Be honest, boys, be virtuous, cautious, and prudent; never run in debt for the smallest article, (the boys felt a little uneasy at that) be patient, be temperate, and you cannot fail to become rich. Now, boys, take these, receive my blessings; go.'"

"And how much was it pray?" asked Harry, lifting up his head, and looking quite animated.

"Why, it was—a penny a piece," returned Annie, laughing heartily. "And Fred declares that the old man thought they were on their good behavior for the sake of the dimes, so took

that method to rebuke them, for he says he happened to look back before he got out of the room, and uncle 'Siah was laughing away to himself. Oh! they were so angry. Charley wanted to go back and fling the money in his face, but Fred reminded him that any want of respect toward the old man would subject them to severe punishment, so he contented himself with tossing it into a neighboring field, while Fred took an old axe and succeeded in chopping his penny to pieces and leaving them in the way. And only think of the dollar! Many and many a pleasure they were forced to deny themselves to liquidate that debt; but after all it proved a fortunate thing, for you know Fred and Charley have a great abhorrence to getting trusted, or trusting either, I believe," added Annie, lightly. "But, Harry," she exclaimed, noticing her husband was preparing to go—"that shawl! you won't disappoint me, love, only a hundred and fifty dollars, and I do really need it. Come, now, don't sigh so, or I shall really think the miser-lines are beginning to come."

"I'll try," the young man strove to speak lightly, but he could not, and ended as usual with a hearty sigh.

#### FINDING THE JOURNAL.

"I WONDER what makes Harry so glum?" thought Annie, as she resumed her sewing; "I'm sure everything is delightful here at home, and Harry seems to enjoy my society as keenly as ever. Heigh-ho! some perplexing business matter, I suppose. I'm glad I ain't a man, indeed I am. How the poor fellow did sigh! and the day so beautiful, too; I can't work," she added, nervously, throwing her embroidery into a graceful work-basket that tasseled and corded about, sat at her side, and she arose, sauntered through her beautiful parlors and out into the passage. There in the broad light of the sun lounged a rosy-cheeked chamber-maid fast asleep.

"What a lazy creature!" thought Annie, "really she doesn't have enough work to keep her out of mischief, though to be sure she can't do much mischief asleep, but I wish she had more work to do." Passing the girl, Annie ran up stairs to her dressing-room, and for awhile amused herself by rearranging the beautiful dresses in her wardrobe. Then she paused half yawning before her mirror, languidly rolled her ringlets, wished Harry could stay all day with her, was sure she should never weary of his company, wondered when the upholsterers would come to measure the rooms for new carpets, and the windows for new curtains; hoped Harry wouldn't forget that absolutely indispensable

shawl, and then began looking through her drawers.

A small, beautifully gilt annual—such she thought it—attracted her fancy. She remembered now she had found it in the corner of the drawing-room lounge, under one of the velvet pillows the evening before; and believing it to be a book lent her by a friend, she had carried it to her own room that it might not receive injury. Mechanically seating herself she opened the pages and found—a blank. Surprise roused her energy; she placed the book on her knee and turned carefully to the first page to find the owner's name. In a wreath of daintily tinted flowers she read "Harry F. Maitland, journal."

"Why it's Harry's," she exclaimed, in surprise; "I did not know he kept a journal," and turning the pages hurriedly, she paused at a passage where her own name caught her attention, and blushing, she read on.

"20th.—My beautiful Annie grows every day dearer to my heart, and my only grief is that I cannot readily gratify her every wish. Foolish nay, criminal man that I was, that for fear of losing her, I dared allow her to indulge the dream that I was wealthy. She, lovely, petted, reared in affluence, little thinks of my daily, nay, hourly struggles for her sake, and I dare not tell her. For she seems a being so pure, so unselfish, that were she as some women, to display an unreasonable vanity, and taunt me because I could not minister to her wants, I should be of all men the most miserable."

"22nd.—I am living beyond my income. To-day I am two hundred dollars in debt for extravagance, and heaven knows I need every cent for business.

"Yesterday, bought Annie an opera cloak and although she looked so beautifully radiant, my heart ached as I gazed upon her. Yet Annie has been accustomed to such things, how can I deny her? But for these fashionable follies we might live well and owe nothing; but I do not blame her for one moment. It is my own fault. I am justly punished for my presumption in woe to her. Her father! I would sooner die than go to him for aid."

"24th.—I am getting deeply involved. I have borrowed five hundred of my cousin, and return it in three months. A bad beginning! And Annie must have her shawl; if I told her all, perhaps she would be contented with what she has already; but I cannot gather the courage. When I think of it, in her presence, I am so cowardly. I must borrow still more and trust to fortune. How guilty and how cowardly I am to myself! Oh! Annie, I wish I was more wealthy

of you, sweet wife—for your sake would I had a mine of gold!"

For a moment Annie closed the book. Tears filled her eyes, and her good, generous heart ached for her erring husband. "He shall see," she murmured, rising as she spoke, "that I am no vain, selfish creature."

Instantly throwing on her graceful bonnet and a shawl, that, though not quite fashionable, was still very elegant, she set forward to the splendid store of M. Gerry, the popular upholsterer.

"I am very sorry," exclaimed the polite clerk, before Annie had a chance to speak, "that I could not send my men to-day, but a counter order——"

"It is no matter," replied Annie, "I called to say that you need not take the trouble, and if the damask is not cut——"

"It *shall* be directly; you wished orange and green, I believe."

"I have changed my mind," replied Annie, assuming a careless manner, "I do not want the damask or the tapestry carpeting yet, when I do I can give you a call."

"Certainly, certainly, madam, just as you please," and the gentlemanly clerk bowed her out.

## PART SECOND.

### LESSENING EXPENDITURE.

ANNIE'S next move was toward her father's house, in a beautiful avenue, yet green and blooming, though the leaves were turning sere upon the trees.

Her mother sat alone employed in writing.

"Why! how fortunate!" she cried, "I was just about to send you a note, begging you to oan me your set of agate for to-morrow night."

"What will you give me for it, mother?" said Annie, laughingly.

"Give you? why! would you sell it? You must need money. Doesn't your husband provide you——"

"With everything I wish, mother; but I want to give a great surprise, and—and in fact it's to be a secret, so I'm perfectly willing to sell my beautiful agates; come, what'll you give me? say them, now I'm in the mood; you know if I need such things I can get plenty more."

"Well—there are five hundred dollars at my disposal—the set is fully worth a thousand, I suppose; at least I know that is what your uncle gave for it—but he is dead, poor man. I'll give you five hundred now, and two at some future me; say in a month."

Annie's cheeks flushed with pleasure, and

she left her father's house with the bank-notes tightly folded up and deposited in the end of her purse.

Harry came home later than usual, and his wife pretended not to see as he went straight to the lounge and lifted the pillow, looking carefully about.

"I suppose the men came here to measure the floors," said Harry, buttering his muffin with an air of abstraction that seemed totally foreign to appetite.

"No," said Annie, sipping her tea, and trying her best to seem perfectly unconcerned, "I was looking at the carpets to-day, and they do seem entirely too good to rip up and send to auction. And then the curtains; I've really got attached to them, I'm sure Gerry hasn't so pretty a pattern in his store; so as a fit of economy, or perversity, or call it what you will, came over me, I determined to go over to Gerry's and tell him I had changed my mind."

"You did!" exclaimed Harry, looking up so bright and animated, that Annie felt doubly repaid for her sacrifice. And it was astonishing how suddenly the poor fellow revived! how quickly the muffins disappeared! Annie laughed quietly to herself; indeed she enjoyed it thoroughly.

"You shall have the shawl to-morrow," he said, in the course of the evening.

"Thank you for nothing," Annie replied, laughing, "I'm not going to be burdened with a shawl. The fringe is always catching in something, and my shoulders don't droop enough to carry one gracefully. I found that out to-day, all of a sudden. And you know that beautiful satin you bought me last fall for a dress, well, I'm just going to have it made into a stylish cloak, it won't cost one-eighth the sum, and look much more beautiful and becoming."

Harry drew a long sigh, but it was a sigh of relief, and his wife knew it. Never seemed an evening to fly so rapidly. Harry was himself again, danced to his wife's music, chatted gaily as was his wont of old, and retired a happy, light-hearted man. He found his journal oddly enough in one of *his coat pockets that same night*.

The next day at dinner Annie said, "Don't you think, Harry, Mrs. Lynch has been here to get us to go to the new church. Several families have gone with a perfectly good understanding existing between them and our pastor. Now I've been thinking our church is so dreadfully crowded, and we both admire Mr. Elder, the new preacher so much, hadn't we better go there? Besides there will be a difference of nearly forty dollars pew rent in a year."

Harry looked keenly at Annie, and she inno-

cently returned the glance, so although he wondered at the spirit of calculation that had come over his little wife, he never even dreamed of the cause.

"I'll go there certainly, my Annie," he replied. "It will encourage Mr. Elder, and show that we do not attend church to indulge in pride and ostentation, since it is a very plain meeting-house, and I presume the poorer part of the congregation will branch off; but do you think how far it will be for you to walk in winter?"

"Never mind that," replied Annie.

#### A REMOVAL.

HARRY had begun steadily to retrieve his ill-fortune, only the debt of five hundred dollars hung heavily upon his heart. He calculated to be able justly to meet his bills, the rent of his expensive house and store, "and next year," thought he, "I'll go alone. How fortunate things have turned out so in accordance with my means and wishes. Annie is so thoughtful, heaven bless her, I never gave her credit for so much foresight. She has saved me."

"What! move into that barbarous section of the city!" exclaimed Harry, though secretly delighted. "You'll lose all our fashionable friends."

"No, Harry, none of our friends—our acquaintances, mere calling automatons, may think it just ground of neglect, but I am tired enough of them already. Let them go—I have you."

"Bless you," was the reply, with a look of unutterable love, and again Annie felt repaid for all her sweet sacrifices.

"I saw the prettiest house, to-day," she continued, "not near so large as this, but large enough, the dearest little house, and perfectly genteel, in thorough repair, and twice as convenient. Besides, my chief reason for wishing to take it is, that we shall be so near the new church; and you know since I have had charge of a class in the Sabbath school, the walk seems more fatiguing."

"But what will your parents say?"

"Nothing, of course, since it is for my convenience, you know they are neither of them unreasonable."

"True! Annie, what a treasure I have in you! To tell you the truth, these great rooms do not look pleasant to me. They are unsocial unless filled with company."

"And these glum stoves," added Annie, tapping one with her pretty foot, "there is no cheerfulness about them. Now many of the rooms there, are furnished with those dear, delightful, old Franklin stoves, in which one can enjoy the blaze of a wood fire—and there

will be such a lessening of our expenses that we can afford to keep one or two wood fires, can't we?"

"Lessening expenses," thought Harry to himself, "Annie has suspected, yet how brave and delicate she is," and his cheeks burned unconsciously, while his heart burned at the same time with gratitude and love.

The smaller house was taken. Furnished with taste and elegance, it was more brilliant and the same time more comfortable than the last. To have seen Annie and her husband, the former busy with her needle, making nameless little articles, the table and lounge drawn up in front of the burnished fender and great, polished fire-dogs, to see how glowing Annie's beautiful face was, and how radiant Harry's, as he looked up sometimes from the volume he was reading aloud, would fully have satisfied the bitterest ascetic that by that hearth-stone happiness was more sacred than fashion.

#### THE DEBT LIQUIDATED.

NOTHING now troubled Harry but the debt of five hundred dollars. "I'll get an extension of time," he thought, as the day of payment drew near. "I am doing so well now, that two months will clear me. Thank God, and my jewel of a wife for that!"

Entering his office he saw a sealed envelope lying upon the desk. He took it up, opened it, out fell a receipt in full, duly signed. Harry took up the note accompanying, with astonishment. It ran thus:

"DEAR MAITLAND—I send per request your bill receipted. Thank you for being so prompt in your business arrangements. I see you are taking the right path to success, to wealth and fame. If at any time you are pressed for money send to me. I will loan you any amount.  
Yours,  
B. MAITLAND."

Still in deep astonishment Harry held his cousin's note. Every moment his wonder grew. What unknown friend had he, thus anxious to save his credit, thus able to do so.

In a moment the thought flashed over his mind that Annie was his unknown friend, his good guardian angel. "But how could she know?—how could she know?" he queried. Abstractedly he returned home. He was silent from suspense and an honorable sense of shame.

"What! clouds!" cried Annie, cheerily, "let me see, are the miser-lines growing?"

"Do you want a shawl?" asked Harry, losing his thoughtful aspect.

"No," and Annie blushed and shook her head, "but," said she, "instead I'll take a journal."

"Mine, or a new one?" asked Harry.

"Yours, of course; I want to see what you've been doing since I gave up the shawl," replied Annie, archly.

She was instead folded to her husband's breast, while he showered kisses and blessings upon her. "You have saved me, Annie," he cried, "you have made a better, a more resolute man of me. Henceforth, all my life, I will strive yet more to be worthy of you."

"How much happiness there is in doing right," thought Annie, "I have secured my husband's lasting love, and conquered myself.

"Having eyes but seeing not," she murmured, on the next Sabbath. "Who would have thought to find such a jewel in that poor, but intelligent widow, who always sat near the door in our splendid church, and never was noticed by the fashionables. Each time I see her I learn

some lofty lesson, and my nature is being purified by her counsels.

"Having eyes but seeing not." There was I, fretting because my cheeks were losing their bloom, but since I have dispensed with extra servants, and undertaken the supervision of my own household, I am healthier and stronger, and the roses still lend their bright crimson to make me look beautiful in Harry's eyes. For Harry's sake I would be ever beautiful."

Harry Maitland prospered beyond even his sanguine expectations. He became immensely wealthy, and under God was the means of benefiting his country, through his wisdom and liberal expenditure, beyond any man of equal fortune in America.

And to this day, when questioned as to his success, he invariably returns as answer to the query, of how did he become so rich, "Young man, I owe it to a good wife—God's greatest and best boon to man. Go to her, and she will tell you."

## MADALINE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Of the beautiful forms of fancy,  
That picture the poet's shrine,  
Not one is so fair and radiant  
As my gentle Madaline.  
Her laugh is light and silvery,  
So innocent too, and gay—  
Floats softly around like music,  
And stealth the heart away.  
And her words so low and gentle,  
Like the sweetest harp-tones start,  
Till they echo softly, sweetly,  
Thro' the chambers of the breast.  
Of the lips oft pressed so fondly,  
So lovingly to mine,

None bring me a thrill so joyous  
As the lips of Madaline.  
And she shedeth a ray of sunlight  
Along with her dimpled smile,  
And the love from her blue eyes beaming,  
Creeps into my heart the while.  
She twineth her white arms 'round me  
When my tears begin to flow;  
For the light of her glad young spirit  
Is dimmed by another's woe.  
And she loveth me, aye, right fondly!  
This peerless friend of mine;  
And ah! what a priceless treasure  
Is the love of Madaline!

## A WHITE DAY.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Oh, what a glorious day is given!  
How tranquil is the pastoral scene!  
Without a frowning cloud between  
The glad earth and the smiling Heaven.  
I stand upon the turf-clad mound,  
And feel the pulse of Nature beat

In the quick sod beneath my feet,  
There's life and beauty in the ground.  
The blest land is not far away,  
So near seems earth to Heaven that I  
Can see through the transparent sky,  
The fount from which God pours the day.

## THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

BY FITZ MORNER.

SHADRACH SHIFTLISS was one of those deluded individuals who are always on the look-out for a legacy from some unknown and unheard of rich relation, an accidental "freak of fortune," or some wonderful discovery of hidden ingots of gold, pots of piratical plunder or miserly hoarding—the which should result in coffers overflowing with wealth, without subjecting its owner to toil in its accumulation. He had apprenticed himself successively to a tinner, a shoemaker, a clothes-cleaner and a saddler; had undertaken the study of medicine with Dr. Foolmall; had entered the office of lawyer Pinchgrip, and been discharged for refusing to clean the spittoon and sweep out o' mornings; had measured tape a short time behind the dry-goods merchant's counter; had peddled books out of a tin box; had studied daguerreotyping; had taken seven different excursions to places pointed out to him by mysterious dreams, on bootless errands after buried money-chests; and was now, at the time this narrative opens, porter for the village tavern at Shawburgh.

Shawburgh had been Shadrach's "native place," off and on, for twenty-three years, such being the length of his sojourn on earth at the time of which I write. One morning, in November, a man entered the bar-room, where Shadrach was slumbering in a chair, and began fastening to the wall a flaring bill, announcing a "*Grand Exhibition*"—"Combination of talent"—"*Splendid Dissolving Views*," and "*Extraordinary and Laughable Feats of Ventriloquism!*" The tapping of the tack-hammer awoke our snoring hero, who lazily turned his eyes on the showman, and after a satisfactory survey of that personage, arose and sauntered up to the scene of action with his hands in his breeches-pockets. He then fell to reading the same, from which he learned that the stupendous establishment would exhibit in the spacious dancing-hall of the Shawburgh hotel on the evening of the coming Thanksgiving-day. Shadrach was in ecstasies at the anticipated glory he should enjoy as doortender and committee of arrangements, by virtue of his position as porter, and wisely concluded to prolong his stay at the tavern until the memorable event transpired.

Thanksgiving-day came, and so did the exhi-

tion; it exhibited, and the Shawburghen flocked to behold; it departed, and Shadrach Shiftless departed with it. He had received the magnificent offer of two dollars a week and his travelling expenses, if he would accept the position of organ-grinder to the exhibition; and he accepted.

Shadrach now saw his way clearly; quite so. In his perambulations about the country, he should hit upon his long looked-for discovery, by which his pockets should be filled, and his hands freed from irksome labor all the rest of his days. He was confident that the road to wealth was now open before him, and

"Hope told a flattering tale"

of pots of money in underground caverns; to which the wizardward of some good genius should guide him.

Shadrach found his new occupation dull work. His vanity was not long gratified by the curious stares of the urchins on the front seats, as he entered the hall, hat in hand, on tip-toe, and disappeared behind the mysterious green curtain; it soon became an old story. And when there, he had to lean against the wall and grind out melodious sounds for two hours on a stretch, to keep the sleepy audience awake during the drowsy transpositions of the magical paintings. It was dull, and he began to think of changing his occupation. But, no! for once he was settled. His "one idea" had completely gained ascendancy over the promptings of his laziness, and he could not tear himself away from his organ with its two dollars and travelling expenses. The expectation of "his luck," as he called it, had settled down into a firm conviction that every mile he travelled brought him nearer to the realization of his dreams. He grew morose and crabbed, brooding over his continued disappointments; his cadaverous countenance lengthened daily; and his great eyes glared anxiously on every one he saw, as though he expected to be saluted and directed where lay his "luck." But in vain; he found it not.

At the taverns where he stopped during the perambulations of the exhibition, he had been in the habit of dropping to sleep in the bar-room during the dull day-times; or, when the hum-

seized him, sauntering lazily about the streets in search of his "luck." But he soon fell into the habit, instead thereof, of perusing the newspapers on the bar-room table, and his eyes glistened eagerly whenever he lit on one of those marvellous items called "Freaks of Fortune," relating how some poor devil suddenly became rich. However, his own name never appeared.

One afternoon, he had pitched his tent in a small town on the line of one of our great railroads, which railroad came to a termination in New York city. Looking over the advertisements in one of the great dailies, he was arrested by one reading thus:

"**FORTUNE TELLING.**—Madame Schmyddthe, the celebrated Jewish Fortune-teller, is holding her soirées at No. — Broadway, where she will be happy to meet any who may favor her with a call, and will reveal to them how they may form agreeable matrimonial alliances; where favored individuals may find fortunes; their future destiny, &c. Terms five dollars."

"That's it!" exclaimed Shadrach, as a bright beam spread over his countenance. "Found at last! Mine, mine, mine! I'm in! Ha! ha!" and crushing the newspaper into his old and wretched hat, he rushed into the street with a burst of hysterical ecstacy, and sought his employer—the proprietor of the exhibition.

"Come to say good-bye to you, Mr. Bumhug—would thank you for the two dollars due; a sudden call to New York city, will grind my farewell sin this night."

Bumhug was thunderstruck.

"What do you want to go for, Mr. Shiftless? Did I not pay your salary regularly? Did I not?"

"S no matter, Bumhug," said Shadrach, with increasing pomposity, "my reasons is good; and when you sees the announcement of adventures in the papers, then you won't wonder no more. Pay me what y' owe me, and grind to-night. Otherwise——"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Shiftless, your pay's self; here is two dollars; don't make a fool of yourself, though; I solemnly assure you you've a good place, Shadrach, with good wages, a good employer, and travelling expenses paid; you will think better of it, for I have been attached to you, Shadrach, and would willingly part with you. But act your own will!"

"Will, sir," said Shadrach, obediently, as he received his two dollars. That night the tedium of his life was relieved by the thoughts of a fortune to-morrow, and wealth in the distance; when the morning dawned, Shadrach took a

seat in the cars, with a ticket for New York. He had fifty dollars in his pocket, the savings of a year's grinding, and he felt independent, though he looked like the ghost of an old-clothesman, with his sunken cheeks, bleary eyes, and *outré* garments—the donations of landlords, bartenders and hostlers.

The train reached its destination, and Shadrach found himself amid the bustle and tumult of the great metropolis. It was yet early in the day, and Shadrach determined to find the fortune-teller at once; but the next thing was to put the determination into execution—not so easily accomplished, however. He knew not what portion of the city he was now in; but he felt confident that he should know Broadway when he saw it, from its width; and he was sure he should hit upon it some time in the day, if he kept walking about. He knew altogether too much to ask his way of anybody—for he had heard of New York before, and had his "eyes well skinned for sharpers." With all the buoyancy he was capable of, he began his tramp; but the descending shades of night found him still tramping, and Broadway's wide domain still to be discovered. Hunger pressed, and he entered a hotel and called for supper. Here we leave him, to pursue his blundering way unmolested, and beg leave to transport the reader to the reading-room of the "St. Nicholas," and introduce him to two elderly gentlemen, who are engaged in a *tele-a-tete* by themselves.

"Do you live in Shawburgh yet, Mr. Bradley?" said one of the gentlemen, who wore a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Yes," said Mr. Bradley, "I still live there; but I have removed from the residence I occupied when you were my neighbor."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I have purchased the estate of Colonel Guiteau, and live upon it now."

"What! that old castle! Why there was such odium attaching to it I should think you would dislike to go there."

"Yes," said Mr. Bradley, "I know there had been some foolish superstitions clinging about it; but common sense has nothing to do with ghost-stories, and I cared not a whit whether it was considered haunted or not, so long as there was a chance for speculation. I got it for a very small sum, compared to its real worth, and can sell it for quadruple what it cost me, including all subsequent expense."

"But it was a mere rookery—the house; and the grounds were overrun with tangled weeds, brush-heaps and dead trees."

"The house was much better than was



commonly supposed, Mr. Bower; and a slight application of the magic wand of a carpenter and joiner on its haunted beams, added to a moderate exercise of the stone-mason's subtle arts, has rendered it a beautiful and substantial mansion. Then the grounds readily yielded under the labors of myself and men, and I have laid them out with spacious paths and avenues, with large and beautiful plats between, bountifully covered with flowers, which my wife and daughters delight in tending."

"But that mysterious old well, Mr. Bradley, that was said to have been the scene of young Madeline's death. I should think it would cause a sort of gloom to rest on your place."

"But you forget, Mr. Bower, that that too is susceptible to change."

"Why, yes, to be sure! What have you done with it?"

"Do you remember that large, flat stone that barred the entrance-gate to the grounds?"

"I do."

"Well, sir, that stone covers the well, and above it is erected as beautiful a summer-house as you would wish to see."

"Well, ha! ha! that was fine indeed! But you had some distance to carry the stone, did you not?"

"Oh, no, not any serious distance. It is but fifteen or twenty yards from the gate to the well, and a pair of stout horses dragged it that distance easily."

"Well, truly," said Mr. Bower, smilingly, "it must be you have a pleasant place there, I declare, I must visit you some time this winter."

"So do; we will be delighted to see you. We have a fine prospect from the windows of the east tower; looking out upon the river at the east, and down upon the village at the west—for the mansion stands upon a hill, you remember?"

"Yes, I remember it perfectly," said the other.

The conversation now turned upon the price of lands in the region of Shawburgh, and we, caring nothing about that, will now take our leave, and return to our friend Shadrach, who is now in the arms of sleep, snoring away the anxieties and fatigues of the day.

In the morning, he inquired at the office as to where Broadway might be located, and was told that the street was but a few steps from him. "Just pass up this street and cross the Park, and you will be in Broadway."

Shadrach was not exactly satisfied; but thought it was not best to be too inquisitive, and going out stepped off. After a few hours search, and a few ridiculous feats, he fortunately succeeded

at last in reaching No —, the residence of Madame Schymddthe.

The heart of Shadrach Shiftless now began to thump in his waistcoat in a manner that was rather alarming. The "crisis" had come, and his strength almost failed, as he thought of what was before him; but summoning all his courage he pulled the bell and was admitted. A servant demanded the five dollars fee, which Shadrach paid without a question, when he was instantly ushered into the reception-room of the Jewess. The sun's rays were completely excluded, and the pitchy darkness was rendered still more profound by one dim lamp that flickered in gloomy silence alone, on a table at the remote end of the room. Shadrach fell on his knees in awe as he felt himself alone amid the ghostly silence in that mysterious place, and he inwardly cursed his rashness in having ventured to enter; he reflected that at a stroke from some unseen wizard hand his head might be severed from his body, and the world without would never miss him, nor his whereabouts ever be inquired of. Suddenly a bell was heard booming in the distance in a hollow, muffled tone, and sounding like a knell of death; it slowly and gradually increased in loudness, growing more and more audible, until its boom! boom! boom! rang like ten thousand judgment trumps on the shrinking ear of the poor fortune-hunter, and swelled, and throbbed, and reverberated in stunning cadence from wall to wall, as the affrighted man fell prostrate on his face; now the clanging clamor grew milder; the loudness gradually decreased in power; the tone died mournfully away, until at last the boom! boom! became inaudible. A voice rang through the room like a bugle-blast, exclaiming,

"Who comes to inquire of the dim, mysterious future, and test the skill of the Jewess from the Holy Land?"

Shadrach started to his feet and gazed in terror, and with quaking limbs, into the thick gloom around him—but answered not.

"Thy name, mortal!" demanded the voice again.

Shadrach felt that he must reply, and with cold, clammy sweat in beads on his forehead, stammered,

"Sha—Shadrach Sh—Shiftless!"

"Whence comest thou, and where wert thou born?"

"Come from all over the country. Was born in Shawburgh!" replied Shadrach.

"Thy age?" was the next question.

"Goin' on twenty-four!" sung out Shadrach.

"What seekest thou?"

"A pot of money, or suthin' of that kind!"

"Enough!" again rang out the bugle voice; and the one light was extinguished.

Horror now seized on our hero; he felt a quail creeping over him like a living thing; he shuddered in terror, and would have ran, but his limbs were powerless as in a dream; he began to mutter an old prayer his mother had taught him, "Now I lay me"—when suddenly he was startled by a loud and stunning, hissing noise, resembling the escaping of steam. Then the gas-lamps burst forth with a brilliant glare, and, as soon as Shadrach could rub the mist from his eyes, he beheld, standing on a pedestal at the far end of the room, a figure clothed in glittering garments, and with her right hand extending a wand of *gold*. Her hair lay wildly about her bare shoulders, and she beckoned the stranger to advance and kneel before her. He obeyed, and with renewed awe witnessed the beautiful being pour incense from a phial upon a fire which burned before her in a silver censer, muttering inaudibly as she did so. At length she began her revelations.

"Mortal!" said she, in a silvery voice, "thy name is Shadrach—thou wert born in Shawburgh—past a score of years ago—and thou seekest a fortune!"

"Well, I swum!" said Shadrach, "she's right there, anyhow!"

"The stars are propitious to-night," said the Jewess. "Thy desire shall be thine, and wealth shall gleam before thy gladdened eyes. Know then, that in thy native place there stands a ruined castle, where years ago lived a noble colonel, named by men '*Guiteau's*, and that, in the desolate garden surrounding this mansion there is hidden, 'neath a massive stone, a chest with many dollars in gold and silver, placed there by one who slew sweet Madeline, a maiden fair and lovely, and beautiful to behold. Go then, mortal, and follow my directions that thou mayest gain for thyself this gold. But first, oh, privileged item of frail humanity, to propitiate the genii, thou must place upon this pedestal ten dollars in silver or gold."

"Whew!" was Shadrach's involuntary ejaculation; but as the vision of the buried money-chest danced enchantingly before his eyes, his hand sought his purse, and the gold eagle came forth.

"Shadrach," then resumed the woman, "take up thy tent and proceed to the place of thy birth; travel only by night, and shield thyself and sleep by day, for if the sun's rays fall upon thee in thy journey, then is the power I now give thee of no avail; enter thy native village

and advance up the hill whereon stands the castle of Col. Guiteau, and, leaping the gate that guards the entrance to the grounds, proceed in thy path for twenty yards till thou shalt reach a light and fragile house, o'erwreathed with leafless vines; though now the path is obstructed by the tangled weeds of long neglect, fear not, oh, Shadrach, blessed, for by my magic power the path *for thee* is free! Within this light and fragile house, kneel humbly and with thy spade remove the earth away. Not long wilt thou labor ere thou shalt reach the level stone 'neath which the treasure lies; then labor on, remove the stone, and seize thy precious prize! I have done! Farewell!"

Darkness returned, a hand seized that of the awe-struck man, and he suffered himself to be led to the door like a child, and ushered into the street.

Shadrach took long strides for the railroad depot, and left in the first train that went in the direction of Shawburgh. As he rattled on he had leisure to think over what had passed, and oh! how he hugged himself for joy, and gleefully contemplated the fair and lovely prospect of the wealth before him. The words of the Jewess were received as gospel, and not a shadow of doubt lingered in his mind in relation to his good fortune; he cogitated on the minuteness of her instructions to him, and resolved to follow them out to the letter.

"By gum!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I've broke one of 'em a'ready."

"Have you?" said a passenger, who had been startled from a doze by the exclamation; "did it hurt you much?"

"Eh?" dreamily answered Shadrach.

"Oh!" said the man, and dropped off to sleep.

Leaving our hero to make amends for his first transgression as best he can, and to pursue his nightly journey alone, we would make an explanation as to the prophetic knowledge of the veracious Madame Schmyddthe. You will recollect, reader, the conversation in the reading-room of the St. Nicholas. If we had observed closely we would have observed sitting near the conversers a business-like appearing man, who with a lead-pencil seemed to be cyphering out some perplexing question in a small black memorandum book. Looking over his shoulder, we read as follows:—"Shawburgh—Col. Guiteau—large castle-house on a hill—murdered Madeline—well, covered with flat stone—twenty yards from gate—summer-house over spot," &c. &c. This was the fortune-teller's pimp.

The lights blazed merrily in the mansion of the respected Mr. Bradley, and the guests gathered

in the great old parlors; both the rosy faces of youthful mirth and the more placid dames of demurer years, bent on having a rousing, romping, sportive, real old-fashioned Christmas party. Among the guests we perceive the good-humored phiz of our old friend of the St. Nicholas. Mr. Bower, who, the reader will recollect, had promised to make the Bradleys a visit.

It was cold and stormy without; the wind whistled around the old walls, and rattled madly at the millioned windows; while a thick shower of descending snow rendered it impossible for one outside to perceive through its dense mass even the lights that gleamed through the diamond-shaped panes. The evening passed in the mirthful, happy style of all such gatherings in country places; with games of divers names, whose principal interest was derived from the abundance of kisses with which they were interlarded; and friend Bower more than once found himself nearly smothered by a bevy of laughing girls, by whom he was "judged" to be attacked *en masse*. "Oh! Mr. Bower!" "Ha! ha! ha!" "How you blush, Mr. Bower!" (as though his red face could be made to blush a deeper crimson!) "How timid you are, Mr. Bower!" (as though he could be sought save "timid" under such an onslaught!) And finally, all out of breath, and gasping a faint guffaw, the bachelor would sink into his chair and await the next round.

The reader may never have been a guest at a Christmas party in a country town; if so it will be difficult to conceive of the genial joy exhibited on such occasions. Old men and matrons seize this annual festal day to doff the gravity of years, and mingle in the games with a gusto which the remembrance of bye-gone days and youthful mirth excite with vivid powers. Mrs. Bradley (fat old soul!) toddled around after friend Bower in "*Wink 'em sily,*" with her glowing cheeks suffused with tears of laughter; while Bower, wig all askew, pulled the circle hither and thither in his frantic efforts to elude the dame, congratulating himself on the youthful sprightliness he displayed, and thinking he never was so simple before.

Be sorrowful, oh! ye denizens of cities! for the honest joys that happy rurality knows can never be yours. The costly trappings and gilded gewgaws that deck your polished drawing-rooms; the silks and satins that rustle through the mazes of the dance; the diamonds and paste, the gold and glitter that gleamed on the studied costumes of your rouged belles; all are unseemly attendants on the honest mirthfulness that lights the rural hearth-stone, and brightens the rural hall.

But go, if you will, among the people that the country village knows, and it will need no long sojourn to introduce you to the hearts and hospitalities of the lads and lasses that laugh the time away in Christmas parties like the one we chronicle.

Games of divers names, and pastimes of every sort, though of but one character, lent the homely wings with which their flight into the past was rapid and unnoted. There was the indispensable mock-marriage, too, in which Mr. Bower was the groom, and little Carrie Bradley the bride; and the tiny "twelve-year-old" and the burly bachelor were joined in holy wedlock—Joe Loomis acting the priest and winding up the solemn ceremony and an emphatic "Over the left." However, the bride was kissed, and kindly congratulations exchanged on all hands.

Time passed. The old clock in the corner pealed eleven. The guests were gathered about the great old fire-place, where the huge logs of wood hissed and crackled before them, and the flames went merrily roaring up the chimney. The nut-shells and apple-parings—relics of the late onslaught—had all been carried away. Jokes were gradually getting less lively, and drowsiness began to creep over the weary eyelids of the guests; but they fell to talking by couples as they sat—and ere long each was busily immersed in a conversation with his neighbor. Joe Loomis was conversing about the mock-marriage with Ida Brown—thought real marriages were much more reasonable. So did she. Jeannette, Rose and Frank Templeton were turning over the leaves of a book of engravings, and passing comments upon them. Frank liked the picture of "the girls" best, while Jeannette modestly preferred "scenery and such." Alice Willis and Edward Effingham were earnestly discussing the question whether Mr. Bower's snuff-colored coat or Charley's blue, with its brass buttons, was prettiest. While Mr. Bower himself was conversing with Mr. Bradley in regard to the old superstition that clung round the house. From this the conversation turned upon ghosts, ghouls, goblins, and spirits in general. The dispute became very animated, and with increasing fervor came increasing loudness of tone, until soon the guests had ceased talking, and were eagerly listening to the disputants. As the discussion grew less earnest and finally ceased altogether, nothing would do but some hobgoblin tale.

"A ghost story!" said Jeannette.

"Yes, a ghost story! a ghost story!" was caught and reiterated by all.

And ghost stories were told. With that monotonous, solemn drone, that the most interesting

retailers of the horrible delight in, the dreary tales were spun out, until the listeners began to start at the tapping of the wind on the pane; until the lasses shrunk closer to the lads, as if expecting protection from them; and until the stroke of the clock-hammer that told the mystic hour of midnight, sent a thrill through the frames of the weaker ones.

"Tell us the story of Madeline, Mr. Bradley," requested some one.

"Oh, I would rather some one else would do it for me. Really, I cannot do the narrative any degree of justice, for the romance of it has been wholly driven out of my head by the familiarity of its scenes with the music of the saw and the jackplane, which I have introduced here. Still, if you insist upon it, I——"

"Yes, yes, you must tell it. No one else knows it so well," said Mr. Bower.

"Well, as the story runs, there formerly lived on these grounds, in this mansion, a Col. Guiteau, who then owned all the lands hereabout, on which Shawburgh has grown into existence. It seems this Col. Guiteau had professedly lived here many years; but with his domain under the superintendence of an agent, had really spent a great part of his time travelling in Europe—returning occasionally. One summer he brought with him a maiden said to have been surpassingly lovely. She seemed to be very melancholy and sad—always strolling much alone through the great groves about, and often bursting into sudden and violent weeping. It was supposed that some deep sorrow—blighted love or remorse—was preying at her heart—many accrediting it to her alliance with the old colonel; but she could never be led into conversation. If she was addressed in a kind and sympathetic tone she would murmur some Italian sentence, burst into tears, and move hastily away. During the day she did little else than sigh and weep, but it was noticed that when the colonel returned at night she met him with calmness, and sometimes even with a cheerful smile. Her favorite retreat was at the brink of the old well that lay in the garden just below the aviary, where, kneeling on the turf, she would gaze into its depths for hours. At length, one night, she was gone. The colonel caused the woods and surrounding country to be scoured, in vain; until at length attention was turned to the old well, and in it they found the beautiful maid wrapt in the sleep of death. Many years passed; the colonel followed his young bride to the land beyond the skies; the mansion was fast decaying; and foolish stories were abroad that the place was haunted—that

through these rooms where we now sit the ghost of the beautiful Madeline wandered wildly up and down, or hovered over the brink of the old well, singing mournful songs above her watery grave."

It was not long after this, that one intimated the lateness of the hour and the propriety of departure. Then they bundled into their mammoth sleigh at the door, and soon were moving down the avenue leading to the roadside gate. They were not so lively as is commonly the case with sleigh-loads of young people, and the dreary tales they had been harking to had cast a feeling of gloominess over them that would not yield to merriment. One of the bravest made a faint attempt at a whistle, but gave it up as a vain thing. Suddenly the sleigh stopped. Joe Loomis stuck his head out and inquired what had broke?

"Broke!" said the negro driver, "by gony! I dunno what's broke; but dem ar hosses has got frit about suthen! Hark! Dar! Heah dat ar! By gony! wonder what dem be!"

Joe sprang out, followed by the rest of the boys, and ran forward; when they distinctly heard a groan from the summer-house, beneath which Joe knew was the old well. They paused. The sound was repeated, louder—so loud that the girls heard it and asked what it meant; and when Joe replied, all tremulous with agitation, "Hope I may be hung if it don't come from that old well," one of them fainted, and all were very much alarmed. They returned to the house, and soon succeeded in mustering a party who sallied forth to the well, properly armed. When they stood in the summer-house, and heard the shouting that arose from beneath their feet, some were for running back; but were persuaded to remain and unravel the mystery. As the stone was rolled away, and an agonizing groan rose full and audible upon their ears, human nerves could bear no more; light heels took light heads swiftly away, and terror sent the principal portion of the congregated valor scampering furiously up to the house.

Mr. Bradley, Mr. Bower, and a domestic were more philosophical, and though excessively mystified, finally succeeded in hauling forth the woe-begone, despairing phiz of Shadrach Shiftless, and shortly after a pair of heels surmounted by legs whose owner was either so nearly frightened to death, or froze to death, that he trembled like an aspen; which said heels no sooner felt *terra firma* than they assumed their powers of locomotion, and rattled off down the road that led to the village, with a speed that was astonishing to contemplate.

Shadrach Shiftless wipes off horses legs and cleans stables at a hotel in the village of Blandby, at the date of the first publication of this history. He still looks for his "luck" with unwavering confidence; avowing that the only thing which prevented his securing the pot of gold was his first transgression, in traveling by daylight.

## THE SUMMER CLOUDS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

Floating so quiet in the Summer air,  
 What do ye, clouds?  
 What, spirits still and pallid, deathly calm and fair,  
 In your white folded shrouds  
 Have ye enwrapped? Why clasp them closely, silent there,  
 Within your bosom, clouds?  
 Are ye the messengers that come and go  
 'Twixt earth and Heaven?  
 Flitting o'er seas of jasper? Winged birds of snow,  
 Drooping, 'mid shades of even,  
 To gather up our dead from out our human woe,  
 And bear them up to Heaven?  
 What is't thou carriest thither, wrapped in white?  
 I wonder much  
 If 'tis some tiny babe, just lost on earth from sight,  
 And from its mother's touch?  
 Surely! We know the Kingdom of Christ's love and light  
 In Heaven, "is made of such!"  
 And now, dark phantom clouds flit wildly by!  
 I shudder cold,

And say, "Oh, see you not how through you our  
 sky  
 A lost and blackened soul  
 Is rushing?" Like a pall, the dun clouds frighted fly,  
 And round its path enfold?  
 And, when fierce thunder rendeth loud the dome,  
 And lightnings leap,  
 I shriek aloud in terror! Blinding, headlong thrown  
 Down over Heaven's high steep  
 The lost soul falleth ever! "Go! I thee disown!"  
 Angry Jehovah speaks!  
 Nay, this is terrible! Cease, fancy bold!  
 Why ask to know  
 The hidden? Earthly natures are, by far, too cold.  
 Too earth-clogged, and too slow  
 Of speech to read the Heavens, from out whose folds  
 No sneers can come or go.  
 Thy name is written Mystery, cloudy train!  
 I cannot solve  
 The wild imaginings that throng upon my brain,  
 As thro' the skies ye rose:  
 Enough for me to know thou wert not made in vain—  
 And God is Love!

## UNHEARD MUSIC.

BY J. B. L. SOULE.

'Tis not the outward ear alone  
 On which the voice of music falls;  
 And never hath its sweetest tone  
 Been heard within cathedral walls.  
 The clangor of the martial song,  
 The bugle's wild and strilling strain,  
 May make the fainting foeman strong,  
 And well nigh animate the slain.  
 But Nature's myriad forms and sounds  
 All eloquent with music move;  
 And her great orchestra resounds  
 With endless canticles of love.  
 There is a choir at each twilight  
 That sweetly to my spirit sings;  
 Oh! can it be the coming flight  
 Of angels on their unseen wings—

Sped from the distant depths of blue,  
 Celestial solace to impart;  
 Breathing Æolian sonnets through  
 The silent chambers of my heart?  
 I know not whence thou chords arise,  
 I only feel their quivering play,  
 Blent in mysterious symphonies  
 Unknown to mortal melody.  
 Is it the music of the spheres—  
 Time's ancient anthems, thus that roll  
 From the great organs which he rears  
 Around the temple of the soul?  
 Is it the lingering echo, long  
 From orb to orb harmonious flung—  
 The dying chorus of that song  
 The morning stars together sung?

## GOING OVER THE FALLS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

We stopped at the Cataract House.

Tired with long travel, covered with dust, and disappointed at not getting a room facing the rapids, my rising irritability culminated, when I was shown into a chamber, up six pair of stairs, next door to what seemed a noisy cotton-mill.

"This is abominable," I said, crossly, when I found myself alone with my companion, "spinning jennies at Niagara!"

My companion burst out laughing.

"Spinning jennies! It's the sound of the rapids," he said.

And the rapids it was. But to my dying day, I will maintain that the "first sound of Niagara," about which so much has been written and so poetically, is like the incessant rattle of a cotton-mill, the hum of a hive of spinning jennies.

The next day I went over to Goat Island for the second time, and alone. The rush and whirl of those great rapids, whose half smothered noise had struck me so unpoetically, had taken deep hold of my imagination. I could hardly, on that first day, tear myself away from them. "Five mighty lakes," I said to myself, "are writhing there, and though they know their doom, they are vainly struggling against it, as the frantic and strong will do even when hope is dead." What could a weak swimmer do in such a moment, was my constantly recurring thought. I could not shake off the terrible fascination of this idea. Once or twice, I felt an insane temptation to leap in, as men sometimes are tempted to jump from the top of a steeple; and though I put away the suggestion with a shudder, and at last resolutely left the rapids, I could not resist returning, on this day, and alone.

I selected an unobserved spot, where a little peninsula jutted out into the current, and throwing myself idly down under the shadows of thick trees, began to watch the foaming rapids shooting past between me and the Canadian shore opposite.

At first I was not wholly insensible to the coolness of this sheltered nook, so refreshing after my hot walk. I heard, with a sense of drowsy pleasure, the murmur of the insects around, and the light breeze stirring the leaves overhead. But gradually I lost all consciousness of these, as

my entire being became absorbed in the whizzing waters. I saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing but the never-ceasing motion of the rapids.

I remember trying in vain to calculate the velocity of the wild current. For this purpose, I took out my watch, and fixing my eyes on a flake of foam, in the middle of the river, followed it as it hurried toward the cataract, which thundered not a quarter of a mile below. But I lost sight of my mark almost immediately in the multitude of other bits of foam, all hastening the same way. I then selected another, but it vanished as fast. Every subsequent attempt was equally unsuccessful. Soon I could see nothing but specks of foam, whitening by continually, swiftly, silently, eternally. As fast as one shot past, another rushed into sight, millions following millions, till I had no consciousness of anything else, past, present, or to come. The one idea of never-ending motion, that began with Eternity and would go on forever and forever, possessed me, till my brain grew dizzy.

Perhaps some, who may read this, have experienced similar sensations, though to a less intense degree. If so, they will be able to realize how such an idea, indulged in without restraint, may lead to madness. Some such reflection crossed me, for a single instant, breaking momentarily the spell of this morbid idea. But it passed from my mind immediately. I had not strength of will sufficient to resist the horrible fascination of the sight before me, with its idea of never-ending motion.

At this point an insane wish began to take possession of me. I would share in this motion: I would, so far as I could, become a part of it. Mechanically I commenced preparing to enter the water. I did not, at first, intend to go out into the current. The little peninsula, where I reclined, formed a tiny bay on its upper side; and here I dropped myself gently in. I recollect the delicious sensation that shot through every nerve, as the cool water laved my limbs. It was an instinct of the peril I ran, rather than a definite consciousness of it, that led me, for a moment or two, to hold on by the grassy bank. The current, during this interval, eddied softly by, as if it could do no harm: and allured by its

promise of safety, I let go, still instinctively, for all this while I felt rather than reasoned.

Oh! the exquisite pleasure of that bath. Lazily swimming, I was borne gently around and around, as the eddy revolved in the little bay. Now I swept slowly by the bank, the grass and flowers leaning over to kiss me as I was carried, with slightly accelerated speed, along the edge of the outer and onward current. But scarcely had my eyes dreamily rested on the rushing rapids, before they met again the sweet blossoms on the bank; and thus, in a drowsy circuit inexpressibly luxurious, I continued languidly revolving. The idea of motion still engrossed me, but it was now deprived of its maddening quality: it was endless motion still, but motion refined and subtilized. The horrors of that rushing river, dashed continually into breakers, and drawn irresistibly toward the glassy, inflexible edge of the awful cataract, no longer half crazed me. I felt as if suddenly relieved from a thought, which had been making me insane; and closing my eyes in delicious rest, I allowed myself to float on my back, guiding my course idly with an occasional stroke. The rustle of leaves, the drone of bees, and the gurgling sound of the revolving waters, though not consciously heard by me, assisted to soothe my excited feelings, as when a mother's voice hushes the fevered brain of a sick child.

Suddenly I felt as if shot through a sluiceway. To recover my position, to strike out, and to open my eyes were instantaneous. The peninsula was already receding fast in the distance. In my lazy circuits, I had unconsciously and gradually approached the edge of the eddy, until, all at once, the current had seized me, propelling me out into the stream, and toward the jaws of the frightful cataract.

I realized immediately, not only this, but the single chance there was for my preservation. I knew that if I swam directly for the shore, I might probably reach land just above the Falls; for to regain the spot I had left was impossible. Once, in the Delaware, I had escaped drowning, by crossing a tidal current in this way. So I struck desperately out.

When one swims for life, it is no child's play. Every muscle was strained to its utmost tension, and as I buffeted the rough waters, I began to hope. Though still careering with the current at a frightful rate, I was drawing nearer to the shore. Close on this side of the cataract, a bit of land jutted out, which I calculated, if I continued to gain as I had, I should reach. The thought gave me, if possible, additional strength. I was never cooler in my life than at this mo-

ment. Measuring with my eye the distance to the point, and marking the rate at which I was moving with the rapids, I felt certain that I should save my life, if my strength held out.

The shores, meantime, were rushing past me, as fences past an express train. The roar of the turbid waters, chafing and tossing all around me, was in my ears continually. Mightier than all, the low, deep thunder of the rapidly approaching cataract, rose, like a solemn undertone, swelling and swelling louder. I could not see the Fall itself, but glancing in its direction, I beheld the convulsed rapids subside into quiet as they approached its brink, where they curved downward, like a sheet of green glass, and were lost to my vision. But the vapor, that rose in clouds beyond, and against which they were relieved, suggested the tremendous chasm into which they had disappeared. Added to this, the very waters that enveloped me had a tremulous motion, totally distinct from that caused by the waves, which impressed me, in a manner no pen can describe, with the weight of the enormous mass precipitated over the Horse-Shoe, and not less with the depth and magnitude of the abyss into which it fell.

I had now reduced my distance from the shore more than one half. "A few bold strokes," I said, "and I shall be safe." But, at that instant I observed a sunken rock, one of the many that intersect the rapids, lying directly in my track. The swift waters, momentarily arrested by it, tumbled wildly about, boiling and crackling, and shooting jets of spray high into the air. To pass above it was impossible, even with the utmost exertions. If I would escape being dashed to pieces against it, I must go by below. But this involved the risk of missing the point, and that was certain destruction, for, just beyond, the current rushed out into the very centre of the river, where I should infallibly be swept. It was no time, however, for hesitation. I had but the one course, and, therefore, remitting my efforts for an instant, I permitted myself to drop past the rock.

Now began a tremendous struggle. It was absolutely necessary to regain what I had lost, and to regain it quickly. I felt endowed with the strength of a dozen men. The point was still considerably below me, and so far there was hope. But the current was bearing me along with a constantly accelerating velocity, so that this hope was the slenderest possible. The water, still tumultuous from its collision with the sunken rock, now dragged me under and now flung me, half drowned, to the surface. Yet I battled on. Now the point is almost gained.

A slight eddy swings me nearly to it. Another stroke or two and it will be gained. Thank God! I almost grasp that root. No! Another eddy seizes me, it whirls me around and around, it knocks me twice by casting me almost ashore, and then hurls me out into the river. The point shoots past like lightning.

All these events had occurred in a space of time incredibly short, in a period to be counted by seconds, not by minutes. No bolt, shot from warlike engine, ever went swifter than I sped now. A long, deep breath, when I found I had missed the point, and I was nearly in the centre of the rapids, right above the Horse-Shoe. An instant only separated me from Eternity.

Yet what an experience was crowded into that instant! I saw everything around me as plainly as if I had been an unconcerned spectator. The rapids, just before reaching the Falls, lose their turbulence, approaching the precipice smooth and majestically slow. The volume of water, it will be remembered, comprises the drainage of half a continent, the contents of five mighty inland seas, and therefore its depth, at this point, must be enormous. Whatever inequalities of rock there may be below, the surface, in consequence, is undisturbed. Arriving at the edge of the abyss, it seems to pause a moment, and then curves solemnly downward, a mass of translucent green, as polished as a mirror. All this I curiously noted. I saw also the shores rushing past on either side; the white walls of the Clifton House ahead shining calmly in the sun; and the stone tower, that, built out from Goat Island, impended over the cataract to my right. A few people, I observed, had seen my peril. Some were running to the shore and shouting, while others seemed to be paralyzed with horror.

I had now reached the edge of the abyss. I cast a glance upward at the sky, the last I should ever take, and I remember it seemed to me bluer and calmer than ever. A lady, in the tower I have mentioned, seeing me at this moment, sank back into her husband's arms fainting; and it appeared to me that I heard her shriek as she fell. I could now see down the Fall. All around me, as well as above and below, the water was as smooth as glass, my body seeming not even to ruffle the surface, but to be set, mosaic-like, in it, only a few ripples diverging on either side, as from an insect skimming a placid mill-pond. But I could see, that, about half way down, the face of the cataract began to break into fleeting bits of foam, looking like frosted-silver, that came and went in rapid and endless succession. But it was at a vast distance beneath, for high

as the Fall had seemed, when viewed upward from Table Rock, it now seemed immeasurably more so as I glanced below, during the one fearful instant that I hung poised on its top. I do not exaggerate when I say that it appeared hundreds, nay! thousands of feet to the abyss at the bottom. It seemed as if ages would pass before I should reach there, ages during which I would be falling and falling forever. And what a bottomless chaos yawned below! I do not know that human language can figure forth that chasm. For between the falling waters and the boiling vortex in front of them, a shaft opened downward, that seemed to run to infinite depths. I remember asking myself should I ever emerge from it? I recalled the fact that I had heard that the bodies of persons, drowned at the Falls, frequently did not come up until they reached the whirlpool, which was miles down the river, and that there they often revolved for days, weeks, and even months. Was there a subterranean connection between the foot of the cataract and the maelstrom? I had just visited the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, where similar under-ground channels existed; and it was not impossible. Or did that shaft, as seemed more likely, in that awful moment, penetrate to primeval chaos in the centre of the globe?

I remember also thinking of the enormous weight of those waters. I had seen strong men, in the surf, prostrated by a single wave. I had myself often been exhausted with a few brief struggles against the in-coming billows. Yet the mass of water, which had thus taken away my breath, was a million times smaller than that which was now pouring over the Falls. Under this awful sledge-hammer, if I may call it such, it would be my fate, in an instant more, to be macerated alive. The weight of that mass of water I knew to be incalculable. Arithmetic shrank back appalled from estimating it in pounds. Yet it would bray me as in a mortar.

All these things passed through my mind with inconceivable rapidity. In sudden deaths the intellect is always preternaturally quickened. I cannot better give an idea of the minute fraction of time consumed, than by saying it was about equal to the period, when one discharges a pistol, between the flash and the report. In that inappreciable period I had experienced all these emotions.

As I felt myself falling, and still falling, I thought of those I loved and who loved me. Then it was that the agony of death came upon me.

—— I woke, with a gasp and pang. I woke, not to another world, but to this.



I was lying on the grass, beside the little bay where I had first seated myself, and the bees were humming, the leaves whispering, and the waves softly lapping the shore. I had fallen asleep, when contemplating the rapids; and all afterward was a dream.

Yet I give it as a real experience. For had I been actually swept away by the current, and hung poised over the awful abyss, I could not have agonized—I must coin the word—more, or differently.

And I knew thenceforth what few ever knew, the full meaning of the prayer in the Litany, for deliverance from *sudden* death.

## A SISTER POET.

BY W. B. FABOR.

FAIR votress of the gifted nine  
 In Thessalianian bowers,  
 Passing thy leisure hours,  
 Low at the poet's laureled shrine;  
 Upon thy youthful brow I see  
 Bright promises of fame,  
 Linked to an honored name,  
 To go hence to futurity.  
 Yet oft thy simple song is sad,  
 As if some sorrow crept  
 Into my heart, and kept  
 Its vigil when thou would'st be glad.  
 As if Life's harvestings were pain,  
 Ripening to eben sheafs  
 Of agonies and griefs,  
 Instead of pleasure's golden wain.  
 Unfold the chintz of memory;  
 Forgetting what has been,

Look for a brighter scene,  
 And for Life's barque a smoother sea.

Infuse the hopes that buoy up youth  
 Into thy every line;

And, from the spirit's shrine,  
 As incense let them rise to Truth.

Faith in the distance can discern  
 Buelah's meadow nigh,  
 And, with a smiling eye,  
 Sweet sister, to it kindly turn.

The gift thou hast is one of might  
 To rouse the brave from sleep,  
 And in their armor leap  
 To where Truth doth with Error fight.

And thou wilt yet dispense aright  
 The numbers of thy lyre,  
 And with thy soul's pure fire  
 Send through Time's dark a ray of light.

## "I WILL MISS THEE."

BY CLARENCE MAY.

I WILL miss thee—oh, how sadly,  
 When thy presence here is gone—  
 When my heart shall no more echo  
 To thy softly-whispered tone.  
 I will miss thee, when at evening  
 I shall gaze on yon sweet star,  
 That is thrilling to our glances,  
 In its soft blue home, afar.  
 I will miss thee, when the Summer  
 Shall have gently waned away;  
 And the shadows of brown Autumn  
 In the faded landscape lay.  
 Then among the dreary woodlands,  
 I will wander, sad and lone;  
 Dreaming of the sunny Spring-time,  
 When my heart thrilled with thine own.

And fond Memory will 'waken  
 Ev'ry low and gentle word,  
 That within each glad young bosom,  
 With responsive pleasure stirred.

I will miss thee too in Winter,  
 When the fireside blazes bright;  
 And we form the social circle,  
 When the shadows fall at night.

Ah, thy soft voice then will never  
 Lend its music to my ear;  
 As I linger o'er some poet,  
 That we read when you were near.

Many—many a voice may greet me,  
 In a low and gentle tone;  
 But its music will not cheer me  
 Like the cadence of thine own.

## PUTTING UP FRESH FRUITS BY HERMETICAL SEALING.

INFORMATION on this subject is sought after more and more every day by housekeepers, who are generally looking for an easier way of preserving fruits for winter use, than the old method of cooking with a large amount of sugar, which necessarily destroys the natural flavor. The French, long since, adopted the plan of putting up fruits in their own juice, but the process by which this was done remained for a time a secret. It is now generally known that the simple agent employed by them was heat. The substance to be preserved was heated up to a certain degree, and then soldered up in air-tight vessels. This process has also been adopted here, and thousands of cans of peaches, tomatoes, &c., are put up and sold every year.

The mode of doing this has become known to many housekeepers, but still the larger number possess no certain information on the subject. For their benefit, we will briefly describe the way in which fresh fruits, &c., may be kept with their natural flavor but slightly impaired.

Tin cans are most generally used for this purpose, and it has been found that they keep the substances preserved in them perfectly—the tin not imparting the slightest perceptible flavor to the finest fruit.

More peaches are preserved in this way than all other fruits put together. They are pared, cut up, and the can filled with them. A small portion of sugar is used by most persons. The

can is put into a vessel of cold or moderately warm water, and boiled until the fruit is thoroughly heated through—say for half an hour where a quart can is used; larger if the can is of larger size. While the fruit is hot, the can must be sealed up hermetically. If this is done, no further change in the fruit will take place. It will remain in the same condition for years.

An easier and more certain way, and the one pursued by many housekeepers, is to make a syrup of half a pound of sugar for every pound of peaches, and after paring and cutting up the fruit, boiling it for about ten minutes in the syrup. Fill the cans with the hot fruit and syrup and seal at once. A more delicious article than this for winter use can hardly be imagined. For all small fruits, berries, &c., this is the best and surest way.

How much easier this is, than ordinary preserving, every housekeeper will see in a moment. And the gain is, fruit kept in its natural flavor. The difficulty heretofore in the way, and one that has prevented most persons from adopting this method, has been the necessity of having the cans soldered up by a tinner. Many attempts to produce a self-sealing can have been tried; but with only partial success. At last, however, one has been produced, the invention of Dr. R. Arthur, of this city, which seems to answer the purpose fully. We give drawings of this.



ARTHUR'S SELF-SEALING CAN.

It will be seen, at a glance, that this can is constructed with channel around the mouth on the outside. This channel is filled with a very adhesive cement. To seal it, after the fruit has been prepared, only requires the cover to be heated and pressed down into the cement when

the work is done. The above cuts represent a can sealed, and one prepared for sealing. A great advantage of this can is that the top is entirely open, so that when emptied it can be cleaned like any other open vessel. It can also be used for several consecutive years.

For putting up tomatoes, as well as peaches, it is perfectly adapted. The tomatoes have only to be boiled for about ten minutes in a preserving-kettle, and the cans filled and sealed. Not the slightest change will take place in them until the cans are opened.

All kinds of stewed fruit can be kept in these

vessels. Stew the fruit for about ten minutes, with or without sugar, and seal it up while hot, and you will have it on your table next winter, as fresh as if just taken from the tree and stewed.

If our lady friends do not have their tables well supplied with fruit after this, it will be their own fault.

## LINES,

SUGGESTED UPON VISITING MOUNT-AUBURN, IN CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

BY MARY MORTIMER.

THE varied features Nature wears,  
In grandeur are displayed;  
The sheltered valley, silent grove,  
Deep glen and bosky glade.

The lofty oak, and rustling pine,  
The birch and willow too,  
The trees, whose leaves in Autumn fade,  
Emblem of earth's frail hue!

Morn's earliest beams that wake the flowers,  
May on those summits play;  
And later tints, when evening hours,  
Hover o'er dying day!

Spring with its renovating glow,  
Invites the youthful guest;  
The votaries of science too  
Here find their minds refreshed.

A cheering light is shed upon  
The darkness of the tomb!  
Oh! naught within this hallow'd ground  
Should ever breathe of gloom.

The sorrowing mourner often comes  
To these dear forest shades,  
To hold communion with the loved  
Who slumber 'neath these shades.

The hand of friendship often twines  
Sweet flowers to deck each tomb;  
These floral gifts their language speak  
'Mid ever varying bloom.

A solemn stillness breathes around,  
Broken only by the breeze;  
Or by the warbler's evening song  
From the tall forest trees.

Here they repose, the young and loved,  
As Summer blossoms fell;  
The hoary sage and patriarch too  
In Heavenly courts now dwell.

Memorials here should ever rise,  
Meet offerings for a shrine  
Where genius, youth and age repose,  
Whose teachings were divine.

## FALLS OF NIAGARA.

BY E. S. WOODFORD.

WILD and deep thy rocky bed;  
Westward far thy fountain head—  
Bounding on 'mid rising spray,  
Dashing o'er thy rock-bound way,  
Roaring out in wildest moan,  
Sparkling up in lambent foam—  
World of waters! Mighty river!  
Emblem of the great forever.

How wild, and deep, and trebly strong  
Thy mighty floods are borne along!  
What roar is that? the waters break  
From mountain stream and crystal lake;

And plunging down their rocky vase,  
In wildest foam the floods embrace,  
And rising from thy depths below,  
There spans the arch the promised bow.

Here morning paints the orient skies  
With bow of iris-tinted dyes;  
Here man may view in wild amaze  
The scenes that chain his lingering gaze:  
See Nature's wildest, grandest shore,  
Amid the flood's eternal roar;  
See beauty in the dashing wave,  
While dancing down to ocean's caves.

## THE BOUQUET OF DAISIES.

BY MADAME REVIER.

It was midnight. I was alone and cosily seated by the side of a good fire that threw its light into the farthest corners of my room. I had no inclination to sleep and yet half-closed my eyes, looked at, without seeing, the thousand charming objects that decorated my chamber and rendered it so agreeable to me; when all at once I was startled by a slight sound. This sound though scarcely audible went right to my heart.

I then roused from the state of torpor in which I had been plunged and looked with terror at a bunch of daisies, quite withered, which occupied a place of honor in a crystal vase on one of my stands. One of the flowers of this bouquet had dropped off, and as it fell produced a slight sound, imperceptible perhaps for any other ear than mine, but which nevertheless went right to my heart.

It was because this melancholy bouquet, the leaves and flowers of which retained no trace of their primitive colors, recalled to my memory a touching story of the heart.

This story is as follows:

Two years before I had gone to visit one of my aunts who possessed a charming seat at Marly-le-Roi, and was to pass part of the summer there. My aunt was a widow, and had an only child, a charming girl only two years younger than myself. Denise, for that was my cousin's name, was seventeen, and I was scarcely nineteen. She was fair, of slender figure, and graceful as a maiden could be. Her education and her manners were very superior. She had some talent, but unfortunately she was of a character romantic to excess, and this was frequently a great drawback on her other qualities.

Myself an only daughter, we had been brought up together and loved each other as sisters. My aunt was very rich, and very brilliant offers had already been made for the honor of my cousin's hand. But thus far Denise had declined them all. She intended, she said, to marry only for love, and my aunt was weak enough to yield to her wishes, which she called childish whims.

Denise had often told me that she would give her hand and heart to none but the man who should please her at first sight, and who should be equally smitten with her. It was a foolish

fancy! And very often did I lecture her for hours on the subject, and endeavored, but in vain, to bring her to more reasonable views. Poor child! She was one day cruelly to expiate her romantic fancies!

I had been at Marly above a month. I was one morning walking in a pleasant little wood at the extremity of the garden, when I heard the clear silvery voice of Denise calling me in a joyous tone.

"Mary, my dear Mary, where are you?" cried she, running.

I went to meet her.

"Oh! such good news! In the first place, we are going to a ball this evening at the Countess of \*\*\*'s, at St-Germain."

"I know it."

"Yes, but you don't know all. To this ball, the brother of one of our dear friends, M. Henry de Kergueron, a naval officer, on leave for a few days, is to be invited, and——"

"And——" repeated I, seeing her hesitation.

"Well, then, it is for my sake that he comes. I am told that he is handsome and charming young man, who wishes to marry me, but," added she, smiling, "he wants to see me first incognito before coming to our house as a suitor, and for that reason he will be at the countess' to-night. His sister, who cannot be there, has just written to inform me that she has told Henry he may easily recognize me by my toilet, which always consists of a white frock, a bouquet of daisies in the middle of the waist, and a similar one but larger, in my hand——"

"So then," said I, interrupting her, "I must choose other flowers, for you no doubt remember that we are to be dressed as two sisters to-night."

"Yes, indeed, and that is what pleases me so much; so mind you change nothing in our arrangements."

"But," cried I, "how then will this officer recognize you?"

"His heart will guide him," answered my cousin, throwing back her beautiful head in excitement.

"And if he should prefer me to you?"

Denise looked at me fixedly for several minutes, and then exclaimed gaily, "You are pretty, my dear Mary, but there, frankly, I think I am

before you." Then kissing my forehead, she left me to go and instruct her mother in the part she was to play in this little comedy.

Denise was right; I was not so pretty as herself; her light brown hair encircled with its luxuriant curls a face of remarkable fairness; my hair was dark and simply arranged in bandeaux. Her complexion was fair and rosy, mine pale and colorless; she had fine, large, blue eyes; mine were black, and shaded with long lashes. Her mouth was filled with fine teeth and her rosy lips disclosed when she smiled; my teeth were like hers and my lips redder. But her features were regular, while mine were not.

The whole day I felt uneasy and oppressed. My cousin's project disturbed me, and several times I advised her to give it up, and even threatened to dress differently or to choose other flowers. But she was so urgent in her entreaties that at last I gave way, especially as my aunt who thought the plan charming and very original joined her entreaties to her daughter's.

On the evening of that same day when I entered the drawing-room where my aunt and cousin were waiting for me to start, I trembled like a leaf agitated by the wind, and looked much paler than usual. Denise came and took me by the hand. She also was trembling with emotion, and looked all the more beautiful for it.

The triple skirt of her white tulle dress was raised on the left side by three little tufts of natural daisies, and similar flowers ornamented her hair and corsage.

It was a very simple toilet, but the dress was made by one of the cleverest workwomen in the trade, and fitted her exquisitely.

"Oh!" exclaimed my aunt, "if you were fair, Mary, you two might be taken for two sisters, the same in height, figure, and dress."

"Yes," interrupted I, "but much less pretty than Denise."

"Will M. de Kergueron be of your opinion?" said my cousin, blushing and smiling.

"No doubt of that!" answered my aunt, hastily.

My heart ached and I trembled more than before.

We set off, and along the road from Marly-le-Roi to St. Germain, we exchanged but very few words.

It was already late when we reached the Countess of \*\*\*'s, where all the aristocracy of St. Germain were assembled, as well as the gentry of the neighborhood and part of the officers of the garrison.

After speaking a moment with the noble

hostess, we passed through several saloons filled with elegantly dressed crowds, and we at last succeeded, not without some difficulty, however, in finding vacant seats in the gallery where dancing was going on.

I was still trembling and suffering from a uneasiness I cannot describe. At last, making a violent effort to overcome my emotion, I said to Denise,

"Well, now, where is he? But," added I immediately, "how shall you recognize him in the midst of this crowd, since you have never seen him?"

"His sister Adeline tells me in her letter that he is so much like her I cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance, and she also adds that he will probably be the only one of his corps in uniform this evening."

"How old is he? and what is his rank?"

"He is twenty-seven, and a lieutenant. But what ails you?" continued Denise, anxiously, "you are trembling, and frightfully pale."

"Oh! nothing," answered I, "except that the excitement caused by your childish scheme has quite unhinged me. But it will soon be over, and do not be alarmed, and——"

"Here he is!" interrupted my cousin, becoming pale in her turn. "Oh, he is handsome!" bending down her head to her bouquet to conceal a rising blush.

My eyes had followed the direction of her head, and on seeing M. de Kergueron, I could not help saying, like her, "Oh, yea, he is handsome."

He was a fine young man, of a light and easy carriage, and tall, manly figure. He wore his elegant uniform with an ease and grace full of distinction. His long black hair gave a striking charm to his masculine, expressive, and somewhat sun-burnt countenance. He wore neither beard nor moustache, but his lips of deep red set off to the best advantage the dazzling whiteness of his teeth.

His large grey eyes, rather full, were shaded by long and thick lashes which veiled their brightness, and when their glance met mine a sensation I cannot describe thrilled through me.

"I shall love him! Oh! I feel by the beating of my heart that I love him already," said my cousin, leaning toward me.

"Silly girl!" said I, "pray lay aside your romantic notions and wait at least till he has spoken to you and till you know more of him ere you decide; and besides," added I again, "if he should prefer me to you?"

Denise knew she was beautiful, therefore she innocently answered,

"It is impossible!"

The prelude of a quadrille was now heard. M. de Kerguereon advanced toward us. I was very pale! Denise trembled. My aunt, who sat behind us, suddenly leant forward, and said to us,

"The one he first invites will have his preference!"

Denise trembled very much, and I felt ready to die. I was afraid for my cousin's sake that he might ask me first.

M. de Kerguereon was now only a few steps from us; he appeared calm, and yet his eyes were ardently fixed on us and turned from one to the other. He was hesitating perhaps! At last he came, and addressing Denise,

"Miss," said he, with a gentle, thrilling voice, "will you grant me the honor of dancing the first quadrille with me?"

"Yes, sir," answered she, making a great effort to overcome her emotion.

"Miss," said M. de Kerguereon, again bending toward me, "may I have the happiness of dancing the first waltz with you?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, in my turn, in a voice scarcely audible, feeling that the young officer's eyes were fixed on me.

He offered his hand to Denise and she went with him, radiant and proud of her triumph.

My aunt's face was beaming, she was so happy at the preference accorded to her daughter, and I began to breathe when the officer of dragoons came to request the honor of dancing with me, and conducted me opposite to M. de Kerguereon and my cousin whose vis-a-vis we were.

When, after the quadrille, Denise and I found ourselves again seated side by side, she recounted to me her impressions, and I was alarmed to find what a pitch of excitement she had reached.

"Mary," she said, "I love him; oh! that is no longer doubtful; and I can assure you that if he should not love me it would be my death."

Her words bore such an accent of truth that I trembled for her.

Some minutes passed before the prelude of the waltz was again heard. I was calmer, but curious to see and hear the officer who was likely to have so great an influence over my cousin's future fate.

When he took my hand, I thought I felt his tremble, and I could no longer doubt, when borne along in the whirl of the waltz, I felt the pressure of his strong arm around my waist. His heart beat violently and his breathing was short and uneven. At times, by a movement of irresistible power he seemed eager to press me against his breast; at others, on the contrary,

he gently held me off, and we waltzed away, and had not yet exchanged a single word.

I was not like my cousin, having no faith in sudden passions, inspired all at once at first sight by the exchange of a look or the contact of one hand with another.

And nevertheless—must I avow it?—I felt happy! Yes, indeed, very happy!

I was under the influence of a vague sensation till then utterly unknown. Never had the pleasures of the waltz caused me any such intoxication; but, too weak to support such emotions any longer, I said to M. de Kerguereon,

"Pray, sir, let us rest a moment!"

He took my hand, and laying it on his arm,

"Are you unwell, Miss?" inquired he with a trembling voice.

"Oh! it is nothing, sir; only the heat."

He hastily took me near an open window looking into the garden.

"It is rather stormy," resumed he after a moment's silence; "perhaps that is the cause of your indisposition, Miss."

"Probably, sir," I answered; "but I am better now," and in saying this I involuntarily raised my nosegay to my lips; one of the flowers broke off, and after rolling down my dress fell at M. de Kerguereon's feet; he stooped and picked it up.

"Allow me, Miss," said he, "to keep this flower."

I had the weakness not to answer; it was a tacit consent.

M. de Kerguereon's eyes shone with a feverish brightness, but he said not a word more and conducted me in silence to my seat.

"Well!" asked Denise, some few minutes after; "how do you like him now you have had a nearer view?"

"Passably well," answered I, with some indifference.

My cousin exclaimed against my coldness and want of enthusiasm about the young naval officer, and began to make a pompous eulogium of him. She compelled me to notice his graceful manners, manly beauty, and distinction. He was, she declared, the very ideal she had dreamed! Poor girl!

I listened to her, and felt a pang of remorse, for I reproached myself with not having found an opportunity of telling M. de Kerguereon that it was she whom he ought to love. She! and was it she indeed whom he preferred, as he had engaged her first? Why then had he labored under such strong emotion when dancing with me? Why had he taken and begged that flower, if he preferred her? I was lost in a labyrinth

of conjectures like these, and my head was burning.

Denise said that I was cross.

M. de Kergueron danced once more with my cousin. I refused another partner that I might watch and see if he would be with Denise as he had been with me. He appeared cold and collected, and for that very reason much more graceful. He made the most of all his advantages; he possessed all his presence of mind. A moment came, however, when I saw him turn pale. Denise looked toward me. No doubt they were talking of me, but what did they say?

I was no longer myself; I, usually so calm, cold, and unmoved, now was all feverish; my heart palpitated violently, and a thousand confused ideas were racking my brain. Was it love? I do not know, if so, love was painful to me!

M. de Kergueron brought Denise back to her place and asked me no more. My heart felt a keen pang; but what did I feel, good heavens! when my cousin, whispering into my ear, said,

"Mary, I have betrayed myself; I spoke to him of his sister when looking at you and telling him how we loved each other. But what signifies now? has he not found me out? Since he asked me to dance twice to your once, and then he scarcely spoke to you, while with me he was as pleasing and amiable as possible."

"Oh!" added she, throwing back her luxuriant curls by a graceful movement of the head; "oh! I am so happy, for, I must own that I was afraid for a moment he would prefer you to me; now I have no reason to doubt."

We did not see M. de Kergueron again, and it was doubtless on that account Denise complained of fatigue and wished to return to Marly. He was no longer at the Countess de \*\*\*'s, and the ball had no more charms for her.

The next morning I had got much calmer, and nothing remained of the incidents of the evening but a vague and confused idea. Denise on the contrary was in a very excited state, which frightened me, and for the first time alarmed my aunt herself, always so weak and indulgent toward her daughter. But Denise seemed so certain that M. de Kergueron was about to ask her hand in marriage that my aunt took confidence.

We had just breakfasted, the hour for the second delivery was near, and my cousin awaited it with impatience, for she fully expected a letter from Mlle. de Kergueron.

Denise was not disappointed, for the letter came.

Oh, heavens! how fresh are all the details of that terrible scene in my memory!

It was a beautiful day in August, about one o'clock; the atmosphere was close and the heat intolerable. We were all three in the saloon, the windows of which were open and the blinds shut to exclude the burning rays of the sun. My aunt was reading a newspaper, and stopped from time to time to look uneasily at her daughter, who, reclining on a sofa, as pale as the white muslin wrapper that enveloped her person, seemed to be looking hard at vacancy, in a state of anxious expectation. I was at the piano, and my fingers wandered mechanically over the keys.

A servant entered with a letter on a salver.

"For Miss Denise," said he, advancing toward her, and she took it with a trembling hand.

The servant retired.

My aunt hastened toward her daughter and wanted to take the letter; the poor mother was suddenly seized by a terrible presentiment.

Denise gently repulsed her, saying, "No, no, it is for me, and I wish to be the first to know my happiness."

I wanted to approach her, but my strength failed me.

She at last broke open the fatal letter, but had scarcely looked at it, when a livid paleness came over her features; the letter dropped from her hand, and she fell insensible on the sofa.

My aunt rushed toward her, and I ran and ran to get assistance.

My cousin's swoon lasted long, very long; and when she came to herself, she stared at us and burst into a loud laugh. The poor girl paid dearly for the romantic dreams she had indulged: she was insane.

I picked up the letter, the cause of this fatal catastrophe. It was as follows:

"I am in despair, my dear Denise, you were not alone at the countess' ball yesterday, and by a singular fatality your cousin (I guess it was she) was dressed the same as you; my brother's heart misled him; he took her for you and is deeply in love with her. Thus are all my fine schemes now overthrown, and I have not courage to tell you any more to-day.

"Accept my kindest love,

"ADELINE DE KERGUERON."

Some months after my poor aunt died of grief, and Denise was placed in a private asylum as incurable.

M. de Kergueron solicited my hand, but I replied myself that he could not have it till my cousin was well; and yet I loved him. A short

time after he sailed for distant seas to remain there several years.

"Now, madam," sorrowfully added, as she raised her handkerchief to her eyes, the young and charming woman who had related the above history, "the very next day after I had been so deeply moved by the slight rustling of a daisy as it fell from my bouquet, which I had religiously preserved, I learned the death of my

young and unhappy cousin. Yes, she died;" and she sighed profoundly.

"And M. de Kergueron?" said I, inquiringly.

A smile passed over Mary's face, whilst a tear trembled on the end of her long, black eyelashes, as she answered,

"We were married two years ago, madam;" then she added, with a blush, "and are very happy!"

## A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

I AM sitting by my window,  
My favorite seat of yore,  
But the joy that erst o'er my spirit swept,  
Alas! can be mine no more.  
The same glad scene that entranced me then  
Is around—but where is he,  
My fair young child, with his eyes of light,  
And his voice of childish glee?

Where—where is he?—my lone heart asks,  
And my eyes are turned away,  
From the beautiful bloom all around me spread  
To the church-yard dim and grey.  
I am here within my pleasant home,  
The place he loved so well—  
A little stone o'er a grassy mound  
His resting-place doth tell.

I see the playmates gathering near,  
With merry shout and call;  
They miss not him who was with them oft  
The blithest of them all.  
Ah, no! For the grave closed over him  
A year ago to-day,  
And their buoyant minds recall no thought  
Of a grief once passed away.

There is one amid that laughing group,  
Golden-haired and azure-eyed—  
How like is he to my cherub boy,  
My darling and my pride!  
One taken and another left—  
But I hush the envious moan,  
For I would not that another heart  
Shared the darkness of my own.

I had thought of death as carelessly,  
As a strange but passing thing;  
I knew not how his unseen touch  
The inmost soul could wing.  
And I passed with curious glance each place  
Where grief's sable sign was shown:  
Ah! I feel for all sad mourners now  
Since I their pangs have known.

My angel one! Bitter tears I shed  
Above thy little sod;  
In vain would I school my murmuring heart  
To bend 'neath the chastening rod.  
But light and joy from spirit fled  
When thou wast borne away,  
And I sigh in utter weariness  
For my own life's closing day.

## MUSIC.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

SHE sang a wild and simple lay,  
And yet it was of sweetness full,  
And when she ceased, still memory  
That strain kept singing to my soul.

Her song was like the sound of brook,  
That a green meadow sparkles through,  
And o'er whose face caressing bend  
Tall lilies white or violets blue.

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Oh! it brought back the sunny time,  
When I did gather such fair flowers,  
Yet scarce the present's bliss enjoyed,  
Thinking the while of brighter hours.

And still there soundeth in mine ear,  
At the dim shadowy hour of even,  
Such strains, it seems, as if by chance  
I'd caught the organ notes of Heaven.



# CARPET.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

### ACT. I.—CAR—

*Dramatis Personæ.*—RESPECTABLE TRADESMAN.—HIS WIFE.—THEIR FRIENDS.—  
CABMAN.—HIS HORSE.

SCENE—*A Street in Philadelphia.* During the journey a moving panorama ought to be seen.

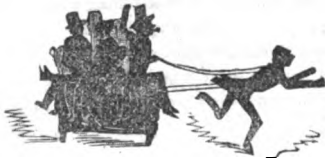
ENTER RESPECTABLE TRADESMAN, HIS WIFE, arms, and carrying umbrellas and huge baskets and THEIR FRIENDS, with large cloaks on their of provisions. They knock at door loudly, when



Enter CABMAN with his coat and waistcoat off, and smoking a short pipe. Round his legs are haybands made of comforters, and round his hat, near the brim, is a white handkerchief twisted tightly. He bows to the visitors, by touching his hair and scraping one foot on the carpet. They inform him, by pointing to the provisions, that they want to hire his Car for a pic nic. A bargain is struck, and the Carman pulls out the ottoman, and fetching His HORSE, he harnesses it.

denly the animal begins kicking. The Ladies are alarmed, and scream to be put down, but the Carman restores harmony by assuring them that it's all in play. They are delighted with the sportive character of the creature, and admire its many points.

As they are jogging along, the car suddenly



They take their seats on each side of the vehicle, and having packed the provisions, the journey commences, the horse trotting. Sud-

upsets. The whole party are thrown out, and the baskets are scattered in all directions. The Horse lies quietly down, whilst Carman a second time endeavors to restore the confidence of his employers.

The Respectable Tradesman is first picked up, and having discovered that he is unharmed, lifts up his fainting Wife and Their Friends.



As soon as they regain their senses, they all set upon Carman and abuse him. He immediately pulls off his coat, and twirling his shillelah in the air, invites Respectable Tradesman to

tread on the tails of it. The Ladies alarmed at his dancing about them, rushing off screaming. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II—PET.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—FOND FATHER.—FOOLISH MOTHER.—THEIR CHILD.—VISITORS.—SERVANTS.—NURSE.

*SCENE*—Dining-room in mansion of Fond Father. In the centre a long table laid for dinner, with chairs on each side.

ENTER FOND FATHER and FOOLISH MOTHER and VISITORS, who walk arm-in-arm. They are earnestly talking to each other as they enter. The Gentlemen hand the Ladies their seats, and whilst Fond Father sharpens his knife, they eat their bread.

Enter SERVANTS bearing the soup-tureen, which they place before Fond Father.

Enter NURSE, bearing THEIR CHILD, with



skin round its neck, and long sash round its waist. It is kicking and beating its Nurse,

screaming all the time. Foolish Mother starts from her seat, and rushing to Their Child, kisses it madly, whilst she scolds the Nurse for making the Pet cry. The visitors are affected to tears with the touching picture, and burying their faces in their napkins, weep, whilst Fond Father and Servants turn aside their heads. Their Child is placed near Fond Father, and the Visitors all admire it, and pointing to its face, compliment Foolish Mother on its beauty and resemblance to her.

On seeing the soup-tureen the Pet once more bursts into tears, and kicking more violently than before, insists on being allowed to have it to play with. The Visitors grow alarmed for their dinner, but still pretend to be fascinated with the infant. Father in vain tries to quiet it, but is only scratched in return. At last



Foolish Mother is overcome by her feelings, and taking the tureen, places it on the floor with Their Child, who bathes its hands and finally dabs its feet in it.

The Visitors still pretend to be delighted with

the eccentric darling, but suddenly all recollect a pressing invitation which forces them to leave instantly.

*Exeunt* Visitors, bowed out by Fond Father and Foolish Mother.

ACT III.—CARPET.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—HARD-WORKING GREENGROCER.—A LADY.—HER HUSBAND.—SERVANT.

*SCENE 1*—Interior of a Lady's drawing-room. On the floor is a splendid Turkey carpet of Indian shawl.

ENTER a LADY with a SERVANT carrying a broom to sweep the carpet. At the first brush

"PARTIES." They are delighted, and welcome him. He is ordered to take up the Turkey car-



the broom, they are supposed to be nearly smothered in the dust. They are disgusted, and

after HARD-WORKING GREENGROCER, bowing and scraping, and holding a placard, announcing that he "BEATS CARPETS AND ATTENDS EVENING



pet and beat it well. He at once sets to work, and putting all the chairs one a-top of another, wheels the table on one side, and having the whole room thrown into disorder, takes away the carpet. The Lady seats herself on a chair, and orders the servant to scour the floor

A double knock is heard without, when the Lady taking a duster commences wiping a chair.

Enter HER HUSBAND from the city. He is horrified at seeing his Wife working so hard.



He advances compassionately toward her, and she puts on a care-worn expression, and lets her arm and duster drop powerless by her side as if



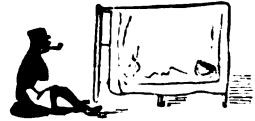
with fatigue. He chides her gently for exerting herself so much, to which she replies in vigorous pantomime, that if she did not do it, nobody

would. Husband glances fiercely at Servant, scolds her for her laziness, and presents His Wife with a handsome check as a recompense for her care of his house.

*Exeunt* Lady and Her Husband hand in hand, and looking lovingly at each other, whilst Servant follows weeping in her apron.

SCENE 2—*The Fields at Battle Bridge. On one side of the room the clothes-horse.*

Enter HARD-WORKING GREENGROCER with carpet of Indian shawl. He hangs it on a clothes-



horse, and beats it for a short time. Then lighting his pipe, he smokes and reads a newspaper. At last he takes down the carpet, and exit with it under his arm.

"OH! I COULD WEEP MY SPIRIT FROM MY EYES."

BY LIBBIE D.

An! silence now the merry laugh,  
It harshly strikes the ear,  
The mirth of any that I love  
Is agony to hear.  
My heart is bleeding—far within  
There rankles a sharp thorn—  
Smile not—but act the kinder part  
To mourn with those that mourn.  
I thought my eyes unused to weep,  
Would ne'er be moist again—  
I deemed I could endure alike  
Life's pleasures or its pain.

But I could weep my life away,  
Dissolve my heart in tears,  
My being is so darkened  
By the shade of coming years.  
And will I ever smile again?  
It seems so long ago  
That I was happy—I half fear  
I shall be ever so.  
So sad, so sorrowful, yet still  
May cease this rain of tears,  
And sunshine coming to the soul  
Dispel my gloomy fears.

GIULIA, MI AMANZA.

BY EDWARD HENDIBOE.

WHEN the young god of morn'awaking,  
Seeks his home in the Eastern sky,  
From the joy of night's love-torch breaking,  
(Though it costs the rogue many a sigh!)  
In that hour my eager heart  
Shall, in fancy, to thine depart,  
Giulia, mio!

When pale Eve, like a Nun, so sweetly  
Comes to reign o'er the languid earth,  
And the shadows, like incense, fleetly  
From the censer of night find birth.  
In that hour, the falling tear  
Shall prove thou still art dear,  
Giulia, mio!

## THE COMMOTION IN GOSSIPDALE.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

CARRIE GRAHAM, the belle of Gossipdale, (odd name, isn't it?) was tall and gracefully formed, with complexion as fair as the lily, and cheeks tinted with the hue of the rose. Her eyes—those large, sparkling orbs, were of a cerulean blue, and her golden, silky, braided hair fell over a bosom pure as the heart that beat instinctively beneath. Such was the model of queenly beauty—the “Helen” of Gossipdale.

Gossipdale was not situated upon the sea-side, nor upon the mossy banks of some sparkling stream or quiet lake, as romancers are in the habit of describing the dream-haunts of their imagination—it was a plain, old, inland town, and in fact all which the name purports.

One Sabbath, Parson B——, who had always been punctual heretofore, was missing from the pulpit, and all Gossipdale was astir to know the reason. Some premised that he had gone the day previous to the adjacent town to see a brother minister, and was probably taken ill and forced to remain; whilst others, less scrupulous, positively affirmed that he had rode over to Summerville, where Miss Carrie Graham had but lately established herself as mistress of a large school, and where, it was universally known, she had settled upon the special recommendation and interposition of Parson B——, who always seemed to manifest a particular interest with regard to her welfare.

“Don't it beat all! Who would a thought it!” exclaimed Sally Longtongue.

“Yes, and he an old, grey-headed parson, to think of taking a girl of sixteen! Well, 'old fools are the worst of fools,’” added Betsy Speakall.

“I don't know if it be altogether right to call him an 'old fool,' Betsy.”

“And she, the coquettish hussy! I actually believe she is only trifling with the old man. But do you really believe, Sally, that Parson B—— has gone to Summerville?”

“Why, where else on earth would he be, child?” Didn't Ben Sureman pass him on the road, yesterday, heading in that direction. And he didn't even halt to speak, either.”

“Well, that's 'gossip' in earnest; wonder what Frank Daley will say when he hears it? Won't he hop about on them long legs of his? ha! ha! ha!”

And here the two worthy representatives of the lower house joined in such a laugh as might have thrown a person of weak nerves into hysterics. But come with me, reader, to the upper house, for you must know that Gossipdale, like all other places of consideration, had its upper and lower order of society.

“It is strange, mysteriously strange,” exclaimed the pious Madam Prim. “And indeed it does look somewhat reasonable withall, if those persons in the other end of town are to be relied on.”

“But, my dear,” exclaimed the more exemplary Mr. Prim, “what do they know in regard to the matter? They form an opinion of their own, and seem no ways backward in giving it expression, even though it be scandal. Could you for a moment lose confidence in our worthy and beloved pastor, on account of the 'idle gossip' of those poor, weak-minded persons who know no better?”

“Indeed I never should have dreamed that Parson B—— could be guilty of such an imprudent step, and yet from his over regard for Miss Graham of late, I think there must be some truth in the matter—what think you, Miss Prudence?”

Miss Prudence, (more by name than by nature,) had just stepped in to bear a part in the exciting topic of the day, and readily concedes to the expressed opinion, adding, that she always heard it said “that where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire.”

“Come, come,” interposed the more charitable Mr. Prim, “this will never do. A pretty piece of scandal to weave in the presence of our precious charge, indeed, and all without the slightest foundation. I am perfectly convinced in my own mind that Parson B—— went to Whitehall, but of his detention I cannot account.”

Now Parson B—— had been pastor of the little church at Gossipdale for the last fifteen years, and ought to have been exempt from misconception. He was a good, pious, upright Christian, apparently, and had been the bosom-friend of the lamented Mr. Graham, which fact explains the would-be mystery of the particular attention paid to his beautiful and fascinating protegee.

Frank Daley was an old college "chum" of ours, and first cousin to the charming Carrie Graham. Now, however disposed we may be to the union of second, or "forty-second cousins," we do positively and decidedly object to that of cousins german—the opinions of thousands to the contrary, notwithstanding. Frank resided at Whitehall, and though he kept up a regular correspondence with his fair cousin of Summerville, and though he was all devoted to her when in company, yet have we good reason to believe that he bore no nearer relation to her heart than that of cousin. Nor did she lack suitors: for there was young Dr. L——, and Lawyer McC——, of Gossipdale, either of whom would have laid their fortunes at the feet of their heart's idol. And, there was Lieutenant G——, Frank Daley, and (as rumor would have it) Parson B——, of Summerville, besides "somebody else," but that's a secret, who loved the very atmosphere she breathed in.

We are inclined to think, kind reader, that there are many Gossipdales in this "wide, wide world," and though better known by other appellations, they may boast of a majority per-

haps of just such folks as graced the real Gossipdale.

But there *was* a wedding at Summerville, for Deacon Goodman, who arrived late in the evening, was the bearer of the despatch. And Parson B—— was there sure enough; and so was Frank Daley; and we have a faint recollection of being present also.

Carrie Graham was the bride—and a lovely-looking bride she was! but who was the groom!

Come, now, all have a right to guess, but please do be patient, only one at a time—*now* then.

"Why Parson B——, to be sure!"

Not exactly; but, as the Irishman said, "you came so near 'till it, that you missed it intirely." Parson B—— performed the ceremony, and also gave the hand of the bride to—

"Frank Daley."

Missed it again; but we will not keep you any longer in suspense, lest you become equally as ridiculous as the Gossipdale folks of whom we have been speaking.

We were the groom upon that particular occasion!

## THE OLD MAN'S DEATH-BED.

BY SARAH E. JUDSON.

STILLNESS, and a shadowy gloom  
Reigns within the spacious room;  
Yet a globe lamp softly gleams,  
And the pearly lamp-light streams  
O'er an old and withered face,  
On which care hath left its trace;  
And the quiet watchers tread,  
Noiselessly around the bed,  
And one sweet, pale girl is crying,  
For the old man lies a-dying.

He thinks not of the love that saves,  
But of lands and gold he raves  
In wild delirium, and when sane  
The thought still haunts his troubled brain;  
For a long life he hath spent  
In gathering wealth, yet ne'er content;  
In feverish dreams as when in health,  
He fancies still he toils for wealth,  
Lands and houses buying, buying,  
Yet the old man lies a-dying.

It seemeth long—this night of pain  
And the dull hours slowly wane:  
In the room no sound is heard,  
And the watchers speak no word;  
But the cold Autumnal rain

Beats against the window-pane,  
Drops upon the pavement stones,  
And the chill wind sadly moans  
Through the key-hole sighing, sighing,  
While the old man lies a-dying.

Yet at last the daylight breaks.  
And the sleeping city wakes,  
And ceaselessly along the street  
Sounds the tread of many feet;  
But the old man heeds not now,  
For the damp is on his brow,  
And to his child, though faint and weak,  
One last word of love to speak,  
Vainly he is trying, trying,  
Ah! the old man now is dying.

Soon the morn dawns grey and chill  
Over city, vale, and hill;  
Dawns within the silent room,  
Yet dispels not all the gloom;  
Though the watchers tread no more,  
Noiselessly upon the floor,  
Yet the pale young girl is there,  
Kneeling by the bed in prayer,  
And where lay the old man dying  
Now a pale, still corpse is lying.

# DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A QUEEN MARGARET.\*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



**MATERIALS.**—White tissue paper, chrome yellow in powder, white chalk, or Chinese white, yellow hearts, which can be obtained ready made.

Fold one fourth of a sheet of white tissue paper so as to cut four of each size as figs. 1 and 2. Cut a straight strip of white tissue paper about six inches long for the centre, being careful to make the size of the petals correspond with the outside leaves as in fig 3. Mix a small quantity of chrome yellow and white chalk on a palette or plate, and shade from the heart of each set of petals with a piece of raw cotton dipped in the color: shade the long strip in the same manner from the heart out. Then lay each set of petals in the palm of the left hand—take the end of the plyers or a moulder and crimp each leaf separately by running the moulder from the point of the leaf or petal to the centre, crimp the long strip in the same manner. Gum the edge of the button or heart, commence winding the long strip around the heart, gumming occasionally to keep it in place, then slip

on the four smallest sized petals, then the last four—the back should be finished with green tissue paper cut in the same form as fig. 2, but

FIG 1

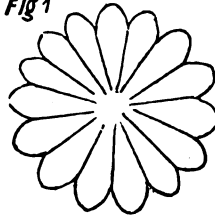
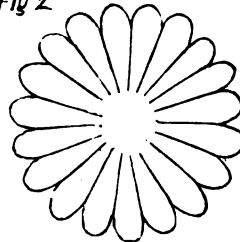


FIG 2



smaller. Wrap the stem with green tissue paper.

\* **MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for Japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pipes, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups for roses and buds, all the small flowers, being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

## ROSE-PATTERN ANTIMACASSAR.

BY MLLÉ. DEFOUR.

**MATERIALS.**—Eight reels of the deep-pink Boar's-head crochet cotton of Messrs. W. Evans & Co., of Derby; six ounces of rich purple beads, No. 2.

The design is worked alternately in close and open stripes. In the former, the pattern is produced by beads.

Make a chain of the required length with the

cotton on which the beads are threaded, and work on it one row of sc.

1st Pattern Row.—x 14 b, 6 c, 1 b, x repeat throughout the length, in this and all following rows.

2nd.—x 14 b, 5 c, 2 b, x.

3rd.—x 12 c, 2 b, 5 c, 2 b, x.

4th.—x 10 b, 2 c, 2 b, 2 c, 5 b, x.

5th.—x 10 b, 2 c, 2 b, 1 c, 6 b, x.

6th.—x 8 c, 2 b, 2 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 2 c, 2 b, x.

7th.—The same.

8th.—x 5 c, 16 b, x.

9th.—x 4 c, 17 b, x.

10th.—x 4 c, 2 b, 2 c, 2 b, 2 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 4 c, x.

11th.—The same.

12th.—x 2 c, 8 b, 2 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 4 c, x.

13th.—x 1 c, 8 b, 3 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 4 c, x.

14th.—x 1 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 6 c, 2 b, 1 c, 2 b, 4 c, x.

15th.—x 1 c, 2 b, 1 c, 10 b, 1 c, 2 b, 4 c, x.

16th.—The same.

17th.—x 1 c, 2 b, 12 c, 2 b, 4 c.

18th.—x 1 c, 16 b, 4 c, x.

19th.—The same.

20th.—Sc.

Now with a reel on which there are no beads, and working on the right side, do the open stripe from the engraving, in open square crochet. Repeat the two stripes alternately, terminating with the one in beads. Do a row of open square crochet at each edge, and knot in a handsome fringe.

Other colors may be used, instead of those we have designated; but the purple beads, which are exceedingly rich and new, will be found particularly beautiful.

## PENDENT PIN-CUSHION, IN APPLICATION.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—A piece of dark-blue cloth, on which a bright scarlet is applique, according to the form seen in the engraving. Also black Albert braid, gold braid, gold thread, cord and tassels.

This toilet-cushion is in a style which is new, even on the Continent, and has never yet been introduced into this country. It is intended to be suspended against the wall by the side of the toilet-glass; and being so extremely convenient, we doubt not it will be very generally patronised by our readers.

It is very easily made:—A piece of cloth about four inches by seven, and on which cloth or velvet of another color is applied, is procured. The edges of the pattern are finished with gold braid, which is seen in the engraving, represented by a white line. The black lines indicate

Albert braid, edged on one side with gold thread. To make up the cushion, take a thin piece of wood, rather smaller than the cloth, and lay on one side a bag, filled with bran, of the same size. Tack this down, with a piece of calico at the other side of the back. Stretch the embroidered cloth over the stuffed side, and a piece of silk of the same color over the other. Turn in the edges, sew them together, and finish with a cord all round. Add the tassels and cord by which it is to be suspended.

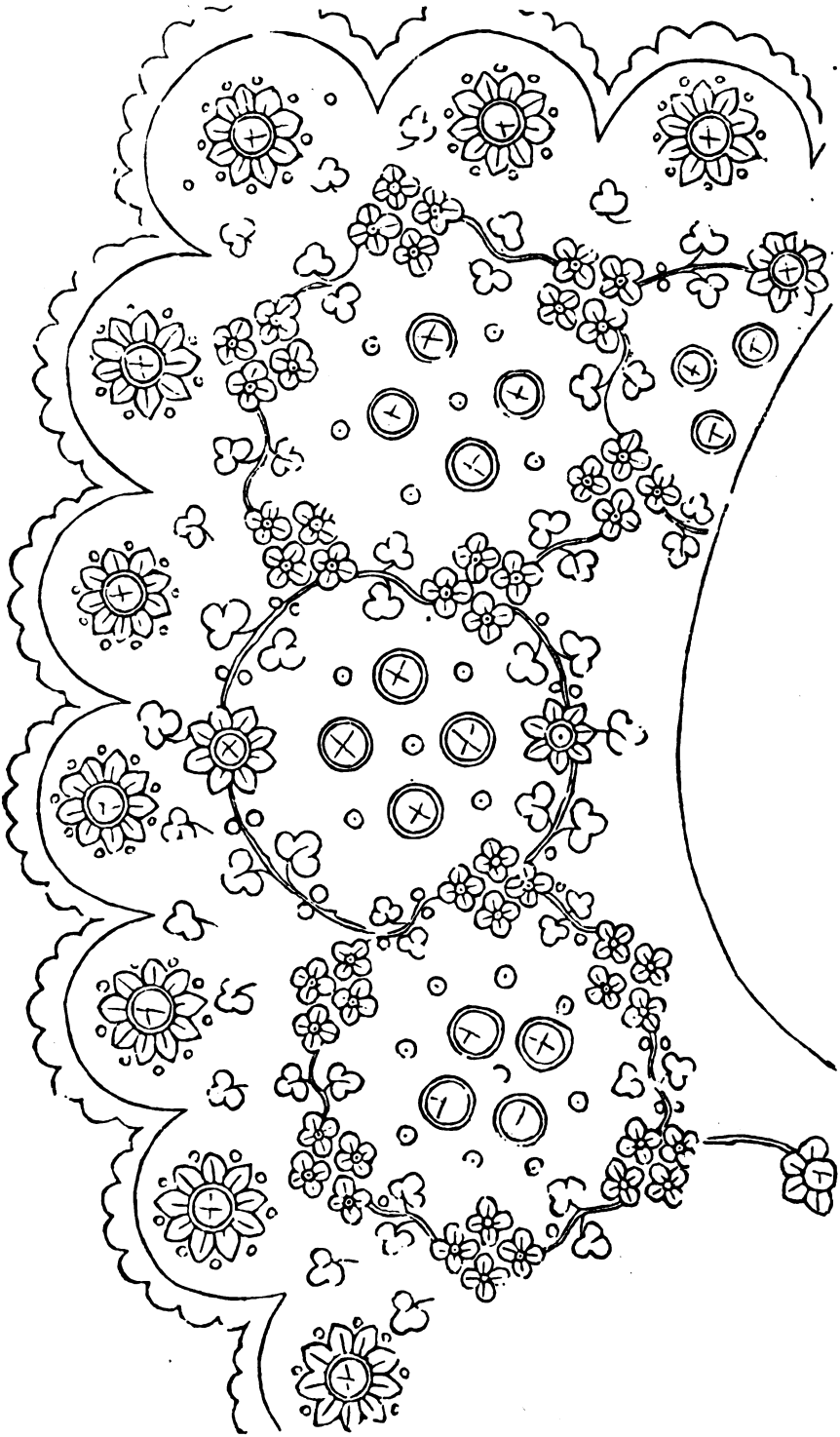
We recommend that great care should be employed in putting on the gold braid, which must cover the edges of the red cloth completely. The ends, of course, must be drawn on the wrong side; and before being mounted, we advise the back being lightly brushed with gelatine.

## EMBROIDERY.

SUITABLE FOR THE HALF OF A HANDKERCHIEF CORNER, &c.

For a handkerchief, I should recommend the fashionable mixture of scarlet and white embroidery cotton, No. 80, manufactured by Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby. The large leaves may be worked merely in outline, being button-hole stitched in one color, whilst the veinings are done in another. The specks on

the large leaf are small French knots. The fibres and tendrils are run, and sewed over with the greatest nicety. The broad veinings of the upper and lower leaf would be improved by being very delicately worked in small eyelet-holes, made with a coarse needle rather than a stiletto.



COLLAR FOR EMBROIDERY.



## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A FRAGMENT.—Mothers, the faults of your own little ones, are they not forgiven and forgotten? But for those of the poor little hired girl, there is often, alas! no forgiveness—no compassion—no tender mercy. She is paid—she takes a few dimes from your pocket, a few morsels from your table. There is seldom a thought given to hired nerves, hired limbs and hired brains. The first she has no business with; the second have no right to get weary; the third, for convenience sake, are supposed to be dormant, or only used for the purpose of lying, deceiving and complaining.

#### THE LITTLE HIRED GIRL.

I am weary of work,  
 It's a sweltering day,  
 I wish with the other girls  
 I might go play,  
 The baby so heavily  
 Hangs on my breast!  
 Though I do love him dearly,  
 He gives me no rest.

How soft through the window,  
 The sunny skies look!  
 Oh! there are the children,  
 All down by the brook;  
 If I go to walk,  
 I must tug baby too;  
 And the children crowd round me,  
 Whatever I do.

Oh! they have no care,  
 They just play, eat and talk!  
 I'm working so steady,  
 I stoop when I walk!  
 They laugh all the morning,  
 I cry all the night;  
 No play-time—no pleasure!  
 I can't think it right.

No mother to love me,  
 No sister to bless,  
 And oh! I so long  
 For one gentle caress;  
 But alas! I am "careless,"  
 And "wayward" and "wild;"  
 I am "not worth my salt,"  
 And a "dull, stupid child."

Oh! dear, up in Heaven,  
 I long to behold  
 The beautiful river,  
 The streets all of gold,  
 For I'm certain—I'm certain,  
 There's no toil above,  
 And the poorest of servants  
 Get plenty of love.

REAL POLITENESS—It is not polite, in a ball-room, to laugh at those who dance worse than yourself, or in a different style. You think it elegant to walk through a dance. But there was a time, when not to take all the steps was considered vulgar. You adore the Polka. But the Polka is not permitted to be danced at the Court of St. James. Others, therefore, would laugh at you, under different circumstances, as much as you laugh now. True politeness consists in kindness of heart, and nobody can be kind-hearted, who makes sport of another's feelings.

U. S. HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY.—One of our embellishments, this month, is an engraving of the United States Hotel, at Atlantic City, on Absecom Beach, N. J. This new watering-place has been exceedingly popular this summer, and will be even more so next year, by which time it will be further improved, and made more pleasant than ever. The universal opinion is that it has the softest and driest atmosphere of any sea-coast in this country, not even excepting Newport.

WHO IS SHE?—Never mind who she is. Ask only *what* she is. If she is virtuous, amiable and accomplished, she is worthy of being known, even though she may not be a rich man's daughter. If she is an heiress, and is selfish, ignorant and disagreeable, her acquaintance will be of no benefit to you.

JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.—Our steel plate requires no letter-press, for all are familiar with the story of Joseph.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Female Life Among the Mormons. By the Wife of a Mormon Elder.* 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby.—If this is really the veracious narrative it pretends to be, it is most unfortunate for the author that she did not suppress many particulars, whose incredibility throws an air of doubt over the entire volume. The whole book, whether true or not, is written in a melo-dramatic style. Among persons who like highly-spiced dishes, and are indifferent as to facts, the work will find a ready sale: but it is not one that we can recommend.

*New Hope; or, The Rescue. A Tale of the Great Kanawha.* 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—When a novel reaches a second edition, as this has done, it is proof that the author has more than ordinary ability. "New Hope," besides its artistic and narrative merit, has that of depicting a stirring period of American history. New novels have been scarce lately, so that this one will be generally welcomed.

*Art-Hints. Architecture, Sculpture and Painting.* By James Jackson Jarves. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A discriminating treatise on what are called, *par excellence*, the fine-arts, written in an agreeable and popular style. As a profound analytical critic, we think Mr. J. second only to the late Mr. Wallace, author of "Art Scenery and Philology in Europe," a work noticed a few months ago in these pages. Accordingly the "Art-Hints" may be studied with profit. Indeed the field is so wide, and the subject so fascinating, that it is as inexhaustible as the critiques it gives birth to are welcome. The style of Mr. Jarves is clear, forcible, and often picturesque. He knows both what he has to say and how to say it. A book like this can be read and re-read, and is therefore a valuable accession to a library. The Harpers have published it in excellent style.

*Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases.* By Peter Mark Rozet. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This edition, which is a revised one, contains the original work unabridged. Those portions of it which were omitted in the first American one, has been restored: but that there may be no interference with the educational purpose of the American editor, Dr. Sears, the restored portions have been arranged in the form of an Appendix. Important additions of words and phrases, not contained even in the English edition, have been made: a table of contents has been inserted; and the index has been rendered more full, complete and accurate than in the English edition itself. In its present improved shape this valuable work ought to take its place in every library.

*Mountains and Molehills, or Recollections of a Burnt Journal.* By Frank Marryatt. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work is a son of the celebrated novelist of the same name. The volume is a reminiscence of a visit to California, made in 1850; for the journals of Mr. Marryatt had the misfortune to be burnt. By this accident, numerous drawings of California scenery and incidents were lost; but no fire could destroy the author's memory; and the written sketches are all the racier, we suspect, for being re-told. The work is really a delightful one, and is illustrated capitally.

*The Heiress of Haughton; or, the Mother's Secret.* By the author of "Emilia Wyndham." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel of Mrs. Marsh would be welcome at any period. But just now, when good novels are so scarce, "The Heiress of Haughton" will be seized with avidity. The book is published uniform with Harper's "Library of Select Novels," price thirty-seven and a half cents.

*Clare Hall.* By Miss Sewell. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We are inclined to consider this the best fiction Miss Sewell has yet produced. It has fewer than usual of her faults, and all her characteristic beauties. It is handsomely published, in a thick duodecimo of five hundred pages.

*Which? The Right or the Left.* 1 vol. New York: Garrett & Co.—This is a didactic novel, designed to inculcate the great truth, that religion is not merely a Sunday affair, but should be carried into the every-day concerns of life. The fiction, on the whole, has much merit. But the author, though a practical rhetorician, is a new hand at story-telling, and his heavy, verbose style, his want of dramatic characterization, and his tedious disquisitions under the guise of conversation, sadly mar the book. Garrett & Co have published the work in a manner to do credit to themselves.

*Waikna; or Adventures on the Mosquito Shore.* By Samuel A. Bard. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here an exceedingly agreeable book. It is one of those, which, when once picked up, cannot easily be laid aside till finished, so graphic is the narrative, so completely does the writer take hold of the imagination. It is also one of the most tastefully gotten up books we have seen for a long time. The illustrations are designed with such spirit, and executed with such skill, that it is really a pleasure to look at them. By all means buy "Waikna."

*Speeches and Addresses.* By Henry W. Hilliard. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An elegant octavo volume, containing twenty-eight speeches, addresses and orations, by the Hon. W. H. Hilliard, of Alabama. The subjects discussed are chiefly political, and embrace the events of nearly twenty years. Mr. H. is a lucid and earnest writer and speaker. The superior style in which the work is published is a fit compliment to the superior abilities of the author.

*Trial and Triumph; or Firmness in the Household.* By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.—Another of this excellent writer's instructive fictions. We recommend every wife, and husband, in fact, every member of a family, to read this novel. Mr. Peterson has published the book in a cheap, yet neat style, price twenty-five cents.

*A Visit to the Camp Before Sebastopol.* By R. C. McCormick, Jr. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The narrative of a young American, who visited Sebastopol early this year. The maps and illustrations greatly enhance the interest of the book. It is a work that will find thousands of readers. The publishers have issued it in a very superior style.

*My Confession; the Story of a Woman's Life, and other Tales.* 1 vol. New York: J. C. Derby.—The principal tale in this volume is written with much power. The other sketches are agreeable reading. It is a book we can recommend for the sea-shore, the springs, or for travelling.

*Letters to the Right Rev. John Hughes. Revised and Enlarged.* By Kirwan. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a new edition of a series of controversial letters, which made some noise at their first appearance. The real author is the Rev. Samuel J. Grime.

*Ariel and other Poems.* By W. W. Foedick. Illustrated with Designs by Dallas. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—This is an exquisite volume. Type, paper and illustrations are unexceptionable. Our hurried leisure compels us to defer to another time, however, that criticism of the poems themselves, which we desire to give. At present we can only say that they are characterised by many beauties.

### THE KITCHEN.

**A WORD ABOUT PUDDINGS.**—The outside of a pudding sometimes tastes disagreeable; this arises from the negligence of the cook in not washing and drying the pudding cloth well. Most puddings are better boiled in an earthen bowl or tin pudding boiler, than in cloth alone. These, however, must be tied in a cloth, not only for convenience in removing them from the pot, but as a safeguard to prevent water getting into the pudding. If a bag alone is used, make it very tight by stitching the seams very closely. Cut it so that it will be narrower at the bottom than the top, and the corners rounded. When used, let the seams be outside. Sew a tape or twine on to the seam, about four inches from the top of the bag, to tie it with. When used, dip your bag into the boiling water, squeeze it dry, and flour it well. Put it into a pan, and pour in the pudding, and tie up the bag very tightly, by drawing it together as closely as possible. Allow a little room for the pudding to swell. Put it into *boiling water*. After some ten or fifteen minutes turn it over, to prevent the flour or fruits from settling on one side. Turn the pudding some half dozen times during the first half hour. Keep it always covered with *boiling water* if a cloth bag is used. Have your tea-kettle full of boiling water, from which to replenish the pot. When you take it up, put your pudding-bag into the colander, and pour over it a little cold water. This prevents the pudding from sticking to the cloth. Untie the string, and gently open the bag; lay it open, and put over it the dish it is to be served in; turn it over and remove the colander with the bag very gently.

Batter puddings should be strained through a coarse sieve, when all mixed. In all other cases where eggs are used, strain them first. Always butter the pans or basins, and flour the cloths. If hot milk is used, be careful and not add the eggs until it is quite cool, otherwise your eggs are cooked, and they add neither lightness nor good appearance to the pudding. Very good puddings can be made *without eggs*, but they must have as little milk as will mix them, and must boil three or four hours. A few spoonfuls of yeast will do instead of eggs, or soda with cream of tartar.

*Snow* is an excellent substitute for eggs, either in puddings or pancakes. Two large spoonfuls will supply the place of one egg, and the article it is used in will be equally good. It should be *fresh-fallen*

*snow*. The under layers of snow may be used. The surface which is exposed to the air loses its ammonia by evaporation very soon after it has fallen. It is the ammonia contained so largely in snow which imparts to it its "*rising power*."

Beat yolks and whites separately. This will make as much difference in puddings as in cakes.

For various kinds of ground rice, and potato puddings, boil the milk, and also for bread and plum puddings, except where the bread or cracker is soaked over night. If raisins are used, scald them with the bread, and let them stand two or three hours. Suet should be carefully picked from shreds and chopped very fine.

Sago is the pith of the stems of various species of palm. It is manufactured in the Moluccas, and is imported from Singapore. There are three kinds of it—sago meal, pearl sago, and common sago. Sago meal is a whitish powder, not much used. Pearl sago consists of small, pinkish or yellowish grains, about the size of a pin's-head. Common sago is found in grains varying in size from that of grains of pearl barley to that of peas; its color is brownish white, each grain being whitish on one part of its surface, and brown on the other. Sago is easy of digestion.

### PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

**TO MAKE A METALLIC TREE.**—Mix together equal parts of saturated solutions of silver and mercury in nitric acid, diluted with a little water: in this mixture suspend five or six drams of pure mercury contained in a piece of fine linen rag doubled. The metallic solutions will soon penetrate to the mercury inclosed in the cloth, and clusters of beautiful needle-shaped crystals will begin to be formed round it, and adhere to the nucleus of mercury. When the arborization ceases to increase, the bag, loaded with beautiful crystals, may be taken out of the vessel where it was formed, by means of the thread by which it is suspended, and hung under a glass jar, where it may be preserved as long as may be thought proper.

**ILLUSTRATION OF THE PRODUCTION OF GAS-LIGHTS.**—To imitate in miniature the production of gas-lights, put common coal into the bowl of a tobacco-pipe; cover the coal closely with clay, made into a stiff lute, or paste, with water; and when the clay is dry, put the bowl of the pipe into the fire, and heat it gradually. In a few minutes a stream of carburetted hydrogen gas will issue from the end of the tobacco-pipe, accompanied with an aqueous fluid, and a tenacious oil or tar. The gas may be set fire to with a candle, and will burn with a bright flame. When no more gas is disengaged, there will be found in the bowl of the pipe the coal, deprived of its bituminous matter, or coke.

**INSTANTANEOUS CRYSTALLIZATION.**—Make a concentrated solution of sulphate of soda, or Glauber's salts, adding to it gradually portions of boiling

water until the fluid dissolves no more. Pour the solution, whilst in a boiling state, into phials previously warmed; cork them immediately to exclude the air from the solution; place them in a secure place, without shaking them, and the solution will cool; remove the cork, and as soon as the atmospheric air becomes admitted, it will begin to crystalize on the surface, and the crystalization is complete.

### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*Arrowroot Pudding.*—Take four tablespoonfuls of sifted arrowroot; put it into a basin and break three or four eggs into it; rub them together until smooth, then pour over it about two breakfast cups of boiling milk; mix it well whilst you are pouring on the milk. If it comes to the consistency of a thick oustard it is properly done, and you must then butter a mould, pour your pudding into it, tie it in a towel and put it into a pot of boiling water and let it boil for an hour; should the milk not make it thick enough, you must pour the mixture into a pan and hold it over the fire until it thickens; then put it into the buttered mould. You may add, if you like, two tablespoonfuls of fine sugar; serve with wine sauce. The same mixture may be made with the addition of a little spice, butter, and sugar, and baked in the oven.

*Boiling Arrowroot for Children.*—Take a teaspoonful of arrowroot, put it into a breakfast cup and mix it smooth with two teaspoonfuls of cold water; then slowly pour on boiling water until it loses the white appearance and becomes transparent, stirring quickly all the time; then add milk or water until you get it to the consistency you wish, and sweeten it. It may be boiled with milk instead of water, which will render it more nourishing.

*Arrowroot Cakes for Breakfast.*—Mix together two cups of arrowroot, half a cup of flour, and a tablespoonful of salt butter, one egg, and as much milk or water as will bring it to the consistency of paste; roll it out, and cut it with a breakfast cup, and put the cakes on a baking iron; a few minutes will bake them; split and butter them, and send them to table hot.

*Arrowroot Blancmange.*—Take four good tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, have four breakfast cups of milk well spiced, add a little ratifa and some isinglass to it, and when quite boiling pour it gently over the arrowroot, stirring quickly all the time; put into a mould, and when cold turn it out and serve with preserves and cream.

### FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

**FIG. I.**—*HALF-DRESS TOILET.*—*HALF-MOURNING.*—Hair puffed and waved, thrown back and tied under a black velvet band embroidered with jet, with a bow all jet having tags falling on the neck. Dress of moire antique ornamented with bows of jet and black tulle puffs. Lappet body, open, but fitting

close, cut square in front. The lappet forms full plaits on each hip, and two behind on the back seams. Sleeves short and tight, terminated by a flounce in large, hollow plaits. The edge of the basquine is trimmed with small bows of jet. A bow also trims the sleeve, and there is one at the top of the plait on the lappet. The skirt has five rows of puffed tulle, fastened at intervals by bows of jet. Lace habit shirt. Under-sleeves of black tulle terminated by a white tulle puff with lace trimmings.

**FIG. II.**—*WALKING DRESS* of poplin. The body is high and close, without lappets, rather pointed and terminated at the waist by a plain binding turned over the edge. Pelerine with a seam on the shoulders, sixteen inches deep. Sleeves rather short, and wider at bottom than at top. The body, skirt, and sleeves are buttoned by small straps three-quarters inch wide and an inch and half long, with an interval of rather more than an inch between. The straps on the body and skirt lap over from right to left; those on the sleeves from front to back. Each of these straps has a narrow binding on the edge. The collar is made of lace gathered and sewed on a flat collar. Puffed tulle sleeves with a large bow. Silk bonnet, trimmed with blonde. A blonde, four inches wide, sewed on the edge of the front is turned back as a fall. The ornaments consist of bands cut slantwise of the stuff, plaited and laid across. The crown is very straight, and the sides very sloping. The front is made rather long and close down the cheeks. The curtain stands out straight, and is arranged fan-shape behind. It is composed of three pieces, each bordered with a narrow blonde. On the two parts that form the sides, the third is laid, and spreads behind. The inside is full trimmed with a ruche and tufts of small flowers.

**FIG. III.**—*FONTANGE BONNET*, of pink crape, trimmed with narrow ribbons (No. 7.) A bow of ribbon is put on the top, and behind a tuft of blonde with three loops and three ends of ribbon. Inside a single rose.

**FIG. IV.**—*LOUIS FIFTEENTH BONNET*, crape, covered with a row of black lace and one of white blonde, fastened at the side by a bouquet of red poppies and wheat-ears. Inside, a bouquet of wheat-ears and poppies, above the bandeau on one side; on the other near the bottom of the bonnet, a bunch of poppies only.

**FIG. V.**—*DUCHESS SLEEVE*, with flounces composed of Valenciennes and muslin insertions alternately, trimmed with a narrow flounce of embroidered muslin.

**FIG. VI.**—*SLEEVE*, with puff and flounce of English application; the flounce is terminated by a hem, with a ribbon run in it.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—The warm weather still continues to make thin dresses necessary, and they are likely to be needed for some time yet. At all seasons of the year they are becoming to youthful faces and figures, particularly for evening costume. The corsages of these dresses are low, and are variously ornamented. They may be made with folds

which descend from the shoulders to the waist, and which occasionally pass from the shoulders round the back in the form of a berthe. A white muslin dress may be made in a very pretty style by having the corsage ornamented with bouillonnes, and the short sleeves trimmed with frills and bows of ribbon. A ceinture of colored ribbon, fastened in front of the waist in a bow with long ends, forms a graceful addition to the dress. Dresses of worked muslin usually have the skirts flounced; but when the dress is of plain muslin it is frequently made with a double skirt, both skirts being finished at the edge by a hem with colored ribbon inserted. For very young ladies, the skirts are very often simply run in tucks. With dresses, such as those just described, bows and ends of colored ribbon, or of ribbon and black velvet intermingled, may be worn in the hair.

Dresses of chine silk are as much in vogue as ever. This material is now figured in an endless variety of patterns, for the most part consisting of detached bouquets of flowers on grounds of black and white, or maroon and white. Chequered silks also enjoy the same share of favor as heretofore. In the new silks of this description, the lines and squares forming the chequers are of all dimensions, varying from a very small to a very large size. The most striking novelties in chequered silks, are some which are entirely black, the chequers being formed of a square of moire and a square of glace, striped with narrow lines of velvet in relief.

Bayadere dresses, or those having stripes of a different color from the ground, running horizontally round the dress, have again reappeared. Some of these dresses are very elegant.

A slight novelty in the make of sleeves is now being adapted for silk dresses intended for walking or *neglige* costume. These sleeves, which are long and rather full, are fastened at the wrist by a small, turned up cuff, and in front of the arm they are slit

open in their whole length, from top to bottom. The open part is edged with a ruche of ribbon of the same color as the dress, and transversal bands or ruches of ribbon, fastened at intervals to the sides, keep the sleeves in their proper shape and prevent them from opening too much. Long under-sleeves of Brussels net, reaching from the shoulder to the wrist, and also rather full, fill up the opening caused by the slit in the outer-sleeves. The under-sleeves are finished at the wrist by frills of lace, which descend beneath the cuffs of the upper-sleeves, and fall partially over the hand. A dress just made with sleeves similar to those here described, consists of sea-green silk. The corsage has a basque, and is high at the back and slightly open in front; at the lower part is closed by three or four fancy buttons. The skirt is trimmed by flounces, edged with a pattern in green of a deeper hue than that of the rest of the dress.

The recently introduced under-sleeves, close at the wrist, and fastened by a turned-up mousquetaire cuff are rapidly gaining favor. These cuffs, which are formed either of worked muslin or of lace, turn back over a small bouillonne of white muslin. Round the wrist and under the cuff is worn a band or bracelet of colored ribbon, the ends of which diverge one from another, leaving an angular space between them. Many of the newest cuffs of this kind are composed of a mixture of needle-work and lace. The collar should be fastened with a bow and ends of the same ribbon as that employed for the cuffs.

Black velvet ribbon is as much employed as ever for trimmings of various kinds. It is even introduced in trimming white lace or muslin. We have seen a mantelet of white tarletane with three deep frills set on in large fluted plaits, and each of these frills was edged with three rows of narrow, black velvet ribbon. The top frill was headed by three rows of the same.

## PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

**OUR AUGUST NUMBER.**—The messotint in the last number was everywhere pronounced one of the most beautiful we had ever published. The fashion-plate was also very popular. Indeed, the superiority of our fashion-plates is conceded universally. From something like a hundred notices, we have room for but one, which is from the Frederic (Md.) Union. "The beauty of the engravings," says that paper, "and the delicacy and tastefulness of the fashion-plates are in themselves sufficient to render the book what it undoubtedly is, the favorite *par excellence* of the ladies: but when to these attractions we add the rare excellence and variety of the reading matter it must at once be conceded that it deserves what it assuredly has attained the meed of universal approbation."

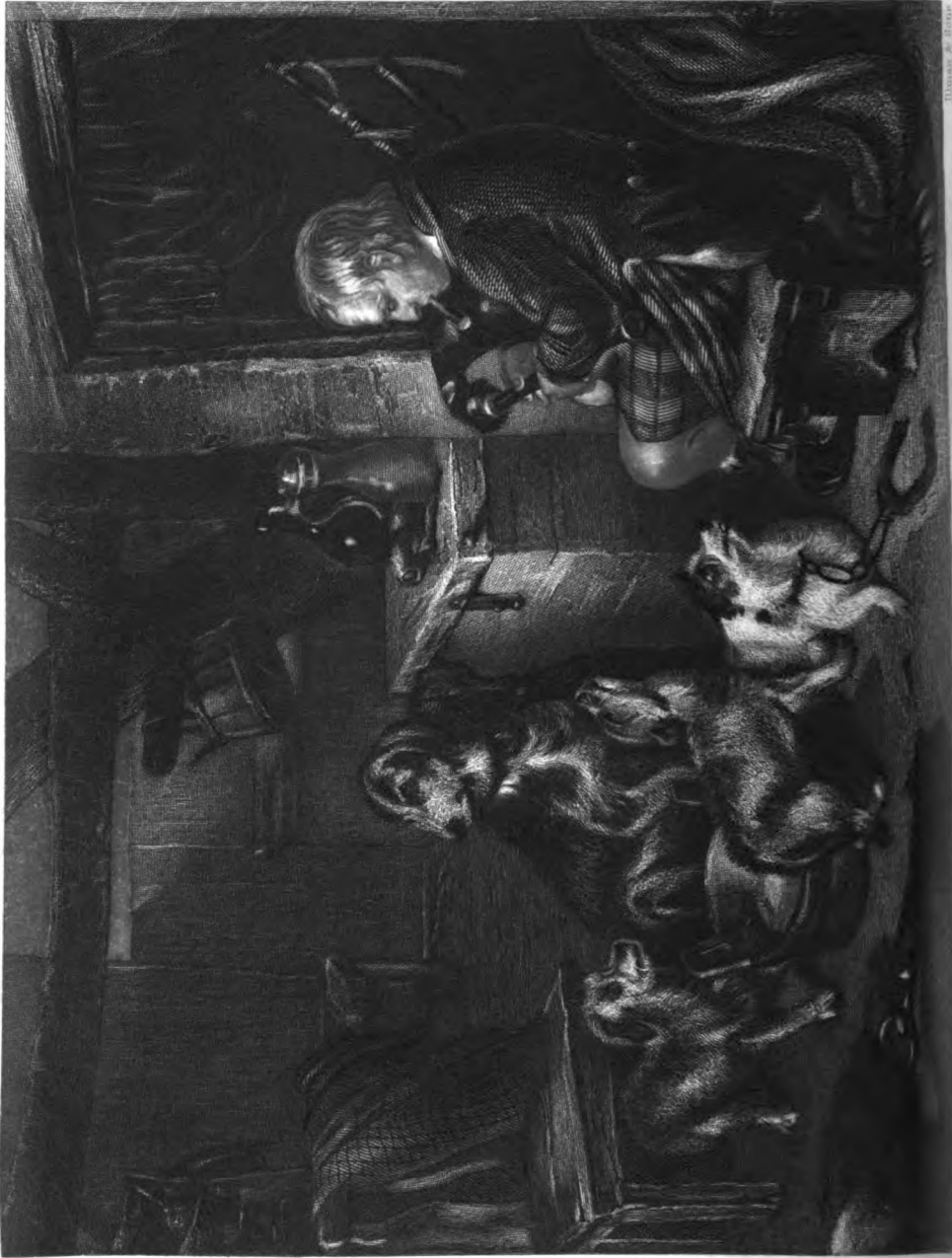
**WHEN TO BEGIN.**—New subscribers will be particular to mention with *what number they wish to begin*. Also their post-office, county and state.

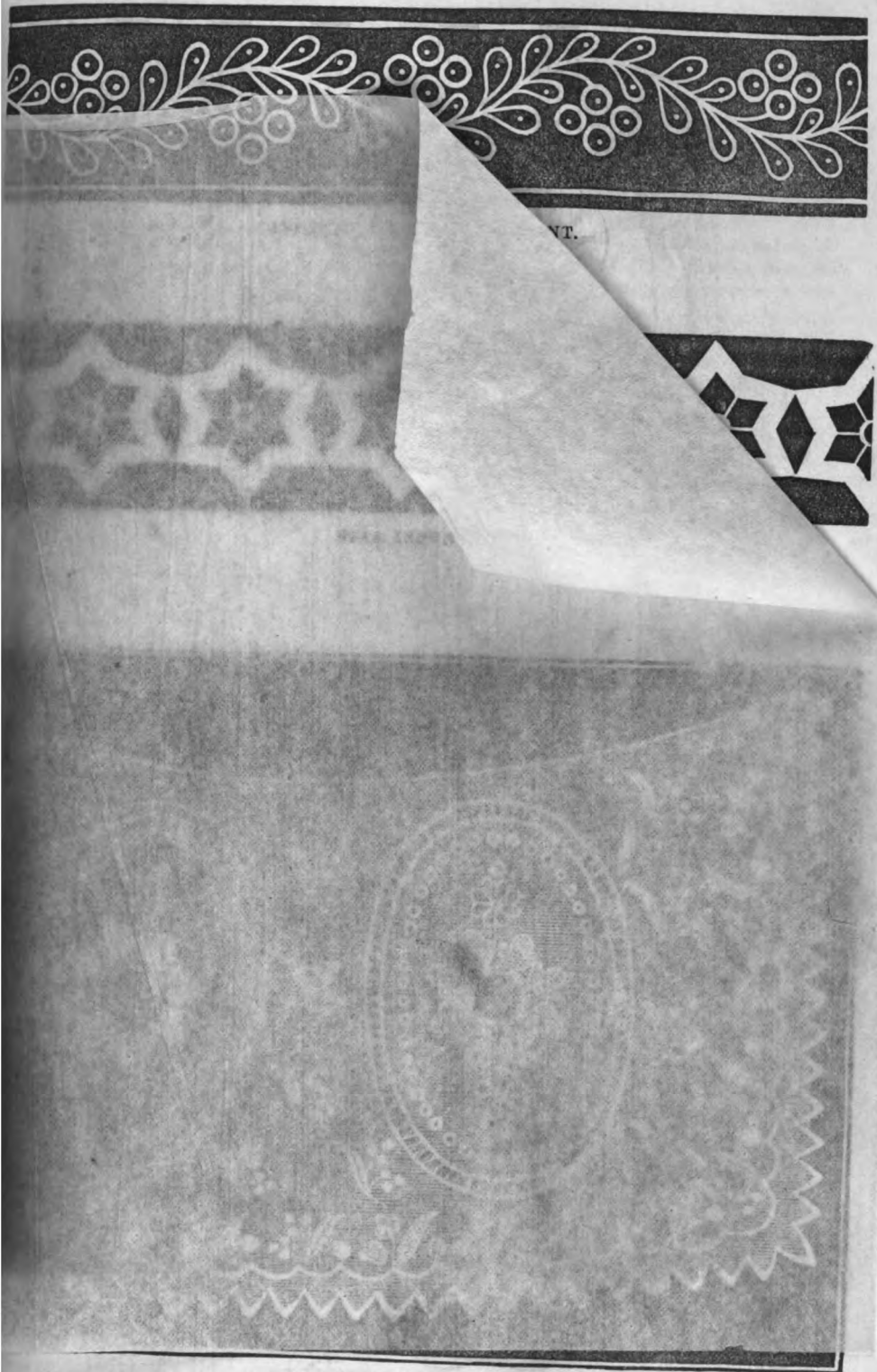
**REMOVALS.**—In case of a removal, inform us, not only what the new direction is, but what the old one was.

**GIFT BOOK OF ART.**—For one dollar, we will send, postage *pre-paid*, this splendid affair, containing fifty steel engravings.

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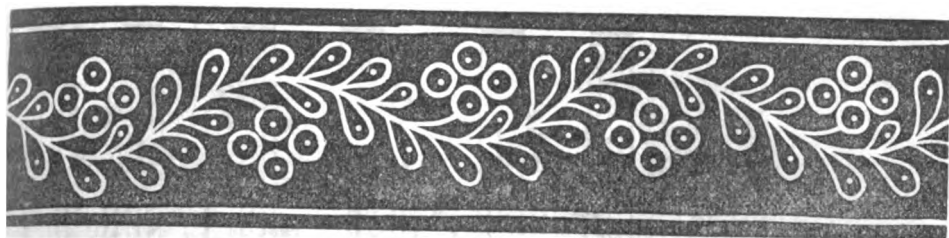




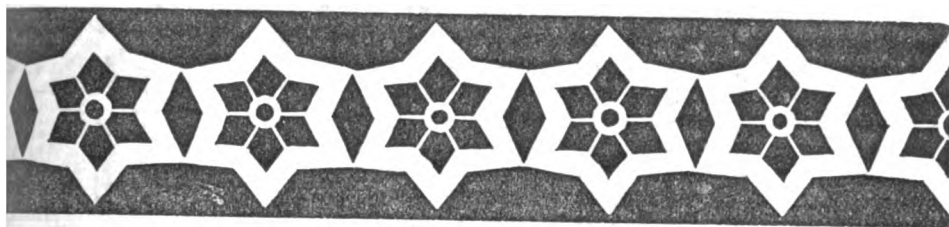
FULL-SIZED MEDALLION COLLAR.



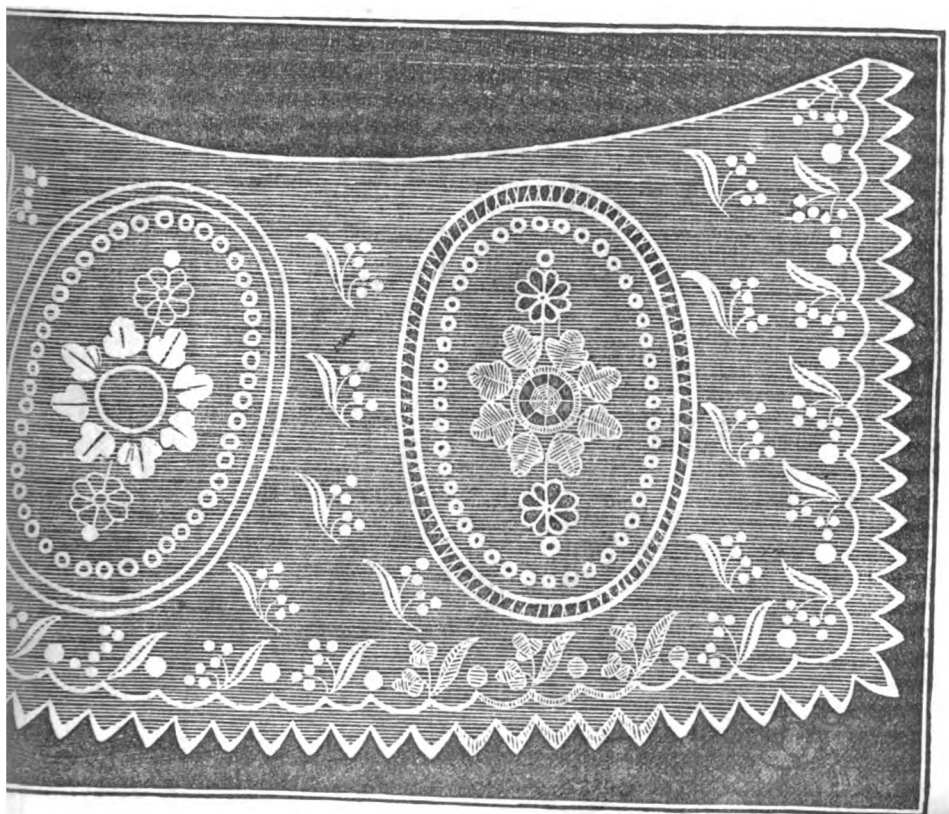




INSERTION FOR SHIRT FRONT.



STAR INSERTION.



FULL-SIZED MEDALLION COLLAR.

# SALUTATION POLKA.

BY

LOUIS MANN.

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Published at EDWARD L. WALKER'S New Musical Depot, No. 142 Chestnut Street, Phila.

PIANO.

8 *vb.*

Fine.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1855.

No. 4.

## "PATIENT WAITING NO LOSS."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

It was the evening before Isabel Wharton's spoiled beauty, to whom admirers carried an achievement that a

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The treble staff contains a melodic line with several slurs and a fermata. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. Pedal markings ('Ped.') are placed above the treble staff at several points, and asterisks (\*) are placed above the bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

The second system of the musical score continues the two-staff format. It features dynamic markings of *ff* (fortissimo) at the beginning and *p* (piano) later in the system. The notation includes various note values, rests, and slurs. Pedal markings and asterisks are also present. The key signature and time signature remain consistent with the first system.

The third system of the musical score continues the two-staff format. It includes dynamic markings of *ff* and *p*. The notation is dense with many notes and slurs. Pedal markings and asterisks are used throughout. The key signature and time signature remain consistent with the previous systems.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

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## "PATIENT WAITING NO LOSS."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

It was the evening before Isabel Wharton's marriage. A spoiled beauty, to whom admiration had been daily food, and now about to make what the world called a brilliant match, she could not resist the temptation to triumph over her elder sister, who, though not wanting in personal charms, was still unmarried.

"Only to think, Ellen," she said, "I am more than two years younger than you, and yet am married first. You must make haste."

Ellen smiled. "I am in no hurry," she answered. "When the right one comes along, it will be time enough." She did not add that she might have had Isabel's intended, if she had showed him encouragement at first; for this was a secret she religiously kept from her sister. You know the old proverb, sis, 'Patient waiting no loss.' I don't want to marry until I love; and perhaps I shall never do that."

"You're too particular," said the bride, with a toss of the head. "You expect impossibilities. 'You'll go through the wood, and have to cut a crooked stick at last.'"

"I shall never do that," replied Ellen, firmly. "I'd rather have no stick at all," she added, a moment after, laughingly.

Two years subsequently there was another bridal group in the same mansion. This time the *fiancée* was Ellen's next youngest sister. She also had secured what the world considered a prize; that is she was about to marry wealth, position and—a fool.

"My child," said the mother, who was present, addressing Ellen, and the tears came into her eyes as she looked on the bride, "you at least are left to me."

Ellen pressed her parent's hand in silence. Both shared the same forebodings as to the future happiness of the bride. Isabel's brilliant match had been a failure, for her husband had turned out dissipated; and though she had everything which riches could supply, she

carried an aching heart. The mother feared that a similar fate impended over this other daughter; but May had been wilful; and the father, who considered wealth all in all, had taken her side.

"Oh!" cried the bride, "Ellen will be the old maid of the family. Nobody but a prince in disguise will suit her ladyship; and as princes are scarce in this country, she'll have to stay unmarried." She spoke with a slight touch of bitterness, for she remembered her sister's expostulations, when she had begun to favor her intended husband's suit.

No evidence of emotion appeared on Ellen's face, though she was deeply hurt. She answered mildly,

"A prince is the last person I should marry. But you know, May, I am less beautiful than you; and we plain spinsters," and she smiled, "cannot pick and choose like belles. But they say everybody has a mate, and sometime, I suppose, mine will come along. 'Patient waiting,' you know, is 'no loss.' I am in no hurry to marry, however, and leave dear mamma." And she twined her arms around her parent's neck.

Three years more elapsed. Again there was a bride in that household. But still it was not Ellen. Her youngest sister, the loveliest of all, and hardly seventeen, was the one.

"Look at us, ma," said the thoughtless child, as she caught sight of her sister's face and her own in the glass. "I declare Ellen looks old enough to be my mother. You'll soon be putting on caps, sis," continued the gay, pert thing, "for you'll never marry, that I'll answer for: and Harry says so too."

It seemed Ellen's fate to have mortifying things said to her, by her younger sisters, when they were on the eve of marriage. But she remembered how giddy and young Lillian was; and she replied kindly,

"It's quite probable I shall never marry, dear.

But let me fix that flower differently in your hair. I think Harry will pronounce you lovelier than ever to-night."

"I'm glad you've made up your mind that you'll be an old maid," answered Lillian, as she bent her head to have the flower arranged. "Harry says it's such a pity, when a girl wants to get married, and can't; that every one, old like you, ought to convince herself she'll never have a beau; for she'll be all the happier. But this don't look much like fulfilling your favorite proverb," she said, looking archly at Ellen, "that 'Patient waiting is no loss.' Ah! sis."

"I hold to my proverb yet," replied Ellen, unmoved by this repetition of Henry's remarks. "Unless I could marry suitably, marry one I could reverence and love, it would be better that I should not marry at all. 'Patient waiting is still no loss.' The loss would be, by not waiting, to involve myself in an ill-assorted union."

"Dear me, you frighten me. One would think

getting married was a terrible thing," answered the volatile girl. "Harry says you have often a face like a funeral; and I'm sure you look that way now."

Another two years had passed. This time it was Ellen that was the bride. At last she had found one worthy of her, a noble, gifted, true-hearted man, who had recognized her many great qualities by intuition, and had wooed and won her, though not without difficulty. Her sisters were all present at the wedding, and all looked older than she, even Lillian; for none had made happy marriages, and care and disappointment were wearing them out.

Each of the three thought of what she had said to Ellen, and each wished that she had been less governed by the common weakness of her sex, to secure an early settlement in life. "Ah!" said each to her own heart, "Ellen was right. In 'patient waiting there is no loss,' especially in marrying."

## SONG—SHE IS SLEEPING YET.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY REV. GEORGE W. ROGERS.

SHE is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet—  
By the castle waves the linden tree,  
While the night-winds moan, and the rose is wet  
With dew that is falling silently—  
She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet,  
And fair as that rose she seems to be.

She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet—  
Above her the stars shine brilliantly,  
And the moon rides on where the sun has set,  
And looks on the sleeper peacefully—  
She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet,  
By the water-fall and linden tree.

She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet—  
By the castle waves the linden tree,  
Where the nightingale now his mate has met,  
And his am'rous song trills merrily—  
She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet,  
And no sound disturbs the harmony.

She is sleeping yet, she is sleeping yet—  
By the castle waves the linden tree,  
Where, lonely, I sit and watch with regret,  
And wish on its boughs a leaf to be—  
Then o'er her I'd wave till the stars were set,  
And fill her dreams with Heaven and me.

TO

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

A PROTEAN creature, wayward as the shower  
Of fountain twinkling in the still moon-shine:  
But docile yet, and glorious with the dower  
Of feeling, sympathy, of impulse fine,  
A heart to love till death, all things divine  
That make us worship woman. How in thee  
Two differing natures meet! Thou could'st beguile

A Summer life with many a sportive wife  
Idle as shepherd maids in Arcady.  
Or, if affection summoned to it, share  
A life of sorrow, braving down despair  
With heart as bold as Otho's when he stood  
Across the unknown sea—oh! ever fair  
And perfect type of earnest womanhood.

## MY FIRST EQUESTRIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

I WAS just sixteen, and was spending the summer at my uncle Jack's, in Summerville, the most beautiful of all Connecticut's beautiful villages. The beau of the place was Phil Darrah. Not that Phil was by any means the only eligible young man in Summerville; but he had a had fortune left him by a maiden aunt; and he was intelligent; and good-looking; and fastidious; and asserted his superiority in such an indisputable way, that everybody yielded as a matter of course.

The first time that I saw him was at church on the Sunday after my arrival. The good, droning old clergyman was reading the first lesson, and the monotonous tone, combined with the wafting of fans, and the warm summer air, had lulled me into a dreamy state most unusual; and I sat and watched the waving boughs through the open window, and thought how much more gloriously their green-leaved tongues talked of heaven, than I feared the paper-leaved sermon on the pulpit would do.

Sydney Smith has said, that "a sparrow fluttering about the church, is an antagonist which the most profound theologian in Europe is wholly unable to overcome." This was verified in the case of good Mr. Clarke on this day, for in the midst of the Sabbath stillness there was a slow, measured tread down the carpeted aisle, and the bonnets of white, pink, or blue which had been resolutely turned toward the pulpit, suddenly presented fronts to the aisle, and cheeks dimpled, and eyes lighted as they rested on the handsome young fellow who leisurely sauntered down to the pew in front of the chancel.

"So endeth the first lesson," said the minister, as the intruder took his seat. I telegraphed to my pretty little brown-eyed cousin to inquire his name, but she demurely smiled and turned over the leaves of her prayer book to the *Te deum laudamus*.

Now my uncle Jack never missed anything that was going on in church, asleep or awake. I have seen him kneel down in his pew, and make all the responses as correctly as the clergyman, and indulge in a comfortable nap at the same time. So seeing my telegraphic despatch to Jenny, he whispered to me,

"It's of no use, Carry, you are not rich enough

for Phil Darrah. But take care, for he's a dreadful flirt."

"Diamond cut diamond," retorted I, as the congregation arose, and I saw that the individual in question was gazing earnestly at our pew.

I endeavored in vain after this, to fix my thoughts earnestly on the beautiful church service. The green leaves, and the blue sky, and the soft summer air, had no longer power to woo my thoughts to the green pastures and the still waters of the celestial home. I was curiously speculating upon the character of the Adonis in the front pew.

Church was out, and we were sauntering leisurely along under the green arcades which shaded every street in Summerville, when Jenny whispered,

"Here he comes, Carry," and she had scarcely finished ere "he" was at her side, and I was introduced to Philip Darrah.

How pleasantly the weeks glided by, that beautiful summer-time. Oh! the drives, and the sails, and the picnics, and the fruit parties. And always by my side was that tall, handsome Phil Darrah, with his grey eyes and curling hair, and a certain *je ne sais quoi* of manner that kept my heart in a perpetual flutter.

I say "always," but sometimes as I sat by the parlor window of an evening, I would see him go in at Mr. Loomis' on the opposite corner: and Mr. Loomis' disagreeable niece, with her sixty thousand dollars, who was then on a visit to her uncle, would play and sing for him till I vowed I would never touch an ivory key again.

"It won't do, Carry," said my uncle Jack, after one of these evenings, "she sung, 'Am I Not Fondly Thine Own,' last night, and to-day I saw Darrah's coachman leave a magnificent bouquet there."

"Handsome than this?" said I, rushing into the parlor, and bringing out a vase of superb hot-house flowers in my hand.

"Why, no, I don't know that it was," replied uncle Jack, slowly. "So there are 'two strings to your *beau*,' are they?" and he laughed at his own pun.

"But, Carry, she's rich, child."

"So am I."

"You!" and uncle Jack threw himself back in



his chair and laughed immoderately, "why you little sinner, you've hardly money enough to keep you from starving."

I walked to the mirror and surveyed myself complacently.

"Yes, sir," said I, turning around to my astonished uncle, "I am rich in good looks, (I was thought handsome) and she's such a skinny little thing, that it always puts one in mind of 'the dry bones, rattling.' Then I am rich, sir, in my youth, and hope, and health, and elastic spirits. Oh, I am far richer, uncle Jack; *she* can't buy one of these."

"But Phil Darrah may not value all these as highly as you do, Cad. Sixty thousand dollars with his own fortune is no trifle, child."

"Then he's not worth all *my* riches," said I, contemptuously; but I think now that I must have replaced the vase on the bouquet table with a little temper, for the water flew over my hands and a *souvenir* rose fell to pieces.

But for a week after this, in all our amusements, Philip Darrah was by my side. Adaline Loomis ogled and dressed and sung in vain. All her invitations to "Come rest in this bosom" he virtuously resisted, and I began to think that my riches *were* of the better kind.

The demonstrations on the gentleman's part were growing more marked.

Night after night, I would be wakened by the softest music under my window, and morning after morning a gorgeous bouquet graced my table.

Sometimes the serenade would be given by half a dozen young men, with whom Phil was intimate, who performed on as many different instruments, and all of whom sung well; but I noticed that if our last conversation had had at all of a serious or sentimental turn, that my serenade was always of the softest, love-inspiring flute solo, or an exquisite song with a guitar accompaniment. Occasionally too, instead of the compact pyramided bouquet, there would be left at the hall-door for me, a few white and blush rose-buds, half buried in heliotrope and mignonne.

What impressible girl of sixteen could withstand all this? I sighed profoundly when the solitary serenader took a last look at my window and departed; and always carried the unpretending rose-buds and heliotrope up to my chamber.

I was entirely satisfied with the state of affairs. Of all things that Philip Darrah excelled in, and they were many, he excelled in nothing so much as horseman-hip.

I have many a time watched him as far as I

could see him down the street, as he passed by on brown Tom, his fine figure having nothing of the rigidity of the awkward exquestrian; but seemingly moved by the same impulse as the horse, he accommodated himself with the most flexible grace to its every motion. The beast seemed proud of being managed by such a master. I have almost clapped my hands when I have seen him go prancing by, with eyes flashing, neck arched, and nostrils snorting, and have been quite as ready to resign my heart to the horse as to the man.

"Miss Carry," said Phil, entering my uncle's parlor one evening, "we are going to make up an equestrian party for the day after to-morrow, and you *must* go. We shall start a little after daylight, take breakfast at old mother Jones', at Silver Spring, and return before the day gets worn."

"But I was never on a horse in my life, Mr. Darrah. I am very sorry, but I can't go."

"Why you are the most courageous lady in our sailing parties. You are not afraid."

"Not at all afraid, but I should be frightfully awkward, and I do not care to risk my reputation."

"*You* could not be awkward," was the reply, in a low voice, and a tone that sent the blood dancing around my heart.

This last sentence determined me. I would not run the gauntlet of comparison with Addy Loomis, who, I knew was to be of the party, and who was an accomplished horsewoman.

But the next evening, Phil came again to resume his persuasions. I felt that I could not get off, without being rude, and in truth, I had some curiosity to know what a ride on horseback was like. At last I consented to go, and Mr. Darrah went out to engage a horse for me, and send me down a habit and hat which belonged to a married sister.

I slept but little that night. There was a certain *empressement* in my admirer's manner, when he took my hand at parting, which made me feel that it required only a favorable opportunity for me to be invited to be Mrs. Philip Darrah.

I felt some anxiety too, as to the becomingness of my habit and hat. I was up by the peep of day that I might practise gathering up my skirt gracefully.

The lady to whom the dress belonged, was unfortunately as slender as a bean-pole, whilst I considered myself proportioned more after the fashion of the Venus de Medici. I pulled and tugged at the hooks and eyes till my finger bones were almost broken. I went to the bed and woke my cousin, who declared she would

not get up at that hour of the day, to go on such a party, for the best horse in Christendom.

"Jenny," said I, in despair, "it will require a windlass to bring this body together. Do get up and help me."

Jenny rubbed her eyes, got out of bed good-naturedly, and then sat down and laughed.

"It's no laughing matter, Jenny!" I exclaimed, dolefully, "do stop and help me. It won't meet by a quarter of a yard."

"Put a piece of black cloth underneath, and then fasten a hook here and there if you can," she at length suggested.

So it was arranged, more to the satisfaction of the eye than to the comfort of my person, for I felt as if I was in a vice. But my black plumed hat was becoming, and I tried to make the best of it.

At last I heard the tramping of horses' feet, and saw the party stop at Mr. Loomis' for Addy. I felt some misgivings at the moment, but when I saw her put her foot in Phil Darrah's hand, and spring like a bird to her horse, the whole thing seemed so easy that I was reassured. She settled herself in her saddle, and gathered up her reins with all the calmness of a thorough horsewoman.

The party then came across for me. There were four or five ladies, all of whom were accustomed to riding. I descended, and opened the hall-door just as Phil mounted the steps.

The first thing I did, was to get my feet so entangled in the skirt of my dress, in spite of my practise, that I was precipitated into Mr. Darrah's arms. It might have been in a worse place, to be sure, but still it was awkward.

Addy Loomis sat and toyed with her whip, and watched me maliciously.

"Place your left foot on my hand, Miss Carry, if you please," said Phil, who saw that I did not know how to proceed when I got to the horse.

I did as directed, with both hands hanging by my side.

"Take the snaffle in your right hand, and then grasp the pommel," said my instructor.

I did not know the snaffle from the martingal.

Phil dropped my foot, placed the rein in my hand, (I thought it took him longer to do it than was absolutely necessary) and showed me how to take hold of the pommel.

"I am dreadfully awkward," said I, my face burning, and feeling ten times more nervous, when I saw the smile on Addy Loomis' countenance.

"Not at all awkward," was the reply, "you will do famously when you are once on. You must permit me to give you some lessons. Now spring, from your right foot."

I did spring, but somehow my joints doubled up like a carpenter's rule, and down I came, with my left foot still in Phil's hand, though I think he was standing some distance further off than when I first attempted to mount.

"Try again," said my instructor. "Let me take your foot with both my hands, then keep your left limb stiff, and I am sure we can manage it."

I did try again vigorously. I performed the rule action the second time, in spite of being told to keep my joints stiffened. I got half-way up the side of the horse, and clinging to the saddle, there I hung, like Mahomet's coffin. I think now, that I must have given the looker's on the benefit of some frog like motions with my lower limbs, for I know I worked them vigorously before I got to the saddle. When once there I seated myself triumphantly, pannier-fashion, with my face toward uncle Jack's front door, and my right ear on a line with my horse's head.

"Put your right limb over the pommel," was Phil's next order, with an annoyed look. His face was dreadfully flushed, too; no doubt with the effort of raising one hundred and twenty pounds, dead weight; and the faultless kid gloves very much split.

"Now take your rein in your left hand," proceeded Phil, as he gathered up the reins which I had dropped in my scrambling and gave them to me.

"The left hand!" exclaimed I, for I could argue if I could not ride horseback, "why that's preposterous. As if the right hand was not much stronger and more dexterous than the left."

"The left hand is the proper one, nevertheless," was the cool rejoinder of my companion, who was being vexed at the ridiculous aspect of affairs.

"Well I'll try it, but if I do not like it I shall certainly use the other," said I, resolutely.

I happened to glance just then at my chamber window, and there was that vixen of a Jenny peeping through the blinds, and laughing till the tears ran down her face. She was gesticulating violently at the same time, and pointing to my boddice. I looked down, and found that in my efforts to mount, I had broken off nearly every hook which kept it together. To drop the reins and seize my dress by both hands, was the work of an instant. In the meantime, the rest of the party had started forward. My horse followed in a hard trot, in spite of my screaming out "ho, wo now, stop," and all the other phrases in the equine vocabulary. I instinctively grasped

my dress with my left hand, while I pulled on the reins with my right, till I jerked the curb so hard that the horse stood on his hind feet.

Just then Phil missed me, and looked around. There was an amused expression on his face as he caught sight of me in this comical position.

"Don't use your curb, Miss Carry," he said, "Old Nick isn't used to it."

"Old Nick!" I exclaimed.

I was in despair. He was known as one of the roughest, most obstinate beasts in Summerville. But I would not ask to go back. There was a spirit of endurance in me that would have made me a martyr in the days of the early church. So I bounded along, rising nearly a foot from the saddle at every step the horse took, till I felt as if flesh and bones were beaten to a jelly.

Sometimes my right hand, sometimes my left, sometimes both hands were employed to hold in my tormentor. He seemed to have a vicious desire to keep half a length ahead of every other horse of the party.

"If he would only canter it would be easier, but he won't," said Phil, coming to my side.

"I feel that," replied I, grasping at my bodice again. "It was very kind of you to procure me so fine a hackney," I continued, bitterly.

"I am very sorry; but you decided to go at so very late an hour, that every decent horse in the place was engaged."

All this was said with the comfortable feelings of a person who knew that he was riding splendidly, and looking supremely handsome. Brown Tom was in the best of spirits, and went along in a slow, stately gait, his mouth so light that the tension of rein did not make a crease in his master's glove. Phil's jockey cap was set jauntily on the top of his brown curls, and his velvet riding-coat was of the most unexceptionable fit.

What a contrast I presented! With what pins I could find, I had managed to stick one here and there in my bodice, between the bounces of Old Nick, but now it was requiring whichever hand I was not using, to keep my hat straight and the hair out of my eyes. The very hair that I had been so proud of, in its length and abundance, nearly drove me wild. At last down it came, and I went along bounce, bounce, thump, thump, till it enveloped me like the Lady Godiva's.

After an eternity, it seemed to me, we reached Silver Spring. Never was a poor soul as glad of a respite from torture as I was. I attempted to jump from my horse, as I saw others do, but was so stiff and bruised that I pitched headlong, for

the second time that morning, into Phil Darrab's arms.

Mrs. Jones, who expected us, had breakfast ready, and after binding up my hair, I determined not to think of the return, but to enjoy myself as much as possible.

As for that Addy Loomis, she hopped around like a bird, pitying me, and talking of the delights of riding on horseback at the same time. Phil asked me to be helped to a second saucer of strawberries, but *insisted* upon *her* taking more. I felt that my kingdom had departed.

How I dreaded the return home only the uninitiated victim of a hard trotting horse can tell. When once seated, I thought I should never be able to move again.

I did not trust to my skill in mounting from Phil's hand this time, but got on Old Nick's back in the good old orthodox fashion,—from a chair.

My return commenced with the old bounce, bounce, enlivened occasionally with a flap of the arms, very much like that of the wings of a rooster before he crows.

At last I got out of all patience, and taking the whip, which I had hung on the crutch of the saddle, not knowing how to hold it and my horse too, I gave Old Nick half a dozen cuts, as hard as my strength and temper would let me lay on.

The beast gave a spring, put his head down between his fore legs, I thought, and was off.

I was charmed with the experiment; the gait was so easy; and shouted back in my triumphant delight to those I had left. I never looked around, but I heard the clatter of horses' feet behind me for awhile, and then I pleased myself with the idea that I had distanced them all.

On and on, went Old Nick and myself, I occasionally laughing in my delight at the rapid motion and easy pace, and giving the animal a cut if I found any indication of his flagging.

Women and children rushed out of cottages at our approach, and the men working in the fields threw down their implements, and hurried to the road-side. But what cared Old Nick and I for their admiration? How we gloried in our wild-huntsman gallop, and how stirringly the fresh morning air whizzed through our ears. I took no heed of the way, for I philosophically concluded that my horse knew it better than myself, and on we went.

At last I noticed that we had left the high road, and turned up a narrow lane. I had not time to wonder at our whereabouts, when, in the midst of his full career, Old Nick stopped, with his head over a fence.

He nearly had me over it too. The shock was awful, and I found myself entirely off the saddle,

on the top of the pommel, with both arms around the horse's neck. After the first moment of bewilderment was over, I cautiously made my way back to the seat of the saddle.

Then came the tug of war with the beast. Take his head from over the fence, or his eyes off that green field, he would not.

My ride had given me courage. I pulled and whipped, and coaxed, all to no purpose. The horse was as immovable, and as deaf to my tones of endearment, as the bronze one in the equestrian statue of Washington.

Presently a prolonged "whinney" and a frightful shaking of the animal's whole body, nearly startled me from my seat. I looked across the field, and answering the salutation, there came a great black beast, full tilt, tail and mane flying, as he made his way toward us. I expected every moment that Nick would attempt to take the fence to meet him, but the imperturbable old fellow only gave a slight grunt of satisfaction. Then they put their heads together, and appeared to hold a long communication by means of some kind of equine magnetic telegraph.

I pulled and whipped and coaxed away again, all to no purpose. I did not know then, what I afterward discovered, that Old Nick had vivid recollections of having passed all the spring in that same green field with his ugly black companion.

I would not give up, but I was beginning to tire of this "masterly inactivity," when to my great relief, I saw Phil Darrah and some of the gentlemen coming rapidly down the lane.

"Thank heaven! you are not dashed to pieces," was the first exclamation I heard.

I looked around triumphantly, and said,

"Oh, I have had a delightful ride. How much better Old Nick's canter is, (you call it a canter, don't you?) how much easier it is than that horrid trot."

"He never cantered a step in his life. He was running away with you," said Phil, evidently out of all patience.

"Was he? well, I didn't know it. I wish he would always run away with me then," was my cool rejoinder.

By this time the ladies of the party came up. Each had to tell how frightened she was, and Addy Loomis declared she had nearly fainted. From joy, I suppose.

The ugly customer in the field was whipped away, and Old Nick tugged at till he condescended to turn his head toward his oats. We walked the rest of the way home peaceably.

I dismounted at the door, and went up to my bed, where I lay three days unable to move without a groan, from the pain, and without the power to raise my hands to my head.

I missed the most splendid picnic of the season, up at the "Pond of White Lilies," and where Phil proposed to Addy Loomis.

I returned home in the fall, and immediately took riding lessons of the best teacher I could find. I can sit a horse now like Kiss' Amazon, but I shall never forget that I was not only nearly beaten to a jelly, but lost Phil Darrah by that "FIRST EQUESTRIAN EXPERIENCE."

## THE DREAMER.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

A low, rude hut near a winding rill,  
Half-hidden from sight by a rough, steep hill,  
And a tall elm-tree that swayed o'er the eaves,  
Acrelessly waving its dark green leaves.

The good dame moved from day to day,  
Doing her duties the same old way;  
And while she sat in the door and spun  
Her lego would lie in the glinting sun,  
With eyes half-shut, and a thoughtful brow,  
Saying his father to hold the plow:  
And the good old pair at night would say,  
"Diego had idled his time away."

"Son," said the dame, "why sit you all day  
Bending your head in that thoughtful way,  
Talking strange talk for a little boy?  
By heed you never your New-Year toy?

Go roll your hoop, or bound your ball,  
Go train the wild vines upon the wall,  
Or help me churn or milk the cow,  
'Twill start a flush on your sickly brow;  
"Oho," she sighed, with a tearful look,  
"Our Ned ne'er spent his time o'er a book,  
Or dreamt by the brook that babbled by;"  
She covered her face and began to cry.

"Mother," he said, his eyes were a gleam,  
"I never can plant, or drive the team,  
Or busy myself in childish play,  
My soul is afar in the world away;  
There are things I would know, and things I would  
see,  
The great ones in thought are linked to me;  
I have dreams all night, and dreams all day,  
I am useless here, I must go away."

He wandered afar one sunny morn,  
When the reapers were out among the corn,  
The dame was spinning; and threads of cure  
Ran with the flax and silvered her hair.

A brilliant life and a swift decay  
Attended the steps of his winding way;  
A meteor glare that lured him high  
Dropped him to earth from a glowing sky;  
He was weary once more, and longed to rest  
In his father's hut, on his mother's breast;  
He wished no more of the world to see,  
He would dream again 'neath the old elm-tree.

He came one morn; men were raking hay,  
(The birds they piped a roundelay)

They leaned on their rakes and lifted their hair,  
And told him a tale of the aged pair;  
"Two sons they had some years before—  
"Twere well," they said, "they had no more—  
They were but a blight to their humble love,  
One faded from earth, and one would rove;  
His name was high, and his praises fair,  
But his humble parents were ne'er his care;  
They were quietly laid to sleep hard by,  
'Twas a gift to the world that all could die."

He turned, and sought the brown elm's shade;  
There, dead beneath it, they found him laid,  
For at night the reapers passed that way—  
But Diego had dreamed his life away.

## OCTOBER.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

AURUM sits with eyelids red,  
Weeping over beauties fled,  
By the bier of Nature dead.

Touched has been her glad array,  
Of commingled colors gay,  
By the Frost-king on his way.

Sad, expressive is her eye,  
As she breathes a mournful sigh,  
On the cold winds passing by.

By October's chilling blast,  
Moaning like a spirit past,  
Yellow leaves around are cast.

Birds have gone on rainbow wing,  
In a Southern elime to sing,  
Where sweet flowers are blossoming.

As October's pale moonbeams  
Fell last night upon the streams,  
I met Angie in my dreams.

On her forehead passing fair,  
Was a crown as angels wear,  
Giving her a holy air.

Spotless was her robe and white,  
As a fleecy cloud of night,  
Wand'ring by the moon's soft light.

In her hand a harp she bore,  
Angel-smiles her features wore,  
Such as I ne'er saw before.

As she came in angel-guise,  
Mirror'd in her soul-lit eyes,  
Was the bliss of Paradise.

Soon that love-lost one divine,  
Came and laid her hand in mine,  
Whispered, "I am sister thine."

On my cheek a kiss she prest,  
Told me of her peaceful rest,  
In the mansions of the blest.

"Weep no more," she said "for me;  
From the earth-shades I am free,  
Angels bear me company."

Soon alas! my dream had flown,  
And I felt more deeply lone,  
In my silent room alone.

## THINKING.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

THE rain falls on thy grave to-day,  
With low and sorrowing sound;  
The willows heavy as with tears,  
Bend lowly to thy mound;  
And oh! I almost wish to rest  
In the still grave with thee,  
The soft earth on my bosom prest,  
My spirit roving free.

But, sitting in my earthly chains,  
I listen to the rain,  
Whose spirit-whisper lulls my heart  
From life's unrest and pain;  
And thought a curious vision weaves,  
Hopes, fancies, dreamings rare,  
As rain-drops fall about the caves,  
To leave their music there.

## PROPULSION: A FRAGMENT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

My frame is tortured with unrest, and I mock at my own sufferings as, I fancy, Satyrs mock and laugh at grief. I have no discipline! Thirty-two years of winter and summer have yielded me nothing but the shadows of cherished things, and I have utterly refused to school my desires or tone down my yearning. I shall do henceforward as heretofore, for I cannot be prudent—I cannot save myself. It is better to perish in boyhood than live for thirty-two years, gradually decaying with the wear of impulse. Better scream with hot rage, at times, than always to repress it. Yesterday I bit quite through my lip, with only a little thinking, and that screech, which made my neighbors tremble in their beds last night, came from me—respectable man that I am—as I agonized with stultified intensity. In the morning, when the cool breath of a thousand flowers touched my burning face, I said, “good day” to my fellows, and not one of them knew that the blandness of my voice was but the suppression of a wail.

It calms me to write! This sunset light struggling into my chamber, falls across my cold hand, and I am soothed, as though gratitude might be in me.

My brick from the palace of Sardanapalus, has fallen to the floor and crushed a skull which I bought from a phrenologist, for its moral. The man whose brain once filled it, may have died because he had a mighty thought that he could not articulate nor make available, and so with an earnest, madly earnest soul he pursued his darling chimera alone, by night and by day—spurning advice or beseechments, until even in the rewarding hour his life was a sham and a perversion, and so he gave it up. Ah! I have not been a true observer of things. Pain has supplanted thought; as sweet odors, enjoyed by an enthusiastic student of them, will surely one day pall upon the too well taught sense.

Why do I forever peep “behind the throne?” Is it that I may teach Claude or Henry how to make money and become wonderful, whilst at the very juncture when my own affairs need but the exertion of an instant to perfect them, I have looked away and sneered?

This story of my last few days is only one of seasons in which my life-time has been all

throbbing and ecstasy, with terrible ringings in the ears, and at far intervals a calm—not pure and peaceful, but without rest—a calm in which my heart has stood still—dead still, so that I have not breathed. Then balm and beauty, and ineffable sounds were borne into and about me as by a sigh, like the suspension of a floss-like and intangible dream—bewildered of gorgeous Persia, or perhaps clearly and searchingly chastened as if Diana in her white robes had blessed me.

There is cruel deviltry, and disorder, and doubt in him who *fails*, and still more we discern in the essayist who strives for no purpose but failure, a sorrow and a curse which has no name.

A young friend of mine is lately married. I am not married. When I say “friend of mine,” I mean that we shake hands and wish each other well—in short, that we are acquainted. He is pretty head-strong—quite slow of discernment, and sanguine. He wears a corn-color stock, and makes a good show in his buttoned gaiters and cinnamon waistcoat. But, oh! she is glorious! A true woman—of deep and tender sensibility, and a faculty for loving that constantly prompts her to sweet sayings, brimful of gentle images. Her eyes are large and prominent—almost they look strained sometimes—and one delicate vein which reaches over the white part, is now and then visible by its surcharge, as from emotion. When her hand has met mine, it has been soft and moist, and a subtle thrill goes through me at its touch. She is very fair—nearly too pale. I like to think of her most, as she looks, in the glow from crimson curtains. I do not love the woman and she does not love me. She is not brilliant, does not talk much, hardly ever sings; but I hear her repeat touching little verses now and then, and when she talks of flowers, it is because she knows them by their separate beauties, and loves them. What ails me I cannot divine! I often meet the gentleman at the post-office or in the wine-house, and occasionally we proceed toward his home. During these foolish visits I sometimes choke to see them so cheerful, and am an ass that I do not rush out and depart forever from their presence. It is queer! Latterly I doubt if they are both entirely happy.

Whilst I talked the other evening, in the moonlight which shone through the geranium branches at their window, a sudden pain struck through my breast, as I wondered if both were satisfied. The thought would not be dismissed, and presently—my imagination increasing her womanliness momentarily, and exhausting his shallowness—became too much for me, and I stifled and staggered out for air. Heaven! could he have ever struck her, that she looks so meekly at him?

Day-times I do not work, but I go and ask him to drink liquors with me at "The Hall," and I turn up my green glass mug as if I were drinking the last drop in it, so that I can look at his face through the distorting, thick bottom; it shows so pinched and out of shape. Aroused from an abstract mood, I reply to his tedious joke, which he intended me to smile affably at, with a little eldritch, hysteric-y skriek. He does not suspect me yet. I wish you could see the lady! Her skin is thin and white, and her hair (a braid of it is before me now) is very light and fine. She is a radiant woman!

One night we had wine—all of us, and I urged her to drink, and in the morning I cursed myself for an arrant wretch. That May morning—shall I outlive its mental tumult? Tears were in her eyes as she offered me violets, and listened. I took all the blame—all the disgrace—I fairly whined with strange and uncalled for agony as I went on, and just one moment before her astonishment and disgust would certainly have fallen upon me, her own unhappiness and womanly shame were in her mind, and she met me in my mouth with her scarlet lips. The kiss she gave

me—I understand it well, was partly prompted by pity, and partly by thankfulness toward, and trust in me. My mouth was dry and feverish, and my face scorched with excitement. Her cheek was pallid, and her lips gave cool, fragrant pressure unto mine.

I tag her husband around the city streets, into theatres, and kindred miserable places that I hate, and he talks to me flippantly about affairs that I forgot years ago. I detect myself calculating the number of days that he or I may live, and within this hour I threw away my silver-mounted pistol. Seven tall poplars stand like stern giants about their house, and when the wind blows at night they hiss at me with their leaves as I walk in the grim shadows. Oh! she is too good, too pure and full of sex, but alas! the old fatality, the urgency which pumps through my heart so rapidly, will not be restrained. This feeling, which I have said before, is not love, will accompany me until I die. Utterly hopeless it must be—a surge—a wildness. Those bright red lips will haunt me—her dear, kind, winning voice and graceful walk and way in everything she does, will crucify me each hour beyond my strength.

All this time I might be keeping a dry-goods store, or superintending a noisy mill, or amusing myself by striving after office. My life is dearer to me than ever before. I am passionate and full of energy, which will relax only when the vital force gives way, and coldness as of dead ashes smothers the faint fire that will sicker in my old worn-out heart. I am all wrong, and I alone will suffer.

## A D E L A .

BY C. H. GARBER.

FLOWERS are springing where they laid her,  
Flowers rich and rare;  
He made them also, who made her  
So surpassing fair:  
On her breast her brown locks lay;  
Those locks so brown—  
As they trembled down  
Her soft cheeks, how bright were they.

In the Summer shade I found her,  
On a violet bed;  
Birds and bees and blossoms 'round her,  
Roses on her head.  
And they laid her down to rest,  
In the coffin there,

With her shining hair,  
And a rose-bud on her breast.

And her friends in bitter-sorrow  
Wept they—stricken sore:  
But an angel on the morrow,  
Whispering at the door,  
Said, "Weep, dear ones, now no more."  
And the voice they knew,  
And the angel too,  
For Adela's face it wore,  
Yes—the voice they knew,  
And the angel too,  
For Adela's face it wore.

KALADORA ANDROS;  
OR, THE ADVERTISEMENT.

BY JOHN QUINCY TRUAX.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 168.

PART II.

THERE! Not only was her own ammunition wasted, but here was a sudden red-hot shot plump, as it were, into her very magazine. She could not have been more startled by a smart slap in the face. She fairly jumped; but charged it upon her metropolitan weak nerves, and Mr. Bemis' sudden look.

"Kaladora Andros," said she, meditatingly, "where have I seen it? Oh, I'll tell you. It was signed to a Bloomerist letter in the Home Journal a few weeks ago, was it not? *A nom de plume?*"

So she spoke, half jeeringly. But her heart beat like a trip-hammer; and, "How *could* he find out?" and "Can he *possibly* know?" if printed in capitals a foot long, would utterly fail to shadow forth the intensity of her aspirations after certainty. But his quiet manner reassured her, as he answered,

"Yes. Not Bloomerist, however, unless that means 'natural.' Indeed, the letter was so true that I wonder it was written, or published."

"Do you think so?" asked Flora, preparing to resume her weapons. "Then you read it with great interest, doubtless—especially the very lady-like advertisement at the end?"

"Why, yes; I was interested, to-be-sure; but not so much as others. But I only gave a Yankee answer to your question about my pre-occupation. I was looking at the faces, to see if I could fix upon any as belonging to the secret Kaladora—the 'Beautiful Gift.'"

This, thought Flora, if he can accomplish it, might plague me.

"You said you were not so much interested in it as others," said she. "Isn't there some delightful secret which you could tell me about it? There must be. Don't you know who wrote the answer?"

"No. Not both of them. I saw that there were two. And, by the way, I have been wondering, also, if Miss Kaladora has sent for the enclosure."

"But who wrote either of them?" asked Miss

Meriam, perhaps suffering her extreme curiosity to stretch her politeness a little.

"I promised not to tell," answered Mr. Bemis. "How rude I was!" exclaimed the lady. "But I suppose I must take refuge under an excuse I like less than the fault."

"Curiosity? I think men have as much of it as women—perhaps more. I'm sure I don't see how the most feminine of women could feel a keener eagerness to discover anything, than I do to find out this lady. What a free mind she must have!"

"Free! to say, out of a safe secrecy, things which she dares not become responsible for? I don't apprehend that *that* is a very admirable freedom."

"I do not mean that she is so free from the expedient conventionalities of society as to be unsexed, but free and bold in thought," replied the young man. "I think she—or he—must be a noble person."

The two young people talked and promenaded together a long time; and became so rapidly acquainted that Mr. Bemis at last volunteered to give Miss Meriam all the information in his power about the answer to the newspaper letter.

"I promised," he said, "not to tell who *wrote* it, but no more. I may say, however, that the writer was a person of a very imaginative and sanguine temperament. And he had some visionary scheme for procuring an interview with his fair one at some public meeting, which he alluded to, I believe, in the last words of his epistle."

Perhaps, thought Flora, he *was* intending to declare himself in the midst of the audience, as I imagined.

"But," continued Mr. Bemis, "he was taken ill almost immediately afterward, and is now rusticated for his health, with a pale face, a shaved head, and a wig until the hair grows which the fever eradicated for him. He doesn't look much like a 'ladies man' now. But as to my 'astounding disclosures' about the letter—you promise most faithfully not to tell, do you, Miss Meriam?"



She did, most inviolably.

"I excogitated and dictated the answer, then, myself; to gratify my friend, and in fact myself too; for I was interested in the first letter. I did not write with my own hand, lest my staring manuscript should betray me. My amanuensis was not exactly pleased with my sentiments—there was not enough romance in them for him—for you must know that he aspires after Tennyson and Browning and Bailey and the rest; and wants to be a poet-soul."

"He is firing too low," said Miss Meriam. "He should aspire, not after poets, but poetry."

She spoke as if to herself. She was considering how, after all, she *had* seen the writer of the note, at the Tabernacle, on the evening of the lecture. There was good reason why the speaker had not, in that address, referred to the letters in the Home Journal. And she remembered the impassioned oratory of that evening; the noble presence of the man; his thoughtful, intellectual face; his eyes, full of deep, searching looks, and seeing so clearly; that he was seeking, too, after her whom he had within his reach—even holding his arm.

The veil of her disguise seemed too thin. She feared a discovery, with a painful fear. The danger that he should detect her by some nameless similarity of her spoken and written words, frightened her. Her purposes of attacking and confounding an enemy, all fled. She felt herself irresistibly put on the defensive—in the case of an inferior power, in a hostile land, whose only safety is in avoiding discovery. In spite of herself she could not escape a provoking trepidation, nor an embarrassing blush. In what a disagreeable position had her foolish forwardness placed her! Oh, that she had never committed to the bare publicity and common criticism of the thousand prying eyes which spy upon the newspapers, thoughts which should scarcely have been breathed or acknowledged to herself! Yet, again, what chance of discovery? Her secret, after all, was safe in her own bosom, and there it should remain. No casual acquaintance, with eyes of blue, or green, if you please, should read *her* soul!

All these thoughts chased through her mind, in rapid and tumultuous disorder. Her companion inquired whether she was indisposed, or discomforted by the heat of the room? Not at all. Would she have an ice or a glass of water? Nothing, she thanked him. She sat down, however, saying that she believed she was fatigued; and fell to watching the dancers. Two tall and graceful girls, sisters, were dancing a redowa, with an airy lightness and truth of step that

enchanted Flora's eye; for like many persons of musically sensitive temperament, she was most delicately and critically susceptible to the grace of timed motion. She watched intently the weaving circlings of the two beautiful dancers; and in gazing, and in listening to the full, sweet strains of the deliciously executed dance-music, she quite forgot her advertisement and her perplexity.

She was startled by a half-articulate exclamation from Mr. Bemis. But upon looking at him she saw with some surprise that he had buried his face in his hands, as if plunged in the profoundest meditation. He quickly sat erect, however; looked intently upon his companion; and while his deep, blue eyes fairly flashed, and he blushed and all but laughed aloud in unrestrained delight, said in an eager, low tone,

"Are you not Kaladora Andros?"

Oh, shame! Oh, sudden revelation of disgraceful truth; feared before, yet not disgraceful until now, flashed so startlingly upon her conscious vision! Oh, fearful folly! to have undertaken to plague another with allusions to a fact, and to have that very fact sprung, as a shattering mine of reproach, beneath her very feet!

Shame, therefore, and sorrow, revolving into deep anger, rushed in a whirling, blinding flood over the maiden's soul. She spoke, however, promptly and wrathfully, through burning flushes that crimsoned her fair face into intolerable heat, and withholding, by desperate volition, the hot tears, that brimmed to her eyelids, from further overflow; looking not at him, but upon the floor at her feet; striving, but with a bitter consciousness of utter failure, to hide the real truth with which she had meant to amuse another, but which had recoiled, like an unfaithful weapon, to explode upon its careless owner.

"What business have you to ask me such an intolerably insolent question as that?"

She felt the heavy sofa tremble; and she felt that it was the trembling of his anger at her insulting words. He answered, however, with hardly a moment's delay, and without other sign of emotion than a sort of stiff steadiness of tone,

"I beg your pardon. But you will attract attention. I spoke without thought of displeasing you, or of anything except delight at my discovery——"

"Thank you, sir, for your hint about other people," she broke in. "I am strangely ill. Be kind enough to excuse me, if you please——"

He was gone. He sent the young hostess, however, to assist Miss Meriam, who left the room, and after a short delay, the house. So did

T. Bemis, Esq., after a long interval of very indistinct and unsatisfactory cogitation, and an abortive attempt or two at being entertaining.

Perhaps the circumstances were not sufficient to warrant the almost unfeminine distemperature of Flora Meriam. But that impulsive and petted young lady had hardly learned to keep a wish over night to see if it would live until morning. She had not, in fact, really thought that her communication would be even answered. And the only consideration which had justified her to herself in her bold little experiment, was the reflection that the secret of her conspiracy—one may conspire with one's self as well as talk with one's self, mayn't he?—was impenetrably her own, to be revealed at her option. And the screen was torn away, as it were, from her very inmost consciousness, and by the hand of a perfect stranger! And besides, she had not thought at all upon the possible results to herself of an actual discovery—for who would consider the effects of an impossible cause?—and so she was assaulted, not only by the knowledge of the actual robbery, as it might almost be called, of her secret, but by a sudden and overpowering sense of shameful publicity; for in the instantaneous rush of passion she could only feel that it must be and was *known*—no matter to whom or to how many—that she had advertised for men's acquaintance! No wonder, after all, that the poor little lady was almost frantic with vexation and anger.

Nor did she easily recover from her dissatisfaction; but grieved and fretted so much that even Mr. Meriam himself, from behind his Journal of Commerce, and from among his profound meditations upon "cornering," stocks, and shares, perceived it, and in his jocular way remarked, one morning, that he was worried at her losing her appetite.

"You are losing flesh, I believe, too. I declare I don't know but we must advertise for a husband for you, Flo; you'll be an old maid before you know it."

The old gentleman's chance hit "told" heavily; Flora blushed scarlet, first with fear, lest her father had heard of her foolish venture in newspapers, and then with anger, at him, herself, and things in general. For by this time she had fallen into that enviable and lovely frame of mind when any little displeasure, like a slight hurt in some unhealthy conditions of body, exasperates and spreads until it covers and disfigures everything near it. So she speedily arose and departed, quite unceremoniously, from the breakfast-room, into her own inaccessible realms; while Mr. Meriam went down town in

such deep doubt what his daughter's trouble might be, that he took the wrong stage, and landed at Grand Street Ferry, when he had meant to disembark under the tall spire of Trinity.

Flora remained invisible all day—this was nearly a week after the *eclaircissement* at the party—in unfathomable perturbation of mind.

In the evening came Mr. Bemis—an uninvited and perhaps an unwelcome guest. He sent up his name, and was ushered into the drawing-room, whither Miss Meriam entered after some delay. She greeted him right coldly, and remained standing, as much as to say, "Had you any business with me, sir?"

Bemis, who rose as she entered, also remained standing. He took from his pocket-book a note, which he laid upon the table, saying,

"I wished to restore you that."

Somewhat startled at the word "restore"—for when had she given or sent him a note?—she picked it up and examined it. It was her note to the Home Journal, requesting the editor to send her the enclosure in the answer to her first letter. He continued,

"Perhaps I ought to apologise for so flimsy an excuse. On the whole, I will tell the truth. I desired to see you again. So while I was trying to contrive a decent reason, it occurred to me that I might find something in your handwriting at the Journal office, and restore it to you. Your articles, I find were written in a disguised hand; but in the haste of writing this note, you forgot that precaution."

She quickly examined it. It was true.

"So I have brought it back. There is a possibility, I suppose, that it might have been so used as to discover you; though hardly even that. Perhaps I might have mailed it. But, as I said, I wanted to see you again. Now that I am here, may I also excuse myself for having displeased you the other evening?"

She answered, rather unsteadily, "Yes, sir, if you wish. I suppose I ought not to refuse you."

He went on.

"I would not have spoken, if I had considered. But I was hurried away in the keen delight of my discovery. For I was never made so happy—for a few moments—in my life. As I said, it was wholly unpremeditated in me; and you will believe, I hope, that I would have suffered much, rather than to speak, if I could have dreamed of giving pain."

She bowed, silently. He looked dissatisfied, but spoke again.

"I was never so impertinent as to consider the letter which I answered anything more than

a literary experiment. What I said myself in the answer was true. I answered the sentiments, nothing more. And besides; I have reflected that you might perhaps feel unsafe in knowing that I had found you out. That, I suppose, I cannot help. I might assure you that I have not communicated with any one on the subject, and shall not. But if I would do so, I would also lie about it, if necessary, so that must be left as it is. I presume I have a right to admire you, if I choose. I do not claim anything more. There is nothing more, I believe, except that I wish and hope you will not remain angry with me. Shall you?"

She answered, with a calmness somewhat elaborate, "Perhaps I ought not to. I shall not blame you, sir. Indeed, I shall blame nobody but myself."

And she bowed, in rather a stately way, as if to say that there had been time enough wasted on his matters.

Mr. Bemis stood still, as if in a dream. It was evident that he ought to say "Good evening, Miss Meriam," and march off. But something held him. He looked down; shifted from one foot to the other; appeared embarrassed enough.

"Was there anything further, sir?" asked Flora, icily.

Bemis, with suddenly flushed features, answered,

"No, ma'am. Good evening—good-bye, I mean, Miss Meriam."

"Good evening, sir;" and another yet stater-like bow.

He turned and departed. She looked after him, stepped two steps forward, rested by a chair, and said,

"Mr. Bemis——"

He returned.

"I believe," she said, with a faint smile, "that I am acting rather foolishly. There can be nobody to blame in this matter besides myself. Please excuse me, for being so silly and angry. But I could not help it. I shall not practice advertising any more. But I have been very rude to you; both the other evening, and here. And now, if you will overlook my fault, and please to sit down for a little while, I shall be very glad; I shall think you do not cherish an enmity toward me. And I will be as agreeable as I can."

It would not have been well to be implacable. Those who repent should be forgiven. So he staid.

It was a few months later Bemis entered the parlor, one Friday evening, with a sorrowful and jaded look.

Miss Flora had been rummaging over a vast pile of songs; singing a scrap here and there, and substituting her own guitar accompaniment for that which the musician had furnished. When he greeted her, she shoved the music into a promiscuous heap, and arose to meet him, holding out her hand. He barely touched it, and let it go. She regarded him with surprise; and noticing his weary and sad demeanor, inquired what had gone wrong; or if he were ill.

"Yes," said he, "I am, I believe. But what a vast chaos of dishevelled music you have there; shall I help you arrange it?"

Without waiting for an answer, he seized a low ottoman, dragged it to the table where the music was lying, set a chair close by for Miss Meriam, and proceeded hurriedly to select and sort the sheets, Flora observing him carefully.

"On what principle do you operate?" she asked, gravely, after some time; seeing that he had placed two "Ethiopian melodies" upside down, along with Schubert's "Serenade;" in one pile, a Scotch ballad, an Italian bravura, and a comic duett in another, and was leaving separate two disjointed sheets of a boat-song.

He blushed. "On the great chaotic primeval principle of opposition, I believe," he said, and threw the music hastily together. "Never mind," he continued, turning quickly to her. "It's no interest of mine. But I am very weary indeed, and cross and stupid, Miss Meriam. I should not have exhibited myself to you in such case, but that I could not resist the temptation to come once more."

She started. He went on.

"I have been in a terrible hurry all the week; for my business at school has been very heavy. I have played viceroy to our principal; and no one who has not tried it can dream of the exhausting drafts upon one's energies, mental and physical, which must be met in the supervision and government of fourteen hundred city children. Besides—and that is what I thought it would be hardly civil not to tell you—I leave the city to-morrow."

"Leave the city?" said Flora. "Why? I thought you told me that you had definite engagements which would keep you here all the winter."

"I am excused from them. I have concluded that I can do better. I have received a good offer of employment in assisting the school superintendent of Michigan; and am to set out to-morrow to make a month's experiment with him."

Flora seemed not exactly to understand him.

She meditated; but at last said, absently, and as if her thoughts were elsewhere,

"I suppose you anticipate much pleasure in leaving the city, and getting out into the free West?"

"Yes—I suppose so. What is there here, that I should be glad to stay?"

"I could tell you reasons," answered she, hastily; but then stopped short, and blushed to the forehead. Then, as if anxious to turn the conversation to another subject, she added, abruptly,

"You are otherwise ill, I suspect, than from mere fatigue. You have had an attack of sickness, have you not?"

"No," he answered, "I have had no attack of sickness. The whole truth is that I must go away. I have been fighting, for weeks, against my wishes; and it is that wild warfare, along with my hard work, which is wearing me down so that I must flee away. I suppose that when I am out of reach of the things that vex me, I shall escape their power."

"I don't know," said Miss Meriam, rather absently and sadly. "And now you are going away; and I shall——" she did not finish her sentence; but looked down, and was silent.

Bemis gazed upon her earnestly; moved his lips to speak, once, twice; at last addressed her, apparently as if fulfilling some sudden resolution,

"Miss Meriam, if you will tell me to stay, I will stay."

She said nothing, but seemed trying to repress some strong feeling—whether of anger or grief, was not clear. Bemis, however, after a moment's pause, arose, and spoke again with an excited but sad manner, like one who has gone too far in a hopeless task to stop, but must now finish, though to no purpose.

"I had not meant to say anything like that. But I am not so strong as I thought; and I seem to be helpless in it. However, it can do no more harm to speak plainly than to speak dimly; so I will finish. I love you, with all my heart and soul. I wish you were as poor as I. But as it is I shall be wise to leave you. Now we have, each of us, a secret to keep for the other. Be as faithful with mine as I have been with yours; and—good-bye."

Flora, who had been looking down, raised her eyes and looked at Bemis, half-sad and half-smiling. Then she said, holding out her hand,

"If you *will* go, good-bye; but I wish you would stay."

"Do you really ask it of me, Miss Meriam?" said he.

She looked at him for a moment, as if to speak; but the red blood rushed in another flood over her face, and she looked away again in silence.

Bemis stood, irresolute and sad. But when he saw a single tear upon her cheek, he could not hesitate. He knelt on the low stool by her side.

"Miss Meriam," said he, softly, "I am breaking many promises made to myself; but let them go. I love you, as I said. And so, if I stay, you must give me leave to love you. May I?"

She did not say "yes," but—she did not say "no."

"Tell me, Flora," said he—"tell me; and promise also to love me."

And unforbidden, he put his arm around her and held her in his embrace. Her head rested on his breast. Suddenly she raised it; lifted herself from him; rested her two hands on his shoulders, and smiling again, yet with tears just springing, she said, "Thomas, I love you."

He bent over her and kissed her, on forehead, cheeks, and lips; and her tears departed. She rested her head upon his neck again, and said,

"You won't go West, now?"

"No, Flora, unless you command it."

"Oh, Tom," said she—"oh, Tom—I wish you had a prettier name—it's impossible to speak affectionately such a name as that?"

"Well, sweet, yours is pretty enough to make up for both. Or, I'll accept the extra affection in other forms, instead. A kiss, for instance, every time you speak to me, would do better, in my humble opinion, than a nickname."

"Pshaw! If you speak so lightly about it, you shall have neither kiss nor affection. But I want to ask you one question. You remember when you charged me so suddenly with being Kaladora Andros?"

"Yes."

"How did you find it out?"

"The beginning of my discovery was an occasional expression that flitted across your face, on the evening of my meeting you first, which I thought I had seen before. Then, all at once, when we sat watching the dancers, it flashed across my mind that I had seen you, with hood and cloak, in the front seat of the gallery of the Tabernacle, at my lecture. And lastly, as soon as I remembered that, I also remembered your two hints; one, that you had come to the lecture by special invitation, and the other, that you were curious in autographs. I saw something queer in your look when you mentioned the invitation; but I did not combine it with the other circumstances, until the dancing. And

then, too, I remembered your slightly disappointed look at my signature. So all the notions fitted together. A mischievous Kaladora would be very likely first to write and publish such a letter, then to answer so safe an invitation as one to a public lecture, and then to try to plague her inviter, if she could find him, with half hints at the truth. Then, likewise, I reflected how the drift and tone of many parts of your conversation corresponded with the letter which I had answered. I am telling you these things in succession, but they sprung up in my mind so suddenly, all together, and surprised and delighted me so much, that I spoke as you remember, without really having power to consider. And we both of us departed, I believe in wrath. What apology have you to offer for the sour remarks with which you left me?"

Flora wouldn't vouchsafe a word of apology. But she offered a very satisfactory atonement, nevertheless. What that was, is none of our business.

But after all, it is by no means expedient to advertise for a husband.

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## NOT A BEAUTY.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

Oh, dear! I'm not a beauty,  
I hear it every day;  
Mamma tells me of duty,  
While Julia chants her lay;  
But, Julia, she is pretty,  
With face and form so fair,  
That people coldly pass by me  
To sing their incense there.

Well! here, Mina, I'm ugly,  
Full well that fact I know,  
For mirrors tell it daily,  
Oh! I do hate them so;  
And slights so cold and bitter  
Each hour I undergo—  
And cruel taunts I suffer,  
For I'm no beauty—no!

If Julia smiles, 'tis pity  
Calls forth that smile, I know;  
And onward trips so blithely,  
Unaring for my woe;  
Or ringlets light she tosses,  
While scornful wreaths her lip,  
And bright her dark eye flashes,  
Then turns to—Lord de Trip.

On him she smiles so sweetly  
It almost wakes my ire;  
And this, my sister, scorns me,  
My own eye flashes fire;  
And then so sad and weary  
I seek the moon's cold gleam,  
More dear, it seems, than Julia,  
Though she reigns Queen Supreme.

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## ALLIE FAY!

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

LIKE an angel she is seeming,  
Meet to mingle with our dreaming,  
In the twilight shadows stealing,  
Now so softly, sweetly kneeling,  
Down to pray!  
With her ringlets brightly streaming,  
From her ivory forehead gleaming,  
On her snowy neck reclining,  
Half cajoling, half-repining—  
Allie Fay!

One could worship without sinning  
Eyes like hers, so soft and winning!  
Like diamonds in their glancing,  
More bewitching and entrancing—  
'Tis their way!

Her heart is constant in its loving,  
Never, like her footsteps roving,  
And her mien so sweet, impressing,  
None can pass without caressing,  
Allie Fay!

No faint smiles are doubt betraying,  
As you listen to me saying,  
In a cloud-isle tipped with gold  
Did eyes of Allie first behold  
Light of day!  
And young and white-winged angels  
Poured out their sweet evangel,  
And came with their gentle singing,  
Then to greet her life's beginning!  
Allie Fay!

## TRUE GREATNESS.

BY MARY L. LUCY.

THERE is a great deal said in books and in the busy world around us about greatness. Much rhetoric and useless panegyric is wasted on those whose names are written down in the catalogue of the world's heroes. In appreciating their value we are prone to forget our "every day martyrs"—those who are winning merited, but alas! unacknowledged laurels in the battle of life.

The common strife of existence enlists many a brave spirit in its ranks. Full many a high and noble deed is there achieved, of which the great multitude never hear. But when the trial is ended, God, who notes the conduct of all in this contest, will give to each a fitting reward. And for those who have fought well there is laid up a crown in heaven—a shining robe—a harp of gold. But to my story.

It was a glorious evening in early autumn, when, in our quiet little village of Somerset, the young moon saw a farewell scene—a parting full of all the sorrow a loving heart can know when the first, and perchance the last adieu is spoken. If one had been narrating the attractions of our pleasant valley home, sweet Annie Lincoln would not have been forgotten. The little white cottage, with its wealth of honeysuckle and roses, where Annie dwelt with her widowed mother, was known to all the villagers as the home of the fairest and best girl in the country round. Yet we loved her not for her beauty, but for her goodness of heart, and for the gentleness and kindness ever so potent to win and charm.

There was but one alloy to her cup of pleasure. Annie's mother was one of those persons who regard the gem of intellectual and moral worth as valueless, unless it be furnished with a golden setting. And so it was that when William Gray asked her to confide fair Annie to his keeping, he met with a coldly polite refusal. Through the daughter herself, however, the proud mother informed Mr. Gray, that as her only objection to him was in the fact that he was not rich, should the objection cease to exist within any reasonable period of time, they should receive her cordial blessing. It would have been as fruitless for the summer rain to seek to soften the adamant rock upon which it fell, as to

plead with Mrs. Lincoln when once her decree had gone forth, and so the lovers only sought some means by which William Gray might become a rich man. And this night, of which I am writing, he had come to bid her "good-bye," to seek in a land beyond the seas to gain the coveted treasure.

There were words of sweet encouragement and tenderness spoken in the white cottage that night. There were oft-repeated promises to write, and vows of constancy, mingled much with the talk which lovers only utter or understand.

A few tears on Annie's cheek, and so they parted. The one with a sinking heart to go back to the weary round of daily cares and joys. The other to pass out into the busy world, to enter into the mad strife for gain and pleasure—and perchance—that we should add it! forget that he was a rational creature. The one with a gentle hope, albeit pale fear was at her side, and only the sweet past to dream with all its wealth of bright, happy memories! The other with a bright future ever before him, a picture which the painter fancy had colored all too brightly! Ah! the Rembrandt shades of reality would come fast enough!

Time wore on. The days and weeks were woven into months, and the months were fast braiding into years. For a little space Annie Lincoln's life-sky was unclouded. At first the letters came—and they were all she hoped for, or even wished. They were full of sunshine to her lonely heart, and ever the burden of their song was, the return—the reunion!

But when a year had been gathered to the garner of the past, there came a change. The white-winged missives grew shorter, and finally cold. Then they ceased altogether. Silence! how often more eloquent art thou than the most passionate notes.

The only hotel of our little village was in a decided state of commotion. A stranger, and as the village gossips asserted, a foreigner, had arrived. Curiosity was on the *qui vive* to know who he was; but in vain. He departed as he came, just as any one would have done, and all that could be ascertained was, that he had called on Annie Lincoln.

For a few weeks after the time, Annie was not seen by the villagers, and when she reappeared there was a look of sorrow stamped on her pale cheek, sad to mark in one so young and fair.

Through a friend who was passing through Somerset, had William Gray sent back to her all that was now left of her bright, brief dream of happiness. A packet of letters, a ring, her own picture, and a few brief, cold words, in which the writer told Annie that he was mistaken in supposing he had loved her. It was all over now; and with a shadow resting on her whole being, she turned back to the old round of daily duties. She had lavished on an unworthy object all the passionate devotion which a woman can give but once; and there was nothing left but her hope of heaven and her trust in God! Annie was what too many, who bear the name are not, a true woman. And so she consecrated her life to deeds of charity and kindness. She was dearer now to the good people of Somerset than she had ever been in the palmiest days of her prosperity. She led the sick, and the little child, to the feet of the meek and lowly Jesus, to the fount of waters which never faileth. She taught the earth-worn heart to seek peace in that Saviour's love which had been unto her own soul a never-ceasing consolation. Well had she learned that the fragrance of the roses, we strew in the paths

of others, will breathe softly and gratefully over our own lives.

Five years! With all their burden of joy and woe, with their heart-written history of gladness or sorrow, five long years!

There came a stranger to our valley-home once more. And soon he wended his way, with eager, nervous haste, to the deep shadows of the church-yard. He knelt down by a fresh grave, whereon were strewed fresh blossoms, white and pure, meet emblems of the stilled heart which was beneath. He had little need to gaze on the simple words carved on that white head-stone, for they had been sculptured on his heart years before.

Words of sad reproach and wild, bitter sorrow, floated out on the still summer air. The hot tears rained down his face as he knelt there, where the blue-bells and the tall grass nodded over Annie's grave.

Forth from the gloomy cypress shade with a sadder, but a truer heart, went William Gray. Forth, once again, to struggle with the world, but now with a talisman in his heart, which should be as a light in his path. And when the stars are shining, and the plaintive voice of the night wind is heard, a voice whispers to him, "We shall meet again—not on earth, but in the Better Land."

## C O R A .

BY W. F. B. JACKSON.

BESIDE a vine-wreathed casement sat a maiden,  
 Than the first blush of early dawn more fair;  
 The wanton zephyrs, with sweet perfume laden,  
 Kissed the bright ripples of her golden hair,  
 And hid in sport among the clustering ringlets,  
 That o'er her marble shoulders floated low,  
 Breathing bright music, like the running streamlets,  
 Or floods of sunlight poured upon the snow.  
 With ivory, rose-tipped fingers she was twining  
 An incense-breathing wreath of pearly flowers,  
 That from beneath their dewy veils were shining  
 Like jewels gathered during moonlight showers.  
 And as the maiden, with an airy lightness,  
 Pressed from their lips the sense-enthraling bloom,  
 The happy flowerets trembled in their brightness  
 Like new-born stars escaped from evening's womb.  
 The lark was mounting to his sapphire palace  
 Upon a path of song, and, as he rose,  
 Like the bright drops from youth's joy-brimming  
 chalice,  
 The quivering notes gushed forth in liquid flows;

And, as the golden shower to earth descended,  
 The roguish morn reined in his steeds the while,  
 And ere the songster his sweet lay had ended,  
 He crowned him with the glory of his smile.  
 Then smiled the maiden, and her lips, half-parted,  
 A crimson portal lined with pearl revealed;  
 Through which her soul on silver wings had darted  
 To meet the champion on his azure field.  
 And in her voice bright tears of joy seemed trembling,  
 As through the ambient air it circling sped;  
 While unseen nymphs, from fairy lands assembling,  
 Scattered a thousand odors o'er her head.  
 Long raged the contest, till the lark, defeated,  
 Sought 'neath the flowers to hide his throbbing  
 breast;  
 While startled echo his sad strain repeated,  
 And bore in triumph to her rocky nest.  
 Then on the maiden's cheek the blushes brightened,  
 And on her brow the sunlight rested long,  
 Sporting among the flowers that looked up frightened,  
 Fit coronet to grace the QUEEN OF SOSS.

## JULIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

### CHAPTER I.

SOME half dozen years ago, when, as lately, our commercial world was standing still, with breath and pulse suspended and arms half-palsied; stood to reflect how blindly it had been rushing, and to look out safer paths for the future as well; the house of Edson & Gately went down, capital, credit and all. Gately whistled softly when he saw that all was over, and passed his hands across each other, as if he were brushing off the whole matter of trade; as if he were relieved in doing it. And so he was; for he had no ambition for wealth, of being looked up to on 'change. On the contrary, he hated it. If Fanny Edson could any way have loved him, he would have sought money for the sake of what it would do for her; for his and her home. As it was, the house and credit might go. And he would go whither his tastes and inclinations all pointed; away countryward, where the clear streams ran, and the birds sang on high, and the shining trouts leaped into the light, or frolicked in the shade. He would take his books with him and have a good time. He hadn't much money—only two hundred or thereabouts, when he had disposed of everything, except wardrobe, books, watch, and fishing-tackle. Out of this small sum he must purchase such a suit as Walton recommends. Only it should not be a quixotic plaid; but a staid forest-green. This was all he must have. And, for the rest, he would not need much money. He would put up at the farm-houses; and perhaps bring such braces of fish to their frying-pans, that nothing more would be required of him.

And God giving him strength, courage, and clearness of brain, he would be no mere idler as he went and angled; no mere loiterer through this life. Perhaps he would—write a poem. No one could see that things as strange as that had not been done. At any rate, all the lonely paths he trod, all the streams by which he sat and wandered, the early hours of morning, the late hours of night, should all witness that he studied, striving to prepare himself for a manly part in life.

### CHAPTER II.

"Oh, I can't, mother! It tears my finger-nails all to pieces," dropping the tips of her

delicately-shaped fingers on the palm of her other hand, and closely surveying them. "And makes my hands so grimmy, too! They don't get over it for a week when I strain apple through the colander."

"I'll do it then," sighed the mother, coming to the table where the girl stood. As she rolled back her sleeves with her eyes down on her work, the girl saw that a new expression of a new inward pain or misgiving settled between her soft eyes, about her gentle mouth. It smote her heart seeing this in so good a mother. She looked about for something to do that would be a ten-times greater help than straining the apple would have been, saying, "I'll do anything else, mother. Tell me something else that is ever so hard. I don't care how hard it is, if—if it don't make such work with my hands. What were you going to do?" The mother did not look up at the pleading voice; the grave expression did not leave its place between her eyes and about her mouth. She simply said, looking back toward the stove and then toward the sink full of milk-pans, kettles and baking-dishes, "I was going to wash the stove (the apple boiled over) and the dishes. But you don't like washing the stove and the kettles, I believe, any better than you do straining the apple."

"No; but then see if I don't do it," the girl said, under a momentary impulse of affection for her mother, and of self-reproach that she cared so much more for pleasing the untried lover of a few weeks, than the faithful, well-tried mother of so many years. "See if I don't have my hands in it up to my elbows," laughing, taking lively steps, and baring her round white arms almost to her shoulders. She made great splashes in the water, great clatter among the pans and kettles; made great ado about the little mishaps that came, or were near coming, interspersing all with the scraps she sang out of a half-merry, half-pathetic old Scotch song, that her aunt Esther taught her as she trotted her on her knees. So that her mother soon let her new gravity go; soon laughed as heartily as the girl did.

"Only you see I *have* spoiled my hands, mother," the latter said, spreading her hands as wide as she could before her mother's eyes, and screwing her pretty face out of its comeliness



of shape, as if she were on the point of crying. "I knew I should! They always look as red as fat Mrs. Tarbat's, if I put them into the dish-water, or into anything. I don't see what makes them! I'm more than half-provoked that I can't keep them looking better!"

Yes; the good mother knew all about the gathering impatience, even before the girl confessed it. It was in the fast changing tones, in the shade stealing upon the fair face. She felt as if it were cold iron pressing upon her heart what the impatience—so oft-recurring of late—demonstrated; as well as what it boded in the time to come.

Mrs. Langdon was no great reader, no great thinker; that is in a consecutive, philosophical way; but she had the ready tact, the ready instincts, the gentle, ready impulses, or whatever else we may call it, of a true, loving-hearted woman. She remembered having read in Miss Sedgwick "Home," or in some other of that lady's books, how one of her best characters said, one time, "We love everything to which we are kind," or something of this sort.

Now little six-months-old Franky, darling of the whole household, had been lying there in the cradle two hours. He had been awake more than a half-hour. Awhile after waking he lay contentedly, keeping his dimpled fingers at play before his eyes, watching them. Now he had had enough of that. Now his eyes were on mother wherever she moved; and, if they met hers, if she smiled, or spoke to him, what smiles of his caught up every little feature! how the cords strained and tugged to lift his head toward her!

"He's a darling!" said the mother, going on with her work. "He's sister Julia's darling; sister Julia's darling baby." The mother said this, trying the girl's heart; trying to bring it at least a little way from the gay, handsome man who was professedly her lover, to the beautiful, the pure baby-brother lifting his head, and beginning now to moan a little in his need of her. "Sister must take him up and talk to him till mother is ready, mustn't she?" The little fellow lifted his head with his might; kept it up in a way to show how strong the young sinews were; in smiles that dimpled his whole face first; then in intermingling smiles and tears; then as the head dropped back into the pillow, in low moaning, as if now he had given it up in thorough discouragement. "Poor baby!" said the mother, with tears in her eyes. For she pitied the pet of the household; and simply because he moaned and was discouraged; for she had seen this many a time herself, singing and talking cheerily with

him all the while; but because she saw it plainly, saw it more and more plainly every day, that of one of the household to whom, until lately, he had been, as it were, the very apple of her eye, he was the pet no longer.

Julia was at the little clock-mirror, winding the long, golden curls on her fingers, then laying them carefully back upon her graceful shoulder. She was earnest in her work. Her heart was in it; going back and forth, back and forth, between it and the village beyond the hilly cove of white pines and chesnuts, beyond the little river. For there was her handsome, handsome lover. Perhaps he was there. He boarded there at the Merrimack House. Perhaps he was there. Perhaps he was on the hill; (for he had told her that he often sat there hours thinking only of her) there where the trees were then; where, now that the sun was on the other side, they cast shadows so deep and beautiful within the cove, upon the moss-covered rocks, and down the gentle green slope toward her father's pastures, where the cows and sheep were that moment grazing; toward her father's fields, where the dark corn and the golden grain were that moment waving and gleaming in the bright sunlight and in the rich shade. The girl used to watch the flocks as they fed, dotting the swells and dingles; and was gratefully content to see how the cows rested, enjoying themselves in the shadows of the trees; how the lambs leaped and frolicked, looking airily down from the points of the highest rocks, until their dames were frightened and discouraged about them; were discouraged to downright hopelessness, when they saw that all their bleating and hurrying to see to them, only stimulated them to a more excessive merriment, to more venturesome experiments and antics upon the high rocks. She used to sit in the door an hour at a time, with a book, or with work in her hands, alternately sewing, or reading, and looking at the beautiful, beautiful fields, the beautiful shades in the beautiful woods; oh, at all the beautiful earth and sky that the dear, good Father in heaven had spread around and above them! She used to talk in soft, loving tones, in those hours, to the parents who sat resting within the rooms, to the stripling brother, who, when he was not in the fields at work, was always standing or sitting near her wherever she was; and especially to the darling baby, if he was anywhere in sight of her. She had no words half strong enough to speak the love she had for the baby. She was sure there was never so beautiful a baby; never a baby with such pretty, intelligent ways, such soft eyes, such a dear, loving voice, and

such *perfect* arms! She wondered, she said one day, as she held the long, round arm in her hand, bending low over it, if there was anybody on earth who could put marble into shapes like that. She would like to, she added, her face kindling. Oh, if she only could! Some London Art Journals, she said, and some Art Union Bulletins had been left lately at Mr. Furnel's, by a gentleman who was travelling, and who put up there awhile. She had looked them over, she said; and seen what grand things one could do with marble, if one only fitted and prepared oneself. For her part, if she could do one really great thing, one really *great* thing that would be beautiful forever, like some of the old statues, she would be ready to die then. She would *want* to die, for fear that if she lived on ever so long, she would never do anything else worthy of herself; for fear that all the rest of her life would be just the common sort of every day life that all people live. And this, as it seemed to her, must be so poor, so hungry a life to one who had known what it was to live in so great a way, doing so great a thing!

This was before she met him who was now her lover, at the village pic-nic. It was all over now. Aspiration still kept her strength and nerve of opinion; but she employed it all in hovering about the haunts and temporary home of the handsome lover, and about the well-known paths by which he came. For he came 'across,' as it was called. A well-trodden path gradually descended the side of the hill from the village to the river, meeting the river at what was called "Thayer's Falls." There, in the dry summer months, when the river was low, one could easily cross, on the sand-bars that ran out on either side, and on the rocks, great and small, that were scattered between. And when one was across, one could easily fall on the path by which Mr. Langdon's creatures came to drink, around and upward to the east side of the chestnut copse, and then Mr. Langdon's buildings were seen. Then one saw one's way among the green swells to the lane that opened not alone into the barn-yard, but by another and nearer gate into Mr. Langdon's large garden. This was the way Julia's lover came. At first, he came always with a rifle in his hand, as if he had only incidentally happened that way as he went a gunning. Soon he came without it, though; came on purpose to see her eyes, he told Julia, one day, holding each of her hands in each of his. She laughed, blushed, tried to get her hands away; and, failing in this, tried to tip her head down and aside, so far, that, with all his stooping and following her head with his own, he could

not look into her eyes with that glance of his that had, over her nerves and her whole being, a power so subtle, and, as it seemed to her, so irresistible. When she could not get away from him, when she had done trying, when she stood passively at his side, with her head on his shoulder, where he had laid it, he told her, with his cheek now and then touching lightly her forehead, as he spoke, that she must be his Julia; his own beautiful pet, Julia. He was rich, he said; or, his father was; which, since he was an only son, was all the same. He would *love* to dress her beautifully, and see her shine on their town life, as she was or would be able to shine.

When he saw her another time, alone, (they were in the garden, whither Julia had taken him to eat ripe cherries, as he said he loved them best from the trees) he told her that she was incomparably the finest girl *he* had ever seen. And he had had his chance, what with all sister Hat's friends, to say not a word of the five hundred nice ones, he met every summer, at the resorts around; and every winter, in the city. Did she know how pretty she was? he asked, eating cherries with one hand, and with the other imprisoning one of the girl's.

Julia laughed, blushed, told him she was afraid he was a flatterer.

"No, dem!" protested the handsome lover, Harry Collinsford, of New York.

Feeling that the girl started, he laughed immoderately, with his half-merry, half-saucy eyes searching hers, in his light way, to see how she would bear it. He put the nicest cherry he could find between her lips, saying, as he hunted after it, and as he gave it to her, "She shall have the best cherry there is on the tree; for she's Harry Collinsford's best, most precious. Here it is; here's the cherry I'm after," putting it into her mouth. "Dem!" laughing again; partly out of the arrant love of his long-accustomed slang, of the sense of unrestraint he felt in again using it, after the watch and guard he had been keeping over his tongue; partly because it amused him, feeling it in the touch of her hand, seeing it in the fair face, how every nerve in the girl shrank instantly, contracting itself out of its instincts, to be away from him.

He kept her hand, looking and interlocking the slender fingers with his own; kept her glance, varying his own gradually, to a smiling, yet earnest deprecation.

"The dearest," plead he. "Her Harry was going to say that he wished he were a cherry; that was all. For he thinks there were never such lips yet as his Julia's—that, perhaps,

there were never yet lips so coy. Hey, Julia, mine?"

She blushed a good deal. She struggled a little to free her hand; then, upon his sagaciously changing the subject and speaking of a book—Burn's Poems—that he had in one of his pockets for her, she let him keep her hand. She listened to the pleasant, rather effeminate voice, looked up into the almost perfect features, thinking how charming they were, both the voice and the face, to her; thinking what a great, undeserved good fortune it was that he loved her—her, the simple, unpolished daughter of a simple, unpolished country farmer. She grew afraid to trust in the good fortune, as she listened and looked up to him. Surely she was not fit for it. Surely something would come to part it and her, if they did approach ever so nearly; so that, in the end, she would be left standing alone to see it "go wavering away from this mute earth;" to know that then, for her, this earth, this world, this life was disenchanting forever; and this place that held the grave of her hopes was a paradise no more."

The girl knew in what old number of the Knickerbocker to look for the touching passage from the Ettrick Shepherd, upon which her boding mind was running its paraphrase. She found it after her lover was gone; after all in the house had gone to rest, save herself; again and again read—feeling a prophetic power in every word. "There beside that wee, still, solitary well, have we sat for hours that were swift as moments, and yet each o' them filled fu' o' happiness that would now be enough for years. I should fear now to face sic happiness as used to be there beside that well; sic happiness would now turn my brain; but nae fear, nae fear o' its ever returning;" and so on, to "the earth, the world, the life disenchanting forever," and to the place that was "a paradise no more." Even long after the girl had done holding the book and reading it over, she sat with the words floating in and out her mind; mingled, to-be-sure, with the dear, bright words her lover had spoken; but, whenever they came, closing in with a darkness all the greater for the light that came and went between. For, after those dear looks, the endearing words spoken with the endearing voice, after the contemplation he had given her of masculine grace and beauty absolutely perfect, as it seemed to her, she would die, if she must feel that they were gone from her forever. Or, if she did not quite die, her steps would always be slow, after that; all the pulsations of her life would be slow; the old beauties of sky and landscape, the old harmonies

of the day and of the night would all be changed to her changed heart, would come with suffering in place of the old-remembered, longed-for delight.

She sat there by her open window far into the night, thinking of these things; watching the mute stars, or with her eyes on the dark, dark chesnut copse. Many a young girl, new to the strong circumstances of this earthly life, has sat thus, close by the monitors, night and her own soul. Some of these have felt the motions close upon them in peace; so that, when they lay down, loving prayers went upward, loving thankfulness settled softly upon their innocent hearts. This was when their love was worthy, was worthily subject to a still higher love of the Father and Lord of us all; when thus it was approved in their home; when it exalted them, exalted all the relations of life to them, so that they were better and more loving daughters, better and more loving sisters, better and more loving children of earth and heaven.

Others, like our poor Julia, have come out from such hours with harassed and torn hearts; seeing nothing clearly, feeling clearly nothing but this—that they loved with an intense emotion; and that if anything came between them and their lover, they would have nothing left to love, nothing left for them to do, but to die. And this was when all the retrospection, all the searching thought they were able to give, fell short of satisfying them that their love was well and safely bestowed; when there were in the lover, traits and habits of thought, of expression, of action, so far removed from the life of their own innocent home, that every step they took toward him, led them farther and farther away from all they had loved and held sacred before. And thus, if they follow him afar off, there is nothing for them, but him, and their insecure trust in him; nothing left for them to do, but to go still farther, to find each new step a descent in goodness and in serenity of life; nothing else but this one blessed thing—to arise and go to their father's house. It is hard to turn back from the lover; for, to the voice he knows so well how to modulate to powerful entreaty, is joined the plea of their own love for him. And, besides, the way that was so bright and flowery when they came along by his side, is so bare and thorny now. But it is a blessed thing to turn back; a blessed thing to come, if ever so faltering, ever so tearfully, home.

#### CHAPTER III.

"I HATED trade! And not because I was too lazy to like it, either; for this life I am living

now is twice as laborious; or, would be, but that the inborn love I have of it, turns it into play."

"Yes, I understand," replied the other, with thoughtful, mild eyes on the turf they were treading.

"I hated to be taking money of people; especially of those, who, as I saw, let it go with misgivings; especially of the very poor. I could have spit upon myself for that. As true as I live, Henry Faxon, the only trades I ever made, that I liked, were what my partner called losing ones; those in which I lost money; not through the cupidity of others, of course, but by my own will."

Henry Faxon, the good, true-souled missionary, smiled when he heard his old school-days' friend say these things, smiled as if he were pleased and grateful to hear him saying them.

"So I was glad for *myself*, when our house was obliged to give up; because nothing else would ever have released me from the determination of my father that kept me there. My father reads my prize essay wiping his nose, and with tears, they say," he added, looking up from their path with a smile. "I suppose it is pride and pleasure, chiefly, in my unlooked-for success, that moved him; while my humane, my best of mothers feels all the benefaction there is in it for poor outcasts. 'He's my own boy;' she says, as she reads and as she talks about it. And I am her own boy. I have this feeling for the wretched, all from her. I can't remember when I hadn't it. It is in my blood; in all the thoughtful, unselfish training I had at her hands."

"Yes. I understand the committee is proceeding at once to the test of your plans."

"Yes; and I am proceeding at once to write a lecture, covering a still broader ground, which I shall deliver next winter in as many lyceums and popular assemblies as will hear me. Hark!"

The friends, who accidentally had met at the village post-office, were very leisurely threading the way by which handsome Harry Collinsford went and came in his visits to Mr. Langdon's; or, to Julia Langdon; for of late Harry had complained to her of lack of welcome greeting, on the part of her parents, when he came; and to save him the vexation, she often met him now, at the back part of the large garden, by the lane gate, where the young peach trees shut the house and the rest of the garden quite out of the view. She sometimes went farther—quite out the garden and the lane, quite down the hillside, to the little brook that ran at the foot of the cheanut copse; when her heart was made

glad, and her feet were made light, in knowing that then was the hour for him to be near; in seeing his elegant form, perhaps, appearing in the distant path. This time she had met him by the brook. He had reached it first, and waited for her there, close by the rock that was beside the hazles. It was their voices that the friends heard in passing on the other side of the brook and the thick hazles. It was Harry Collinsford's voice, raised in half-entreaty, half-command, saying,

"If I was ready to be married—that is, of course, if I had my hands, any time that I pleased, in the old gentleman's money-drawers, I'd talk about marriage. But I haven't, you see; and so I've come to talk about the next best thing, getting you away somewhere where I can come when I please, without anybody's fear or favor—anybody's favor but my Julia's, that is, precious. I'll send you to school somewhere. I'll look up the right place, in Roxbury, or Charlestown, or somewhere just out of Boston. For I'm often there, at all seasons. The old gentleman—he has the gout tremendously, precious. Well, he often sends me over to see to some old family property there, and to an old family aunt, who is going to die some of these years, leaving me all she's got. Ain't it curious, precious? she's got a dozen nephews, all of them steady as that old sheep there by the ferns. But she don't care a button for any of them but me."

"H'm! I'm one of them," said Gately to his companion, lifting his head out of a listening attitude, and starting again on his walk.

Henry Faxon had that day stopped at Boxford with some near relatives of his mother. He was, by-the-bye, on his way to Haverhill, to make little Mary Harnden his bride, the sharer of his diligent, happy life. His plan, when he stopped, was to remain only a day. "I shall stay longer," said he, after they had walked on sometime in silence. That was all he said. But Gately knew that if he stayed the bird would be saved out of the fowler's net; and he was content.

Gately himself was there at Boxford, boarding just out of the village, at farmer Furnel's. He had been there before; and had left a part of his wardrobe and his books, intending to return again to the quiet, pleasant place, when he had seen how the prize was awarded. The prize, that is, offered by a New York Relief Committee, for the best essay on the prevention and amelioration of vagrancy. He had returned there now to write his lecture, to angle up and down the narrow river, out and in the pretty brook as he

studied, maturing the spirit and the form of his lecture; and, between whiles, as he wrote it.

"Did you see her face?" asked Henry Faxon, on their return to the village. They were about to part at Gately's lodgings. Gately knew whom he meant and answered, "distinctly. And it was a pitiful sight, beautiful as it was, and raised to his libertine glance as if he were a god."

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE next day was one of the still days of life; of out-door life, inasmuch as hardly a leaf stirred; hardly a bird sang, hardly a bleat, or a low was heard; of in-door life, inasmuch as the acutely sensitive felt how all nature listened for what was to come, and themselves listened too.

Julia Langdon thought afterward that she would always remember how she felt that day; that, if she ever again felt the same, she would "take it for a sign" that the hush was on account of the muffled footsteps of coming evil. She said as much to the very good, very sensible aunt Esther, who, about that time, came to see "little Julia," as she still called the girl, still patting her shoulder and speaking in baby-tones, just as she used to when her favorite was a little child.

"Oh! I can tell you what that means, little Julia, dear," said the aunt, when the girl was telling her how she felt that day. "Hadn't you felt the same, other days, before?"

"No—o; or, not so much, at any rate, aunt Esther."

"Because you hadn't perhaps felt equal excitement beforehand, in any of the meetings with this Harry Collinsford; or after the meeting, late into the night, thinking about it, living it all over, and over again. 'Twas the perfectly natural reaction what you felt the next day, after such an evening, such a night. Especially as you aren't now a bit strong, you know, dear."

"Perhaps so," replied the girl, in sick, dreamy tones. She sat by a window in aunt Esther's room, and her vacant eyes were on the green landscape.

"There is no *perhaps* about it, dear," speaking with tones and a manner equally decisive and affectionate. "These laws of our being are God's laws and are sure. If I drag a pendulum off one side farther than it should go, (if I would have it tell the hours correctly) it reacts upon me and goes swinging off the other way, like a pendulum that don't well know what it is doing, or what it should be doing, and what it would have been doing, you see, dear, if I had let it be to go swinging on in its own true way." She waited awhile for the girl to speak; but, finding

that she did not, that her eyes were vacant still, and all her thoughts far away, she resumed, "Little Julia, hear me, now, dear. Sit right on this cushion," drawing a cushion-covered box up close to her knees. "I know who made this cushion," examining with a real interest and admiration the pretty needlework. "Bless her! she always did things better than anybody else." She kissed the girl's forehead with tears of loving tenderness in her eyes. The girl had tears in her eyes; and now she looked up into her aunt's face like one faint and athirst for the waters of comfort.

"Bless her!" again said the aunt, out of a full heart. "I just want to say this one thing, dear. You never could have had the right kind of life with this man, if it had gone on until you were his wife. I've met him at his aunt's, in Boston, and I know what he is. There is no other God for him in all the universe, but himself; and without once *offering* sacrifice, in all the days and nights of his life, he just drags everything and every being he can lay his hands upon, to his poisoned and poisonous life, to be sacrifices unto him. So, what to him were your parents, who had loved you so long, who are so excellent; the good, promising young brother; the dear little baby in its angel innocence and beauty; the home—this holy place of you all, home! Sacrifices merely; to be cast down at once, afar off, and trampled upon if he ever had occasion to come in the way. You—*dear*, blessed girl! the darling of so many hearts! I am sick here," laying a hand on her heart, "when I think how it would have been with you."

The girl felt for the aunt now, she saw so much anguish in her face. She fondled her hand between hers and kissed it, saying, many times, "*Dear*, good aunt!" "*dear*, good Esther!"

"You said you didn't see him again after that evening when he talked of taking you away to school?"

"No. The next day he sent me this note by James Tarbalt. James lives at the Merrimack House." As she spoke, without looking up, she took a note out of her pocket and gave it to her aunt, saying, "Read it."

The aunt bent over it and half-aloud, half to herself, read—

"Precious, I'm obliged to be off. I hate cowardedly to go; for I know your pretty eyes will be a little dim at first. You're a girl of spirit and at first will miss me in this dull corner. But it will be over; all things are over, if one holds out awhile. I shall miss you; for you are very pretty and very innocent. You are worth five hundred town mince-abouta. I shall never

marry one of them, I know, unless I convey myself unawares. I don't suppose I shall ever marry anybody; I don't like the idea of it. One spot, called home, where I must regularly present myself; one fair one, (fair one, that is, if she didn't wax adipose, or wane shadowy and blue; most wives have a trick of doing one or the other;) one fair one, called wife, by whose left side I must be forever at drill; babies, perhaps; mumps; whooping-cough; devil! I should catch hold of my hair, a whole handful on each side of my cerebrum, should run every step to East River and drown myself. You wouldn't like to have this happen, would you, precious? You would rather say, or have me say my adieus in a regular way now. So adieu, Julia. Be happy. Be married the first fair chance, if this is what you like best. And I suppose it is what all the women should like best.

"Any way, whether you remain Julia Langdon, or become—Julia Gately, for instance, or Julia Faxon, I hope you will think as well of me as you can, any way. HARRY C——."

"What does he mean, dear, by his 'Julia Faxon' and 'Julia Gately?'" asked the aunt, her eyes still on the note. Julia did not answer; she kept her head still bowed on her aunt's knee.

"What does he mean, Julia?" repeated aunt Esther, letting the girl's curls out of the knot into which they were put up carelessly together, with hair pins. "He has something in his note about 'Julia Gately' and 'Julia Faxon;' what does he mean by it?"

"Oh, that is good, aunt, having you work upon my hair!" said the girl, lifting the pale face, the parched lips. "I remember; your touch, just your touch, somehow always did me good. It does me so much good now! My head feels better already. There," drawing a long breath as if of renewed life, and turning her head a little, "that is so good! What were you asking me, aunt? Oh, yes, I know. Why, I have heard since that two acquaintances of—of Harry's came to the village the day he left; Mr. Faxon, a missionary to the West, who went on, I believe, in a day or two to Haverhill——"

"I thought so!" interrupted the aunt. "I thought of him, although I am sure I don't know why I did, the moment I saw the name. And now I needn't ask you *who* the other is. 'Tis Warren Gately, no doubt. He is connected with the Collinsfords; he is nephew of Miss Collinsford, of Boston—who, by the way, is one of the dearest friends I have—on her mother's side. This Harry Collinsford is her nephew on her father's. So there is really no relationship, you see, between him and Gately. Although they

must be acquainted; for I've met them both there at the same time, if I'm not very much mistaken. But was he here in company with Henry Faxon? 'Two acquaintances,' you said."

"Yes; he was here, at the village;" again bowing her head as if she felt no interest in what she was saying. "I believe he is here now. I believe he boards at Mr. Furnel's. I know I heard father and Leonard say something about meeting him, or seeing him, at least, in the pastures, yesterday. Aunt, please brush my hair more; in your old, easy way; I think I can sleep, perhaps, if you do."

The aunt blessed her, kissed her in a slow way, as if her lips loved the touch of the girl's forehead; then went on to brush the curls, to wind them about her fingers in just the old way; and soon the girl was sleeping as she had not slept before, not since handsome, licentious Harry Collinsford came across her path.

## CHAPTER V.

HARRY COLLINSFORD was back again in New York; on Broadway, where he knew everybody.

"Devil! you're a lucky dog, everywhere! The girl knew about the *tin*, I suppose?"

"Not at first. I thought I'd see what I could do without it once. So I was a common traveller, who chanced to lose the train while he was in the station after a drink of lemonade; (as I really did, Dick) who, as he could not go to Boston, went to the village pic-nic, where he saw her and fell in love with her; who put off going to Boston day after day, on account of her own sweet attraction, you see; who sighed for her; who would never again know what happiness was if she didn't bless him. This is the way to do the job with some girls, Dick. They're the girls that have a great bump of benevolence, I suppose."

"And you come it over her with this?"

"Yes. She looked up to me and hung on every word I said, as if I was the all-fired Almighty himself, before I let on a hint about having a rich daddy."

How they laughed then! Some poor, hard-working people, who were going along to their early dinners just then, said to one another, "They're happy enough. I suppose they don't know what it is to be tired and anxious, any more than we know what it is not to be."

"Don't introduce him, aunt," whispered Julia, putting her head near her aunt's. "Don't say anything to him about calling; I don't want to speak to him—to see him."

Aunt Esther was replying to something Gately had said; but she heard the girl, and turned to her the moment she had done speaking to Gately, saying, "No, dear." The ladies were in one of the village stores where books and stationary were sold. Gately was there looking some reams of "commercial note" over when they went in.

"You have a carriage? you rode, Miss Harvey?" said Gately, when they had made their purchases and were ready to go.

"No, we walked."

"You did? That was brave! But I'm glad you did," he added, as they all started together from the shop-door. "Not only because—let me carry your parcel, Miss Harvey, as far as I go;" reaching his hand out for aunt Esther's books, and them, without looking at her, for Julia's drawing-board; "not only because now I shall have your company awhile, (and it is a beautiful walk, I think, from here to Mr. Furnel's; and indeed, the whole way to Mr. Langdon's,) but I am glad whenever I see a woman voluntarily taking it upon herself to walk."

Yes! aunt Esther liked to hear him say that; for she was an enthusiast in walking—both for health's sake and for pleasure's. The two went on to speak of the good habits of English ladies, in this respect, and of the sound health they enjoy by the means; then of some new books just out; and of some other books not just out, but ever-fresh, ever-new, on account of their divine beauty and strength. Then they talked of some common friends in Boston, in Haverhill; but of this the silent girl on aunt Esther's right heard little more than the hum of their voices; for her mind still dwelt upon the ever-living books. Ah! if one might only write once in one's life a book like those they had been describing!—if one might do that—and then die! for sick thoughts of her lover came suddenly upon her, shutting out at once bright aspiration, turning all its beautiful promptings unto mockery for her; and the landscape, flooded with the rich light of earliest autumn, into darkness. It did not last long this time, however; we mean that the sick regret did not; for her thoughts were recalled by hearing Gately quote some beautiful Scripture. She did not know how it came in; but he was saying, "'Because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.'" The girl heard occasionally afterward the phrases, "reconciling all antagonisms," "agencies of renovation;" heard, that, in a few moments, they were talking of the swift-running, the beautiful brook they were crossing on a neat plank bridge; but, all the while, and when Gately returned her parcel at Mr. Furnel's, the rest of the way home,

and when she laid her head upon her pillow; in the morning when she lifted it, (as she did in lowly thankfulness for a night of rest) and all day long, out and in her mind went the peaceful words, "Because the darkness is past and the true light shineth."

She loved the baby, that day. She loved all in the house. She brought in her beautiful arts into the arrangement of the table, of the rooms. She disposed anew the flowers her mother had put into the vases, so that, as the mother said, with fond tears gathering, "They didn't look like the same flowers." The dish of fruit, of many kinds, that she placed on the dinner-table, was "like a painting," they all said, keeping their eyes upon it.

The girl sang at night, sitting in the door with the baby in her arms and the rest of the beloved ones all near. And she had not sang a note before, for many and many a day. No one remarked upon it; but they stopped talking; and the good father, who sat just within the door, bent forward to listen; to look at his "only girl," as he was accustomed to call her; to wonder at the delicate fashion of her beauty; to feel it, all the while, that she had been wandering of late from her father's house, but now had come back again; to think within himself, that if he did not kill the fatted calf, and bring rings and wedding-garments for the dear girl, he would bring such love and tenderness as should heal her and make her whole again.

When Julia saw that they all regarded her with eyes full of inquiry, as if they were inwardly saying, "What has done this for her?" she stopped in the midst of her singing, to say to them, "It is 'because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.'"

"And it is having such a kind home, and so many kind friends, that has saved me," said the girl, later in the evening, when she was sitting above stairs, at aunt Esther's feet. "If I had had nobody to attend to me, to be as kind as the angels are to me, I believe I should have died. For nobody knows how my heart and my whole life seemed torn into shreds! I think very often how it must be with those poor creatures who have no good home, no kind friends, and who are yet cheated and torn as I was. I would go fifty miles," her voice trembling, her large, earnest eyes filling with tears, "I would go on my hands and knees to get to one such poor creature, if I could be a help and comfort to her."

Her aunt kissed her and called her "blessed little Julia!" Then vigorously lifting herself and the girl together to their feet, she said,

"But now, dear, we must go to bed, if we would feel strong and clear-headed in the morning. And we must feel strong and clear-headed, if we would have life look bright and pleasant to us. This is why I am so strenuous with you about your habits of sleep, diet, of bathing, walking and so on—that you may be, strong, that your life, that all you think, say and do, may be clear and full of excellent purpose—full of excellent achievement, too. Think of this after I'm gone, and take care of yourself, won't you, dear?"

We hardly know how it came about, but it was soon so that Gately called every few days at Mr. Langdon's. He had little to say to Julia. He brought books, books splendid in style, momentous in import, lofty and yet calm as heaven in spirit; so that it was rest and refreshment reading them, holding them in one's hands, even if one did not read. He brought Julia some better drawing-board, simply saying, as he laid it upon a table, in coming in, "There's some drawing-board, Miss Langdon. You'll find it better than that you are using."

He looked at her drawing, sometime, in the course of each visit, to see what she had been doing since he was there before; praising her

work a little, sometimes—finding fault with it far oftener. "You are very capable," he said to her one time, when they had been exchanging a few words over her drawing, over his last "Art Journal," and over Southey's "Life and Correspondence," the book she was at that time reading. He said it with very friendly, but at the same time, very calm eyes on her face, with very friendly, but very calm tones. The girl heard it in the same spirit. There was no sudden quickening of the light in her eye, of the color on her cheek; but she felt strength and refreshment in the kind words, as the earth feels them in the morning dew.

For the rest, Gately, with a quick word or two, helped Leonard out of some of the knotty difficulties in his Latin, that he was carrying forward alone; touched his finger to the baby's cheek, and made the lively sounds that set baby to making lively sounds back to him; and talked with the parents and aunt Esther; especially with strong, but gentle-minded aunt Esther. And then, Julia, as she sat listening to them, understood how excellent and beautiful this life can be to those, who, keeping a quiet mastery over it, turn it and all belonging to it, into wisdom and light.

## THE PAST.

BY S. H. BING.

The past comes up before me now,  
The past with all its bliss,  
I did not dream in those gay hours  
Of one so dark as this.  
A Summer sky bent o'er me then,  
Serene, and clear, and fair—  
And though I sought, it were in vain,  
To find a shadow there.  
Bright flowers grew along my path,  
With colors soft and rare,  
I called the fairest thoughtlessly,  
No hidden thorn was there;  
A smile was ever on my brow,  
A joy within mine eye,  
Alas! I little dreamed how soon  
My happiness would die.

'Tis ever thus, our childhood hours  
So sweet must pass away:  
Darkness must come to dim the light  
Of every lovely day;  
And o'er the brightest sky be thrown,  
Sooner or later—gloom:  
All hearts must have some trembling chords  
Which fasten to the tomb!

The past comes up before me now,  
I see a soft dark eye,  
Where love, and gentleness, and truth,  
Within its pure depths lie;  
I look upon a broad, smooth brow,  
And place my fingers there,  
And tenderly push back the folds  
Of glossy, raven hair.  
But as my fond touch lingers there,  
That brow grows cold and white,  
And suddenly from out those orbs  
Depart all love and light;  
That noble form is still in death,  
I see it in its shroud:  
The present has come back to me,  
I weep—I sob aloud.

I strive to still the agony  
Which fills my aching breast,  
So calm the troubled waves which roll  
And bid them "be at rest;"  
And ah, 'tis not in vain I knelt,  
God hears my whispered prayer,  
He says, "Have faith in me, and thou  
Shalt meet thy lost one there!"



# PASTIL.

## A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

### ACT I.—PAS—

*Dramatis Personæ.*—**MADemoISELLES**, (*premiers danseuses at the Academie—Hammersmith.*)

**SIGNOR.**—**MUSICIANS.**—**BOXKEEPER.**—**SPECTATORS.**—**LINKMEN.**

**SCENE**—*Interior of a Theatre. At the back is seen the stage, with candles ranged in front for lamps, and the sofa for orchestra. Chairs placed round for spectators.*



**ENTER SPECTATORS**, in full dress. They are shown into their chairs by the **BOXKEEPER**, who hands to each a sheet of music for play-bill.

Enter **MUSICIANS** into orchestral sofa, and the tuning of imaginary instruments commences. Some tune their bellows for violins, some sound a few notes on their trumpets of pokers, and others ascend the scale on their flutes of walking-sticks. The Spectators grow impatient, stamp upon the floor, and clap their hands, when a bell is heard to ring, and

Enter (on the stage) **SIGNOR** and **MADemoISELLES**. The Spectators raise their *lorgnettes* to examine them. They are greatly applauded,

and bow gracefully in acknowledgment. The Signor is dressed as a Highland chief, with tartan scarf over his shoulder, and an ermine cuff hanging from his waist for philibeg. The Demoiselles wear the book muslin skirts, and, if possible, the black velvet bodices of the Scottish lassies.

The orchestra performs the celebrated Highland fling, and the *pas* commences. During the performance the applause increases. At each fresh round the Signor jumps higher and higher, and the Mademoiselles stamp harder and harder, according to the popular notion of the Scottish poetry of motion.



At the conclusion the Dancers are called forward, and bouquets are showered down from all quarters. The Signor picks them up, and in the fifth position presents them to the Demoiselles. Renewed applause. The Dancers bow again and again, with their hands on their hearts to express their gratitude.

The Musicians play "Hail Columbia," the Spectators standing up all the while. At the

conclusion the audience put on their scarfs and hats, and retire highly delighted.

Enter **LINKMEN**, with lanterns, who, touching their hair, ask the Spectators, in pantomime, whose carriage they are to call. Then, rushing into the passage, with their hands on one side of their mouths, they shout out the usual, *Lady this-and-that's*, or *Lady so-and-so's carriage*, which is immediately answered by another voice declaring that it stops the way.



ACT II.—TIL.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—CROCKERY MERCHANT.—LADY AND GENTLEMAN.—YOUNG THIEF.—  
HIS FRIENDS.

*SCENE*—Interior of the warehouse of Crockery Merchant. In the centre a table covered with plates, dishes, and cups. In the front pans arranged near the door of the warehouse.

ENTER CROCKERY MERCHANT, with an apron on, and his ledger under his arm. Behind his ear is seen his pen. He seats himself at the table and awaits his customers.

Enter LADY and GENTLEMAN, who desire the Merchant to show them his goods. They are



extremely delighted with the breakfast cups, and the Gentleman drawing his pocket-book gives two notes for them. The grateful Merchant bows his Customers to the door, and then, folding up the notes, he pulls out the drawer and places them in the till of his table. Feeling exhausted, he throws his handkerchief over his eyes, and falls asleep.

Enter YOUNG THIEF on tip-toe. He points to the sleeping Merchant, and to his own pocket,



to show that he intends taking the notes. He advances cautiously to the table, and opening

the till, takes out the notes, and kisses them enthusiastically. Thrusting them into his breast, he hurries out of the shop, but at the door he stumbles over one of the pans, and falls to the ground with a crash. He, however, is quickly rescued by HIS FRIENDS, and exit.

The Merchant is aroused. Seeing the till



open, he is surprised at the absence of his notes. He feels in his pocket, but without success, until the truth bursts upon him, and he vows vengeance upon his despoilers. Seizing his hat and umbrella, he prepares to sally forth. But no sooner has he reached the door than he is surrounded by the Friends of Young Thief, who



knock his hat down over his eyes and decamp, leaving the poor Merchant groping about in the dark, and hitting right and left with his umbrella. Exit Merchant.

ACT III.—PASTIL.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—SICK GENTLEMAN.—HIS WIFE.—HIS DAUGHTERS.—DOCTOR.

*SCENE*—Sleeping apartment in the house of Sick Gentleman. At the end of the room the window-curtains are arranged as a bed.

ENTER SICK GENTLEMAN, as pale as flour can make him, with his dressing-gown and night-cap on. He is supported by his HIS WIFE and one of HIS DAUGHTERS, the other one holding



the rush-light shade, which she places near the bed. The Sick Gentleman is placed on his

couch, when he is "taken very bad indeed." By showing the whites of his eyes, and panting heavily, he greatly alarms his anxious Wife, who hands to him his physic, whilst one of the



Daughters holds a piece of sugar ready for him. He blesses them.

Enter Doctor, with a golded-headed walking-stick to his mouth, and huge watch-seals hanging from his fob. He complains of the closeness of the room by holding his nose, and orders one



of the Daughters to light some pastils, which is immediately done.

The Sick Gentleman is much refreshed by the delicious perfume, and expresses his delight by constant sniffing. The Doctor feels his pulse, and intimates by his actions, that "we must not worry ourselves, but keep ourselves in bed." After he has looked at the Sick Man's tongue, he, in action, informs the weeping Wife and Daughters "that we must have pastils continually burning." Then placing his hand behind his back, he receives his card-counter guinea, and leaves the room, followed by Sick Gentleman, His Wife, and Daughters.

## LILLY.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

LILLY's father was a baron,  
Was a baron proud and stern,  
Yet did his unloving spirit  
O'er his child, his loved one, yearn.  
O'er his child, the bright-haired Lilly,  
All his hope and all his pride;  
For ere Lilly's lips could name her,  
Had her gentle mother died.  
Often he would, gazing proudly  
On his darling's thoughtful face,  
Think how jewels rare and princely  
Her young brow some day would grace.  
And her Heavenly Father thought too  
Free from all earth's care and strife;  
On the lily brow of Lilly  
Soon should shine the crown of life.

Fair the towers of grey old Glenwood,  
When the sun did on them shine;  
But the fairest thing was Lilly,  
Last of Glenwood's stately line.

As a sunbeam in the forest,  
Dwelt she in the castle's gloom;  
Or as flowers, all fresh and dewy,  
Placed within a sick one's room.

On the towers of that old castle  
Softly fall the moonbeams now;  
But a purer ray is falling  
On a pure and angel brow.

Ere the stars began their shining,  
In the evening calm and stilly,  
Heard he not their bright wings rustle  
When the angels came for Lilly?

## TEARS OF TENDERNESS.

BY BELLA KAUFFELT.

How beautiful to gaze upon  
The arch that Iris builds;  
And yonder trembling streamlet fair,  
Which Sol's bright radiance gilds;  
But are they half as beautiful,  
And seem they half as meet,  
As are the tears of tenderness  
That deck the fair young cheek?  
When life-storms cast the billows  
Of the spirit waters o'er,  
It must be that their glittering pearls  
Be washed upon the shore:  
Yet may they never, never glow  
On youthful cheeks, I pray;  
But oh, the tears of tenderness,  
How beautiful are they!

The rain may bind the loveliest wreaths  
About the brow that's fair;  
And they may hide the richest gems  
Among the glossiest hair;  
And eyes may vie with yonder stars  
That pierce night's sable pall;  
And yet the tears of tenderness  
Are brighter than them all.

I of a mystic river dreamed,  
All lined with golden sand,  
That glowed like fairy jewels laid  
Upon its flower-decked strand;  
And so the human heart should be,  
And, flowing evermore,  
Be casting up the golden sand,  
To deck the rosy shore.

## HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.\*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It is a trite saying that there can be no happiness without health. The volume before us gives the alarming information that a large majority of American females are without health. Though something of this kind had often been said before, we had remained incredulous, but after the array of statistics, which Miss Beecher presents, we fear there can be no doubt of the fact. Fortunately, however, a remedy is at hand. In this concise little treatise, Miss Beecher lays down rules, by which every person, male or female, old or young, may enjoy good health, unless their constitutions have been irreparably injured. We cannot do a greater service to our readers than by glancing rapidly at some of her suggestions.

Pure air, sufficient exercise, and a healthy condition of the skin are indispensable to health. The practice, of which so many are guilty, of sitting all day in a close and heated room, or sleeping at night in a badly ventilated chamber, is none the less fatal because its evil consequences are scarcely noticed at the time. Heated air always contains less oxygen than cold air, and consequently those breathing it obtain less nourishment, from a given quantity, than those who inhale a less rarified atmosphere. Yet the majority of ladies in winter remain, day after day, in rooms heated by furnaces or stoves to seventy or seventy-five degrees of Fahrenheit. Is it a wonder that their complexions become sallow, that they are afflicted with headaches, that a general lassitude pervades the system, that they grow excessively sensitive to cold, that dyspepsia often sets in, or that frequently they sink into consumption from sheer want of vitality?

Equally injurious is the custom of sleeping in badly ventilated apartments. The almost universal practice, especially in cold weather, is to lock the doors and shut the windows. When we remember that every person vitiates, by breathing, a hogshead of air in an hour, the injurious consequences of this practice are apparent. The usual period for sleeping is about

eight hours, and generally two persons occupy one chamber, so that, by morning, ordinary sleeping rooms contain at least sixteen hogsheads of air incapable of supporting animal life. Any person, who has passed from the pure, bracing atmosphere of a winter's morning, into a chamber of this description, will have noticed the close, fetid smell of the apartment. Miss Beecher very properly recommends that a current of air through the chamber should be secured, and that, for this purpose, the window should be let down an inch or more, according to the number of persons occupying the room, while a corresponding opening should be made at the top of the door, or the door itself left slightly ajar. From our own experience we can aver that, even in the coldest weather, no injury will result, provided there is no draught across the bed. Miss Beecher forcibly remarks that if the poisonous matter which pours from nose and mouth, and exhales from the skin, were colored, so as to be visible, and we should see a black or blue vapor accumulating around us as fast as the air of a room became vitiated, there would be an instant change in the feeling and conduct of mankind, in reference to ventilation.

Exercise is another important thing, too much neglected, especially by ladies. Wealthy females really do little or nothing, except work in worsted, practise music, read novels, take an airing, or go to balls. The result is that the muscles are not called into proper play, nor the digestive process carried on rightly, while the nervous system, on the contrary, is overstimulated. Exercise in the open air is absolutely necessary to health. Walking is one means of obtaining this exercise. Riding on horseback, which Miss Beecher strangely omits, is even better however; for no other mode of exercise calls the liver into such activity, or better develops the muscles of the abdomen, which generally are so weak with modern females. Household labor affords a means of successively exercising, and in an agreeable way, the various portions of the body; and it is to be regretted that false notions of dignity prevent ladies from engaging in it, at least to a limited extent. Our grandmothers were not ashamed to officiate in their kitchens,

\* *Letters to the People on Health and Happiness.*  
By Catharine E. Beecher. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.

and they were notoriously more healthy than their fair descendants. Calisthenics are recommended by many, by Miss Beecher among others. But daily exercise, of some kind, and part of it in the open air, should be sought by every woman who wishes to be healthy.

It is of vital moment to attend to the functions of the skin. The perspiration tubes, which permeate the cuticle in every direction, have an aggregate length of twenty-eight miles, and drain away from the body, when in a healthy condition, five-eighths of the impurities which are expelled from the human system. It is absolutely necessary to keep the skin in a proper condition, else these tubes become closed, throwing the impurities inward, and thus over-tasking the internal organs, till chronic diseases are the result, or dangerous fevers set in. Bathing is the most effectual method of keeping the skin healthy. For most persons a daily bath, taken in the morning, and followed by rubbing, or exercise, till the whole person is in a glow, is absolutely necessary. There are some individuals; however, with whom such frequent bathing does not agree. Experience will soon regulate this matter. No person, unaccustomed to cold baths, should enter on a course of them at once, however; but should employ tepid water at first, and so gradually pass to the cold bath. Miss Beecher says that, if a bathing tub is difficult to procure, a good substitute is a basin of water, with a sponge. A small screen in the chamber, with this simple apparatus, answers all the purposes of a bath-house. Where invalids, or other persons, cannot bear the shock of water, friction of the limbs is an excellent substitute. The Turks, who lead a notoriously indolent life, owe the preservation of their health entirely to their frequent bathing, as well as to the manipulations which attend it. We may add that nothing equals cold water in preserving the health of the skin, and consequently its beauty.

There are some excellent remarks on dress in the volume. Miss Beecher has the sense to see that reforms, which, like the proposed Bloomer

one, make war upon fashion, will never succeed. In order, therefore, to remedy the injury derived from a weight of skirts pressing on the waist, she proposes a pattern for a petticoat to be supported from the shoulders. The columns of this Magazine have always discountenanced tight-lacing, as injurious alike to the health and to the permanent beauty of the form. A properly constructed corset, patterns of which we have often given, we are told by numerous ladies, obviates the necessity of tight-lacing, preserves the person from being injured by heavy skirts, and maintains the symmetry of the figure. But as too many corsets are improperly made, and as Miss Beecher's expedient is really an excellent one, we have taken the liberty to have it engraved, and it will be found in another part of this number.

We cannot join in our author's wholesale condemnation of tea and coffee. The most eminent physicians now maintain that these beverages fulfil an important purpose in the animal economy, by preventing the waste of tissues and reducing the amount of food necessary for subsistence. Our own observations lead to similar conclusions. It is generally a neglect of exercise, which causes the nervousness, that so often is attributed to tea and coffee. There are a few persons to whom these beverages are noxious, under all circumstances; and an excessive use of them is invariably injurious: but that they are rather beneficial than otherwise, to the majority of those who moderately drink them, is fast becoming the opinion of the scientific world.

We commend this book to general perusal. It is really worth its weight in gold. What we have written, we trust, will be an incentive to its purchase; and if so we shall feel, that, in our sphere, we have assisted in a good work. If the laws of health were thoroughly studied and generally observed, American females would not only cease to be invalids, but would preserve their beauty far into life, instead of losing it on the threshold, as the majority now do.

## THE WIFE.

It is thy wife, sweet husband, open quick!  
I am a weary wanderer foot-sore;  
My very soul within me turneth sick  
To find thy granite gates are shut so sure  
And I without! It is thy weary wife,  
Hitherward travelling, with painful feet,  
Through light and dark a woeful half of life,

To meet thee here!—thou saidst we here should meet;  
Describing all this place, ere thou were past  
From my cold arms into the colder night;  
And now, outwearied and outworn at last,  
Fainting with feeble cry and failing sight,  
Down fall'n my husband's marble home before,  
He hears me not, he sleeps; then death! undo the door

## THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94.

### CHAPTER VII.

ALONE in the streets of a great city in the night time—so young, so beautiful, without a home, a dollar or a friend, what could the poor girl do?

Utter hopelessness is almost rest. Catharine could not understand this, and wondered within herself at the strange apathy that possessed her in this the most forlorn moment of her life.

She wandered on, careless of the direction, without object and dreamily. Once or twice she sat down on a door-step to rest, but it was only for a moment, and when she arose it was to forget that a transient repose had been obtained. At last in the drear waste of her thoughts she remembered the Irish woman who had been so kind to her at Bellevue, and around this thought centred other reflections that almost amounted to a resolution. But even this emotion died away when she reflected, that kind as the woman was, there existed no means of ascertaining where she lived.

Still Catharine wandered, and what else could she do? Even from the door-steps she might at any moment be driven forth as an intruder. It was evidently getting late; the noises of city life were gradually hushed, and the growing stillness appalled her. Never, in her whole existence, had she been so utterly alone.

Awaking from her apathy, as it were from a dull dream, she found herself upon the corner of two streets, on the east side of the town. The stores were all closed, and the streets on either hand almost deserted.

"Where *can* I go?—what will become of me?" she murmured, looking around with affright. "Will no one have pity on me?" That moment a woman passed her carrying a basket of clothes on her arm.

"She is going home," said Catharine, gazing after her through the blinding tears that filled her eyes.

"Did you speak to me, ma'am?" inquired the woman, turning back at the sound of her voice.

A faint cry broke from the poor girl, and seizing the woman joyfully by the arm, she called out,

"Oh, is it you?—is it you?"

Mary Margaret Dillon set down her basket in utter astonishment, and seizing the hand that detained her shook it heartily.

"Well, if this isn't something, innyhov; me jist thinking of ye, and here ye are to the fare area; but ye'r looking white as me apron yet, bad luck to the doctors—come by, and let us have a word of talk together."

"Will you let me go with you?" inquired Catharine, anxiously, for she had been so often and so cruelly rebuffed that this kindness scarcely seemed real.

"Will I let ye go with me, bliss ye'r sowl, that's a question to put to a Christian woman, now, isn't it? In course I let ye go with me; why not?"

"But I have no home, nor a cent in the world; everybody has abandoned me—I haven't a friend in the wide world."

"Hist, now, that's talkin' traision and rank hathenism. Where d'ye think is Mary Margaret Dillon, with her strong hands and a shanty over her head which no one else has a right to, baring a triffin' claim on the lot o' ground. Isn't that a home for ye, I'd like to know?"

"But I shall be trouble—I shall crowd you," faltered Catharine, trembling with anxiety to have her objections overruled.

"Did ye ever see a poor man's house so full that one more couldn't find a corner to rest; in faix, if ye did, it wasn't in the cabin of an out and out Irishman," persisted Margaret, lifting her basket of clothes and settling herself for a walk. "Come along, no'; I want ye to see the childer, bliss 'em, and the old mon, to say nothin' of the pig and three geese, that'll be proud as anythin' to have ye for company."

"Thank you—thank you with my whole heart. I will go; perhaps I can do something to pay for the trouble," said Catharine, to whom this vision of a home seemed like a glimpse of

paradise, and folding her shawl about her she prepared to move on with a feeling almost of cheerfulness, certainly of intense gratitude.

"No trouble in life," answered Margaret, briskly. "The old mon and the childer 'll just resave ye as if ye was one of 'em. Come along, come along, and we'll have a taste of supper and a drop of tae as a remembrance of this meatein atween old friends, d'ye see?"

"Let me help with your basket."

"No, no, jist be aisy there; ye're not strong enough for that, and faix it's a sin and a shame that sich a delicate young crathur should iver be put to the work; home or not, my opinion is ye'r a born lady, and that I'll stick to agin the world."

They walked on together, Margaret talking cheerfully, and Catharine mingling some painful thoughts with her gratitude.

"Mary Margaret," she said, at length, in a low, mournful voice, "you will never turn against me, as the others have, because I cannot give you proof that—that the poor baby they hurried away from me was honestly mine; you will take my word for it, I feel almost sure!"

"I don't want ye'r word; one look in ye'r purty face is enough for me, and I'd stand up for ye agin the whole univarse, with old Ireland to the fare."

"Thank you—God bless you for that, Margaret," answered Catharine, and for the first time in many days a smile broke over her face. "You are so honest and so kind, Margaret, I could not bear that you should think ill of me."

Margaret did not answer at once, but walked on thoughtfully.

"In course," she said at last, "I belave ivery word ye tell me; but if it wasn't so—if ye had been a poor, desaved crathur instid of the swate, innocent ye are, I wouldn't turn agin ye anyhow. It ain't Christian, and, accordin' to my idees, it ain't modest for a woman to hold a poor, fallen feller crathur in the gutter foriver and iver. The blessed Savior, who was holier than us all, didn't do it, and, by all the blessed saints, Mary Margaret Dillon niver will."

Catharine drew a deep sigh.

"Don't sigh in that way, darlint," exclaimed Margaret, kindly. "D'ye know that ivery time ye draw a deep breath like that it drinks a drop of blood from ye'r heart? Don't sigh agin, that's a darlint."

"I was thinking," replied Catharine, "how much worse it would have been for me if I had really been so wicked as they think I am; it seems to me as if I must have laid down on the first door-step and died. Nothing but my own

sense of right has given me strength to live—and after all, what have I to live for now?"

"Hist, darlint, hist, this is talkin' like a bather. Ye're to live because the blessed Savior thinks it's good for ye, and that's enough for a Christian. Besides, it's mane and low-lived to give way wid the first dash of trouble, especially when we see every day that the Savior makes ye strong and more detarmined."

Catharine submitted to this rebuke for her momentary repining with gentle patience. The simple piety and honest good sense of Mary Margaret had its effect upon her, and before she reached the shanty where the good woman lived something of hopefulness sprang up in her heart. She could not help but feel that there was something providential in her meeting with the good Irish woman at the moment of her utmost need, and this gave strength to many hopeful impulses that are always latent in the bosom of the young.

The shanty to which Mary Margaret conducted her guest stood in a vacant lot, high up in the city. It was a rustic affair, composed of boards mingled with the odds and ends from old buildings, that Michael Dillon had been engaged in demolishing during his experience as a laboring man. Indeed, Michael was a very favorable specimen of metropolitan squatter sovereignty, and had succeeded in securing no inconsiderable means of creature comfort around him, though another man was owner of the soil. He had managed when out of work to wall in a little patch of land, in a rude, loose way, it is true, which he denominated the garden, and some dozen or two of fine cabbages, as many hills of potatoes, and a cucumber vine, where great, plethoric, yellow cucumbers were ripe with seeds, gave color and force to Michael's assumption.

In addition to these substantial, Mary Margaret had contributed her share of the useful and picturesque by planting nasturtians all along the low, stone wall, which clothed the rude stones with a sheet of gorgeous blossoms, and gave it the look of an immense garland flung upon the ground.

Thus hedging her husband's usefulness in with flowers, the province of a true woman, Mary Margaret had helped to win a gleam of the beautiful from the rude, stony soil from which Michael toiled to wrest a portion of their daily food.

I have often thought that true goodness, in a woman at least, is always accompanied with gleamings of fine taste. Certain it is, Mary Margaret had managed to impart no common show of rustic effect to her little, board shanty.

Its door and simple window was entwined with morning-glories and scarlet runners that took the morning sunshine beautifully, and on a rainy day shed gleams of red and purple all over the front of the shanty, tangling themselves and peeping out in unexpected crevices even among the slates on the roof. Indeed, they encroached on the province of a mock-orange that for two years had kept possession of the roof, and even the sturdy vine was obliged to drop its golden fruit among the purple and red bells of the morning glory, and even to creep off to the back of the shanty, where no one could see the richness and symmetry of its fruits.

Then there was a sweet-briar bush indigenous to the soil, which Mary Margaret had pruned and caressed into profuse luxuriance, at one end of her dwelling, and though it was dark, the scent of this bush greeted Catharine as she approached the dwelling; with this pleasant sensation she entered her new home almost cheerfully.

The shanty was divided by a board partition into two small rooms, not so untidy as to be repulsive, but rather close to one entering from the fresh night air. The ante-room contained a bed, in which Mary Margaret's sterner half lay sound asleep, after a hard day's toil beneath the hod.

"Whist a bit, while I light the lamp," said Mary Margaret, raking the embers in a portable furnace so hurriedly together that the sparks flew all around her, "let the ould man slape his fill, he must be up and at work by six in the morning."

Catharine hardly drew her breath, for she was seized with a terror lest the sleeping man should awake and resent her intrusion into his dwelling.

"Sit down forment the furnace, while I boil a sup of water for the tay," whispered the hostess, kindling her tin lamp, "jist give Michael's coat and hat a toss and take the chair yerself, for, faix, ye look tired and white enough for anything."

Catharine sat down, for she was indeed quite exhausted, and relieved of the anxiety that had tortured her so long, she almost fell asleep while Mary Margaret made her tea, and cut the loaf which had been carefully put aside for the family breakfast.

There was not much refinement in Mary Margaret's method of serving up her meals; but she certainly made an effort to render things rather genteel than otherwise. A clean sheet, taken from a pile of clothes ready to be sent home, was folded twice and laid on the table for a cloth, and Mary brought forth an old china

cup in an earthenware saucer, which she garnished with a pewter spoon, as an especial honor to her guest. As for herself, she sipped her portion of the "tay" daintily from a little, tin cup that belonged to the youngest child.

With all its drawbacks, this was a delicious meal to poor Catharine, and she partook of it with a sense of gratitude so full and gushing that it amounted almost to happiness. Two or three times she turned her eyes upon Mary Margaret and made an effort to thank her, but the words were lost in a gush of emotions, and she could only falter out,

"Oh, Mrs. Dillon, how I want to thank you for all this, but no human being ever was so poor, I have not even words."

She spoke with some energy, and before Mrs. Dillon could protest against all this waste of gratitude which she was just attempting, a cry arose from the bed on one side of Dillon, which was echoed by a half-smothered response that came from under the blankets close by the wall. Catharine started to her feet. The faintest cry of an infant was enough to thrill every drop of blood in her veins.

"Whose—whose child is that?" she inquired, breathlessly, "surely I heard *two* voices?"

"In course ye did, and why not?" said Margaret, with a baby under one arm, while she plunged about among the blankets for the little creature next the wall. "Come out here, ye strappin little felly, and show yer beautiful eyes to the lady. Isn't he a beauty, all out?"

Impelled by a strong yearning, Catharine held out her arms for the child, who turned his great, blue eyes wonderingly upon the lamp, while the poor young creature was striving to fix them on herself. But the child was obstinate, and she sat gazing on it through a mist of tears, so sadly, so wrapped in fond sorrow, that you would have wept at the very attitude, it was so full of silent pathos.

"Whose—whose is it?" she asked, "both cannot be yours."

"Ye're right in that entirely," answered Margaret, pouring some milk into the tin cup she had been drinking from and placing it on the embers in the furnace. "It's the nurse child, ye have."

"And who is its mother?" faltered Catharine, pressing the child fondly to her bosom, and laying her pale cheek to its warm little face.

"Ye remember the poor young crathur that had the cot next to yours?"

"Yes, oh, yes, she died, they told me often."

"And they told you nothin' but the truth. She died, poor, misfortunate soul, and only that



I wouldn't stand by and see the baby starve to death by her side, it might have been buried on her bosom. I had a fight wid the nurse, bad luck to her; but the doctor stood by me, and so the little thing got a fair start in the world; fair, but she's a wicked crathur, that nurse."

"I believe she was, I am sure of it!" answered Catharine, in a mournful under-tone. "Do you know I sometimes think that my own poor little baby might have lived, if she had taken care of it? Such a large, beautiful—ah, if it had but lived—if it had but lived, nothing could make me quite miserable! Oh, Mrs. Dillon, poor, helpless, and deserted as I am, I would give the whole world, if it were mine, only to hold *his* child in my arms as I do this poor, little motherless baby. He has left me—he has left me, but I know that I should worship his child."

"Hist, now hist, or ye'll be afther wakin the old man, though he does not sleep like a pavin stone in ginerall; and ye'll be afther breakin the heart in me busom, too, if ye take on so. Here, feed the poor baby wid a dhrop of the warm milk, while I give this little spalpeen a turn. It'll aise your heart, never fear!"

Here Mary Margaret began shaking her boy, and scolding him heartily for greediness, bringing various charges against him as a young spalpeen and a thair of the worldt, and in this torrent of superfluous words, the tears that had been crowding to her eyes were dispersed, and she sat up as a strong-minded woman once more.

"Ye asked me about the baby there," she said, at length, without appearing to notice the tears that rained from poor Catharine's eyes. "That hathenish nurse was nigh gettin the upper hands of me. Would ye belave it she let on to the doctor that it was drinkin I'd been when the heavy sickness fell on me afther takin a sup of yer medicine, and he, poor innocent, belaved her, an took away the child that I was fond of amost as if it was my own flesh and blood."

Catharine looked up and inquired how it came about that she got the child back again.

"This is the way," answered Margaret. "I saw the woman they gave the poor thing to, and the heart in me bosom felt like a could stone. There was starvation and murder in her face. more than that, she was faregathing wid the nurse, an that was another rason agin her. Well, wid these feelins I couldn't eat or sleep wid thinkin of the child, for it seemed to me as plain as the sun that some harm was intended the little soul. So afore they sent me away from the hospital I inquired, aisy, ye know, where the woman that had got me baby lived, and it turned out that an acquaintance of my own was in the

same tinament. So after a week was over, I went to visit my acquaintance—d' ye see—and in an aisy sort o' way asked about the woman and the baby. It was just as I had thought, the woman was niver at home, but went out to her reglar day's works, leaving the poor little orphan all alone in a basket, sound asleep, in consequence of the laudnum and such like drops. I went into the room to see it, and there it lay in an old basket on a heap of rags wid its little eyes shut, and a purple ring under 'em. It had famished away till its own mother, if she had lived, wouldn't a known it.

"Well, I couldn't stand that, so without sayin a word I up an takes the crathur in my arms, and walks off to the Alms-house in the Park, and there I laid the child that still slept like a log, down afore the gentlemen that sit there for the good o' the poor, ivery day of the blessed year, and says I,

"'Are ye fathers and gentlemen,' says I, 'to sit here while the poor orphan child that ye should be fathers to,' says I, 'are bein starved and poisoned with black dhrops under yer honorable noses?' says I. Wid that, afore the gentlemen could say a word for themselves, I unfolded the rags that the baby was wrapped in, and laid its little legs an arms huddled together like a faggot afore 'em, and says I agin,

"'Look here, if yese got the heart for it, an see for yerselves.' Thin one of the gentlemen up an spake for himself, and says he,

"'The nurses are all compelled to bring their children here for inspection once in two weeks, an the time has but just gone by; how can this be?' an he was mighty sorry an put out, I could see that plain enough.

"'Yes,' says I, 'that's the truth,' says I, 'but it's aisy enough to borrow a show baby when ivery house where these poor orphans go is runnin over wid 'em, and young babies are all alike as peas in a pod,' says I, 'and it must be a cute man to know any of 'em from one time to another. Just wait a bit,' says I, 'if ye don't belave me, and I'll bring the very baby that was brought here in the place of this. It's a plump, hearty little felly, and belongs to an acquaintance of my own.'

"'Can this be true?' says one of the gentlemen to another.

"'True as the gospel,' says I, spakin up boldly, 'ye've been praisen that hathen of a nurse for a baby that didn't belong til ye, and this poor thing has been starved down to nothin.'

"'Well,' says the gentlemen, for he was a rak gentleman, says he, 'I'll send an officer for this woman, and she shall never, to her dying day,

have another child from this department. But what can we do wid the poor crathur? We must send for a nurse that can be trusted at once.'

"Thin my heart ris into my mouth, and I hugged the baby to me, and says I, wid the tears in my eyes, says I, 'Let me have the child to nurse, I'll be a mother til it, an more too, if that'll satisfy ye.'

"Well, the long and short of it was, they thanked me kindly for comin, and give me the baby, wid a dollar a week for takin care of it. So when the nurse came home, expectin' to find it dead in its basket, there was nothin for her but a bundle of rags, and a perlice officer to take her down to the Park "

"Thank God!" exclaimed Catharine, with a burst of gratitude, kissing the child again and gain. "It was a brave act, Mrs. Dillon, and the child will live to bless you for it as—as I do!"

"In course he will," replied Mary Margaret, "for it's just a miracle the saints might wonder at that he lived at all. At first, ye see, considerin his starvin condition, I just give me own little shoul-der the could shoulder, and turned him over to the tin porriger, but he got on well enough niver ar; and the little stranger begun to thrive as a niver see in yer born days."

"He has indeed found a kind mother," said Catharine, thoughtfully. "But how long will ye let you keep him?"

"Well, it's two years that they put the babies to nurse, I'm tould," answered Mary, reluctantly.

"And after that?"

"Thin they are sent up to the Alms-house, and after that bound out."

Catharine became very thoughtful, and turned her eyes away from the child as if its innocent face gave her pain.

"Niver mind," interposed her hostess, interpreting her look with that subtle magnetism with which one true womanly heart reads another.

"A great many things may happen in two years, with the blessings of the saints, so don't be gettin' down-hearted, there's a God above all!"

"I know it," answered Catharine, gazing with sad tenderness on the child once more; "but it makes my heart ache to think what may become of this poor baby."

"There now, hand it over, and go to your bed with the childer, it's gettin' down in the mouth. Ye are on all for not eatin a hearty meal whin ye had it to the fare," exclaimed Mary Margaret, depositing her offspring by its sleeping father, and reaching out her arms for the other child. "There, there, go yer ways now; just push the child aisy a one side, and make yerself comfortable on half their straw bed on the floor, and a comfortable bed may ye find it."

Catharine arose to obey this hospitable command, but Mary Margaret called her back.

"See here, isn't it as like the holy cross now as two paes?" she said, putting the soft hair back from the baby's temple, and revealing a crimson mark that really had a cruciform appearance, small and delicate as it was.

"Isn't he born to be a saint now!" exclaimed the Irish woman, exultingly.

"Or a martyr perhaps," said Catharine, and she walked sadly into the little room pointed out by her hostess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## I NEVER CAN FORGET.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

THOUGH months and years have pass'd away  
Since last we fondly met;  
That blessed hour so dear to me  
Is in my memory set;  
And like the star that keeps its watch,  
Upon a moonlit sea,  
So shall my heart forever keep  
A constant watch for thee.

Thou art to me a chosen star,  
To cheer my path through life,  
To shed a calm and deep repose  
Upon my passion's strife!

And thy sweet image ever shall  
Be in my memory set;  
For while one hope still clings to me,  
I never can forget.

The parent bird may leave her young  
To starve within its nest;  
The mother may forsake the child  
That clings upon her breast;  
But I shall worship thy pure star  
Deep in my memory set;  
And though all things below my change,  
I never can forget.

## WHAT THE NEW HOUSE COST.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

WE had been married several years, and our income had gradually increased. My business requiring much walking, I easily persuaded myself that some sort of a carriage was necessary; and accordingly I bought a cabriolet, engaged a groom, and hired a stable and coach-house.

Not a month passed without some addition to our furniture, or some new ornament; and we began to discover a thousand inconveniences about our abode, until then unperceived. The situation was not good, the house mean in appearance, the staircase dark, and the garden too small. After hesitating for sometime, we began to speak seriously of taking a house in the new part of the town.

The matter was discussed in a family council, and aunt Roubert decidedly opposed the plan: she maintained that with the addition of extra rooms to those we now occupied, we ought to find our present abode sufficiently commodious; that two movings were as bad as a fire, and that the old furniture, when once removed, would be transformed, for the most part, into rotten planks and rusty nails.

"In my time," said she, "whatever were the changes of fortune, we were born, we lived, and we died, under the same roof-tree. The money we made or gained was invested in land or commerce; it was not squandered in buying infirmities, under the name of fashion; and no one then was too nice to sleep on the bed his father had occupied before him. Thus generation succeeded generation, and dwellings, instead of being known by numbers, had each their separate name. Every street formed one large family, where every one knew everybody, and towns were not then, what they are now-a-days, mere inns, where the last-comer is unacquainted with even the name of his predecessor."

I endeavored to defend the present age by explaining the advantages arising from this modern mobility, which aimed at one great unity, and only destroyed private associations when necessary for the good of society in general.

"Prove it as you will," replied aunt Roubert, interrupting my disquisition on mankind, "it is not the less true, that it is no longer the fashion to lay by for a rainy day, but that you eat the

game as soon as it is killed. It seems to me, dear friend, as if your generation lived in furnished apartments on this our good Lord's earth: the moment the income of any of you increases, you change your lodging. Yourself, for example, who are one of the most reasonable: yesterday your dwelling was all that you could wish, to-day you cannot stir your elbows. One would almost imagine that prosperity was a complaint of a dropsical nature, for where formerly you were quite at your ease, you can now no longer turn."

And then my wife, Marcelle, in her turn, tried to justify the proposed change. She proved to her aunt that our circumstances had altered; that the children, as they grew up, required more accommodation; that my greater amount of business created fresh obligations: but all would be rectified by moving; and that once done, we should not want to change again for our whole lives.

My father, who had taken no share in the discussion, now interrupted her, saying, with a smile,

"You are mistaken, dear girl, in fancying such a thing, for each place has its own peculiar atmosphere, which cannot be transported. Whoever takes up new habits and acquaintances, becomes himself transformed."

In spite of all that these experienced friends could say, we decided to move; and soon hired a new and elegant house, in a more fashionable quarter. But, when we were established in this abode, we were astonished to see how dingy the furniture looked. Even aunt Roubert was shocked.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "your furniture spoils all; it's like a rag hanging from a gilded balcony. My dear friends, if you have the least feeling for the beautiful, you will forthwith send all your movables through the window."

Without precisely following this advice, we saw plainly that we must make some alterations; and after consulting our cash-box, we decided upon selling our present furniture.

The sale of the old stock did not produce very much; while, on the other hand, the purchase of that which was to replace it cost a great deal; for Marcelle displayed, in every article she

chose, the excellent taste which she was well-known to possess. Commenting, in her own way, upon Plato's maxim, *the beautiful is the reflection of the good*, she chose all the most elegant and recherche articles she could find. I was a little startled at the bills presented to me, but she proved that good things were never dear, and made me in fact clearly comprehend how perfectly ruinous economy was!

For the rest, our house was charming; the few pieces of our former furniture that we had retained, were either arranged in the shadiest corners, or hidden behind their more brilliant successors; and everywhere damask, velvet, muslin, and silken cords and tassels met the eye! Marcelle glided through it all with the ready graceful ease which woman so soon know how to assume in the midst of luxury. One would have thought, on seeing her, that she had never done aught than rustle in silk, and that her dainty foot had never pressed other than Aubusson carpets.

For myself—I felt singularly embarrassed at the imposing splendor which glittered around me, and by the various directions and prohibitions published by the presiding genius of the palace. It was forbidden to put one's feet upon the rails of the chairs, to lay our hat upon the satin-wood table, to leave a book upon the velvet couch, or to sit down on the causeuse, the springs of which were too weak to bear my manly weight, or even to touch the cords of the curtains, of which I was assured, I, in my reveries, unravelled the tassels. Forbidden this— forbidden that— forbidden the other—I read the word prohibition upon the walls, the furniture, my head, and my feet! Ah, how I regretted my old worn leathern arm-chair, from which, in my hours of meditation, I could leisurely, and without fear of rebuke, extract the horse-hair through some gaping rent! How I sighed, as I thought of my little deal table, that I freely dug and notched with my pen-knife, when my rebellious thoughts refused to arrange themselves, or answer me! However, I became at last accustomed to these embarrassing luxuries. If I lost somewhat in independence, the eye at least was pleased, as it rested on those charming sumptuosities. The change is very gradual; nevertheless, certain it is, that a kind of mental intoxication takes possession of those surrounded by luxury; one becomes proud of, enjoys being in the midst of, so much velvet and gilt-headed nails, and ends by having a much better opinion of himself, and thinking *rather worse* of others.

Of course, this does not take place all at once, but gradually, and by imperceptible doses.

Vanity resembles the fatal miasmas, whose poison we inhale under a sky as blue as the sapphire, and in a breeze seemingly laden only with perfume.

Our fashionable neighbors called on us, and gradually we fell into their expensive and showy habits. I bought a calash for Marcelle, in addition to my cabriolet. Our children, from constantly mixing with theirs, were obliged to adopt the same expensive costume; and our table, to which it became necessary to invite them occasionally, grew every day more costly. Thus, though my income increased annually, I never grew any richer.

Aunt Roubert often reminded us, that he who does not save is always poor, for he is ever at the mercy of the future; and she never visited us without making some reference or other to the fable of the ant and the grasshopper. We perfectly agreed with her as to the truth of all she said, but we allowed the means of reformation to slip by.

At last, however, we became seriously alarmed at the increasing amount of our expenses, and calling a family counsel, we began to discuss the budget; Marcelle, as minister of finance, brought forward all her accounts, and submitted them to our examination.

The first item which struck us as large, was the rent; and aunt Roubert repeated all her former objections to our present residence, to which Marcelle replied with the doctrine of a *thing once done cannot be undone!* She acknowledged her fault, and did not defend its consequences; they were quite at liberty to condemn the past, provided the present was not touched upon.

Then came the calash and cabriolet, and I, in my turn, proved that the latter was indispensable, and that the former once bought was no longer much expense.

Next came the table; Marcelle observed that it was a business necessity to invite to dinner those to whom I was either the patron or the protege, as the dinner-table was often the only place where certain persons could meet, and certain matters be arranged; and according to her opinion these dinners ought properly to be included amongst business expenses.

Then we attacked the matter of dress; but here again we found our necks enclosed within the yoke of custom, and, willing slaves, we declared it to be impossible for us to dress differently from those with whom we associated, and that the elegant appearance of Clara and Leon, was dictated not by choice, but by stern necessity. Marcelle assured us that no one deplored more deeply than herself, the extremes to which

modern fashions were now carried; that though her daughter did wear silks, it was contrary to what, if she were able, she should choose; and that her son's velvet jacket was a sore trial to her. But then surely this was better than, by dressing otherwise, to make themselves remarkable, and she was very sure that the most certain way of making her children hate simplicity, was to render it a matter of humiliation to them.

We turned to the subject of servants, and I had no difficulty in proving that I required the services of the man-servant, and Marcelle as clearly showed that she could not possibly do with less than two maids. The sole diminution in our expenses that appeared feasible was a reduction in the wages we gave.

The principal items relating to the garden, journeys, interior improvements, evening parties, and correspondence, were all successively examined, and supported as indispensable; and my father came to the conclusion that it was with domestic as with state budgets, they were discussed merely to prove that there was nothing to alter in them; but Marcelle begged to differ with him on this point, and proposed several minor retrenchments.

First, that we should leave off subscribing to two journals, and for the present buy no more new books. We had, till now, employed work-people of standing, whose terms it was impossible to dispute, but, thanks to competition, we might get our work done elsewhere for far less. Marcelle had already changed her laundress and seamstress, and would, therefore, have courage to continue this reform. Again, we had been at great expense for private masters for our children, and this might be lessened, by sending Clara and Leon to one of the fashionable morning schools. All these changes would produce a considerable diminution in our expenditure, and would lead to many others it was impossible to enumerate.

Aunt Roubert had listened in silence to all this as she sat at her knitting, and at the conclusion said, with an emphatic shrug of her shoulders,

"You'll not save a hundred crowns with all these reforms; take my word for it."

Marcelle loudly declared it would be more.

"Well," replied her aunt, "we will say a thousand francs, if you like; what a handsome portion that will make for your daughter, and how greatly it will assist in putting your son forward in the world!"

"Without taking into account," added my father, seriously, "that you, who cannot dispense with one of the many superfluities of your table, are determining to deprive your mind of

its daily bread. You must have the same amount of luxury to which you have accustomed yourselves, but you mean to exact it at a lower price from those who earn their subsistence by supplying you with it. In fact, you find it easier to economize upon the instructors of your children than upon your horses and carriage!"

Marcelle changed countenance, and would have attempted to defend herself, but my father took her hand, saying, as he kissed her forehead,

"Nay, dear daughter, do not seek excuses: you did not properly reflect: it was, I know no lack of kindness which made you think of such arrangements; but, alas, how many there are who practise what you propose! Down from the great lady, who, during Lent, dines herself as usual, but makes the rest of her household fast as a penance for their and her own sins; what numbers there are who would willingly profit by reforms, so long as they themselves are not affected by them! This is one of the consequences of a too highly-flavored prosperity; it deadens to a certain degree our sense of justice, enervates us, and we become gradually accustomed to leave the burden to be borne by others, and are ourselves constantly adding to it, whilst taking no share in the toil. Believe me, dear children, better not attempt to economize at all, than do so upon the hardly earned wages of the laborer."

We did indeed find that the only way was really to make a firm stand against the expensive habits we had allowed to grow up among us. For the rest, the money spent was not the only evil; the loss of liberty, time, and health, weighed far more heavily upon me. The visits we were obliged to make and receive, left us not a moment to ourselves: we had to renounce our family meetings, and my father and aunt Roubert only saw us now at rare intervals.

I began to feel we were becoming unfitted for this social intercourse. In neglecting our duties to satisfy the world, all that we accorded to our acquaintances were so many deprivations to our friends.

Things at last came to a crisis. We resolved to break up our establishment, and return to our old mode of life. We sold the calash, abandoned our dinner parties, and gave no more balls. In a word, we left the circles of what is called "fashionable society."

And we are all the happier for it. At first, indeed, life seemed dull, for we missed the excitement; but gradually a healthy state of feeling returned; and now there is nothing Marcelle and I so much enjoy as a quiet, domestic evening. Aunt and father have found their way back to

our fireside; and the children are no longer strangers to us, as they were when we were more fashionable.

My savings now amount to a considerable sum, and I have the consciousness, that when I die, my children will not be penniless.

## AN ALLEGORY!

BY ADELAIDE H. BIDDLES.

A BOUNDLESS sea, girt only by the sky,  
Was stretched in one unlimited expanse;  
The eddying waters madly dashed on high,  
As though they whirled in some wild phantom  
dance.

A fragile bark came over that dark space,  
And on its deck was many a pallid form,  
Who clasped their hands, and prayed with upturned  
face,

O'er which oft swept bright flashes of the storm.

Still on they went! The dark night darker grew,  
From Heaven's arch crept out no silver ray;  
Yet still the prayer rose from that trembling crew,  
As with deep faith they watched the coming day;  
When o'er the waves a ray of light there came,  
Dim and uncertain, as it rose and fell;  
They steered their bark for that pale, trembling flame,  
As though lured on by an enchanter's spell.

But as they neared the beetling cliff that bore,  
Upon its top the beacon's fiery crest,  
Dark airy forms would from the waters soar,  
And wave them back from their long hoped for rest.  
Yet still unmindful of each spectral form,  
They steered in silent hope to that far rock,  
Though every moment gushes of the storm  
Caused their frail bark to quiver 'neath the shock.

The rock was reached! Their feeble footsteps pressed  
With heartfelt joy its rugged sloping side,  
And sinking down on that rough shore of rest,  
With holy trust their God they glorified.  
But there the beacon's ray still fainter grew,  
At last expired, and dark was all again;  
The shrill and shrieking night-wind round them blew,  
And on their heads beat wildly the dense rain.

Yet even then bright Hope forsook them not,  
And no faint thrill of terror o'er them crept.  
They laid them down on that bleak, lonely spot,  
And with the faith of childhood's soul, they  
slept.

The storm passed by, and then the morning's light  
Crept o'er the Heavens, robed in sunny rays,  
The sleepers woke, but to their wondering sight  
No rock or stormy ocean met their gaze.

But spread before them was a land of bloom,  
Bejeweled o'er with amarantbine flowers,  
Where breeze-winged odors shed a soft perfume,  
Through glittering sheen of snowy lilled bowers,  
Bright-tinted blossoms through green mosses blushed,  
And waving trees bedecked each grassy dell!  
While sparkling fountains to the sunlight gushed,  
And clouds of fiery opals from them fell.

Their wearied limbs they rested in green bowers,  
And laved their aching brows in crystal springs;  
While gentle spirits wreathed them o'er with flowers,  
And fanned them with their silv'ry-feathered wings.  
And as Eternity rolled on its car,  
And years passed by them like a seraph's dream,  
Still was their bliss unfading as a star,  
Unruffled as a placid Summer stream.

Oh, may we too bear on our trackless way,  
And steering through our long and stormy night,  
Watch still with Faith the morrow's dawning ray,  
And hail with joy the coming of our light!  
For that dark ocean was the world's fierce strife,  
Tossed ever by stern Passion's blasting breath.  
The shore they steered for was Eternal Life,  
The dim, uncertain beacon—light was Death.

## OCTOBER.

BY FRANCES MOTTE.

OCTOBER's golden sunset,  
And golden fruitage ours—  
We reckon not other season,  
Or wealth of early flowers—  
But hie unto the orchard,  
Through mass of struggling leaves;  
Forgetful while our nature  
As varied pathways weaves.

See roseate hues are rising  
With orange-tinted shade—  
Admiring Nature's garden,  
We bless the Higher aid.  
New pleasures all around us—  
The wealth October brings—  
How lures from out the heart-depths  
A well of charmed springs.

## EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

BY SARAH HAMILTON.

*September, Sunday Eve.*—I have attended church all day. Mr. S——, the new minister, officiated—somehow I did not like his appearance at all—his face reminded me of a piece of carved slate-stone, so expressionless. His words were well selected, but they seemed emanations of the head, rather than heart language. He spoke so coolly of poor sinners doomed throughout all Eternity to endless torment, as if their misery were to enhance his own future happiness. The wicked thoughts began to come thick and fast, when my eye caught a glimpse of white arms—a little golden-headed child had climbed into her mother's lap, and was begging for a kiss in rather a loud whisper. I forgot sermon and all in this sweet picture of childish confidence and parental love. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." We must become the trusting child, believing in the loving kindness of the All-Good. I came home better than I went—but a babe taught me—and I am still feeling I have a Father in heaven, whose love far exceeds that of any earthly parent who watches over me, for "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Blessed promise! I sometimes think I would like to be a preacher of the gospel myself. It must be such a joy to whisper sweet words of comfort to the suffering and sin-stained, to reclaim one erring soul and give it healthy life, faith in God's mysterious ways. But how many there are teachers of holy things that hide the light in darkness—obscure its piercing rays in terror, and frighten the wanderer to the gloomy shades of despair. God bless the faithful! and remove the mental defects of others, that they may see clearly to lead the blind and earth-dazzled along that straight and narrow path that ends in peace, perfect peace.

*Monday.*—This morning was very bright, very beautiful, I do not know when my heart has felt so light, so buoyant as it did on my way to school; everything seemed uttering a song of thanksgiving—blessing God for existence. We had a number of new scholars, among whom was George Ellis, friend Katy's brother. He came in with Joseph Edwards—very careless, very indifferent in appearance—leaned one arm on the desk and took a survey of us all—such a stare!

I heard him inquire for Sarah H——, and saw the look of disappointment that crossed his face as I was pointed out—and so he likes beauty. Well, homely folks have a right to—I do—but *mind*, loveliness of mind, let *that* come first. I was prepared to give him, as the brother of my friend, a cordial greeting—but that look. We were introduced, and I was cool, so cool—what would Katy have said? He is not handsome, but there is a certain nameless something about him that pleases my fancy. He is slight, not tall, though I do not think I could guess just how many feet and inches he would measure. His hair is coarse, of a rich, peculiar shade of brown; features prominent, stamped with character; mouth large, which when thinking earnestly, he has a disagreeable way of keeping open, as if he meant to swallow one; complexion fair—far too fair for a man, the color coming and going like the bloom on a maiden's cheek. The only redeeming thing from positive plainness are his eyes, those are beautiful; and when I use the hackneyed word beautiful, I intend to express *all* that can be said in praise of eyes. There is a depth, a fathomless meaning in them I never met before—it seems as if he read at a glance your whole soul. I quite forgot the dislike which I at first looked upon him, and fell to worshipping the *eyes*, not—George Ellis. We have another new comer that interests me exceedingly. She came in leaning on the arm of Anna Morris—a pale, quiet-looking girl, with soft hazel eyes and rich falling ringlets. I knew at the first glance she was suffering from some cause—what could it be? One glance of rude scrutiny—I feel now it must have been rude, but I did not intend it, explained the mystery—one foot was distorted, turned entirely round, and she, that poor, sensitive girl, was feeling in all its bitterness, the misery attendant upon her misfortune. She entered her seat, pale and trembling, as if she had been guilty of some misdemeanor, and, turning to her books, was soon apparently lost in their contents. Poor Lucy—Lucy Gray, that is her name—she does not, cannot know how I long to take her to my heart—to love, to comfort, to make her forget this one dark shadow of her life—oh, if we could only know why these things are allowed. I suppose

'tis right; at least, I have always been taught to believe that all things are ordered for our good, that God never afflicts his children willingly—but there is such a rising up in my heart sometimes, such unreconciliation, that I tremble lest every earthly blessing should be wrested from me for my wickedness; oh, to see and feel the truth, this is the one earnest prayer of my life. Father! teach me the way lest I stray.

September 20th.—Evening again, calm, quiet evening. Eleven o'clock, all in the house are sleeping, and I am so wakeful that I care not for this "tired nature's sweet restorer." I have just finished my Latin exercise. This morning my lesson was a little deficient. George Ellis sits back of the recitation seat I occupy. Seeing my confusion, he pencilled a few lines on a slip of paper, giving me the requisite ideas; but I was vexed with him, with myself, too, and would not be grateful for this intended kindness—so I told Mr. A——, our teacher, bluntly, and a little cross too, I believe, that I knew nothing about it, for which I received quite a severe reprimand; no matter, I deserved it. I do not like to have Mr. A—— think me not amiable. I do not like his calm, searching glance, and then I imagine he can know nothing about all these phases of feeling, that trouble poor mortals like me—he is so proper himself, so Mount Blancish, if I could only do something bad enough, for just once, to get his face in a wrinkle, or his step a little quicker; but no, he looks at you with such a look, as much as to say, poor, weak child, and then comes the cutting sarcasm. I don't hate him, because 'tis wicked, and I wouldn't hate any one; but I don't like him, that's all. I had just finished my tea, and was passing through the front entry, when rap, rap, rap at the door, so I smoothed down my *new, black silk apron*, pushed back my hair, and obeyed the summons. Mr. George Ellis—he had brought me a letter from Katy. Wasn't I, Miss Sarah, straight and dignified for the first half-hour? But, somehow, I seemed to forget it all at once, in the flow of his genial conversation—so like his sister. We, Katy and I, never got acquainted, we were friends from the very first—ours was a soul union—the same elements existed in both, but she was what I dared not be—and he is Katy's brother. I saw nothing of *that look* to-night. I think he must have forgotten, as I did, how very plain this face of mine is. Oh, if I could always forget—heaven forgive me, if I murmur—but I do so long for beauty. My dreams are full of it—waking or sleeping. Why should it be denied me? Would it make me vain, proud? Oh, no! I would be thankful, grateful. I

would bless God, every day of my life, for the gift. I would love everybody—everything. My whole heart should be one joyful prayer of thanksgiving—*beauty! beauty!* After Mr. Ellis left, I had a fine time reading Katy's missive, her letters are always a real treat to me—they seem so like her own dear self—nothing is foreign or made up about them, but her true, real sentiments are expressed in the readiest language at command. She commences in her usual queer style, "Now, dear Sa', you know I can't cover this big sheet all over with sweet bars of music, and a whole vocabulary of pretty words. I can't be a nightingale. The parrot is more in keeping with my character, and suits me better, so let me write as often as I please, pretty Sa, sweet Sa, dear Sa. There, that will be the amount of my whole letter—or if you don't like to *parrotize* me, just let me be one of those great black crows that go screaming about your woods, and I will caw for you as long and as often as you please—they are great favorites of yours, I believe." Ah, friend Katy, you don't know how much music there is shut up in that glad heart of thine. What a blue sky you are to all of your friends. Speaking of her brother, she says, "I have written him not to hire any little short jacketed, dirty-nosed, copper loving urchin to hand you this letter, but to do it himself—and if you did not repay him as you would said urchin, with a nice thick slice of bread and butter, he will be sure to receive what is of far more value, *one of your smiles*. I verily believe to spite me you are determined not to get acquainted: well I will have my revenge, so take warning." If she had been here to-night what would she have said?—but my pen must rest, and I will away to greet the spirits of Nod land. I wonder what sort of images will teem through this brain of mine to-night—not very ghostly ones, I imagine.

September 25th.—A warm, summery afternoon, have just returned home—after making a number of calls—ran into widow White's a moment, found her engaged with a queer-looking body in earnest conversation—should think she might be about forty years of age—her complexion resembled a withered carrot, eyes small, of a faded blue; her teeth were very long, very black and uneven; her hair stripes of black and grey intermingled. She was arrayed in a variety of extra fixings, capes and fancy kerchiefs, one ranged just below the other; in one hand she carried a piece of coarse cotton cloth, about three-fourths of a yard square, which she was continually plying to her red nose, which appeared to be worn quite to a point, owing to



continual friction, I suppose. "I say, Widder Wite," she went on to say, taking no sort of notice of me, as Mrs. White beckoned me to a seat by her side, "I say, do you have any spirits here?" I started—what can she know of the supernal visitors, I muttered. "Cause," said she, "I could have got some stuff at Esq.—'s; but that's alcohol as what he sells, and I wants the genuine article; besides, they say, of course I don't know, but *they do say it*—somebody, that knowed all about it, told brother John's wife so—that *they do*, they puts water in. You know father never takes a drop, but he fell down this morning and hurt his hip pretty bad, and he thought as how it might do some good." Mrs. White informed her she had none. "Well, said she, rising, "I suppose, then, I might as well be going. I have got to get some new things up at that are new store; I'm so glad old Danner has sold out. I did hate *mortally* to trade with him, he was so stuck up. Now, this new trader, he jokes and talks jest like any common folks—jest as sociable with me—but good afternoon—I'd and all of our folks would be terrible glad to see you most any time. Come over now, won't you?" Had a good, long talk with Mrs. White. I do love to converse with her, she seems to know just how you are feeling, and what you would say before you find words to syllable your thoughts—she expresses herself so clearly upon all subjects—always cheerful—it seems strange how one so acquainted with grief can teach themselves such perfect control—the art of smiling. Husband, children, all gone; grass-plumes have nodded over their graves this many a year; and she, who in early life, found herself stripped of her heart's sweetest blossoms, toils on with patient endurance, looking forward to that blessed day when earth-parted ones shall meet in that home where cometh no separations; that heaven that dreams may not picture. I met Lucy Gray on my return; we took a short stroll by the river's side. I never saw her so cheerful, so happy, so forgetful of her misfortune. The landscape was very beautiful; as we came to an abrupt turn of the river, wooded hills, cultivated fields, white farm-houses, all seemed to lend a peculiar charm to the picture. I looked at her, to see what the effect would be. "How do you like it?" said I, after a few minutes survey. "Sarah, I can't tell you—I can't describe the effect that such beauty always has upon me. It makes me dumb—it carries me out of myself—I can't find words suitable to express my thoughts; but I feel—oh, I feel this world is beautiful, in 'darkness e'en and night;' and He who made it, how glorious must He be. I wonder if heaven

is fairer than all this?" We seated ourselves on a fallen hemlock, covered with the shaggy locks of age, and I listened—for Lucy, diffident, retiring Lucy Gray is the most fascinating person in conversation I ever met with—her whole face talks. All at once she hesitated. I looked up. George Ellis, with his friend, Joseph Edwards, was approaching us. George carried on his arm a basket, while the long fishing-rods swung over Joe's shoulder told what had been the last hour's occupation—sport to them, but death to the little, crimson-spotted trout that was to make the next morning's delicious meal. After a long discussion with said gentlemen, as to whether or no it were right to rob either fish, bird or beast of existence, unless to satisfy our necessary wants, we started for our homes. Joe succeeded in making Lucy talk, even laugh heartily at his witticisms. One must be well acquainted with Joseph Edwards to imagine, careless and rattle-headed as he generally appears, that he can be capable of feeling deeply or long at a time; but there are waters, bright waters, clear, pure waters stealing beneath all this outward show of froth. He has the magic power of making those about him pleased with themselves, consequently with every one else. This is a talent but very few possess—the very essence of politeness.

October 10th.—There are traits in George Ellis' character that I do not like; but the faults, if they may be thus designated, are of the head rather than the heart. He has not enough firmness—his ideas of right and wrong are most clearly defined, but he fails to express them sometimes when called upon, if he happens to differ from others, for fear of giving offence, or not standing quite so high in their opinion. This should not be. He should be bold, fearless in advocating the truth; the most sensitive of us like it better than any subterfuge or attempt at concealment. The "I don't know" phrase, in common use, either denotes indifference, weak-mindedness, or shows that one wishes to remain non-committal. I do not advocate bluntness, frankness of speech should never degenerate into it; but I do think, upon some subjects, we should express our real sentiments when called upon. Silence may sometimes be interpreted, and rightly, too, as assent in bitter scandal itself. This of course depends upon circumstances. I see in George Ellis a desire to please all. This he cannot do and be true to himself. His words and actions too often carry the mark of deceit upon them—perhaps the word deceit is too harsh. Never met I a person who hated in reality hypocrisy more than he. He is a seeming contradiction—truthful in feeling, oftentimes

deceitful in action. This, by the world, is called policy—a word to be detested—embodying an idea I have no friendship for. He has tried, using much eloquent language, to convince me it was right, necessary; but I am no proselyte as yet. He says that every one has not such nice perceptions of right and wrong—most of people have a conscience that will bear stretching.

*October 30th.*—G—— called last night for me to walk. He was very social, very kind, very attentive. He possesses a good heart, can feel for other's cares and perplexities. Gathered me a small bouquet of late autumn flowers. I have put them in my big dictionary, to press, as a remembrancer of the giver. I think he loves to gaze upon their delicately tinted leaves almost as well as I do—not quite—he has not such a passion for them. They would not talk to him as they do to me; but he is a man, flowers are nearer of kin to woman, more like her, fragile and delicate, and yet how sweetly and gracefully they bend to the sweeping storm; but when the storm-cloud passes, how brightly the rain-drops reflect the sunshine. So with woman. She may bow her head when adversity overtakes her, but her smiles lighten up her tears, and she becomes what heaven designed her, the last best work of creation. G—— was very talkative on our way home—told me what he wished, what he intended to do, to repay the kindness of his parents, of Katy, of his brother—his dreams are full of ambition, nor is it strange—he has tact, talent, what may he not do? He has been reading to me this evening—his voice is rich, full of pathos. He does not repeat a long string of words, leaving no impress on the mind, he gives you the ideas in all their beauty, as well as the outside garb, and the spirit of those ideas, clad in language, sinks into your soul, never to be forgotten.

*November 12th.*—Examination close at hand. All the old, grey-headed men, the lawyers and doctors—all the smart misses that have finished their education, will then pay us a visit—a visit of criticism—a visit we shall jot down in our life-book as one to be remembered. Mr. A—— wishes me to read quite a lengthy extract from Shakspeare—'pears as though I should shake a good deal; I haven't the confidence, and never can read well, with a whole room-full gazing at me—their eyes blind, shake, weaken me—and this, Mr. A—— says, is foolish, silly. I know it, too, but how can it be remedied? Then I have a composition to prepare, and am in doubt regarding my subject; lessons to review—oh, dear! Well, school-life must have its clouds, I suppose; but it has been so bright—the few past

weeks, I never studied with a better zest—even my dull, hated algebra has worn a peculiar look of gladness. Good courage, faint heart, your owner may yet be a scholar—who knows? A tap at my door—out of sight, journal—away.

*Evening.*—Lucy is sick, very sick—I have just left her. She has been growing thin and pale for some time, and now she cannot leave her room—coughs incessantly. Oh, kind heaven, spare her a little longer; we cannot lose her now, she has become so dear to us all—she has given us sweet, sweet lessons of patience and fortitude. She seemed very glad to see me; wished me to read to her from her own little Bible, the gift of her dying mother—says my reading pleases her—I speak so low, it does not jar. I was there but a few moments when Joseph Edwards called. Oh, who would have known you, Joe, boisterous, laughter-loving Joe? How quietly you entered that sick-room; how noiselessly your foot pressed the yielding carpet; how softly you took that little, pale hand in your own broad palm; how subdued were the tones of your voice. Oh, sickness! what a softener to the heart ye are—how we tremble and shrink back, frail and weak, as the angel of death darkens our path. He brought her a bouquet of tea-roses and geranium leaves, taken from his sister's plants—made a few friendly inquiries—brought a few sunshiny smiles to the sick girl's face, and left, promising to come again the next day, and bring his sister. They have sent for Mr. G——; he is expected in the morning. How will that poor, grey-headed father bear this stroke?—to see his darling lay there so helpless. Poor father! poor father! She is his all—in her rests all his hope of happiness here. She is all the heart's sunshine left him. Oh, how dark if she should be taken from his love.

*November 13th.*—George has just been in—tells me Lucy is no better—her father has come, is nearly distracted, but tries to appear calm before his daughter. She has inquired for me, wishes me to come before school, if perfectly convenient—dear Lucy, so thoughtful even now—our school has but little charm for any of us—we are very still, very quiet there. Mr. A—— finds no fault with us even when he speaks twice, and we give no heed, he looks very sad. I never saw a person change as he has for the past few days. It cannot be, and yet there are many things to favor such an idea, that he has a deeper, a fuller affection for his pupil than any of us have dreamed of. There is certainly something in his appearance singular—a sorrow that vents not itself in words.

November 18th.—Lucy has told me all—her affection for Mr. A——, his love for her—and now when earth is wearing such beauteous hues, she is listening to those summons which none may disobey. At first her heart had rebelled—but now she can clasp her hands, look up and say, “Father, Thy will, not mine.” “Oh, Sarah,” said she, “’tis so hard to become wholly reconciled to life’s changes. We may know and realize that the great Source of all good orders all things right—yet ’tis a hard lesson to discipline the mind to bow meekly, humbly before that power—to say from the innermost depths of the heart, ‘Thy will’—to see all of our earthly hopes frustrated, all its sweet buds nipped in their opening by the frost touch of death—but, thank heaven, as that change draweth near, angels fling open the portals leading to that brighter world, and give our poor worldly eyes glimpses of that hereafter awaiting us. Sarah, I had a beautiful vision last night, as I slept I thought my mother came to me, how beautiful she was, how sweetly she smiled upon me—then heaven seemed to open, and a great multitude stood before me clad in snowy raiment—and one, a fair boy, wearing the look of an infant brother long since passed away, beckoned to me and my mother, stooped low and whispered, ‘Go.’ Then it seemed as if a weight fell from me—my soul was free, free to soar earth-shackled no longer—oh, the joy of that freedom—how can I describe it to you? Such a feeling of bliss, perfect bliss. I paused to take one look at the loved ones, and the angel boy pointed upward, and said, ‘Yonder is our home, they will come soon, very soon, you will be here to welcome them.’ Then a strain of rich melody floated about us, oh, so different from any earthly music—I was too happy—I awoke to find it all a dream, but a dream full of meaning—it has accomplished its purpose. I am willing to go—how beautiful is life—how beautiful death that ushers us to a higher existence. Thank God that all the dark doubts and gloomy forebodings that have ever clustered about the tomb are dispelled. I can lie me down and sleep, for I know the waking—don’t think of this poor human casket. Sarah, mouldering in the grave, when you remember me, think of me as a beautiful spirituality, hovering above, watching and waiting for you to join me. If Alfred—Mr A—— would only be reconciled to this—talk with him when I am gone—he will shut this great grief up in his heart—it will kill him if he cannot speak of it—canker the threads of life to breaking—you are the only one that knows of the relation existing between us, except my father. He will listen to you more readily than to him, a

woman knows better how to speak her sympathy. She can touch the lacerated chords of a wounded heart with her sweet words of consolation, and add no pain, there is healing in her hopeful language. Mr. A—— will listen to you as he will to no one else, remember this. Good-bye, darling, he will soon be here, and I have much to say to him. I must rest.”

November 20th.—Lucy is better, and they are making preparations to take her home. She wishes to go, and her father is anxious to have her once more beneath the old home-roof. She cannot live long; but Dr. G—— says she will not be likely to suffer much; how much we shall miss her. I cannot write to-day.

November 24th.—Gone! all gone, what a chill the word strikes to my heart—gone! Lucy and all. It seems like a dream—my books are on the table before me. I am looking across the fields, bare and gloomy they seem to our dear old academy, its doors closed, the clear-toned bell that has called us together morning after morning mute, apparently tongueless. No lessons to learn, but I forget there is *one*, a lesson we must all learn—a lesson that teaches us every enjoyment must end—that shadows will fall where the light has been the brightest. I am feeling sad, very sad, and why? He promised to write often, very often—wished me to remember him as I did no other—called me his good genius—was there need of saying more? words are nothing. But somehow I am feeling strangely disturbed, tired, worn-out with the toil of the past few days, that is all. I must give widow White a call, she always has a remedy for low spirits. I will interest myself in others—ignore my own feelings if they are to be of this hue. A walk this cool morning will do me good—I know I can *run it off*.

March 1st.—No letters from G——, what can it mean? Almost a month since I have heard from him; but here comes father from the post-office, perhaps he has one—yes, but not in G——’s handwriting—’tis from Katy, and will tell of his welfare. We will read—

“SWEEP, DEAR SARAH—I am so happy, so miserable, one minute I think earth has not a single sunbeam, and the next, everything lightens up so beautifully—but I must tell you, try to explain this state of feeling, in the first place then, you must know Jo has been here—*Mr. Edwards*, I suppose, I ought to say—but I won’t, for I mean *my own good Jo*—oh, dear! how my cheeks burn—but I have not told you yet how that he was mine, all mine, nor when, nor how it all happened. But have patience, you shall hear all about it one of these days, if I fail to get it in this letter—for it is a long story, and ends with

a promise to take the responsibility of keeping Jo's coat-sleeves in repair, his stockings in heels, and himself in good-humor, the latter item, you know, will be a very difficult task. When all this will happen I can't just tell, but you shall be warned in season to prepare yourself for bridesmaid, recollect. Now comes the big weight that has almost squeezed all the joy out of my heart. G— is at home, and with him a little luminary I thoroughly despise. She is to be his wife—he met her somewhere South—her father is rich—she fell in love, it seems, with my talented brother—you know he is talented—and somehow they are engaged, and that is all I know about it, it has made almost hate him, my brother, whom I loved as sisters seldom love. This morning he came into my room, took me in his lap, called me his dear little Katy, the first time he has appeared like himself since he came home. We had a long talk about old times—at least I mustered courage to mention your name, oh, Sarah, I wish you could have seen him, he loves you, but *loves*, shall I say it, *money, station more*, and so all my cherished dreams are ended. You could have moulded his character, made him an honor to himself, a blessing to society—but she, that bunch of gauze and lace, what will be her influence? I cannot, I will not be reconciled to it. I will be as freezing, when in her presence, as a winter's day in December—but why blame her? My mother is—but I won't write any more now. I shall be with you soon, next week, I think. Good-bye, Sarah, dear Sarah."

A "broken dream," sure enough—and so he, the idol that I so foolishly, it must have been foolishly, set up in my heart, is false, false to me, false to himself—why should I not have known it!—why should I have been thus blind? But there was so much there worthy my best affections, I forgot the evil in worshipping the good. And now all that remains for me to do is to school myself into a different state of feeling, if that be possible, and it *must* be, for I have

pride, pride that would make George Ellis blush beside it. I will not even do myself the comfort of writing my thoughts, so farewell journal. I open not your leaves again, until I can feel all is well here in this silly little fluttering heart: won't I teach it strength?

Three years have passed since I commenced writing in this book: how many changes have taken place in that short space? We have been absent for two years, and have now come back once more to visit our old home, how beautiful everything looks. 'Tis a lovely day in June, June air, June sunshine, and June flowers are among earth's sweetest things. Nature is now decked in holiday attire, her green is fresh and luxuriant, unstained by dust, unshrunk by summer's sultry heat. We have just taken a long walk amongst the hills and vallies of this pleasant town of P—, how prettily cluster the little white cottages of our village; the one tall church spire pointing to heaven, as if invoking its blessings to descend upon the place. Beside our old home stands another cottage apparently new: it looks so bright, so cool there, the green lawn in front so refreshing, the soft muslin of the windows catching up the moving breeze sways backward and forward, revealing to our gaze glimpses of the little parlor, that little parlor! I wonder if we can describe it, the pretty colors of the carpet, the golden-winged canary swinging and screaming at the south window, above a flower-stand crowned with blossoms of all hues, whose gay leaves are drinking up the early sunshine: the full library of books, the pictures, the simple, tasteful furniture: but no matter now we haven't time, for here comes the proprietor, Mr. Arden himself, with an invitation to us to visit the old school-room. There are *two* chairs in the desk instead of one, and *she*, who takes one of them, is *Sarah Hamilton*, now *Mrs. Arden*—dear Lucy's prophecy is fulfilled, he listens to her now as he listens to no other. George Ellis is remembered only as the hero of a school girl's fancy.

## THE RECONCILIATION.

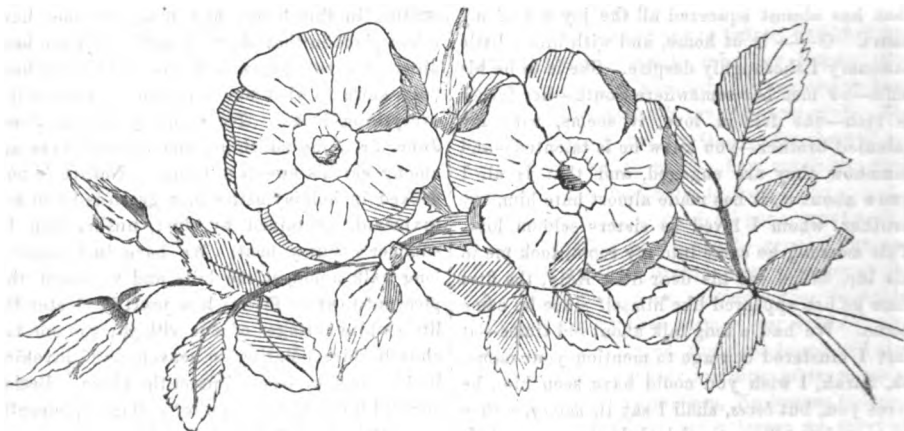
BY MRS. BROTHERTON.

THERE was a lane close-shadow'd, and deep-set,  
Tall growth of leafy hazels over-thwart,  
And high green hedges dim with violets:  
All green, even underfoot, but all unsought  
Of foot, save thine and mine, when we were fain  
To bring to solitary places fair,  
A love that could not breathe in common air.

Our hearts have since been steeped in change and pain,  
Yet let us talk of that delicious hour  
When both half-uttering one phantasic,  
Wished that green lane invisible, a bower  
Wherein we two might live, and love, and die!  
They talk, they weep, and lo! this charmed rain  
Changes their chang'd hearts softly back again.

## SWEET-BRIAR ROSE.

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



**MATERIALS.**—Hearts or stamens, green calyx cups, small buds: these roses can be obtained ready stamped and shaded.

Curl each petal with your scissors, alternate one side in toward the centre of the flower, the other out. Make a hole in the centre of each flower sufficiently large with the end of your pliers or scissors to admit the stamen easily, so as not to tear the petals: slip on the calyx and cup. Cut a narrow strip of green tissue paper,

and commence branching first a leaf and bud, then two leaves and two buds and a flower, then add more leaves, buds and flowers, until you have your branch sufficiently long for the purpose you wish. These flowers are very simple, and for pendants, for bouquets, or for trimming the handle of a basket, are very beautiful. They also have a very pretty effect arranged in clusters with the buds and leaves with other flowers.

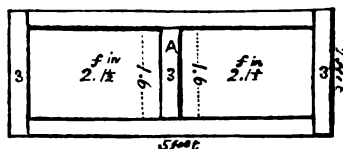
## ECONOMICAL COTTAGE FURNISHING.

BY THE EDITORS.

MANY a young couple who have determined upon sharing together "the better and the worse" of life, find a serious obstacle to the fulfilment of their desire, in the necessity of providing the wherewithal to furnish. The cottage is selected, and a moderate rent agreed upon, but they must find tables and chairs, bedstead and bedding, wardrobes, or something that will answer the purpose, with many other items too numerous to mention; and their common purse is not over full. What is to be done? For such persons we propose giving a few hints on economical furnishing.

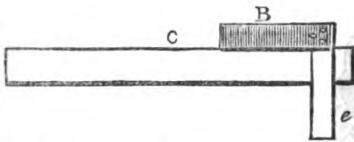
We shall begin with the bedroom, and describe a very excellent and elegant wardrobe, which may be entirely home-made at the cost of a

dollar or two. We will suppose the dimensions as follows: height six feet, width five feet, depth two feet; this is quite large enough for a room fourteen feet square, although the size is immaterial, and can be suited to circumstances. The foundation consists of eight frames of deal, similar to the following, made of strips of well-



seasoned deal, from two to three inches wide, one-quarter to three-eighths, or half-an-inch

thick, and of a length corresponding to the required length of the frame. The figure A is for middle piece. In the construction of these frames, a small tenon saw, plane, and very narrow mortising chisel are required, besides a square, hammer and nails, or (if the latter are dispensed with) a glue-pot to unite the joints. It is better for the amateur, unless he is really a skilful carpenter, to buy the narrow strips ready sawn to the required width. For a wardrobe of the above dimensions, he will require altogether a hundred and fifty-six feet, which, to avoid waste, should be as follows: sixteen strips six feet, and ten five feet in length. These being procured, a frame is to be made thus: take one of the six-foot pieces and saw it into three, all exactly equal in length, that is, two feet each. In order to ensure the frames being exactly square and true, (and upon this depends the neatness of the whole) take your carpenter's square, which is of the form B, and place it in the position

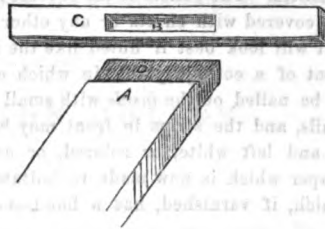


shown in the figure, where C represents the strip of wood to be sawn; you have only to draw a pencil line by the edge of the blade e, and it will be perpendicular to the length of the strip, or in other words "square with it." The three pieces thus obtained are for the two ends and centre of the top frame, as shown in figure A; the sides of the frame require two of the five-foot strips. The corners may be united by tenon and mortise, similar to the corners of a common gate frame; or by sawing the ends of each strip half through, and removing the upper portion of each in the manner shown below. This forms a

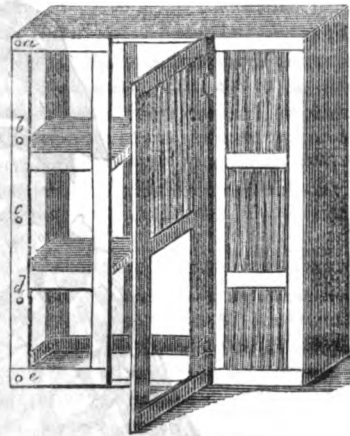


at joint, and may be united with glue, and strengthened by two or three small pegs of hard wood. The cut at a and b must be exactly true to the square as before, and the upper part cut away must be exactly half the thickness of the whole strip. The centre piece marked A in the first figure, may be united to the sides in the same way, or by a true tenon and mortise, which best fit true to each other in every way. This cut will not be exactly like that at the ends of a gate frame, but thus, where a joint of this

kind is shown upon a large scale, as in the connecting of two beams at right angles. D is the tenon cut in the piece A, and B the mortise cut



with a chisel in the piece C. We should strongly advise the amateur to practise making joints of this nature, for if he can effect this neatly and strongly, there are few pieces of furniture that he will find beyond his power; and we may state for his encouragement that we have seen a magnificent cabinet of carved oak, the sole work of an amateur, and scarcely to be surpassed in beauty of design or excellence of workmanship. Had the artificer been unskilful in mortising, the whole must have been spoiled. Bedsteads, tables, chairs, dressing-glasses, sofas, wardrobes, &c., all depend for strength and neatness upon the perfection of tenon and mortise joints. It



is not necessary to describe in detail the construction of the other seven frames, as they are similarly made, the only difference being in their size, and the position of the cross pieces. We shall therefore conclude with a drawing of the whole put together, merely adding directions for covering the framework with chintz.

The sketch represents the cabinet with the right hand side completed, the left showing the interior frames and two shelves, which may be added or not at pleasure. The frames are, when completed, merely put together with screws, so

that if it should be necessary to remove them to another residence, they can be separated with the greatest ease, and packed together like a pile of slates. The panels of the several frames may be covered with chintz or any other material. It will look best if fluted like the silk in the front of a cottage piano, in which case it should be nailed on the *inside* with small furniture nails, and the strips in front may be varnished and left white, or colored, or covered with paper which is now made to imitate oak, and which, if varnished, has a handsome and elegant effect. If it is desired to conceal the framework altogether, the chintz must be put on outside, as represented at the right hand side in the drawing; and in this case, the edge gives a more finished appearance. If, as is usually the case, the wardrobe is intended to stand against a wall, the back may be covered with cotton lining, which is cheaper. We have also seen one covered entirely with this, and bordered with red tape, which had a very good effect; but these are the points which we must leave to the taste of the artificer.

## THE COQUETTE SCARF MANTELET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



ONE of the latest novelties in Paris is a dashing-looking Scarf Mantelet, suitable for fall weather, called by the characteristic name of *the Coquette*. By means of the accompanying diagram, every lady can cut out this beautiful and seasonable article, without the aid of a mantua-maker.

This scarf is cut low and heart-shape at top before and behind. No. 1 is the body. No. 2 is the flounce of front. No. 3 is the flounce of

using Mecklenburgh thread, No. 1, for this purpose. Brush the back of the canvass, when the work is finished, with a solution of gum. It is particularly adapted for loo tables, in which the cloth itself just covers the top, and the border fits *tight* round. Sew it to the cloth, having previously lined it, and edge with a cord at the upper part, and a bullion fringe at the lower.

## FULL-SIZE MEDALLION COLLAR.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.

THE circle holes, and the flowers at the extremities of this design in the medallion, are alike done in open work, pierced, and sewed over. The small sprigs, however, have the flowers in satin-stitch, and the leaves in button-hole stitch. The same may be said of the border. Each medallion is surrounded by a line of lace insertion; or if preferred, of open hem. The sleeves worn with these collars in Paris, are of the plain Bishop form, terminating in a turn-back cuff of a design to correspond with the collar.

## INSERTION FOR SHIRT FRONT.

WORKED on fine linen, in button-hole stitch, } done in French knot. This is a very beautiful  
the small dots in the centre of each leaf to be } pattern and easily worked.

## STAR INSERTION.

WORKED on cambric, in button-hole stitch, the } the centre of the star, and between each star,  
small lines done in over stitch. The black, in } represents where the muslin is to be cut out.

## DEAD HOPES.

BY LIZZIE BRIGHAM.

SPECTRES dim and very dismal  
Crowd around my dreary way,  
Ghosts of joys from Hope's baptismal,  
Buried now and passed away;  
Thronging round me as I go,  
Shade they my life-path with woe.

Once the winds of pleasure fanned it,  
With the gentle breath of peace;  
And the rainbow light which spanned it  
Deemed I Time would but increase;  
Faded from its purple light  
In the clouded, misty night!

Once the earth seemed like an Aiden,  
And good fairies seemed the hours,  
Their bright wings all richly laden  
With Life's sweetest perfumed flowers:  
Now the moonlight falleth cold  
Where the sunbeams shone of old.

How the spectres laugh and mock me!  
How they revel in my breast!  
Then, anon, with dreams they rock me  
To a sweet and charmed rest;  
Then they wake me from my dream,  
And more dismal all things seem.

Would my spirit, clogged with sorrow,  
Could throw off this heavy weight,  
Hoping still a bright to-morrow  
Plume its wings, and trusting wait!  
Will no sunbeam cross my way?  
Will my night ne'er turn to day?

Will the spectres ~~never~~ leave me,  
And the dreams, so bright of yore,  
Though alas! they then deceived me,  
To my heart return no more?  
Then close round me, rayless night!  
Welcome, pillow cold and white!



## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**INDUSTRY.**—Diffusive in its tendency, industry would that every man should sit in the shadow of his own roof, under his own vine and fig tree, having enough and to spare. It would that woman might partake of the benefits of a free and liberal education; that undue distinctions of rank and wealth should be levelled, and a general standard of intelligence, integrity and moral worth take the place of the factitious blazon that precedes the pomp of puffed up power, founded on no real merit, no industrial enterprise.

Industry is progressive. Forever on—on, with the march of a conqueror, it is crying out for new worlds of science to subdue. It looks along the beds of deep oceans, and speculates whether some day it may not build an under-sea railway, as it has under-ground tunnels. It scans the stars, and determines that some principle shall be applied to machinery to bear man up along those grand highways. It measures mountains, and with the strength of an Atlas moves them into the sea, if it will. It calculates how many ships shall float from a forest of timber, and how many cities spring up in desolate plains.

Industry is creative. What new theory lies undeveloped in her thoughts cannot yet be told. But as surely as she has wrought wonders from crudeness, so she will create anew. Wild and improbable as many a novel theory seems to the common-place observer, industry beholds it clothed in glorious light, wanting only embodying by her own peerless skill. Even in the depths of darkness, it still shines in the chambers of her own brain; it is ever present; to her there is no chaos. Since the creation she has lacked not for material, and never will.

Industry is poetry itself. Who says that since the dusky woods have echoed to the thunder of the rushing car, the spirit of poetry has fled? It is not so. She has but "put away all childish things," and now in the grandeur of maturity stands forth a nobler being, than when her charmed precincts enclosed fawn and fairies, and sprites and genii danced around the consecrated circle.

Poetry! Think of the thousand steam horses, flying with more than the speed of Pegasus through vales and over hill-tops! The millions of spindles crashing, whirling and gleaming; the trillions of hammers, tripping and beating, with the great pulse of labor. Look down in coal mines, and from their inky blackness see the ancient forests brought up to light your homes. Gaze along the tremulous wires, and think that in every direction, the swift lightning is bearing messages of weal or woe to multitudes of waiting hearts.

There is a great epic yet to be written, and its theme will be industry.

**A FINE BALLAD.**—Kingsley, the author of "Alton Locke," appears to be as capital a lyricist as he is a novelist. Everybody remembers the exquisite ballad, in "Alton Locke," called "Mary, Call the Cattle Home." We cut the following, which is even finer, from an English Magazine. It is in the true ballad style, simple, direct, and full of intense feeling.

#### THE THREE FISHERMEN.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,  
Out into the West as the sun went down;  
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,  
And the children stood watching them out of the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,  
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down,  
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
And the rack it came rolling up ragged and brown!  
But men must work, and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,  
For those who will never come back to the town;  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—  
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

**DUGANNE'S POEMS.**—We have been favored with a sight of the proof-sheets, in advance, of what will be one of the most exquisitely printed books ever published in the United States. It is an edition of the poetical works of Augustine Duganne, author of "The Iron Harp Poems," "The Gospel of Labor," &c. &c. Every page has a border of a different pattern; the type is large and clear; and the paper is like thick, cream-colored vellum. We are glad to see the lyrics of Duganne collected at last. He deserves a much higher reputation than has been popularly accorded to him, or than he would have enjoyed if his poems had been published in a style deserving of them. We confess that we had ourselves under-rated his abilities, until we came to review his various fugitive pieces as a whole. The volume contains many things, which were entirely new to us, as they will be, we suppose, to thousands of others. We cannot close this hasty notice, without referring to a portrait of the poet, engraved in line by J. Sartain, and which is quite up to some of the most successful of Cheney's exquisite heads.

Such a *chef d'œuvre* in line engraving, for a worker in mezzotint, is a fact to be noted. The volume will appear early in October.

**SALUTATION POLKA.**—The piece of music, which we give this month, is attracting much attention in Philadelphia; in fact it is one of the most popular polkas we have ever had here. It is published by E. L. Walker, who has, at his store, a large collection of other new, brilliant and fashionable pieces, any one of which he will mail, postage paid, on the receipt of the price. The price of the "Salutation Polka" is twenty-five cents, and it is copy-righted. As are all the pieces furnished for this Magazine by Mr. Walker.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoirs of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* By Lady Hol- and. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The wit of Sydney Smith was proverbial, and in these volumes we have scores of examples of it, each seeming more brilliant than the last. But Sydney Smith was more than a wit, as the public learns from this work for the first time. In his domestic relations he was the most gentle, loveable and agreeable of husbands and fathers; a careful economist; and a thoroughly honest man. His daughter, who has edited these memoirs, draws a delightful picture of their rural household at Foleon. The reader learns to know and love all connected with it, from the mother to the youngest child; and even has his or her sympathies awakened for the monkey and Bunce. The book, therefore, has all the charm of a naturally written novel of country life, in addition to its fascination as a continuous series of jokes. The second volume is devoted to a selection of Sydney Smith's letters, which are characterized by sound sense, a racy style, and the most polished wit. We learn incidentally from this work much that is interesting respecting the early career of the Edinburgh Review and the lives of its principal contributors. On the whole, so agreeable a book does not often appear. It is quite neatly got up and we have only to regret that a portrait of Sydney Smith does not accompany the volumes, for it is curious to know how the witty parson looked.

*Ulie; or, The Human Comedy.* By J. Estlin Cooke. 1 vol. Richmond: A. Morris.—The author of his novel is favorably known as the writer of "The Virginia Comedians" and "Leather Stockings and Silk," two fictions of considerable merit. For dramatic power they evince, indeed, these works stand in the front rank. The Captain and little girl, in the former, and the widow, the doctor, the borderer, in the latter, are among the best-natured characters in American fiction; while the conversation is always natural, and this not only in *but in the language* employed, the negro and the child being especially good. In plot, and in interest, however, Mr. Cooke is less successful, the

first having little sequence and the last often violating probability. "Ellie" is inferior to either of Mr. C's earlier works. Nor do we have to go far to find the cause, for, instead of writing out a personal experience, he has, insensibly perhaps, but none the less actually, been led into an imitation of "The Wide, Wide World" and "Lamplighter" school of novels. We beg of him, when he writes again, to return to the rural life of the "Old Dominion," or to the historical romance. The volume is very handsomely printed, doing great credit to the Virginia publisher.

*History of the Council of Trent.* Edited by the Rev. J. McClintock, D. D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Without question the best popular history of the Council of Trent which has ever appeared. The author is Mr. Bungener, a French Protestant divine, favorably known to the American public by "The Huguenot and the Priest," "The Preacher and the King," &c. &c. Dr. McClintock has edited the work with great ability, having furnished an excellent introduction, and prepared a capital synopsis of the transactions of the Council.

*Habits and Men.* By Dr. Doran. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—A collection of racy articles on all sorts of subjects, from swords to stockings, from wigs to warriors. "The Tiring Bowers of Queens," and "The Tailors Measured by the Poets," are among the less statistical papers. "Beau Brummel," "Beau Nash," "Samuel Pepys" are some of the biographical sketches. The book, in short, is an entertaining *olla podrida*, which we recommend to all who wish capital reading.

*The Jealous Wife.* By Miss Pardoe. 1 vol. Boston: Pettridge & Co.—One of the best novels we have read this year. We advise all, in want of a new fiction to read, to purchase it without delay. F. & Co. have also issued a new edition of Miss Pardoe's "Confessions Of A Pretty Woman." Both novels are published in the cheap style, price thirty-seven and a half cents.

*Panama In 1855.* By Robert Tomes. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an account of the Panama rail-road, of the cities of Panama and Aspinwall, and of life and character on the Isthmus. It is both a useful and picturesque description, and will gratify any reader, but especially one who has either visited the Isthmus, or designs visiting it.

*The Escaped Nun; or, Confessions of a Convent Life.* 1 vol. New York: Dewitt & Davenport.—We cannot recommend this book. It bears, on its face, evidences of exaggeration, and besides is anonymous, which no such work ought to be. Grave charges, like those made in this volume, should have a responsible endorser.

*The Yellow Mask. In Twelve Chapters.* 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A powerfully written story, which first appeared in Dickens' "Household Words," and is now reprinted, in the cheap style, for twelve and a half cents.

*Olie*; or, *The Old West Room*. By L. M. M. 1 vol. New York: Mason, Brothers.—A praiseworthy religious feeling pervades this volume. Those, who were so delighted with "The Lamplighter," will be charmed with "Olie." A severe critic might say that the book was too diffuse; but as it is a first effort, candor will easily pardon this.

*Fresh Fruits and Vegetables all the Year at Summer Prices, and How to Obtain Them*. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A capital little treatise, describing Arthur, Burnham & Co.'s method of preserving fruits in air-tight, self-sealing jars. Copies sent free of postage on remitting twelve and a half cents to the publisher.

*Learning To Walk*. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Another of those charming volumes for children, for which Mr. Abbott has become so famous. It is beautifully printed and illustrated.

### THE KITCHEN.

**MORE ABOUT PUDDINGS.**—In mixing batter puddings, sift the flour, and pour on very little milk at first—gradually pour on the remainder, stirring well. This should be done carefully, as it is difficult to stir out the lumps when too much milk is poured on at once. After the flour is stirred smooth in part of the milk, add salt and eggs, then the remainder of the milk. When berries are to be added, put them in last. A batter pudding with berries requires at least one-third more flour than one without.

To cut a boiled pudding, without making it heavy, lay your pudding-knife first on one side and then on the other upon it, just long enough to warm it.

When essences or oils are added to puddings, always drop them on to a lump of sugar. If you attempt to put any oil in without so doing it will not mix with the other ingredients, but float upon the surface.

Peach leaves give a better flavor than any spice. Boil them in the milk, and take them out before you add the other ingredients. Experience will teach the number to be used.

The most digestible pudding is that made with bread, or biscuit, or boiled flour, grated. Paste puddings or dumplings are extremely indigestible; batter pudding is not easily digested, and suet puddings are to be considered as the most mischievous to invalids in the catalogue. Pancake is objectionable, on account of the frying imparting a greasiness. Boiled Indian meal puddings are not very indigestible, and are far preferable to wheat. It is well to mix your puddings, an hour or two before cooking them.

### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

**Fried Rabbit.**—After the rabbit has been thoroughly cleaned and soaked, blanch it—that is, put it into boiling water, and let it boil for five minutes; drain it, and when nearly cold, cut it into joints, dip them

into beaten egg, and then into fine bread-crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper, and when all are ready, fry them in butter over a moderate fire, from twelve to fifteen minutes; simmer two or three strips of lemon-peel in a little gravy until well flavored with it, and in this boil the liver of the rabbit for five minutes; let it cool, and then mince it; thicken the gravy with an ounce of butter, a little flour; add the liver; give the sauce a minute's boil; stir in two tablespoonfuls of cream if at hand, and last of all a little lemon juice. Dish the rabbit, pour the sauce under it, and serve immediately. Rabbit is very good simply fried, and a little gravy made in the pan.

**Browning for Gravies.**—Melt four ounces of sugar in a frying-pan, with water; add one ounce of butter, and continue the heat until the whole is turned quite brown without burning; then pour in a pint of port wine, stirring well all the time, and remove the pan from the fire. When the whole of the roasted sugar is dissolved, pour it into a bottle and add half an ounce each of bruised pimento and black pepper; six shalots, cut small; a little mace and finely grated lemon-peel; and a quarter pint of catsup. Digest for a week, occasionally shaking; then strain through a muslin, and keep for use.

**Serving Fried Dishes.**—All fried dishes which are not sauced should be served extremely dry, upon a neatly-folded damask cloth; they are best drained upon a sieve reversed, placed before a fire. Fish should be wrapped in a sheet of buttered paper before placing on the gridiron. This will not only prevent the sticking, but preserve the skin in a better state.

**For Tic-doloreux,** a friend suggests the following alleviation:—Strip several laurels leaves of their projecting parts, sew them together, make hot before the fire, put on the face, and bind over with flannel on going to bed. The laurel leaf is not dangerous as an outward application for toothache and pains seated in the muscles, &c.

**Arrowroot Biscuits.**—Rub together three-quarters of a pound of sugar and the same weight of butter until they rise; beat three eggs well and mix with it, then stir in two cups of sifted arrowroot, and two cups of sifted flour; roll them out thin, cut them with a biscuit cutter, place them in buttered tins and bake them in a slow oven.

**Plain Arrowroot Biscuits.**—Mix together two cups of sifted arrowroot and the same quantity of flour, with one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and a little yeast; knead all together, roll it out, cut it into biscuits, place them on tins and let them stand to rise for half an hour or more before you bake them.

**Transparent Soap.**—Cut into thin shavings half a cake of Windsor soap, put it into a phial, half fill the bottle with spirits of wine, and place it near the fire until the soap is melted. This mixture, put in a mould to cool, gives transparent soap.

**Embrocation for Rheumatism.**—Mix together an ounce and a half of sal-volatile and half an ounce of laudanum; apply three times a day.

*Sing of a Wasp in the Throat.*—Honey, sweet oil, and a little vinegar, beat them all up together in a small basin (equal parts of honey and sweet oil.) Some of this mixture to be swallowed every minute, about a teaspoonful at a time.

## FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF FAWN COLORED SILK.—Skirt very full, and rather long. Three bands of black velvet descend from the waist to the bottom of the dress, on each side of the skirt, decreasing in width as they approach the corsage, and trimmed on each side by a narrow edge of black lace. The corsage is high and close, and trimmed with *bretelles* of black velvet, edged with lace, which meet at the waist, and continue around the *basque*. Sleeves of the pagoda form, finished to correspond with the corsage. Collar and undersleeves of point d'Alencon. Bonnet of white silk, with a full face trimming.

FIG. II.—A CARRIAGE DRESS OF RICH GREEN SILK, woven with velvet bands. There are five of these bands, which decrease in width as they approach the top of the skirt. Corsage high and open in front. It is made in the *basque* style, trimmed with velvet, and finished with *bretelles* of velvet which cross behind, and hang in long floating ends. Bonnet of white silk, trimmed only with a rich ribbon, forming a knot behind, with long streamers. White throat veil.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL OF SIX YEARS OF AGE.—Dress of chequered silk, in shades of brown and pink. The skirt is without any trimming, and the *corsage* is low and cut square in front. On each shoulder a bow of pink ribbon. Under the corsage of the dress is worn a Swiss corsage of white muslin, half-high, and drawn, the fulness being gathered at top on a band of needlework insertion. The sleeves, which are demi-long and loose, are composed of a series of four frills of muslin. On the arm, short mittens of black *fillet*. Trousers of white cambric muslin, descending very little below the dress, and edged with narrow tucks and needlework.

FIG. IV.—CHILD OF TWO YEARS OLD.—Frock of white *jaconnet* muslin, the skirt ornamented with small tucks and narrow frills of needlework. The *etelles* over the shoulders and the *basque* at the waist are ornamented with needlework. The sleeves of the front of the corsage are tucked and frilled the same manner as the skirt of the dress. A bow of broad, light blue ribbon is tied in a bow and is behind. The trousers are worked and tucked to correspond with the frock.

FIG. V.—BOY OF NINE YEARS OF AGE.—Jacket of dark blue cloth, braided with black, and ornamented with *agrafes* of black silk *passementerie*. Trousers of grey cashmere. Waistcoat of white batiste. Shirt of batiste, ornamented on the breast with needlework in stripes. The sleeves of the

jacket are sufficiently short to admit of the shirt sleeves descending in full puffs below them. The shirt-collar turns over a neck-tie of lilac silk.

FIG. VI.—TUSCAN STRAW BONNET with a bouquet of natural wheat-ears. In the middle of the front, these ears, half of which are green, and the other half yellow, are ornamented with green straw and fastened by a knot of Tuscan straw. The curtain, also of Tuscan, is trimmed with a narrow black lace; the inside, of white blonde, is ornamented with a single bouquet of rose-buds; the edge of the front is bordered with a narrow black lace.

FIG. VII.—BONNET OF WHITE SILK with tulle bouillonne on the front and curtain; lilac silk ribbons are placed inside and a broad blonde decorates the curtain; under the left side is a bow with long ends; under the other a much smaller bow placed lower down; inside two bows of ribbon, one above the *bandeaux*, the other below.

FIG. VIII.—BRIDAL HEAD-DRESS.—(Front View.) The front hair is drawn back straight from the forehead, but not turned up so as to form inverse *bandeaux*. It is arranged at each side in smooth loops and puffs, amidst which small sprigs of orange blossom are tastefully disposed. The bridal wreath is placed at the back of the head, and so low as to droop over the nape of the neck. The veil is formed of a full breadth of *tulle illusion*, edged all round with a broad hem. It is gathered in fulness in the middle, and fixed at the back part of the head, and the two ends hang down, nearly to the ground. The dress, of which only the corsage is seen in our engraving, consists of Brussels lace over white silk. The skirt has three broad flounces, and the corsage is half-high, and trimmed with full frills of lace. A splendid brooch of diamonds and pearls fastens the falling collar of lace at the top of the corsage.

FIG. IX.—BRIDAL HEAD-DRESS.—(Back View. See description above.)

GENERAL REMARKS.—Skirts are still made exceedingly full, and of sufficient length to admit the support of the stiffest petticoat, and yet touch the ground. The tendency of the modern style is even verging toward the hoop of our great-grandmothers; they found the sedan-chair almost a necessary of their lives, and certainly it requires some practice and dexterity for a modern belle to get in and out of a carriage—and to ride in one, too—without damage to her toilet.

DRESSES of two colors are much worn. We will describe a walking-dress which is very suitable for the autumn. It is composed of rich black silk, with several flounces, mixed with borders of either violet color, dark blue, or Imperial green. The corsage consists of the universally adopted jacket, with trimmings of the same color as the borders of the flounces. The sleeves are fully trimmed.

BRETelles or Braces continue to be much worn, especially by young people.

LAPPETS or *Basques* still maintain their ground, in spite of the popularity with many persons of the round waist, with a belt or ribbon.

**FLOUNCES** are employed more than ever; all dresses for full toilet have three, four, or five. They are bordered with *Tom Thumb* fringes or small ruches of ribbon similar to those put on mantelets, but very narrow.

**DRESSES** for evening toilet are now made very low, and the bodies are draped just as they were under the first empire. For visiting toilet the preference is accorded to bodies opening square, or closed up the front. Sleeves seldom reach lower than the elbow. The trimmings alone come on the fore-arm, which they only cover in part. A style of sleeve, equally rich and new, is made of puffings of tulle separated by insertions and ruches of ribbons between rows of lace, and confined by ribbons tied at the wrist.

**DRESSES** with high and close corsages being now so much more generally adopted than they recently were, the fancy buttons employed as fastenings are manufactured in greater number and variety. When the dress is composed of rich silk or any material of superior elegance, the buttons used to fasten the corsage, are not unfrequently composed of jewels or precious stones; such, for instance, as emeralds, turquoises, diamonds, pearls, and sapphires. Some buttons are made in the form of a small rosette or a tie set with jewels of different colors; others are shaped as a butterfly, the body being in white enamel, the wings in sapphire, and the head in rubies. But the most beautiful and costly fancy buttons we have yet seen, are a set in which each button is in the form of a bee, the body being composed of topaz, the head of rubies, and the wings of black enamel speckled with diamonds. We only give the above as a specimen of the fashions, not that we by any means would like our fair country-women to imitate it.

A **BEAUTIFUL JACKET** is composed of alternate rows of black lace and narrow green ribbon on a foundation of black net. The lace and ribbon are

arranged so as to form a point at the waist behind, and, passing over the shoulders, they descend in the same manner before. Three rows of lace and three of ribbon put on in a slight wave form the basque, and the sleeves are made with puffings, the trimmings of which of course correspond with the remainder of the jacket.

**THE UNDER-SLEEVES** are large and richly embroidered, and closed at the wrist for morning wear, and the collars, though of a full size, are not worn unbecomingly large.

**BLACK SILK MANTLES** are of many designs; the favorite ones, however, are those which admit of being drooped behind to show the top of the dress, and of being left open before. A very handsome black mantle is trimmed with lace a quarter of a yard deep, headed by a quilling of ribbon interspersed with beads. Another, something more matronly, has a passementerie trimming of violet color and black, and is ornamented with fringe instead of lace.

**BONNETS** are made rather larger than of late, sitting well on the head and coming somewhat forward on the forehead. The discovery appears to have been made that bonnets are not made merely to leave the head uncovered, and there is a tendency to return to something a trifle more reasonable than of late. Trimmings and ornaments are less lavishly added. The very excess we have lately seen is bringing us back to simplicity. Among the bonnets most remarkable for novelty is one composed of black lace and cherry color velvet, and trimmed with poppies and blackberries. A bonnet of white crape has been trimmed with roses and black velvet; to the edge of this bonnet is attached a fall of black Chantilly lace. All kinds of flowers are now employed as ornaments for bonnets, and they are equally fashionable whether disposed in sprays or bouquets. Very frequently a single flower only is used. Artificial fruit is also very generally employed for trimming bonnets.

## PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

**HOW TO CURE BORROWERS.**—A lady, remitting \$10.00 for a club of eight, says that formerly she was in the habit of lending her Magazine to all who asked for it; but finding, last year, when she attempted to raise a club, that she had no success, she took a stand against borrowers. "I just said," she writes, "I should not lend 'Peterson' at all; and that, if they wanted to read it, they must take it themselves." The result is eight subscribers, this year, in a town where we had but one before. If all our subscribers would take a similar stand against borrowers, we should double our list, next year, from that cause alone.

**SEND A STAMP.**—All letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.

**WHEN TO BEGIN.**—New subscribers will be particular to mention with *what number they wish to begin*. Also their post-office, county and state.

**TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—Contributors, who wish rejected articles returned, must enclose stamps to prepay the postage.

**GIFT BOOK OF ART.**—For one dollar, we will send, *postage pre-paid*, this splendid affair, containing fifty steel engravings.

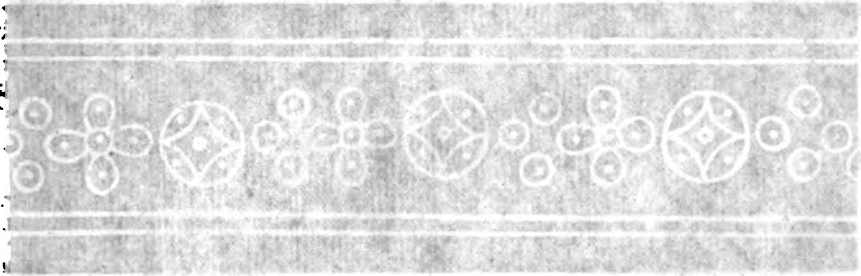
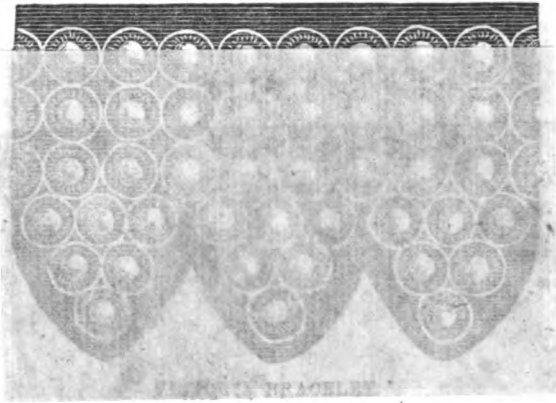
**REMOVALS.**—In case of a removal, inform us, not only what the new direction is, but what the old one was.





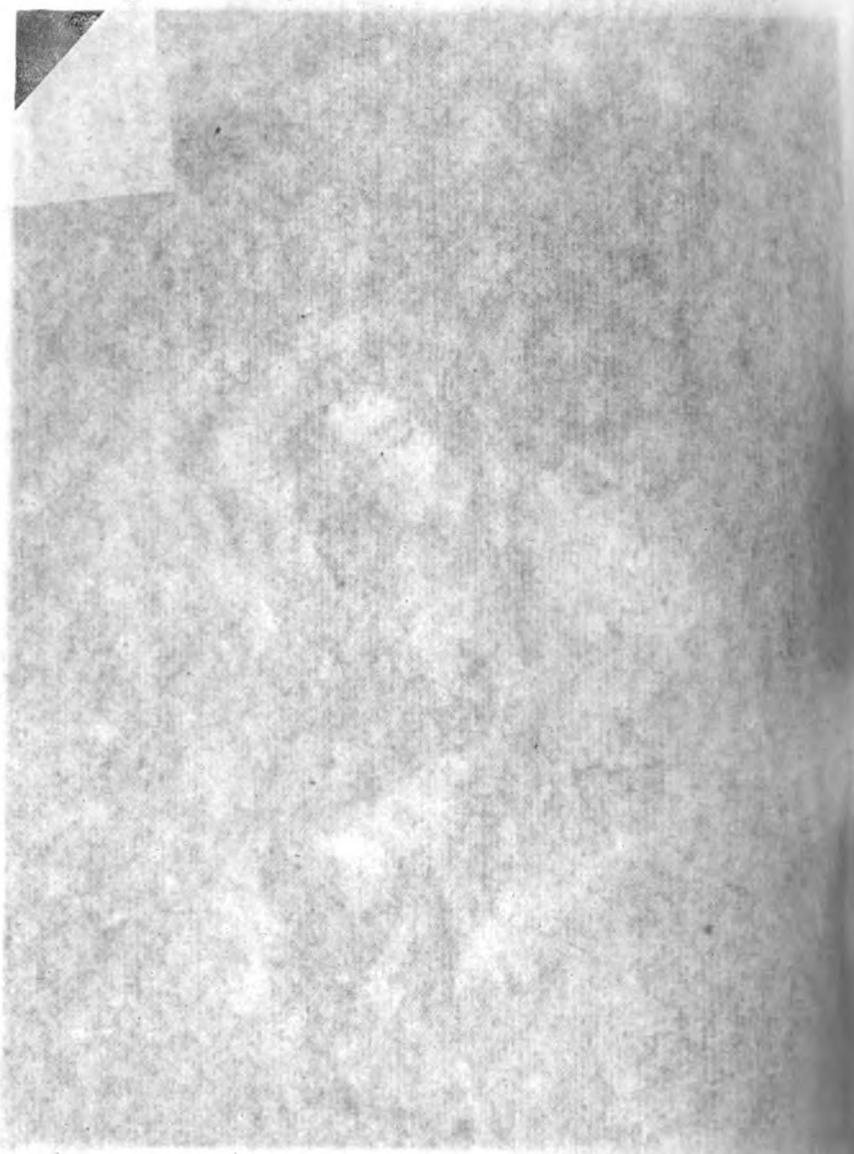
THE WOODLAND SLEEPER.

Engraved by H. Man & S. Co. expressly for Peterson's Magazine

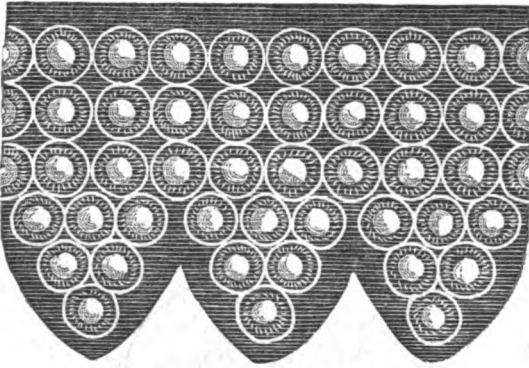


**GAUNTLET SLEEVE.**

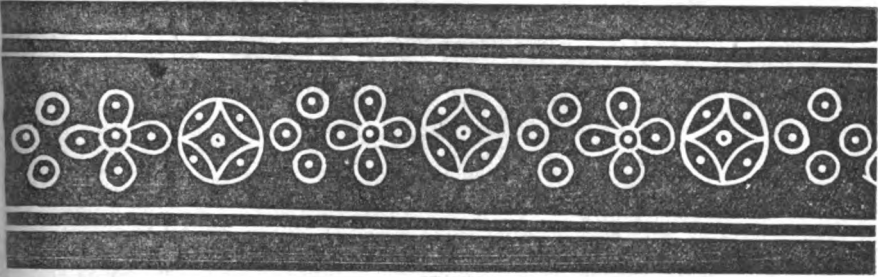




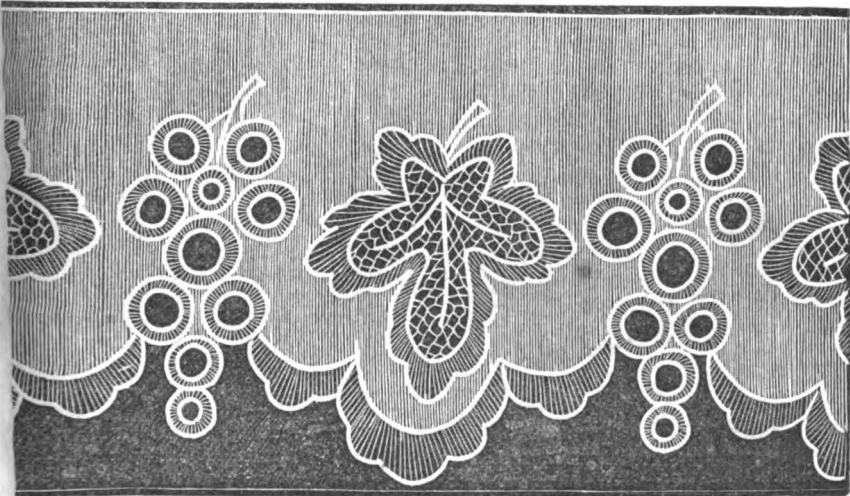
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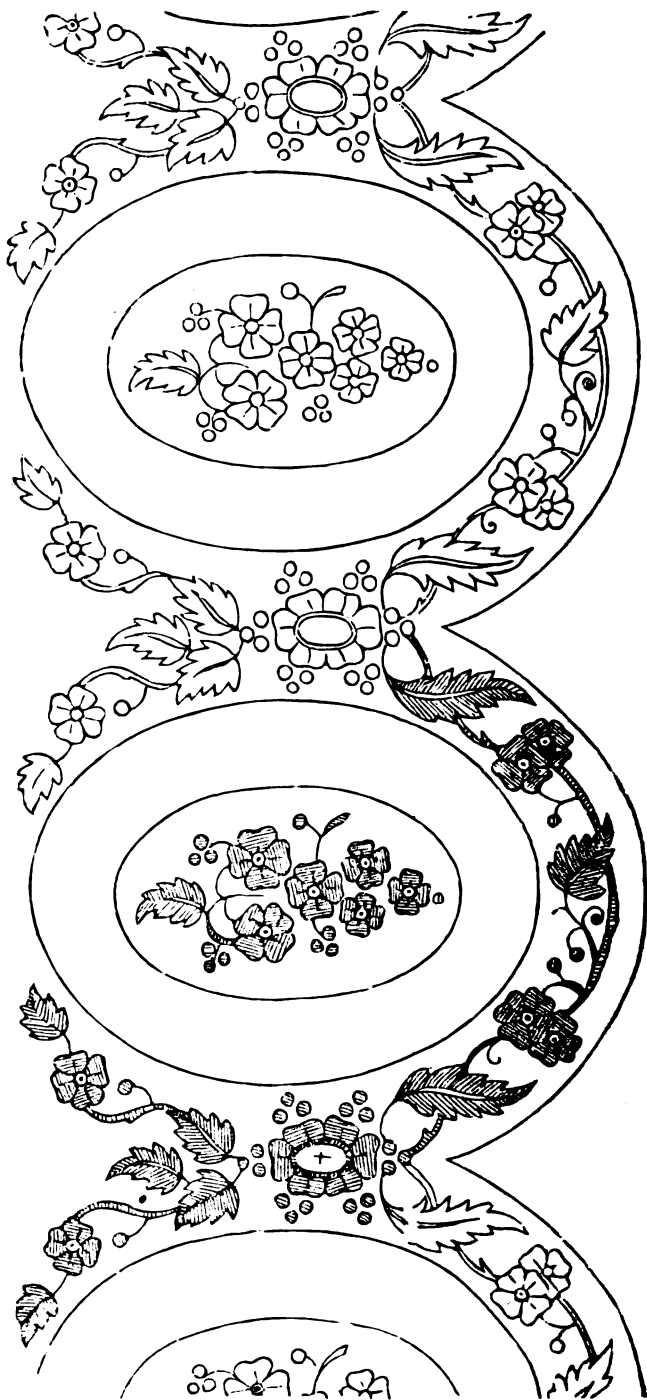
VICTORIA BRACELET.



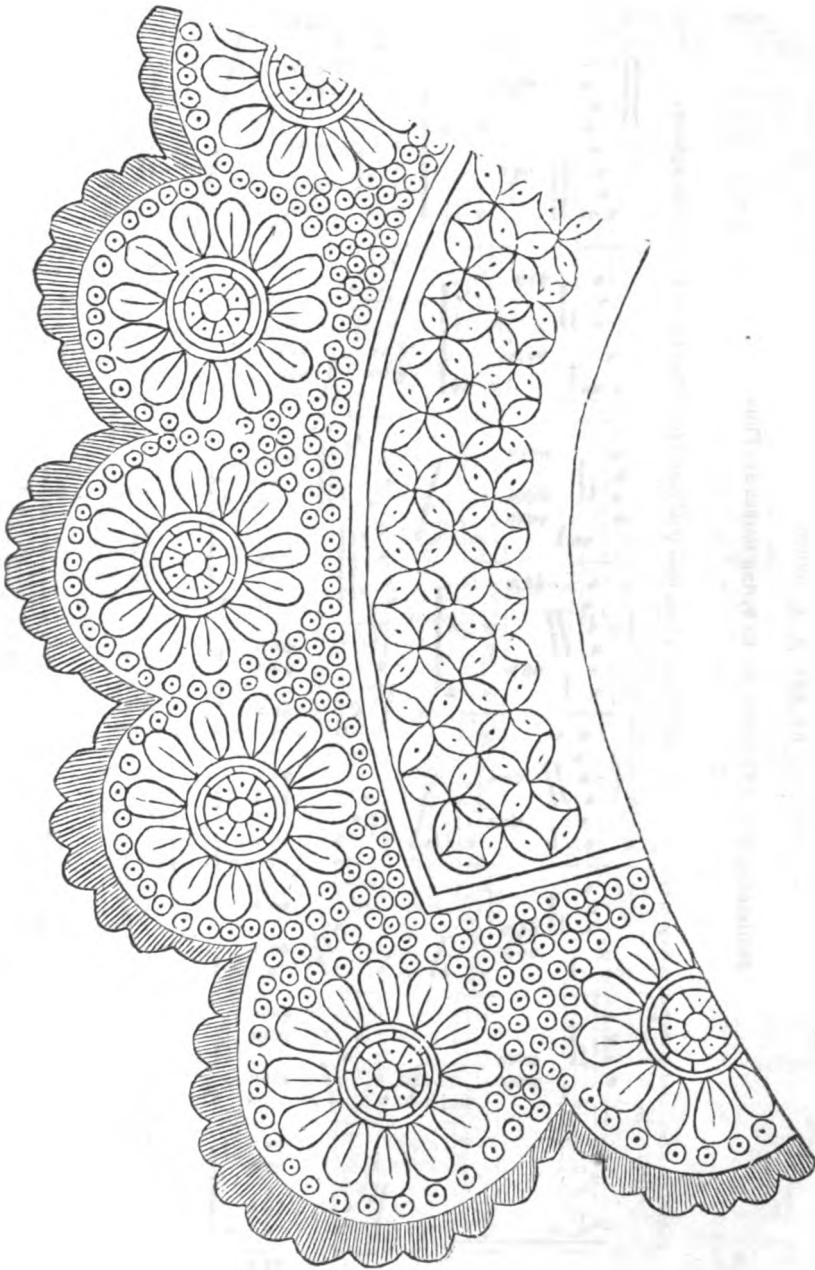
INSERTING FOR SHIRT FRONT.



GAUNTLET SLEEVE.



EDGE FOR SLEEVES, OR HANDKERCHIEF.



**COLLAR.**

# MORNING STAR POLKA.

COMPOSED BY MRS. S. R. BURTIS.

Published by T. C. ANDREWS, No. 66 Spring Garden St., Phila.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1853, by T. C. ANDREWS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.  
Allegro.  $\text{♩}$

The musical score is written for piano and consists of two systems. The first system is labeled 'POLKA.' and begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' and the initial dynamic is 'f' (forte). The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'Mosso'. The second system continues the piece, marked 'p' and 'Mosso', and concludes with a 'Fino. Piano.' marking. The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns and chordal textures typical of 19th-century polka music.

Con moto  
ff

*f*

*p* Allegretto

This system contains two staves of music. The left staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. It features a melodic line with various ornaments and rests, and a bass line with chords and single notes. The right staff continues the bass line with chords and rests. Dynamics include *Con moto*, *ff*, *f*, and *p*. The tempo marking *Allegretto* is placed above the right staff.

*pp*

*p* Con moto

This system contains two staves of music. The left staff has a treble clef and continues the melodic line with a triplet of notes. The right staff continues the bass line with chords and rests. Dynamics include *pp* and *p*. The tempo marking *Con moto* is placed above the right staff.

*p*

*p*

*SS*

*p*

D.C.al segno.

This system contains two staves of music. The left staff has a treble clef and features a triplet of notes. The right staff continues the bass line with chords and rests. Dynamics include *p* and *SS*. The tempo marking *D.C.al segno.* is placed above the right staff.



**NEW STYLE CAP.**



**NEW STYLE CAP.**



**THE SARATOGA.**

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1855.

No. 5.

## THE "DANDY FROM BOSTON."

BY JAMES H. DANA.

At sixteen, Kate Stanley was the belle of Leicester. She was beautiful as a rose-bud, merry as a Virginia reel, and witty as Sheridan.

"So this young dandy from Boston," she said, "boasts that he can have any of us country girls whenever he pleases."

"He has but to throw his handkerchief, Ned tell me he says," answered her cousin, "and the favored one will be his slave thankfully."

Ned Dudley, Jeanie's betrothed husband, knew all the young men of the village, as well as every visitor of note, and was in a way, therefore, to hear everything that passed. There could be no doubt consequently of the aspersion.

"We shall see," replied Kate, with a toss of the head. "I never have flirted yet, but I'll do it now, if it's possible. This puppy needs a lesson. Does he think we're Circassian girls, put up at auction, while he sits smoking, half asleep, like a Turk, and bidding off the prettiest?"

Kate had never been so angry in her life. Her whole sex had been insulted, and she determined to avenge them.

In a little while, Harry Nelson, the "dandy from Boston," became a declared admirer of Kate. He was at her father's nearly every evening, sent her bouquets almost daily, and was constantly seen escorting her through the streets. Every Sunday, he either came to her church to service, or was waiting at the door when she went out. She was his partner at all the pic-nics of the season. Everybody said that the couple were engaged.

But Kate kept her own counsel. If she persisted in her original intention, she was playing her cards so adroitly, that she seemed, even to her closest friends, to be really in earnest. When Harry was by she had eyes for no one else. She always managed that he should find her disengaged for the first dance at every party. She sang her best songs for him, dressed in his colors,

and even admired his favorite authors, though they happened to be those she had formerly detested most.

Harry piqued himself on many things. In his own eyes nobody dressed with such taste as himself, nobody danced as gracefully, nobody used such elegant language in conversation. But he prided himself especially on his guitar playing. The highest compliment he could pay a lady, in his own estimation, was to serenade her, not, as too many do, through hired musicians, but with his own voice and instrument: and this compliment he resolved to pay Kate.

That night Jeanie was rooming with her cousin. The young men of the town, it was known, were to be out serenading; but as Ned Dudley had gone to Boston, and Jeanie knew there would be no music under her own window, she had come to Kate's. It was a bright moonlight evening, and as the serenaders were heard singing, long before they reached Mr. Stanley's, the girls peeped out between the curtains to see if Harry was of the party.

"There he is, sure enough," said Kate, "and with his guitar. Now l'sten, cousin mine."

Directly footsteps were heard beneath the casement, there was a suppressed murmur of voices, and then deep silence, followed by the "thrum, thrum," of a guitar. In a moment more, Harry began to sing, "Wake, lady, wake."

"He looks excessively sentimental," whispered Kate, peeping out from her shelter. "No doubt he thinks he's a Spanish cavalier." And the merriment being infectious, Jeanie laughed with her, till they could scarcely keep from being overheard.

The first verse was finished. Harry, turning up his eyes romantically, had begun the second, "Wake, lady, wake," accompanying it with the monotonous "thrum, thrum, thrum," when Kate cried, loud enough for all the serenaders to hear, and in a voice almost choking with merriment,



"Goodness gracious, does the man think I'm deaf? I'm as wide awake as I can be."

A suppressed titter, followed by an unrestrained laugh, passed around the circle of serenaders. Harry's song ceased suddenly, and Kate thought she heard him give utterance, between his teeth, to something like an imprecation. A moment after, the party broke up, the young men moving off amid shouts of merriment at the crest-fallen guitar player.

The next day the story was all over the village. The day after Harry left Leicester forever, unable to endure being the common butt, and vowing vengeance against Kate, as an incorrigible flirt.

But from that day to this Kate has given no cause for such a name. She never flirted but the once, and that was to avenge her sex; and we are sure we have not the heart to blame her for it.

## BYE-AND-BYE.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

WHERE'ER heavy hearts are beating,  
Comes the gentle whispered greeting,  
Hope's sweet voice is e'er repeating  
Bye-and-bye—bye-and-bye!  
Chase the tear-drops, check the sigh,  
Joy is coming, bye-and-bye.

Rosy childhood's pulse is bounding  
To that magic whisper sounding,  
Telling of the joys abounding  
Bye-and-bye—bye-and-bye!  
Haste the moments, let them fly,  
Joys—we'll grasp them bye-and-bye.

To the student pale and weary,  
Through the night hours long and dreary  
Steals an echo soft, yet cheery,  
Bye-and-bye—bye-and-bye!  
Flinch not, pause not, guerdon high  
Shall reward thee bye-and-bye.

To him across the ocean foaming,  
Far from home and loved ones roaming,  
Floats an echo through the gloaming,  
Bye-and-bye—bye-and-bye,  
Thrills the warm heart, lights the eye  
With thoughts of meeting bye-and-bye.

The watcher by some loved one, lying  
Wan and helpless, to her sighing,  
Hears angelic tones replying,  
Bye-and-bye—bye-and-bye!  
Watch and pray, the languid eye  
Health shall brighten bye-and-bye.

The mourner by the green grave weeping  
Where a cherished form is sleeping,  
Hears a spirit softly speaking,  
Bye-and-bye—bye-and-bye!  
Dear one lift thy thoughts on high,  
We shall meet there bye-and-bye!

## A PRAYER FOR THE PLAGUE-SMITTEN.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

SEND down Thy blessed angel, Lord!  
With healing in his hand,  
And bid him seek the stricken shore—  
Our beauteous Southern land.  
We bless Thee that Thy bounteous care  
Hath kept our Northern home  
Free from disease—hath bid it still  
With health and plenty bloom:  
But while we praise, a dirge of grief  
Swells on the bright, warm air,  
From stricken hearts to earth bowed down  
With anguish and despair.  
And our hearts echo back that wail  
From the fair land of flowers—

Their joys, their trials, and their woes,  
Are they not likewise ours?  
But vain our sympathetic tears—  
And vain man's feeble power—  
'Tis Thine alone, great God! to save,  
In their dark trial hour.  
Father! For them, our brethren dear  
Unto Thy throne we come—  
Oh! let one ray of cheering light  
Break through their night of gloom.  
Oh, send Thy blessed angel down,  
With healing in his hand,  
And bid him seek that stricken shore—  
Our lovely Southern land.

## THE CITY COUSINS;

OR, THE ART-STUDENT IN BOSTON.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

How the subjoined letters came into my possession it is useless to relate; they bear internal evidence of genuineness, and I feel sure all who may read them will share the comfort I take in believing that a spirit fresh and sunny as this Kitty Clover proves herself, still dwells upon the earth—a prophecy of good which may yet come to us all.

*“Boston, February 3d, 1853.*

“DEAR MOTHER—In the great city at last, safe and well! I hasten to tell you this—but have not taken off my bonnet yet, am tired, sleepy, and all things look new and strange. I felt rather dismally just now when I first shut the door of my little room, and looked down into the narrow, noisy street; but I looked *up*, and there were our own home-stars in the sky—Ariadne’s crown watching all these brick walls, just as it watches the dear pine-grove at home. Those last words of yours were so true, mother! The same *heaven* above us both, however widely we may separate on earth. Good night.

KITTY CLOVER.”

*“February, 13th.*

“DEAREST MOTHER—Homesick! Pray don’t worry about that; if my letter gave you the impression it was a wrong one. At first I was too tired, and then too busy, and now I am too full of hope for homesickness.

“First of all, let me tell you, mother, that I shall re-enclose the bank-bill you sent. Spend it in little comforts for yourself, and consider it the first of many a remittance I’ll make home for that same purpose. I don’t need or want a new bonnet. Why I am tempted to accuse you of extravagance; didn’t I pay seventy-five cents for having the old one whitened and lined? Besides, in a city one can hardly look so shabby, but she will find some one looking a little more so—I have so much company in my shabbiness, that it is a real blessing—makes me feel at home. And then isn’t it enough to know that my soul is fresh and gay, and the humble bonnet is only a droll mask outside of a *splendid* spirit—yes, splendid, mother! for I feel so strong and brave sometimes that I reverence myself.

“I have been admitted into the School of Design, and am only too well pleased with my studies; I can hardly spare a thought for anything else. A number of lines and curves is given us, and each of the class may combine them with whatever figure occurs to her; over these combinations I work all day, wake up in the night with a new idea, and lie there in the dark bringing my lines and curves together, with a success I cannot copy by day. At the table I can only see the *angles* at which the knives and forks are placed, and the *curve* of the water as it is poured into my cup; in the street it is just the same—goers and comes, corners and walls stand to me for so much straightness and so much undulation. Only the stars keep their old, own place in my mind, and every clear night Ariadne’s crown still rises with a thought of the pine trees at home, and the dear mother within sound of their whispering.

“But don’t be frightened, and imagine that I am going to lose myself in a dry mathematician; if you could hear my drawing-master talk, any such fear would vanish; he never takes my book without laughing, for he says I shall have to pass a long apprenticeship in narrow, dusky streets, before I shall learn to make my lines as straight and my dots as tame as those of more successful scholars. He says I do not adapt my means to my ends—that I put into a carpet or table-cloth pattern, the great sweep of oak-boughs, the bold, brave uplifting of the hill-sides, with their meek declivities, and the glorious rounding of the morning sky. But never mind! I’ll smother down the genius *for now*, and make as narrow lines and as obedient curves as the most ciftied, see if I don’t! Besides, this excellent Mr. Elton makes the speech half for the sake of saying something poetical; he is a good teacher, but just handsome and just gifted enough to be vain and lackadaisical—leaves musical rhymes—though they don’t mean much—within my drawing-books; parts his hair in the middle, to look statuesque, and is proud of his white hands.

“No, mother, I mean to abide by our good old rule of seeking always, in all things, the balance-point between extremes, and making

'The limits of my power  
The bounds unto my will.'

I bless you for teaching this, and all the other wisdom she possesses, to your own KITTY."

"February 23d, 1853.

"NOW, DEAR MOTHER, confess that I am the most obedient of children. I have, to please you, made the first call at my aunt Winnersley's, and prosperously enough it ended, after all.

"Oh, they live splendidly! You could put our whole precious little cottage into one corner of their drawing-room—but I'll begin at the beginning.

"I dressed, of course, in my very go-to-meeting clothes, the old India-scarf and all; and put your rings on, for though they couldn't be seen under my glove, I thought perhaps I should *feel* finer to know they were there. But it is surprising how the presence of those who live for, and believe in nothing else but wealth, takes the confidence out of us—the poverty-stricken. 'Till I reached their door, no one in Beacon street felt more entire self-respect, or better pleased with their own appearance; but when the heavy mahogany door swung inwards, directly my fingers touched the silver bell-pull, and the respectable-looking porter stood waiting, it was like magic, the revulsion of feeling that came over me! I felt shorter, and smaller, and dowdier, and more countryfied than I had supposed possible for your independent daughter.

"Well! Monsieur le Porteur, after eyeing me from head to foot, stretched forth a salver for my card, and led me to the parlor.

"To do them justice, my cousins soon dissipated my fears; without being cordial and earnest, they were affable and considerate, and fortunately there happened to be no other guest present; I almost fell in love with the youngest and prettiest, Mary.

"There are three sisters; the two eldest, for all their fine dress, looked old as the hills; but were full of vivacity and intelligence, and were really kind to me—asked after you, said I must come often and see them, and showed me all about their parlor and library, both richly and elegantly furnished; some of their pictures are very famous, they say, and cost incredible sums of money.

"I am glad that I went to aunt Winnersley's, for their kindness has taught me to think better of rich relations. I *am* rustic, both in dress and manner, and the consciousness of this makes me so awkward at times, that I smile at myself, while my cousins would blush for me.

"But the strangest thing is, I left Beacon street feeling more self-possessed, and that myself was better worth possessing, than when I entered it. We should not boast, I know, but it is so hard here, not to pity people; they seem thoroughly contented with the little possessions they have collected, and to forget that anything can exist beyond or above these; and when we come to think of it, the fine, high ceiling of their drawing-room doesn't reach as far as the sky that bends over our little home, nor is it curved as gracefully as those arches in the pine-grove near; and their piano-music, though, mother, it was exquisite, did not as deeply stir my soul as the pines' low murmuring has done, when we strolled there at evening, you and I, and the stars watched us through their inky boughs. Those heavy, elegant carpets don't look half as clean and fresh as the carpet of brown, filmy leaves which the wind keeps swept and evened in our wood; and the velvet-covered seats are not so soft and springy as the crowded clusters of queen moss *there*.

"But how I am running on! I never know where to stop when I begin to talk about dear home. The cousins bade me good-bye, with a little counsel about my dress, which I needed, and therefore received gratefully.

"Considering our near relationship, their manner *might* annoy me, but it doesn't, one jot—I am, so proud. For all your teaching about humility, precious mother, I find there is no such staff to guide me in these city ways as self-respect—for which confession I shall expect a lecture about meekness from *somebody*! Well, if I didn't need, you would not send it; only let me whisper that I carry about continually the thought of an *example* more convincing than volumes of lectures: 'the gospel of *your* acts goes very far,' my mother.

"Write soon, and try not to miss KITTY."

"March 1st, 1853.

"Now, be sure, mother, that *every* week you answer the above questions—so far, at least, as they relate to your own comfort and happiness; and in return, I will be egotistical as you wish.

"Think of it! I, Kitty Clover, have been to a party at my rich aunt's, where her daughters invited me urgently, bestowed a tarletan dress for the occasion, and had their own seamstress make it—weren't they good!

"The party was made for their brother, who has been finishing his studies in Germany, and has just returned. Lately I've heard of nothing but 'splendid brother Will'; he might not notice me at first, they said; I must consider that half

the girls in Boston were in love with him. And indeed I must not be disappointed if I received very little attention from any one, as city people think more (they say) of talent, wealth and high connections than of youth and beauty. Accidentally I glanced across at a great mirror, as my cousin Eunice made this speech, laying her pale and shrivelled but jewelled hand on mine, and the picture I saw there recalled to me something of Tennyson's—

'A simple maiden in her flower  
Is worth a hundred coats of arms.'

"Well, I went, without very brilliant anticipations of enjoyment; but very soon found it a privilege to be admitted on *any* terms to such elegant and refined society as thronged my uncle's house. We like to see all sides of the world in which we live. Such a dazzle of gas-light, such glittering of diamonds, such rustling of brocade, such waving of feathers, and in every nook such clusters of rare flowers! I was bewildered at first, and resolved to stay in a corner, contenting myself with watching and listening, for there were lovely faces among the guests, and several distinguished people whom it was pleasant to be near; unknown to them, I could touch the hem of their garments and it seemed as if virtue might come to me.

"Cousin Mary, the youngest and the beauty, insisted upon drawing me out, whispered that I looked better than half the brocaded and velveted belles, and introduced me as her 'country cousin,' with an air half boastful, half apologetic. I wished she had allowed me to remain in the corner, but obeyed her wish, and was shown to every one. Last of all, to splendid Will. And now let me tell you something wonderful, that from the moment we were introduced, Sir Will devoted the attention it was plain to see all those belles would gladly have accepted, to his little country cousin! I suppose the poor man was puzzled as to which among them he should gratify, and so leaving all, took me. And then I find that these rich people, when they undertake to be generous and *complaisant*, do excel.

"You would never know that Will lived in a city, and was rich and splendid, he has so much common sense, and then he understands that delicate art of flattery which has just sufficient flavor of truth to make it agreeable, instead of, like the flattery of vulgar people, nauseating one. 'You little Clover,' Will said, as we parted, 'you are worth all the camellias and tea-roses in Christendom—your soul is fresh and dewy as a field of grass in a June morning—don't let the

city spoil you, cousin, as it has spoiled us!' Somehow I half believed him. Ah! mother, when shall I grow meek as the angel in my home!

"But it is only right that I should send you the record of my successes and my compliments, for all I am worth you made me. KITTY."

"March 30th.

"DEAR MOTHER—'Have I lost all interest in the Winnersley's?' No, indeed! I have not mentioned them in the last few letters, because I had so much to say about my studies, and about our home. The cousins are just as kind as ever, and Will, if possible, improves upon acquaintance. He is an enthusiast regarding art, has brought home some fine pictures; and then he has access in places which are open but to few—has taken me to look at many private collections, and all the public ones—we are quite at home in the Athenæum Gallery. On rainy days, we go into the Museum and look through the rows of queer, old portraits by Copley, Stuart, and others, at least so catalogued. It troubles Will a little that I care more for the mummies, and skeletons, and Egyptian antiquities, than for those old sign-board faces. Then we go into auction-rooms, and to print-stores. With the help of pictures, we find at Colton's, Will reviews his travels for me, until I feel as if I had really made the 'grand tour' myself. Bare outlines he always fills up, and colors with his vivid language—he is doing more to improve my taste than the drawing-master.

"But we have more than a few playful disputes about those pictures. A mere name in the catalogue goes three-quarters of the way toward securing praise, with Will; it doesn't go a hair's breadth with me. I don't care how many faint, fat young women, with fady eyes, and homely babies, may be labelled 'Raphael,' and looked upon with reverence as his ideal of the Madonna; so long as my own ideal is more beautiful, I mean to abide by it. Then there are Cleopatras, painted by French artists, disgustingly real, and more disagreeable for the scantiness of their drapery, though if they were shrouded in close dominoes it would hardly conceal their earthiness. I have seen people stand admiringly before these who would not enter the sculpture gallery below, where a glance at Crawford's Orpheus, or the Apollo, would give more pleasure and more benefit than a life-lease of this worn-out or sinful coloring.

"I find by listening to other's remarks, in these frequent visits of ours, that what they especially admire in pictures is to have them finely finished,

the paint evenly laid on, than to have them look like flesh and skin, and have good hands, feet and arms. In landscape, there must be the usual number of usual-shaped bushes—don't often get up to trees—some pretty clouds and a fine-sounding name in the catalogue.

"Will has a fady thing he calls a 'Claude,' which he has lent the Athenæum awhile, for the sake of benefitting humanity by its contemplation. I cannot persuade him that it were better to invest the thousands it cost in a little country-house, for the hot days, every one of which would unroll above it boundless sky-scapes, no corner of which would own this faded piece for a neighbor—melting, filmy clouds, miles long, immense in height, and glorious in the grandeur of their draping lines, yet tender in texture and true as the heart of a snow-drop. Skies so boundless they make us think of the love of our dear Father God, embracing all—calm and radiant as His goodness, and the peace of His *real* heaven. Claude, forsooth! I haven't yet found a key that opens the secret of what there is so desirable in this fine thing they call wealth.

"We have as much of human nature as of art in these picture-galleries, and have many a good laugh on our homeward way, comparing what we have seen and heard among the lookers-on, I entertaining all the while sly suspicions that cousin Kitty is as rustic and unsophisticated in the eyes of Sir Will, as more recent comers from the country seem to me. A group of speculators will discuss a Swiss landscape, of stream and mountain, and laughingly calculate how much timber, and how large a water-power the real scene must contain. A sentimental-looking maiden will turn with a sigh of relief from pictures of age and want, to this same Alpine scenery, with its wild, fresh, natural beauty; how I long to tell her that there's wilder, loftier, lovelier scenery in Boston; indeed between brick walls buried in human hearts! But we heard the most amusing criticism last evening, from a genuine Yankee, whose city friend had persuaded him to visit the Dusseldorf Gallery, because it was fashionable. He was pleased with the landscapes, which he evidently compared with things at home, would say, 'Why it's equal to Saddleback,' or 'Roaring-Brook is nothing to it—golly how the water comes!' and 'I say for't you could hide the *hull* of Windsor Mountain in one of them caves!' But the historical and household pieces, and the Allegories, disgusted him.

"See them wimmen,' he said, 'clustered around that Martyrdom of Huss—it's the fashion, and so they admire to look at the

scene, but where's the lady that would go to a real, live *hanging* now-a-days? they'd draw the curtain down a'feard of seeing the prisoner pass their window. Oh, no, 'taint dela-*kit*, they couldn't see that. I've been listening to the talk of them two fellers with the bow across their throats; why they say that picture at the head of the room, that man's face—cost an ocean of money—it is very old: in my opinion the man had better have took his money to a water doctor and got his complexion cured afore he had it painted. What flesh! they say: I wanted to tell 'em, so are they *such* flesh, and so's any beggar. Why I could find better pictures than half these in the street—with life in 'em—and no quarter to pay for the sight; all these boots and jugs now, and these old fellers at the table—I've got enough of such at home—genuine ones, no pictures. *That*,' pointing to some wild scenery, 'would make a first-rate farm, if it was cleared; but now it's only fit to be painted, waste land. Well! it's a curious world, one man takes the land and clears it and plants a crop; another goes and makes a copy of it, stumps and weeds and all—each to his taste! As for that Desdymony, with her great black eyes, I've seen blue ones that were enough sight prettier; and if a sister of *mine* had fallen in love with a nigger black as Othello, I wouldn't have owned her, much less have had her painted. How I wish I had the ruling of the world for awhile, I'd set these artist fellers to doing what's useful; make them rake together, and burn up the stumps and weeds and broken jugs and torn bunnits, instead of painting them; and if the wimmin wanted to see a bon-fire, they might look at *that*, instead of waiting to find how much like flesh Mr. Huss was when they burnt him. Yes, and I'd set these Desdymonys to cooking and making shirts; then they wouldn't have time to fall in love with niggers and disgrace their family.'

"Cousin Will thinks Jonathan's wish an excellent argument against my theories—or rather my unbeliefs—my want of reverence for mere names, dates and precedents. But I am no nearer Jonathan's belief than his—only I *do* insist that it is foolish to value faded copies, and overlook the living spirit of what they strove once to represent.

"You will agree with me here, mother, I know, for you agree with every belief that is just and true.

KITTY."

"May 1st, 1853.

"DEAR MOTHER—This spring weather makes me almost (not quite) homesick; the *Winnersleys*

drove me to Brookline the other day; you have been there and know what a lovely town it is—what wide green lawns, and what chestnut and elm-groves meet over on every side—then the little brooks seemed so glad of escaping from their winter crust of ice, and went dancing, sparkling and singing along merry as childhood; then was the great sweep of sky such as we have at home, and there were gardens that made me think of our own. By the way, don't forget to tell Wilson about pruning the sweet-briar, and you must watch while he does it, or he will cut it away too much; then have the lilies and forget-me-nots transplanted or they will die—the roots crowd so closely; and have seeds of mignonette and evening-primrose planted, so that I can think of you every evening, as seated on the door-step with the old fragrance about it, and white flowers opening in the twilight like spirit's smiles. Oh, what wouldn't I give to be kneeling there on the fresh earth this minute, in my sun-bonnet and garden-gloves, with my seed-box and trowel, you in the doorway watching me! Never mind, that's one of the *gloriousnesses* to come.

"Forgive me, dear mother, if my letters grow shorter and shorter. I have so much to do, that I'm continually wishing for another pair of hands and eyes—I could employ a dozen of each. Good bye.  
KITTY."

"June, 1853.

"BEST OF MOTHERS—Who could the artist be that insisted upon painting our cottage, and succeeded so well? Why didn't you ask his name? I always thought the place pretty and picturesque: our gray roof almost hid in vines, and the continual odor of sweet-briar and mignonette, and the lilies—some of which you always keep in blossom—lilies of the valley, day lilies, white, and yellow, and Ethiopian, and you, precious mother, best lily of all, with your calm white face that has smiled just as calmly through so much sorrow with your beautiful life—just as beautiful through perplexity and loss. Oh, if I don't succeed in becoming *somebody*, with such a guide, an angel watching in my home, I shall deserve annihilation! Did the artist have so much good taste as to put *you* in his picture? My cousin Will paints; very well, too; and sketches gloriously—I want him to see our house and its inmates, and he has promised that some day he will."

"Boston, June 15th.

"WONDER of wonders, mother! I'm all bewildered: the artist who came to you was splendid Will, and he is sitting at my feet this

minute, laughing because my pen flies so fast: and says he *must* have all that's wanting to complete his picture of our home, and that—that—why, mother, only think of it! the little country girl learning to draw table-cloth patterns, that she may earn daily bread, to become the wife of Will Winnersley. It is absurd, don't you think so? His sisters would be disappointed, even if they were too polite for confessing it; and then I should mortify him continually, I know so little about etiquette. Have I not done right in saying, decidedly, 'No?' But he is splendid. In haste,

KITTY."

"June 17th.

"DEAR MOTHER—Such excitements as have crowded into the few days since I wrote! My dear, polite, patronizing cousins have all but torn me in fragments; for what reason you can imagine.

"Will announced to them the fact that he had offered hand, heart, and fortune to their *protégée*; and did not tell of the refusal which he had refused to take. So they accuse me of ingratitude, of treachery, and several other vices.

"How strangely these hearts of ours are made! You must know, mother, that every fibre of mine has ached; for I love Will, and yet am resolved to renounce him: for all this, I have wanted to laugh sometimes in the midst of our tragedy, there is something droll about the anger of others when we are calm ourselves. 'How two of these anagogical mortals,' as 'Margaret' said, 'can get mad with each other, is a mystery to me.'

"This wrath of the Winnersleys is so unlike the expressions of displeasure to which I've been accustomed: the withholding of your smile has been my heaviest punishment, it has made the sunshine look sad, and changed the song of the pines into sobs and sighs over my fault: but this fire and fury makes me laugh, not exactly at my cousins, for the anger seems like an evil spirit that has entered them from without, and rages and recedes till our smile of derision changes to pitying tears as we watch in wonderment. You would be astonished at their violence and vulgarity; *your* daughter 'disgrace' such sisters!"

"Boston, June 18th.

"DEAR MOTHER—If the wrath was droll, its subsiding is drollier still: Will, in arranging some old papers, has discovered important secrets. You know my father and uncle Winnersley were partners in business; that in some dispute the partnership was dissolved; before any settlement could be made father died; and while one partner

was left a millionaire, the other left the pittance which I have been working to increase.

"Will has found, and declares openly that his father defrauded mine; that they separated because the former had involved the firm in those ruinous speculations which uncle Winnersley pretended were all father's doing; and in consequence his widow must suffer: so my rich aunt is penniless, and my dear mother in the little cottage is a millionaire. I shall be home the day after to-morrow—for there's no shadow of doubt regarding all these things.

KITTY CLOVER."

"P. S.—Will says he shall keep our little cottage, if only for the Claude sky-scapes that

stretch above it. He talks as if all were decided; and *will* not comprehend that my mother's approval is as necessary as my own. The cousins assure us that from the very first they fancied me; and they *have* been kind. Mary will accompany us home, for the sake of seeing dear aunt Clover."

I have selected only such letters as mentioned the Winnersleys, for the sake of the little thread of romance which runs through them. I will finish my work by assuring you, reader! that Kitty Winnersley thinks for herself and lives for others, as fearlessly and generously as ever did Kitty Clover.

## CHILD HAUNTED.

BY LIONEL CLIFTON.

I HAVE sweet fancies in my soul alway!  
Making a picture gallery of the mind,  
Where, in my hours of reverie, I find,  
By memory led, some pleasure day by day.

And 'mid them all, there cometh up to me  
A sweet child face, I chanced to see one morn,  
When Summer splendor bathed the lake and lawn,  
Till beauty seemed to rival purity.

I am child haunted! Beautiful indeed  
That face must be to hold me in such thrall;  
And send through my sad spirit's solemn hall  
Such thrills of joy, and with such lightning speed!

Seen once and only once. But stern old Time  
Glides by and leaves untouched the hallowed spell  
Of beauty and of bliss, that in me dwell,  
Because of one who inspirates my rhyme.

Sweet angel child! Oh, ever haunt my soul!  
For thou hast power to fill my weary heart  
With high born thoughts, that into being start  
And on the current of enchantment roll.

Unknown thy residence, unknown thy name;  
A stranger when I saw thee, even as now!  
And yet one look on thy fair, placid brow  
Has given more joy than could awards of fame.

May earth to thee be like a road that goes  
Through fields of beauty and of bloom, to where  
The ransomed ones of earth sing anthems rare,  
In the full plenitude of Love's repose.

Sweet angel child! come change and all her train,  
Yet nought can blot the vision from my mind,  
In glowing lines by memory's hand defined,  
I would this tribute were a worthier strain.

## ONE YEAR AGO.

BY JEANNIE DRECLIGNE.

I'm sitting 'neath the old oak tree,  
Where we sat side by side,  
I'm watching, as of old we watched,  
The stars at eventide.  
I've sang the same old songs that we  
So oft together breathed,  
I've wove bright garlands of the flowers—  
The same gay flowers we wreathed.

But one short year ago we sat  
Beneath this same old tree,  
But one short year ago thou sang  
These same old songs with me,

And in thy golden curls I twined  
The wreath of fairest flowers.  
Ah! will they ne'er again return,  
Those happy, happy hours?

Ah! no, 'twere vain to wish thee back  
To this cold world again.  
'Twere sin—though deep our loss, it was  
Thine everlasting gain.  
The "dim barque" bore thee to the shore,  
Where wait an angel band  
To welcome thy pure spirit home,  
To that bright promised land.

## THE FANCY MATCH.

BY FANNY FANE.

MARIA GREENWOOD was a very intelligent and accomplished young lady, but of rather too romantic a turn of mind. This feature in her character she most discovered in her discussions of matrimony with Mrs. Atkins, in whose family she was living. On a certain occasion, she heard Mrs. Atkins make some casual remark, to which she replied, "Why, Mrs. Atkins, I have often heard you say that love is the basis of matrimonial happiness. Have you changed your opinion?"

To this remark Mrs. Atkins replied, "By no means, Maria. What has induced you to think that I have?"

"Why," said Maria, "just as I stepped into the room, I heard you say to Mr. Jones, 'that love would do very well, but that something else was requisite.'"

"And that is just as I think, Maria, and Mr. Jones agrees with me in this opinion."

"Certainly I do," said Mr. Jones. "There must be love, but there must be something else besides love—something to esteem as well as fancy."

"So I think, Mr. Jones, though Maria hardly grees with me."

Possibly Mrs. Atkins had expressed herself a title ambiguously, for Maria insisted that she was not quite consistent with herself, or that she herself had hitherto misunderstood her.

However this may have been, Mrs. Atkins did not much faith in romantic love or *fancy matches*. She had seen more of the world than Maria, and took a more correct view of matters in things than she. But Maria did not think—she was sure she judged correctly, for she judged according to the dictates of nature—so, at least, she said; and "nature she knew was allible."

"What could be more wise," she often said, "than to be directed by reason? This, certainly, is true philosophy—the basis on which all our principles and conduct should be made to stand. For, what was reason given to us for, if we were not to be guided by it? Experience, Maria, is a good thing, when it can be brought to requisition, but individual cases necessarily vary, and, therefore, experience is frequently of no avail. No one could be

guided by another's experience. Every one must be his own director; relying, of course, on the light which he could obtain, but that light was chiefly derivable from reason and philosophy."

Such were Maria's reasonings with Mrs. Atkins; and at their conclusion, she was very apt to think that she had the best of the argument. Nor did Mrs. Atkins very strenuously endeavor to convince her to the contrary, knowing that a little more time and experience would do it more effectually than she could.

It will not be thought strange that Maria, romantic as she was, looked at things through a very false medium. Her own sophistical reasonings satisfied herself; and if not convincing to others, she thought it their fault, not hers. Things, indeed, which were obscure to others, she regarded as perfectly plain. She could determine any matter *a priori*—could theorize to perfection.

To Mrs. Atkins, therefore, she would often say, "Why, you seem to be very skeptical—you don't confide in anything. I should almost conclude that you were a Pyrrhonist!"

At remarks of this kind, Mrs. Atkins would only smile, and replying say, "Maria, when you have seen more of the world, you will think more as I do. If I am too skeptical, you are too romantic! Your bright sunshine will after a time darken—your calm, smooth sea be ruffled with waves!"

A few years before this time, Maria had lost her parents, and had, in consequence, been placed in the family of Mrs. Atkins, and as the result of this relation to her family, Mrs. Atkins felt a special interest in her welfare.

It happened, one day, that as the family were discussing the subject of marriage, Maria remarked to Mrs. Atkins, "Now I have seen something to favor my views of matrimony, if they are romantic."

"And what have you seen, Maria?"

"Why, I have seen in Silliman's Journal an account of a love affair just to my notion."

"And what is it, pray, Maria?"

"Professor Silliman relates, that a gentleman, on a certain occasion, whilst attending a church, happening to be highly delighted with the music, cast his eyes up to the gallery, and there he saw



a young lady, that struck his fancy so that, though a perfect stranger to the lady, he determined to seek her acquaintance, and to address her. This, too, he did, and he married her, and the result was a very happy marriage. Now, Mrs. Atkins, wasn't that a *fancy* match?"

"I think it was; and a very *hazardous* one."

"Hazardous!" said Maria, "every match is a hazardous one. If I should ever be married, I should expect to run *some* risk—who doesn't?"

"Why, Maria," said Mrs. Atkins, "I am sorry to hear you talk so, for persons who expect hazards, always meet them, or if not always, usually do."

Mrs. Atkins," said Maria, "you are too apt to look at the dark side of things; I always look on the bright side, and then if the worst comes, I suffer only the real evils, not the imaginary ones."

True, Maria," said Mrs. Atkins, "but sometimes, when we anticipate evils, we take measures to avoid them."

"And sometimes, too," said Maria, "when we anticipate them, they never come; and all our anxiety in such a case is useless."

"I am aware of that," said Mrs. Atkins, "but still I consider it best to consult probabilities."

"Ah! that is too *mathematical* for me," said Maria, "I would rather do as the mariner does—go to sea at a venture——"

"And get wrecked!"

"Ah! that *might* be, but it might not."

"Hundreds have been wrecked even in matrimony."

"True, and hundreds of sailors, too; but would it not look amazingly foolish for the sailor to sit down and calculate his chances at sea?"

"But the sailor does not go to sea without *some* calculation."

"And of what value is it? For how can he tell, beforehand, what the weather will be? how many storms he must contend with? how many dangers encounter? Or, afterward, how so delight to speak of his exposure, or how look upon himself with so much self-gratulation?"

"But, Maria, the storm at sea is soon over, and the danger past, but when trouble arises in the matrimonial life it becomes permanent; at least, there is danger of its becoming so."

"And the greater the danger, the more *romantic*," said Maria.

"Then, on your principle," said Mrs. Atkins, "I think there need be little or no love at all!"

"Oh," said Maria, "I don't carry things so far as that; only I would love *at a venture*!"

"Then if you fancy a man *that* is enough."

"Yes, just as the gentleman did the lady in the choir of singers—that was a lovely marriage! I should congratulate myself on having a similar good fortune."

"Why, Maria, would you marry a man without knowing his good qualities?"

"Indeed I would if I fancied him!"

"Well, then, I shall have to *weep* for you."

"Yes, ma'am, tears of joy!"

Without continuing the conversation any farther, Mrs. Atkins retired from the room, having at the time to call at an acquaintance on some business of special importance. Whilst she was thus employed, a gentleman, who had never seen Maria, took occasion, in company with a friend of his, to call in a moment, professedly to see Mrs. Atkins, but really to take a look at Maria. Learning that Mrs. Atkins was out at the time, the friend of the gentleman in question, took the liberty to ask for Miss Greenwood, being himself acquainted with her. Accordingly, Miss Greenwood received the gentlemen, and was highly pleased with the call with which she had been honored. The stranger, Mr. Mendon, was equally pleased—Maria struck his fancy most completely! He was, however, "to leave the town soon, much to his regret," as he said, and much too to Maria's, as it seemed. For now she had had the opportunity of gratifying her taste in the way of romance—the stranger was the very beau ideal of perfection! So handsome, so entertaining, so intelligent, so wonderfully polite—for the first time in her life she was deeply in love! No one knew it indeed but herself—but so it was. "And would the gentleman call again? Should she see him once more? She hoped so—she almost knew she should—and yet why did she not entertain him more agreeably?—why was she so cold and formal? But perhaps he would call—if he did she promised to herself to do better the next time."

In the meantime, Mrs. Atkins having attended to her engagements, returned, and Maria informed her of the call which she had received.

"And how did you like Mr. Mendon?" said Mrs. Atkins.

"Oh!" said Maria, "he is a lovely man!"

"What makes you think so?" said Mrs. Atkins.

"Think!" said Maria—"I don't think—I *know* he is a lovely man!"

"And how could you know it, since you never saw him before?"

"Couldn't I know that the sun shines, though I had never seen it before?" said Maria.

"I rather think you could," said Mrs. Atkins, "and I think you could hardly have been more

dazzled by the sun, the first time you saw it, than you are now by this stranger."

"Don't you think any one can know another by intuition, Mrs. Atkins?"

"I think we are often greatly deceived by mankind—especially by strangers."

"And didn't you ever hear of any lady's marrying a stranger?"

"To be sure I have—and worse things than that afterward!"

"Well, I don't love to prognosticate evil Mrs. Atkins."

"Nor do I, but I love to avoid it."

Maria saw that Mrs. Atkins was not going to fall in with her views, and, therefore, concluded not to discuss the matter any farther at the time. She hoped, however, that Mr. Mendon would call again, and that Mrs. Atkins would see him.

After a few days, Mr. Mendon made it convenient to be in the town of Western again, and, of course, again paid his respects to Maria.

At this time Mrs. Atkins was at home, as Maria had wished that she might be; and she saw the agreeable Mr. Mendon.

Now Mr. Mendon was a very agreeable gentleman, and a very handsome man too. Besides he was a man of the world, and consequently very taking in his manners. Professedly he was very wealthy, and of course full of business.

Maria's imagination was now filled with glowing pictures! "One of the gentleman's estates was certainly an Eden! On it were lovely landscapes—crystal streams—sweet-scented bowers and fruits of every variety and hue; all indeed that could charm the eye, or gratify the taste! And was there any hope or probability that Maria Greenwood could ever come into possession of this promised land?"

Yes, indeed! The gentleman, the self-same Mr. Mendon had, after due time, solicited the hand of the romantic Maria; and she had most willingly consented to give it to him!

"Oh!" said she to herself, "this is to be a most perfect fancy match!—just the thing that I have always coveted. And will it not annihilate all of Mrs. Atkins' theories about matrimony? I hope it may, indeed: I do, with all my heart!"

At this moment, Mr. Jones happened to call at Mrs. Atkins', and having made inquiry in regard to Mr. Mendon, and learned his character, he said to Mrs. Atkins, "Do you know anything about the reputation of Mr. Mendon?"

"No," said she, "I do not. He appears to be quite a gentleman."

"He is one of the *light-fingered* gentry," said Mr. Jones.

"He is!" said Mrs. Atkins, "I am very sorry to hear it—for I was hoping that he was just the person for Maria."

"And ought you not to tell Maria of the risk that she is about to run?"

"It would be of no avail, Mr. Jones. She would only be the more anxious to encounter it."

"Is it possible?" said he.

"Certainly it is," replied Mrs. Atkins, "for she imagines that she shall have so much influence over her husband, as that she can completely control him!"

"Just as Phœton did his steeds! For who ever heard of such a thing as a change in the fixed habits of a man by any influence short of divine? Neither a lady, married nor unmarried, is competent for such a task."

"Maria thinks that *she* is, and no one could convince her otherwise. And besides in matters of this sort, you know, that it is the easiest of all things to get the ill-will of the person by speaking against the one whom she loves. Still it may be my duty to say a word in the way of caution, and therefore I will do it, although I know it will be perfectly idle."

Accordingly Mrs. Atkins took occasion to say to Maria, that she felt a great deal of interest in her happiness, and that she was very anxious that she should do well in her matrimonial relations. To this Maria replied, that she knew that what she said was true, and that she felt greatly indebted to Mrs. Atkins for her kind feelings.

"Would you be willing then," said Mrs. Atkins, "that I should suggest to you that you ought to be better acquainted with Mr. Mendon before marrying him? It seems to me that you hardly know his character."

"Why, I know the *man*," said Maria, "is not this enough? He is certainly a gentleman."

"But suppose he spends his nights at the gaming-table?"

"Oh! I should expect him to have more regard for his wife than to do that."

"And your expectations would hardly be realized, for the tendency of habits is from bad to worse."

"And do you not know that a lady can exert any influence over her husband?"

"Oh! yes, most certainly—but reformations from bad practices are of all things the most difficult. A relapse is more likely to recur than a recovery."

"Why you would make out a lady to be a mere cipher."

"Oh! no, Maria, but ladies cannot do things impossible."

"But do you not remember, Mrs. Atkins, the case of Mr. Vinton? Before he married he was a confirmed inebriate—now he is the model of sobriety!"

"And may he not yet fall?"

"Oh! dear Mrs. Atkins, there come in the shadows again. I wonder if you ever saw a clear sky."

Mrs. Atkins saw that it was useless to argue the point with Maria, and that as she was charmed so she must be destroyed by the serpent!

Accordingly, in a few weeks, Maria was married to Mendon, and all was fair and promising. Mr. Mendon was a most faithful and devoted husband, and Maria congratulated herself on the happy choice which she had made. Having lived in the country remote from any large city, she was now transferred to the vicinity of Petersville, a large town—a circumstance that pleased her exceedingly.

In these circumstances she longed to inform her friend, Mrs. Atkins, that her former theoretic views were now realized, and, therefore, based upon a substantial foundation. They had been tested, and very happily too.

Accordingly she sent Mrs. Atkins an invitation to pay her a visit. This invitation Mrs. Atkins accepted, and congratulated Maria on her good fortune. Still she was not quite satisfied that things would always continue so. She saw, as she imagined, some indications of an unfavorable character. But she kept silent, merely watching the progress of events.

Now it happened soon after this that the great races were to come off, and that the former associates of Mendon were to collect together in Petersville. The trying time, therefore, was now at hand. Mr. Mendon was to be exposed to temptation. Of this, however, Maria knew nothing, except the fact that the races were to take place.

Meeting with his boon companions, he was, of course, solicited to join with them in their sports. He did so. He was urged to try his hand. "The descent to Avernus is easy." He complied with the solicitations of his tempters. He became a party—a loser—ruined! In the course of a few hours his own means were forfeited and Maria's too! Her entire *fifty thousand* was scattered to the winds.

In the meantime, Mrs. Atkins had returned to her home, and informed the anxious inquirers about Maria, that she seemed to have done well.

Nor was Maria immediately aware of what had recently transpired in relation to her husband's affairs. He, it was true, was apparently quite

ill at ease—but assigned some little ailment as the cause, and thus kept her from undue anxiety.

But rumor did not long delay conveying the sad intelligence to Maria. It came, and came with a vengeance! At first he staked his own property, then hers! Her entire *fifty thousand* was beyond recall! *hers*, no more!

Maria could not believe it. "Oh! no—it was impossible! It was a slur on the character of Mendon—a fabrication to injure his good name! He was too much of a *gentleman* to be so culpable! It was all a lie!" So she said—believed—hoped!

Alas! for Maria, her romance had now reached its maximum. Her large fortune had been converted into money—staked—lost!

And with the loss of her fortune, her husband lost his love for *her*, and bid her, at heart, a heartless adieu!

"Oh! my dear husband," said she, "do you not still love me?"

"Why should I," said he, "you reproach me for my misfortunes?"

"No, indeed," said she, "I do not—I sympathize with you—that is all."

"I need none of your sympathy," said he—"keep it for yourself!"

"My dear husband, can you talk so to me now? A few months ago, I gave you my heart, my hand, my fortune!"

"And I wish you had them all back again," said he, "for I want neither of them!"

Maria said no more—indeed she was scarcely able to say this—she saw that her romance had indeed ruined her—that her fancy had led her astray—astray to her utter desolation!

Retiring to her room, she threw herself into her rocking-chair, and wept like a child. Here almost frantic she uttered, "Mrs. Atkins! Mrs. Atkins! Oh! that I had listened to your wise counsels! I should never have thus been the wreck of folly!"

A few weeks after, Mrs. Atkins came to Petersville to reside. In a few days she took occasion to call and see Maria, and to express her sympathy for her calamities.

Glad, indeed, was Maria once more to see Mrs. Atkins; for she knew that she should now have one to condole with her. On meeting with Mrs. Atkins she fell on her knees, and with tears in her eyes, she cried, "Oh! Mrs. Atkins, can you forgive me—can you?"

"Yes, romantic girl!" cried Mrs. Atkins, "yes, and more than forgive you, I can *weep* with you."

"Oh!" said Maria, "how thankful I am that I still have *one* friend—one too so dear, so kind, so good!"

"But, Maria, how do you live through all of your trials? Can you bear them?"

"I *could*," she replied, "oh! Mrs. Atkins, I could, if my husband only *loved* me!"

"Well, dear Maria, there is *one* that loves you—and one that ever will—and whilst she has a home *you* shall have one, or a penny, the half of it shall be yours!"

"Oh! how kind you are," said Maria, "too kind for a poor maniac girl!"

Fortunately for Maria she had a rich relative, who, soon after her calamities, bestowed upon her a little cottage *as her own*, and *there* she now lives kindly remembered by her dear friend Mrs. Atkins, and still saying, "Oh! I could bear it all if my husband only *loved* me!"

## RETROSPECTION.

BY MARY L. LUCY.

I AM sitting in the twilight,  
While the solemn shadows fall;  
And the holy stars of Heaven,  
Keep their silent watch o'er all,  
And I dream of one, beside me  
Sitting, by the casement here,  
Murmured words of sweet endearment,  
In the Spring-time of last year!

I remember how we parted,  
Not in anger but in grief;  
How my aching heart strove vainly,  
For the tears which bring relief;  
How the few words that were spoken,  
Severed us forevermore—  
Save at last there came a meeting,  
Upon Heaven's eternal shore.

Peacefully adown Time's river,  
Had our life barques floated on;  
But we parted—and from one heart  
Hope and joy for earth were gone!  
Spoke farewell, when life was brightest,  
And glad hopes were burning high;  
But there came a later lesson,  
We must see them fade and die!

Brighter eyes than mine have lighted  
At his coming long ago,  
Gentlest voices strove to banish  
From his heart the weight of woe!  
And I know not if 'twas sorrow  
Called him from this world of ours,  
But his footsteps tended Heavenward  
In the time of birds and flowers!

Now I often dream at twilight,  
Of the halcyon days of yore;  
And of him whose memory to me  
Was a blessing evermore!  
And I wonder if some other  
Heart than mine has ever known,  
All the weariness and sadness  
In that single word, alone!

Yet not quite alone! Forever  
Will the Past be left to me;  
With its store of golden memories,  
Benedictions constantly,  
With a hope and trust in Heaven,  
Patiently in waiting ever;  
Till the same kind hand shall lead me,  
Where he waits beyond the river!

## WITH MY SOUL.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

RESTLESS soul, be still to night!  
Rest ye never, never?  
Cease thy strife, and turn thy might  
To life's strong endeavor.

Wild ambition fadeth, dies,  
Like the Summer flowers,  
When death severs earthly ties  
In a few short hours.

Let thy aspirations cease!  
Far beyond thy seeming—  
Turn thee to the fount of peace;  
Thou art only dreaming.

Phantoms thou hast chased too long,  
Of some bright ideal;  
Tell me, art thou brave and strong  
For the lasting real?

## SISTER MARY'S COURTSHIP.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

"PRAY tell me what you are reckoning up in that busy brain of yours, Louise? Be careful that you don't go to counting your chickens before they are hatched, like that unfortunate milk-maid grandma used to tell us of. Let that be a salutary lesson to you, sister mine, never to indulge in day dreams or build foundationless castles in the air."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mary, for your sage advice. Perhaps some day or other I may profit thereby. But my thoughts just now had very little to do with either milk-maids or chickens. I was wandering mentally in a higher sphere—calculating how many years my charming sister had been a wife."

"Ah! Lucy dear, that reminds me, did I never tell you the history of my courtship? For I now recollect you were travelling with papa in Europe in that time: and though five years have passed since I became a faithful helpmate to my liege and lord, yet you have never deigned to visit us in our western home until the present summer."

"You know very well *why* I have not, Mary. While inclination has often bidden me, duty has peremptorily called another way."

"Never mind bringing up an endless tirade of excuses now, but just please touch the bell, and tell Kate to take Maggie and Edward a walk to their grandma's, and I will commence."

Very little did that darling sister of mine look like a wife and mother, with her soft brown hair parted on her fair brow, and her eyes as bright and blue as ever—and as she stood before the dressing-glass, she laughed gaily and exclaimed, as if speaking aloud the thoughts that were at that moment passing through my mind.

"I don't look so very old, do I, Lou, though I have been married five years? I'm sure my cheeks are as rosy as ever. Oh, Lou, how I have wanted to look pale sometimes, because then, you know, one looks far more intellectual. Instead of that, I always had such a bright color like any farmer's daughter. But one thing is true, the 'cares of the household,' as aunt Ophelia says, don't trouble me much, for Nannie does everything so well——"

"But, Mary, I can see no very intimate connection between her doings and your courtship, so if you ever intend to begin, pray do."

"So I will, love, only have a little patience," said she, gaily, stooping down and kissing me. "But I assure you you will find it very dull and uninteresting, no 'hair breadth escapes,' no 'spirited horse just ready to throw itself and rider (myself of course) over some steep precipice, when just at the exact moment some hero of the wood will come gallantly forward and become my preserver and future lover.' No handsome, manly cousin to fall in love with and become his daily companion in walks and rides. Nothing of all this. I forewarn you, but if you still persist in hearing my home story, you shall have it."

Merely bowing my head in assent, for I was becoming impatient, my sister seated herself on a low footstool at my feet and began.

"You remember Mrs. Milton, who used to visit us in the city, and make me so many handsome presents? Well, she owned a charming place near the sea-shore. Oh, Lucy, if you have never been there I cannot describe it to you. The house itself is old-fashioned, and the furniture, though antique, is rich and costly. I shall never forget the many pleasant evenings I have spent in that vine-clad porch, with the whole expanse of blue, clear water lying almost at my feet. When laying aside my book, I would sit fairly entranced in the calm grey hour of twilight when silence reigned around—and the moon shed her soft light over the rich and varied scene. Truly has it been said that man made the city. But God made the country."

"Mrs. Milton was a kind hearted woman, though one fond of having her own way. I was ever a great favorite of hers, so was a certain young physician in a neighboring village. How often has Mrs. Milton spoken in boundless praises of him to me: telling how half the village girls were striving to win his noble heart, but striving in vain."

"Mamma and I had returned in the early part of September from the Springs, tired with gaiety and excitement. I fairly cried for joy when Mrs. Milton came to New York, nominally with the intention of having mamma and myself return with her to her rural home. Mamma, however, preferred remaining in the city, though she finally consented to my returning with Mrs. Milton, the terms that I should keep my mirth

within bounds, for you know what a wild mad-cap I was in those days, Lou.

"I will pass over our pleasant journey, and my delight in exchanging the hot and scorching pavements, brick walls, and dust-laden air, for cool, refreshing breezes, and waving green grass. I had been at Mrs. Milton's about a fortnight, when one morning she hastily entered my room, saying, 'Come, Mary, brush your hair and fix up, for Dr. Louiston and Mr. Neland are coming down the avenue, and I would not wish them to see you in this plight.' 'Nor I either, aunty,' I replied, for I had been out in the woods all the morning, and my gingham dress was sadly torn, and my white apron all stained with blackberries. 'Well, dear,' she continued, 'come down in the parlor as soon as you're ready, for I must go and show them in; Nancy is so dumb, she will be more likely to take them in the tea-room, if she should condescend to invite them to enter at all,' and so saying, she left the room.

"What Mrs. Milton meant by fixing up I do not know; but I am afraid my toilet that afternoon did not exactly suit; for as it was very warm I simply arranged my hair, and put on a white muslin dress without a single ornament, save that little diamond ring papa had given me the New Year's before.

"From various hints from my friends at Westland and others *interested*, I had learned that if I had heard much of Dr. Louiston, he had heard much *more* concerning me. In fact the whole country round was aware that the doctor had been selected by Mrs. Milton as my future husband. But from several little stories I had heard, I knew very well that he was not easily to be caught; and I determined to meet him on his own ground. Much had been said by the village belles and young wives of the country round in his disfavor in my presence. But I heeded them not, for I well understood their motives, and though, sister dear, I cared very little to see Dr. Louiston, I did die to make them envious as far as it was in my power. I'm afraid, Lucy dear, that if their motive was wrong in speaking my disparagement in Dr. Louiston's presence, my own motive in cultivating his acquaintance was not exactly right.

"When I had completed dressing, I took a bunch of wild flowers, which I had been gathering that morning, with the intention of arranging them. I descended the stairs. As I entered the room, I saw Mrs. Milton standing by an open window conversing with the two gentlemen, and pointing to some favorite plant in the garden below. I therefore stood for a moment near the door unobserved. Happening to look that way,

one of the gentlemen caught my look, and I thought I could just perceive a rather amused expression pass over his countenance. In a moment I knew that it was Dr. Louiston, and I returned his glance with one of hauteur and disdain. He was of the medium height and strikingly handsome. His features were fine, and his eyes black and piercing.

"I sat down on the sofa and commenced arranging my flowers, and when introduced begged the gentlemen to excuse me from rising, as I was particularly *engaged*. Mrs. Milton seemed surprised. 'My dear,' she said, 'this is Dr. Louiston, whom you have doubtless heard me frequently speak of.' 'Indeed,' I answered, without once looking up. I could plainly see that Mrs. Milton was displeased with my conduct during the interview, but she concealed her feelings under the mask of politeness.

"The doctor's friend, I had forgotten to mention, was a young man of a bright florid complexion, not good-looking certainly, but pleasant and gentlemanly in his manners. He came and sat down by me, and we soon entered into a spirited conversation. Presently Mrs. Milton, who had been regarding us with nervous glances every now and then, rose and requested Mr. Neland to accompany her to the hot-house to look at some choice exotic she had lately received, and which she wished him to analyze. They left the room, leaving me to play the hostess to Dr. Louiston, not a very agreeable task just then, I assure you. But I had previously resolved what line of conduct to pursue, and proceeded to carry it into effect.

"Rising and walking to the open window, I emptied my apron of its contents of shreds, of stalks and leaves, and placing my choice bouquet of wild flowers in a vase, I calmly turned round to Dr. Louiston and said, 'You have doubtless heard my name coupled with many idle reports, and your partial motive,' I added, smiling, 'in coming here to-day was one of curiosity, and I must say, my dear sir, that I cannot much blame you after your *experience*. Now, Dr. Louiston,' I continued, 'if you choose to come and visit us occasionally from motives of friendship, don't imagine, my dear sir, that you will be treading on slippery ground, or that snares are spread round about to entrap you. For as to myself, though I have not yet informed Mrs. Milton, or indeed any one but dear mamma, I am to be married to a dear cousin (who is now travelling in Europe for his health) at the end of six months.

"I calmly endured that fixed gaze of inquiry, without shrinking, for every word I had uttered was truth.

"Dr. Louiston rose, and coming to where I was standing, said, while a beautiful smile played upon his countenance, 'At least then, Miss Mary, let us be friends.' 'Certainly,' I replied, laughingly, at the same time extending my hand, 'I have not the slightest objection.'

"Just at that unlucky moment, while my hand was still in Dr. Louiston's, Mrs. Milton entered the room, while a gratified expression swept over her features; and when the gentlemen had departed, and she openly congratulated me on my supposed conquest, it almost broke my heart to think of the kind friend I was deceiving. For I believe, Lucy, my interests were as near her heart as her own.

"Well, Dr. Louiston and I," I see I must be brief, sister, as the dressing bell has rung, "continued from that time as friends, riding on horseback, rowing, and walking together; and the time allotted for my visit was fast drawing to a close.

"But, Lucy, whenever I thought of returning home, there would come such a sensation around my heart, that I could almost wish, sometimes, that it would cease to beat altogether. I know it was very wicked, but I could not help it.

"One evening, I remember it as well as if it were but yesterday, we had been walking together, Dr. Louiston and I were seated beneath a lofty oak. We were both of us silent. I was thinking with deep regret of returning to the city the next morning, for mamma had written that I must not delay my return another day, as papa and you were expected by the next steamer. As the dew was fast falling, we rose and returned home. As we nearly reached the door, Dr. Louiston turned to me and said, 'Forgive me, Mary, for the words I am about to speak. When I received your permission to visit you, it was with the mutual agreement that it was to be *only* as a friend. But oh, Mary,' he continued, earnestly, 'I have found too late, as others have found before me, that love has grown out of friendship: and Mary, forgive me dear, but I must say it, I have sometimes dared, yes! dared to hope that, though your hand was promised to another, your heart was mine. Oh! that that wild hope might

indeed prove a reality, and I would not ask for more.'

"My head was lying on his shoulder, my hand lay passively in his. I had not the power to speak or move. I knew if I should attempt it, I would only burst into tears.

"When we reached the piazza all was still. Nothing was to be heard, but the dashing of the waves against the shore. I sat down on a seat on the porch, and gazed with filling eyes into the blue sea. Oh! how I wished I was buried beneath those rocking waves, never more to see the light of day. But better thoughts soon came. and when Dr. Louiston bade me farewell, and imprinted a kiss on my brow, I felt calm. 'Good night, Mary,' he said, 'I respect you for the silence you have chosen to keep. But oh! Mary, my life is all a blank now; and sometimes when you are surrounded by the bright and gay, will you pause and bestow one thought on him who must hereafter lead a dreary existence? Oh! Mary, Mary, that we had never met.'

"Oh! how fondly was that wish re-echoed back in my own heart. But I strove to be calm, and bidding Dr. Louiston farewell, rushed into the house.

"And now, Lucy, I need not go on, you know the rest. How when but a few days after papa had returned, he called me one morning to the library, drawing me toward him and kissing my brow, and told me he had sad news for me; and bade me never again think of my cousin William, for six weeks ago (so he had written me, and papa had in mistaken kindness withheld the letter until his return) he had married an English girl, speaking of our engagement only as a childish attachment.

"My eyes were filled with tears of joy now, and I kissed papa over and over again, who looked at me wonderingly over his spectacles, for he had expected to find me plunged in grief.

"And now, Louise, you remember my merry wedding, and our removal to St. Louis, and that life ever since has been to me but one bright dream of happiness."

## FIRST LOVE.

FIRST love is gentle, true, and pure,  
Proud of its magic powers;  
It hath the freshness of the stream,  
The odor of the flowers.  
It hath no thought, nor wish, nor joy,  
Within its inmost heart,

In which the object of its trust  
Bears not a cherished part.  
And should its buds be nipped in bloom  
By cold misfortune's breath;  
It has no second—but remains  
True to itself in death.

R. J.

## THE MISER'S LEGACY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"I BEQUEATH to you, my child," said the old miser, gasping hard for breath, "the grave in which I am to be buried. I am poor, very poor"—a ghastly smile spread over his features; and the fluttering red rags, that had once curtained his miserable couch, gave, as the sun poured through them, a most sardonic expression to the grim, death-struck face, enveloping it, as it were, in flames.

For half a century, miser Farroway had been gathering gold. For nearly that time his coffin, lined, as wonder-mongers said, with lead, had rested under his miserable couch. Of all his children but one was left, the youngest. And now she was a gaunt girl of thirteen, a poor, hungry, uneducated, willing slave.

And the miser was dying. He would have no attendance—he was poor, he said—no one should pay a doctor's bill for him; no one should put him in his coffin but foolish Bill, who had been his man of all work; nobody should bury him but Tom Gall, the undertaker, who, if he was drunk constantly, charged less for his jobs than any other.

And the miser died; and foolish Bill laid him in his coffin; and some good-hearted man read the will, bequeathing nothing but his grave and all it should contain, to the weeping, miserable creature, his daughter, who sincerely mourned for him. And the few who saw it, remarked upon the strange, fiendish chuckle with which the old miser closed his life; and which boded, they said, that he had so successfully hidden his money that no mortal could find it. And old Tom Gall, the drunken undertaker, told, with a plentiful sprinkling of oaths, how the miser had taken advantage of his inebriation, and bought the grave-lot for a song; and that he shouldn't wonder if it was filled full of gold.

So crowds came to the funeral. I doubt if ever at the last services of the most beautiful, beloved, or honored, such throngs attended. The church-yard was filled full, the fences were lined,

and in the midst of all, stood the poor, wretched orphan, shedding burning tears, and uttering wailing sob.

The grave had been dug, and dug deep too; deeper by far than any other in that old church-yard; and no treasure had come to light, so that the scandal mongers were all disappointed, and wondered they had been such fools as to believe the rumors afloat. As usual, old Tom Gall was drunk; so drunk that he staggered; and the rope he had provided was a rotten one, (he used it so very seldom) and it broke at the mouth of the grave; and the coffin fell away down, down into the deep pit; and then there was a rattling, clinking sound, that caused the great body of people to sway toward the grave, and a murmur to go up that swelled almost to a shout; and amidst it all the miser's daughter never lifted her head, but wept and wept.

"Gold!" cried one.

"Gold, gold," cried others, moving toward the spot—"take the old fellow up; 'twas in his coffin—ha! he tried to cheat the devil, but he couldn't cheat the grave."

And now I do not know but every hand was extended to the *heiress*, whereas when she was the *miser's beggar*, no one thought of her. But to the pitying eyes that had overflowed at her grief, when the penniless lawyer read the pithy will, the girl turned and leaned upon his arm. He did not ask her to, he did not even congratulate her, or press forward, but her heart had told unerringly where the truest sympathy lay, and it fled to him.

She was rich; the neglected girl, the poor, toiling creature, had now a fortune that a princess might envy. And not many years passed before she was the educated bride of the single-hearted man, who, in her destitution, had given her one kindly word.

And the stratagem of the old miser failed. Truly he had cheated the devil, often; but he could not cheat the grave.

## A NOVEMBER THOUGHT.

THE hills are brown, the wind is keen,  
The sky with clouds o'erspread,  
Gone is the forest's verdant sheen,  
The flowers are with the dead.

I think, as Autumn tempests blow,  
Of death, yet not in gloom.  
As Spring will come again, I know  
That Heav'n's beyond the tomb.

C. A.



# THE BROTHERS.

BY CLARA MORETON.

## CHAPTER I.

"COME, little ones, kiss mother, and run to school—it is most time for the last bell. Nannie 'tis but a step out of your way, and you can see the children safely there as you go along. Take hold of sister's hand, Edgar, that's a darling, now good bye to all of you, and don't play truant coming home."

Mrs Ashley stood by the door, watching the children on their way, nor did she cease to look after them until they had turned the corner and were out of sight. Then she resumed her seat in the cozy little room, where baby was sleeping sweetly in its wicker cradle; and there, with her work-basket in her lap, Mr. Ashley found her an hour afterward when he came in to lunch. The little side-table was already spread with its snow-white cloth and china mug of Java coffee, the rich cream mantling its surface, a few delicate slices of fowl, and some two or three biscuit fresh from Judy's oven—Judy herself bustling in and out without any ostensible errand.

Mr. Ashley glanced from his wife to the still sleeping baby in the cradle, and then back to his wife with a smile, which she knew well how to appreciate.

"These biscuit are capital, Judy—good enough for a king," said Mr. Ashley, as he broke the last one, and Judy's thick, elastic lips stretched almost from ear to ear with a grin of delight, as her ebony face vanished from the room, for her biscuit had been praised, and she was satisfied to return to her duties.

Judy was a most faithful servant; and so long as her cookery was commended by her master, the happiest of the happy; but by any chance let it once be forgotten, and poor Judy's woeful face and long-drawn sighs were really pitiful. No matter how bright and golden the sky, she could not see a glimpse of it for the clouds in her own eyes; and all efforts were equally vain to dispel them until another meal-time came around again, when Mr. Ashley never failed to make all the amends in his power for his former forgetfulness.

When Mr. Ashley and his wife were alone, he moved his chair to the opposite side of the cradle, and took another fond look at the infant.

"I wish she was a boy, Anna."

"I am satisfied with what God hath given us, William, and if you knew how it pained me to have you so frequently express that wish, I should not hear it again."

"Nor shall you, dear wife; I did not think of paining you, but we have four fine girls, and but one boy. Did Edgar go willingly to school this morning?"

"Yes, he went off like a little man, clasping Nannie's fingers with his dimpled hand, for she was going with them to the door, the morning was so wet and slippery. Nannie is very quiet lately, I am afraid she is not well—perhaps she studies too much."

"Fudge! no danger of that—girls of fifteen don't over-tax their brains often; but we must be careful of Edgar, and not let the teacher force him too rapidly." It was now the wife's turn to laugh, for Edgar was still deep in the mysteries of A B C, and could only be coaxed to fix his eyes upon them by pictures of apples, balls, and cows.

"What are you laughing about, Anna? Edgar is a very precious child, and you would have had him in algebra by this time, if I had not forbidden your teaching him his letters until this spring. You had your way with the daughters, and I stipulated to have mine with the sons, now you have the advantage, for you have five to my one."

"I smiled because I thought Edgar would have to be forced somewhat, or else he will not learn at all. Nannie and the others could read when they were three years old, and here is Edgar five, and scarcely knows a letter."

"So much the better—read any of the modern writers on education and they will tell you so; but I must go back to my office, Anna; and see, little daughter is nestling, and there will be work for mother, which will make her forget to search the library."

Mr. Ashley was right—baby woke up in a fretful mood, and the patient mother soothed and caressed and sang lullabys, but all in vain—still baby moaned and cried until Mrs. Ashley, seriously alarmed, called Judy in from the kitchen to hold a consultation with her. But even Judy failed to still the baby's crying, and

quite discomfited her, for she prided herself on her nursing as well as her cooking.

Noon came, and the children danced into the house full of glee, but were met at the nursery door by their mother with one finger on her lips, while with the other hand she motioned to the cradle, where the baby was now sleeping with a bright red spot on either cheek, and the little hands dry and feverish. Nannie, who had walked behind the children, now passed them, and after stooping beside the cradle looked up anxiously into her mother's face.

"Is she sick, mother?"

"She has a very high fever, and is very fretful when awake, I have sent for Dr. Lincoln—he will be here directly."

Nannie untied the children's bonnets and her own—put them away, and took Edgar in her lap, and sat down by the cradle. The three little girls left the room, and in a few moments Mr. Ashley and the physician entered. Dr. Lincoln was a jovial-looking man, rather under than over the usual stature, with a florid countenance and keen grey eyes, and a mouth seemingly more at home in joy than in sorrow. He shook Mrs. Ashley's hand in a very warm-hearted, though unfashionable manner, as he said,

"Well, friend, sorry to see me, no doubt, yet can't get along without me—would never send for me, I warrant you, if you could help it—but what now, baby teething? Haven't you a name for the youngster yet?"

"No, doctor, but if she should be spared to us, she shall be named as soon as she is well, but I have felt a foreboding from the first that she would not live," replied Mrs. Ashley.

"Well, that's nothing new for a mother; my mother had the same about me, but here I am alive yet, and not particularly delicate either—no, no, you need not worry yourself about that; he'll live to give you many a heart-ache yet."

"It is a girl," suggested Mr. Ashley.

"Well, never mind, it's all the same, both girls and boys cause head-aches and heart-aches enough, God knows." Here Dr. Lincoln dropped the little hand which he had been holding between his own, and wrote upon a piece of paper some simple prescription calculated to allay the fever.

"The fever will be all gone by to-morrow, I think, and then I can lance her gums when I come around—good morning, Mrs. Ashley—good morning, squire—here, Nannie, come to the door with me, I have a word for you."

Nannie's face was crimsoned as she arose to follow the summons of the doctor. The door was closed, and she stood in the hall beside him.

"Lawrence Gray was not at school this morning, nor yesterday."

"No, sir," (answered very low and tremulously.)

"Do you know why he staid away?"

"No, sir;" and the soft brown eyes were raised as if she would have repeated the question to him had she dared. She did not have to wait long, for the doctor said,

"Well, I can tell you why—he is ill, dangerously ill—delirious, and through his delirium I discovered what I should never have suspected. You are pale enough, child, but I will not keep you but a moment longer. On his table, I found two sealed notes, one directed to my daughter Emma, the other to you. I broke the seal of Emma's—yours I had no right to, but I should have given it to your father, only, Nannie, I love you so well that I would spare you all unnecessary mortification, and I know you so well, that I doubt not when you find the double part he has played, you will cease to love him. I leave Emma's for you to read, you can burn them both when you have done; or stay, Emma, should she read it, may be equally profited by a perusal of yours. To-morrow when I come to see the baby, give me both if you are willing."

The doctor had gone, and Nannie had found neither thoughts nor words to thank him. She locked herself in her own room. She broke the seal tremblingly, for a beautiful vision was fading from her eyes, and she scarce felt strength to witness its evanishing. Day after day, for weeks had she received one of these missives—the spotted envelope—the free and faultless address, the tiny honey-bee upon the seal were all the same. She read—

"BELOVED ANNABEL—Why did you again leave my note unanswered? Do you not know that I live only for you?—have I not told you that but a little while is this secrecy necessary? and will you not let your pure heart trust in me? Ah, my angel, you should not torture love like mine: could you dream of one half its depth, you would say to me, 'Lawrence, I repose blindly upon your love, it is sufficient for me to know that it is your will, for you would will nothing that had not my happiness for its foundation, I will wait patiently till you consent to my mother's knowing all—I will never wrong you again with one doubt—I will remain true to you though all the world should despise me, for your love is more to me than the world.' Thus would you say, my own Annabel, and I would bless God that he had given me so pure and trusting a heart to guide, even as I now bless him that he has taught me

the beauty of truth and love in thee, my sweetest. Let not another day pass without one line from thee—enough to know that thy hand has rested on the paper. My head has been tortured with pain for the last twenty-four hours, and I am by turns as cold as your own heart and warm as mine. Oh! for one more meeting like that beside the mountain stream, where you timidly confessed that my love had at length awakened yours. Such an hour was worth the life I had spent before. I could write forever to you, Annabel, my own, but I must weary you, and had you wished me to write to-day, you would not have failed to have answered my note of yesterday. But I must say farewell—heaven protect and bless you, and remember in your visions your too devoted  
LAWRENCE."

Nannie's before pallid cheeks were now flushed—what could she have to fear with love like this, which met her eager gaze at every line? Thus she questioned, and the light in her fine eyes was subdued as she answered, "Not inconstancy, oh, no, but death." He was ill, and she could not be near him—delirious, and perchance upbraiding her for want of love, while her heart acknowledged that its troubled fountains were stirred alone for him. Not until then did she know the depth of her own feelings, his love had seemed so strong and passionate, that she had shrunk timidly from him to recall in silence each look and tone, until every fibre of her heart was interwoven with fond memories.

Now she buried her head in her hands and wept like a child—again she would stand beside the casement and direct her gaze through the leafless trees across the village green, to the one large hotel where Lawrence boarded, as if her love could penetrate its walls. It was thus a half an hour passed, and Nannie was summoned to herself by the ringing of the dinner-bell. She turned, and saw the note addressed to Emma lying on the floor. In her bewilderment and grief she had forgotten it. She read, and every muscle of her face seemed turned to stone.

"Emma, my own dearest, why will you persist in doubting love like mine?—why will you suffer your strong mind to stoop to jealousy?—to jealousy of one so in every way your inferior? Nannie Ashley is but a child—a bird I had almost said—I seek her society because she is fresh and new, and amuses me; but you know me well enough to dream that I have any serious thoughts toward her. Are you not my own betrothed? Do not then reproach me again. This evening I will come to you as you request, and

then I will remove all doubts of the unbounded love of your faithful  
LAWRENCE."

Nannie's chamber door was flung open, and one of her sisters burst in upon her.

"Sissy, papa says come down to dinner—don't you hear me? papa says come down now."

Nannie folded the notes, and put them in the pocket of her dress. Like an automaton, she followed her sister down stairs, and took her accustomed place at the table, but her pale face, her cold, absent eyes, and her want of appetite, attracted the attention of both parents.

"Nannie, are you ill? what ails you child?" said her mother.

She could not answer, the tears came to her eyes, and almost suffocated by the strange feeling in her throat, she sprang away from the table, and ran back to her chamber to indulge in the grief she could no longer repress.

"Poor child! what an affectionate, sensitive heart she has," said her father. "She is worried about the baby, mother, do go and comfort her. Doctor says it is nothing but teething."

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Ashley, shaking her head as she spoke. "I am not so sure that it is that which troubles her. Nannie has not been herself for weeks. I have always thought that I had her full confidence, but I am very much afraid she is keeping something from me."

"No love affair, I hope!" said Mr. Ashley.

"The very thing of which I am suspicious. She grew so suddenly quiet and womanly; yet I know of no one with whom she has been thrown, who would be likely to develop such feelings. I have always considered Nannie rather fastidious, and never knew her to ever imagine herself in love, as many of her young friends have done. Of course, at her age, it would scarcely prove to be anything more than imagination."

"Nip it in the bud—laugh her out of it—nonsense! to think of such a child!" were Mr. Ashley's exclamations.

Mrs. Ashley, with the determination of following out this advice, went up to Nannie's room, soon after dinner, leaving the baby sleeping in the cradle, and under Judy's especial surveillance. The children had been sent up to the play-room, for it was Saturday afternoon and a half-holiday.

Mrs. Ashley found matters much more serious than she had anticipated. Nannie confessed all, keeping back nothing—not even the knowledge of his unworthiness which had come so suddenly, and so overwhelmingly upon her.

"I know you think I am too young to love, mamma, but it is not so. If I lived a thousand years, I could never love any one as I do him. Oh, how could he be so cruel? He has broken my heart, and I hope it will kill me!" sobbed Nannie, her head buried in her mother's lap. She could not see the smile of incredulity that played upon her mother's face, during the first sentences of her speech, nor the expression of pain which so quickly chased it away.

"Nannie! Nannie! Have you so little love for me? for your father? for the dear children who love you and look up to you so?"

"Oh, mamma, you do not know—you cannot know what a different feeling my love for him has been—and how wretched it has made me. You cannot feel for me."

"I do feel for you, my child; but it is a wretchedness that you have brought upon yourself by your guilty concealment; and while I sympathize with you in the pain you are now suffering; I rejoice from my heart that a merciful Providence has opened your eyes before it was too late to save you from the snare in which you had well nigh fallen. Oh, Nannie, you cannot realize the danger that you have escaped, nor can you for a moment imagine the anguish of a mother, who finds that the daughter on whom she has placed every confidence has proven herself unworthy of it."

"Oh, mamma, don't think so badly of me. Indeed, indeed, I was going to tell you all as soon as he would let me. You do not know how unhappy it has made me to have a secret from you," and Nannie threw her arms around her mother's neck as she spoke. "Do forgive me, or I shall be so much more miserable."

"I do forgive you, my child," she answered, "but, Nannie, you have sinned against a higher power, and I leave you to seek forgiveness there. He can make this disappointment a blessing, impossible as it now seems to you. Seek strength from Him, for I know that 'those who seek shall find.'"

## CHAPTER II.

NANNIE left to herself, sat down by the window that commanded a view of the centre of the village, and through her tears, strained her wistful eyes that she might at least gaze upon the walls that held him. Cruelly as he had deceived her, she loved him still, and with a woman's devotion and forgetfulness of injuries from one beloved, she longed to fly to him and minister to his wants. "Was ever wretchedness like hers?" she thought. Deceived by one in whom she had

placed unbounded trust—still clinging to him despite all—agonized by the fear that his illness might be unto death, and yet unable to look upon him, or hear his voice again. Added to this, was the knowledge that she had forfeited the confidence which her parents had always reposed in her, and which she had heretofore well merited. Very desolate did she indeed feel. She did not go down to supper, nor did her parents intrude upon her. They thought it best to leave her to her own reflections, confident that in the end all would be well.

Nannie felt their kindness, and her conscience accused her of ingratitude, inasmuch as she had been indulging and nursing her grief, instead of struggling against it, and seeking help from the source to which her mother had directed her.

She threw herself on her knees by the side of her bed, but she could not pray. "Oh, why must I have been so cruelly deceived when I trusted so much? Why must I learn such a bitter lesson while I am so young? Why could he not have loved me and made me his wife? I should have been so happy. What did he trifle with me for? What good could it have done him?" were the questions rapidly poured out by her innocent heart.

In darkness and in solitude she passed that restless, sleepless night: and it was only when the first rays of morning light broke against the violet-colored hills which walled that little valley in, that she forgot her grieving in a slumber, troubled by dreams. She awoke in a fright—she had dreamed that her mother was dying, and forgetting, for a moment, that it was the Sabbath, the unusual silence of the household startled her. Oh, what would have been her fancied sorrow to such a trouble! she thought, as she recalled the days; and dropping on her knees she prayed long and fervently. The resolution to struggle against her grief, restored, to a certain degree, the peace which she had imagined had left her forever, and with more calmness than she believed possible, she prepared herself to go down and join the family in their usual Sabbath morning devotions. Her mother's tender smile, and whispered words of welcome, rewarded her for the effort she had made; and she reproached herself for her selfishness, when she saw on her mother's face the traces of anxiety and fatigue, which baby's feverish, restless night had left there. It was Nannie's wish that her mother should try to get some sleep, and leave the baby in her charge; but she was overruled, for Mrs. Ashley was anxious to have her daughter's mind diverted, and she thought that the usual Sabbath service

might, in her present state of mind, impress her more; and cause her to feel the necessity of religion as a "very present help" and refuge in all seasons of sorrow and trouble. Accordingly, Annabel prepared herself for church, and enclosing the two notes, left them with her mother for Dr. Lincoln.

The last peal of the church bell died away as Annabel took her seat. Scarcely conscious of what she was doing, her eyes rested upon the pew where Lawrence was accustomed to sit. She missed his tall, elegant figure, and the face she had thought the perfection of manly beauty. A shudder crept over her as through the broad, low window her eyes fell upon the tomb-stones in the church-yard, where in a few more days he might be lying. She bowed her head and prayed, "I will bear my sorrow uncomplainingly, only oh, God, spare his life—spare him for repentance."

The low, deep-toned voice of a stranger fell upon her ear in prayer. Earnest were the petitions which he poured forth—every one seeming to Annabel the supplication of her own heart. A holy calm stole over her, and when the voice ceased, she lifted her head to look up to a face, which, for one bewildered moment, seemed to her Lawrence's own. How her heart thrilled as she listened intently to the hymn—not only to that musical voice, which so swept its chords, but to the sentiments so exactly responding to her newly-awakened religious aspirations.

"Great Ruler of all Nature's frame!  
We own Thy pow'r divine;  
We hear Thy breath in every storm,  
For all the winds are Thine.

"Thy mercy tempers every blast  
To those who seek Thy face;  
And mingles with the tempest's roar,  
The whispers of Thy grace.

"Let me those gentle whispers hear  
Till all the tumult cease;  
Sleep in thine arms, and wake in realms  
Of everlasting peace."

Never before had the organ's peal seemed so solemn and so grand to Annabel, or the voices of the choisters so thrilled her with their harmony. At length the last strains died away, and the stranger arising in the pulpit, read the CIII., CIV., and CVII. psalms.

"Oh," thought Annabel, "such a God, and such a Father! how can I have lived so long estranged from him!"

The eloquent discourse which followed from this text,

"They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them," still

farther impressed her with the idea that she was indeed "a pilgrim and a stranger," and filled her soul with new yearnings to be "led forth by the right way to the city of habitation."

The clergyman bore a wonderful resemblance to Lawrence. True, a more earnest spirit looked out from his dark eyes, and never upon Lawrence's face had she seen kindled the holy glow that so lighted up the features before her. Still there was no denying that those features were essentially the same.

She was not surprised, on going out of church, to overhear that the name of the minister was "Arthur Gray, a brother of young Gray at the hotel." She also gathered from the conversation that he had come, to visit his brother, unaware of his illness—that he would not preach in the afternoon, as he wished to remain with him as much as possible—that his stay would be short, as his ministerial duties required his return to his parish, the latter part of the week, and that parish was about thirty miles distant.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ashley had delivered the letters to Dr. Lincoln, and at his request read them both aloud to him.

"Villain! It would serve him right to let him die; but no, no, he is not fit for that. It is a very critical case, though, very. How did Nannie bear the knowledge of his evil doings?"

"She took it very hard at first. I do not think she slept any last night, her eyes were so sunken this morning; but, dear child, she has made a brave effort to overcome her feelings, and at my request has gone to church."

"Nannie's a good girl," said Dr. Lincoln, with a heavy, long-drawn sigh. "She did not need such a trial to discipline her; but my wilful Emma—I knew she would have to battle with life, before she would willingly fall back to her place in the ranks." And with another sigh, Dr. Lincoln arose to take his departure.

"Have you said anything to Emma yet?" questioned Mrs. Ashley.

"Yes, but what I have said has done no good. I hope this letter to Nannie will convince her. She says she was prepared for opposition, and expected to hear him slandered, and that no one in the world can make her believe him false. Poor motherless child! she has no idea of self-control, and will, I fear, make herself sick in her anxiety for the worthless fellow. She actually wanted to go and nurse him, insisting upon it as her right and privilege."

"Poor thing! have patience with her, doctor. Remember she is three years older than Nannie, and no doubt he has taken a stronger hold of her affections. He has talked to her of marriage,

you see, with his high-flown nonsense: but with Nannie, if you noticed, it seems a most Platonic attachment. The evidences of her unwillingness to keep it secret from me, which every line of his discloses, restores my confidence in the child. As Emma had no mother to go to, and as it is not natural for a girl to confide such matters to her father, I do not censure her so severely as I did Nannie at first. Be patient and gentle with her, doctor. It is a sore trial to a woman's heart to find a beloved object unworthy."

"Yes, yes. You can continue that medicine every hour, Mrs. Ashley. I will come in early to-morrow."

"You do not think her worse, do you, doctor? She is not nearly so irritable, and sleeps nearly all of the time."

"There is no immediate danger. I can't say that I exactly like the symptoms, they seem to be assuming the type of the prevailing fever, but we will hope for the best. Infants are seldom attacked by it. Good morning."

Mrs. Ashley was left alone by her baby, and she watched its quick breathings with a heavy heart. Nevertheless, when Annabel came in, she gave her a tender greeting, listened to her account of the morning service, and relieved her own heart by communicating her fears respecting the baby. Annabel shared her anxieties and her watchings, and as the mother looked on the calm and beautiful face of her daughter, a fervent, voiceless prayer of thanksgiving arose from her heart, that God had so soon enabled her to bear His chastening.

Meantime, Dr. Lincoln had gone home with the letters, but Emma was nowhere to be found. He knew that she was not at church, for the state of wild excitement in which he had that morning left her, forbade the thought. Really terrified lest she might have gone to Lawrence, he was about to leave the house for the purpose of ascertaining, when the door opened, and Emma, with her cloak and bonnet on, confronted him. Her cheeks were burning red, and her eyes bright and wild. Her thick curls of black hair were tangled by the wind, and hung disordered down her neck.

"You have not been to church in this plight, Emma?" interrogated her father.

"No, I have been to see Lawrence. I could not stay away any longer."

Dr. Lincoln turned fearfully pale. "What wildness is this?" said he. "I was not prepared for such disobedience. Emma, how dared you go when I forbade it so positively?"

"The Bible says we must leave father and mother, and cleave unto each other."

"The child is crazy," said her father, producing Annabel's letter. "Here, read this," he continued, "do you know the nature of the disease to which you have so needlessly exposed yourself?"

"You told me it was typhoid fever; but where you go, father, I am not afraid to follow."

Her father looked upon her kindling eyes, her earnest face, and he yearned to clasp her to his heart; but he restrained himself, and continued in the same stern tones,

"As a physician, I know of many precautions which you would never dream of; besides, the present state of your mind peculiarly predisposes you to disease. Even now it may be lurking in your system. Promise me, Emma, that you will not risk your life again."

Still Emma delayed to give the promise. She stood twisting the letter in her hands, which she had not yet opened.

Tears stood in Dr. Lincoln's eyes.

"Have you no consideration for me, Emma? Remember, I am getting old, and I have no one but you to lean upon." He handed her the letter addressed to herself. "Go to your room and read these letters alone," he continued, "and when you have discovered his duplicity, God grant that your heart may be softened to your father's love again."

Emma flung her arms about his neck. "Ah, father—dear father, indeed I love you. Only let me go and nurse poor Lawrence. He was calling for me the little while I was there, and you do not know how much good it did him to see me, although he did not know me, but he grew so calm when he felt the touch of my cool hands upon his burning head. Please, papa, and I will do just as you tell me in everything. I will never go away from you. We will get Lawrence well, and we will all live here in the old house together, and you will learn to love him dearly. Say, papa, may I not be his nurse?"

Dr. Lincoln sighed. He held his daughter to his heart. "He has been deceiving you, Emma," he said. "You will see that I cannot suffer a life so precious as your own to be risked for such a scapegrace. Forgive me, my child, for wounding your feelings in speaking so harshly of him, but go read the letters, dear, and let me see your own proud spirit in your treatment of him hereafter, should he be spared to cross your path."

Emma went reluctantly to her room. She had scarcely regarded what her father had said concerning the letters. If she thought of them at all, it was only as some forgery; but now, a sight of the dear, familiar hand sent the blood

in fresh torrents to her face. She tore off her bonnet and cloak. Drawing her low chair to the fire, and opening the letter directed to herself, she read a few lines, and then stopped, the open letter resting on her knee.

"Ah, those foolish words of mine," she said, "how they trouble him. Poor Lawrence! and I was only in fun. I knew he did not love Nannie, but I thought it would tease him to think me jealous. And then I did indeed think it a sin for him to trifle with Nannie. She is *such* an innocent! and any one with half an eye could tell by her blushes that she loved him."

She tossed back the curls from her face, and read on.

"Your faithful Lawrence," she repeated aloud. "Ah, yes, faithful unto death! And this is the love my father wishes me to give up. Never! never! No, Lawrence, no earthly power shall keep me away from you." She kissed her letter again and again. She nestled it down amid the folds of her dress against her warm, throbbing heart. She picked up the other letter. Was this also to her? "Miss Annabel Ashley." Only for a moment a shadow gloomed her eyes. Then she said, "Why should I doubt him? It is some trifling note. What a little tyrant heart I have, but Lawrence shall teach it submission."

She read, but not this time did she lay it down to dwell and comment upon the words. In eager haste she scanned line after line of the well filled sheet. Why, the love expressed in her own was as nothing to it! Her cheeks grew white as marble, her breath came heavily, her head swam round and round. With a cry of anguish, she threw herself sobbing on the floor. How long she lay in this paroxysm of grief she knew not; but when cold and shuddering she got up and looked around her, the fire had died out in the open fire-place; against the windows the rain was pattering slowly, and the sky, which, in the morning, had been so clear and beautiful, was covered with heavy, leaden clouds. The few leaves that had clung the longest to their summer homes were now whirled here and there in the arms of the wind, whose wierd, changeful moanings amidst the pines harmonized with the

complaining of Emma's spirit. She leaned her burning, throbbing forehead against the cold glass, and looked out upon the desolate scene before her. The dank earth, despoiled by the frost of its bright verdure, and clad instead here and there in huge folds of withered vegetation, the trees with their skeleton arms stretched out imploringly, and over all the cheerless, shrouded November sky.

"Desolate! desolate! but oh, not so hopelessly desolate as lies my heart within me," murmured Emma. "Spring will come, and with 'multiplied stores' cover the earth with beauty again, but my poor heart has done with spring forever. It was a beautiful, but oh, how brief a summer, and not even one autumn day to prepare me for the cheerless winter that has come upon me. *I wish it was the winter of the grave!*"

A thrill shot through her as she spoke. It was a fearful wish, and what if God had heard and registered it on high! Her poor father, alone in the world, loving her so proudly, and the infirmities of age already beginning to press upon him. It must not be—she would not be so selfish. She would live for him, and bear the winter storms, if so she might shield his heart from them.

But there was a strange shiver creeping through her frame that affrighted her. Burning, iron bands seemed to press her throbbing temples in, and throwing herself upon the bed, she thought to find some relief in sleep.

An hour later, when her father came up to her room to talk with her, he found her in the delirium of fever. If under such circumstances anything could give him joy, Emma's words ~~must~~ <sup>had</sup> so have done; for it was her father ~~also~~ <sup>she</sup> that she called upon. "My dear father, for whom I am going to live always," she said. ~~All~~ <sup>the</sup> memory of her love for Lawrence seemed to have been obliterated from her brain. That she had read the letters Dr. Lincoln well knew, for he picked up Annabel's from the floor, where it had fallen all blistered with tears. He blamed himself ~~now~~ <sup>for</sup> giving them to her when she was under so much excitement, but it was too late for regret.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## KEEP YOUR HEART FOR ME.

DEAREST, when'er thou stray  
In Pleasure's hall of glee,  
Remember one who day by day  
Is loving only thee!  
In Friendship give a smile,  
And e'en Affection too;

But let not honied words beguile  
A heart so pure, so true.  
Yes, join the mirthful run;  
Be gay, be bright and free—  
Give smile for smile to every one,  
But keep your heart for me! w. s. c.

## THE SCOLDING WIFE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"THERE you are again, with your wet boots," said a shrill, splenetic voice, as Mr. Hudson came home, one rainy day. "It's no use for a woman to slave, to have her house looking a little decent, for, as sure as there's a rainy day, her husband will tramp over the carpets, leaving marks of mud everywhere."

"Indeed, Sally, there's no mud on my boots to-day," said the husband, mildly. "I took care to clean them on the mat."

"Well, but they're wet, and I'd like to know if it don't spoil a carpet to be wet?" said the wife, not a bit mollified. "And you've let your umbrella drain on the floor, all this time, instead of putting it in the rack. Do give it here." And, as she spoke, she jerked it angrily away.

This was but a sample of the greeting which Mr. Hudson received about three times a week, or whenever his wife happened to be out of humor, which invariably occurred if the children were cross, if the servants were careless, or if anything else went wrong in the household. Mrs. Hudson had been pretty as a girl, and having been much admired, had gradually become spoiled by selfishness, so that, when she married, the inevitable troubles incident to the station of a wife, kept her constantly in a state of irritation. Instead of realizing that every position in life has its unpleasant duties, but that the married state, if only blessed by love, yields the largest amount of happiness of any, she acted as if a wife ought to be a being exempt from all trouble. A dozen times a week she would say that, if she had not been a fool, she would never have left her mother's house. The servants and children, but especially her husband, were the victims of her ill-humor. She would never long retain a cook or a chambermaid. They generally left, at the end of their month, each declaring in turn, that they could no longer endure her temper. The poor children were scolded one hour, to be petted to excess the next, and that the little things hardly knew whether they were feared or loved their mother. As for Mr. Hudson, with every desire to live quietly, and with a disposition, for the sake of peace, to yield too much, he could not, do what he would, be sure, when he went out, of a kind of attention on his return. Often when he left his

wife in the best of humor, on going to his store in the morning, he would have her scolding the moment he opened the door, when he came back.

Affection, though it will endure much, cannot bear all things. Dropping water will wear out the hardest rock; and an ill-tempered wife, in time, will alienate the most forgiving of husbands. Had Mr. Hudson, on retiring from his store, come home angry, because things had gone wrong, and had he visited his spleen on his wife, she would have had some excuse. But though there are husbands who do this, he was not one of them. He had early learned to control his temper, and hence, though money was often scarce, trade dull, or clerks neglectful, and though, in consequence, his patience was frequently sorely tried, he never permitted himself to vent his ill-humor at home. But, at last, he did what thousands of husbands had been driven into doing before, he began to be at home as little as possible: and he would have begun earlier, if it had not been for his children.

"I tell you, Lowry," he said, one night, as he sat, half-inebriated, tipping at the tavern with a friend, "a man can't stay at home, when it's a second Bedlam. The very children have had their tempers spoiled, and fight like cats and dogs, so that, between a scolding wife and quarrelsome brats, I might as well be in Pandemonium as at my own fireside. They say it's the love of liquor that makes drunkards, but it's as often a scolding, slatterny wife, and the uncomfortable home that follows. Now I didn't care for drinking in itself," he continued, with vinous gravity, "but when I'm here, I forget my troubles; and that's something gained."

This state of things still continues, only Mr. Hudson is fast losing caste as a business man, because he is rapidly sinking into a sot. As a consequence, his wife is more unamiable than ever, and his children, God help them! are growing up to ruin. Mrs. Hudson tells everybody that a drunken husband is breaking her heart and bringing her offspring to beggary, but she does not add, that she gave him the first incentive to intemperance, by rendering his home unhappy. At the Last Day, each will receive from a righteous Judge, exact justice.



Let us not attempt to measure out, too nicely, their proportion of guilt.

Far be it from us to say that all, or even the largest number of husbands, who frequent drinking saloons, are driven thither by bad wives. But it cannot be denied that many are. More women are at fault, in this matter, perhaps, than is generally supposed. Often also, where the husband escapes falling into evil courses,

it is because of his moral strength, and not because his hearth is made comfortable.

Wives, be just to your husbands, and you will be none the less true to yourselves. There is a way of being amiable, without losing self-respect. Above all, remember, there is no state of affairs, in the family, so bad, that it cannot be made worse by your unamiability. Avoid being a SCOLDING WIFE.

## A MEMORY.

BY FRANCES M. CHESEBRO.

In the golden Summer morning,  
 In the rosy blush of dawn,  
 Sits a robin in the casement,  
 Singing softly in the morn.  
 Her sweet warbling wakes my slumber,  
 Breaks the tissue web of sleep,  
 Drives away my dream of loved ones,  
 Scatters visions wild and sweet.  
 Slowly o'er my wakened senses  
 Steals the thought of olden time,  
 When the robin's morning matin  
 Thrilled another heart than mine!  
 She so lovely—she so gentle,  
 Sharing all my joy and pain,  
 Lying on her pillow side me  
 Softly breathing—heard the same.  
 Heard the same sweet bird-tone warbling,  
 Singing in the rosy dawn;  
 Now the robin sings more softly,  
 Sweet, but sad she sings forlorn.

Oh, my songstress! my sweet warbler!  
 Soaring into Heaven's pure air,  
 Take one message, bear it upward—  
 Upward to her home so fair!  
 Tell her that the love she bore me  
 Lifts me over earthly care;  
 Tell her that in dreams, beside me  
 Still I see her golden hair;  
 Gleaming in the morning sunlight  
 As it streams my casement through!  
 Through the casement where the robin  
 Sings amid the morning dew!  
 As the softly whispering breezes  
 Touch the quivering jasmine vine:  
 Still the dear voice that it murmurs,  
 Is thine ever—ever thine!  
 Bird and flower and trembling leaflet  
 Lost an echo to their lay;  
 When from out this curtained chamber  
 Passed an angel soul away!

## LINES ADDRESSED TO AN OLD FRIEND.

BY FRANCES C. MOTTE.

Come, dearest, sing that song again—  
 'Twas ours my friend in other days;  
 Now soft as falls the Summer rain,  
 Or sunlight o'er the extended main—  
 Those old melodious lays.  
 Thy pure faith now so unaware,  
 With all its impress stealth on—  
 E'en time itself, and grief, and care,  
 Thy borrowed lustre seem to wear,  
 And age itself anon.  
 With arms outstretched, our buried loves  
 Are with us as in childhood's hour—  
 Now walk with us the sylvan groves—

Again a mother's counsel moves,  
 Hope, Faith and Love our dower.  
 Youth's gay parterre, how at a glance  
 Fresh impetus to good is given—  
 For flowers that dot its wide expanse,  
 The while our joys and woes advance,  
 Have opened—aye, in Heaven.  
 Be ours Hope, Faith, and Love combined,  
 Say whence more glorious store,  
 And all the graces of the mind,  
 A heart that's pure, a soul refined,  
 Shall gild Life's journey o'er.

# TENNYSON'S MAUD.

BY JEREMY SHORT.

JEREMY SHORT.—(*Entering the Editor's Sanctum*) Ah! Mr. Editor, reading again.

EDITOR.—(*Rising and shaking hands*) Why, Jeremy, how d'ye do? The very man I was thinking about. I'm reading Tennyson's last poem, and I said to myself, "Jeremy will like this."

JEREMY.—Mistaken for once in your life. Jeremy has read it, and thinks it trash: that is, trash for such a writer as Tennyson.

EDITOR.—You amaze me.

JEREMY.—You're easily frightened then. (*Taking the book*) You don't call this poetry, do you? (*Reads.*)

"For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found,  
His who had given me life—oh, Father! oh, God!  
was it well?  
Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dinto into  
the ground;  
*There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell.*"

Now I defy any man, even so charitable a one as you, to find melody in that. Or anything sublime in this, sir, though Tennyson intends it to be.

"Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a great speculation had fail'd,

\* \* \* \* \*

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd."

Sir, if a young beginner had written that, instead of Tennyson, he would have been hooted out of literature.

EDITOR.—You're too severe, Jeremy. Be just! Remember that Tennyson, in this new poem, has experimented with strange metres—

JEREMY.—What right has he to experiment? Or rather, what right has he to inflict his experiments on the public. Mr. Tennyson may murder good English for his own amusement, if he chooses; but it's insulting his readers to publish metres not in harmony with the genius of the language. Listen to this stuff.

"Oh, art thou sighing for Lebanon  
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,  
Sighing for Lebanon,  
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased."

I know nothing more absurd, unless the famous doggerel.

"Wasn't Pharaoh a saucy rascal,  
Not to suffer the children of Israel, their wives and  
little ones, to go over the river to eat the Paschal?"

EDITOR.—You are unfair, Jeremy. Any poet might be ridiculed by a similar process.

JEREMY.—No, sir, no. I defy you to do it with Shakspeare, Milton, or any of the great masters. But, in these latter days, poets aim, not to produce perfect poetry, but to show the skill with which they can distort the language. The tricks of the Merry Andrew are substituted for the acting of a Lear; and even critics cry out that the harlequin is a Garrick or Siddons. Pshaw! I am sick of such degeneracy. And I'm the more indignant now, because Tennyson can do better—

EDITOR.—He has done better. Even in "Maud," taken as a whole, he has made a real acquisition to our literature. Consider that the poem is exclusively emotional, and yet, as an English critic remarks, the scenery, where the story happened, is brought before us as vividly as in a poem entirely narrative. Of set description, apart from feeling, there is not a line; yet the wood, the brook, the old Hall, the distant sea, the cedar in the meadow, and the "blossomed gable-bends" in the village, are as well known to us as if we had lived, all our days, in the neighborhood—

JEREMY.—What a thing is imagination! But mothers can see beauty in hunchbacks—

EDITOR.—And then how adroitly the story is told. The short, brief poems, each different in metre, bring it out, against the dark, gloomy back-ground of an over-mastering fate, like successive flashes of lightning—

JEREMY.—Wheugh!—

EDITOR.—And then the events of that story! The son of the ruined suicide, first roused from his misanthropy by Maud's return to the Hall; his fancy that she was haughty; the smile that made him doubt the justice of this conclusion; his growing passion for her; their stolen meetings in the wood; the sunshine that succeeds to his heart; and the rapture, with which, on the night of the ball, which is given to her other admirer, the young lord, and to which he has not been invited, he waits for her at the garden-gate, where she has promised to meet him, after the festival is over, in order that he may see her in "all her brave array."

JEREMY.—Aud where, while he waits, he's as

jealous as Othello, though Tennyson is too lack-a-daisical to say so—

EDITOR.—Ah! Jeremy, if you hadn't had the gout, or rheumatism, or something else to sour you, you'd have been delighted with the poem that pictures him thus watching and waiting. Let me read it. I'm sure you didn't peruse it in the right spirit.

“Come into the garden, Maud,  
For the black-bat, night, has flown,  
Come into the garden, Maud,  
I am here at the gate alone;  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of Love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon;  
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd  
To the dancers dancing in tune;  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, ‘There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay.  
When will the dancers leave her alone?  
She is weary of dance and play.’  
Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, ‘The brief night goes  
In babble and revel and wine.  
Oh, young lord-lover, what sighs are those,  
For one that will never be thine?  
But mine, but mine,’ so I swear to the rose,  
‘Forever and ever, mine.’

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
As the music clash'd in the hall;  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet,  
That whenever a March wind sighs  
He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet,  
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree;  
The white-lake blossom fell into the lake,  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;  
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are gone,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion-flower at the gate.  
She is coming, my dove, my dear;  
She is coming, my life, my fate;  
The red rose cries, ‘She is near, she is near;’  
And the white rose weeps, ‘She is late;’  
The larkspur listens, ‘I hear, I hear;’  
And the lily whispers, ‘I wait.’

She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an earthly bed;  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead;  
Would start and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.”

JEREMY.—It's not so bad, though your reading would make a worse poem pass. But it took ten men to save Sodom; one wasn't enough.

EDITOR.—The ten can be found in “Maud.” Listen to this picture.

“Morning arises stormy and pale;  
No sun, but a wannish glare  
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud;  
And the budded peaks of the wood are bow'd,  
Caught and cuffed by the gale.”

JEREMY.—You said there was no description *as such*, in the poem, but only what was natural to the emotional state. Would a man, under intense feeling, stop to tell us that the sky was stormy? Or would anybody but a prize-fighter inform us that the wind “cuffed” the trees? It's as bad as the tailor, who said, at Niagara, “What a place to sponge a coat.”

EDITOR.—You always were obstinate, Jeremy. I've a mind to shut the book. But I'll not. I'll convince you in spite of yourself. Confess that this is beautiful. The thought, the time, the imagery, the metre are all in harmony.

“A voice by the cedar tree,  
In the meadow under the Hall!  
She is singing an air that is known to me,  
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,  
A martial song like a trumpet's call!  
Singing alone in the morning of life,  
In the happy morning of life and of May,  
Singing of men that in battle array,  
Ready in heart and ready in hand,  
March with banner and bugle and file  
To the death, for their native land.”

JEREMY.—Go on!

EDITOR.—To return to the story. How vividly, yet without more than an allusion, the poet describes the surprise of the lovers, at the gate; the altercation between Maud's bejewelled giant, Sultan-like brother and the hero—

JEREMY.—The best line in the poem, by-the-by, is where the brother is described as

“That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian bull.”

It's a picture in six words, dashed off by the hand of genius, and yet it has a serious fault; for

the masses, who know nothing about Layard's discoveries at Nineveh, cannot fully comprehend its force—

EDITOR.—The altercation, I say; the duel in which the brother is killed; the hero's flight to France; Maud's death; she "in her shroud" haunting the fugitive; and his insanity. It is a terribly beautiful tale. Nor can the stanzas, in which, just before he goes mad, the hero describes his sensations in a great city, be surpassed. The London Spectator thinks them the finest in the poem.

"Oh, that 'twere possible  
After long grief and pain  
To find the arms of my true love  
Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her  
In the silent woody places  
Of the land that gave me birth,  
We stood tranced in long embraces  
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter  
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me,  
Not thou, but like to thee;  
Ah, Christ! that it were possible  
For one short hour to see  
The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at evening,  
It lightly winds and steals  
In a cold white robe before me,  
When all my spirit reels  
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,  
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,  
Half in dreams I sorrow after  
The delight of early skies;  
In a wakeful doze I sorrow  
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,  
For the meeting of the morrow,  
The delight of happy laughter,  
The delight of low replies.

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,  
And a dewy splendor falls  
On the little flower that clings  
To the turrets and the walls;  
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,  
And the light and shadow fleet;  
*She is walking in the meadow,  
And the woodland echo rings;  
In a moment we shall meet;  
She is singing in the meadow,  
And the rivulet at her feet  
Ripples on in light and shadow  
To the ballad that she sings.*

Do I hear her sing as of old,  
My bird with the shining head,  
My own dove with the tender eye?  
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,  
There is some one dying or dead,  
And a sullen thunder is rolled;  
For a tumult shakes the city,  
And I wake, my dream is fled;  
*In the shuddering dawn, behold,  
Without knowledge, without pity,  
By the curtains of my bed  
That abiding phantom cold.*

Get thee hence, nor come again,  
Mix not memory with doubt,  
Pass, though death-like type of pain,  
Pass and cease to move about,  
'Tis the blot upon the brain  
That will show itself without.

Then I rise, the eave-drops fall,  
And the yellow vapors choke  
The great city sounding wide;  
The day comes, a dull red ball  
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke  
On the misty river-tide.

Through the hubbub of the market  
I steal, a wasted frame,  
It crosses here, it crosses there,  
Through all that crowd confused and loud,  
The shadow still the same;  
And on my heavy eyelids  
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,  
That heard me softly call,  
Came glimmering through the laurels  
At the quiet even fall,  
In the garden by the turrets  
Of the old manorial hall.  
Would the happy spirit descend  
From the realms of light and song,  
In the chamber or the street,  
As she looks among the blest,  
Should I fear to greet my friend,  
Or to say, 'Forgive the wrong,'  
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,  
To the regions of thy rest?'

But the broad light glares and beats,  
And the shadow flits and fleets  
And will not let me be;  
And I loathe the squares and streets,  
And the faces that one meets,  
Hearts with no love for me:  
Always I long to creep  
Into some still cavern deep,  
There to weep, and weep, and weep  
My whole soul out to thee."

JEREMY.—I'll not deny that it's good. Tennyson couldn't write sixteen hundred lines without some of them being beautiful. My complaint is that he might have made the poem better, if he had stuck to legitimate metres, and been less bald in language. It's the fashion to praise him, whatever he does. But I, for one, will be honest and out-spoken: and I say that "Maud" is poor, considering who wrote it. I believe it's your secret opinion also. You're too charitable, too charitable by half. (*Rises to go.*)

EDITOR.—It may be I am. But it's better than being the opposite. And that's your secret opinion also, Jeremy.

JEREMY—(*Laughing.*) You've "check-mated me there, Donald, my man." Good-bye. Come up to the hills, soon, and shoot a deer! The Alleghanies were never grander than now. You'll feel more poetry there, in a day, than you would if you read "Maud" for a week.

EDITOR.—The mountains are Homeric.

JEREMY.—And from everlasting to everlasting.

## MY LOVE STORY.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

I WAS afraid, at first, that the title of this sketch would challenge comparison with the English Baronet's, "My Novel," but no fear! My literary position (ahem!) is at such a great remove from his! I call it *my* Love Story because it begins, instead of ends, with a marriage. And does that hushed room look like a bridal-room? There is a stand with its vials of medicine, lotions and linaments, cups and spoons—pushed aside now, as of no farther avail. There is a physician with his watch in his hand, and on the bed a pale, sinking girl. But there will be a marriage here before long. The bridegroom is on his way. As the red sand on the banks of the Raritan gleams beneath his horse's feet, he wonders why he is called in such haste to the bedside of Marian Wood. They have been friends from childhood, but it is three years since they have met, and now the vision of a summer-scene, three years ago, rises before him. He sees Marian kneeling on the brink of a fairy lake, where two swans feed from her hand. "Marian, do you love me?" he hears his own voice saying. "I don't know yet," says Marian, turning aside to pull more grass for the swans. Has Marian's three years reign as an acknowledged belle taught her enough of life and her own heart to enable her now to give an answer? A moment, and John De Lyle will hear it from her own lips, albeit he is far from asking it now.

He stands once more beneath her father's roof, and meets Mrs. Wood's welcoming hand. How often has he smiled at the pitying kindness of her farewell! He holds his breath as he listens, and is ushered into Marian's chamber. "I have but a short time to live, John," whispers a weak voice; "I would die yours. Let me have the satisfaction of thinking I have been your wife, if only for a few hours."

Bewildered and shocked, De Lyle can only press the attenuated fingers to his lips, and gaze with gathering tears upon the shrunken temples and colorless features, once so dear to him.

"John," said Mr. Wood, "hear an old man's prayer—consent to my daughter's dying wish."

De Lyle met the gaze of Marian's soul, and unable to speak, bowed his head.

clergyman soon stood before them with r-book in hand, and the holy words were

read. How strange and sad they rung out in that room! What a strange, sad scene it was altogether! De Lyle rose from his knees, and drew his bride to his breast, calling her in broken tones "his darling Marian." There was a long, unbroken silence. And Marian slept. That pale motionless repose—all feared it would merge soon and silently into that of death. Her father and mother knelt close around, and while the sunset clouds folded up their drapery, and the twilight spirits drew near, John De Lyle sat and held her to his breast. The scene and all that had passed seemed to him like a dream.

The slumber was broken at last. Then began an agony and a struggling most trying to witness. But the doctor laid his hand at intervals upon Marian's brow. "I would not bid you hope, madam," he said to Mrs. Wood, "but the forces of nature seem marshalling themselves. There is now just a chance. It may be; understand me it *may* be. It would be almost beyond belief, but—well! we shall see."

At midnight John De Lyle stood beneath the June stars. "Wretch that I am," he cried, "I fear she will live." Then he rushed back to the chamber of watching, his heart torn with bewildering thoughts of his betrothed, Constance Bulkeley. Supplications for life rose wildly up that night. Poor John could not but join in them as he felt the fitful heart-throbs so close to his own. But Constance—Constance—Marian's head touched her miniature. That miniature was a lump of ice, sending a thrill through every limb. Then he felt like tossing the unconscious girl from him. The pressure of her form was hateful. He bit his lips till the blood came, while hard and bitter thoughts sprang up. Again he would gaze on the beautiful face pillowed on his bosom, and on the agonized friends around, and pray a shuddering prayer for forgiveness. His hours of torture wore on. A new dawn was looking her first on the world when the physician pronounced that Marian would live. "Thank God!" was John De Lyle's sincere ejaculation, but the words suddenly stiffened even upon his lips he was pressing to hers. Dizzily he made his way from the house. Down on the damp grass he flung himself, and dug his nails into the ground. But one thought throbbled in body and

soul—Constance, whom he so passionately loved, and from whom he had forever separated himself.

Two writhing hours passed before he could force himself to look the reality in the face. "It can't be helped—make the best of it," is sorry consolation, but it was all poor De Lyle had. "I have a great sin upon my soul," he murmured, at last. "How have I wronged poor Constance—and Marian too. One thing I can do," he added, while the veins on his forehead swelled up like cords, "she shall never know it." He rose, and going down to the river's brink, unhooked a row-boat and sculled himself across to the towpath of the canal, which here lies side by side with the Raritan. Jamming his hat down over his eyes, he walked that solitary path till the sun rode high, maturing a self-denying and noble purpose—the effort to be happy as well as make another happy.

It was hard—his teeth were set tight very often that day, to keep his voice and manner loving and happy. "Oh! my God, I am afraid I shall hate her," he whispered to himself.

That evening he wrote to Constance Bulkeley, a despairing bitterness filling his soul as he thought of the heavens growing suddenly dark above her head. The letter was returned unopened.

Song and color and odor roused from their rich visions on summer's breast, and threw health and buoyancy on Marian's head. Autumn came and pressed her ruddy cheek against the fruit, and then trailed her brown robes among the reapers, while John De Lyle was still trying to "file his mind." He could not bear to take his wife to the home where he had once hoped to welcome another.

Marian's happiness and love were overflowing, and in their luxuriance he tried to plant his tree of happiness.

One day he was sitting by the couch on which she was resting from a walk, when a letter from his mother was handed him. Marian saw that his brow contracted as he read, and when he had finished, playfully snatched it from him. It related entirely to his engagement with Miss Bulkeley, and he caught her hands quickly. "Give me that, if you please, Marian," said he. There was no explanation to make, and he put it in his pocket. Marian felt unpleasant about it all day.

His mother and sisters received Marian very coldly and distantly when at last he took her to New York. She was surprised and hurt, and he felt provoked, though he could not say a word. On this account he was obliged to commence housekeeping before he could command money

to do so in the style he had expected. Marian was often perplexed and annoyed at the many contrasts to her own home.

Charles Bulkeley, the brother of Constance, had been De Lyle's most intimate friend, his college-chum—his warm and sympathizing regard never failing. De Lyle could now only wish that he might not often cross his path. One day he was standing with some friends in Broadway, when he suddenly lifted his eyes and met those of Charles Bulkeley, from which shone a dark, contemptuous stare. De Lyle's face flushed to the very temples. The men that were with him knew Bulkeley, and knew him as an intimate friend of his own. It was little balm to his sore and mortified heart to think of the conjectures they might spread around. The next day he received a few lines from young Bulkeley, informing him in terms which might be characterized as rather emphatic, that if it were not for the exposure and consequent injury to his sister, he would give him a public horse-whipping. This De Lyle had to swallow. He did himself the justice, however, of writing to Bulkeley a full explanation, though he scarcely knew how to address him. The next time they met, that gentleman quietly looked the other way. He took out De Lyle's letter before his sister one day, saying, "Constance, I have a letter here from John De Lyle."

"Charles, have I not requested you never to mention that name to me?"

"But, Constance, this is something you ought to know."

"I wish to know no more. I read the notice in the paper."

"In justice to yourself——"

"Stop, Charles. Not a word more. This is foolishness, mockery. Why will you persist in reminding me of one I am trying to forget?"

"But, my dear sister——"

"Charles, have you no feeling? It is cruel—cruel," and she hurried from the room. The young man made one more attempt to disclose all to the wounded, embittered girl. He laid the letter in her way. She threw it into the fire.

Clients had been an instant necessity to De Lyle when he began practice, and the most of them had been procured by Charles Bulkeley's warm and generous efforts among his large family connection and extensive acquaintance. When it became known that they were not on speaking terms, many of these began to draw off. De Lyle did not actually need them now, but it stung his proud spirit to see the pre-occupied eye and averted face when Charles came in sight.

He had been entrusted by old Mr. Bulkeley

with a prominent and lucrative cause, the mere connection with which had given him distinction. This, of course, he had resigned. Owing, perhaps, to the change of hands, it was decided soon after in favor of the opposing party, and thereby the old gentleman lost a great part of his property. De Lyle had always avoided young Bulkeley in the public thoroughfares, both from delicacy and his own feelings, but now people remarked it, and talked of his kicking down the ladder by which he had risen. This cut him more than all.

One day he took a check for a thousand dollars, which he had laid aside for the purchase of law books, and disguising his hand, sent it to Charles Bulkeley, as restitution from a person who had defrauded him of that amount. Something about the note was recognized, and the money returned the next day, with the intimation that the generosity of a street-sweeper would have prevented him from offering additional insult.

These things, joined to the yearning and regret now forbidden and useless, saddened the cricket on De Lyle's hearth. There never was but one being on earth who carried out a purpose unwaveringly to its fulfilment, and even He said, "How am I straitened till it be accomplished!" John was sometimes cold or careless or cross. Marian, an only and petted child, was exacting and capricious. She required many demonstrations and protestations of love, and her husband, with all his energies taxed for concealment, could not very well give them. Her spirit vibrated with gratitude for her almost miraculous recovery, and she loved to go over and over again the whole scene of their marriage, and the long night that followed, when light and joy were born out of darkness. She wondered and felt hurt that De Lyle always shrank from the subject. She was fond of ruling, and he was of a temper that would bear no dictation, no interference with his personal habits. He paid little attention to a violent antipathy she took to one or two of his frequent companions, and when her pretty, coaxing way failed of effect, she turned to pocket-handkerchief and Lubin. She had some habits which were very disagreeable to him. She opened all letters which came for him, although he tried to cure her by scrupulously refraining from doing the same; looked through his desk and rummaged in his drawers with the most perfect freedom. One Sunday afternoon she was amusing herself in this way, when she came upon a folded paper containing a long lock of raven hair—Miss Bulkeley's. "Whose is this, John?" she exclaimed. He rose and went behind her to conceal

his countenance, replying as carelessly as he could, "Whose is it? It would be hard for me to tell you, Marian. Perhaps you never knew I was a great favorite with the ladies, and they were constantly giving me locks of their hair, 'and sich,' as Topsy says. Don't ask me, Marian, I should be ashamed to say I did not know."

Despising himself for the equivocation, he watched her progress, fearing she might come to some other undestroyed keepsake. Presently she found a tiny volume of sonnets. "*From Constance Bulkeley*. What an exquisite Italian hand! Who is she? You never told me about her."

"Didn't I?" said De Lyle.

"No; is she any relative of the Mr. Bulkeley who was in college with you?"

"His sister."

"Ah—and so she gave you a book of poems. Did you know her very well?"

"Yes."

"What was she like? You deal in monosyllables to-day. Was she tall or short? was she a great talker? Was she *fast*?"

"She would be called tall, I suppose. She was *prononce* in her style, but decidedly not a *fast* young lady."

"What color were her eyes?"

"Black."

"Why does her brother never come here? I thought he was your bosom friend."

"Really, Marian, I believe you could conduct a cross-examination as well as I could. How can I tell you? He does not live in the city."

"You correspond, don't you?"

"No."

As time passed on, Marian began to see that her love was not all returned—that there was a hidden recess in her husband's heart, the curtain of which she might not lift. She would often gaze wistfully at the cloud on his brow, and long to know its cause that she might try to sweep it away. Her disappointed feelings made her peevish and captious. She became annoyed at the slightest attention to other ladies.

"Jealous, Marian," exclaimed John, with curling lips, when he found this out, "I tell you plainly I will not be governed by such nonsense. It is too contemptible."

She burst into tears, and he turned on his heel. This was not the last of such painful scenes, for John's temper was high. Still he could not help being touched by Marian's clinging, idolizing love, and had begun to feel real affection for her. As soon as he could afford it, he purchased a new house on Twenty-First street, and pleased himself with arranging every

thing to please her. He was completely separated from his own family. Every attempt of Marian's to ingratiate herself had only widened the breach, until there was a tacit agreement that it was best to keep apart. Their beautiful baby's christening party was their house-warming, and its little soft fingers might have woven tightly the threads of their affection, but its mother was jealous of De Lyle's pride and delight in it—jealous of her own child!

So, gradually, Marian's brows drew together, and her temper soured. Her parents noticed it, and blamed De Lyle. One day they received a letter from her, full of vague discontent, and Mr. Wood took the cars and rode into the city.

"John," he commenced after a few moments conversation with his son-in-law, "I know it is a delicate matter to interfere between man and wife, but——" and he proceeded, in his stiff, formal manner, to take De Lyle to task for his wife's altered spirits.

John's eyes flashed, "I hold myself accountable to no man for my actions, sir," said he.

"John, recollect that my interest in Marian's happiness is as deep as yours. I am her father."

"Though you were twenty times her father, if she thinks fit to appeal to you to take her part, I am both sorry and indignant."

"That is not the proper spirit, my son," and the old gentleman plodded on, till De Lyle lost his temper, and words passed which rendered it impossible for Mr. Wood ever again to cross his son-in-law's threshold.

With a burning heart, John De Lyle ran up to his wife's bedroom. "Marian, was it a pleasant feeling after you had descended so low as to complain to others of my unkindness?"

"What do you mean, John? I never did such a thing."

"Take care, Marian, you have hitherto kept clear of falsehood at least. Your father has just been here. Do you dare to tell me that you have not been to him with tales?"

"Most certainly I do. To think of my making complaints of you to any living being, if I had twenty times as much cause as I have."

"Let me tell you, madam, you think yourself ill-used, but there are ten women who have more reason for thinking so to one that has less."

"I never denied it, John—that makes it no better for me. But that I ever said anything against you, is not true. You may believe me, my husband."

"Your father must have inferred it, then, from your manner of speaking and writing."

"I cannot help my manner," and Marian burst into tears, "if I feel sad and disappointed

I suppose it shows itself. Oh! I wish I had never left my home!"

"I wish to heaven you never had!"

The words were repented as soon as spoken; but when he would have apologized, and soothed Marian's wild sobs, she pushed him away.

The next day he denied himself the purchase of a beautiful Claude, in order to buy something for Marian, and selected a pearl necklace, at Ball & Blacks, which cost more than he could afford.

He had not seen her since he left her the day before. She received a little bouquet he offered, with a smile, but one of such deep melancholy, that tears started to his eyes.

"Forgive a hasty word," he whispered. "You know that I love you, my own Marian."

"I try to keep the belief, John."

"I know that you are unhappy, and the knowledge is one of my hardest trials. How different from what I hoped! We must both learn more forbearance."

One evening, at Nahant, about seven years after John De Lyle's marriage, he suddenly perceived Miss Bulkeley standing in a quadrille at the upper end of the room. Her head had a prouder lift, her eye was calm, and she was talking gaily to her partner. De Lyle watched her all the evening, priding himself that he could do so with so much composure. He felt glad that grief had not left traces on her brow and manner, and yet sorry—not sorry, exactly, but piqued. Had it indeed been so slight? He determined to throw himself in her way. It appeared no effort, the calmness with which her eye met his, and he went to sleep that night questioning, was it self-command or indifference? Meanwhile, she was pacing her little room, her heart and brain in a perfect tumult. Before morning she had worked herself into such excitement as to lose sight of the instinctive resolve of self-respect—utter oblivion of De Lyle's presence. "He may think I cannot trust myself. Anything rather than that!"

The people with whom she had come to Nahant, knew Mr. De Lyle, and one of the ladies asked permission to present him. His brow flushed, but she was perfectly unembarrassed; her reception of him not exactly that to a new acquaintance, but one admitting the bare fact that they had met before. He could not answer her first question. And as days passed on, his desire to do so grew stronger. Oh! John De Lyle what was it to you? Constance was changed. There was a bitterness and a sarcasm in her remarks, at which Young America laughed and said that it gave point and piquancy to her



conversation. There were only a few, like the minister of Lenaar, who saw that some personal experience had sharpened the blade, and pointed out the weak joint of armor. People said she had great energy and strength of character—perhaps twenty years hence might become “strong-minded!” Was this all? Had she entirely succeeded in effacing her former lover’s image from her heart? She received all his attentions unhesitatingly—even braced herself to be alone with him; and her success was that perfect success which banishes all idea of effort.

If she had been trying to bring De Lyle back to her feet she could not have found anything more effectual than that cold, proud smile, and haughty bearing. They urged him on day by day. From some casual remark he discovered that she was ignorant of the history of his marriage. If he only could tell her! The contempt which stung him so much would not be quite so great.

There was a tired look in Miss Bulkeley’s brilliant eyes, one afternoon, as she opened her portfolio to sketch a twilight rock, and the mockery of her smile had something of sadness. This was all that was needed to unlock the pent-up fountains in De Lyle’s heart. He forgot himself—forgot Marian—forgot everything, and poured his whole story into her ear. She sat pale and motionless, and at last said, in a voice hoarse with emotion,

“I don’t know whether I ought to thank you for telling me this, and yet I do. My contempt for the race to which I belong will be a little less bitter, and——”

“Pray go on.”

“Don’t ask me. I have suffered too—am suffering still.”

“Constance.”

“Do you rejoice in it?”

“No, but tell me you pity me—tell me you love me still.”

“Spare me, Mr. De Lyle, if you have one spark of your former generosity. This is no conversation for us—it must never be renewed—you hear me?”

“You shall be obeyed; but promise me one thing—that we may be friends.”

“I don’t know whether, with my memories, I can feel *friendship* for you, John. God knows, I wish I could. We must go back to the house now.”

Poor Marian! She had heard all. She had been reading in a recess of the rock beneath whose shadow they had seated themselves, and had remained rooted to the spot. She felt her senses leaving her, and vainly trying to call

after the retreating forms, fainted away in that lonely place.

She struggled back to consciousness by herself, and dragged her tottering body to her room. That night, in the parlor, she was the gayest of the gay. A burning crimson spot in each cheek, and the feverish excitement in her eyes made her more beautiful than ever. Since her marriage, she had been wrapped up in her husband, and cared for no admiration or attention from others, but now she brought to light all the buried artillery of flirtation. The gentlemen thronged around her. A young French count, who had been feted all along Fifth Avenue, the last winter, was peculiarly assiduous. The next day it was the same. No one had ever seen her so brilliant, so eager for excitement. Nothing came amiss to her except quiet, she was always ready, she went to all lengths in her hot, restless career. Her jest and repartee never failed. The wild joy of triumph sat on her brow as she saw herself dazzling once more. Monsieur le Comte became gallant, even tender, and she recklessly met him half-way. People said the beautiful Mrs. De Lyle was flirting desperately, and wondered that her husband did not interfere. But he was entirely absorbed in his wistful devotion to Constance Bulkeley, and if he noticed her at all felt glad that she seemed enjoying herself more than usual. Miss Bulkeley’s calm manner, and his own care prevented his attentions being noticed, and still, for her own sake, Miss Bulkeley every day intended to leave Nahant, and yet every day prolonged the dangerous delight. One evening, Mr. De Lyle was standing with her in the recess of a window, when she quietly laid her hand on his arm, and looked toward his wife. He followed her glance. There was no mistaking the *tableau vivante*. The comte and Mrs. De Lyle had just passed from a redowa. He was bending down to look into her eyes, and she was pretending to turn away, with a smile provokingly sweet, and provokingly saucy. Many a significant gaze was on them. De Lyle ground his teeth, turned and stepped out of the window behind him. When the guests dispersed to their rooms, he sought that of his wife. She was not there. With a fierce brow he went down stairs, and vainly searched through drawing-rooms, halls and piazzas. As he was turning away, he saw the count emerge from a dark corner of the piazza, and caught the rustle of a silken scarf speeding up the staircase. He followed, but Marian’s door was locked, and no knocking could gain admittance.

There are always sharp eyes “to the fore,” as

the Irish say, in a watering-place, and tongues too. People were glad to have something decided to form the cap-sheaf to what had been amusing them for one or two weeks. De Lyle found in his early walk the next morning that scandal had been busy with Marian's fair name. As he passed a group of young men, he heard one say, "There he is—there he is." "Ah! *il marito*," drawled another, "poor fellow!" "Good, easy man," said a third.

His very toes tingled, but he went on. He encountered a friend, who gave him a sympathizing hand-pressure. He could have knocked him down. Farther on he heard the young Frenchman's, "Ah *non, non*; it is too bad, madam is *charmante* and—*eh bien! eh bien!*"

De Lyle burst into Marian's room, and overwhelmed her with reproaches and invective.

She rose from the sofa, her eyes shining with indignation.

"And do you dare to speak to me in this way?"

"Dare? yes, madam."

"You have no right."

"No right! what do you mean?"

"Is it possible you have never thought? Mr. De Lyle, I was a listener to your conversation with Miss Bulkeley the other day. I know all."

He looked at her fixedly for a moment, and then sat down in silence.

A half-hour passed. Marian lifted her head at last with just strength enough to murmur, "Send me home—send me home."

Her husband raised his haggard face. "Marian, it appears to me that you had best not go yet—that is, if you can endure my society. I have done you a great wrong. I do not wish to add to it by being the cause of blighting your reputation. You have allowed this French puppy to

lead you so far that if we separate now society will stamp you at once. I am willing to lay aside all the anger and mortification you will perhaps say I have no right to feel, and assist you in regaining a firm standing—by placing open confidence in you, to make the world retrace its steps if I can."

"Oh, what do I care for the world! Let me go home at once."

"Certainly, Marian, if you wish; but do not decide rashly, for your own sake—for the sake of our little girl."

The next winter opened with Marian De Lyle in Twenty-First street, a gay leader of fashion, but a broken-hearted woman. Her greenhouse, her exquisite boudoir were evidence of her husband's kindness. Her Wednesday evenings were very brilliant, and his attention very manifest. The young men concluded down at Snedicker's that they must have been mistaken last summer—the elderly ladies against the wall whispered the same thing behind their fans.

As spring violets crept into the bouquets, Mrs. De Lyle's health required a trip to Europe. No one doubted it who looked at the hollow cheek to which rouge alone lent a lustre. Through the broken arches of the Coliseum, and on the shores of lake Lemana sad and silent pair wandered for a time, till at some celebrated German bath, their separation was finally accomplished. Marian, with her little girl, remaining there to be under the care of the physician—so it was given out—and De Lyle taking passage at Havre for New York. He walked down to his office every morning the same as ever. You would detect no difference in him from the passing crowd, and perhaps there are many among them who like him, bear on to the grave a bitter, disappointed and remorseful heart.

## A N N A .

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

SHE never knew what drew her spirit pure  
From this fair world to one of sunnier clime;  
From one where all must suffer and endure,  
To one where peace is never marred by Time.  
Death's angel wrapped her in his cold embrace,  
But left a smile upon her beauteous face.

She closed her eyes on all she loved below,  
And oped them in a realm of light above;  
Where joy unspeakable doth ever flow

Around the soul in endless, ceaseless love;  
A lovely bud on earth she did appear,  
Ordnained to bloom within a purer sphere.

Transplanted early to a bower on high,  
Oh, may she flourish in those gardens fair;  
Beneath a golden light and rosy sky,  
All free from sorrow, free from earthly care;  
So softly, gently did she pass away,  
Who would have wished that she might longer stay?

COXC OMB.

A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—COX—(Cocks.)

*Dramatis Personæ.*—A COCK.—HENS.—FARMER'S WIFE.—A STRANGE COCK.  
SCENE—A Farm-yard must be imagined by the audience.



ENTER FARMER'S WIFE, carrying a basket. She cries, "Chuck, chuck!" and pretends to be throwing about food for the Chickens. Exit Farmer's Wife.

Enter HENS and a COCK, running as fast as they can, and flapping their arms for wings. They commence picking up the food, the Cock stalking proudly round them, and crowing. Every now and then he scratches with his feet and picks up the grain. He has a fine tail made with a feather-broom, and on his head is a comb of red cloth.

Enter a STRANGE COCK, running as fast as he can. He also begins picking up the grain. A Cock, on seeing him, flaps his wings, and stretching out his neck, crows lustily. The Strange Cock answers him. They crow to each



other several times. At last they advance proudly to each other, and jumping and flapping their wings, commence fighting. The hens look on. The Strange Cock is at last knocked down, and his conqueror, walking proudly round him, crows again and again.

Re-enter Farmer's Wife. She is surprised to

see the dead Fowl. She drives off the Cock and Hens, and picking up the dead one, carries it away.



Re-enter A Cock, who begins scratching on the ground. At last he discovers a beautiful necklace of coral, among the supposed litter. He regards it for some time with his head knowingly on one side. Then he philosophizes



Pointing to his mouth, and then to the jewel, he shakes his head to intimate that he cannot eat it. He turns from the necklace with an expression of contempt, and picking up an imaginary grain of corn from the carpet, he smiles, and again sneers at the coral beads, to tell the audience how much better the useful is than the ornamental.

Exit A Cock pompously.

ACT II.—CO M B.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—HUNGRY TRAVELLER.—LANDLADY.—POOR SERVANT.

SCENE—The coffee-room at an hotel. Against the wall a placard labelled "SOUPS."

ENTER HUNGRY TRAVELLER in great haste, and looking at his watch. He stamps loudly and often, when

Enter LANDLADY, rubbing her hands, and curt-seying. The Traveller, pointing to the placard of "Soups," and then to his mouth, orders her

to bring him some. By stamping and frowning, he intimates that he is in a great hurry.

Exit Landlady quickly.



The traveller paces the room. Then taking a paper he reads for a moment, but soon throws it away. He again looks at his watch, and stamps violently.

Re enter Landlady, bearing a basin supposed to contain soup. The traveller smiles with joy, and seating himself, begins eating. On tasting it he smacks his lips and clasps his hands with delight, his face wearing an expression of ecstasy. The Landlady is overcome by her feelings, and turns her head on one side. As he continues eating, she gazes fondly upon him, slowly shaking her head to tell how glad she is to see him enjoying himself. Suddenly the Hungry Traveller, throwing down his spoon, falls back in horror. The Landlady is alarmed, and by her actions, inquiries the cause of his anger.

He still points to the basin, and the Landlady advancing, he takes from it a comb, that has accidentally dropped into the soup.



He is astonished, and holds it at arm's length as she examines it. Whilst the Hungry Traveller, with upturned eyes, is rubbing his waistcoat, she rings the bell loudly.

Enter POOR SERVANT, with a Wellington boot in one hand, and a brush in the other. Landlady thrusting the comb in her face, stamps and shakes her head with passion.

The countenance of the Poor Servant wears an expression of joy on seeing her long-lost comb. Taking the comb, she throws away the boot, and presses it to her bosom, until Landlady losing all patience, seizes her by the arm and drags her from the room.

Exit Hungry Traveller, shaking his fist at the ceiling.



### ACT III.—COXCOMB.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—IMPUDENT COXCOMB.—JEALOUS HUSBAND.—BEAUTIFUL WIFE.—VISITORS.

SCENE—A ball-room, with chairs placed for Visitors.

ENTER JEALOUS HUSBAND and BEAUTIFUL WIFE arm-in-arm. His face wears a wretched expression, that tells that the "green-eyed monster" has been at work. As he hands his Wife to a seat, his bosom heaves with emotion, and he casts a half doubting look upon her.

Enter VISITORS dressed for the dance. They are received by the Jealous Husband and his Wife, who welcome them.

Enter IMPUDENT COXCOMB, wearing a large burnt-cork imperial, and holding his eye-glass up. He walks round the room looking at the ladies and laughing, when they modestly turn their heads aside. Presently he seats himself near one of the Visitors, and, looking full in her face, commences an imaginary conversation with her. She immediately rises, and with a look of scorn, leaves him. Impudent Coxcomb bursts into a fit of laughter, and holds his sides and

stamps on the ground to express the capital fun he is having.

On turning round he is struck with the excessive beauty of Jealous Husband's Wife. He rises and stands before her, examining her closely with his eye-glass. His face wears a nasty impudent expression.



The Lady don't half like it, and turns her head aside, endeavoring to hide her emotion with her fan. Impudent Coxcomb at last is perceived by Jealous Husband, who bites his nails with rage, and leaning against the wall, watches him closely. At last the Coxcomb

winks and kisses his hand to the Lady, who immediately rises with dignity from her seat, and casting a withering look at the fellow, sails majestically from the room. Jealous Husband rushes forward, and seizing the Coxcomb by the neck, drags him toward the door. He resists, and is instantly knocked down by Jealous Husband. The visitors all look delighted.

Exit Coxcomb, holding a handkerchief to his nose, and kicked out by Jealous Husband.

Re-enter Jealous Husband, leading in his

Beautiful Wife. He kneels before her, and with clasped hands, begs to be forgiven for his



unjust suspicions. The Wife is affected to tears, and, turning her head aside, gives him her hand as a token of her love.



He kisses it madly, and all the Visitors weep plentifully.

At last rising, he, by his jumping about,

invites the company to dance. They are all delighted, and choose their partners. (*Music*

*Exeunt omnes*, galloping.

## THE ROSE TREE.

BY C. H. CRISWELL.

I CAN see it from my window,  
I can see it there below;  
With its branches bright with roses,  
And its buds that soon will blow.  
I can see it yonder blooming  
'Neath the sun's life-giving glow.

These are days of sober August,  
When the flowers first dream of death—  
When the leaves first think of falling  
On the dry grass underneath;  
When the roses white and crimson  
All have given up their breath.

But my pet—my rose of beauty,  
Ev'ry month doth bud and blow  
There beneath my chamber window,  
In the garden bed below,  
Buds and blossoms rare and lovely—  
Oh, what joy to have it so!

Twenty roses—now I count them—  
Twenty roses on that tree;  
Some full-blown, and some yet budding,  
Dear their fragrance is to me.  
Precious is my rose of beauty,  
Blossoming unceasingly.

## MEMORY.

BY MARY MORTIMER.

THERE is to me a magic charm,  
A bliss that Memory gives,  
It lights again those happy hours  
In which past pleasures live.  
I would not lose the dearest bliss  
That charms the pensive hour;  
When fancy free and unconfin'd  
Delights in Memory's power.

It is a sunbeam to the heart,  
And gilds the darkest scene;

It charms in midnight's wakeful hour,  
A loved and vanished dream.

It gives us back the joys of youth,  
Unclouded, free from care;  
And Friendship too which proved the truth  
Of many an earnest prayer.

Tho' faded hopes, and grief, and care,  
Had ever marked my lot;

I would not drink of Lethe's stream,  
Or e'en deep sorrows blot.

# TURKISH TOBACCO-POUCH, IN APPLICATION.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.



**MATERIALS.**—A piece of cinnamon brown cloth, on which the design is laid in black velvet and blue cloth. Red Albert braid, gold braid, and gold thread, passementerie tassel and slides, and cord to match.

This pouch, which to an inveterate smoker will be yet more acceptable than a cigar-case, consists of four pieces, on all of which the design is repeated; they are sewed together down the sides, and meet in a point. The black velvet is represented as black in the engraving; the lighter pattern is in blue cloth. Both are edged throughout with gold braid, laid on so as to conceal the part where the applique and ground join. The braided patterns on the velvet and the blue cloth are done in Albert braid, edged with gold thread.

To make up a tobacco-pouch, have four pieces of washleather, cut the same shape as the sides of the bag, and join them up; join up the bag also, put the lining in, and fasten it lightly down the seams. Turn in the edges at the top; sew them together, finish with a cord and small rings, covered with crochet, through which the strings are run.

This would also make a very beautiful bag for a lady.

Any other combination of colors may be used, care being taken that they harmonize sufficiently well.

## BOURSE IMPERATRICE.

**MATERIALS.**—Broad gold braid, gold thread of No. 0, two dozen rings nearly three quarters of an inch in diameter, a skein of purse silk of any color that may be desired, and passementerie tassels, bars, and cord, composed of the same color, with gold.

For illustration see front of the number. The star in the centre of this purse is the first done. Bend the end of the gold braid an inch, draw an end of the silk through the doubled braid an eighth of an inch from the top, and wind it round the braid for rather more than half an inch; fasten off the silk. There will be an end of braid uncovered with the silk. Leave it in both thicknesses of braid, and fold down an inch. Treat this the same. Repeat this ten times, which will take up twenty ends of the braid. Arrange the piece in the

form of a star, as seen in the engraving, and sew the centre firmly, to keep all the points in their true position.

Do another star exactly like this, for the opposite side. Now cover all the rings with crochet, sew them together, as in the engraving, and work a gold rosette in the centre of each. Tack them down on a piece of *toile cre*, with the star in the centre, and unite them by button-hole bars, carrying a line also round the star, just above where the silk is wound round, to form a wheel: all the points of the wheel must also be connected with the bars and rings.

Both sides being done precisely alike, may be united at the sides. A flat ornament in passementerie (termed a Macaroon) is sewn in the centre of each star, and the trimmings, tassels, and bars are added.

## NECK-TIE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.



THIS is a comfortable tie for the approaching winter. If every lady would wear one, colds on the chest would be less prevalent.

For directions to work in crochet, we refer to the July number of our Magazine.

**MATERIALS.**—Two shades of crochet pure twist, any color that may be desired. Crochet hook. No. 16. Eagle card-board gauge. Make a chain of the required length; work one row of sc.

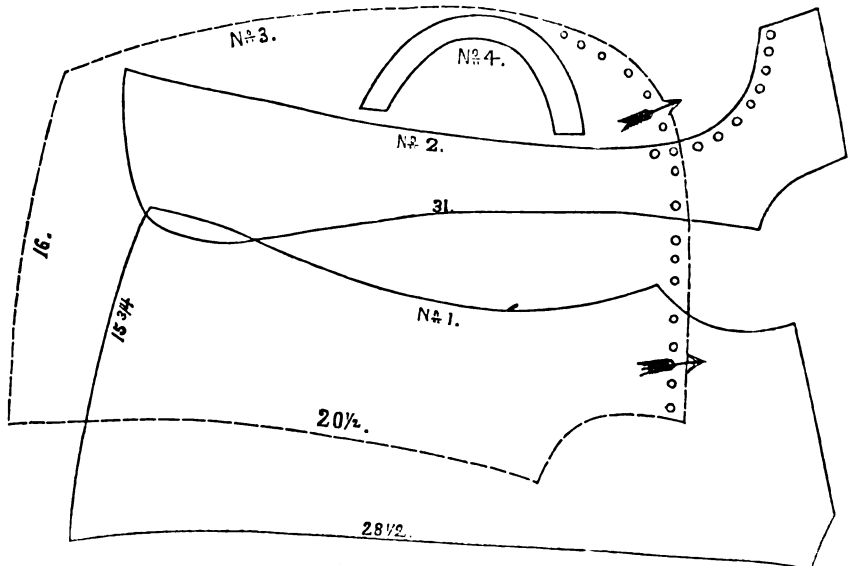
2nd.—So on 1st, 6 ch, miss 3, sc on 4th; repeat.

3rd.—Turn the work, 6 ch, sc under first loop, 6 ch, sc under next; repeat.

Continue these 2 rows until about a yard and a quarter is done, when work a row thus:—sc on centre of 6 ch, 3 ch, sc in centre of next; finish with a row of sc.

A ring, covered with silk, and two silk tassels, complete the neck-tie.

## CAMASOLE, OR NIGHT JACKET.



CAMISOLE or night jacket to be made of jacenet. The piece in front should be surrounded by an insertion embroidered in the English style, and the inside covered with small plaits.

The sleeve is cut straight, terminated by a wristband and a trimming embroidered like the insertion, and turning upon the sleeve.

No. 1. Front.

No. 2. Part to be joined to the piece and to be gathered between the two arrows.

No. 3. Collar to be trimmed the same as the sleeve.

The figures  $20\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $28\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $15\frac{3}{4}$  and  $16$  give the lengths in inches of the pattern.

## DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A DAHLIA.\*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

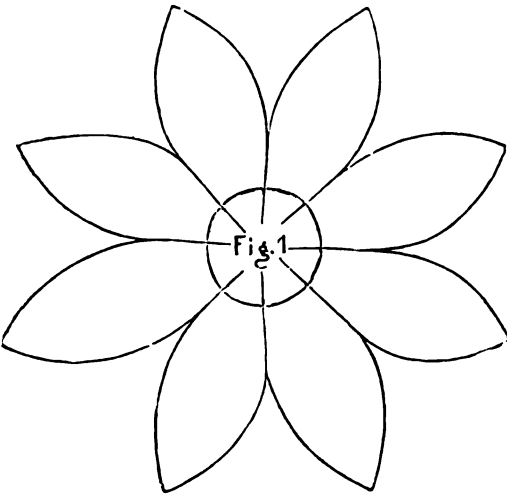
**MATERIALS.**—Carmine, red, purple, or yellow Dahlia paper, green and yellow hearts, gum arabic.

Cut seven sizes, two of each, each size to be a little smaller than the first. Fold your paper the same as directed in making a rose, only instead of cutting the petals round at the top, cut them more to a point as in figure 1; a little practice will enable you to cut these flowers without the aid of a regular pattern. Clip the lower part of each petal a little sufficiently to fold over. Commence with the largest sizes of petals: gum the lower part of each edge enough to flute it, being careful not to flatten down the leaf. For the four smaller sizes you should have a stick tapering to a point, a paint-brush handle will do; gum each petal over



this, which will give it a quilled appearance. For the centre cut a round piece of paper smaller than any of the sizes: pink the edges very fine with your scissors: gum the hearts and slip through this centre. In putting the flower together commence with the largest sizes first, each set of petals should be touched with gum around the centre to keep them from slipping.

**\* MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for Japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pips, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups, for roses and buds, all the small flowers, being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.



### EDGE FOR SLEEVE OR HANDKERCHIEF.

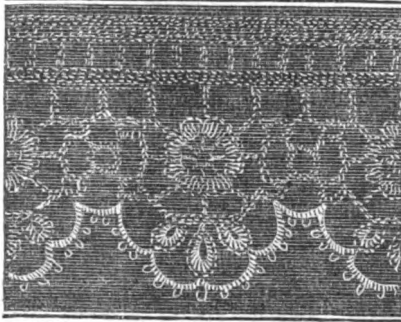
**MEDALLION PATTERN.**—Worked in satin-stitch, } French working cotton. A pattern as new as it  
 tton-hole stitch, and over-stitch, with fine } is beautiful.



## GUIPURE TRIMMING FOR PETTICOATS, ETC.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—The BOB'S HEAD crochet cotton, No. 14, of Messrs. W. Evans & Co., of Derby. Boulton & Son's Crochet-hook, No. 21.



Make a chain of the required length, taking care that it is not done too tightly.

1st. Row.—Sc.

2nd.—x 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1, x. This, and all other patterns, between the crosses, is to be repeated to the end.

3rd.—x 1 tc, 4 ch, miss 4, x.

4th.—Sc on every stitch.

The centre flower of each scallop is now worked, and attached to the last row in the following manner:—8 ch, close into a round. 6 ch, x dc under the loop, 3 ch, x 7 times. Sc on the 3rd of 6 ch. \* Sc 4 dc, 1 sc. These 6 stitches are to be worked on the three chain before the dc stitch, 1 slip on dc, \* repeat all round. 7 ch, join on a stitch of the 4th row, and sc back on each of the 7 ch. All the flowers are so worked and are fastened on the foundation every 3<sup>rd</sup> 2nd stitch, fastening on the 1st 15 from the beginning.

5th.—x 8 slip on first 8 of 4th row, 5 ch, tc on 1st slip-stitch of the flower, \* 9 ch, close at 4th into a loop, 3 ch, tc on the next slip-stitch of the flower, \* 6 times. 5 ch, 7 slip on 4th row, missing 7 clear stitches from where the flower is joined on. x repeat from the beginning.

6th.—Slip on each of the eight slip, 6 sc under chain of 5, x then 4 under chain of 3, 1 sc, 8 dc, 1 sc, under loop, 4 sc, under next chain of 3, x 3 times; 9 ch, close into a loop, and work under it, 1 sc, 11 dc, 1 sc. Then again repeat 3 times between the crosses, 6 sc under chain of 5, 7 slip on slip, 10 ch. Join on the side of the last loop, 3 sc on chain of 10, 4 ch, sc on each, missing the first, and also on the remainder of the 10 ch. In the second, and all subsequent patterns, the first part is altered thus, at the x, 4 sc under ch, 1 sc, 3 dc under loop, join on to the point of the 4 ch, at the end of last pattern, 3 dc under loop, 10 ch, form into a loop at the 4th, and work round it, 4 sc under chain, 2 ch, join to the last loop of the last pattern (see engraving) 2 slip on 2 ch, 4 sc under loop, 2 ch, join to the last loop but one, 2 slip on 2 ch, 9 sc under loop, 3 slip on ch. 2 dc, 1 sc under 1st loop of the new pattern to complete it. In working round the next loop, join it by two chain to the ring.

7th.—x sc on side of 2nd loop, 10 ch, sc on point of next, 10 ch, sc on point of large loop. 10 ch, sc on point of next, 10 ch, sc on side of next, 10 ch, x repeat.

8th.—\* 3 sc under ch, x 4 ch, 3 sc under ch, x 3 times, \* repeat this on every chain of 10.

## GAUNTLET SLEEVES.

BY M<sup>LE</sup>. DEFOUR.

**MATERIALS.**—Nansook muslin, a little net, and the Royal Embroidery Cotton, No. 40, of Messrs. W. Evans & Co., of Derby.

When the design is traced on the muslin, small pieces of soft net are to be tacked under the leaves, and after the edge is done, in graduated button-hole stitch, and the linings sewed over,

the muslin must be cut away, so as to leave the leaf in the net. The bunches of grapes, and the border, are also worked in *dents*, or small scallops, of graduated button-hole.

This design is very suitable for the borders of handkerchiefs.

## THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

"EVERY time that a good child dies, one of God's angels comes down to earth, and takes the dead child in his arms, then spreads his large, white wings, and flies over all the spots which the child best loved, and plucks a whole handful of flowers, which he carries up to the Almighty, that they may bloom in still greater loveliness in heaven than they did upon earth. And the Almighty presses all such flowers upon His heart, but He gives a kiss to the one He prefers, and then the flower becomes endowed with a voice, and can join in the choir of the blessed."

These words were spoken by one of God's angels, as he carried up a dead child to heaven, and the child heard him as in a dream. And they passed over the spots in his home where the little one had played, and they passed through gardens filled with beautiful flowers.

"Which shall we take with us and transplant into the kingdom of heaven?" asked the angel.

There stood a slender, lovely rose-bush, only some wicked hand had broken the stem, so that all its sprigs, loaded with half-open buds, were withering around.

"Poor rose-bush!" said the child; "let's take it, in order that it may be able to bloom above, in God's kingdom."

And the angel took it, and kissed the child for its kind intention, and the little one half opened its eyes. They plucked some of the gay, ornamental flowers, but took likewise the despised buttercup and wild pansy.

"Now we have plenty of flowers!" said the child, and the angel nodded assent; but he did not yet fly upward to God. It was night, and all was quiet; they remained in the large town, and hovered over one of the narrow streets, where lay heaps of straw, ashes, and sweepings; for being quarter-day, there had been several removals. There lay fragments of plates, pieces of plaster of Paris, rags, and old hats, and all sorts of things that had become shabby.

And amidst this confused heap the angel pointed to the broken fragments of a flower-pot, and to a lump of mould that had fallen out of it, and was kept together by the roots of a large, withered field-flower, which being worthless had been flung into the street.

"We will take it with us," said the angel, "and I will tell you why, as we fly along."

And as they flew, the angel related as follows:

"In yon narrow street, a poor, sickly boy lived in a lowly cellar. He had been bedridden from his childhood. In his best days he could just walk on crutches up and down the room a couple of times, but that was all. During some days in summer, the sun just shone for about half an hour on the floor of the cellar; and when the poor boy sat and warmed himself in its beams, and he saw the red blood through his delicate fingers, that he held before his face, then he considered that he had been abroad that day. All he knew of the forest and its beautiful spring verdure, was from the first green sprig of beech that his neighbor's son used to bring him, and he would hold it over his head, and dream that he was under the beech trees, amid the sunshine and the carol of birds. One spring day, the neighbor's boy brought him some field-flowers besides, and among these there happened to be one that still retained its root, and which he therefore carefully planted in a flower-pot, and placed in the window near his bed. And the flower was planted by a lucky hand; it thrived, and put forth new shoots, and blossomed every year. It became the rarest flower-garden for the sick boy, and his only little treasure here on earth; he watered it and cherished it, and took care it should profit by every sunbeam, from the first to the last, that filtered through that lowly window; and the flower became interwoven into his very dreams, for it was for him it bloomed, for him it spread its fragrance and delighted the eye; and it was to the flower he turned in the last gasp of death, when the Lord called him. He has now been a year with his heavenly Father—and for a year did the flower stand forgotten in the window, till it withered. It was therefore cast out amongst the sweepings in the street, on the day of moving. And this is the flower, the poor faded flower, which we have added to our nosegay, because this flower gave more joy than the rarest flower in the garden of a queen."

"And how do you know all this?" asked the child, as the angel carried him up to heaven.

"I know it," said the angel, "because I myself was the little sick boy who walked upon crutches. And I know my own flower."

And the child opened his eyes completely, and looked full at the angel's serenely beautiful

countenance; and at the same moment they had reached the kingdom of heaven, where all was joy and blessedness. And God pressed the dead child to His heart, when he obtained wings like the other angel, and flew hand-in-hand with him. And God pressed all the flowers to His heart, but kissed the poor withered field-flower, which became endowed with a voice, and joined in the chorus of angels that surrounded the Almighty; some of whom are quite near their heavenly Father, while others are standing outside them in a large circle, and others again beyond these, and so on, further and still further, in endless succession, but all equally happy. And they all sang, great and little, the good, blessed child, and the poor field flower that lay withered and cast away amongst the sweepings, under the rubbish of a moving day, in the narrow, dingy street.

## GOING HOME.

BY MARY MAY.

CALMLY, upon her dying bed,  
So beautiful she lay,  
With roseate cheek and smile, it seemed,  
She could not pass away.  
Her weeping friends hung round her couch,  
They knew her hour had come—  
Heaven's light already lit her face,  
She murmured, "Going home!"  
"How fair these fragrant blossoms,  
Their mild young breath how sweet,  
Ere their bright leaves are faded  
My heart shall cease to beat;  
My day of life is over,  
Death's angel soon will come—  
But weep not, dearest mother,  
I am but going home.  
"I've seen the young and lovely  
Cut off in joy and mirth,  
And then I've felt, dear mother,  
My home was not on earth.

"Adieu my loved companions  
Of childhood's happy days:  
And when ye stray together,  
Upon the sunny braes,  
Among the scented heather,  
Or through the greenwood roam;  
Sigh not that I'm not with you,  
For I am going home.  
"Plant not the drooping willow  
To weep above my grave,  
But there let dewy flowers  
In wild luxuriance wave.  
I ask no train of mourners,  
I go ere sorrow come,  
Ere grief hath made me wrinkled—  
Farewell, I'm going home!  
"Now kiss me, dearest mother,  
In Heav'n death cannot come;  
You'll follow soon, dear mother,  
How dark it grows—oh! home."

## THE YEW TREE.

BY W. TALHAIRAN.

We planted a Yew to grace the view,  
On the brow of a gentle hill;  
The snow had crown'd the frozen ground,  
And the icy air was chill:  
A beauteous child, with her mother, smil'd,  
And her eyes were full of glee,  
As we shouted round, when firm in the ground,  
We planted the old Yew tree.  
Here's a health to the Yew,  
So strong and true;  
Here's a health to the old Yew tree;  
He bows not to age,  
Nor the Winter's rage,  
For a brave old plant is he.

His leaves I ween, are ever green,  
And corals adorn his breast;  
And he will show a rare old brow,  
When we are all at rest:  
Among his peers a thousand years  
In the pride of strength he'll grow,  
While Summer charms, and Winter storms,  
In sunshine and in snow.  
Here's a health to the Yew,  
So strong and true;  
Here's a health to the old Yew tree:  
He bows not to age,  
Nor the Winter's rage,  
For a brave old boy is he.

# THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 251.

## CHAPTER VIII.

CATHARINE was content in her new home. She had been so completely worn out with suffering and excitement, that any place, which ensured quiet and rest, was a home to her.

Besides, she found objects of interest in that humble shanty that won her thoughts quietly from her own grief. She was so young and naturally so hopeful, that anything calculated to arouse affection in her nature visited it with soft healing. The nurse's child awoke her heart from its sorrow with a strange influence, thrilling and sweet. She would hold it fondly on her lap, smooth its silken hair with her fingers, kiss its soft lips, its sleepy eyes, and its plump little foot, with an outgush of tenderness that seemed more than motherly. With all her gratitude to Mary Margaret, she could not so caress and love her loud-voiced, hearty little boy. She could not even grieve over the loss of her own child, with that little creature lifting its soft, wondering eyes to her own so earnestly. She loved to sit in the back-door of the shanty, with the mock-orange vine and the morning-glories framing her in, as if she had been one of those golden-haired Madonnas that Guido loved to paint, that seem half air, half light, and caress the child, that was joy enough for her. Mary Margaret being out most of the day, Catharine was left to the healthful influences of these tender associations. She was still very pale, and her eyes were circled with shadows, like those that trembled upon the wall from the half-open morning-glories. She began to feel less desolate, and as if neither God nor man had entirely forsaken her.

But with all her gentleness and delicacy, Catharine had become precocious in principle. She had many firm and settled thoughts beyond her years. Suffering had done a holy work with that young soul, and while the dews of first youth were on her nature, she was strong in pure womanly principle. She felt that it was wrong to remain a burden on her poor friends a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. Yet when she thought of going, and looked on the child,

a pang smote her, and it seemed as if her young heart must be uprooted afresh before she could give him up.

Poor, motherless girl, and childless mother! She was not yet sixteen, and so delicate that it seemed as if a gush of air might prostrate her.

Two weeks passed in comparative tranquillity. No one inquired after Catharine; and she might have been dead for all her former friends knew or cared about the matter. Her aunt believed her to be with Madame De Mark, and that wicked old woman neither asked, nor cared, what had befallen her.

One morning, before Mary Margaret went out to her day's work, Catharine spoke of her determination to find some employment for herself. At first, the kind woman objected, but her good sense directly came in action, and she saw how impossible it was that a creature, so superior, should be long content with a life in her humble abode.

But what could Catharine do? She understood a little of millinery and ornamental needlework, but well she knew the precariousness of resources like these to a homeless female. One thing was certain, she must henceforth depend on herself. Her relatives had forsaken her. The husband whom she had so fatally trusted was gone, she knew not whither—gone, she had been told, to avoid her, and to cast off the responsibilities which were to burden her so fatally. This was the bitter drop in Catharine's cup. This was the arrow that pierced her, wherever she turned. She could not entirely believe this evil of the man she had loved, but her soul was troubled with a doubt more painful than certainty.

Still, something must be done. She could not remain there, a helpless burden upon the industry of others.

Mary Margaret entered into her feelings with prompt tact. But what was to be done? With no one to recommend her, scarcely possessed of decent clothes to wear, without the power to explain the miseries of her condition, who would receive her? These considerations daunted even

Mary Margaret, but at last a bright idea seized upon the good woman, she began to see her way out of the difficulty.

"There are societies," she said, "in New York, with oceans of money, just got up for the purpose of helping innocent creatures when the world casts them adrift. What if Catharine offered to one of these societies? The directors were all ladies that would of course have feeling for their fellow-creatures."

Catharine brightened with the idea. A band of benevolent women, with abundant means and gentle compassion, ready for poor wanderers like her. It promised to be an oasis in the desert of her life. In every one of those women she imagined an angel of mercy ready to receive and comfort.

It seemed a great blessing to her that so much benevolence could be concentrated at one point, harvesting year after year for the good of humanity. Yes! she would apply to this society; if destitution and misery was a claim, where could a better right than hers be found?

Mary Margaret gave up her day's work, and accompanied Catharine to the home of benevolence. It would have done your heart good to hear those unsophisticated creatures congratulating each other that so much good yet existed in the world, and that women could be found willing to devote their fortunes and precious time to the helpless and the unfortunate.

"Of course," said Mary Margaret, "they'll see the whole truth in yer innocent eyes at once, and all ye'll have to do 'ill be just to hold out yer hand and take the money that their blissted hearts 'ill be jumpen to give. I shouldn't wonder now," continued the good woman, warming with her subject, "if some of the ladies should insist on takin' ye into her own house and makin' a lady on ye entirely."

Catharine smiled. There was something so hopeful in her companion's voice, that she could not help yielding to its influence, though her heart was very heavy at the thought of leaving the poor orphan child, who had woven itself so closely around her wounded affections.

At length their walk terminated, and Mary Margaret rang, with no abatement of confidence, at the door of a large house, occupied by one of the principal officers of a society, abundantly endowed by the trusting charity of many a Christian countrywoman, who, like our two friends, fancied that an institution like this could only be guarded by angels on earth, long-suffering, self-sacrificing angels, whose holy mission common mortals must not dare to investigate much less condemn.

The door was opened by a woman, who received them with the air which is peculiar to those who have been inmates in our penitentiaries, subdued into a sleek, unnatural quietness more revolting than her original audacity would have been.

"The lady directress was within," she said, "but engaged just then. They could sit down in the hall and wait if they liked, or come again."

There was something about the atmosphere of the house, that chilled Catharine to the soul; and even Mary Margaret, whose faith in humanity would have extracted sunbeams from a snow-drift, felt anxious and depressed.

The hall was very cold, and they were chilled with the wind of a bleak November day. Catharine shivered beneath her thin shawl, and Mary Margaret insisted on folding a portion of her own grey cloak around her, using this as an excuse for a hearty embrace or two, which left the poor girl a little less nervous and disconsolate than she would have been.

Once or twice a side door opened, and some poor, want-stricken woman came out, and moved slowly toward the front door. Catharine observed that there was a look of angry defiance on one face, and that another was bathed in tears. She wondered strangely at this. Why should the poor woman go away from a place like that angry or weeping? These thoughts made her shrink closer to Mary Margaret, and she longed to ask that kind creature to leave the place and take her home again. Three persons had come out from the side door, and gone forth to the street with sullen, discontented faces, when our two friends were summoned from the hall. They entered a parlor elaborately furnished, and warmed to a degree that made Catharine faint, coming in as she did from the cold air of the hall. A table, with a small desk upon it, stood before the fire, and between that and the cheerful blaze sat a tall and exceedingly sanctimonious person, clothed in a blue merino dress, gathered in folds around the waist and fitting tightly at the throat.

Catharine's heart sunk as she met this woman's eyes, the expression was so schooled—the sleek, hypocritical air was so transparent. She had evidently assumed the saint, till she absolutely believed in her own infallibility. Hollow and selfish to the core, she had no idea that it was not a praiseworthy and most holy action to sit in pampered ease from morning to night, and use the money provided, by the truly benevolent, as a means of lacerating and wounding those who were compelled to submit to her unwomanly curiosity and sly dictation.

This woman had subdued her long, tallowy features into sanctimonious meekness so long, and had bedewed them so often with tears that came obedient to her wish, that she had always the look of one ready to burst into a flood of weeping, because all the world was not formed upon the model of her own immaculate self. Whenever an applicant appeared before her, a watery compassion for the wickedness, for which she always gave credit in advance, suffused her cold eyes. Even her hair partook of the general character, and was smoothed back from that narrow forehead with a precision that nothing less than a tornado could have ruffled.

In truth, the woman was a finished character. The only human feeling to which she ever gave way was that of intense self-adulation. Even in her prayers she could not refrain from thanksgiving, that so perfect a creature as herself had ever been given to a sinful world. She was an absolute study, if poor Catharine had possessed the experience or the will to read her. Nature had done everything toward forming the character she had so long assumed, that it seemed to be her own. Her tall, precise figure—the slim, long hand, of a dead white and always cold, the narrow face with its dull pallor, all these were greatly in her favor—but there was one feature of the demure face not quite under subjection. The long nose harmonized with the drooping features beautifully both in form and color, but just at the end—as if her true nature must break forth somewhere—it glowed out with a fiery redness marvelous to behold. All the heat and redness that should have warmed her thin lips, centred there, as if the nose had instituted some private experiments on the merits of the Maine law, and had resolved to keep its pleasant researches a secret from the other sanctimonious features.

"Well," said the benevolent lady, softly, folding her hands over each other and back again, with solemn graciousness, "well!"

Catharine leaned upon the table for support. The very presence of this woman made her faint. Her own sensitive nature recoiled from that hollow mockery of benevolence, sitting in state before her. Mary Margaret saw how pale the poor girl became and ran for a chair.

"She is sickly, ma'am, for all them red cheeks as she had a minute ago, and it's tiresome standin' long," said the good woman, planting herself by the seat which she had thus considerably provided, with a feeling that after all the place was not quite a paradise.

"I do not object to the young person sitting down if she is ill," said Mrs. Batewood, with a

wave of the hand, "but if she is so feeble as that, I would remind you that this is not a hospital."

"I am not ill, madam," said Catharine, with feeling, "but I am homeless and almost friendless."

"Then," said the lady, bowing blandly, and caressing her hands again, "this is your proper home; that is, providing you can be made useful to the cause, and know how to feel proper respect for the dignity of the board."

"I trust," answered Catharine, gently, "that I shall not be deficient in proper respect for anything that is in itself respectable."

"What!" ejaculated the lady of professional benevolence, sharply, while the bloom on her nose grew radiant, "perhaps I didn't understand you?"

"I merely intended to say, madam, that anything which is true and upright, never can lack respect. Even wicked people are forced to reverence goodness."

"Very true, very true. I have often felt this when addressed by individuals of the common grade. Sometimes one is forced to bring the duty of respect before them in forcible language; but it is sure to come, sometimes in silent homage, sometimes in tears, sometimes with sullen discontent; but it's sure to come, before a dollar is paid out from the funds of this institution."

"Well," said Mary Margaret, innocently, "if yer ladyship buys up respect by the dollar's worth, I'm just the person that'll sell bushel-baskets full at a time, especially regarding yer honor's ladyship, for I'm brimming over with reverence for ye, from the crown of yer head to the sowl of yer foot, and yer welcome to it all, only give this poor young crathur a helpin' hand into the wide, wide world again. It isn't for the likes of her to be kept in a shanty like ours anyhow."

Even this singular blending of irony and blarney had its effect upon the Lady Bountiful, who had learned to feed a voracious vanity with husks as well as grain. She smiled sanctimoniously on the buxom Irish woman, and gave her hands an extra twirl, stretching her neck and rustling her dress like a heron pluming itself.

"You seem a very sensible woman. Such warmth of piety does you credit," she said. "It is persons like you, strong and healthy, ready to work in return for our charity, and to feel the depth of the benefit conferred, that our society rejoice in helping. How many children have you, my good woman?"

Mary Margaret gave the number of her

children, finishing with a burst of maternal eulogium on the health and beauty of the youngest born.

"Then," she continued, "there is the little charity baby, just as good as my own, that's got a face like an angel's, and eats like a hathen; arrah, but that's the boy for ye, with his soft, sunshiny hair, and eyes like the bluest robin's egg; to say nothing of the old man, who wins mate and drink for us all, when there's work to be had."

"Then you did not come for help?"

"Not on me own account, yer ladyship's reverence, if I may call ye so, on account of the beauty and holiness that's in ye. There is potaties growin' in the bit of garden, and a pig at the back door, that'll keep the hunger out yet awhile; but this sweet young crathur, if yer reverential piety will just turn itself on her!"

"So many children and a husband without work, that is a hard case," persisted the Lady Bountiful, brimming over with gratified vanity, which she solemnly believed to be an outburst of charity, "something must be done for you: wait a moment."

The lady arose, opened a store-room adjoining her parlor, and after some research drew forth a pair of heavy, woollen stockings, which some blessed old farmer's wife had sent down to the city in a donation of old clothes, firm in the belief that her little mite would work out a miracle of redemption somewhere among the *Sodomites* of a great city.

"Here," she said, with a look of intense benevolence, holding out the yarn stockings, which by the way were not mates, "take these, and in gratitude to the society, make a good use of them. Don't use our benevolence as an excuse for waste and idleness; but remember that an obligation like this, received unworthily, can never prove a permanent blessing. Take them, good woman, and while you receive our bounty with a just appreciation of its value, we will remember you in our prayers."

It was beautiful to see the tears spring up, cold and heavy, like melting hail-stones, into those lustreless eyes, as the hackneyed philanthropist, overwhelmed with the magnitude of her own virtues, held out the huge, moth-eaten stockings to the astonished Irish woman.

"Don't hold back, you may accept the charity of our society without fear; beneficence is its most heavenly attribute. You see before you a proof that where the object is worthy, we are always ready to be liberal."

Mary Margaret took the stockings, tucked one under her arm, while she thrust her hand

into the other, which came out at an opening in the heel, doubled up like a sledge-hammer.

Catharine, amid all her anxiety, could not check the smile, that quivered on her lips, from breaking into a low laugh.

The Lady Bountiful gave her a look of spiteful indignation, which Mary Margaret was quick to observe.

"She's overjoyed at my good luck, yer ladyship," said the kind woman, withdrawing her hand into the foot of the stocking, "ye don't know what a grateful crathur she is, always smiling like that when good comes to a friad. Now I dare say she was thinkin' that a ball of yarn, and a darning needle, would make these the most iligant pair of stockings that an honest man can put on his feet; and she knows, too, that I'm the woman that can darn as well as the queen herself. Now, marm, that you've overcome me with your goodness intirely, just give her a turn of your benevolent attention."

"She looks sickly. Besides, I'm afraid she will prove one of the stiff-necked and rebellious class of persons, whose ingratitude has pierced the society so often. But I will ask her a few questions. Will the individual tell me where she was born?"

"Is it important that you should know?" questioned Catharine, in a suppressed voice.

"Certainly, justice may be blind, but charity never is!"

"I have no reason for concealment; but it seems an unnecessary question. I do not ask for money, or charity of any kind. I supposed that a society, established for benevolent purposes, would gladly help a poor girl to obtain some means of earning her own livelihood. It is not charity that I ask, but help; such as one woman may give to another, quietly and with a feeling of sisterhood. This is what I expected."

"Then you refuse to answer my questions. How am I to know whether you are worthy or not?"

"If I were unworthy, would you be likely to learn it from my own lips? But I will not refuse; it may be necessary. I was born in the city."

"What is your name? Who are your relatives? How came you here?"

Catharine turned quite pale ere she answered. For the first time in her life she came near assuming her husband's name. It was an act of disobedience, for, until his return, he had forbidden this; but she shrunk from her own name as if it were a disgrace; it seemed to her that every one must know that she was a childless mother. She hesitated, her color came and went, the fear

of disgrace struggled hard against her natural dread of assuming her husband's name unauthorized. At last her resolution was taken. She would risk everything rather than disobey the man whom she had loved and trusted so entirely. He might be false to her, but she would still hold firm to her promise—never till he came back would she take his name.

While Catharine reflected, that woman's cold eyes were upon her, passionless and steady as if she quietly enjoyed the crimson as it flushed and paled on her face.

At last Catharine gave her maiden name, but it was in a low, faltering voice, and with a sharp struggle to keep the tears from her eyes.

"You are single, of course?" questioned the woman, suspiciously, eyeing her from head to foot.

"No, I have been married."

"And is this your husband's name?"

Catharine clasped her hands so tightly, that the blood left them even to the rounded nails. She looked at Mary Margaret and at her cold, hard questioner, as if she would have asked pity even with those eyes upon her.

"No," she answered, at last, "it is not his name, I have never borne it."

"Why?"

"We were married privately, and without his mother's consent."

"I thought so—I was sure of it," exclaimed the woman, softly, caressing her hands again, as if they had detected the wrong in this young girl's character, and she was assuring them of her approbation, "and so you were married privately, without his mother's consent, and without certificate, I dare say."

"No, I had a certificate," replied Catharine, with tears of shame and anger in her eyes. "I had a certificate, but it is gone—lost or stolen, I suppose."

"Lost or stolen—where?"

"At the hospital, when I was sick."

"Oh! ha. So you have been in the institution. I thought so—I thought so," cried the woman, with cold exultation. "In what ward did they place you?"

Catharine did not shrink or tremble now. There was nothing in the remembrance of her maternal anguish and bereavement, to burn her cheek with shame, though it might be blanched with sorrow. She answered firmly, but in a low voice,

"I was a wife, and they put me among those who had become mothers in their poverty."

"A wife—a mother—and no certificate—that seems strange—and you even say it to me, me—

a lady whose life has been one series of the most perfect rectitude—me a director in this board, a person who has passed through the very dregs of sin in her pious search after objects of charity, and kept herself white as snow all the time. Are you not afraid that these uncontaminated boards will shrink apart beneath your feet, as they witness this attempt to impose on us?"

Catharine had learned "to suffer and grow strong." Child as she was in all worldly things, there lay a power in her nature, that rose to defend the innocence thus coarsely arraigned. She was pale, but it was a proud, calm pallor, which told how powerfully the blood had flowed back upon her heart, as an army gathers around a citadel when fiercely assailed.

"I have not attempted to impose on you, madam. Circumstances may be against me; but you know, in your innermost heart, that what I have said is the truth. But why do you ask these questions? Who gives you authority to tear out the secrets from a human soul, before you will extend help to a fellow-creature? A fellow-creature who only asks the means of earning her own bread in humble peace. What if I were all that you think me, a weak, betrayed, or if you will, wicked young creature—am I the less an object of charity, or of kindness? Have I ceased to be a human being with human wants? Was it thus that our Saviour received the erring and the sinful? Is it thus that our God deals with them here, and at this day? Does he forbid them to earn their bread by honest labor, because of sins that may have been repented of? Does he withhold the sunshine, the rain, and the blossoms of the earth from their enjoyment? I ask you again, would it be a just reason for withholding food and shelter from me, if I *had* done all the wrong you suspect?"

The Lady Philanthropist really seemed a little moved. A vague speculation came into her eyes, and the yellowish white of her complexion became ashen; but it was with rage at this unheard of audacity, not with any gentle acknowledgment of the truth in that young creature's words. As Catharine ceased speaking, the woman of many virtues folded the skirt of her dress closer about her person, as if to shield herself from the contagion of such sinful audacity, and once more folding her hands, sunk into a cold, Pharisaical attitude again.

"Oh," she said, with her eyes lifted devoutly to the cornice, "I sometimes wonder that these sacred walls—yes, I may be excused for calling them sacred, for are they not consecrated to charity?—I sometimes wonder that these walls do not fall down and crush the audacious wicked-



ness that sometimes intrudes itself here. Young person, it is not that you have committed this heinous wrong which offends me. Our society is founded in sin, and established in iniquity. Our mission is more particularly to the sinful, and from them is derived our chief glory; but every one who comes here must contribute something to the cause. Are you willing to become an example to confess your manifold sins, and give the particulars of your dissolute life, that they can be advertised in the public prints, and embodied in our own annual reports, setting forth the repentance which our kindness and prayers have wrought in you, and the heroism with which you published your crimes that others may take warning? By this means, my dear child, you will not only be snatched as a brand from the burning, but the cause will be strengthened, and means will flow in to secure other cases like your own, by which our country friends, who have done so much for the regeneration of this vile city, shall be satisfied that we are up and doing, in season and out of season."

The woman had arisen and taken Catharine's hand in both hers, during the latter portion of this speech. The cold, glittering tears dropped, one by one, from her eyes, and rolled with sanctimonious slowness down her cheeks.

"What is it that you desire of me?" said Catharine, bewildered by this solemn acting. "What have I done?"

"What do I desire? Why that you confess and forsake your sin, but especially confess. I am ready and willing to take down every word of the fearful narrative, as it falls from your lips. Oh! my dear child, you have it in your power to aid us in accomplishing a great work—begin, dear child, begin!"

The woman seated herself at the table, and took up a steel pen, sharp and hard as herself, which she dipped in an inkstand, shook lightly, and held ready to pounce on a sheet of paper, already arranged, the moment Catharine's lips should unclose.

"Come, my poor, sweet child, don't hesitate; take up the cross and begin; what was the first step?"

"Madam, I do not understand. What do you wish me to say? I have done wrong in marrying my husband without the consent of his mother, but beyond this I have nothing but grief and poverty to confess!"

Again the tears rolled down that woman's face. She sighed heavily and shrouded her forehead with one hand. Then she shook her head, and looked mournfully at the two women, muttering something in a solemn undertone.

At last she lifted up her head, and smiled benignly.

"I see. This is a case that requires time. I will lay it before the board. Doubtless the good seed has been planted in our conversation, to-day, and the sisters will strengthen my hands to reap in due season."

"Then you will find the sweet crathur a place and recommend her entirely!" exclaimed Mary Margaret, coming to the point at once.

"We will, as I have just said, take her case into consideration," replied the directress, blandly. "You can go home, good woman, for according to your light I do not doubt that you are good. This person can remain here, I should prefer to have her directly under my own care."

Mary Margaret hesitated, and looked wistfully at Catharine, who returned the glance with a look of gentle submission, that went to the poor woman's heart.

"I'll come, to-morrow, and bring both the babies with me, niver fear," she said, struggling to keep back her tears, "and remember, darlint, if the worst comes to the worst, there's the shantey and the childer, where ye'll be welcome as the blissed sunshine every day of the year. So don't be down-hearted, or put upon by that cold-hearted pretender, or the likes of her any how."

The latter portion of this speech was delivered in a whisper; and wringing Catharine's hand, Mary Margaret went out, with some new ideas of professional philanthropy that puzzled her honest brain not a little. A motherly old woman passed her in the hall. She was dressed in black silk and had an old-fashioned Methodist bonnet on, which varied but slightly from those worn by strict Quakers, and which are lost sight of now save by a few old primitive Wesleyans, like the woman we are introducing. The old woman stood aside to allow the Irish woman a free passage, and looked after her with a kind, genial smile, which almost asked if the great-hearted Christian could do the Irish woman any good. Mary Margaret understood the look and answered it at once.

"If ye could only say a kind word for the young orathur in yonder now," she whispered confidentially, "she's as innocent as a baby, and so handy about house; if ye could only take her home with yoursel' now, it'd be like letting the blissed sunshine into yer door."

"Who is it?" questioned Mrs. Barr, "child?"

"Almost, and yet she's been the mother of a child."

"Poor thing!" said the old lady.

"You may well say that—but she's the innocentest crathur in the wide world. So please believe everything she says. It's true, every word of it."

The old woman looked into Mary Margaret's eyes an instant, searchingly, but with kindness, and answered,

"Yes, if you say it is true, I shall believe it." "God bless ye forever and ever for that same!" exclaimed the Irish woman, warmly, and she went out, satisfied that she had obtained a friend for her protegee.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## THE VICTORIA BRACELET.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—Small steel rings, crimson crochet silk medium size, and cut black beads.

Cover each ring separately with crochet, and then sew them together, in the form seen in the illustration in the front of the number. Run a silk thread through each, and thread a bead, which must be just large enough to fit in

the centre of the ring. Fasten with flat gilt drops.

The bracelet may be made in black, in which case black silk crochet is to be substituted, and the fastenings are to be jet clasps or buttons.

This bracelet was much worn, in Paris, during Queen Victoria's visit; and hence its name.

## SCOTCH NEEDLEWORK.—COLLAR.

**MATERIALS.**—Scotch cambric and fine working cotton.

Trace the pattern upon the muslin with a quill pen and blue mixed with gum water; work the edge in button-hole stitch, the large leaves round the circles in satin-stitch; the centre of the

circles and the eyelet-hole, made with a stiletto before working; the bars are sewed closely over and the spaces between cut away afterward. The two lines which divide the patterns are sewed closely over, and the eyelet-holes and remaining portions are open work.

## INSERTING FOR SHIRT FRONT.

WORKED on fine linen, in over-stitch, the small dots to be done in French knot. The other in-

sertings (for which see illustrations in front of the number) are worked also in over-stitch.

## THE PALE IMAGE.

BY J. ALLINGHAM.

WHEN she lieth on her bed,  
With a crown of lilies pale  
Set upon her peaceful head,  
And her true love's kiss would fall  
To restore a little red  
To the blanch'd cheek:

When her hands, all white and cold,  
On her cold, cold breast are laid,  
O'er the strait and snowy fold  
Palm to palm, as if she pray'd—  
Prayer to rest for aye untold  
On that mouth so meek:

Do not gaze on her too much,  
You that have the nearest right;  
Press her lip with parting touch,  
Leaving dimm'd your misty sight  
Death is false—and e'en to such  
Gentle ones as she.

If you feed your loving eyes  
Then, when death her bridegroom seems,  
She shall come in deathly guise  
Through your thoughts and through your dreams;  
And when met in Paradise  
Scarcely known shall be.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**THE QUANTITY OF READING.**—It would be absurd for us, as editors, to boast often of the *quantity* of reading given, monthly, in this Magazine; for our duty is rather to see that the *quality* is of the right kind. But it is well, occasionally, to remind the public that, even in quantity, this periodical takes the lead, if the difference in price is considered. For example, "Peterson" is but two dollars a year, while all other first-class American periodicals are three dollars, at least: that is, "Peterson" is one-third cheaper than its cotemporaries of similar character. None of these, however, claim to give more than twelve hundred pages yearly. The proportion of this Magazine would, therefore, be one-third less, or eight hundred pages. But with double numbers, and extra pages, this will be considerably exceeded even for this year; while the publisher has promised, as may be seen by referring to the Prospectus, to give a still larger quantity for 1856. It may be claimed, therefore, for "Peterson," that it affords, *for the money*, a greater proportion of reading matter than any periodical, which contains steel engravings and colored fashion-plates.

**"HETTY HOLYOKE."**—Under this felicitously chosen name, we introduce to our readers, this month, a young writer from New England, who, if we mistake not, will rapidly win laurels for herself, and rank with "Carry Stanley," "Clara Moreton," the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," &c. Her "City Cousins" is exquisite, with merits of a high order. She is to be a regular contributor to "Peterson." In this way, we are continually hunting up new talent, and adding it to that already employed on our Magazine; for we are determined, not only to keep "Peterson" ahead of all cotemporaries in the excellence of its stories, but to make it out-rival itself, with every succeeding year. For 1856 we shall have such a galaxy of brilliant tales as never before was seen in any Magazine.

**"THE OLD HOMESTEAD."**—As this month's number goes to press, the new novel of our coadjutor, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, is about being published. We have not yet seen a complete copy of it, but from such portions as we have read, believe it to be even better than "Fashion and Famine," of which more copies were sold, within a year, than of any other purely literary work ever published in America. "The Old Homestead" ought to have twice as large a sale.

**RECEIPTS, AMUSEMENTS, &c.**—Those departments will be greatly extended and improved, next year.

**THE COLORED FASHION-PLATES.**—These are the most expensive illustrations that a Magazine can have. The publisher tells us they cost as much to engrave and print as any other steel plate; and afterward cost nearly as much more for coloring. The editor of the South Indiana Journal echoed the general voice of the press, when he said, in noticing the October number, that "in point of elegance and beauty, they surpassed anything of the kind he had ever seen."

**A GENERAL OPINION.**—An editor writes to the publisher:—"Your October number was carried off from the office, by a borrower, before I had time to take it home. My wife begs you will send another, as she can't possibly do without 'Peterson's Magazine.' She'd rather sacrifice all the other exchanges."

**THE PUBLISHER'S NAME.**—Some editors say this Magazine is published by T. B. Peterson. This is a mistake. C. J. Peterson is the right name.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Newcomes.* By W. M. Thackeray. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—At last the wonderful story is finished, which, for twenty-two months, has fascinated the public. If, during its progress, there were times when the author seemed to arrange the incidents differently from what we would have wished, we cannot now regret it, after having read the whole. The Ethel of "The Newcomes," as it stands written, the Ethel who was tried as by fire, is a far nobler woman, an immeasurably loftier creation, than if she had married Clive at first, or even afterward in Paris. It is incontestible that this is not only Thackeray's best novel, but the best novel of the age, if we use that term in its true critical significance, as a story of actual life. The fictions of Dickens deal largely with the ideal. But those of Thackeray, like the novels of Le Sage and Fielding, paint men and women as they are. It has been said that Thackeray is too cynical. But whatever truth there was in this accusation, as applied to "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair," it has no force against "The Newcomes." Satire there is, but not more than is deserved; while few, we think, can rise from its pages without feeling themselves the better for its perusal. The character of Col. Newcome would make even the most skeptical reverence human nature. It is so naturally delineated, yet is so grand in its simple proportions, that it has a more potent influence, especially on those who have realized life, than any other we can recall in modern fiction. Nowhere is there pathos so deep as in the concluding

scenes of this good old man's life. But it is impossible, in a hasty notice, to do justice to such a work. The volume is handsomely printed, and illustrated with numerous spirited designs, the achievements, we believe, of the author's own pencil.

*Japan, As It Was And Is.* By R. Hildreth. 1 vol. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—This new work, by the author of "The History of the United States," is a valuable acquisition to the library; for the time has come when everything relating to Japan is of importance to know, especially by Americans. All that has been written, by travellers, respecting that comparatively unknown land, has been condensed and collected, in chronological order, forming a convenient, full, and trustworthy account of Japan, both as it has been and is now. Mr. H., with excellent taste, has drawn largely on Kampfer, the most picturesque and accurate of all Europeans who have resided in those strange islands. The volume comprises more information, respecting Japan, in the same compass, than any ever before published, in any language of the world. It is handsomely printed and illustrated with a map.

*The Life of J. Philpot Curran.* By His Son. With Notes by Dr. N. S. Mackenzie. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—As a wit, a patriot, and a forensic orator, Curran never had a superior, even in Ireland, fertile as that country has been of great men. Dr. Mackenzie, taking the biography by Curran's son as a foundation to work upon, has, by the use of copious notes, produced the most complete memoir of his subject that has ever been published. The best parts of Curran's most famous speeches are to be found in this volume. Here also is the true narrative of Miss Curran's engagement with the martyred Emmett, to which Dr. M. has added a short sketch of her subsequent life. A spirited likeness of Curran is prefixed to the volume, which will form a valuable acquisition to any library.

*The Elder Sister.* By Marian James. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—We took up this novel with some misgivings. The author's name was new to us, and so many trashy fictions have lately been put forth, that, but for Bunce & Brothers' reputation, we should have declined to read it. We have been delighted, however, with the book. It is a story of domestic life, naturally told, and totally free from the melo-dramatic exaggeration so common in popular novels. The character of Anne, the elder sister, is most beautiful. She is one of those unselfish beings, those daily martyrs, of whom the ranks of the sex are full. We recommend the work to our readers, satisfied that they will be delighted with it, in proportion to their taste, culture and true womanliness.

*The Seven Poor Travellers.* By Charles Dickens. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A collection of short stories, by the author of "Bleak House," printed in cheap style, price twelve and a half cents. A hundred thousand copies ought to be sold.

*Little Nell.* Adapted for Children. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—The compiler of this charming volume has taken "The Old Curiosity Shop" of Dickens, and extracted from it, retaining the author's own words, all that part of the story relating to Little Nell, thus producing a book especially calculated to interest children. The task was a delicate one, but has been very skillfully performed; and we can honestly recommend the work. We are pleased to learn that it is Mr. Redfield's intention to issue, in a similar style, the stories of Little Paul, of the Child Wife, and of others to be found in Dickens' various novels.

*Bits of Blarney.* By Dr. N. Shelton Mackenzie. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—An agreeable volume, containing Irish legends, Irish stories, and capital biographies of Grattan and O'Connell. Mirth and instruction are judiciously blended in the book. "Bits of Blarney" is dedicated to Mr. Redfield: and Dr. Mackenzie, in his dedication, does that justice to booksellers and publishers, which the small fry of literature so frequently deny, but which its giants, from Scott and Johnson down, have ever been the first to accord.

*Franklin, the Apprentice Boy.* By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the October number of "Harper's Story Books," a superior periodical for the young, of which we have often spoken. Mr. Abbott tells the youth of Franklin capitally. The volume can be had separate by those who desire it in that way, price twenty-five cents.

*Guy Rivers.* By W. Gillmore Simms. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—Another volume of the revised and illustrated edition of Simms' novels. Mr. S. belongs to our standard authors, and as no real library, which includes works of fiction, can be without his writings, so no person of taste but will prefer this edition to all others.

*Ethel; or, The Double Error.* By Marian James. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—It is only necessary to say, in praise of this novel, that it is by the author of "The Elder Sister," and that it has similar sterling merit. We hesitate, indeed, whether to love the heroine of that or this the most.

*Richard Hardis.* By W. Gillmore Simms. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—This stirring tale of Alabama is here reprinted in the revised series of Mr. Simms' works. We have always considered it one of the author's best. Two graphic illustrations adorn the volume.

#### HORTICULTURE.

**TO PRESERVE FLOWERS.**—Procure some river sand, and let it be sifted through a fine sieve, then wash it well to remove all particles of dirt that may remain. Take a jar or a box, large enough to contain the flowers you wish to preserve; place a bed or layer of sand in it, and stick the stem of the flower in the sand, so that it may stand in a per-

pendicular position; then (from the sieve) shake the fine sand you have prepared gently on the flowers, taking care to spread out and arrange the leaves in their natural position, and see that the sand penetrates and lie well between the interstices of the blooms, which should be gathered in dry weather. Continue shaking on the sand till it has reached the height of about an inch above the flower. Shake the box gently during the above process, to ensure the requisite penetration of the sand into the open parts of the flower. If the plant be small, and of a dry nature, it will be sufficient to expose the jar containing it to the heat of the sun during a few of the hottest days of summer; but if it be large it must be placed in an oven after the bread has been withdrawn. Practice will alone enable any one to judge exactly how long it may be necessary to leave it in the oven—say two or three hours. After the drying, the sand must be gently poured off, and if the degree of heat has not been too strong, the flower preserves for two or three years its primitive beauty. Some kinds of flowers demand more particular attention to secure their perfect preservation; thus, before burying tulips in the sand, it is necessary to take out their pistil, otherwise the petals would often be separated from the stem. The calyxes of pinks and carnations should be pierced in several places with a pin; it is well to use the same precaution with all double flowers. Should the leaves and stems have lost their verdure, it may be restored by exposing the plant to the gas arising from a mixture of steel filings and sulphuric acid diluted with water.

#### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*For Loosening the Glass Stopper* which has become fixed, we recommend the following process:—With a feather, rub a drop or two of salad oil round the stopper close to the mouth of the decanter, which must then be placed before the fire at the distance of about a foot or eighteen inches, in which position the heat will cause the oil to spread downward between the stopper and the neck. When the decanter has grown warm, gently strike the stopper on one side and on the other, with any light wooden instrument; then try it with the hand. If it will not yet move, place it again before the fire, adding, if you choose, another drop or two of oil. After awhile, strike it as before, and by persevering in this process, however tightly the stopper may be fastened in, you will at length succeed in loosening it.

*To Keep Walnuts*, not only fresh in appearance, but as plump and well flavored in March as if just taken from the tree. As soon as cleaned from the husks, they must be put loosely into glazed earthenware jars to within three inches of the top, the remainder of the jar being filled up with fine dry sand, which should be well shaken down, that it may find its way to the bottom and fill up the vacant spaces. A cool cellar is the best place to keep them in till wanted.

*Flaked Crust for Tarts*.—The following is an improved French recipe:—Take a pound of flour, mix with it a little salt, and add sufficient water to make it into a paste of medium consistency, neither very thick nor very thin. Let it stand for two hours. Then roll out the paste, and place in the centre a piece of butter nearly equal in weight to the quantity of flour used. Double the paste over the butter, and roll it out to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch; next, fold it into three, and having, between the folds, strewn a little flour over it, roll it out again. Repeat this operation four or five times and the crust is completed.

*Cooking Meats*.—It is now an established maxim among the best authorities in cooking, that meat should be immersed in the pot upon the fire while the water is cold, that it may become progressively heated with the water, and thereby gradually boiled. By not immersing the meat in the water until hot (which was the custom among cooks some years ago) the sudden transition from cold to heat not only rendered the meat dark in color, but also tough. All meats, whether cooked by steam or immersion, are best when slowly and gently boiled.

*Egyptian Cream for the hair* may be made by the following recipe:—To three quarts of sweet oil put a quarter of a pound of alkanet root cut into small pieces. Let them boil together for a short time, and then add to them three ounces of oil of jasmine, and one ounce of oil of lavender. Strain the ingredients through a coarse cloth, taking care not to squeeze it. The oil thus strained off can be made thicker, if requisite, by adding to it a small quantity of hair powder, smoothly rubbed down with a small portion of oil.

*Essence of Ginger*.—Unbleached Jamaica ginger, four ounces; (well bruised) rectified spirits of wine, one pint; digest for a fortnight, press, and filter. Oxley's Concentrated Essence is made by adding to the above a very small quantity of essence of cayenne. The Essence of Lemon-peel is made by digesting for a week half a pound of the yellow peel of fresh lemons in one pint of spirits of wine. Essence of Orange-peel is made in the same way.

*To make a good Furniture Polish*.—Put into a bottle one pint of linseed oil, one gill of spirits of wine, one gill of vinegar, and one ounce of butter of antimony. Before using the mixture, shake the bottle so as to incorporate all the ingredients well together.

*Economical Use of Nutmegs*.—If a person begins to grate a nutmeg at the stalk end, it will prove hollow throughout; whereas the same nutmeg, grated at the other end, would have proved sound and solid to the last.

*Steel-Pens* may be preserved from damage by the action of ink, by throwing into the inkstand a few pieces of broken iron, or old steel pens. The corrosive action is then expended on the metal thus introduced.

*When Milk is turned* by the heat, it may be made sweet by mixing with it some carbonate of magnesia.

**Arrowroot for Sick Persons.**—Boil as above, and sweeten to taste; a little cinnamon or nutmeg grated into it will make it more palatable; wine or brandy may also be added at pleasure.

## FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

**FIG. I.**—A WALKING DRESS OF PURPLE MOIRE ANTIQUE.—Skirt full and plain. Cloak of fine grey cloth, with a pelerine cape. The body of the cloak, cape and collar, are trimmed with a very wide ribbon figured in velvet, of two shades of purple, edged with a grey curled fringe. Bonnet of white satin, ornamented with blonde and ostrich feathers.

**FIG. II.**—A HOUSE DRESS OF DARK GREEN SILK.—The skirt is full and trimmed on each side, *en tablier*, with three rows of velvet ribbon of a darker shade than the dress. On the outside, and between each row of velvet, there is a button connected by loops. A row of buttons also ornaments the front of the skirt. The corsage is made high and close, without a basque and trimmed to correspond with the skirt. At the waist three ends of velvet float on the skirt. The sleeves reach but a little below the elbow, and have the trimming on the outside of the arm. Brussels lace under-sleeves, and collars, of the new style, with tabs.

**FIG. III.**—A CLOAK OF BLACK SATIN, plaited in large hollow plaits lower down than the waist, and trimmed with stripes of figured velvet. The bottom of the skirt is scalloped, and finished with a very deep fringe, with a flat, round heading. Above the heading is a velvet trimming put on in arches.

**FIG. IV.**—BLONDE CAP with China rose ribbons of three shades.

**FIG. V.**—MORNING CAP of Swiss muslin trimmed with Valenciennes.

**FIG. VI.**—THE SARATOGA.—A velvet talma covered with silk braid, sewed on in diamonds, with tassels placed in each diamond of the three lower rows. A heavy silk fringe finishes this very chaste cloak.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—Nearly all dresses are now made with the corsage closed up the front. Chemisettes and habit-shirts are now pronounced troublesome, by those who wish to be in the fashion. But they are made with or without basques, as the fancy of the wearer may dictate. Both modes are equally favored. Most dresses of heavy materials are plaited instead of gathered on at the waist. The sleeves of these dresses are mostly plain at the upper part, and have the lower part either trimmed with frills or formed of small puffs. Several dresses made with low corsages are intended to be worn with *fichus* or cape of worked muslin or lace. These *fichus*, some which have the ends linked together at the back of the waist, are fastened in the centre of the bosom by a bow of ribbon; they are as frequently made of black as of white lace, the former being trimmed with ruches of colored ribbon. One of the most beautiful dresses which we have seen, has a corsage called the Amazon. The body is high, plain in the back, and the collar is ornamented with Valen-

ciennes. The front, open for about three inches all the way down, is decorated with six cross-bars diminishing in length as they approach the waist, and provided with under-straps fastened with small garnet buttons mounted in gold. These bars are separated by openings in which appears a double frill of Valenciennes. The sides are formed by revers which are continued on the back and reach down to the waist, where they are fastened under a small butterfly bow; but instead of ending at the waist, they have long flowing ends both before and behind. The edges are bordered all around with a tiny Tom-Thumb fringe. The sleeve, a charming novelty, has three patterned flounces edged with the same fringe and separated by a puffing. The under-sleeves are Valenciennes, and consist of a double flounce with an insertion puffing.

DRESSES of white-worked muslin are also becoming very fashionable for evening costume, if we may judge from the number now being made. Many of our principal dress-makers have commissions for dresses of this kind, and among those already completed may be mentioned one with four scalloped flounces. This dress is worn over a slip of blue silk, and under each of the muslin flounces there is a flounce of blue silk. Small bows of blue gauze ribbon are fixed on the flounces at the points where the angles of the scallops meet. The corsage is low, and is worn with a *fichu* fastened by a bow of blue ribbon.

Many of the UNDER-SLEEVES are exceedingly beautiful this winter. Some are made of enormous puffs, in the midst of which are scattered small bows of pink, white, or sky-blue ribbon; others are decorated with several rows of velvet bands, sometimes put round, at others lengthwise; loops with ends are put between the puffings. In fact loops and bows of black velvet are not only fashionable, but beautiful and becoming to the hand and arm.

BLACK LACE CANEZOUS are charming and in good wear. Some are zebraed with velvet or ribbon. The velvets are put all along the body, before and behind, as well as on the sleeves. A row of narrow lace is frequently put after each band of velvet.

JACKETS OR BASQUES of velvet or silk are very much worn in in-door costume. They are closed up the front, and trimmed with fringe or black *guipure* lace, generally headed with a jet or bugle trimming.

THE SKIRTS of dresses are fast approaching the old size, when a lady could not walk through an ordinary door, except sideways. The great weight of skirts resting upon the person, has long been admitted to be exceedingly prejudicial to health, but as we must follow fashion, at all cost, some humane person has invented a petticoat, which gives all the balloon-like proportions which can be desired, with but a very little weight. The petticoat is made of white muslin, (for cleanliness) and is gored to any width which may be needed. A narrow whalebone is then run in a tape casing, about half way below the knees, but does not extend all around, as the whalebone would look awkwardly when sitting. Some

wear the hoop all round, however. Of course the petticoat itself should not be very wide. One or two heavy cords are run around the lower part of the skirt. This pattern is the nicest which we have seen.

**MANTILLAS** are of every style. The full flounce still being prevalent in silk, but not so much worn in velvet. Talmas of grey cloth, made in a full circle, with loose hanging sleeves, and trimmed with ribbons or rich colored galloons, are very fashionable.

**SHAWLS** have again become very popular, particularly those with a centre of one color, as crimson, green, white, scarlet, blue, or black, with a broche border in imitation of the India shawls. If well worn they are certainly more graceful and serviceable than mantillas.

**IN CAPS AND HEAD-DRESSES** there is no very recent change. Everything is worn quite at the back of the head, and the hair continues to be rolled as heretofore. A mixture of blonde and ribbon seems greatly in favor, narrow ribbon being often edged with blonde; and the mixture of black and

white blonde still prevails. Feathers are much worn, even by young ladies; one feather drooping on each side of the head. Yet nothing is more simply pretty for youthful belles than bows of rich ribbon with long ends, placed at the back of the head, and interspersed with bows and streamers of blonde. Flowers are also often intermixed with the blonde and ribbon.

**BONNETS** are worn a shade larger than they have been, and without quite so much ornament as formerly. The recent introduction of peacock's feathers as ornaments in costume is gaining favor in the fashionable circles. The Empress of the French was the first who adopted this novelty, and great numbers of peacock's plumes are now in preparation for bonnets. They will be very fashionable the coming winter in velvet bonnets; their brilliant and varied hues producing an admirable effect in contrast with black or dark-colored velvet. It may also be mentioned that the tops of peacock's feathers are now much employed for trimming fans, instead of the Marabout trimming formerly used for that purpose.

## PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

**GET UP YOUR CLUBS.**—We hope our friends will begin as soon as they receive this number, to get up clubs for 1856. Not a minute is to be lost. Last year, hundreds wrote to us, that, if they had not already subscribed for another Magazine, they would send in their names for "Peterson." The December number will follow close on the heels of this; and the January will be ready immediately after. There will be just time to make up your clubs, so that, when the December number arrives, the money may be forwarded at once. The indications already are that we shall do an unexampled business. *This is the only Magazine that has steadily increased its list of subscribers, every year since it was started: a fact which speaks volumes for its sterling merit, not less than for its cheapness.* If every single subscriber will get one more, (and the borrowers alone will furnish double that number) we shall ask no greater increase for 1856.

**OUR PROSPECTUS FOR 1856.**—We call attention to the "Prospectus for 1856," published on the cover of this number. We intend to do great things next year, some of which are shadowed forth in the Prospectus; but others we do not yet mention, lest our cotemporaries who copy from us should avail themselves of the ideas. Enough, however, is specified to render it certain, that, even if we should do nothing but what is there promised, we should still excel all rivals.

**SEND A STAMP.**—All letters, requiring an answer, must enclose a stamp for the return postage.

**WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.**—The October number was everywhere praised. Says the Delaware Sentinel:—"Peterson has become a household necessity, and all who wish to keep up with the times, cannot well get along without it. It is certainly the cheapest Magazine published. We would recommend our friends to make up a club at once." The Windham (Ct.) Telegraph says:—"Peterson gives not only a greater, but also, very often, a much more valuable variety of matter, for two dollars, than do many of his three dollar cotemporaries. This is undoubtedly the Magazine for the million, as its favorable terms place it within the reach of all." Similar testimony might be quoted from every state, and even county, in the Union.

**THE "BOOK OF PLATES."**—This premium is not the same as "The Gift Book for 1855," but contains an entirely different set of engravings. Its price will be the same. By getting up a club it can be had gratis.

**TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—Contributors, who wish rejected articles returned, must enclose stamps to prepay the postage.

**REMOVALS.**—In case of a removal, inform us, not only what the new direction is, but what the old one was.

**WHEN TO BEGIN.**—New subscribers will be particular to mention with what number they wish to begin. Also their post-office, county and state.



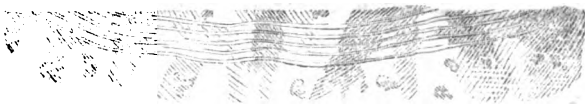




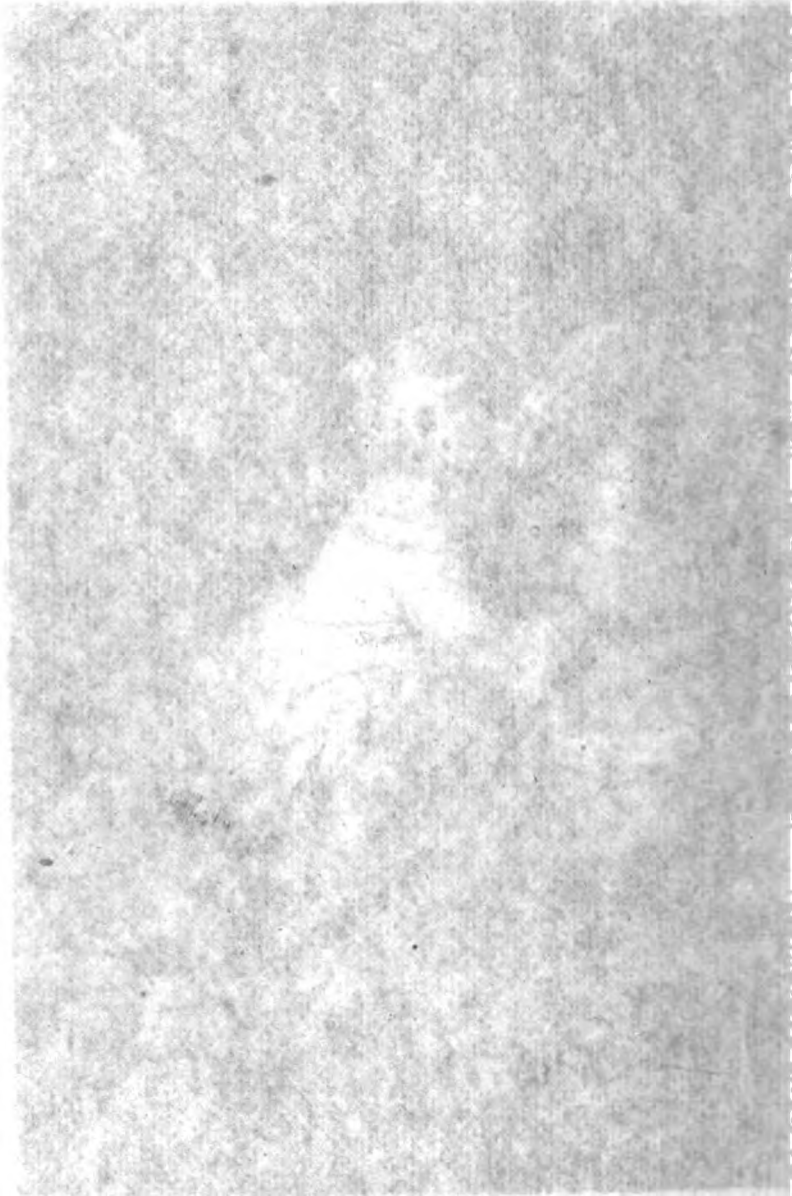
THE YOUNG GIRL IN THE MIRROR.

By the Author of 'The Young Girl in the Mirror.'

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**BLACK VELVET CLOAK.**





**MORNING CASAWECK.**



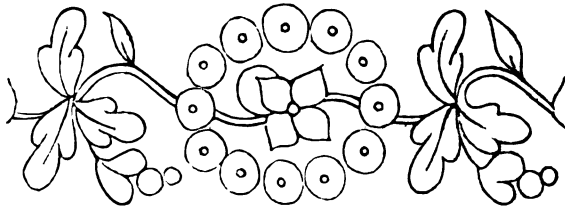
**BLACK VELVET CLOAK.**



**RAPHAEL SLEEVE.**



**CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.**



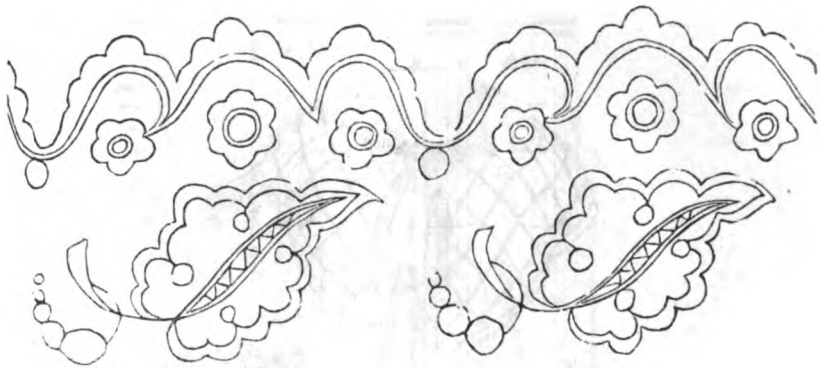
**EDGING.**



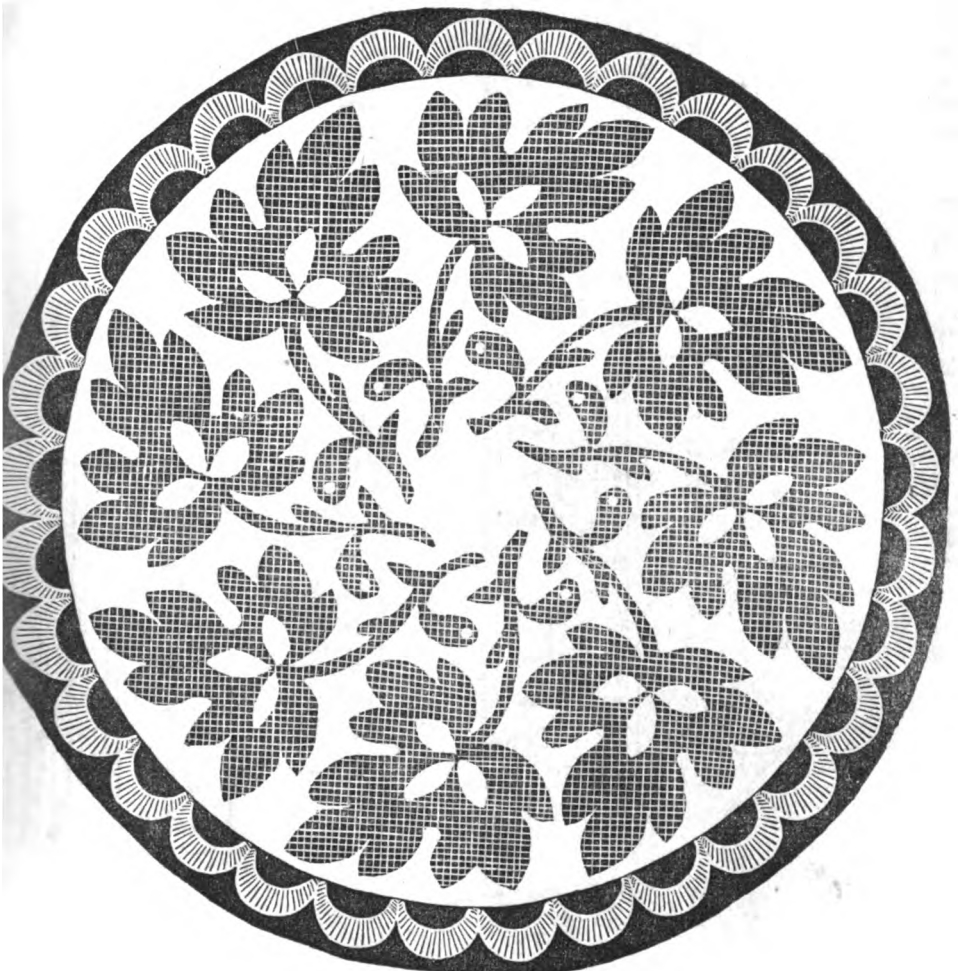
**GIRL'S DRESS.**



**BOY'S DRESS.**



**EDGING.**



**VINE-LEAF D'OYLEY.**

# THE TRUANT LOVER.

COMPOSED BY

MISS BREWSTER

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Published at EDWARD L. WALKER'S New Musical Depot, No. 142 Chestnut St., Phila.

Allegro Vivace.

PIANO.

The first system of the piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and begins with a piano dynamic. The melody is primarily in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The vocal line for the first system is written on a single staff with a treble clef. It begins with a vocal entry on the first line of the staff. The lyrics are: "1. He is gone! he is gone! Like a leaf from the tree, Or the down that is blown by the wind o'er the sea. He is gone! the light-hearted! But a tear must have started, To his". The melody is characterized by a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some longer notes on the words "gone" and "tear".

eye are be parted From love-strick . . . . . on me.

2. He is gone! he is gone! Like a
3. He's a - way! he's a - way! To far

ad lib:

gallant so free, Plumed cap on his head, And sharp sword by his knee; While his gay feathers flutter'd, Surely something he mutter'd; He, at least, must have utter'd, A farewell to me  
lands o'er the sea, And long is the day Ere home he can be; But where his steed prances, Amid thronging lances, Sure he'll think of the glances, That love stole from me.



# ANNE

NAME FOR MARKING.



THE PARODI.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1855.

No. 6.

## THE WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"HALLO! What's the hurry, Ned? Flying off to the conjugal nest again? You are the very fellow I wanted to see. Perkins, and Caldwell, and myself are going to Absecom, day after to-morrow, on a gunning expedition; and wish you to make the fourth. Come now, that's a good fellow."

"Thank you, Sanford, but you forget that I am an antiquated family man, of nearly two years' standing. I've given up all my bachelor follies, my dear sir," replied Edward Maurice, laughingly.

"Surely you have played the devoted to Mrs. Maurice long enough. She can certainly spare you for a week," was the answer, with a slight sneer.

"But I don't wish to be spared," retorted Maurice, good-humoredly.

A slight whistle escaped from Mr. Sanford, and he replied. "What a change has come over you! They say there's the finest shooting there that has been for years; and you used to be such a famous shot too!"

"You can't tempt me."

"I hope you're not becoming a 'sap,' Ned," was the half contemptuous answer.

"No. Only a staid Benedict," said Maurice, who had too much good sense, and loved his wife too dearly, to be laughed out of showing his affection. "But it's my dinner hour, so good-bye."

Sanford stood, for a moment, when his friend had left, gazing after him quite pityingly; and then went on his way, laughing to himself, as he thought of the fun he should have, when showing up poor, hen-pecked Maurice to his old cronies.

The husband, in the meanwhile, hurried toward his pleasant home, sure of a glad welcome from his wife. On his road, he saw a lad selling bouquets, and as they were the last of the season, he purchased one for Mrs. Maurice, saying, "it will please her, she loves flowers so."

But he was doomed to a disappointment, and one all the more poignant, because it was the first in his married life. When he reached home, no wife came to meet him. He looked for her in the parlor, and then in the sitting-room, but finding her in none of these places, went to the nursery, where he discovered her, in dishabille, holding the infant, while the nursery-maid stood idly by.

Mr. Maurice had one peculiarity. He liked to see a lady dressed for dinner. As his wife had always done this, his first idea, on finding her here, and in such a costume, was that the babe was seriously ill.

"My dear, is he very sick?" he cried, hastening to her.

"Oh! no, I believe not; only a little fretful: he's teething, you know."

The face of Mr. Maurice brightened. He kissed his wife and child, and holding up the bouquet, said,

"How relieved I am! And here is a bouquet, one of the last of the season, which I have bought you, dearest."

The child extended its hands, attracted by the gay flowers. Without a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Maurice transferred the bouquet to the infant, who began immediately thrashing it about, so that the carpet was soon strewed with the fallen leaves and petals.

The countenance of the husband fell. He could not help recalling the time, when his bouquets had been carefully preserved, the water being changed daily. Of late several examples of this too exclusive devotion to the infant, this making it first and him secondary, had forced themselves on his notice: but he had never been so much hurt as he was now. He thought of the dishabille also.

"If the child had been really sick, I would not have cared," he said to himself, as he went to his chamber to arrange his toilet a little for

dinner. "But if things go on this way, Ellen will degenerate into a sloven. She lets that child make her a slave."

Some one has said that married people should avoid a first quarrel; for that quarreling, once begun, is always recurring. We would say, that they should be careful to avoid, in any way, giving cause for alienation.

Things went now from bad to worse with the Maurices. Every day, the mother became more the slave of the child, alike to its injury and to that of her health. The infant became spoiled by her excessive devotion, while she lost both her blooming cheeks and her tidy personal appearance. Mr. Maurice found her, week by week, less of a companion. She took no interest, now, in visiting their friends; their favorite authors were neglected; she never had time even to converse rationally with her husband. The doings and sayings of the child were all that interested her; and of them only could she talk.

At last Mr. Maurice ventured to remonstrate with her.

"There's no use, Ellen," he said, "of ruining your health, by this close confinement. The boy is doing well enough; and would do better, I believe, if he was less petted: a little rough and tumble, the doctors say, does children good. Besides, Mary is a good nurse, capable and faithful. If I was too poor to have help for you it would be different. But——"

Here his wife interposed. "You don't love the little dear one bit," she cried, "or you wouldn't talk so. None of the men do love their children. If it wasn't for us, their injured mothers, they'd die."

"Ellen!"

"Yes! And when we lose our good looks, because we have to be such drudges, then you find fault with us and say we're slovens." And she burst into pettish tears.

Mr. Maurice rose and left the room. He did not wish to quarrel outright with his wife, and he knew he would have to do it, if he remained. But he mentally thought, that, unless affairs

mended, he would accept the next invitation to go a gunning, which he might receive from Sandford, or any other bachelor acquaintance.

Some weeks after, he made a second attempt to reason with his wife. But she could see the subject in only the one light. "He did not love their child, or he wouldn't speak so," was her stereotyped reply.

"But I do love him, and dearly," answered the husband. "I love you, however, as well: and I can't help seeing you are injuring your health; that you are no longer a companion to me; that you neglect all your old intimates. Surely, your duty as a mother need not override your duty as a wife, a sister, or a friend."

"You don't love baby, or you wouldn't say so. To accuse me, too, of not being a good wife—it's cruel, so it is," and she burst into tears.

Mrs. Maurice, as her husband foresaw, *had* degenerated into a sloven. Her beauty is all gone. At thirty, she looks broken down. Careworn in face, irritable in temper, and with a family of children she cannot control, nobody would recognize her as the once pretty Ella Mortimer.

"The children," she tells every one, "worry the life out of me. Mr. Maurice I never see except at breakfast. I declare I have lost all influence over him. Why will young girls be so foolish as to marry?"

Nor *does* she see anything of Mr. Maurice, except at breakfast. Finding there was no companionship for him at home any longer, he gradually fell back, as his only resource, on his bachelor acquaintance. His leisure time is spent in the billiard saloon, at the theatre, or in the club.

Neither sees their own wrong, Mrs. Maurice least of all. Their alienation, meantime, is complete. Two persons, who might have been happy, and made their children good and happy, threaten to shipwreck both.

Where will it all end? We tremble to think. Yet such is often the explanation why a wife has no influence.

## A SPEAKING LIKENESS.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

\* A capital portrait!  
The sweet little elf,  
That cunning expression  
Is so like herself!

The very same dimple,  
That ripples her cheeks,  
The smile—her gracious powers  
'Tis she, for it speaks!

## "THEY TALK ABOUT HER."

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

"Soul of Beatrice Cenci—what a face! Who is she?" exclaimed the young artist, Haviland, as we stood a few days ago at my parlor window, watching the passers by.

A pair of blue eyes, full of spirit and tenderness, had been lifted timidly, caught mine, and the bow we exchanged brought a smile to the delicate, sad face.

She was like the pictures of Beatrice—I had not noticed it before; like in her features, in her glowing, waving hair, in the expression of those timid eyes, in her whole manner, which, though shrinking, was calm and dignified; the very floating mantle which enveloped her added to the resemblance.

"Who is she? How soon can you contrive a meeting for me? Married—I guess it by those eyes—for money, perhaps? Do you suppose she could be induced to sit?" and the artist paused, out of breath.

"Who? Have you not heard of Ellen Lowe? She would not sit, is not married, and I cannot contrive a meeting—she left society long ago," I answered.

"With that angelic beauty—why? She's not going to join the Sisters of Charity? Oh, I *must* see her again! Proud as a queen, and tender as the Madonna! She is not fit for fashionable life, but how came she to find out the truth, so young?"

"She left, that society might not thrust her forth; her name is blighted."

"And you believe in the lie? I'd trust that face, let men say what they will. If the purity and self-respect which breathe from it be not real, then I may break my palette, for art is all foolishness."

"No, I do not believe, and she knows it; but people have talked about her, each one adding to the other's story, till her name has become a by-word among men."

"And why? How her face haunts me!"

"The dignity and self-respect you observed, have been her ruin; she trusted too much in her own innocence—took no precaution against slander, disregarded it in the beginning, and now it has grown, and grown, and is crushing her into the grave."

"But her story?"

"Her social position is unfortunate; talented as she is lovely, she has been noticed and petted by those far above her earlier friends. She is very musical, and has a magical voice—would it might charm her slanderers for once! Such triumph and pride—such full, rich joy—such tenderness and tears, as pour forth through its tones, I have heard from no other single voice on earth.

"You know George Davis, who married just after you went abroad? He and his wife soon grew tired of each other; she cares for dress and society, he for music alone. He met Ellen at my house; they sympathized in many things, music most of all. He gave up party-going, and evening after evening found him by Nelly's piano. The wife grew jealous; slanders were rife; separation ensued. Mrs. Davis was pitied, her husband maligned, and Nelly's friends and flatterers melted away like snow. Old friends exult in jealous spite, new friends pass by in silent scorn; and my house is the only one in which she meets a cordial welcome."

"There it is! A woman must be a prude, or she is not allowed to be a woman—no such thing left as the simplicity of innocence! and if you charm at all, it is only because you have become *unsophisticatedly sophisticated*. Can no woman invent a remedy?"

"One woman's hand against the tide of wrong! What can we do? We need the help of man."

"Tell me how, and God knows I will give it."

"Well, suppose you had heard this story at your eating-house, you would have believed Ellen guilty at once."

"So I should, I confess it."

"Then why not persuade *one* to have more faith in woman—nay, in humanity! You wouldn't believe any wrong of your sisters—your mother?"

"Not for a moment."

"And yet when other women are discussed, you fall into the general habit, and add sneer to sneer. We are all made of the self-same clay, and to abuse one throws disrespect upon the rest: and we, growing up in the knowledge that we are not trusted for a moment out of sight, are expected to behave with freedom and simplicity—about as easy as it would be for a bird, hopping from perch to perch of her cage, to show

how she once could flutter away with her fledge-lings, and wheel, while they watched her, against the glowing sunset sky!"

The next afternoon, meeting Ellen Lowe, on my way to a rehearsal, we went to the music hall together; and I was not surprised when my artist joined us, nor sorry to watch his stolen glances at my companion's worn but lovely face. How the music seemed to lift up her stricken spirit as with wings! How the faint flush came and went in her cheek, and the sad heart seemed to have ceased its fluttering, and then, how with a sigh, she awoke to reality once more!

"You were 'not at home,' yesterday," said Mr. Haviland, as we stood by my parlor window again, not a week from the day he had first seen Ellen Lowe; "you were *not* at home?"

"I had gone to visit my friend, Miss Lowe."

"Ah! and I'm wild to hear about Miss Lowe, for she is good as an angel, and what's more, I will prove my belief by making her Mrs. Haviland, if she says 'yes.' When can I meet her?"

"Never, except 'behind the veil,' I fear. The poor girl is dying a maniac. That music moved her too deeply the other day—she went home raving, was taken to the hospital, and—I saw your Beatrice in the hands of her keepers—mad!"

"What comedies and tragedies these street-pictures all belong to, and must illustrate, if we could gain the thread," said Mr. Haviland, turning to the window once more to conceal a tear. "See that old man, now, riding home in his wagon, with a coffin hidden under the bit of

carpet—how desolate he looks, among all these busy, indifferent people!—it must be for his wife. Why, he is stopping here!"

My heart sank, it was Ellen's father; he left a note, and looking desolate as ever drove away. She had died that morning.

And she lies in her grave-clothes, now, dear reader. Christ forgive those who "cast the first stone" at her! and teach us to love each other more as he loved us; give us faith enough in our own virtue to make the belief in that of others no impossibility!

I remember the close of an eloquent invective which Father Taylor once thundered forth against superstition.

"Would I could dig the grave of this vice, I would dig it deep as the abyss; I would roll a stone against it large as creation—I would sound its requiem with the trump of the archangel Gabriel!"

Would I could dig the grave of slander!—dig it deep as the woe it has caused—let the stone which sealed it be large as the mischief it has done; and for requiem make felt the silence which has taken place of song in the deserted home of one whose voice, for aught we know, may be

"Still grieving to the young-ey'd cherubims."

For of the harmony which dwelt in the soul of Ellen Lowe, we are only sure that no longer

"This muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in."

## SONG.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

MEET me in the forest shade,  
Where the silver stream is flowing;  
Meet me where the day beams fade,  
And the lights of eve are glowing;  
Years have passed since last we met;  
Hope's bright star went down in sorrow,  
Yet the past brings no regret,  
For there comes a bright to-morrow.

Meet me when the silent night  
O'er the quiet earth is bending;  
And the moon, with brow of light,  
Through the azure sky is wending;  
Meet it is, beneath her roign,  
Childhood's vows should be re-spoken,  
And the chain renewed again,  
Which the misty years have broken.

Meet me on that silent spot  
Where Love's early flowers were braided;  
Let the past be all forgot,  
And the hopes that time hath shaded.  
Let no shadows dim the light  
With the early hours returning—  
Be forgot the shade and blight,  
And the years of bitter yearning.

Meet me in the forest shade,  
Where the silver stream is flowing;  
Meet me in that silent glade,  
Where the wild-wood flowers are growing;  
Years have passed since last we met,  
Hope's bright cord was rudely broken,  
Yet the past brings no regret,  
Forthose vows will be re-spoken.

## THE HOUSE BY THE SEA-SHORE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was an old, two-story red house, and there was nothing pretty or poetical, or even *pleasant* about it.

There it stood, all alone, that glorious June day, on the green point of land which pushed down abruptly into the blue waves of Long Island Sound. On the right was the village, with its clusters of white houses and its especial pride, the new and spacious hotel, with the green trees in front, and the broad colonnades running all around it.

The windows on the right side of the hotel overlooked the red house by the shore, (I want you to remember this) and in the summer time, when the bright faces of the city maidens beamed out of the tall windows and among the white pillars, they would ask sometimes, "Who *could* live in that gloomy-looking old red house down by the sea-shore?"

And the domestics answered that "it was old uncle Hiah Platt, with his wife and grandchild, who lived there—that they were poor people, but that the old man went a fishing in the summer, and his wife took in washing from the hotel, so they managed to get a decent livelihood."

And this abridgment of the Platts' individual and collective history was usually accompanied with a shuddering, "Mercy! what a dreary place to live in winter!"

It must have been, too, for even the sunshine that lay warm and golden about the house, that afternoon, could not brighten up its bare, gloomy, barren physiognomy any more than a smile could the face of a miser.

It was very warm, and very still. The sound of the waters as they rolled up languidly to the beach, made one think of nothing but a love ballad chanted far off, whether by mortals or angels you couldn't tell. But suddenly the back door of the red house was opened, and a little girl came out on the wooden step and stood there listening. Do you see her, in her calico dress and gingham apron, with her head half drooped forward, and her thin, brown hands folded together.

Her life cannot have run up to more than ten years, and the little, sun-burnt profile turned toward you is certainly not a pretty one. It is

too dark and thin and angular for *that*. And yet you would not have turned away from it with a single glance, for this was one of "the faces that have a story to tell." I do not know whether you would have read it, but it was written there, in the casting of the rather large but beautiful mobile mouth, in the dreamy, smouldering light that lay far down in those large, mellow, brown eyes.

Maggie Platt was, as I said, not pretty, but there were times when her face revealed a wild, wondrous beauty, the beauty of *genius*! You would have pitied the little girl, living there all alone with her old grandparents, but Maggie had companions they little recked of.

She was a quiet, bashful child, and it mattered very little to her if her home was a bleak, dreary place, for she had a beautiful *spirit country* of her own into which she could wander at will. Then close by was the ocean, that mighty instrument on which the winds played their everlasting tunes for the soul of Maggie Platt. She knew and loved them all, from the hoarse doxologies of winter to the soft jubilees of summer, and so the ocean was the great solemn teacher of the little girl's life!

"Maggie, don't stand there dreaming, child," and Mrs. Platt put her head out of the kitchen window. "Didn't I tell you to *hust* up the line with the poles? Them clothes won't dry without they get all the wind."

The little girl started suddenly, and took the long pole that stood against the shed, and hurried down to the line of clothes stretched across the yard.

She had just succeeded in propping this, when a low, smothered cry attracted her attention, and turning suddenly round, she saw a boy not more than two years older than herself, gazing wildly at her. It was a pitiful sight; he seemed struck dumb with terror of some kind, for his face was white as a corpse, his limbs shook, his lips quivered, and his wild eyes were fastened fearfully upon the girl.

Maggie knew him at once; he was errand-boy at the hotel. He had frequently brought the clothes of the visitors up there to her grandmother.

"Mark! Mark! what ails you? What *has*

happened?" said the girl, rushing eagerly toward him.

"Don't, don't speak so loud. They're after me," and he stared anxiously around him. "Oh, Maggie, can't you hide me somewhere?"

"Hide you! why, what will hurt you? What have you done, Mark?" and the girl's lips reflected the paleness of his.

"Nothing! Oh, Maggie don't ask me, I can't tell, but they're going to take me to jail."

And now there rolled over the boy's face a burning cloud of shame as he buried it in his hands.

The little girl gasped and drew back at that word. It was but for a moment. She looked on the bowed, cowering figure before her, and her heart ached with pity.

"Mark!" she whispered, placing her hand on his arm, "I am very sorry for you."

There was more in the voice than the words. The boy looked up again, and searched the pale, little face with his eager eyes. It was very full of sympathy for him.

"Maggie! if I tell you, won't you hate me—no matter how bad it is?"

"No, *solemnly*, I won't, Mark."

"Well, then, I must be quick, for I want you to hide me till one of the fishing smacks comes along to-night, and I can go off. You see, I borrowed five dollars of Jack Fowler, for my new suit of clothes, and promised to pay him when I got my wages. They were due to-morrow. But Jack wanted the money, and didn't give me any peace, until at last he swore a terrible oath he'd have the clothes and pawn 'em if I didn't pay him.

"I didn't mean to steal, Maggie," here the boy lowered his voice, "but—but the drawer was open this morning, and there lay the five dollar gold piece. I thought they wouldn't miss it, and as soon as I got my wages I'd put it back. Then, I wanted to keep the clothes so much. But there was somebody looking through the key-hole, and saw me.

"They locked me up in one of the rooms, but I jumped out the window, and slid down the pillars, and when I got to the ground, I thought of you, and the flowers you gave me the other day. Oh, Maggie! I haven't a friend in all the world but you. Won't you help me?"

A harder heart than little Maggie Platt's could not have resisted that appeal, spoken not only by the boy's lips, but by his large, wild, bright eyes.

"Ye-es. I'll try, Mark. Let's see—you can go around the front side of the house, and creep softly into the garret, and I'll watch for the boat

and let you know when it comes along. I don't know what grandma would do, but I won't tell her till you're gone, and so if anybody comes around to ask for you, she'll just say you ain't anywhere's about here."

"Yes," and the wild fright went out of the boy's eyes, "that'll be just the thing, Maggie. I'll never forget it of you. But make haste."

Oh! Mark's face did not seem like a criminal's now, with that grateful light breaking up into it, as he looked on the girl.

"But first I want you to promise me solemnly, Mark, that you'll never take anything that isn't yours again. It's very wicked, you know, said God, and the good angels will go away from you," and the girl's eyes moistened with tears, till they seemed like brown berries damp with autumn dews.

"Yes, I promise. But hark! isn't somebody coming?" and trembling like a startled fawn, he shrank closer to her side.

"Oh! my young jail-bird, I've caught you at last!" cried the foremost of two coarse-looking men, as they came around the corner of the house. "You forgot, didn't you, there were windows on the right side of the hotel? Come along!" and he seized the boy's shoulder roughly, while his companion caught hold of the other. "We'll give you tighter lodgings this time, until the cars come along, and then you'll be handed over to the county jail for a two months service."

The boy did not speak. Despair and terror had paralyzed his faculties.

Maggie Platt was, as I said, a timid child, with that sensitive, shrinking temperament which is so frequently the accompaniment of genius. But now she sprang quickly before those fierce men, and confronted them with her pale, thin face and large eyes.

"Don't, please don't take away the boy," she said, "he is very sorry for what he has done. If you will let him go this time, he will never do wrong again."

That soft voice, the pleading, earnest face seemed to make some impression upon one of the men, and he glanced doubtfully from the girl's face to his prisoner. But the other answered quickly, "Come, come, get out of the way with your prating, child. The boy's stolen five dollars, and he must smart for it."

They hurried him off, and Maggie leaned against the corner of the house and watched them. She was not a demonstrative child. Her life was rather an inner than an outer one.

But now there was a fearful storm in the heart of Maggie Platt—a storm of grief and horror—and she looked on the distant hills, over which

the summer had written its green chronicles, and she heard the sweet ballad which the waves sang as they flashed up to the beach; but the bright hills were dark, and the ocean ballad was only a moan to her now.

But suddenly a look of resolution broke into the little, sharpened face, and the working features grew quiet again.

"It will be half-an-hour before the cars come, and I shall have time, if I hurry," answered the child, and she went into the house, and a few moments later, might have been seen hurrying over the long reach of stony road that led to the hotel.

"But it's only a few words I want to speak to him. It can't do any harm, you know, and he's going off so soon, too."

The proprietor of the hotel, from whom Mark Sandford had stolen the five dollars, was a short, thick-set, broad-shouldered man, with a gloomy, morose cast of countenance, and Maggie felt from the first, it would be of no use to plead Mark's case with him.

But he had no reason, aside from the indigenuous venom of his nature, for refusing the child's request. And it was more than likely the man who could remorselessly deliver over to the law a friendless orphan boy for so slight an offence, would not have granted Maggie's petition, but there were several lookers on, and so he answered with a bad grace, "He's in the room, yonder, hatchin' up some new mischief, I'll warrant."

"Mark! Mark!" and the white sun-bonnet put itself inside the door. And there Mark sat on a low stool, with his face in his hands, and a story of terrible despair in the drooping posture of his figure.

He looked up, and his eyes brightened a little. "Oh! Maggie, have you come to me now?"

"To be sure I have, Mark," and she sat down on the floor by his side, and they looked at each other a moment, she with sweet, sorrowful pity, and he in a kind of pale wonder and bewilderment.

"Don't look so, Mark. It frightens me to see you."

"But do you know, Maggie, they're going to take me to jail when the cars come?" He whispered the words with a shudder, glancing over his whole frame.

She bowed her head, and laid her hand on his. The touch of those warm, soft fingers went down to the boy's heart. A sob rocked him to and fro, for a moment, and then the great tears washed over his eyes.

"It will be so hard," he said, "to stay there

for two long months, shut out from the sunshine and the beautiful earth. How I shall long to go out in the green fields and hear the winds blow, and at night to look up at the stars, and think mamma is there, who died when I was a baby. And when I come out, they'll all point at me, and say I am Mark Sandford, the thief. And I shan't be able to look anybody in the face ever again. Oh, Maggie! I wish I'd thrown myself right into the sea, by your house, when I ran down there."

It was terrible, this wild, frantic grief, and yet it was better than the white, *still* despair of the moment before.

Maggie was crying, too; but she swallowed back her tears, like a true woman, and drawing close to the boy, said, "Don't give up so, Mark. It won't be so very, very long, after all, and I'll think of you every day, and pray for you every night. And when you get there, and the hours seem so long, and your heart feels so dark and *dead-like*, don't despair, Mark.

"God won't forget you, and he'll forgive that—you know what I mean, and he'll send his angels to comfort you, for no prison doors, or grated windows, or heavy bars can keep them out."

The girl's soul was in her face now. *This* was the revelation of Maggie Platt's beauty. It had come over it like sunrise while she was talking.

Mark looked at her, and forgot himself. "Maggie," he whispered, "I guess you're one of the angels, aren't you?"

"No," but I want to be some day, Mark. Now you won't forget what I've said? You won't get discouraged, and associate with wicked boys? Nobody'll know you've been to prison, when you come out. You can go off a great ways, where they'll never hear of you——" At that moment the shrill, distant shriek of the car whistle came to their ears. Mark sprang as if an arrow had plunged into his heart, and Maggie rapidly continued, placing a small, blue box in his hand, "Grandma gave it to me, with the silver dollar inside, last New Year. It's for you, Mark. I don't want it."

"Come," said the man, who had captured Mark down by the shore, "time for you to be starting for your new home."

Mark rose up, pale and resolute.

"Good-bye, Maggie. I won't forget."

"Good-bye, Mark. Every night I shall pray first 'may God take care of you!'"

The waiter hurried him off. There was an officer waiting at the door. Maggie climbed into the deep embrasure of the window, and gazed out, as well as she could through her tears.

Once the boy looked back. He saw the child



face in the window, with the hair lying in bronze ripples about it, and he laid up the picture in his heart, and during the long, weary two months that followed, it was *the angel that kept him from despair!*

Fifteen years had passed. It was in the May-time, that beautiful proof-sheet of summer, and the soft, mellow moonlight lay all around the graceful suburbs of the metropolis. In one of the most quiet streets stood a small but symmetrical grey-stone cottage, looking down on the world of spring blossoms below, heaps of crimson and gold, alternating with white, gathered at its feet.

It was late in the night, when the white curtains of the front chamber window were suddenly thrown aside, and a young lady looked out on the landscape.

There are some faces it is difficult to describe, this was one of them. The features, though not very regular, were clearly cut, the prevailing expression of the face in repose was a kind of *inquiring earnestness*. But it was thin and dark, and but for the eyes and lips might have been plain.

But these were an inspiration. The large, mellow, glorious eyes, in which lay the rising soul-light, the soft, mobile lips even in repose, tremulous with thought and feeling, would have magnetized your gaze.

The history of Maggie Platt is that of many another genius. Through many obstacles she had qualified herself to teach a district school. After this, her grandparents died. Then she left the old home by the sea-shore, and later, when the voice of her soul would be heard, she wrote. After a time, her articles received attention, and some remuneration. So she taught, and wrote, and studied for several years. But the young poetess' soul craved a more congenial mental atmosphere, and at last she came to the city, and through the influence of some generous publishers, her contributions obtained a higher reward.

For three months she had resided with the refined and agreeable family at the grey-stone cottage, in the suburbs.

Maggie Platt's face is disturbed to-night. She winds the curtain tassel nervously about her fingers, and *thinks* rather disconnectedly, though, for she had attended a lecture this evening, and her thoughts vibrate between it and more personal matters.

"To-morrow night, I promised him I would decide. Dear me! I wish I'd said 'yes' to-night, and then it would have been all over with, and

I should have felt *settled*; which, if it be not happiness, is the next door to it. What a good man he is, and then how he loves me! How noble he looks, too! What eyes that lecturer had, eyes the like of which I never saw; and then his face, it was not handsome, I 'spose, but the glory of his soul illuminated it. I wonder if he's married, and if his wife loves him as I could love such a man! Oh! it should not be a *hand* marriage alone, but a marriage of hearts, and minds, and intellects. But it's time I should be less romantic and more practical, for here I am twenty-five years old. Nobody'd believe it, though. I'm sure my heart can find *rest* in the love of Hubbard Ensign, and I know his watchful tenderness will surround my life with all that outward grace and beauty for which it has so long yearned. Maggie Platt, wife of the wealthy bank cashier. Ah, me! my grandmother little dreamed of this, when she sat knitting *seine*, in the old red house by the sea-shore. To-morrow we are to take tea at Hubbard's sister's. I shall see Mr. Sandford, the lecturer, there. I wonder if I shall have a chance to speak to him. How I should like to thank him, for the *soul* ~~benefit~~ he made for me to-night. How he has enriched my memory with his great pearls of thought, strung on the golden thread of poesy. Why, there it goes—one o'clock, and my story must be finished to-morrow," and with one long, lingering gaze at the sweet, sad moonlight, she drew down the blinds.

Alas! poor Maggie! With all the mighty needs of her woman's nature, to be answered only with "an elegant home, and a strong heart to lean on."

The next day our heroine saw the lecturer of the previous evening, at the residence of Mr. Ensign's sister.

Nothing but a few atmospherical commentaries passed between them, for they were among a large company, and Mr. Sandford was the centre of attraction. The young man's brilliant talents had recently electrified the community, and Maggie soon discovered his conversational powers fully equalled his oratorical ones, so she was content to sit still and listen. At tea, however, the conversation turned into a different channel, and Mr. Sandford betrayed much interest in several local philanthropic movements, particularly one which related to the physical and ~~men~~ resuscitation of depraved children.

"Utopian idea!" grunted a corpulent gentleman, who sat next to Maggie. "As the twig is bent so the tree's inclined. This ~~talk~~ boys out of prison, and putting them to school is only turning criminals loose into our streets. What do you think of it, Miss Platt?"

Maggie's memory went back to a long-forgotten summer day on the sea-shore, as she said,

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Adams. After all, there may be the elements of a holier, higher nature in the child's soul; and, oh, it would be worth a life-time to develop these, and bring back one spirit from sin and shame to the All-Father."

Her eyes lighted—her face kindled, and Mr. Sandford said, "You have given me a beautiful translation of my own thought, Miss Platt."

Maggie thought she had never seen anything like his smile.

After tea, the guests walked through the grounds, which were very extensive and tasteful. They had just descended from a slight eminence which commanded a view of the garden, when Maggie discovered she had left her handkerchief, and returned to seek it. Before she had gained the trees under which she expected to find it, she encountered Mr. Sandford, who restored the missing article.

"I found it up here," he said, "but I allowed you to turn back, for I wished, with your permission, to have a few moments' private conversation with you," and he gave the astonished girl his arm, and led her into one of the shadiest walks.

"I do not believe—nay, I cannot think it possible we ever met before," he said, "and yet your voice seems strangely familiar, and since your beautiful defence, this evening, of the out-cast little children, something has been urging me to speak to you. Will you forgive me, and permit me to ask you one question, about which I am very curious?"

"Certainly, Mr. Sandford."

"Did you ever live in A——, very near the sea-shore?"

"Yes, it is my native place." Maggie's eyes were full of surprise, but she dropped them before the dark, eager ones that now looked into her face.

"Is your name Maggie, and did your house stand all alone, a third of a mile from the hotel?"

"Yes."

Trembling fingers fastened over the little hand that lay on the gentleman's arm. "Do you remember a little boy whose name was Mark Sandford, and who came to you one afternoon, and prayed you to save him from prison?"

"Yes, yes," her face had grown very white, for a suspicion of the truth was breaking into her mind.

The gentleman took a small, blue card paper box from his pocket. "Do you remember this, Maggie?" *I am Mark Sandford*, and all that I ever am, or shall be, *you have made me!*"

In her surprise and joy, she burst into tears, and he put his arms around her, and laid her head on his shoulder, and said,

"Maggie, my good angel, how have I prayed God for this hour!"

Then they heard voices calling, and she had only time to dry her tears, and he to say,

"To-morrow, Maggie, you may expect me."

And when, on her return home, Mr. Ensign would have pressed his suit, the lady answered,

"Not to-night, please, Mr. Ensign. I am excited now, and cannot think or speak calmly," and the practical gentleman solaced himself with thinking, "Poetesses always would have their moods."

Mr. Sandford called at the grey-stone cottage the next day, and the next, and the next. And Maggie learned, with many smiles and tears, of those long, dreary months in prison, lightened solely by thoughts of her and of the great after-struggles with adversity, of *his* final success, and of the *one* memory that, through all these years had remained holy in his heart.

He had visited her old home in A——, but the "*house by the sea-shore*" had disappeared, and she was gone—no one could tell him whither.

Well, you must have guessed the rest, reader, that before Mark Sandford left the city, he had crowned his life with the love of his child-angel, greatly to the bank-cashier's chagrin.

And when September laid her crimson post-script on the green page of summer, they were married, as it can be recorded of not every husband or wife, *in heart, in soul, and in mind they were married.*

## LINES.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

The flowers die, the leaves decay,  
The snow entombs the ground,  
The streams are frozen into ice,  
And Death is all around.

But Spring will come, and all things bo  
With a new beauty rife.  
So, in the grave we shall not lie,  
But bloom to higher life.

## CONFIDENCES AND CONFESSIONS.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

THE clear, cheerful fire glowed warmer and brighter, as the darkness of the winter evening gathered without.

Cousin Harry and I sat cosily beside it, enjoying the pleasant warmth, and giving full rein to our wandering fancies.

He was leaning back dreamily in his easy-chair—I, silently musing opposite him, with my feet (they were not large ones, reader) resting on the low fender. My eyes were fixed on the glowing coals; but now and then I could not help stealing a glance at cousin Harry's face, in order to conjecture the subject of his long reverie.

He was in a right dreamy mood, and his dreams were evidently pleasant ones on the whole, though many varying emotions swept across his manly features.

I too, as I sat there looking demurely into the fire, had certain little dreams of my own. Did I mention that cousin Harry was *not* my cousin—only a ward of my father's, brought up in our family, to whom that title was given by courtesy? But that, of course, had nothing to do with my dreaming, or not dreaming.

Harry broke the long silence at last, by saying,

"Come and set here by me, cousin Olive, I want to tell you something."

I went and took a low seat at his feet, and leaned my head against his knees, as I had done from childhood. Dear cousin Harry, how I loved him!

He passed his hand caressingly over my curls and said,

"Olive, did I ever speak to you about Miss Ruthersford—Miss Mary Ruthersford?"

"No, cousin."

"And yet I have never had, and do not wish to have, any secrets from my little cousin. But this is proof," he added, laughing, "that the old line which says, 'The heart feels most when the lips speak not,' is true. If I have not spoken to you of Miss Ruthersford, it must have been because I have felt too much to give easy utterance to my thoughts. Olive, she is the loveliest creature I ever looked upon. I met her last summer, when I was travelling in Europe. We travelled through Italy together, and each day

that I spent in her society I admired her more. In short, Olive, I fell in love with her."

"Yes," said I. I was glad to be able to utter even that one word, and so glad that my face happened to be turned so that Harry could not see it.

"She has just returned to this country," continued he, "and this very night decides my fate. I sent a note to her this morning requesting an interview. An hour from this time sees me the happiest man in America, or the most miserable."

I clasped my arms tightly round Harry's knees, and I am sure, even in that bitter moment, I breathed a prayer for his happiness, come how it might.

My tears could no longer be quite restrained, but Harry naturally misunderstood their cause. He patted my head with playful tenderness, and rising himself, he raised me too, and kissing my cheek, said,

"Thank you, dear Olive, for your sympathy. I am going now—give me your good wishes."

"Farewell, Harry," I whispered, and he was gone. How much there was to me in the few words I had spoken—farewell!

I did not sit up to wait for Harry's return. I at first intended to do.

By the time I began to expect him, my head ached so, and my eyes were so swollen with crying, that I knew it would not do for him to see me. So I went to bed, and laid awake the whole night through, and thought of cousin Harry, and how kind he had always been to me, till my heart ached.

The next morning I was really quite ill and feverish, and I kept my room all day. But my suspense was intolerable to me—I longed to hear Harry's voice again, even though his words struck to my heart like daggers—therefore when the darkness of twilight came I thought I must venture; so I slipped on a wrapper, and went down stairs to the little sitting-room where I knew he would be sitting by the fireside.

Yes, he was there, and sitting very quietly still. I could not tell anything by his face—he entered—but perhaps that was because I did not courage to half look.

I slipped in very softly behind him, and he

he could see me, was nestled on the sofa by his side, with my face screened behind his shoulder.

I thought he would be surprised, or pleased to see me—or at least I expected him to speak to me; but he never said a word—he sat still, looking into the fire.

Then I knew how it was—he had received a bitter—a terrible disappointment. My heart smote me—what were my girlish griefs compared with the deep, manly sorrow which shadowed that dear, beloved face? I realized that to see Harry unhappy was to me the cruellest of sorrows—I put my two arms around his neck and wept bitterly.

Harry turned then with such a kind, gentle smile, and merely said, as he drew me to him,

“Do not cry, my poor little Olive, do not cry.”

He soothed me and caressed me as if I had been a child. Afterward he added, in a sterner voice,

“Yes, it is all over now, and I must bear my disappointment like a man.”

He *did* bear it like a man. I saw and understood all his struggles—his stern endurance of his sorrow. I saw how keenly he suffered, and yet how bravely and cheerfully he bore himself; I loved him more and more; and yet I was so sorry for him, that if I had thought it would have been of any use, I would have gone myself to the lady whom he blessed with his love, and pleaded with her for him. But for this it was quite too late. Miss Ruthersford was already engaged to another when she returned home.

But much as I suffered in seeing Harry suffer, I had one consolation. He did not brood in sullen silence over his disappointment; he loved to talk with me on the theme nearest his heart. He liked to tell me again and again, all the particulars of his acquaintance with Miss Ruthersford. Of the pleasant days when they travelled together—of her exceedingly loveliness, and of the many little incidents on which he founded his hopes, his almost certainty of her preference, and of his utter inability to account for the blindness which had prompted her to unite herself to another.

I did not suggest that the superior fortune of a new lover might be his attraction, for fear of pain- ing Harry; but apart from all feminine jealousy that is *my* view of the case, from which nothing can ever change me.

Be that as it may, Harry thought her perfect; he sorrowed and grieved for her; and I had much to do to console him. Oh, how thankful I felt to know that I had the power to do so. When I had succeeded in chasing the gloom from his brow, and I saw him smiling and cheerful, I felt as happy as a queen.

One day he said to me,

“My dear, kind Olive, how well you know how to comfort me. How should you understand so well what I feel and need—how have you learned?”

“I have had a similar sorrow myself,” I replied, with a trembling voice.

Harry looked at me tenderly, and drew me to him—“My poor, little Olive!”

I broke from him with bursting tears, exclaiming, “Don’t pity me, don’t—I can’t bear it!”

From this time I often noticed Harry’s eyes gazing on me with tender, pitying interest. I knew what he was thinking of, and a blush never failed to rise to my cheek, for I trembled for my secret, which was, however, never more secure.

Harry’s mind gradually regained a more buoyant tone. His thoughts were no longer confined to a single painful topic, and he began once more to take an interest in what was passing around him. He became more like his former self.

We were very much together; the sorrow we had shared together had made us very near and dear to each other, and—I am afraid I was a very conscious maiden, but I began to fancy that the interest Harry took in me was deepening. I could not mistake the glance with which his eyes rested upon me—the bright smile which welcomed my approval—the delight he took in everything I did or said.

My old day-dreams and fireside dreams came back to me, sweeter than ever.

We both of us retained our old habit of musing by the twilight fire. It was at that time and place that most of Harry’s confidences had been made, but it had now been long since he had alluded to the past.

The long winter had merged into a late, cold spring, and the cheering blaze was still agreeable as we sat one evening in our usual places.

After a long silence I chanced to look up to find Harry’s eyes earnestly regarding me.

“Olive,” he said, abruptly, “do you believe in second love?”

“Sometimes, in a man,” I replied, carelessly; “in a woman, never.”

Harry was silent for a few moments; he then said,

“Your first position is true, Olive. I know it and feel it. But your second is flagrantly false, or if not,” he added, vehemently, “I swear I’ll make it so. Olive, you must and shall love me!”

“Do not swear, Harry,” said I; “it’s wicked, and besides, I greatly mistake if you do not soon wish that vow unregistered.”

He did not heed the light tone of my reply,  
but continued earnestly,

"Olive, the past has become to me as a dream  
of something unreal and transitory. The love  
which has grown in my heart for you is founded  
on surer foundations. It is entwined with every  
fibre of my being. Olive, I could no more give  
you up than I could part with life itself. Dearest,  
let the past be the past, I beseech you, for us  
both. Consent to be mine now, and forever."

"I can consent to a great deal, Harry," said  
I, giving him my hand, "but I can never consent  
to give up my past—my dear, beautiful past—  
and never, never can I give up my first love."

Harry looked deeply pained and grieved. I  
saw that I was torturing that noble heart which  
had lately suffered so much. I had not the  
cruelty even by a moment's further trifling to  
delay its approaching happiness. I therefore  
added softly,

"How if I admit, Harry, that *you* were my

first love? Would you then insist upon my  
choosing a second?"

Harry looked at me in astonishment.  
"But you told me——" he began.

"Well, what if I did?" I interrupted, a little  
snappishly, "it was all true enough—but why  
must I be put to the blush, by being made to  
confess how long I thought of you before you  
even cast a glance on me?"

Harry gazed at me with beaming eyes, while  
his mind evidently ran over the past.

"My poor Olive," he said, at last, while tears  
actually stood in his eyes, "and have you indeed  
suffered for my sake? Was it *thus* you learned  
so well how to comfort me—selfish, ungenerous  
creature that I was? But that is past now," he  
continued, as he folded me in his arms, "hence-  
forth it shall be for me to play the part of com-  
forter, and I will see if I cannot make a lifetime's  
devotion atone for anything you may have suf-  
fered in the past."

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EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY DI VERNON.

Dost thou remember, Ella dear,  
The Hermit old and grey?  
The mountain is not far from here  
Where his dark cavern lay.  
Dost thou remember how we roved  
Together to his cell?  
Those were the days when first we loved  
With faith's unbroken spell.  
Dost thou remember how he blest  
The couple at his feet,  
And bid us seek for Heavenly rest,  
To make our love complete?

"Doth he yet live?" the maiden sighed.  
And sadly answered, "No!  
Six months ago the Hermit died—  
The cold winds o'er him blow.

"The wintry winds sweeps o'er his tomb,  
The dark pines sadly wave—  
It is a spot of deepest gloom,  
That Hermit's lonely grave."  
Soft tears were swimming in those eyes.  
So beautifully blue;  
But ere the maiden ceased her sighs,  
Delmore was weeping too.

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MRS. HEMANS.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

DEARER to me than any songs  
Are thine, oh, poet soul!  
An angel's music seems to fall  
In glory on the whole!  
Did angels tune that harp of thine  
To thrill my spirit so?  
For oh! it hath a sound divine  
In its eternal flow.

Full oft I listen till my heart  
Forgets all earthly things,  
And sainted spirits seem to come  
And touch its thousand strings,  
Till I sit trembling, wrapt in joy,  
With rich, delicious dreams,  
As if in converse with the blest,  
Beyond earth's chilling streams.

# THE BROTHERS.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 304.

## CHAPTER III.

"I do wish you would go for the doctor, William. I do not like this stupor—really, I think the child is very ill. It is strange that he should not have been near us all day," said Mrs. Ashley, bending over the cradle, and taking her baby's little hot hand in her own.

Just then Annabel came in from school.

"Mamma, Emma Lincoln is very ill with the typhus fever, and Annette Wells had to go home from school this afternoon. Miss Allan says she is afraid that she is going to have it too. That makes six of our scholars that are away from school sick. Isn't it dreadful?"

"This accounts for Dr. Lincoln's seeming neglect," said Mr. Ashley. "I will go and see him at once. He is in great trouble if his daughter is dangerously ill, for she is the apple of his eye."

Annabel brought her chair to the cradle, and insisted upon her mother's trying to get some rest. Mrs. Ashley could not lie down, but she leaned her head back against her cushioned chair, and closed her eyes, to satisfy Annabel with the semblance of sleep.

Upon opening them a few minutes afterward, she saw Annabel in tears, and with difficulty repressing the sobs with which she was struggling.

"My dear child, do you still grieve so bitterly?"

"Oh, no, mamma, not for myself. I was thinking of dear little baby here, and how near I came to bringing you more trouble even than you already have; and of poor Lawrence, who they say is so much worse to-day. Prayers were offered up for him at close of school this afternoon, and Mr. Allan spoke very solemnly to us. Indeed, mamma, *I do not think I love Lawrence any more, I only want him to live, because it is so dreadful for him to die without repenting of his sins.*"

Dr. Lincoln and Mr. Ashley came in. The doctor looking pale and haggard; he had met Mr. Ashley on his way, he said. Mrs. Ashley lifted the baby in her arms. The little creature opened her eyes, but took no notice of any one. Her vacant, staring look was even more painful

to the mother than the preceding stupor had been. Dr. Lincoln said that the babe evidently had less fever, and after writing his prescription, took his departure.

In the middle of the night Annabel was called up. She found her mother in great distress, for the baby was in convulsions. Her father had gone again for the doctor. Throughout the remainder of the night the usual remedies were tried, but all in vain. The convulsions, although not violent, recurred at short intervals.

Dr. Lincoln did not leave them long at a time. He exerted all his skill, but it was evident that each hour the little sufferer's strength grew less. Mrs. Ashley prayed for calmness to bear the blow that she knew was impending; yet when the moment came, she was powerless as a child to meet it. The baby breathed its last in her arms, and in an agony of grief she held its lifeless little form to her bosom, weeping such tears as a mother bereft of her nursing babe alone can weep. In vain her husband attempted to take it from her, she would not give it up.

Dr. Lincoln, in a voice husky with emotion, said, "Think of the sorrow that is threatening me, Mrs. Ashley. If God takes my child from me, he takes my all; yet I have faith in Him that He doeth all things right. Better, the memory of the innocent dead, than the presence of a living grief; and none of us know the trouble our children may live to bring us to."

Even faithful Judy proffered her consolation.

"Ah, Missus! God has giv you such beautiful jewels. Couldn't you spare *jus one little one* for *His crown*?"

Nothing availed, until she felt the presence of Nannie's wet cheeks against her own, and heard Nannie's voice imploring her to be calm. Then she yielded up her dead baby, and going alone to her chamber, wrestled with her heart until it submitted to Him who "doth not willingly afflict the sons of men."

Thereafter she went calmly on with her usual avocations, the mother and daughter affording mutual support by their example; each feeling and sympathizing with the peculiar trials of the other.

But not even the solemn awe which Death

spread through the household could keep Annabel from thinking of Lawrence. In the silent watches of the night, she prayed earnestly for his and for Emma's recovery: and when she found herself recalling any tender memories of the past connected with him, she prayed for strength to root out those memories, and she did not pray in vain.

At length came the day of the funeral. Mr. Allan, their old pastor, being out of the village, Arthur Gray officiated in his place. His words were few, but they fell like balm upon the hearts of the mourners; and when he finished, the mother in her heart repeated after him his last words, "*It is well with the child.*"

Arthur Gray stood beside the little coffin, and as he looked upon the cherub face, he did not wonder at the fond mother's agony, as she hung over it for her last parting look: for never, even in lands beyond the seas, whither he had wandered, had he seen statuary that could match the beauty of that faultless head. The soft rings of golden hair shadowed a forehead more exquisitely beautiful than ever marble could be, and the long, silken lashes of the closed eyes rested on cheeks that in that brief sickness had lost none of the roundness of health. The tiny, chiseled mouth—the plump and dimpled hands—oh, there was too much of beauty there to hide within the dreary grave!

The mother turned aside—her aching heart, refusing to resign itself in that bitter hour of parting. Next, Mr. Ashley bent over the coffin, and as he left his last kiss upon the forehead of the babe, a sob escaped his heaving chest; and now Annabel approached, tears trembling in her serene eyes, and her fine lips quivering with the emotion she strove to repress. To Arthur it was the face of an angel.

The remaining events of that occasion he scarcely noted; as one who looked on in a vision, he saw the younger children led up with tearful, wondering gaze, and then glide back into their places.

When, beside his brother's bed, he resumed his post of watching; he recalled that lovely face, destined for many times thereafter to haunt him with its dreamy beauty. Yes, many a time when he closed his eyes to pray, it came between him and his God, until he feared to think with how strong a hold it had fastened upon his affections.

At the close of the week he was obliged to return to his parish, leaving Lawrence still unconscious that it was his brother's hand who had so tenderly smoothed his pillow, who had so watchfully guarded him against annoyance,

and so faithfully administered the medicines that alleviated his suffering.

Dr. Lincoln bestowed increased care and attention upon his patient, during the absence of the brother, notwithstanding Emma's dangerous state—her case having proved the most malignant that had as yet occurred in the epidemic. Accompanied as it was by cerebral congestion, he could not but feel the greatest anxiety as to its termination.

The commencement of the week Arthur Gray went back to his charge, and before the close of it he had the satisfaction of seeing symptoms of returning consciousness. On Saturday morning, as he was preparing to again take his departure, Lawrence grew restless, and finally said, in a voice weakened by suffering, "Don't leave me, Arthur, I shall surely die if you do."

Thus appealed to he could not refuse; and rejoiced to find that his brother knew him, he promised to remain. He despatched a note informing Mr. Allan of the favorable change in Lawrence, and of his request; and proposed an exchange for the Sabbath. Mr. Allan at once returned answer that he would see after his congregation, so long as his presence was necessary to his brother.

Arthur, wearied by his anxious days and watchful nights, looked worn and languid, as he arose in the pulpit, where but two Sabbaths before he had stood in the full flush of vigorous health. But more than ever did he enchain Annabel's attention, as he warmed into life and energy while dwelling on this beautiful passage of Scripture, "*God stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind.*"

In the afternoon, one of the elders of the church addressed the congregation in Arthur's stead; and Annabel's conscience reproached her for her listlessness and want of interest. But those drawling, nasal tones, and those trite remarks afforded a strong contrast to the deep, thrilling voice, and the eloquent sentiments that flowed in such a resistless tide from Arthur's lips. Annabel was not alone in marking the change. It was evident that good Elder Jones had neither the gift of speaking, nor the gift of prayer; but what was of more account in the sight of God, he had a heart overflowing with love to his fellow men. He had marked Arthur's unfitness for his duties, and waited after morning church to tell him that he would find a substitute for him in the afternoon; and Arthur gladly availed himself of the kind offer.

It had not been the first time that the deacon had so officiated, for of late years Mr. Allan's health had been failing, and all the other deacons

were bashful men, who felt it to be a cross to even bear a part in the usual weekly prayer-meeting; but it was the first time that the congregation rebelled at the infliction. At the ensuing monthly business meeting, which chanced to fall within the week, one of the most influential church members commented upon Mr. Allan's age, and the manifestly approaching necessity of assistance in his parochial duties. A motion was made and carried that a colleague should be provided, and after some whispering amidst the eldest of the trustees and the deacons, it was proposed that a committee should wait upon Mr. Gray and invite him to settle with them. There was no dissenting voice, and accordingly the invitation was given. Mr. Gray's answer was that he must first consult with his parishioners.

Meantime, Lawrence's progress toward convalescence had been slow. It was with difficulty that he sustained any conversation with his brother; and Arthur, who saw the excitement which talking occasioned, abstained from encouraging it. He told him, however, of his call soon after he received it.

"Shall you accept it?" said Lawrence, eagerly.

"I do not know. There are some reasons why I should like to do so. This is the most beautiful little valley that ever nestled a town on its bosom, and—and I think its inhabitants are exceedingly interesting—that is, they seem a religious people—very attentive in divine worship. However, that may be owing to the unusual degree of sickness prevailing—developed, I presume, by so wet an autumn following our hot summer."

"Then I have not been the only sufferer," said Lawrence, "do you know any of the names of the sick?" he added, hesitatingly.

"No, I do not remember any. Squire Ashley lost a child." Arthur did not notice the start which Lawrence gave, and continued, "but that was not the fever—rather a sudden death, I believe. Several of Mr. Allan's scholars are still dangerously sick—one of them, Dr. Lincoln's daughter, was dying this morning, they told me. He has not been here yesterday, nor to-day."

In confirmation of his words the bell commenced tolling. Arthur walked to the window and looked out. "What a solemn, impressive custom this is," he said, "announcing to the villagers the departure of a soul from their midst—admonishing all that death is near." He ceased speaking to count, for the bell was now rapidly tolling the age.

"Nineteen! it is she!" shrieked Lawrence, throwing his arms wildly up, "I tell you, brother, I will not live without her!"

Astounded at his brother's frantic cry, Arthur at once hastened to him, and endeavored to calm his excited state.

"Two!" screamed Lawrence, "two accusing angels gone up to God to bear witness against me. Oh, I deserve my fate. Poor little thing! She knew me for the butterfly I was, but Emma, as sure as there is a God in heaven, Arthur, I did love Emma. Let me go to her! let me go!" he said, struggling to disengage himself from Arthur's hold.

His cries brought some of the inmates of the house to his chamber, and one of them was immediately despatched for Dr. Lincoln.

Arthur reproached himself for having so imprudently spoken to him of his sick companions; but his calmness in asking after them entirely disarmed Arthur of any suspicions as to his fitness for hearing the truth.

Mr. Gray met Dr. Lincoln outside of the room, and told him the cause of the sudden and alarming change. The moment that they entered, Lawrence started up, calling out, "Don't come near me, doctor, for I killed her, I know I did! I am sure she got Annabel's letter—poor little Annabel—I did not care for her, but Emma, my Emma—my wife that was to be! Aye, God does not wait until after death to punish us for our sins!"

He fell back exhausted upon the pillow.

"He is out of his head—his mind wanders," whispered Arthur.

"It wanders the right way at last," muttered Dr. Lincoln. "I have some hope of him now."

These words were perfectly unintelligible to Arthur, and still more so was the conversation that followed.

Dr. Lincoln, standing by the bedside, took his patient's hand in his own.

"And so you thought Emma was dead. God has been more merciful to me. She has rallied from the stupor of this morning, but her life still hangs by a thread; and so does yours, Lawrence. A relapse now, and I fear all earthly means would be of no avail to save you. For this reason I insist upon you keeping yourself perfectly calm."

Lawrence pressed his thin hands over his eyes, and his lips moved as if murmuring some words of prayer. When he removed his hands, there was no longer the wild glare about his eyes that had so alarmed his brother, and the thick lashes were suffused with tears.

"Only tell me, doctor," he said, in his feeble, tremulous voice, "that I had no part in occasioning her sickness."

"We will not talk about that now," he



answered. "She was here to see you a day or two after you were taken down, but her own attack followed too rapidly to admit of the idea that it was produced by contagion."

"I do not mean that," he said, shaking his head. "And she loved me well enough to come to me! I do not deserve her love, no, I do not deserve the love of any one. If you knew all, doctor, you would not want me to live," and he turned restlessly upon the pillow as he spoke.

"You must not excite yourself with unpleasant memories. You must try to be calm," said Dr. Lincoln.

"I cannot," replied Arthur, "until I have told you how little I deserve your kindness and your sympathy."

"Not now—not now, Lawrence, I must forbid it. Besides, I think I know what you would tell me. Those letters that I found on your table—am I not right? Say no more about them now. When you get well you will have an opportunity of showing your repentance."

Lawrence closed his eyes, and Dr. Lincoln, satisfied that he was in a calmer state, left him. The easy slumber which he fell into lasted longer than any previous one; and when he awoke he looked refreshed, and seemed to Arthur more like himself. From this day his convalescence was gradual, but so slow and tedious, that before he was able to go about again, his brother had accepted the call, and was settled as a colleague of Mr. Allan's.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was New Year's morning. The ground was covered with snow, crisp and glittering.

Emma was not yet able to leave her chamber, but she looked comfortable in her rich, warm double gown; and the dainty little cambric cap with its fall of lace was very becoming to her. Her face was pale and thin, and her eyes looked deep and spiritual.

Her chamber, with its thick, bright carpet, its warm-looking curtains, the round table loaded with her favorite books, the stand of green-house plants, and the glowing fire, was a cheerful-looking sick room. Her father was sitting with her, when the housekeeper came up to say that Mr. Gray and his brother were down stairs, both desirous of seeing Emma if she were able.

"Oh, no, papa, not up here—I would rather not," she said, a soft, warm blush mantling her cheeks, and adding new beauty to her expressive face.

"It will be a great disappointment," he said. "You know Lawrence goes home this week to

study law; and I think you will both be better satisfied to see each other first."

He kissed her very tenderly.

"I am afraid, papa, that it will be so hard to hide my feelings, now that I know of his repentance."

"I can trust you, my child. We all know that a sick bed repentance is not to be relied upon; but three years of absence will test him thoroughly. If at the end of that time he proves himself worthy of you, I will remove the bar that I have placed upon you now. You shall be free to tell him how well you love him then."

"Oh, three years is such a long, long time to look forward to. Please, papa, let me tell him all about it—how entirely I gave him up until you told me how much remorse he experienced, when he thought both Annabel and I were dead—and then how my heart softened to him; and yet how I struggled to subdue my own feelings and give him up to Annabel; as I believed it to be my duty to do until I found that Annabel had never loved him as I had done. And how it is your wish that we should not renew our engagement until you are satisfied that he is worthy of confidence. Oh, yes, papa, let me tell him all. I could never act a part with him. My eyes would be sure to betray me if my lips did not."

"Well, Emma, I leave it to you. It was only for your own good, my child, that I advised you. I thought it would spare you pain, in the end, if he should again prove unstable, or his vanity lead him astray."

"No, I should feel the pain all the same, papa. Thank you for yielding to me. I am quite ready to see them now, if you please."

Dr. Lincoln went down to his office and brought them up. Arthur was formally introduced, but the glance that Lawrence exchanged with Emma, as their hands met, was not the glance of strangers. The conversation was formal and embarrassed until Dr. Lincoln drew Arthur one side, for the ostensible purpose of looking at some engravings, but in reality to give them the opportunity which he knew both were impatient to have.

Lawrence leaned over the arm of her chair. "We have no time to lose," he whispered. "Before I leave you I must know how much, or how little, I have to live for. Look at me, Emma, that I may know if I am forgiven."

Emma's head was slightly turned from him, and her long eyelashes almost swept his cheeks. But at his appeal she lifted them, and Lawrence was satisfied with the look that so fully answered his own.

"I know how undeserving I am," he continued,

stealing her little hand within his as he spoke, "but, Emma, God willing, I will become worthy of you. Did your father tell you of the agony that I suffered when the bell tolled for Annette Wells, supposing it to be for you? I thought it would have killed me."

"And your letter to Annabel," answered Emma, in the same low tone, "came very near being the death of me. It was such a frightful thing to read such words of love from one whom I supposed as much mine in the sight of heaven, as if the marriage tie had united us. Lawrence, I cannot even now understand it—do explain it to me."

"Ah, Emma, I deserve the humiliation. It was vanity—my paltry vanity. When I spoke to her, her modest, blushing answers led me to imagine that she loved me; and partly to kill the time that hung heavy on my hands when away from you, and still more from sheer thoughtlessness as to the consequences, I commenced a correspondence—excusing myself for the injustice I was doing you and her, by imagining it to be a purely Platonic attachment. Emma, are you magnanimous enough to never refer to this unhappy affair again? You cannot dream of one half of the mortification it has already cost me. I have not seen Annabel, but I shall write to her, and——"

"Better not," interrupted Emma, who was in a teasing mood, "old habits you know—I am not quite willing to trust you yet."

"It has been too serious a matter to me to jest about," said Lawrence. "I wonder if Annabel——"

Just then Dr. Lincoln and Arthur joined them, and Lawrence was interrupted, and Emma prevented from relieving his mind with regard to Annabel, as she fully intended doing. There were many other things which she had wished to say left unsaid, as no farther opportunity presented itself to renew their conversation.

They parted. Lawrence went on his way, his heart beating high with hope despite the memories that oppressed it, and expanding with the good resolutions he was making for the future. Emma left alone, sat tearful and dejected, for the child-like trust which had once dwelt in her bosom she felt could never be restored to her, and tremblingly she awaited the future, wherein lay concealed from present view the joys and the sorrows of her life.

That evening Lawrence spent with Arthur in his study. On the morrow he was to leave for home. He seemed absent and moody, and Arthur, who knew of his success in the morning, could not conjecture the cause. Several times he pushed

his chair up to the writing-table, and sitting down, dipped his quill in the ink; but no sooner did it touch the paper than starting up he threw it from him, and continued his former amusement of pacing the floor. His last unsuccessful attempt was followed by an energetic, "*I can't do it.* Arthur, I am going to leave an unpleasant errand for you to execute. I am sure that you can do it better than I can."

"What is it?" said his brother.

"Well, I am ashamed to tell you, but I suppose you will find it out from others if you do not from me. The truth is, I am a blockhead—upon my word, Arthur, I can't tell you what a villain I feel that I have been. But I *do* assure you that I had no motive beyond the amusement of the hour, and I *beg* of you not to impute *worse* motives to me. I made love to that pretty Nannie Ashley that you were asking me about, and I want you to tell her—to explain—confound it, I don't know what you will say. Poor little thing! I could shoot myself when I think what a puppy I have been. What would you advise me to write? or will you undertake the disagreeable task for me?"

"Quite willingly, my dear brother," replied Arthur, a peculiar smile lighting up his features. "I think I can promise you certain success—that is, if you mean unconditional pardon; for Annabel and I are much better satisfied that you should have made love in jest, than that you should have been in earnest. You have told me no news, Lawrence, but in return for the confidence which you imagined you were placing in me, I will tell you a little secret of my own. Annabel and I are engaged."

Lawrence sprang toward him, and seized his hand.

"Good gracious, Arthur! how you surprise me! and delight me, too, beyond anything. Well, that's a good one! I remember that you thought the villagers were unusually interesting, which was more than I did, with the exception of some half-dozen. Ah, Arthur, you were smitten then—confess it."

"It is too true. I am afraid it was Annabel more than all the rest of the village put together that attracted me. But it is not the first time that a man has deceived himself as to his motives."

Lawrence felt as though he had taken a fresh lease of life. There were no gloomy or guilty thoughts to weigh him down now, and with a lighter heart than he had known for months, he returned to his room, and wrote a long, long letter to Emma, which, when she received it, went far to reassure her.

The winter months now glided rapidly away, and every week a letter from Lawrence encouraged Emma to hope for a happy termination.

And so gradually her cheeks regained their roundness and their color; and the warm, happy light of other days came back to her eyes; but with this difference, that the Undine had found a soul; or rather, her exuberant spirit had been tamed and chastened by the new discipline which life had brought her.

#### CHAPTER V.

Two years and more brought many changes to our little village. Some lovely young faces that Arthur had seen when first he preached in the village church, his tears had fallen upon as they lay shrouded for burial. Aged ones had fallen away from their places, their young minister's voice cheering them on their way to "the green pastures and the still waters" of the land of promise. Others had received from him the benediction which pronounced two lives thenceforth to be as one; and so, at burials, at weddings, and at christenings, he had shared his people's grief and joy, until he had become very dear to them all.

Mr. Allan had chosen to resign soon after Arthur had been installed; but he continued to take an active interest in his brother's academy, as well as in every other good work going on in the village.

Twice a year, Lawrence had paid visits—satisfactory ones both to Emma and her father; and now he came back for the third time this year to attend the wedding of Annabel and his brother.

The young minister had met with no opposition to his choice. Almost every one was satisfied, for Annabel Ashley was an universal favorite. Now and then some maiden "verging into years," suggested the impropriety of his taking so young a wife. Even Deacon Jones had once been heard to say that she was a *leelle* too young, "but then," he eagerly added, "that is a fault that time will mend."

Judy could not have been happier had she been going to marry the minister herself. Such bustling preparations as went on in her department for weeks preceding the wedding. But the pickling and the preserving came to an end; the frosted loaves of cake stood in long, glittering rows on the buttery shelves, and Judy contemplated the products of her labor with satisfaction and delight; and waited for the auspicious day.

A little back from the road-side, upon ground adjoining Squire Ashley's, stood the new parsonage which he had been building for Arthur and Annabel. Its gabled roof peeped out from amidst the chestnut and elms that shrouded it—wild vines turning around their rough boles, from which hung bright bunches of scarlet berries, amidst mingled leaves of brown and gold, dark green and crimson. Within the dwelling everything was in readiness, prepared by a mother's watchful love and forethought.

The hills around the valley were gorgeous in their October beauty. Long, undulating reaches of crimson maples, golden beeches and sycamores marked the shallow, tinkling river's path over silver sands. Sloping banks of green belted in the crumbled furrows of brown earth, which the ploughman had prepared for the winter. None of the dreariness of autumn had yet come over the scene. The sky was deep and blue, and the clouds that floated over it were as white and fleecy as fresh snow-flakes. Clumps of trees threw swart shadows where the cattle grazed, and flocks of birds from out their branches filled the air with their twitterings.

Annabel thought the world had never seemed one half so beautiful as it did upon her bridal morn. Ah, Annabel, did you not know that "it is the heart which saddens or brightens all that it looks upon?" That lovely autumnal day with its cloudless sky of perfect blue, would have been to you darker and drearier than any day of wintry storm, had he who made earth an Eden for you not shared the joy you felt.

Mrs. Ashley, pale and quiet, made the few last preparations that would consign her daughter to another's care; and Mr. Ashley, proud and pleased, wondered how his wife could feel the approaching separation as she did, when scarce an acre of greensward would lie between the two houses.

How could he dream of the tender sympathy, and anxious fears a mother feels at such a time? There is no devotion that can equal a mother's. From the hour when first she hears the feeble wail "at the Gethsemane of her love," until the moment of time when the angel of death claims one or the other, she knoweth neither changeableness nor shadow of turning. And yet, how seldom is a mother's love appreciated? For often not until the coffin and the pall hide from our sight the form in which it was centered, do we find that earth holds no affection that can equal it. With vain yearnings do we look back upon the years of childhood, and memory reproaches us for the love we have squandered so recklessly away.

Annabel's sister Helena, a tall, graceful young girl of fifteen, (not unlike Annabel herself in her ways, at that age, but wanting her charming regularity of features) was to be the second bridesmaid, and Eugene Allan her attendant. Of course Emma Lincoln and Lawrence were the first.

Their old pastor, Mr. Allan, was perform the ceremony.

Twilight found the house which had been so quiet through the day, filled with bustle. The children, already dressed and delighted with the idea of a wedding, frolicked through the house until Judy declared that "they most pestered the life out of her, and that she should think they would be ashamed to have such carryings on when they were going to lose their sister—that she should."

This put Edgar to thinking, and he sat down by the fire-place in the parlor, and with a long, rueful countenance watched the sparkling wood fire and the smoke that went curling up the chimney. The wedding did not seem to him such a grand affair after all; and when a few moments after, Arthur came in and finding him alone, drew up a chair and tried to take him on his knee, Edgar struggled away from him, and stood moody and sullen in the corner.

"Why, what's this?" said Arthur. "What's the matter now, Edgar?"

Edgar turned his shoulder defiantly, but would not make any answer.

"I have not done anything to displease you, I hope," said Arthur.

"Yes, you have. You are a very wicked man, very."

Arthur laughed. It was the one drop too much for Edgar, and he burst into a fit of crying. Through his sobs, he said, "You hadn't any business to come and get my sister away. She isn't any relation to you, and you shan't have her. Judy may go and live in your new house with you, for she's cross; but Nannie shan't stir a single step, we want her here."

Arthur's heart, full of love as it was, sympathized with the little fellow in his sorrow. He spoke kind, soothing words to him, lifted him on his knee—opened his watch for him to look at, and gave him some shining, new quarter-dollars to play with.

At this last, Edgar was quite reconciled, particularly when he found that he was to keep the money. Seventy-five cents was an untold sum to him, and fully recompensed him for giving up his claim on his sister.

Nothing else occurred to mar the happiness of the evening. In due time, the guests assembled,

and the bridal party came down. The busy hum of voices which had before pervaded the apartments ceased, and every eye in the room rested upon the face or form of the lovely young bride. Her earnest responses contradicted the timidity of her downcast looks, showing that her heart was free from doubt or uncertainty. The glance of devotion which Arthur met, when he looked down in her eyes, and for the first time said, "my wife," thrilled him with a joy too deep for words.

He courteously answered the congratulations of his parishioners who flocked around him, but his mind was far away, thinking of the days of happiness in store for him, and grudging even the present hour of festivity, which robbed him of the charm of her sweet presence alone.

He reproached himself, at length, for his selfishness, and though the minutes "went on leaden wings," he endeavored to hide his impatience by seeking with his attentions to add to the enjoyment of the guests. But he could not prevent his eyes from following Annabel, who hovered near her mother, mindful of her tender sorrow; her gentle beauty still more enhanced by the misty bridal veil she wore, and looking, indeed, all too young and frail for the cares of wifehood.

Emma's face was also radiant with happiness. Her flashing, black eyes, her cheeks, with their soft, peach-like bloom, and the saucy smile of her red lips, Lawrence thought far more attractive than Annabel's ethereal graces.

Elder Jones, who was for making every one happy, and who shared the opinion of the villagers that Lawrence and Emma would sometime make a match, suggested to the doctor that night,

"What a very fine thing it would be if the minister's brother should take it into his head to study physic, and settle down with him, and relieve him of some of his 'onerous cases.'"

The doctor had never thought of it before, but the next day, he talked it over with Lawrence, and Lawrence acquiesced, although he did not like the looks of the still longer probation that it would necessarily give him. But he stipulated the privilege of more frequent interviews with Emma.

These dear meetings, together with their long semi-weekly letters, rendered the period of absence endurable. Indeed, in after years, Emma laughingly said that she wished she could have known, and appreciated at the time, her happiest days.

Truly speaking, she would not have acknowledged them the happiest; for although as a wife

and mother, life brought her cares and disquiet,  
yet she also tasted of deeper joys than ever her  
days of girlhood had known.

"At her heart love sits and sings,  
And broodeth warmth, begetting wings  
Hath lifted life to higher things."

---

PROUD KATY LANE.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

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Oh, well do I remember  
When you were poor and weak,  
Out raking in the meadow,  
With sunburnt neck and cheek.  
Oh, then your smile was brighter  
Than any Eastern sky,  
And love and hope made glorious  
The beaming of your eye.

No maiden in the valley  
Was half so fair to see,  
And all your artless loving  
Was given unto me.  
With arms around me twining  
You owned your love for me,  
And vowed that you would ever  
My own sweet dearie be.

The world was all the brighter  
For holding one like thee;  
But soon you got your head so high  
You could not look at me;  
For that old beldame, Fortune,  
Upon you brightly smiled,  
And made your heart forget its love  
For Nature's humble child.

You've sought the crowded city,  
And rich and cold have grown,  
And have forgot that your proud heart  
Was gladly once my own.  
Oh, woe upon the loving  
That takes its life from gold,  
That lives but in the sunshine,  
And in the shade grows cold!

Better the honest spirit  
Than Fortune's favors rare:  
Truth is the brightest livery  
The human soul can wear.  
Oh, woe upon thee, Mammon,  
For making hearts grow cold,  
And changing love for living souls  
To love for shining gold!

The heart that bows before thee  
Can never feel the glow  
Of happiness, and gentleness,  
That loving natures know:  
So double woe upon thee  
For making hearts grow cold,  
And changing love for human souls  
To love for shining gold!

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ON RETURNING A MINIATURE.

BY W. E. PABOR.

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'TWERE well to send it whence it came;  
No pleasure I may from it claim;  
But half in sorrow, half in shame,  
I only can repeat her name,  
And whisper, all is over now!  
My broken heart—her broken vow!

I dreamed of Love, and not Deceit;  
While the dream lasted it was sweet;  
Life seemed but made of happiness;  
But now—the pinions of distress  
Are over me. I whisper now,  
My broken heart—her broken vow!

In sorrow's deepest solitude,  
Over Life's wreck I sit and brood;  
And nurse within my youthful breast,  
The anguish of a deep unrest;  
While ye may read upon my brow,  
My broken heart—her broken vow!

Oh! semblance of a faithless one;  
I grieve to think the glorious sun  
Could stoop to counterfeit thy face,  
Nor blush because of the disgrace;  
Go ever from my presence now,  
Reminder of her broken vow!

## ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY FRANCES E. HOLCOMB.

READER, did'st ever visit the village of G——? If you have, we are sure you will agree with us in saying that it is the loveliest in New England. Its romantic scenery, beautiful girls, and gallant beaux are unrivalled. It is bounded on the north by grand old mountains, on the south and east by the noble Connecticut, and on the west by green meadows and dark forests. Its scenery is so blended, the wild and majestic with the soft and beautiful, that it cannot fail to please.

The village consists of about one hundred neat white cottages, all exactly alike—and each one hidden in forests of flowers and shrubbery, so that the place seems like a little fairy bower, designed expressly for “Titania” herself, fastidious though she may be.

But the girls, the dear, sweet girls, so delicate and refined in their manners, and yet so full of mirth and joy, ever ready for fun, or other innocent sport! Ever surrounded by the most picturesque scenery, they had imbibed a deep love of romance, and it was no uncommon thing to find a young and delicate female seated upon some rugged cliff, overhanging a fearful precipice, gazing down into the dark chasm, unmindful of her great danger, or the threatening thunders, or the lurid lightnings which flashed along the blackening sky.

There was not a beau in the village but was a painter, or poet, or who doted on Byron, Burns and Shelly; nor a young lady but could scribble rhymes as fast as she could write. Yes! we forgot, there was one, and that one the daughter of honest, jovial, wealthy farmer Blake.

Nelly Blake was a gay, laughing, airy being, with eyes as black as midnight, that danced and sparkled with mirth. She was an ardent admirer of the truly beautiful, but scorned all mock sentimentality. She never exposed her precious self to the rain-drops, nor hung upon a narrow rock above a precipice. Frank Carl, the doctor's only son, would have proposed for Nelly, long before, if she had been less matter-of-fact. For Frank himself shared the common weakness and was terribly romantic. At the time our story commences he was a member of the graduating class in —— college, and in a fair way to win many laurels.

“Oh, dear,” sighed Frank to his friend Hunter,

“if she only had soul I should worship her, but there's no driving an atom of romance into her head. She never even trembled, the other day, when I offered to cross that rickety dam; she didn't even turn pale, but said when I went to help her, ‘Thank you, Mr. Carl, but I can cross better alone,’ and before I could speak she was over, and I left alone on the bank, and to cap the whole, I dare not follow. I would have tumbled her in the brook if I could.”

“Why don't you get a wild horse,” said Hunter, “ask her to take a ride, and then throw her down a chasm, so as to sprain that snowy wrist, or delicate ankle of hers. Then rush down and rescue her. That would make her romantic, if anything would.”

“A capital idea,” cried Frank, deceived by his friend's gravity. “I'll do it at once.” And, without another word, he rose and left the room.

Hunter laughed till the tears came. Then he said, “But it will never do to let Nelly go without warning. I'll write her a note, and let her accept, or refuse, as she pleases. My word for it, she'll prove a match for him somehow.”

Nelly was sitting in the cool little parlor of her cottage home, busily engaged upon a piece of delicate embroidery, when her little brother came running in with Hunter's note. Scarcely had she perused it, when a splendid carriage, drawn by two magnificent horses, dashed up to the door, and in an instant Frank Carl sprang upon the ground. She settled upon her course of action in an instant, and when Frank invited her to ride, accepted, her laughing eyes dropped to the floor, and hidden by their jet black lashes.

Soon Nell was equipped. She looked so sweetly with her little, white nosegay of a bonnet, set so coquettishly on her dark curls, that Frank was delighted. In a moment, he had her by his side, and her tongue was rattling away about everything except poetry. Frank, all this time, was looking for a chasm on Nelly's side of the carriage, holding on his own side very tightly himself; but if he had looked, he would have found Nell was holding on as tightly as he was. Of course, he did not really mean to hurt Nell very much, he only desired to make her a little nervous, and at the same time eternally grateful to him for saving her life.

After a short drive, Frank began eulogizing the beauties of Nature. They entered a delightful grove. "What noble old oaks," said Frank, "how they wave their majestic heads——" He was interrupted by a smothered laugh from Nell, who was determined to cross him in every romantic idea. "Why, dear me, Mr. Carl," she said, "these are every one maples, and not over ten years old."

Frank bit his lip, and replied, "I meant those yonder," pointing to some short oaks; Nell muttered something about "worms falling on one's neck;" in short, she opposed his every remark: mossy banks had red ants in them, and moonlight evenings were dewy. If there was an eclipse, or a comet, she did not know but she would look out of the window.

Frank was thoroughly provoked, as Nell took care that he should be. "Shall we drive around the lake, Miss Blake?" Nell laughed at the odd rhymes, and looking up in his face with her sweetest smile, answered, "Oh, yes, Frank, by all means. Are those swans?" pointing to some ducks and ducklings that were swimming on a small pond, which Frank honored by the name of lake. Her question was asked in such a sweet, yet ironical manner, that it brought the color to his cheek, and as he was really angry, he cared nothing for the risk he would himself run, by tipping over the carriage; so giving a sudden and powerful turn of his whip, he brought it down hard upon the startled horses, and in an instant Mr. Frank Carl landed just where he had intended Miss Nell Blake to go, namely, up to his neck in the duck-pond. The horses dashed

off at a furious rate, but Nell soon checked their speed, and managing to drive directly around the pond, came trotting gaily up to the place of the mishap. Frank, by this time, had clambered out, and was now perched upon a large log, ruefully endeavoring to wring the water from his dripping clothes. With a very polite bow, and "how de do," the gay girl jumped upon the ground.

"Bless me, Nelly, let's get home," said the crest-fallen hero, "I'll wrap up in your big shawl, if you please. Ain't you frightened?"

"Frightened, no, indeed; I enjoy this, it's reality," cried the tantalizing girl, "not a bit of romance in it, is there, Frank?"

"Oh, no, not an atom of romance in being thrown from your carriage by fiery steeds, and——"

"Landed in the middle of a duck-pond," chimed in Nell, "I think you took a realizing sense of it, Frank, I do indeed: and now it's time to get home, or you will pay dear for this romancing;" and Nell wrapped Frank up in her double woollen shawl, and jumping into the carriage herself, took the reins, as she said, "She dare not trust such wild horses with him."

After a short drive they reached home, Frank thanking his stars that Nelly wasn't romantic or nervous, and thoroughly cured of his romantic notions.

In after years, when Frank began to rave, as he sometimes would about the "glorious works of nature"—Nelly, now his wife, would close his mouth for a moment on that subject, by saying, "Look out for the duck-pond."

## HER SPIRIT.

BY EDWARD HENDIBOE.

Thou'rt come again, rapt in Night's mystic mantle,  
Thy beauty shrouded in a mournful gloom;  
Bringing in thy breath a thought to rankle,  
An air of poison wafted from the tomb!  
And still thou'rt whispering to my soul,  
Grief's lonely goal—  
A wasted, care-tost soul!

Thou'rt come again, and visions filled with gladness  
Flit 'fore life's mental, dark-tinged horizon—  
And all athwart my sky of unbroke sadness  
Glimmer, like breathings of an orizon,  
Æolian light rays on my heart,  
That sear'd part—  
That earth-stained, weary heart!

Thou'rt come again, through recollection's channel,  
Love lights the Present with a censer flame,  
And thoughts, before I would have joyed to cancel,  
Are now as treasured as thy hallowed name!  
Name boundless in immensity—  
Like warrior's flag, shall be  
Cloak and shroud for me!

Thou'rt gone again! all silent as Aurora,  
Whose smile is sadness, whose embrace is death  
And yet thou'rt dearer than the fragrant Flora  
Though bearing love sweets from a Sappho's breast  
A breath from the tortured soul,  
Grief's lonely goal—  
A wasted, care-tost soul!

## JOSEPHINE LACY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

"My wife," said Ronald Beresford confidentially to his sister, "shall be sweet sixteen, delicate as a flower, and as pretty. She shall not know what work, or care, or trouble means—a most loveable, soft, ethereal thing!"

"You had better choose a sensible woman, who has head enough to keep your household in order—or even to look after your affairs in case of need."

"I hate your strong-minded women," Ronald answered. "Such a pass as they are coming to with their women's rights fancies, driving horses, writing for publication in every paper, and Magazine, &c." He said much more to the same effect, but the reader can readily supply the rest of the tirade, or get the opinion of the most worthless fop of his acquaintance, which will be likely to resemble Ronald's, though my hero was neither a fop nor a foolish fellow. Some sensible folks, also, take up a silly idea now and then.

A few weeks afterward, business took Ronald to the West, and on a warm Sunday, in June, he found himself in a church, in one of our river cities. As he amused himself with irreverently looking about at all the pretty ladies within range of his eye, he caught, for an instant, a glimpse of a sweet face in the pew immediately before him. The young lady had turned to look up to the organ, and as her glance fell, it rested on him, as I said, but for a moment. During the rest of the service, Ronald inspected the light, pretty bonnet, the slender neck, and embroidered collar, with great interest, for the eyes, whose accidental look his own had caught, were dark and full, and well-shaded with long, fine lashes.

After service, the lady walked down the aisle before him, and he observed her pretty, light form. He also saw how warmly everybody greeted her, as if she had just returned from an absence. In the vestibule, especially, she was quite hemmed in by a circle of young and old lady friends, while the young gentlemen stood around with hats lifted, waiting to receive the recognizing glance, which would demand a bow and a few words of greeting. Ronald was struck with the smiling, modest grace, the heartfelt earnestness, and joyous, sparkling eyes, with which she returned all this congratulation, and he wished he had a right to claim acquaintance.

Though several young gentlemen were waiting to walk home with her, Ronald observed that she pertinaciously clung to an elderly woman who appeared to be a relative, and delayed so long in the church that the hint was taken, and she was left with no escort.

Still more pleased, Ronald sauntered off, also, thinking carelessly of it all, as of something he never should have to consider again, yet with a half-sigh he thought, "Just such a wife for me. So gentle, and lady-like, not in a flurry at receiving so much attention, so evidently beloved by all, and I am sure not one of your strong-minded women."

Ronald was staying with his aunt, and upon his return home found her in a state of exasperation at the warm weather. She proposed an excursion to the "Island," where her old friend Judith Lacy lived, for the next day, which was mid-summer's day. Ronald consented, and made some inquiries which resulted in his obtaining the following information. The "Island" was situated in the middle of the river a few miles below the city, and consisted of long, sandy beaches at each end, with a thick grove, or wood between. In the midst of this grove, Mr. Lacy's house stood. The whole island belonged to Mr. Lacy, and was famous for its fruit, which in that mellow clime, and rich soil, seems to imbibe a spring fragrance and deliciousness not possessed by that grown nearer the sea-shore.

The most interesting part of his aunt's communication, however, was about a certain Miss Lacy, of whom mention was made in a highly flattering manner. She was described as the pet of old and young, as the prettiest, and best, and most accomplished girl in the city, for that was regarded as her home, the island being so near it.

"Besides," continued his aunt, "she is a perfect cook, and indeed can turn her hand to anything, for she has an uncommon share of sense." And Ronald answered, with a slight sneer,

"Oh, strong-minded, I presume!"

Not thinking of the common misapplication of that term, his aunt said,

"Yes, wonderfully. Mr. Lacy is almost always down the river, for his business is at New Orleans, and poor Mrs. Lacy has too many young



children to care for to find time for anything else. The whole management of everything comes upon Josephine, and she does so well."

"Detestable!" thought Ronald. "A managing, screwing, busybody of a woman. May I never meet her."

However, he thought better of that, and made no objection to going with his aunt the next day.

It was an exceedingly warm, close morning, and the noisy, dusty cars, in which they were whirled through the blazing sun, seemed up to oven heat. Even when arrived at the little wayside station, and they overlooked the river, it only sent to them, instead of coolness, a glaring reflection of light and heat from its motionless water. The by no means slightly made aunt, encased in a sun-absorbing, black silk dress, was suffering untold miseries, and Ronald himself, hat in hand, almost gasped for air.

"And now, where are we to pursue pleasure next?" he asked, mischievously.

"Pull up that little, red flag. It is a signal for a boat," his aunt answered; but as it hung, when he had raised it, without a flap, he began to fear being obliged to wait for the next train to the city, in that little, sun-baked room, especially as some time elapsed before the islanders seemed to be aware of the signal.

At last, a stout young woman, whom Ronald watched narrowly, was seen unmooring a little skiff, which she soon began to row vigorously across the stream. She arrived at the bank below the station, and as he saw her more closely Ronald muttered,

"Yes, just what I should imagine a strong-minded woman to be."

The object of his reflections soon addressed him in the Hibernian tongue, dispelling his fear that this was Miss Josephine. For a short time previously his aunt had remarked that Josephine often rowed across the river alone, and would, perhaps, come for them, could she guess who they were, or rather who she was.

"Ef yese the quality as raised the flag for the boat, ye may jest tell the mistress not to look for Biddy Callahan back the day, nor the morrow neither. It's not for the likes o' me to be at men's work, and ye may row yerseels o'er."

She took her seat in the station house, casting angry, defying glances in every direction, and refused to say another word.

Ronald, after placing his aunt safely in the boat, was obliged to throw off his coat, and bend to the oars, a task which little pleased him in that broiling sun.

The distance was at last accomplished, and never was shade of date-trees more welcome to

traveller in the desert, than was that of the grapevine arbor on the shore to Ronald and his aunt.

Having rested themselves, they walked slowly through the cool, fragrant grove to the house, and found Mrs. Lacy on the porch awaiting them with a warm welcome. She was a tall, pale, feeble lady, with a gentle, affectionate heartiness of manner that made Ronald feel instantly that he was at home in her hospitable, motherly heart—probably because he was her dearest friend's nephew. She led them to a back-porch, draped almost to darkness with thickest woodbine, and removing Mrs. Beresford's bonnet sat down by her, and fanned her kindly, while they refreshed themselves with iced currant shrub and sponge cake, which had been placed in readiness for the visitors descried under the red flag at the station.

Mrs. Beresford then gave Mrs. Lacy the message sent by the insolent servant, and the latter looked the picture of despair when she heard it. In a moment, however, she recovered herself, and said, laughingly,

"It is a fortunate thing that our visitors are so near and dear that they will forgive all deficiencies, and not wish for ceremonious treatment, so I will just say at once that we are left without a single servant in the house, and we must live on fruit, for I am so feeble I can do nothing, and Josie has her hands full. She has been all the morning with the children, while I rested myself. They are so much better and happier with her than with me, that I have almost given them up to her, though it is rather hard to find so young and inexperienced a girl better qualified to amuse and control them than I am. But my ill health is my excuse. Will you be satisfied with a fruit dinner?"

Mrs. Beresford and Ronald declared that on such a day nothing but fruit was eatable, and then the two ladies retired for a siesta, while Ronald sauntered through the grove, and finally stretched himself beneath a tree, and gazed languidly at the clouds, or across the river to the bluffs which formed the opposite bank. While thus occupied, he beheld a nondescript and picturesque figure, engaged in gathering raspberries in the fruit garden at some distance from him. It was partly hidden, and he could not tell whether it was a young lad, or a young lady. What looked like a brown linen blouse and straw-hat would have assured him of the former, had he not imagined he saw dark curls, parted in the middle, and turned up a la Jenny Lind. There was also a gentleness and gracefulness of movement not very boyish. He

continued to watch the person working in the sun, with sleepy interest.

After seeing a well-filled basket deposited in the shade, he for a time lost sight of the object of his lazy contemplation, but it soon emerged from a cherry-tree with another overflowing basket.

Ronald now lost much of his interest, for his curiosity was gratified. He felt sure it was one of the boys. Even Josephine did not climb trees, he supposed. By-the-way, it was well he had escaped being obliged to talk to her, and make himself agreeable, or he might, on this sultry morn, have been engaged in a hot discussion of that intolerable bore, the women's rights questions, instead of—here he yawned, and dreamed the rest of his self-congratulations.

He was woke from a deep, long sleep by hearing his name pronounced, and he beheld his pretty lady of the church, looking down upon him, smiling, and telling him that his aunt and dinner awaited him. He sprang lightly to his feet, and resuming his coat, which had been his pillow, he accompanied Josephine, for she it was, of course, to the house.

It did not occur to him, that this was the strong-minded person he dreaded, and eager to commence acquaintance with one he had seen so flatteringly received by old and young, he mentioned having seen her in the church.

"Yes," she answered, "last Sunday I was so fortunate as to be able to go; and it was charming, after the service, to find myself in the midst of so many friends again, after being so lonely here. To be sure we have visitors nearly every day in summer, but that is not like 'mingling in the throng of busy spirits.'"

Ronald found no difficulty in maintaining a lively conversation, for he was amused by accounts of their mode of life on the island, and Josephine was not at all uncommunicative. She told him how they had often been left on the island alone—two women, thank heaven, not *helpless* women, with the children, and farm animals to take care of. Their servants felt themselves the more lonely because the city was so near, yet so difficult of approach, and both had now again become discontented and gone off. The farmer, and his wife, had gone to an agricultural fair, with some samples of fruit, and would not be back for a few days.

Ronald expressed his commiseration for such a state of affairs, but Josephine answered, laughing,

"Oh, this is peace—this is pleasure, compared with the misery of having to defend ourselves from the insolence of some servants we have

had, and of bearing with the incompetency of others."

"I hope your farmer is a competent and respectful person, for he appears to be your most important functionary."

"Yes, this one is a treasure. But the last—we had a fearful time with him."

"How so?"

"He used to be intoxicated half the time, and mother feared him so much she did not dare to tell him to go. At last, I ordered him away, as stoutly as I could, but he would not go, and became every day more insolent. One day, when he was saying something impertinent to mother, and entirely forgetting himself, I brought myself of father's pistols. The moment I came to the fray armed with these he ran to the boat and never came back."

She stood still as she recounted this exploit, with one foot advanced, and hand extended, as if holding a pistol, and for one instant resumed the look of determination she doubtless wore at that time. Ronald recoiled, in amazement, from this phase of her beauty, for nobly beautiful she would have been then if painted as an Amazon; but when, letting her hand drop, and breaking into an arch smile, she said, "And they were not loaded," he was ready to join in her laugh, and to think admiringly of the young girl for her presence of mind. It was sometime before he spoke again to say,

"But how can you stay here in the midst of such troubles—yes, even dangers?"

"We learn to take care of ourselves, and to depend upon ourselves—but how glad we shall all be when father is at home again."

"You have brothers, I hope," Ronald said. "Yes, I remember, I saw one of them gathering cherries."

She answered demurely,

"No, I have no brother."

"Indeed! well, I saw—it was then——"

"It was myself, in my brown holland working dress, a thing absolutely indispensable here. This thin, white muslin would hardly bear contact with raspberry vines, and cherry boughs, neither would its length allow of such activity as I am called upon to exercise."

"And you were gathering fruit for us in the noonday sun!"

"Your aunt loves nothing so well as cherries, and I preferred gathering fruit to chopping wood to make a fire, killing chickens, and cooking them over it, peeling potatoes, pumping water to boil them in, &c. You see I chose the easiest work, at your expense, perhaps."

Ronald did not think so, when he saw the

dinner-table spread in the shady porch presenting its tempting array. In the centre of the snowy damask was a glass fruit-dish heaped with apricots, whose delicious perfume filled the air. There were similar dishes through which currants, raspberries, and cherries shone red, glass pitchers filled with thickest, yellowest cream, plates of delicately cut sandwiches, and a silver filagre basket of sponge-cake. Biscuit, fresh butter, and ice-water only remains to be mentioned, and the dinner is before you. Never was there a more contented dinner party. The house being set down in a wood, and built of stone, seemed to banish the sultriness of the air, and cool fragrance took its place. The afternoon passed in pleasant chat over the fruit, and Ronald thought he had never before fallen in with such delightful people.

Toward evening, Mrs. Beresford, Mrs. Lacy, and Ronald walked to the sandy river-bank, where, seated beneath the arbor, they watched the sunset on the water, and the evening clouds stealing up in bright, voluminous pinnacles. It was not until those clouds began to assume a dark and lowering aspect, that Mrs. Beresford bethought herself of the necessity of going home. But Mrs. Lacy would not listen to such a proposition for a moment, and when Josephine summoned them to tea, it was decided that they should remain for at least one day more—a decision much to Ronald's satisfaction.

The expected storm passed over, and the clouds scattered before a brisk, cool wind, which soon again lulled, and left the warm summer mists to steal up and veil the bright moon. It was a night for sitting silent to enjoy the damp, cool fragrance of the woods, and listen to the mirth of the insects.

I must expressly state here that I do not allude to the "bragging" of mosquitoes. Their "day" does not come so early in the season, and exemption from their annoyance was one of the most highly appreciated pleasures of this loveliest of evenings—at least by the Lacys', who being greatly tormented, knew the pleasure of relief.

The evening passed in relating anecdotes of western and northern life, in reminiscences of the old friends, and in singing. Ronald was charmed to find that he could sing several duetts with Josephine, and as there are few pleasures to be compared to being thus in beautiful harmony with another, the time sped on joyous wings for him—perhaps for them both.

Of course, this was too pleasant to last long. Mrs. Beresford, quite fatigued by the unusual exertions of the day, retired early; Ronald, of

course, followed her example, that he might not detain Mrs. Lacy and Josephine. He sat by his window, (for after his long day-sleep, and evening of excitement, he could not think of slumber) until the noisy insects sank into the hush of midnight, and then until they awoke again at dawn, not thinking, but dreaming, true mid-summer night's dreams of some fairy-like existence—all bliss.

Ronald had not often been up and abroad in the country early enough to hear the first joyous burst of song from the awakening birds, so that this morning, from the time, in the purple dawn, when the first little chirping-bird began its prolonged twitter, until the air fairly rang with the jubilee at sunrise, he listened in delighted silence. The first ray darting across the river seeming to bring with it a stir of cool air, loaded with clover perfume, the slight shade of mistiness on the bluffs, and the sparkle of the bedewed forest leaves, were novel charms to him. With a swelling, greedy heart, he leaned out to take it all in at once, to get as much as possible of it, and by so doing, he saw Josephine in the garden below gathering radishes with an intentness that displeased him.

"Good morning, Miss Josephine. Don't you ever stop working to admire all this beauty? It seems to me a new, strange, and enchanting revelation."

"Perhaps not so new to me as to you," Josephine answered, looking up brightly. "But I give a glance around now and then, when I have time."

"Prosaic, after all!" thought Ronald, "but at any rate natural, and not sentimental."

In a few moments he was by her side, saying, "I have not closed my eyes to-night, but have for once been sincerely nature's worshipper. I am in love with her solemn, veiled beauties. Last night was like a fairy dream to me."

"It was mid-summer's night; Shakspeare and Mendeloohn have consecrated it to fairies."

"And this bright garden continues the delusion with you for enchanted princess."

"Oh, no. Please just now to consider me in quite a different light—that of the steward of a large family in the predicament of having nothing to give it to eat. We have no bread for breakfast, and children are such unreasonable creatures as to want to eat even on such a morning as this. The enchanted princess also feels decidedly hungry, and can't help herself without your aid."

"I shall be delighted to be of any service."

He received directions how to find the boat, row across the river, catch the pony, at pasture

on the bluffs, and go to the village baker's. He hastened through the garden, and plunged blithely into the woods. Josephine looked after him, as if she also longed to spring and bound in the buoyant morning air, but almost instantly the expression changed to one of alarm, as she heard a sudden exclamation, and then an attack upon something with stones.

Hastening to the spot, she found that Ronald had been bitten by a copper-head, a snake by some considered more deadly than a rattle-snake, and more treacherous, since it gives no warning. He had killed the reptile, and though his foot pained him acutely, was examining his foe, quite unaware of his danger, having never heard of such a creature.

Josephine's pale face first apprized him of his peril.

"Is it so poisonous?" he said.

"Take off your boot instantly," she replied; "or no—stand perfectly still—do not make the slightest movement you can help—don't draw a deep breath to send the blood faster through your veins. Support yourself by the tree while I take your boot off, and give me your handkerchief."

Ronald would not suffer her to remove his boot, but he saw that his refusal caused her so much alarm, that he kept as still as possible while she tied his handkerchief as tightly as she had strength to draw it, above his ankle.

Running hastily to the house, she summoned her mother, who brought some table salt for him to take.

"Now," said Josephine, firmly, "you must let me suck out the poison."

Ronald indignantly refused.

"Will you lose your life for a foolish scruple?"

"You shall not do it," Ronald replied.

"I run no risk, the poison is harmless in the mouth."

"I cannot think of permitting it," he still answered, and Josephine anxious not to excite him by entreaty, then said,

"There is a very painful alternative which gives a chance of relief, but to apply it, you must walk to the house, and I am afraid that will send the poison through your whole system."

"No blood will get into or out of the limb, your bandage is almost amputating," Ronald answered, with a smile.

He walked to the house, and was by Josephine's directions—for her mother was almost senseless from fright, and Mrs. Beresford not yet awake—seated in a cool place, while with hot irons held near to the wound, she extracted the poison.

It was indeed a most excruciatingly painful

remedy, but Josephine pursued it with energy, and for a long time Ronald bore it heroically. The pain from the poison and the hot irons at last urged from him the exclamation, between his clenched teeth,

"Will not that do?"

She looked up at his countenance, as she kneeled by him, and shook her head firmly, when she saw there the effects of the poison. She continued to anoint with oil, and hold the scorching iron near the wound, while the perspiration rolled down her patient's ashy face, and his form trembled with agony. Again he gave way to a smothered exclamation, and the words,

"Be merciful, good Miss Josephine!"

"Be a man," she said, with stern command, though more as if saying, "Be a woman" to herself, for the pain it gave her to persist was evident in her pale, compressed lips, that smothered down every weak, womanly longing to yield. She did not lessen her efforts until she looked up with anxious care and saw that Ronald was fainting.

Telling her mother to give him a few drops of brandy, and leaving directions for his further treatment, she hastily set out to procure a physician.

When Ronald revived he felt much better. The sense of fulness, almost to bursting, had left his head, and he was well enough to look around for his energetic nurse.

"There she is," said her mother, guessing his thoughts, "you can see her on the opposite shore. She has gone for the doctor."

Ronald languidly watched her as she pulled the boat up on the sand in desperate haste, and then climbed the bluff. He saw her approach a shaggy little pony, with persuasively extended hand and cautious slowness. The animal suffered itself to be caught and bridled. In a moment she was seated upon his back, galloping, regardless of having no saddle, at furious speed toward the village, which was about two miles distant. Ronald could see her but for one short minute, and as soon as she was out of sight he began to feel a thousand fears for her safety.

He was somewhat reassured by her mother's unconcern, and he made an effort to ask if she was safe.

"Yes, Josie, poor child, has had to learn strange things for a girl. She has to be both son and husband to me."

It was not long before the boat was descried crossing the river with two persons in it, and when the doctor arrived, he declared Ronald out

of danger, saying, proudly, that his "brave little disciple" had saved a life that morning. He looked about for her he was praising, but his brave little disciple was having a good cry in her own room, and tormenting herself with the doubt that she had given one shade more pain than was necessary.

It was some weeks before Ronald left the island, for he took advantage of every pretext to linger. In a letter to his sister, he wrote as follows:

"You remember my ideal of a wife? Well, I

have found the embodiment of it, and if she will only listen to me, I shall be more happy than I ever dared hope. I must confess, though, that she rides horses bare-back, climbs trees, rows a boat, and handles pistols—all trifles either done or let alone—for she is truly a sweet, delicate, gentle, noble-minded, common sense woman."

"Oh," said his sister, "Ronald has gone and proposed to a horrible, strong-minded woman after all, and I am likely to have her for a sister-in-law!"

## THE BRIGHT HOURS ARE HASTING.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

The bright, bright hours are hasting,  
Are hasting fast away;  
And Summer's bloom is wasting,  
Is wasting every day.

The sweet, sweet flowers have perished,  
Have perished from our sight;  
As those our love has cherished  
Are lost in Death's dark night.

The gay, gay birds are winging  
Their flight to other lands;  
No more with music ringing,  
The grove all voiceless stands.

The wild, wild winds are sighing  
With plaintive tones along,  
The lonely streams replying  
Gives forth a mournful song.

The dark, dark clouds are sweeping  
With dusky wings the sky,  
Their broad, dim shadows creeping  
With noiseless footsteps by.

Oh! sad, sad art thou, Autumn!  
Thou tellest of decay,  
And Nature's glowing beauties  
All pass with thee away.

Yet I love, love well this season,  
With fading glories crowned,  
For the pensive beauty breathing  
From everything around.

And its skies, its skies are dearer  
Though half arrayed in gloom,  
Than e'er when softer, clearer,  
They bend o'er Summer's bloom.

## LOVE-LINES.

BY EMMA HOWELL.

My life's so strangely linked with thine,  
So sweetly linked, I'll ne'er repine,  
Thy woman's strength has doubled mine;  
My weakness stands  
All panoplied to bear or fight  
By thy dear hands.

Yes! life is brighter, happier far  
To spirits joined as we two are;  
And one more lovely than the star  
By poets blessed,  
Ere the last lingering twilight ray  
Fades from the West.

Oh, happy hour when lovers meet!  
And I, low bending at thy feet,  
Entwine within my arms complete

Earth's choicest treasure,  
And quaff rich draughts of happiness,  
In amplest measure.

Aye, come what will, I'll not despair,  
For every grief with thee I'll share,  
And gentle words will banish care.  
Heaven help us twain!  
And give us patient hearts to bear  
Life's keenest pain.

Beloved! pressing cheek to cheek,  
I deem all other language weak,  
Our deepest thoughts we may not speak:  
Thou knowest right well  
My heart's full meaning—I'll not break  
The silent spell.

# THE POETRY OF MRS. BROWNING.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The first of English female poets, living or dead, is Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Her handling of the language is masterly. Her imagination is pure and high. Her descriptions paint the scene so vividly that the reader actually seems to behold it. The affluence of her learning is such, that the most ordinary objects become transfigured by it, as in the "Paradise Lost" of Milton. Her skill as an artist is wonderful. Nor is she deficient in the more obvious qualities of the poet. Her perception of melody, though less fine than that of Tennyson, is unusually delicate. When the occasion demands it, she can melt with tenderness, glow with indignation, or prostrate herself in the fervor of religious adoration. She is eminently thoughtful. So masculine, indeed, is she in this particular, that some critics have considered her cold and statuesque. But it is the coldness, if coldness there is, of colossal strength. What Michael Angelo was among painters, that she is among the female poets. In proportion to the intellectual development of the reader, will be his or her pleasure in the perusal of Mrs. Browning. Praise like this may seem exaggerated to some. But a few of her best poems will show that we are justified in our commendation.

We open the volume at "Cowper's Grave." In this poem there is a depth of feeling, as profound as in the most passionate of Byron's. Yet, even in its heart-wrung tones, good taste is never offended, as is too often the case with the latter. She never sinks into bombast, all is real emotion. As a masterly exposition of Cowper's peculiar kind of insanity, the poem has a psychological value apart from its other merits. It offers as clear an elucidation of his condition as any, or all of the essays which have been multiplied upon the subject. It brings up before us the actual Cowper, tossing on his fevered bed in the harrowing visions of insanity, or haunted by the terror of coming madness, from which he seeks in vain to flee. The poem has the melancholy cadence of wind among the pines, in a hill-side grave-yard, as the winter night shuts in.

"It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying—  
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:  
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish!

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

Oh, poets! from a maniac's tongue, was poured the deathless singing!

Oh, Christians! at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging!

Oh, men! this man in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,

Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,

How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,

And how, when one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so broken hearted;

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,

And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration:

Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken;

Named softly, as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom, I learn to think upon him,

With meekness, that is gratefulness to God whose Heaven had won him—

Who suffered once the madness-cloud, to His own love to blind him;

But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain, such quick poetic senses,

As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences!

The pulse of dew upon the grass, kept his within its number;

And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slumber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-caresses,

Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tenderesses:

The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,

Its women and its men became beside him, true and loving.

But while, in blindness he remained unconscious of the guiding,

And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,

He testified this solemn truth, though phrenzy desolated—

Nor man, nor Nature satisfy, whom only God created!

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses

And drops upon his burning brow, the coolness of  
her kisses;  
That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother!  
where's my mother?"—  
As if such tender words and looks could come from  
any other!

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her  
bending o'er him;  
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied  
love she bore him!—  
Thus, woke the poet from the dream, his life's long  
fever gave him,  
Beneath these deep pathetic Eyes, which closed in  
death, to save him!

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth could image  
that awaking,  
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs,  
round him breaking,  
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body  
parted;  
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew 'My Saviour!  
*not deserted!*'

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in  
darkness rested,  
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was mani-  
fested?  
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the  
atonement drops averted,  
What tears have washed them from the soul, that  
*one* should be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence  
rather:  
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous  
Son and Father;  
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry, his universe  
hath shaken—  
It went up single, echoless, 'My God, I am for-  
saken!'

It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost crea-  
tion,  
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of  
desolation;  
That earth's worst phrenzies, marring hope, should  
mar not hope's fruition,  
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture,  
in a vision!"

We pass next to "The Cry of the Children."  
This grand poem, which alternates from the blast  
of a trumpet to the hopeless cry of despair, has  
the factory and mining children of England for  
its theme. It is a passionate protest against the  
Mammon-worship of the age, or rather the sys-  
tematic cruelties to which that worship leads.  
There is the instinct of true art, in Mrs. Browning's  
contrast between a spring morning in the  
fields, and the same morning as it appears to  
the weary children, imprisoned within the dron-  
ing, stifling factory. We quote these portions.

"Do ye hear the children weeping, oh, my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads against their  
mothers—  
And *that* cannot stop their tears.  
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows:  
The young birds are chirping in the nest;

The young fawns are playing with the shadows;  
The young flowers are blowing toward the West—  
But the young, young children, oh, my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly!—  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free.

\* \* \* \* \*  
'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,  
And we cannot run or leap—  
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
To drop down in them and sleep.  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—  
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.  
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,  
Through the coal-dark underground—  
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories, round and round.

'For, all day, the wheels are droning,—  
Their wind comes in our faces—  
Till our hearts turn—our heads, with pulses burning,  
And the walls turn in their places—  
Turns the sky in the high window blank and  
reeling—  
Turns the long light that droppeth down the  
wall—

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—  
All are turning, all the day, and we with all!—  
And all day the iron wheels are droning;  
And sometimes we could pray,  
'Oh, ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning)—  
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'

The conclusion is mournful as the moan of  
the sea, on a starless night, when the tempest  
begins to mutter. It is interpenetrated also  
by a deep philosophy. Parts of it seem to be  
actually written with blood, wrung from the an-  
guished hearts of children.

"And well may the children weep before you;  
They are weary ere they run;  
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory  
Which is brighter than the sun:  
They know the grief of man, but not the wisdom;  
They sink in man's despair, without its calm—  
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom—  
Are martyrs, by the pang without the pain—  
Are worn as if with age, yet unretiringly  
No dear remembrance keep—  
Are orphans of the earthly love and Heavenly:  
Let them weep! let them weep!  
They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,  
And their look is dread to see,  
For they mind you of their angels in their places,  
With eyes meant for Deity;  
'How long,' they say, 'how long, oh, cruel Nation,  
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's  
heart—  
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,  
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?  
Our blood splashes upward, oh, our tyrants,  
And your purple shows your path;  
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence  
Than the strong man in his wrath!'"

Those who deny to Mrs. Browning the "pathos  
of tears," who say she is cold and intellectual,  
should read her poem, "A Child Asleep." It is  
not, we know, as intensely emotional as Mrs.  
Norton's address to the children from whom she  
had been parted. But that too sad poem is

full of the aroma of a broken heart; a heart, which has been trodden upon, and crushed, and whose agony rises up to make the verse immortal; and God forbid that any other woman, from now to the end of Time, should become a poet by such a living martyrdom! Mrs. Browning's "A Child Asleep," does not rise to such a climax of agony. The subject, indeed, forbids it. Its sadness is more suggestive than real. Even when its allusions are of death, they come to us, like a sunset landscape in November, brimming through golden mist. We do not see the grave, we do not think of the confined face, but instead we hear angels in the air, and see, far off, celestial visions.

"How he sleepeth! having drunken  
Weary childhood's mandragore,  
From his pretty eyes have sunken  
Pleasures, to make room for more—  
Sleeping near the withered nosegay, which he pulled  
The day before.

Nosegays! leave them for the waking:  
Throw them earthward where they grow:  
Dim are such beside the breaking  
Amaranths he looks unto—  
Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever  
do.

Heaven-flowers, rayed by shadows golden  
From the palms they sprang beneath  
Now perhaps divinely holden,  
Swing against him in a wreath—  
We may think so from the quickening of his bloom  
and of his breath.

Vision unto vision calleth,  
While the young child dreameth on:  
Fair, oh, dreamer, thee befalleth  
With the glory thou hast won!  
Darker wert thou in the garden, yesternorn, by  
Summer sun.

We should see the spirits ringing  
Round thee—were the clouds away  
'Tis the child-heart draws them, singing  
In the silent-seeming clay—  
Singing?—Stars that seem the mutest, go in music  
all the way.

As the moths around a taper,  
As the bees around a rose,  
As the gnats around a vapor—  
So the spirits group and close  
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its  
repose.

Shapes of brightness overlean thee,  
With their diadems of youth  
On the ringlets which half screen thee  
While thou smilest—not in sooth  
Thy smile—but the overfair one, dropt from some  
ethereal mouth.

Haply it is angels' duty,  
During slumber, shade by shade  
To fine down this childish beauty,  
To the thing it must be made,  
Ere the world shall bring it praises, or the tomb  
shall see it fade.

Softly, softly! make no noises!  
Now he lieth dead and dumb—  
Now he hears the angels' voices

Folding silence in the room—  
Now he muses deep the meaning of the Heaven-  
words as they come.

Speak not! he is consecrated—  
Breathe no breath across his eyes:  
Lifted up and separated  
On the hand of God he lies,  
In a sweetness beyond touching—held in cloistral  
sanctities.

Could ye bless him—father—mother?  
Bless the dimple in his cheek?  
Dare ye look at one another,  
And the benediction speak?  
Would ye not break out in weeping, and confess  
yourselves too weak?

He is harmless—ye are sinful—  
Ye are troubled—he, at ease:  
From his slumber, virtue winful  
Floweth outward with increase—  
Dare not bless him! but be blessed by his peace—  
and go in peace."

"The Cry of the Human" is pervaded with a deep religious philosophy. We owe this noble strain to the Christian as much as to the woman or the poet. The very spirit of the gospels breathes in its every line. Never before, out of Holy Writ, has the lesson been more forcibly told, that, while in prosperity we forget our Maker, in adversity we fly to him. Alas! that it should be so true, that the lips which cry, "God be pitiful," rarely say, "God be praised." But to the poem.

"'There is no God,' the foolish saith—  
But none, 'There is no sorrow;'  
And Nature oft, the cry of faith,  
In bitter need will borrow:  
Eyes which the preacher could not school,  
By wayside graves are raised;  
And lips say, 'God be pitiful,'  
Who ne'er said, 'God be praised.'  
Be pitiful, oh, God!

The tempest stretches from the steep  
The shadow of its coming;  
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,  
As help were in the human:  
Yet, while the cloud-wheels roll and grind,  
We spirits tremble under!—  
The hills have echoes; but we find  
No answer for the thunder.  
Be pitiful, oh, God!

The battle hurtles on the plains—  
Earth feels new scythes upon her:  
We reap our brothers for the wains,  
And call the harvest—honor—  
Draw face to face, front line to line,  
One image all inherit—  
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,  
Clay, clay—and spirit, spirit.  
Be pitiful, oh, God!

The plague runs festering through the town—  
And never a bell is tolling;  
And corpses, jostled 'neath the moon,  
Nod to the dead-cart's rolling:  
The young child calleth for the cup—  
The strong man brings it weeping;  
The mother from her babe looks up,  
And shrieks away in sleeping.  
Be pitiful, oh, God!



The plague of gold strikes far and near—  
 And deep and strong it enters :  
 This purple chimar which we wear,  
 Makes madder than the centaur's.  
 Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange;  
 We cheer the pale gold-diggers—  
 Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,  
 And marked, like sheep, with figures.  
 Be pitiful, oh, God !

The curse of gold upon the land,  
 The lack of bread enforces—  
 The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,  
 Like more of Death's White Horses !  
 The rich preach 'rights' and future days,  
 And hear no angel scoffing :  
 The poor die mute—with starting gaze  
 On corn-ships in the offing.  
 Be pitiful, oh, God !

We meet together at the feast—  
 To private mirth betake us—  
 We stare down in the wine-cup, lest  
 Some vacant chair should shake us !  
 We name delight, and pledge it round—  
 'It shall be ours to-morrow !'  
 God's seraphs ! do your voices sound  
 As sad in naming sorrow ?  
 Be pitiful, oh, God !

We sit together, with the skies,  
 The steadfast skies, above us :  
 We look into each other's eyes—  
 'And how long will you love us ?'  
 The eyes grow dim with prophecy,  
 The voices, low and breathless—  
 'Till death us part !'—oh, words to be  
 Our best for love the deathless !  
 Be pitiful, dear God !

We tremble by the harmless bed  
 Of one loved and departed—  
 Our tears drop on the lips that said  
 Last night, 'Be stronger hearted !  
 Oh, God—to clasp those fingers close,  
 And yet to feel so lonely !—  
 To see a light on dearest brows,  
 Which is the daylight only !  
 Be pitiful, oh, God !

The happy children come to us,  
 And look up in our faces :  
 They ask us—was it thus, and thus,  
 When we were in their places ?  
 We cannot speak :—we see anew  
 The hills we used to live in ;  
 And feel our mother's smile press through  
 The kisses she is giving.  
 Be pitiful, oh, God !

We pray together at the kirk,  
 For mercy, mercy, solely—  
 Hands weary with the evil work,  
 We lift them to the Holy !  
 The corpse is calm below our knee—  
 Its spirit, bright before Thee—  
 Between them, worse than either, we—  
 Without the rest or glory !  
 Be pitiful, oh, God !

We leave the communing of men,  
 The murmur of the passions ;  
 And live alone, to live again  
 With endless generations.  
 Are we so brave ? The sea and sky  
 In silence lift their mirrors ;  
 And, glassed therein, our spirits high  
 Recoil from their own terrors.  
 Be pitiful, oh, God !

We sit on hills our childhood wist,  
 Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding :  
 The sun strikes, through the farthest mist,  
 The city's spire to golden.  
 The city's golden spire it was,  
 When hope and health were strongest,  
 But now it is the church-yard grass,  
 We look upon the longest.  
 Be pitiful, oh, God !

And soon all vision waxeth dull—  
 Men whisper, 'He is dying :'  
 We cry no more, 'Be pitiful !'  
 We have no strength for crying :  
 No strength, no need ! Then, Soul of mine,  
 Look up and triumph rather—  
 Lo ! in the depth of God's Divine,  
 The Son adjures the Father—  
 BE PITIFUL, OH, GOD !"

We have alluded to the descriptive power of Mrs. Browning. In one of her longer poems, the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," there is a scene, in which a horse and rider leaps from a castle wall; and so graphically is it delineated, that we hear the very snorting of the steed, and see his affrighted, blood-shot eye, as he is spurred to his death. The story of the poem is this. The Duchess May, a heroine of old feudal times, is sought by her guardian's son, but loves another, with whom she finally elopes. The rejected suitor, with the grim baron, his father, gives pursuit, but being too late to prevent the marriage, sits down to beleaguer the successful rival in his castle. Cooped up, week after week, in the narrow walls, the garrison at last begins to suffer from famine. Moved by the sight of innocent women and babes, the wives and children of his retainers, dying before his eyes, the husband resolves to sacrifice himself, in order to save their lives: and accordingly directs the steed, on which he had borne off the Duchess May, to be led up to the highest tower, intending to leap, with him, down below. The young wife, praying in her closet, hears the noise of the hoofs, and going out, learns, from the unwilling groom, her lord's intention. The tale is rehearsed, while a chapel bell is tolling, and the "toll slowly," coming in between the narrator's words, fore-shadows, from the first, the tragedy.

"Low she dropt her head, and lower, till her hair  
 coiled on the floor— *Toll slowly.*  
 And tear after tear you heard, fall distinct as any  
 word  
 Which you might be listening for.

'Get thee in, thou soft ladie!—here is never a place  
 for thee! *Toll slowly.*  
 Braid thy hair and clasp thy gown, that thy beauty  
 in its moan  
 May find grace with Leigh of Leigh.'

She stood up in bitter case, with a pale yet steady  
 face— *Toll slowly.*  
 Like a statue thunderstruck, which, though quivering,  
 seems to look  
 Right against the thunder-place."

And she does not go in. She takes the rein herself, and leads the horse up the stair, the sagacious steed following, "meek as a hound." Attaining the battlement, her husband, who suspects her purpose, beseeches her to return; but she will not. Meekly, she says, she has done all his biddings; but this she cannot. If he dies, she will die. He leaps into "the selle," or saddle, to escape from her; but she clings to his knee. She had ridden with him, she declares, as a happy, triumphant bride, when he came through the castle gate; and she will ride with him now, when he leaps from the castle wall. The crisis of the siege arrives, while he is still pleading; and she still refusing, with the heroic abnegation of a true woman.

"Ho! the breach yawns into ruin, and roars up against her suing—  
*Toll slowly.*  
With the inarticulate din, and the dreadful falling in—  
Shrieks of doing and undoing!

Twice he wrung her hands in twain; but the small hands closed again—  
*Toll slowly.*  
Back he reined the steed—back, back! but she trailed along his track,  
With a frantic clasp and strain!

Evermore the foeman pour through the crash of window and door—  
*Toll slowly.*  
And the shouts of Leigh and Leigh, and the shrieks of 'kill!' and 'flee!'  
Strike up clear the general roar.

Thrice he wrung her hands in twain—but they closed and clung again—  
*Toll slowly.*  
Wild she clung, as one, withstood, clasps a Christ upon the rood,  
In a spasm of deathly pain.

She clung wild and she clung mute—with her shuddering lips half-shut—  
*Toll slowly.*  
Her head fallen as in a swoon—hair and knee swept on the ground—  
She clung wild to stirrup and foot.

Back he reined his steed, back-thrown on the slippery coping stone—  
*Toll slowly.*  
Back the iron hoofs did grind, on the battlement behind,  
Whence a hundred feet went down.

And his heel did press and goad on the quivering flank bestrode,  
*Toll slowly.*  
'Friends, and brothers! save my wife! Pardon, sweet, in change for life—  
*Toll slowly.*  
But I ride alone to God!'

Straight as if the Holy name did upbreathe her as a flame—  
*Toll slowly.*  
She upsprang, she rose upright!—in his selle she sat in sight;  
By her love she overcame.

And her head was on his breast, where she smiled as one at rest—  
*Toll slowly.*  
'Ring,' she cried, 'oh, vesper-bell, in the beech-wood's old chapelle!  
But the passing bell rings best.'

They have caught out at the rein, which Sir Guy threw loose—in vain—  
*Toll slowly.*

For the horse in stark despair, with his front hoofs poised in air,  
On the last verge, rears amain.

And he hangs, he rocks between—and his nostrils curdle in—  
*Toll slowly.*  
And he shivers head and hoof—and the flakes of foam fall off;  
And his face grows fierce and thin!

And a look of human woe, from his staring eyes did go—  
*Toll slowly.*  
And a sharp cry uttered he, in a foretold agony  
Of the headlong death below—

And, 'Ring, ring—thou passing-bell,' still she cried, 'i' the old chapelle!'  
*Toll slowly.*  
Then back toppling, crashing back—a dead weight flung out to wrack,  
Horse and riders overfell!"

Keats' "Ode To A Grecian Urn" has more of the true antique feeling, than any other, perhaps, in the English language. If there is a poem that rivals it, it is "The Dead Pan" of Mrs. Browning. This poem is founded on a tradition, mentioned in Plutarch, that, at the hour of the Saviour's agony, a cry of "Great Pan is Dead," swept across the waters in hearing of certain mariners, and simultaneously the Pagan oracles ceased, and were dumb forever after, while all their divinities perished. In a strain of high-wrought eloquence, mingled with irony, the poet invokes the gods of Greece; and such a gallery of classic portraits is to be found nowhere else in English verse. What grand scorn in the description of Jupiter's Eagle, old and blind and desolate, and shivering in the cold! What sensuous beauty in proud Juno on her golden bed! What a picture is that of the dead Venus, lying with the dead Loves huddled about her, "frore as taken in a snow-storm!" We have not space for the entire poem, but quote its opening stanzas.

"Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,  
Can ye listen in your silence?  
Can your mystic voices tell us  
Where ye hide? In floating islands  
With a wind that evermore  
Keeps you out of sight of shore?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

In what revels are ye sunken,  
In old Ethiopia?  
Have the Pygmies made you drunken,  
Bathing in mandragora,  
Your divine pale lips that shiver,  
Like the lotus in the river?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

Do ye sit there still in slumber,  
In gigantic Alpine rows?  
The black poppies out of number  
Nodding, dripping from your brows  
To the red lees of your wine—  
And so kept alive and fine?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

Or ile crushed your stagnant corses,  
Where the silver spheres roll on,

Stung to life by centric forces  
 Thrown like rays out from the sun?—  
 While the smoke of your old altars  
 Is the shroud that round you welters?  
 Great Pan is dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jove, that right hand is unloaded,  
 Whence the thunder did prevail;  
 While in idiocy of godhead,  
 Thou art staring the stars pale!  
 And thine eagle, blind and old,  
 Roughs his feathers in the cold.  
 Pan, Pan is dead.

Where, oh, Juno, is the glory  
 Of thy regal look and tread!  
 Will they lay, for evermore, thee,  
 On thy dim, straight golden bed?  
 Will thy queendom all lie hid  
 Meekly under either lid?  
 Pan, Pan is dead.

Ha, Apollo! Floats his golden  
 Hair, all mist-like where he stands;  
 While the Muses hang enfolding  
 Knee and foot with faint wild hands?  
 'Neath the clanging of thy bow,  
 Niobe looked lost as thou!  
 Pan, Pan is dead.

Shall the casque with its brown iron,  
 Pallas' broad blue eyes, eclipse—  
 And no hero take inspiring  
 From the God-Greek of her lips?  
 'Neath her olive dost thou sit,  
 Mars the mighty, cursing it?  
 Pan, Pan is dead.

Bacchus, Bacchus! on the panther  
 He swoons—bound with his own vines!  
 And his Mænads slowly saunter,  
 Head aside, among the pines,  
 While they murmur dreamingly—

'Evohe—ah—evohe—!  
 Ah, Pan is dead.

Neptune lies beside the trident,  
 Dull and senseless as a stone:  
 And old Pluto deaf and silent  
 Is cast out into the sun.  
 Ceres smileth stern thereat—  
 'We *all* now are desolate—'  
 Now Pan is dead.

Aphrodite! dead and driven  
 As thy native foam, thou art,  
 With the cestus long done heaving  
 On the white calm of thy heart!  
*As Adonis!* At that shriek,  
 Not a tear runs down her cheek—  
 Pan, Pan is dead.

And the Loves we used to know from  
 One another—huddled lie,  
 Frore as taken in a snow-storm,  
 Close beside her tenderly—  
 As if each had weakly tried  
 Once to kiss her as he died.  
 Pan, Pan is dead."

Mrs. Browning is not without faults. The metres she sometimes uses are so artificial that the reader's attention is distracted from the thought. Her rhymes are frequently so far-fetched as to produce a similar result. She sometimes forgets the poet in the dialectician. She is, perhaps, too uniformly sad. But, nevertheless, her superiority cannot be disputed over other female poets in the language. Her "Cas Guidi Windows," alone, would render her immortal. We regret that our space does not allow us, at present, to consider that grand poem. But it deserves a paper by itself.

## STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

How beautiful the forest trees  
 Expand their branches high,  
 With rich and varied verdure clothed,  
 Beneath fair Summer's sky.  
 The sturdy oak, the king of trees—  
 The elm renowned for grace,  
 With weeping willows softly shade  
 The Indian's burial place.

The locust and the sweet hawthorn  
 Their fragrance breathe around,  
 The honeysuckle with the vine  
 Trail low upon the ground;  
 The fox-glove and the bright blue-bell,  
 The rose and lily fair,  
 Expand their petals to the sun,  
 And bloom to perish there.

How pleasant are the hours we pass  
 Beneath the grateful shade,  
 Where daisies and cool violets  
 Bloom sweet within the glade.  
 For Nature in each varied form  
 Is beautiful and free,  
 And golden lessons may be learned  
 From stream, and flower, and tree.

Fair morn, with all its wealth of light  
 Soft streaming o'er the world,  
 Or sunset, with its changing skies  
 Of purple and of gold,  
 Or mid-day, when the flocks retire  
 To streams and shady fields,  
 To Nature's fondest votary  
 A sense of rapture yields.

## THE MAIDEN'S SACRIFICE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

THE evening was one of the loveliest of mid-summer. Softly the silvery moonbeams lighted up each object, and the light breeze that had sprung up at sunset was all the more welcome from the sultry heat of the day just closed.

Mrs. Danville sat at her parlor window looking occasionally out upon the now silent street, or turning a glance of maternal love and pride upon the fair boy by her side, who at her request was repeating an evening hymn in the soft, artless accents of childhood. The balmy beauty of the hour seemed to bring holy thoughts to both mother and child, and after the hymn was ended they conversed as a pious mother and a thoughtful child will, of heavenly things.

There was another occupant of the room, a gentleman named Sidney Campbell, the lover of Mrs. Danville's only sister, for whom he was now waiting, that they might enjoy an evening walk together. He had been sitting at the other window, and his presence seemed forgotten by Mrs. Danville, whom, however, he was attentively observing. At length, as mother and child relapsed into thoughtful silence, he rose and approaching them, stood regarding the child in silence, as with his sunny head upturned he gazed yearningly on the starry sky, with that strange intensity of expression seen only in rarely gifted children.

"Is it well, think you, my dear madam," said Mr. Campbell, at last, "is it well to imprint those ideas on the impressible mind of childhood? Why not rather allow him to grow up in the merry thoughtlessness of his age, than shadow his bright spirit by dwelling on such themes?"

"The shadow will not rest upon it long," was the mild reply, "it will pass away, but not with it, I trust, the thought that caused it. 'Tis because childhood is, as you say, so impressible, that I strive to imprint on my boy's heart and mind thoughts, which, though scarcely comprehended now, may return to him in after years, when perhaps I shall have passed from earth, and strengthen him against temptation. God alone knows what path my Alfred may have to tread, but 'tis my duty to prepare him from his earliest years as well as I can, to tread it so that he may reach the heavenly goal at last."

"And this you think to do by filling his mind with vague speculations, for which there will be time enough by-and-bye, if he choose thus to waste it on such objects. 'Tis a pity to weaken thus the judgment of a precious child."

He spoke seemingly more to himself than to his companion, who looked up at him quickly with marked surprise on her mild face.

"I am at a loss how to understand your words, Mr. Campbell," she said, gravely. "You are not, surely, an Infidel or Atheist—yet your language would seem to indicate as much."

He did not reply for a moment, till perceiving that she still kept her eyes upon him with anxious interest, he slowly replied,

"I am not an Infidel. I believe in a *Creator*, for it is absurd to suppose that the world was the work of *chance*. But what you call revealed religion I regard as a fable; I never could believe in its puerile mysteries."

Mrs. Danville's countenance fell, and her voice was sad when she again spoke.

"A while ago you asked me if I had any objection to your winning my sister's love, I said 'no,' not thinking of this obstacle."

He interrupted her hastily. "Surely you would not now object to me because I am not a religious man?"

"I must, and so I think Ella will."

"Not if she loves me as I hope she does—Ella is no bigot."

A slight sigh started both, and looking up they beheld the object of their remarks standing close by.

"Why, Ella, when did you come into the room? I never heard you," was her sister's astonished exclamation.

"I came while you were speaking of Alfred. You were both so interested that I did not like to interrupt your conversation."

"That reminds me that 'tis near Alfred's time for retiring," said Mrs. Danville, and in another moment Sidney and Ella were alone.

"You have changed your intention of taking a walk, I perceive," he said, observing that she was laying aside her bonnet.

"I shall remain at home this evening," was the reply.

Sidney left the window, and drew her to the

sofa, where, after sitting a few moments in silent embarrassment, he began,

"You have heard my conversation with your sister, Ella—then you have learned that I had her permission to declare in words the love which you must long have been convinced was yours. I have fondly dreamed that you could return the love that has been cherished in my heart from our first meeting. Can you, Ella?"

She was silent for a moment, then in a sad tone murmured, "I *could* have done so—but not now."

"Oh, Ella, loved one, say not so! Do not crush the happy dreams, the sweet hopes I have been indulging. Let not my want of religion estrange us, Ella, I will respect your principles—never, never will I interfere in your pious duties."

"Sidney—Mr. Campbell, say no more; do not tempt me thus. Let this interview, painful to us both, and—I can never be yours."

Ella rose as she spoke. Her voice was low and tremulous, and the bright moon that shone in through the window, revealed her face pale and bedewed with tears; but it revealed also the deep, earnest expression of her dark eyes that attested the sincerity of her words. The lover's hopes fell as he met that glance, yet taking her hand in his he plead fervently, passionately that she would recall her cruel words; but in vain.

"We must part, now and forever. "Farewell," was all she could trust herself to say, and withdrawing her hand glided from the room.

"My poor sister!" murmured Mrs. Danville, as Ella, reaching her apartment, threw herself sobbing into her outstretched arms; and her own tears fell with those of the stricken girl on whom she gazed tenderly. She had observed with pleasure the growing attachment of her young sister for one she deemed every way worthy of her. Day after day that attachment had been strengthening: now with her own hand must she crush down the fond hopes of her heart, that heart so gentle, so tender, so unfit to wrestle with its long-cherished feelings at the stern command of duty.

"You have, then, rejected Mr. Campbell, Ella?" inquired her sister, when Ella's emotion had almost exhausted itself in weeping.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, as the tears again began to flow.

"Don't you think you have been too hasty, love, that you will regret this decision? I almost wish you had taken time for calm consideration. He is so noble, generous and high principled, I am sure he would make a devoted husband."

Ella made no answer; she was weeping silently now.

"This want of religion is, I do believe, the only defect he has."

Mrs. Danville continued. "And you might overcome that, Ella; you know the unbelieving husband is——"

"Oh, sister, sister, do not you turn tempter!" interrupted Ella, hastily. "Do not echo the sophistries of my own too weak heart. God will give me strength to bear this trial—to make sacrifice He requires."

And Ella fled from her sister, and sought refuge in her own chamber, there with prayers and tears to implore the strength she sorely needed. Not in human sympathy, however dear and precious it may be, is the balm that can heal a wound like hers. He who alone knows the depth, the intensity of affection which the young, guileless heart is capable of feeling, He alone can heal its wounds when desolate, crushed and bleeding it seeks His promised aid. Consolation came to Ella as she poured out her meek, trusting soul in supplication, and with it came also strength to complete her sacrifice.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Danville received a visit from the rejected lover. He came to implore her mediation. He told her that only for his unbelief Ella would be his, and he appealed to her sisterly sympathy to lead Ella to look less seriously on this objection, to which her young, enthusiastic spirit gave too much weight, prompting her to sacrifice at once his happiness and her own. Mrs. Danville, though looking on the "objection" in much the same light as Ella, yet remembering her drooping form and tearful face as she had appeared that morning at breakfast, almost wished that Sidney might succeed in his suit; and seeking her young sister, she urged her to go down to the parlor where he was waiting to see her once more—only once. Ella raised her calm eyes with a look of gentle reproach.

"You wish me to go down, Catharine, that he may try yet again to shake my resolution. I will not expose myself to the temptation. Tell him we meet no more, but he shall ever have my best wishes for his happiness, my prayers. But alas! he values not prayers."

Mrs. Danville reluctantly delivered the message. Mr. Campbell heard it in silence, then rising thanked her for her kind effort in his behalf, shook her hand warmly and left the house. A few hours after Ella received the following note:

"I am about to leave the place, beloved, and cannot do so without at least penning"

farewell I may not speak. I will make no farther attempt to shake the resolution which gives me irrepressible sorrow. But I think not altogether of my own feelings—it grieves me to reflect that I have caused a blighting shadow to fall on the heart which I had hoped to shield through life from every pang. May peace and happiness return to you my once loved—still loved Ella. Farewell. S. C.”

Ella read the note in tearful silence: then placing it in her sister's hand, with the simple words, “This is the end,” withdrew to struggle in solitude with her heart-grief—to breathe the prayers of a trusting spirit for herself, but far more for him. When she next appeared among the family Mrs. Danville observed her anxiously, and marveled how the young creature so bravely bore up against this sudden blighting of her hopes. The fair face wore a touching expression of past sorrow; the dark eyes drooped oftener beneath their long lashes; the clear, soft voice had a subdued cadence; but she mingled cheerfully in the domestic circle—her hours of happiness were given to her friends—her hours of grief, and many such she knew, were spent in solitude.

Again it was a bright summer evening. Nearly three years had passed since the night that changed Ella Blair's fate. She was sitting alone in the parlor recalling the crying scene of that night, when her sister entered with a letter just arrived. It was from a well known physician of the neighboring town of C—, stating that Sidney Campbell was at his house dying from the effects of an accident received while riding: and that his constant desire was that his friend Mrs. Danville would come to him and bring her sister, if they still lived together. He could scarcely resign himself to die without seeing once more her whose image time and absence had failed to banish. Dr. Powell urged Mrs. Danville to comply with this request immediately, and enclosed a note to Ella penned in trembling characters.

“Come to me, my loved one! My heart is yearning to look on you once more. Ella, your prayers have been heard. I have learned to prize the holy faith to which you sacrificed your life. Come if you wish to give me the only earthly joy I now desire. But whether I see you ever again or not, my last prayer shall be for you. God bless you, my own beloved!”

“Shall we go?” asked Ella, looking up through tears of mingled joy and grief.

“Certainly, Ella. You could not think of denying his last request. Let us hope that

your coming will drive the death-angel from his pillar.”

And Mrs. Danville smiled brightly, for she was a firm believer in “love's miracles,” and fully believed that the sight of Ella would give back health and strength to the dying lover.

But one glance at the sadly changed face of Sidney Campbell, as she was ushered into his chamber, dispelled her pleasing fancies. The physician had impatiently expected them, for his almost unerring skill assured him that this day would be the last his patient would behold on earth. The invalid felt this also, but without regret. Every wish was gratified on beholding Ella once more.

She sat beside his couch, one hand imprisoned in his while he gazed unweariedly on her beautiful countenance, telling her, as his increasing weakness permitted him to speak, how he had been led to embrace the Faith he once had scorned. And her heart was full of gratitude to her heavenly Father as he finished.

“I come, indeed, at the eleventh hour, but I humbly hope to be received by Him whose mercy is above all. He has made you the agent of my salvation, Ella, and I bless you for the refusal which has taught me a holier, better love than I then could know.”

Ella left not the death chamber for the few remaining hours of his life. His last look was directed to her, his last audible words were a blessing on her as she was kneeling in prayer for his parting spirit.

Mrs. Danville's grief was apparently greater than her sister's. It seemed so hard that now that the only obstacle had been removed which had prevented a happy union, death should step in to place a final bar to her hopes of seeing Ella a blooming, joyous bride. She was sure that, bravely as the gentle girl had supported her first trial, she would sink under this new affliction.

But Ella mourned the departed with a gentle, submissive sorrow, which was soothed by the recollection of his happy, Christian death. And once more at home in her sister's house, she went about faithfully fulfilling her varied duties, with a spirit at once chastened and elevated by the reminiscences of the past.

As time passed on, Dr. Powell, who had learned from his patient what had passed between himself and Ella, and had looked on her with admiration, not only of her personal charms, but of her true, womanly nature, became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Danville's, who remembering that her house was twenty miles from C—, came to the sagacious conclusion that all these visits portended something. She was wise enough to

"I have found them at last," he said, taking off his wet overcoat, for it was sleeting violently without. "The mother has seen better days. She was almost distracted, when I entered the low, damp cellar, where there was not a bit of fire. Oh! Fanny, we don't know what suffering there is, till it is brought to our very doors in this way."

Fanny drew him to the fire, and away from the bed, for the child had now fallen into a sweet sleep, which was undisturbed by dreams. "He breathes naturally now," she said. "The doctor was here at ten o'clock, and said that he was out of danger. Tell me all about them."

They shared their tears, Fanny and her husband, as the latter told a story of widowhood, sorrow, and destitution, such, alas! as is furnished only too often by our great cities. When the narrative was done, Fanny was a changed being. For the first time in her life, she had been brought face to face with real suffering; and she made a resolution, which she has since faithfully kept.

The next day, the twenty dollars, which Fanny had designed for the collar, was laid out for the benefit of Mrs. Waters, the mother of the injured child. A neat, warmly furnished room was procured; a stove put up; and the sick lady moved into it. Groceries were placed in the cupboard; coal in the cellar; winter clothing

purchased for the daughter; and the family physician of the Hapgoods despatched to prescribe for the invalid.

Nor did the benevolence of Fanny stop here. When the mother had recovered, which she soon did, now that she had medical attendance and a warm apartment, a little store was stocked for her, so that she might earn her living. By this time, the injured child was well, and had gone home; and a merry household it was on Christmas Eve, when Mrs. Waters opened her shop, and ate her first supper in what seemed to her little ones a palace.

Our readers would be surprised to know how little money it took to do all this. Fanny had often wasted as much, in one season, on unnecessary articles of dress: and there are many who will peruse this tale, who have done the same. Nor is it the last of her charities. Systematically, since then, has she labored to deserve the divine words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did not unto me."

Great and glorious is thy mission, Fanny! The world is calling with her thousand voices, "Come!" But the desolate and the stricken, the widowed and the fatherless, cry to thee also; and verily! thou hast chosen the better part. Would to God, that, in this broad, hard world, more hearts might receive, like thee, the baptism that shall make them whole.

## LET ME DIE ON THY BOSOM.

BY SUSIE E. A. STEBBINS.

LET me die on thy bosom,  
My dearly loved friend,  
Then the cares of this life,  
And it troubles shall end;  
Let me breathe out my life,  
In its innocence there,  
'Tis my fond cherished wish,  
And my oft-whisper'd prayer.

When the rose-tint of life,  
Shall have left my pale cheek,  
Let me hear thy sweet voice,  
In its kindly tone speak;  
Let me feel thine own hand,  
On my feverish brow,  
Be the same to me then,  
As thou art to me now.

When the last hour comes,  
And the pulses beat low,  
And the star of my life  
Fainter grows in its glow;

Let my head on thy bosom  
Thus quietly rest,  
As I pass from this home,  
To the home of the blest.

Let this ring on my finger  
Be buried with me,  
Tho' this hand shall return  
To the dust, let it be;  
'Tis the pledge of our heart's  
True affection and love,  
Like the ring, there's no end  
Of affection above.

Let my ashes repose  
In some lowly made grave,  
Where the low-drooping willow  
In sadness shall wave;  
Transplant there the flowers  
I have cherished for years,  
And bedew them, dear friend,  
With thy fresh flowing tears.

## CHILD-LIKE ALLIE.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

I was standing by the mirror, training my refractory curls into some appearance of neatness—in part to punish them for having strayed so wantonly over the pillow during my restless slumber. They were beautiful locks—soft, curling, and of a captivating golden hue. The fact that they were just the very setting to relieve an otherwise homely face—and that my brother Fred had declared them to be the very superlative of beauty—I give as an off-set to the charge of egotism, which may already have resolved itself in the reader's mind. And let me tell you, the opinion of such a fine, gallant, good-looking fellow as Fred, was worth a good deal! My thoughts were on him, now, as I stood before the mirror. In fact, it was on that very day, a year ago, that he had sailed from Europe. I was thinking it was time I had another letter from him, when the door opened, and cousin Allie bounded into the room.

"Oh, Kate! what do you think?" cried the pretty girl, as she pirouetted round the room—"a letter from cousin Fred!"

"Oh, Allie, can it be?" I replied, my face reflecting the happiness upon her own—"I had just been thinking of Fred. Come, let us sit down and read it."

We both seated ourselves upon the sofa, and commenced perusing the letter. Allie threw her soft white arm around my neck, while her dark curls mingled in sweet contrast with the lighter ones of mine.

A beautiful girl was Allie. Her dark, liquid eyes, so full of dreamy tenderness, beamed with almost spiritual beauty; and a hasty word or a touching incident would bring the tears to her eyes, the warm blush to her cheeks, and a sweet, imploring expression to her countenance. Seldom were the deep fringes of her eyelids lifted sufficiently to allow those with whom she conversed, to mark the beautiful and fitting shadows of the deep and sweet emotions of her loving spirit. There was a quiet dignity and purity about the gentle girl that repulsed the most presuming. She was easy and unaffected, because seeking to appear no higher nor better than she really was. Her look and manners were peculiarly winning in their tranquil, subdued gentleness; yet when this was occasionally

laid aside for awhile, amid the inexpressible mirth of childish amusement, her laugh had the ringing melody which seems the musical essence of enjoyment.

"Oh! how interesting!" cried the delighted Allie, as we pored over the manuscript—"oh! how I do love your brother Fred!"

I started with agreeable surprise at this remark, and as I gazed up into her sweet, innocent face, and drank in the glory from those dark fascinating orbs that were so rarely unveiled, a thousand sweet emotions came welling up in my soul, and straining the dear, dear girl to my bosom, I covered her lips and cheeks with kisses.

"Dear cousin Allie," I replied, "and Fred loves you in return."

"Oh! Kate, do you think so?" murmured that rich, musical voice, while her eyes flashed with renewed brilliancy. A moment afterward, a dark shadow passed over her fine features, and she added, in a low, mournful tone, "but he may forget me among the beautiful, the wealthy, and the gifted."

"No—no; never, Allie! I cannot bear to hear you talk so sorrowfully, or speak thus of my dear brother Fred. Few are more beautiful than your own sweet self—few wealthier in a loving, trusting disposition—few more talented or gifted. Believe me, Allie," I continued, watching the light that again irradiated her features—"he loves you with all that fervency his generous, throbbing heart is capable of—and even now I feel and *know* that he is longing to see his 'dear Allie' again—the 'little missionary, sunlight,' as he called you when you came to our saddened home, and with the magic power of your gentleness threw the 'sunlight' of happiness every where."

The tears stood in Allie's eyes, and pressing my hand with gratitude, she nestled her head upon my bosom, while I read aloud to her the remainder of the letter—which in fact was a very pretty postscript of some length—and which made Allie's heart beat wildly against her bodice. It ran as follows:

"P. S. My dear sister Kate, you may suppose that I have become by this time considerably



'Frenchified'—and you no doubt imagine that, on my return, I will exclaim, after an attempt to speak good English, '*Ah! machere, c'est inutile; ce vilian Anglais me reste toujours au gosier!*' ('Ah! my dear, it is useless; this ugly English will stick in my throat!')

"Oh, my sister! How I wish I felt once more your soft, white arms around my neck, could hear the sweet murmur of your voice, or have your head, with its wealth of sunny hair, nestling confidingly on my bosom as of old; while I gazed down into the glorious depths of your eyes, growing softer and sweeter, beaming only for me, since we laid a fond, a loving, and a manly heart into the quiet grave!

"Oh! where may that blessed dream be sought, which can fling over the pensive evening of life the sunny brightness of its morning; which nourishes the heart's young warmth through the successive lustres of passing years; feeds the unwasted spirit to its last flesh, and seems extinguishable only by that power which stills the vital throb and quenches the ethereal flame together?

"The echo of the heart answereth, '*Home!*' And I am coming home soon, my dear, dear sister.

"I miss Alice as much as I do your sweet self. How is she? Growing more beautiful and captivating every day, I suppose? Kate, I love Allie fondly, dearly. Oh, often when the quiet shades of evening gather around me, do I involuntarily murmur—

"Allie dear!

Call thou me home! from thee apart  
Faintly and low my pulses beat,  
As if the life-blood of my heart  
Within thy own heart holds its rest,  
And flowereth only where thou art!  
Oh! call thou me home!"

"But I must draw my letter to a close. If you think Allie has ever more than a kind, cousinly thought for me, read her this postscript. I shall write again by the next steamer. In the meantime, dear Kate, may the richest blessings of God and of your absent brother be with you.

FRED VERNON."

Months passed on. Letter after letter came from Fred, but no further remark or inquiry about Allie. She seemed to be forgotten. Allie tried in vain to bear up against it. I could not soothe her. Her cheeks grew wan, and the light dimmed in her eyes. Often would I place my hand upon them at night and find them swimming in tears.

"I always knew it. I am not worthy of him," she would murmur—"why should he care about

such a poor, simple, unsophisticated girl as I!" And then in her despondency she would wring her hands, and cry as if her heart was breaking.

Oh! how that sweet young girl loved—worshipped—adored! Hers was a love that defied all analysis, a love of the higher and nobler order, a love that would, if unrequited, bear her to the tomb!

In his last letter, Fred wrote of having at last found such a woman as he would desire for his wife. Rich, talented, fascinating. Peerless in her beauty, winsome in her poetical conceptions, glorious in the power of her intellect. This was the crowning blow to the hopes of poor Allie.

Fred came! More beautiful than ever in his manhood, more refined in the cast of his features, more intellectual in the flash of his eye. He clasped me fervently to his heart, pushed me backward and forward, seeming to notice every change in my features that absence had made. Kissing my cheeks, and parting my golden curls from my forehead to press his loving lips there, he cried,

"And where is Allie! my dear little Allie—the missionary, sunlight? I am dying to see her!"

"Dying to see Allie?" I cried, vaguely: "then you love her, Fred?"

"Love her?" he asked, vehemently.

I almost sank to the floor beneath the flash of his brilliant eyes. I felt that Allie was saved!

I led the way up stairs. Allie was lying on the bed, and the dark circles around her eyes betrayed that she had been weeping bitterly. Fred stole up and kissed her half-parted lips. The dear girl dreamily opened her eyes.

"Allie—dear, gentle Allie!" cried my brother, "have you forgotten Fred?—your own dear Fred?"

Allie looked up into his eyes. She studied the lines of his deeply expressive face. She watched the finely chiseled lips, wreathing with love and delight. A gleam of trust and assurance lighted up her features for a moment, then throwing her arms wildly around him, she sobbed until I thought her very heart would break.

I put their hands together, with an expressive glance. Oh! what a beautiful couple they seemed to me as I stood off to view them. Fred, with his hair carelessly pushed back from his high intellectual forehead; his features singularly handsome, refined, delicate, yet linked with all the nobleness of manhood! And child-like Allie, the flush sinking and rising to her temples, the pretty lips twitching deliciously, and the long silken lashes sleeping like a shadow on her cheek, ever and anon raised to allow a glimpse

at those glorious orbs that when looked into made one strangely dream of heaven!

Fred's letter about having found one to love was all a *ruse*, to try Allie and myself. Allie and Fred were married. And now a sweet child of eight summers, that loves to call me "Aunty," is carrying on the "Battle of Prague" with deafening effect on the piano; while another, with dimpled chin and laughing eyes, is thrust-

ing its chubby fist into my face, or pulling at my golden curls. Just such a baby as Aldrich sings of:

"Have you not heard the poet tell  
How came the dainty babie Bell  
Into this world of ours?  
The gates of Heaven were left ajar;  
With folded hands and dreamy eyes  
She wandered out out of Paradise!"

LINES,

SUGGESTED UPON VISITING BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

BY MRS. JAMES MATTOON.

HAIL! blest memorial hail!  
Which Art and Knowledge claim,  
It speaks a Nation's chivalry,  
And crowns a Nation's fame.  
A record true thou art!  
Traced in the ambient air,  
To renovate the daring deeds  
Of spirit's hovering there.  
A Temple dear to Freedom's shrine,  
Where fought a patriot band;  
The brightest star beneath whose light  
New England's sons may stand.  
A chronicle, which brings to mind  
Those deeds of glory, power,  
Which no escutcheon e'er can blot,  
E'en in the darkest hour.

Towering it stands a column high  
Among the pointed spires;  
To speak our warmest gratitude  
And kindle pure desires.

May labor cease amid its toil,  
A roseate wreath to twine,  
To deck this messenger of joy  
As Liberty's pure shrine!

We trust that from maternal lips,  
E'en infancy may learn  
Its noble purpose, and may age  
Cling to this cherished urn.

The star of Peace first shed its ray  
Beneath this rock-bound dome;  
And here the sons of Liberty  
First hail'd a happy home.

DECEMBER.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

ANOTHER year, of hope and fear,  
Hath sought that mystic land,  
Where days gone by and ages lie,  
A mighty, ghostly band!  
The days that sleep without the deep  
Lone sepulchre of years,  
To us now seem more like a dream  
Of sunshine and of tears.  
On Mem'ry's track we wander back  
To view the haunted Past,  
And cannot fail to lift the veil  
That over it is cast,  
As if by chance a single glance  
Doth to our minds unfold,  
And to us brings a thousand things  
Too mournful to be told.

Hopes cherished long a goodly throng,  
There crushed and buried lie,  
And joys that sped and dreams that fled,  
Like rainbows from the sky.  
We gaze on those who now repose  
Within the arms of death,  
And sadly weep o'er sorrows deep,  
That pass not like a breath.

Thus on Time's wings a thousand things  
We love and cherish here,  
Away are borne to that forlorn  
Sad sepulchre of years;  
And soon must we from earth set free,  
Within the cold tomb slumber,  
Must go to rest with pulseless breast,  
Must join death's silent number.

## GEORGY GRANT'S STRATAGEM.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

"THERE'S no use talking about it, Carry—I won't marry my grandfather," said Georgy Grant, the color deepening in her cheeks, as she stooped to gather a bunch of fern leaves and purple asters.

I stopped in my walk, from astonishment. My friend Georgy had heretofore, with her habitual careless indifference, taken her marriage with Matthew Harvey as a matter of course.

"But I thought you liked him, Georgy," said I, apologetically.

"No, I don't," was the curt reply, snatching some scarlet and yellow maple leaves to add to her aster and fern.

An unaccountable gloom settled on my companion's usually bright face. She did not seem disposed to say more, and I was afraid to question.

We walked on some distance in silence, the haze of the gorgeous October afternoon around us; the stillness broken only by a falling chesnut burr, or startled rabbit; the turf beneath our feet, still green and elastic, and the few dropping leaves, circling slowly about us ere they touched the ground with their light footsteps.

"Papa will never consent," at length said Georgy, as if to herself.

"Consent to what?" I inquired; but a new light was beginning to break upon me.

"To my not marrying Mr. Harvey," replied my friend.

"And to your marrying some one else," I said, willing to help her along, and gratify my own curiosity at the same time.

A smile and a blush flitted over Georgy's face, but she only replied,

"I've refused Mr. Harvey twice already since we have been in the country."

"Well?"

"Well, he won't *stay* refused."

Her lips were half parted, as if for further confidence, but she only hummed through them, as she walked on, the air of "Love Not."

"I think Mr. Harvey would make an excellent husband," I said, at last, endeavoring to bring back the conversation.

"I hope you will marry him then, for I never shall," retorted Georgy. "Because papa chose to withdraw from the firm, he must put me in for

a partner, forsooth! I wouldn't be a *silent* one, though, would I, Carry?" and her old, gay laugh rung clear, through the stillness of the afternoon. It had not died away, when a turn in our path disclosed to our view a gentleman, seated upon a fallen tree, busily engaged in sketching.

Neither the artist, nor Georgy seemed surprised at the meeting; and a certain drooping of the eyelid, which had never been caused by Matthew Harvey, revealed the cause of her sudden dislike for her father's late partner.

My friend's usual nonchalance had deserted her, and it was with crimson cheek, and a low voice, that she introduced me to Walter Bailey.

We were soon seated on the trunk of the fallen tree, which he had deserted, and he was making himself comfortable on Georgy's plaid shawl, which he spread on the ground.

I dearly liked a love affair, and when not busy on my own account, went into it heart and soul for my friends; so I begged the favor of looking over the artist's sketch-book, and placed myself in such a way that Georgy could have no excuse for looking too. I really did not think the drawings had much merit, but I took a long while to criticise them; and when, at the end of half an hour, I glanced up, I found the shawl and the gentleman much nearer my companion's feet than when I began.

It was part of Mr. Bailey's profession, I suppose, to study the beautiful, so he was only following his vocation, as he gazed so earnestly at Georgy's face. I really think he must have known every curve in it, from the broad, low, Psyche-like brow, shaded by the rippling black hair, the full, soft eye, the delicately curved nostril, the sweet, almost infantile mouth, down to where the dimpled chin, and rounded cheek, curved off into the stately, white throat.

The artist's arm was leaning on the tree, very near to where the young girl sat.

"Then let me speak to your father before he comes," pleaded the gentleman, earnestly.

"It's too late; he's coming to-day," was the low reply, and the fingers that were arranging a wreath of scarlet maple leaves and purple aster about the crown of the round garden hat trembled visibly.

The most manoeuvring chaperone in the world

could not have found another half hour's excuse in that portfolio, so I let it drop from my lap to startle the lovers.

The private conference was of course thus ended, and we soon rose to walk home, accompanied as far as the lawn gate by Mr. Walter Bailey.

Mrs. Grant was sitting on the piazza as we approached. A dissatisfied look shaded her usually round, good-humored face.

"Georgy," said she, as we seated ourselves on the piazza steps, "I do hope you will not encourage that Mr. Bailey to walk home with you, if you happen to meet him, when Mr. Harvey is here."

"Why, what's the harm, mother?" asked the daughter, picking at the fringe of her shawl, without looking up.

"I do not think it is proper for a young lady, in your situation, to have a picture-making man dragging after you all the time," replied Mrs. Grant, with dignity.

"My situation!" echoed Georgy, with such a comical glance at me, that I was forced to stoop to loosen the string of my gaiter, in order to hide an irresistible laugh.

Mrs. Grant went on with her stitching, and Georgy sat gazing out steadily on the autumn landscape, but I suspect seeing nothing, except with her mind's eye, but a tall, slight figure carrying a sketch book and crayons, through those enchanted woods.

Presently Mrs. Grant looked up, and exclaimed, "There comes Mr. Harvey, down the road. Georgy, run down to the gate to meet him."

Georgy looked up suddenly. The sight of her *adversary* gave her strength. She laughed saucily, she sung out,

"There is an old man comes over the lea,  
Ha, ha! but I won't have him;  
Comes over the lea, to marry me,  
With his grey beard newly shaven."

"Georgy, how can you? I'm sure his beard 't grey," said the literal Mrs. Grant.

"If it isn't, it's because he dyes it," was the retort.

By this time, the person under discussion had reached the gate, and was slowly jogging toward house, on his sleek, round, brown cob.

"Isn't he a picture, though?" queried my friend, whose thoughts seemed to run a good deal on pictures.

Upon approaching the house, Mr. Harvey had apparently endeavored to make a favorable impression. He settled himself well in the saddle, *à back* his shoulders, straightened his legs,

and only touched his stirrups with the ends of his boots, whilst he pinioned his arms against his sides very much like a trussed fowl.

"What shall we do to take the stiffening out of him, Cad?" asked Georgy, watching him very much as a dog watches a cat upon whom he intends making an assault.

But we had no time to concoct a plan, for Mr. Harvey had dismounted, and having given his horse in charge of James, the coachman, was bowing over the fat fingers of Mrs. Grant.

"I hope I see these fair ladies all well," and the bow this time was intended for Georgy and myself also.

"Very well, your *highness*," replied my friend, with a stress upon the last word, to the short, red-faced, puffing lover.

"I could not possibly get to see you, my charming enslaver, yesterday, I was so busy. In fact, it was excessively inconvenient coming to-day, but we must give up everything for the ladies, you know," and he wiped his face with his white handkerchief, and bowed very low.

"I'm very sorry that you troubled yourself. It wasn't *worth your while*," said Georgy. "Why, Mr. Harvey, there's no knowing how much money you have lost, by leaving the city," and she opened wide her eyes, and looked at him as if appalled at the idea.

"I've lost a great deal by coming here, before to-day, Miss Georgy," and the gallant, rotund little man bowed again.

"How much?" queried his tormentor.

"My whole heart," and the puffy hand went toward the place where it was to be supposed the heart had once been.

"Oh! if it was of any size, it is easily found. I engage that it shall be returned to you in an undamaged state," replied Georgy.

Mrs. Grant shuffled her feet, and cleared her throat, all in vain. The telegraphic lightnings from her eyes were fearful, but Georgy knew better than to look that way. The good woman at last could bear it no longer, and to some saucy reply of her daughter's, she said,

"Georgy is so full of spirits, Mr. Harvey, that you must excuse her. She has run wild since we have been in the country."

"Do not mention it, my dear madam," answered the guest. "I assure you her wit delights me. She is very funny."

"As funny as the cat was that played with the mouse," whispered Georgy to me. "But I cannot stand it any longer. Come up to my room." When there she said,

"Gracious! to think of my marrying such a man as that. He looks like the picture of the

bag of malt 'that lay in the house that Jack built,' in my old nursery books," and she tossed her bonnet and shawl on the bed as she spoke.

"Who is Walter Bailey, Georgy?" was my pertinent answer to this outburst.

"Why he is; don't look at me, Cad, if you expect me to tell you anything."

I looked out of the window.

"Well he is—to tell you the real truth, I do not know much about him, except that he is the most intelligent, noble-minded man I ever knew."

I was almost guilty of that unlady-like thing, whistling, but prudently forebore, and asked "how did you happen to become acquainted?"

"He's been boarding down at 'The Grove' since sometime in May. We first met, quite unexpectedly, in the woods; then at a pic-nic got up by the boarders at 'The Grove;' and since then—well, since then we have met every where."

"But *who* is he, Georgy?"

"Walter Bailey, Esq., artist," replied Georgy, proudly.

"Walter Bailey, Esq., artist, does not quite satisfy your father, I suppose."

"Papa liked him very much at first, and invited him here constantly, till Mr. Harvey must interfere, and said that no one knew anything about him, and he was sure that he was an adventurer. Then papa treated him politely, but coldly; and I really believe that he wished he would offer himself to me in order that he might be refused; for, you see, that papa had no excuse for forbidding him to see me as matters stood. But he was always talking about poor artists and literary people, and girls marrying for love and romance, and having to go home to their parents, and quoting the old saw, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.'"

"But has he never offered himself to you?" I asked, in astonishment, turning around in spite of her prohibition, for I remembered the scene in the woods.

"Yes, but I could not bear papa's refusal, and cannot disobey him, if he forbids me to see Walter. Ain't I a coward, Carry? Would you have believed it of me?" and I knew that her lips quivered from her voice, though the deepening twilight prevented me from seeing it.

I am afraid, in spite of my womanly predilection for love affairs, that I am eminently practical. However, my first unromantic question was,

"What account does he give of himself?"

"As if I had ever asked him," replied Georgy,

with the true spirit of seventeen. "But he told me, when he offered himself, that he thought he could satisfy papa if I would let him speak to him; but I know papa too well for that, for he wants me to marry that old Harvey and his money chests. But I cannot bear the suspense any longer, Carry; and after I have had the pleasure of refusing the old gentleman again, (for I know he will offer himself the third time) and when he is out of the way, Walter is to speak to papa."

Poor romantic Georgy! How in the superior wisdom of one additional year I pitied her. Why had she not insisted upon knowing, from himself, more about this "Walter Bailey, Esq., artist," as she termed him?

Tea was just ready as we descended to the parlor. Georgy had the tray under her control for Mrs. Grant was endeavoring to educate her into a suitable wife for the comfort-loving Matthew Harvey. From behind the huge silver coffee urn, Georgy grimaced at every mouthful of muffin and broiled chicken which disappeared down the capacious throat of her admirer. As his heart warmed with these "creature comforts," his spirits rose higher, and he ogled my friend more freely than ever.

"Such an oily, wheezing, gobbling man as *that* for a husband," she whispered to me, as we left the tea-table.

All the next morning we were haunted by Mr. Harvey's presence; for he was to stay two days. At the dinner-table, Georgy touched my foot as her admirer emptied glass after glass of her father's mellow port. His usually rosy face became a purple in its bloom. Even Mr. Grant glanced uneasily from his guest to his daughter,

I preceded Georgy from the dining-room, and was startled by hearing her say, in a voice quivering with passion, "How dare you, sir! Release me this instant."

I looked around, and saw Mr. Harvey with his arm around my friend, endeavoring to kiss her.

"Why, what's the harm—hic—my charmer! You know—hic—that you are going to be—hic—my wife. It's my privilege, you know," and he made another attempt to kiss the girl, whom he still held in his grasp.

With a sudden jerk Georgy wrested herself from him.

"I shall tell papa of this," she said, as she burst into a flood of angry tears.

"But, my charmer, it's my privil—" but we left before we heard the end of the sentence.

"Did you ever know of such an insult!" she asked, as we went up stairs for our bonnets.

"I think papa noticed how he drank at the table. He cannot insist upon my marrying him now, that is one comfort. He has a horror of drunkenness."

We started for our walk, Georgy still trembling with excitement. As we passed by the stables, we saw Dan, a mischievous black imp, riding Mr. Harvey's brown cob to water. He was a privileged little scamp, who hunted eggs, gathered nuts, fed the calves, turned summer-sets, and made himself generally useful and mischievous. As he saw us approach, he showed his white teeth from ear to ear; then placing his brimless straw hat jauntily on one side, he straightened himself up, threw back his shoulders, and presented an admirable black miniature likeness of Mr. Harvey. Georgy and I laughed involuntarily.

The most remarkable feature about the horse was his scanty tail.

"What a splendid switch tail this ere animal has got," said Dan, as he slid from its back when he reached the trough. "All the barbers in the city wants to get it for to make wigs on."

The fellow cast a sly glance at us from the corner of his eye, and saw that we were not displeased.

"Maybe you'd like some to make a wedding ring on, Miss Georgy. I guess I might find most a dozen—they're *very* thick."

Georgy laughed, and we walked on. At last she exclaimed, "Cad, Cad, I've got an idea! If that Matthew Harvey don't have a Procrustean bed to-night, it shall not be my fault. Come back, quick," and without further explanation she dragged me along. Dan was seated, with his face toward the horse's tail, in solemn state as we again approached.

"Dan, you may pull me some of the hairs out of that horse's tail; the very stiffest you can find. Mind, they must be stiff," said Georgy.

"Ya, that I will, Miss Georgy," and the boy slid down like a monkey. He worked with hearty good-will, for he thoroughly disliked Mr. Harvey, who never threw him a sixpence when he opened the gate for him, as most of the visitors did.

As we went to the house my friend explained. The horse-hair was to be cut up in most minute particles, and placed in the sheets of Mr. Harvey's bed. "It will get between the threads and stick up like small spikes. No shaking in the world will rid him of it," said Georgy.

I could not help laughing. Yet I said nevertheless, "But, Georgy, he is your father's guest."

"I tell you, Carry, that I know that obstinate

man better than you do," was the reply. "You need not help."

I did not help, but I saw the stiff hair cut up in most minute particles, and well rubbed into the sheets. Georgy surveyed it with intense satisfaction.

"He will be rather afraid of such a wife as I would make him, I think," she said.

My room was immediately beneath Mr. Harvey's, and that night Georgy slept with me.

In anxious expectation we waited for the first indications of the experiment having taken effect. It seemed an unusually long while before the boots ceased to creak overhead, or the heavy step to be stilled. At last all was silent above. We raised ourselves on our elbows, held our breaths, and listened attentively. Suddenly, there was a bounce on the floor, like the fall of a cannon ball. I could not help laughing. As for Georgy, I thought she would go into convulsions with merriment.

"Hush!" I replied, "he will hear you. There, he is trying to spread up his bed again," for the heavy footsteps were moving quickly around just overhead, where we knew the bed stood. Again there was silence for a moment, and then another bounce on the floor; this time not as if from surprise, but accompanied by a stamp of passion.

"He's muttering 'curses not loud but deep,' I know," whispered Georgy, between spasms of laughter.

We listened attentively. The poor victim had evidently tried his bed the third time: for again came the bump, followed by the infuriated thump on the floor; and we heard him dancing around in passion.

"That must be very much like a war-dance," said Georgy. "What a ludicrous figure, Cad, he must be cutting, up stairs."

Directly, the windows above us were opened, and the sheets shaken, with an energy sufficient to make them useless for the rest of their days.

"It won't do, Mr. Matthew Harvey. Your Procrustus spikes won't shake out," said Georgy, laughing till the tears ran out of her eyes. "You'll kiss me again—won't you?"

It seemed to take sometime to arrange the bed, from the long while we heard the footsteps overhead. A fourth bounce on the floor convinced us that the shaking of the sheets had done no good; and this time the oaths were very distinct. We were now exhausted with laughing.

We never knew how he arranged his bed that night; but suppose that he discarded all the clothing and slept on the mattress; for after a long while all remained still above us.

As for us, we laid awake an hour or two, wondering how the victim would look the next morning; and now that we had time to think of the consequences, wondering also if Mr. Grant would be very implacable.

"To tell you the truth, Carry, I am a little afraid of papa," said Georgy, as we descended the staircase.

We saw Mr. Harvey walking up and down the hall in an ungovernable rage.

"Pray, is it to you, Miss Grant, that I am indebted for the insult which I received last night?" he said.

"What insult, Mr. Harvey?"

"You know very well. Who else would dare to fill my bed with nettles?"

"Indeed, I did not," responded Georgy, gravely.

"Well then, I don't know what in the fiend's name it was; but I shall never darken your doors again, young lady, I can tell you."

Georgy bowed.

"I shall inform your father of it immediately."

"We can enter our complaints together then," was the spirited answer, "for if my father knew how you insulted *me* yesterday, you would not have had the pleasure of staying here all night, I fear," and she bowed and entered the breakfast-room.

All Mr. Harvey's gallantry and vivacity dis-

appeared. He swallowed his breakfast in almost total silence, and without any explanation called for his brown horse, which had unconsciously been used to torture him, and rode off.

Georgy was of too frank a nature to rest long under what she knew to be wrong; so after seeing her admirer pass out of the gate, she joined her father on the lawn and confessed all.

At first he looked both angry and grieved; but as his daughter proceeded in her narrative, her vivid pantomime accompanying her words, smiles and at last laughter broke forth in spite of himself.

That afternoon Walter Bailey called. Georgy ran up stairs and shut herself in her own room till her father called her. I waited for her half an hour, an hour, two hours, till I grew impatient. Just before tea she came to me.

"Oh, Carry, only think," she said, "if I had let Walter speak to papa, sometime ago, it would all have been right. He isn't poor, nor an artist, that is, by profession, but he's quite rich. Isn't it romantic? It seems that he wanted to be married for love and not for his money, so he pretended to be poor. And papa knows all about his family." And she kissed me and danced out of the room.

Last autumn I acted as bridesmaid for Georgy Grant at a social country wedding. Mr. Harvey had been invited, but surlily declined to come.

## MY HEART IS YEARNING FOR THEE, LOVE.

BY EDWARD A. DARBY.

My heart is yearning for thee, love,  
As I sit here alone,  
Watching the changing twilight scenes,  
And thinking of my home.  
My heart is sad to-night, my love,  
That I'm so far from thee,  
Sitting beneath the wavy pines,  
Beside the troubled sea.  
The shadows deepen in the vale,  
The stars come out on high,  
And look upon the sleeping world  
With mild and gentle eye.  
The night-bird sings its plaintive lay,  
The sea is moaning near,  
And many a low and soothing sound  
Falls soft upon my ear.  
The scene is very beautiful,  
No fairer need be seen;  
The fields are full of blushing flowers,  
The vales are soft and green.

The air is sweet with breath of flowers,  
Nature is smiling here,  
Yet the dewy sky is weeping now,  
And the earth receives its tear.  
Were you but sitting by my side,  
Your head upon my breast,  
Watching the silver star that glows  
So brightly in the West,  
And listening to the sighing sound  
That comes from the moaning sea,  
This earth would be a Paradise,  
And you my Eve would be.  
No sorrow then would fill my heart,  
But joy would come to me,  
And twine a wreath of fadeless flowers  
For me, my love, and thee.  
Such bliss cannot be mine to-night,  
So I must wait awhile  
Till Fate shall let me taste thy kiss,  
And see thy sunny smile.

# THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 331.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE morning, on which Jane was to have her hearing, found Madame De Mark punctual. The judge, who now knew her, was comparatively deferential; for wealth, even when allied with degradation, is not without power. Besides, her manner, as on the evening before, bespoke considerable knowledge of good society and its usages.

Madame De Mark repeated the conversation, which she had already stated. A lawyer, employed by her, was also in attendance. Jane was without professional aid.

"The case seems clear," said the judge, when Madame De Mark had closed her testimony. "What have you to say? You may speak now," he added, turning to the prisoner.

The girl had frequently interrupted Madame De Mark at first, and until the judge had sternly ordered her, more than once, to keep silence: and now her suppressed rage found words.

"She deserves the state's prison more than I do," cried Jane, white with passion, and looking at Madame De Mark as if she could have wished to stab her to the heart. "She is ten thousand times worse than a thief——"

"Stick to the point," interposed the judge. "The question is not what this lady may, or may not have done; but what proof there is that you did not steal the jewel."

"Proof! Does anybody want proof that she, black-hearted, treacherous, lying, cowardly, secret murderer?" raved the girl. "Yes! a murderer! She wanted me to commit murder, let a sweet young creature starve on her sick bed, and tried to bribe me with that very ear-ring. And now she says I stole it."

"Have you any proof of this?"

"Proof? Proof again! What proof is there, that her word, that I took the ear-ring?" said she, with quick shrewdness, a thing she was deficient in, when rage did not over-master entirely. "My word ought to be as good as *as*. She says I stole the ring, and I say she gave it to me; and what proof has she that her word is a bit truer than mine?"

"She swears to it."

"I'll swear to mine."

"That the law does not allow. An accused person cannot be a witness in his or her behalf."

"But the accuser may be a witness for her side?"

"No. It is the commonwealth that prosecutes, and the accuser is only a witness for the state."

Jane broke forth indignantly. "You dare to call this justice. Such pitiful stuff you name 'the wisdom of the law!'" She spoke these last words with bitter scorn. "If some one would come, and swear that you, the judge, had stolen, you'd have to believe 'em, ha! ha!"

"Order!" cried the tipstaff, horrified.

"Order! order!" shouted the equally horrified clerk.

"No, I'll not come to order," she cried, raising her voice to a scream of rage. "It's God's truth, that I'm innocent, and that yonder woman tried to buy me to do murder; and she ought to be here instead of me. You let her swear me into prison, and won't let me swear what a lie it is. You're in league against me, every one of you," and she glared around on the court like a wild beast. "Justice! You call this justice! The devils themselves are more just——"

She was proceeding, in this mad way, when the police-officers, rushing up to her, actually gagged her for the moment, crying, "This can't be. Respect the court. Will you be silent, you jade? We'll gag you completely if you don't hush."

Exhausted by her frantic rage, not less than by her struggle with the officers, Jane soon sank back, panting, and exhausted, in the prisoner's dock. When the decorum of the court had been restored, the case went on again; and as the girl had no testimony to offer, the magistrate bound her over, and in default of bail meantime, committed her to the Tombs again.

In due time, her case came up for trial, when the same testimony was repeated against her. But, on this occasion, no such scene of disorder occurred, as had marked the preliminary exami-



nation. Jane, finding how useless were her recriminations, had now sunk into a sullen silence. Only, when asked what she had to say in her defence, she repeated her charge against Madame De Mark, adding,

"It's as true as there's a God in heaven, whether you believe it or not. You take that woman's oath, and won't take mine; because she's rich, I suppose, and I'm poor. She had nobody by to confirm her story any more than I had. I don't wonder, with such laws, that your state's prison is full."

The judge, however, was not convinced. He charged the jury that the jewel was found in her possession; that she was a character well known to the police; and that the story she told was inconsistent with itself. "Still," he added, "you are the triars of the fact, gentlemen; and if you believe her, and therefore disbelieve Madame De Mark, you must acquit." The jury did not even leave the box. They had unanimously come to the conclusion that the prisoner was guilty, and they immediately rendered a verdict to that effect. Yet, in after days, more than one of them had occasion to remember that trial, and their share in it, with bitter remorse.

Jane was sentenced to prison for the full period that the law allowed. Madame De Mark's serpent-like eyes watched her victim closely, while the judge was pronouncing this severe sentence; and the momentary spasm, which passed over the prisoner's face, was a welcome sight to her savage, revengeful heart.

But neither a natural inhumanity, nor revenge itself, were the sole feelings gratified by this sentence. That night, as Madame De Mark sat alone, she rubbed her withered hands together with a chuckling laugh, and said to herself,

"I have 'em safe now. The child is dead. The girl, who put it out of the way, is in a state's prison; and even when she gets out, her testimony won't be received in any court in this country, for convicts, by their English law, are not competent witnesses, ha! ha! And this Catharine," she added, with sudden bitterness, "she's dead, no doubt, by this time. People soon die, in New York," she added, with cold-blooded ferocity, "if they are starving and delicate. And even if she's alive yet, she's had to get her living, no doubt of it, in a way that will disgrace her forever." She rubbed her hands again with savage glee, and her eyes fairly emitted light in the darkness. "To boast she had married my son! I'll teach 'em all to cross my path. I'll teach 'em. I'll teach 'em."

Mumbling this, she went about her room, preparatory to retiring, in order to see again that

all the fastenings were safe. Nor was her sleep, that night, broken by remorseful dreams, as might have been supposed. God's time had not come yet; if, indeed; it was to come in this world. But that it would come, some day, who can doubt, for hath not Holy Writ declared "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay."

## CHAPTER X.

WHEN the members of the board had all assembled, Catharine was again subjected to the ordeal of an examination. This repetition of what seemed to her an uncalled for curiosity was almost more than she could endure; and if it had not been for the kind Methodist, Mrs. Barr, who continually interfered in her behalf, she would, more than once, have broken down in a passion of tears.

"You can retire, now, to the adjoining room," said the Lady Philanthropist, at last. "Meantime, we will take your case into consideration. But," she added, looking around on her fellow members, "it is not clear to me, by any means, that you are a deserving object of our charity. You appear to have a thoroughly hard and ungrateful heart, and to want that penitence so becoming in one who has sinned so greatly."

Poor Catharine! When she found herself alone, she could no longer restrain herself, but sobbed till the chair on which she sat shook under her.

"Oh! if I could find anything to do—anywhere—no matter with whom," she cried, in broken accents, "I would leave this cruel place this moment." And she took her hands from her eyes, and looked around, half rising, as if about to go. "But no! no!" she said, sitting down once more, and burying her face again. "I cannot be a burden on those poor little people any longer. I must stay away, even if I starve. I must put up with any indignity. Oh George, George," she continued, "could you but know what I have suffered."

The hum of voices, in the adjoining room, occasionally increased to almost an altercation. But Catharine, absorbed by grief, did not notice this. She remained, silently sobbing, for quite half an hour, when her attention was suddenly aroused by a hand laid upon her shoulder.

She looked up. The kind Methodist lady who had interceded for her, stood before her. Ignorant as Catharine was that Mary Margaret had met this good woman in the hall, yet, on her motherly face, the plain, unpretending manner, and those words of benevolent intercession,

impressed the forlorn girl, that, if she had a friend in the world besides the humble Irish nurse, that friend was now before her. She looked up, with an attempt at a smile, therefore; but it was such a faint, sickly smile, that her visitor's heart ached to see it.

"My poor child!" said the old lady.

The tears gushed to Catharine's eyes. There was sympathy, and the promise of aid, in the very tones. Long had it been since she had seen so kind a countenance, or heard such soothing language, except from the untutored Mary Margaret,

"My name is Mrs. Barr," said the lady, after a pause. "I am disposed to be your friend. Would you like to go and live with me?"

Catharine's face lighted up, as if she had been transfigured. Emotion prevented her, at first, from speaking. But she grasped the hand, held out to her, between both of her own; and almost devoured it with kisses, sobbing outright as she did this.

"There, there," said Mrs. Barr, with tears in her own eyes, "I am but a poor, human creature; and not worthy of such gratitude. Nor is it much I can do for you, either, my child. I am not blessed with a superfluity of this world's goods. But what I have, that you shall share, at least till we can look about for something better."

"God will repay you, dear madam," said Catharine, solemnly. Then she added, inquiringly, "I am not to be helped by the society."

"No, my dear."

"I am so thankful."

Mrs. Barr shook her head.

"My child," she said, "it is natural for you to speak so, but I fear it is wrong nevertheless. My colleagues mean well, at least I hope so," she added, quickly, "but experience has made them suspicious, for they are continually being deceived. Some of them, I fear, have no tact in reading character," she added, soothingly, "and judge every one to be an impostor till their innocence is proved. Such, however, is not my way. Our Saviour, when on earth, taught us infinite charity. I like your face, too. I believe you innocent." Oh! what a look of thankfulness Catharine gave her at these words. "So let us dismiss this subject now, and forever. I can't bring the members to think as I do; for the lady you first saw is prejudiced against you, and has filled the others with her suspicions; but as I have taken an interest in you, you shall not suffer. Come home with me. I have some sewing I want done, and when that is finished, God, perhaps, will find an opening for you, if we trust in Him. Shall it be so, my dear?"

If there were only more such people, in this world, as that good Methodist woman, how many poor creatures, almost driven to despair, might be made happy. Catharine said this to herself, again and again, as she followed Mrs. Barr home. It was not an elegant residence, scarcely even what would be called a comfortable one, but it was clean and tidy, cheerful and neat; and Catharine felt that she had found a haven, at least for the present, and for the future she trusted in God, as good Mrs. Barr had so hopefully bade her do.

"This is the only apartment I have to give you," said that lady, as she ushered Catharine into an attic, freshly white-washed, with a bed of spotless snow in one corner, "but it has the advantage of having no other occupant. I keep but one servant, who sleeps in the adjoining attic; she is a middle-aged, kind-hearted woman, who will never interfere with, and may often be of assistance to you. To-day shall be a holiday for you, as you look worn out; so we will put off work till to-morrow. You may either rest here, or go to see your friend, whom I met in the hall; perhaps it would ease her mind to know you were cared for, at least for a time."

Catharine felt as if a new world was opened to her. It was not only that the fear of actual starvation was past, but that the motherly manner of Mrs. Barr had restored faith and hope to her heart, both of which had been nearly shipwrecked. Would we could all recollect, that, in bestowing charity, words of kind encouragement often go further than our alms even; for while the latter only relieve present necessities, the former restore new energy to the fainting wayfarer on life's stony highway.

So completely exhausted were Catharine's physical powers, that when Mrs. Barr had left her, she sank down helplessly on the bed. She intended, however, to rest a little while only, a half an hour or so, and then to set forth for Mary Margaret's. But almost immediately she sank into a deep sleep, which lasted for nearly three hours; and when this was over, she found, on going down stairs, that the hour for dinner had come. The meal being over, she started, at last, for the humble dwelling of the Irish nurse.

"Shure, and you look like another craythur, darlint," were Mary Margaret's words, before Catharine could speak. "They did the dacent thing for ye, at last, thin, the saints bless them for that same! But come in and see the childer'. The poor baby, would ye believe it, has pined for ye, all day."

When Catharine came to tell her story in full, Mary Margaret broke out into an eloquent

invective against the society, but especially against the Lady Philanthropist. Catharine, however, checked her, repeating what Mrs Barr had said.

"Well, well, darlint," was the reply, "she's a good woman, shure she is; and may the sun always shine about her steps. So we'll say nothing, for her sake, consarnin' the others—the decateful, hypocritical—well, well, I've stopped, intirely."

The happiness of Catharine was complete when she held the strange infant again in her arms. As she looked down on its innocent face, the old yearning toward it returned to her. She thought of the one she had lost, and said to herself, "Oh! if I could but keep this." But immediately she added, "Yet why do I thus repine? God has been infinitely good to me. Let me accept the blessings He has sent, and not be so

ungrateful as to wish for more. He knows, better than I do, whether it was best for my dear infant to return to Him, or stay here, perhaps to grow up to even a worse fate than mine: and His will, therefore be done. But I must go now, baby, for it's a long walk back. I'll come to see you all," she added, "whenever I can; and always on Sunday, remember that."

Thus it was that Catharine, deserted by her husband, persecuted by his family, and cast off by her own connexions, found a home with one who was a stranger to her, and a solace in the infant of some nameless mother, who had died at Bellevue. In this haven, temporarily secure from the storms of life, and as happy as one in her desolate situation could be, we leave, for the present, her whom we have so long known as THE BOUND GIRL.

THE END.

## THEY SPOKE IN WHISPERS.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

They spoke in whispers: it was not

Because a crowd was nigh,  
For all alone they breathed each thought  
Beneath a moon-lit sky.  
Nature seemed conscious of the flame  
That in their bosoms slept;  
And, filled with pity for the same,  
A holy silence kept.

They spoke in whispers: not because  
They feared the birds might hear;  
Or that the murmuring breeze might pause  
And bend a listening ear.  
Not that they deemed the slumbering flowers  
Might open to their view,  
And for their grief in after hours  
Shed pearly drops of dew.

They spoke in whispers: Love had made  
A dwelling of each breast  
For long, long years, and each had prayed  
Its growth might be suppressed.  
But dashing Reason's reins aside  
With mountain strength it rose;  
And, like a conquering brave, defied  
Whatever might oppose.

They spoke in whispers: they had learned  
That they must dwell apart;  
And he had fondly, wildly yearned  
To clasp her to his heart.  
Then was it strange that last good-bye  
Was breathed in whispered tone?  
Or that they crushed the rising sigh,  
E'en though they were alone?

They spoke in whispers: marked by care

The upturned face, that lay  
Upon his breast, as lily fair  
Rests on the lap of May.  
Pride had been banished by the woe  
That wrung her very soul,  
And love, in triumph, kept a frow  
That would not brook control.

They spoke in whispers: strong arms twined  
That fragile form around;  
Their warm lips met—joy undefined  
Life's silken thread unbound.  
The casket of its jewel left  
Upon his bosom lay:  
'Twas all those guardian angels left  
Who bore their prey away.

He spoke in whispers: fondly strove  
His treasure to recall;  
Deep, tender, earnest words of love  
Flowed at affection's call.  
But all was vain—as blossoms moist  
Fade 'neath the sun's warm kiss,  
Her young head drooped, and life was  
In overwhelming bliss.

She speaks in whispers: from on high  
Her spirit wanders down;  
And her low tones, when hovering high  
All earthly whispers drown.  
An old man now he sits alone  
With dim eyes fixed above,  
Hoping when life's few sands are run  
To join his early love.

**WATCHMAN.**  
A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

BY MAYBERRY BROTHERS.

ACT I.—WATCH—

*Dramatis Personæ.*—SAILOR.—JEW.

SCENE—A street in Portsmouth—or supposed to be there.

ENTER a Jew, dressed in an old silk gown, and wearing a long beard of tobacco. He carries, fastened round his neck, and hanging before him, a work-box jewel-case. He looks about in all directions to see if any one is coming, and at last pointing to the door, rubs his hands and laughs, to imitate that he sees a customer.

Enter a SAILOR, smoking, and walking rather unsteadily. Sticking out of his pocket is seen



the neck of a black bottle. The Jew, bowing and smiling, advances to him, and lifting the lid of his box, invites him to examine his jewels. The Sailor consents, and the Jew first shows him a ring, then a brooch, and at last a chain, each time lifting up his hands and looking to the ceiling in admiration of the beauty of his articles.



The Sailor disdainfully waves them from him, and, drawing his bottle, drinks. He then hands the liquor to the Jew, who wipes the neck, and throwing his head back, drinks until the Sailor snatches the bottle from him. The Jew smacks

his lips with gusto, and taking from his box a huge watch and seals, and holding it up before the Sailor, laughs knowingly. The Tar is surprised with the beauty of the watch, and taking it, examines it closely, looking at himself in its bright back. He offers the Jew money, which he indignantly refuses. To tempt him he puts the watch in the Sailor's waistcoat pocket, and falls back in admiration of the gentlemanly appearance it gives him. He holds up four fingers as the lowest price he can take.

The Sailor draws his handkerchief, and untying a knot at the end, offers him three brass card-counters. The Jew still refuses, and demands, in energetic action, to have his watch back again. The Sailor gazes on it, and at last pulling off his coat, tenders it with the three brass counters, as the purchase money. The Jew examines the coat closely, and then refuses, and the Sailor offers his waistcoat in addition.



The Jew is moved by the earnestness of the Tar, and consents, shaking his head and throwing up his hands, to prove that he "loshish monish" by the transaction.

Exit the Sailor, dancing, and looking at himself in the bright watch-case.

The Jew smiles, and, picking up the jacket and waistcoat, exit winking.

ACT II.—MAN.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—YOUNG MAN.—SCHOOLMISTRESS.—YOUNG LADY, (in love with Young Man.)—SCHOLARS.—SERVANTS.—DOG.

SCENE—The garden round the house of Schoolmistress. Over the door is a placard written, "SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES."

ENTER YOUNG MAN, walking very cautiously. He wears beautiful curly mustachios, and his body is concealed in a huge cloak. He, by

pressing his bosom, and pointing to the placard, expresses his great devotion for somebody. (The clock strikes nine.)

The Young Man, picking up an imaginary stone, throws it gently against the door, and then hides himself. Nobody comes, and he repeats the signal.

Enter YOUNG LADY hurriedly, with her hair in papers, and a night-cap on, to imitate that it is the Scholar's bed-time. She rushes toward



Young Man, and wringing her hands, entreats him to be gone. He kneels at her feet, and swears by the ceiling to love her. She weeps, and, tearing herself away, exit rapidly.

The Dog begins barking violently, and several



screams are heard inside the academy. The Young Man is alarmed, and hides himself. The

Dog continues barking until the door is opened, when he rushes out, and bounding to the Young Man's hiding-place, slides backward and forward before him, barking loudly.

Enter SCHOOLMISTRESS, bearing a placard written, "THERE IS A MAN IN THE HOUSE, A MAN IN THE HOUSE," which she waves energetically before her timid Scholars, who, trembling, follow her. They are all as white as flour, have their hair in papers, and wear night-caps. The Mistress points to her Dog, and orders her Scholars to advance. They all scream and shrink back.

Enter SERVANTS, armed with the spit and brooms. They are ordered by the Scholars and Mistress to rush forward, but they only tremble and stand still. The Mistress drawing another placard written, "THIS DAY MONTH," holds it before the Servants.

The Young Man suddenly rises, and opening his cloak with his extended arms, discovers himself. Several of the Scholars scream and faint away, whilst the Mistress and Servants fall almost powerless against the wall. He advances to them, when a piercing scream is heard, and

Enter Young Lady, with her hair down her



back to denote her agony. She rushes forward and stands before the Young Man to protect him with her life. The Schoolmistress looks disgusted, and the Scholars revive rapidly. The Young Man, pointing to his Love, declares to the Schoolmistress his admiration for her pupils, looking blandly on the ceiling, and pressing his waistcoat. He kneels to the Old Lady, and

holding up his clasped hands, implores her to forgive the Young Lady. She refuses, and orders the weeping girl to enter the house, shaking her finger at her violently.

*Exeunt omnes*, when the bolts and bars are heard clanging within.

The Young Man, striking his forehead, rushes forth madly.



### ACT III.—WATCHMAN.

*Dramatis Personæ.*—GAY YOUNG NOBLEMEN.—WATCHMEN.—OLD LADY.

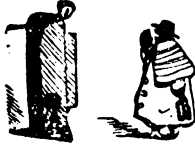
SCENE—A Street in Philadelphia, in 1780, if possible. Against the wall the sofa standing up lengthways for a watch-box, and on the door a flat-iron for knocker.

ENTER WATCHMAN in ranks, all in great-coats of dressing and flannel gowns, and with comforters and handkerchiefs round their mouths. Each one has a bed-room candlestick for lantern,

and carries a rattle, or something very like one. One of them is left at the watch-box, and

*Exeunt* other Watchmen as the clock strikes twelve.

The Watchman immediately commences his rounds, with his hand by the side of his open



mouth, as if crying the hour. After a time he enters his box, and sitting down, goes fast asleep.

Enter GAY YOUNG NOBLEMEN, with stars in their breasts, and all wearing mustachios, and carrying short sticks. One of them advances



cautiously to the watch-box and peeps in; then beckoning his companions, they advance, and having blown out the candlestick lantern, laugh and point to sleeping Man, slapping their thighs

with delight. Then going to the door, they, with their short sticks wrench off the flat-iron knocker, each one helping the other to pull.

Screams OLD LADY within the house.

The Watchman rubs his eyes and yawns, when the Gay Young Noblemen rushing to the sofa box, pull it down and cover the man with it. A rattle is heard without.

Enter Watchmen with drawn staves. They rush upon Gay Young Noblemen, who doubling their fists, throw themselves into boxing attitudes, and dance round the Watchmen. They fight, the Noblemen knocking down the Watchmen repeatedly. At last all the Men are thrown on the ground. The Noblemen then burst out laughing once more. They hold their sides, and roll about with their mirth. When they have recovered themselves they pick up the Watchmen, and giving them money, dismiss them. Lifting up the sentry box, they release the other Man, who is no sooner on his legs than he runs off as fast as he can. The Noblemen once more burst into a fit of laughter, and waving the wrenched off knocker in the air, *exeunt* dancing and laughing.



JERUSALEM.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Joy reigned in thy valley,  
Proud city of old,  
And glittered thy turrets  
And temples with gold;  
The notes of the sackbut  
By Jordan were heard,  
As clear as the carol  
Of some happy bird.  
Jerusalem, glad Jerusalem!

Thy temples no longer  
Triumphantly rise,  
And much of thy grandeur,  
In ruin now lies;  
Thy palaces, temples,  
Are stripped of each shrinc.  
"For corn thou hast ashes,  
And water for wine."  
Jerusalem, sad Jerusalem!

Once feasting and gladness  
Were known in thy mart,  
And joy was in silence  
Pervading each heart.  
The wealth of the city  
All others defied,  
Thy pomp and thy splendor  
Were Palestine's pride.  
Jerusalem, glad Jerusalem!

Thy pomp and thy glory,  
Like day-dreams have fled,  
And moss has long covered  
The tombs of thy dead;  
Thy sinfulness rendered  
Thee justly abhorred,  
And just was the vengeance  
On thee from the Lord.  
Jerusalem, sad Jerusalem!

## ON THE HARMONY OF COLORS IN DRESS.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

WHILE an educated age is required to appreciate beauty of form, colors possess a charm for all who enjoy the blessing of sight. Nations the most refined, and the most barbarous are alike sensible to the influence of colors. There is, however, a difference between these widely-removed classes of the human race in their enjoyment of colors. The first has learned to view them in connexion with others, and as subject to universal laws of harmony; the latter feel a positive pleasure in the mere contemplation of colors, totally irrespective of the harmony or discord which may subsist among them. The existence of the laws of harmonious coloring are not even dreamt of, in the philosophy of many of those who consider themselves included in the educated classes. They have yet to learn that discord among colors is as painful to the eye of taste, as discord in music to a tuneful ear. The beauty of a color may, in association with others, be heightened or even absolutely destroyed, and what perhaps may come more directly home to our readers, the adoption of certain colors in their dress, either alone or in combination with others, may have a powerful operation for good or ill, on the beauty of their own person. Were this thoroughly understood, we should not hear so much as we do of "fashionable colors," which, like the bed of Procrustes, are compelled to suit every one. There is an innate taste in some persons, which induces them to select always those colors which are not only harmonious among themselves, but suitable to the complexion. This refined taste, however, is far from being general. Errors of the opposite side are more common. A few examples may help to explain our meaning. We have recently met some ladies in orange-colored dresses. Now, orange is the most exciting of all colors to the eye, and that which makes the most vivid impression on it; consequently, the attention of the spectator is immediately attracted to the color of the dress, which totally eclipses the wearer. If worn near the skin, orange-color will have the effect of injuring the complexion, to which it imparts a bluish or leaden-colored tinge; for there is a natural disposition in the eye to tint surrounding substances with the complimentary of the prevailing color. The

complimentary color of orange is blue, and this last color, when diffused over the complexion, imparts to it a leaden color. Orange-color is too powerful to be placed near the complexion at any time; and if used as a dress, it should be accompanied with a mantelet of very deep blue, of size sufficient to harmonize or *tone down* the glaring orange-color of the dress. A white collar should be worn next the skin, and if orange-colored flowers or ribbons *must* be worn in the bonnet, they should be small in quantity, and always contrasted with deep blue. In all cases a ruche of some thin material should be interposed between the colors and the face, and the effect will be still better if the wearer further separates them from the skin by a considerable quantity of hair. Even these precautions will not make orange-color harmonize with a pale face or with light hair. Bright and clear brunettes should alone venture to appear in orange-color, even when it is *toned down* in the manner described.

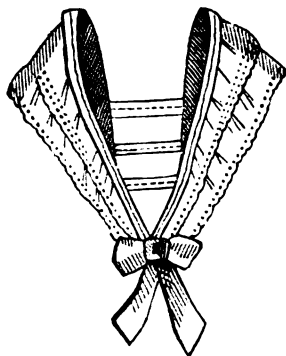
Another fashionable color, lately, was lilac—a pretty, cool color in itself, but when brought in contact with the skin, it is certain to diffuse over it a yellow hue; for yellow is the complimentary color to purple, and is not more favorable to beauty of complexion than leaden-color. Lilac may, however, be made to harmonize by the addition of either green or yellow. Green and lilac combine easily and agreeably, but yellow is more difficult, and a very small quantity is sufficient to balance a great quantity of lilac or pale purple. There is less difficulty if the lilac or purple be of considerable depth, and the yellow proportionately pale. But there is another difficulty attending the combination of purple and yellow: the purple may incline either to blue or red, according as the blue or the red of which it is composed predominates. If the blue prevail in the purple, the complimentary yellow should incline toward orange; if the red prevail, the yellow should incline toward green. A familiar instance of the harmony of purple and yellow occurs in the two varieties of a pretty spring flower—namely, the purple and the yellow primrose, which constitute a favorite ornament for the bonnet. It should, however, be recollected that no color

are to be placed in immediate contact with the skin. The ruche, now so fashionable inside the bonnet, is particularly becoming near the skin; its multitudinous folds have the effect of neutral grey, which improves the complexion, and the hair should also be suffered to intervene between the face and the colored ornaments of the head. From these observations the reader will perceive that the employment of colors in dress requires some judgment and discrimination.

## BRACES FOR LITTLE GIRL.

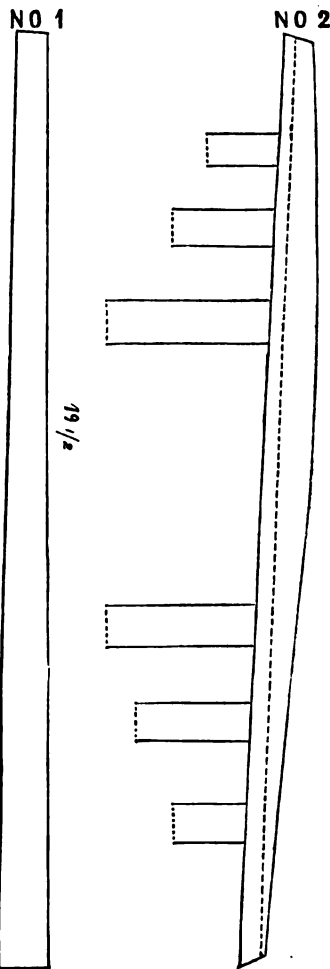
BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, in this department, "How to make one's Dress," the accompanying pattern for cutting and making embroidered braces for a little girl four or five years old. These braces are very fashionable just now, and certainly are as pretty a thing as a young miss can wear.



This little body is formed of insertions and two rows of embroidered muslin. The braces are connected by six cross-bands, three before and three behind. The bars are made of insertions lined with ribbon of the same color as the bows placed before and behind at the bottom of the braces. The length of the braces are given in inches, nineteen and a half.

During the past year, we have given patterns, in this department, for every article of dress, including cloaks, mantillas, basquines, dresses, corsets, frocks for little girls, jackets and trousers for boys, camasoles, &c., &c. We are always ready to furnish, in this department, patterns for any part of the dress, or for any fashionable novelty, on being addressed through the publisher.



## IMPROMPTU ON BORROWING "PETERSON."

To borrow a dress is sufficiently bad;  
A stocking is worse, if worse can be had;

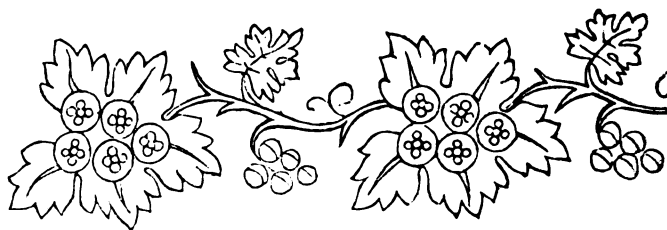
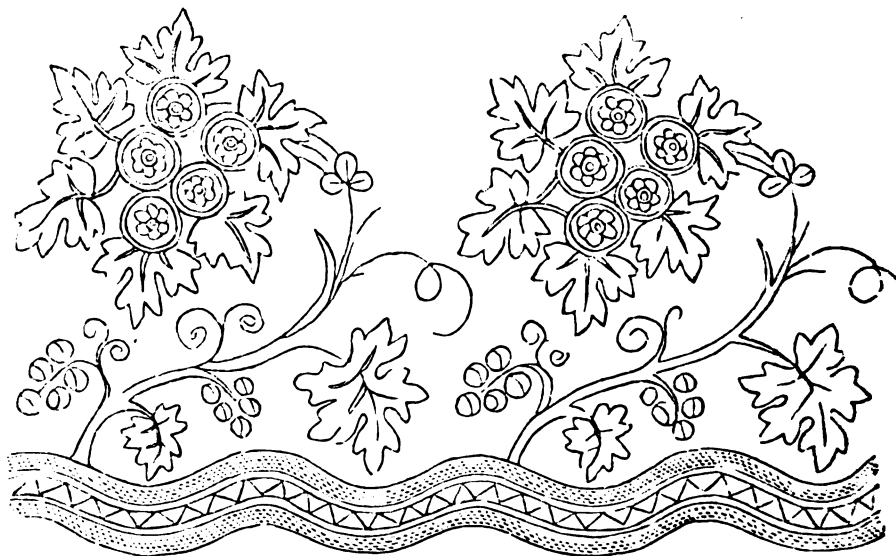
Then a bonnet and gloves, if lower you'd fall;  
But borrowing "Peterson" meaner than all.

J. W.



## SLEEVE PATTERN, WITH INSERTING TO MATCH.

BY MLLR. DEFOUR.



To be worked with English working cotton, No. 70. The border of the sleeve in French knot, and open herring-bone stitch; the ten-

drills in over-stitch; the leaves and stems in satin-stitch; and the bunches of grapes in eye-let-holes.

## VINE-LEAF D'OYLEY.

BY MRS. PULLAN.

**MATERIALS.**—English Crochet Cotton; one ounce and a half of light-green beads, No. 2; and half an ounce of a darker shade, which must be threaded on a separate reel. For pattern, see front of the number.

With the cotton on which the lightest beads

are threaded, make a chain of 4, close it into a round, and do two sc stitches in every stitch. Observe that all the D'oyley, except the border, is done in sc. Continue to work without beads, increasing eight stitches in every round, until there are forty-eight in the round. 1st pattern

round, x 1 ch, 3 cotton, 3 beads; x 8 times. 2nd, x 5 cotton, 1 ch, 2 beads; x 8 times. 3rd, x 1 bead, 4 cotton, 1 ch, 1 cotton, 2 beads; x 8 times. 4th, x 3 beads, 6 cotton, 1 bead; x 8 times. 5th, x 1 cotton, 4 beads, 1 cotton, 1 ch, 3 cotton, 1 bead; x 8 times. 6th, x 11 cotton, 1 bead; x 8 times. 7th, x 1 bead, 1 cotton, 1 ch, 3 cotton, 4 beads, 1 cotton, 2 beads; x 8 times. Join on the other beads also. 8th, x 2 beads, 4 cotton, 1 bead, 1 dark bead, 5 beads, 1 cotton; x 8 times. 9th, x 1 bead, 1 cotton, 2 beads, 1 cotton, 1 ch, 1 cotton, 6 beads, 1 cotton, 1 ch, 1 cotton; x 8 times. 10th, x 1 bead, 3 cotton, 1 bead, 3 cotton, 4 beads, 4 cotton; x 8 times. 11th, x 2 beads, 14 cotton, 1 ch; x 8 times. 12th, x 1 cotton, 1 bead, 4 cotton, 4 beads, 7 cotton, 1 ch; x 8 times. 13th, x 1 cotton, 2 beads, 3 cotton, 4 beads, 2 cotton 5 beads, 1 cotton; x 8 times. 14th, x 2 cotton, 2 beads, 1 cotton, 1 ch, 13 beads, 1 cotton; x 8 times. 15th, x 3 cotton, 2 beads, 1 cotton, 2 beads, 4 dark ditto, 6 beads, 1 cotton, 1 ch; x 8 times. 16th, x 5 cotton, 3 beads, 6 dark ditto, 3 beads, 5 cotton; x 8 times. 17th, x 5 cotton, 3 beads, 1 ch, 1 cotton, 4 dark beads, 6 beads, 3 cotton, 1 ch; x 8 times. 18th, x 3 cotton, 4

beads, 1 dark ditto, 2 cotton, 1 dark, bead, 10 beads, 3 cotton; x 8 times. 19th, x 2 cotton, 4 beads, 7 dark ditto, 7 beads, 4 cotton, 1 ch; x 8 times. 20th, x 1 cotton, 5 beads, 3 dark ditto, 1 bead, 4 dark ditto, 3 beads, 9 cotton; x 8 times. 21st, x 1 cotton, 5 beads on 5, 1 dark, 1 ch, 2 dark, 2 beads, 3 dark, 5 beads, 7 cotton; making one chain stitch in the course of them. 22nd, x 6 beads, 2 dark ditto, 13 beads, 6 cotton, making one chain; x 8 times, end of dark beads. 23rd, x 2 beads, 2 cotton, 19 beads, 5 cotton, making 1 ch; x 8 times. 24th, x 3 cotton, 1 ch, 9 beads, 1 cotton, 10 beads, 6 cotton; x 8 times. 25th, x 4 cotton, 4 beads, 1 cotton, 4 beads, 1 cotton, 8 beads, 8 cotton, making one chain; x 8 times. 26th, x 4 cotton, 3 beads, 3 cotton, 3 beads, 2 cotton 8 beads, 8 cotton; x 8 times. 27th, x 4 cotton, 3 beads, 3 cotton, 2 beads, 3 cotton, 3 beads, 1 cotton, 5 beads, 7 cotton; x 8 times. 28th, x 5 cotton, 1 bead, 10 cotton, 2 beads, 3 cotton, 8 beads, 7 cotton; x 8 times. Finish border as follows: 1 sc, 10 ch, miss 9; x repeat all round. 2nd, x 1 sc, 2 dc, 8 to, 2 dc, 1 sc; x under every loop of chain, dropping 1 bead on the sc, 2 on the dc, and 3 on each treble crochet.

CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

To be worked with fine English working cotton, say No. 100. The wheat-ears in satin-stitch and over-stitch; part of the large flower in

French knot; the rest in satin-stitch and over-stitch. For pattern see the front of the present number. M. D.

NEVER.

BY N. F. CARTER.

NEVER—never—fearful word  
 To the pilgrim faint and weary,  
 Whose heart-thoughts despair has stirred,  
 With its shadows dark and dreary,  
 Through which vainly e'er he tries  
 Some kind ray of hope to borrow,  
 But he sees life's radiant skies  
 In his manhood dreams of sorrow,  
 Never—never!

Hope was playing with a child,  
 And she saw full many a vision,  
 Which with angel beauty smiled,  
 Yet to bless with gifts elysian,  
 Dawning on her inmost heart,  
 Till with gleeful joy it bounded;  
 Formed they of her life a part?  
 Said she with life's cares surrounded,  
 "Never—never!"

Like the spirit's funeral knell,  
 Comes it to the sinner dying,  
 As he sees all is not well,  
 On a mortal arm relying,  
 Without God—no hope of Heaven,  
 As he feels his earthly languish!  
 Can no soothing balm be given?  
 He can only shriek in anguish,  
 "Never—never!"

Thus it is with earthly dreams;  
 Thus it is with hopes we borrow;  
 For the blissful real seems  
 None the nearer on the morrow!  
 Never—never! let it be  
 All the burden of life's story!  
 Heaven is o'er the swelling sea,  
 And the sainted leave its glory,  
 Never—never!

## DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING VERBENA, LAURESTENA, ETC.\*

BY MRS. A. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.



**MATERIALS.**—For scarlet Verbenas white pips or stamens, white Verbenas green pips, silver, pink and variegated, do. yellow pips: Forget-me-nots very fine yellow pips: Heliotrope and Laurestena fine green: all the varieties of small flowers can be obtained ready stamped.

Cut the bunch of pips in half: then pierce a hole through the centre of each flower with the point of the pincers, put a pip through each one, touching it with thick gum arabic to keep it in its place. Bunch them in clusters of twelve by twisting a small piece of thin wire around the lower part of the stems, leaving the wire long enough to form the main stem: avoid the use of wax as much as possible. When a large cluster of Verbenas are wanted, several small bunches may be grouped together, which will give a more

natural and elegant effect than if they were all grouped in one bunch. Laurestenas, Heliotrope and Forget-me-nots, are all made in the same manner as the Verbena: though the latter is arranged in bunches instead of clusters.

**\* MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER FLOWERS.**—Tissue paper of various colors, carmine paper for pinks, dahlias, and red roses, variegated for Japonicas, pinks, &c., wire, wax, gum arabic, stamens, pips, green leaves, calyx, sprays, cups, for roses and buds, all the small flowers, being of sixty varieties, can be obtained ready stamped of Mrs. A. M. Hollingsworth's Fancy Store, No. 31 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. *Orders by mail punctually attended to.* A box, with materials for a large bouquet or basket, sent, by mail, on receipt of one dollar, post-paid.

## EMBROIDERED EDGE FOR SKIRT.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

To be worked with coarse English working cotton, say No. 20; in button-hole stitch and satin-stitch; the centre of the flowers in open eyelet-holes. The cotton, however, must be regulated by the fineness of the skirt.

A few words as to the best method of trans-

ferring patterns, which are to be embroidered on washing materials. Scrape some red and blue chalk, or even charcoal; brush it lightly over a sheet of thin tissue paper, shake off the loose grains; lay the chalked side of the paper on the muslin, and over it the pattern, which

**"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR."**—This was, in the days of our childhood, the apologetic refrain for an extra allowance of frolic and indulgence at that festive season, and the veracity of the saying cannot be questioned; but we are reminded by such festivals—and especially by this—the greatest of them, of the rapid flight of Time:

"Our time consumes like smoke, and posts away;  
Nor can we treasure up a month or day.  
The sand within the transitory glass  
Doth haste, and so our silent minutes pass."

Doubtless some of our readers are already counting the days when Christmas, with his plenty-beaming countenance ushered with the merry sound of bells, and the joyous throbbings of young hearts, will smile upon their homes, greeted with a joyous welcome by all. We are reminded of a verse in the German *Kinderlied*, or *Child's Song*, which says:

"Now Christmas is come, and father is home,  
With a pegtop for Tommy, a doll's house for Sue;  
A new bag of marbles for Dick; and for Joan  
A workbox; for Phœbe a bow for her shoe;  
For Cecily, singing, a humming-top comes;  
For dull, drowsy Mary a sleeping top meet;  
For Ben, Ned, and Harry, a fife and two drums;  
For Jenny a box of nice sugar-plums sweet."

We have also our present for this glad season. Despite the various occupations of the passing moments, we have not forgotten that our readers have claims upon our pages, especially at this period of the year, which it is a pleasure to acknowledge. Accordingly, we give them a superior number. Yet we shall send a finer one out for January to all who will allow us to wish them a **HAPPY NEW YEAR**.

**BYRAM'S BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**—J. H. Byram, has issued, in a large imperial quarto, an elegantly illustrated business directory of Philadelphia for 1856. All the principal merchants, dealers, &c., are advertised in it. The volume does great credit to the artistic taste and mechanical skill of Mr. Byram. We are glad to see that Mr. B. designs publishing a similar directory every year.

**MORE READING.**—No three dollar Magazine, which publishes the steel plates, gives more than twelve hundred pages of reading annually. "*Peter's*" at two dollars, has contained over eight hundred this year, and will contain more in 1856. It gives more reading, therefore, in proportion to its price—to say nothing of its superior quality—than any periodical of similar character.

**A SEQUEL TO "THE BOUND GIRL."**—In our next volume, will appear a sequel to "*The Bound Girl*," in which the fortunes of the heroine will be further developed.

**NEW BOOKS.**—Several new books, which were not received in time to be read, this month, will be noticed in the January number.

**OUR TITLE-PAGE.**—Can anything be more beautiful than the title-page for 1855, given in the present number?

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Old Homestead.* By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—Our declaration that this novel would surpass even "*Fashion and Famine*" in merit has been fully realized. Mrs. Stephens has been our coadjutor in editing this Magazine so long however, and we have had so many proofs consequently of her great intellectual ability, that we deserve no credit for the prediction. Everybody concedes her unrivalled power in the delineation of high-wrought passion. But, except a few scenes in which Mrs. Gray, the market-woman, figures, "*Fashion and Famine*" gave no evidence of that keen appreciation of humor, which we know her to possess. No one, however, can read "*The Old Homestead*," without acknowledging that she excels as much in the comic as in the tragic; and that sunshine and shade are most dexterously alternated in her present fiction. Her delineation of character also is more masterly in this than in her former novel. There is little, in this line, in "*Fashion and Famine*," to compare with Salina, Uncle Nathan, Judge Sharp, or even Mrs. Farnham, all of whom are equally life-like in their way, and the two first of whom are originals of the very first class. To discriminate between different parts of a novel, so excellent throughout, is almost impossible; but we may instance the story of Anna, and the death of Isabel's father as particularly powerful scenes. For a quiet, home-picture, Mrs. Chester, waiting for her husband, in the opening chapters of the book, is beautifully done. The dance at Uncle Nathan's, and especially Salina's manoeuvre for a kiss, are as readily told as anything we have ever read. The scene at the hospital, where the convict-nurses go from couch to couch, stealing the wine and brandy which had been ordered for the patients, would be almost too horrible, if we did not know it to be a narrative of an actual occurrence. The same remark might be made of the orgie which follows, and of the burial of the dead in the Alms-House trench, scenes which fairly make the blood run cold, but which the interests of humanity required should be depicted. Yet, even in these terrible scenes, the presence of sweet Mary Fuller, that angel of a child, gives a solace to the heart. This exquisite character is, indeed, the crowning beauty of the book. In conclusion, we think it right to state, that the latter half of the novel appeared in this Magazine for 1854. But the first half, and not the least interesting, is entirely new to us. We have no doubt that thousands of our readers, who first took an interest in Mary Fuller, when she was delivered to the charge of Uncle Nathan's sister, will embrace this opportunity to trace the fortunes of her earlier life. The volume is very neatly printed, and would adorn any library.

*The Exhibition Speaker, and Gymnastic Book. With Sixty Illustrations.* By P. A. Fitzgerald. 1 vol. Rochester: D. M. Dewey. New York: Sheldon, Lamport & Blakeman.—This work is designed primarily for school exhibitions, but will be found equally useful for families with children. It not only contains a capital treatise on elocution and oratory, but gives farces, dialogues, plays, and tableaux, with exercises for declamation, in prose and verse, and a system of gymnastic and calisthenic exercises. A work like this has been long demanded; and the public, therefore, is highly indebted to Mr. Dewey. The wit and humor which the dialogues and farces display; the very superior character of the gymnastic and calisthenic exercises; and the popplicity of the instructions for exoelling in oratory cannot be surpassed, so that the book must not only become, but remain, a standard one. We hope to see "The Exhibition Speaker" introduced into every school in the land. It is sold for the low price of seventy-five cents.

*Private Life of An Eastern King.* 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—The author of this entertaining book resided, for several years, at the court of Oude, where he enjoyed the most confidential relations with his late majesty, Nasir-u-deen. The volume opens to us an entirely new world, nothing of the kind, that we remember, having been heretofore printed. Its descriptions of the court ladies, the royal nautch-girls, the dresses of the hareem favorites, and the general customs of Moslems and Hindoos of the highest rank, are novel, and, we doubt not, are accurate. The tiger and elephant fights, which are part of the pomp of an Eastern court, are depicted with such vividness, that one almost sees the cat-like tiger, creeping around the enclosure to assail his enemy, or the enraged elephant, treading the life out of the fallen mahout. The social and moral corruption of the court and government of Oude would appear, from these pages, to be of the worst character.

*Curse of Clifton.* By E. D. N. Southworth. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a handsome duodecimo edition of one of the most thrilling of Mrs. Southworth's novels. It is a book difficult to lay down, after one has taken it up, so engrossing is the story. With serious faults of style, and a deficiency in variety of character, Mrs. S., nevertheless, is so fertile in invention, and has such a thorough knowledge of Virginia life, where her novels are generally laid, that she is at the very head of our popular novelists. If exaggeration is her vice, power is her merit, so that we do not wonder at her popularity.

*The Japan Expedition.* By J. W. Spalding. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—The best account of the Japan Expedition which has yet been published. The author visited Japan three several times, as one of the officers of the Mississippi. The volume is full of interesting matter in relation to Madeira, China and other places, besides Japan. Many excellent tinted illustrations adorn the work.

*The Works of Virgil, literally translated into English Prose, with Notes,* by Davidson. A new edition, revised, with additional notes, by T. A. Buckley, of Christ Church. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a highly successful attempt to adopt a good, old book to the present state of Latin scholarship and the exigencies of the student. It is now the best literal translation of Virgil into our mother tongue.

*The Works of Horace, translated literally into English Prose,* by C. Smart. A new edition, revised, with a copious selection of Notes, by T. A. Buckley, of Christ Church. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A work, similar in character, to Davidson's revised Virgil. In looking over both of these volumes, we are struck with the advances, in Latin scholarship, which has been made even since we were boys.

*The Discarded Daughter.* By Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a more pleasing fiction to us than "The Curse of Clifton," already noticed, for it is quite as absorbing, and violates good taste less frequently. It will be a general favorite. The publisher has issued it in a handsome duodecimo volume.

*Calderon.* By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We believe this is the first time "Calderon" has been republished in the United States. It originally appeared, in London, superbly illustrated. The story is one of Spanish history, and told with great power. Price twelve and a half cents.

*A Basket of Chips.* By John Brougham. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—Whoever wishes a hearty laugh should buy and read this book, which really runs over with fun. The publishers have issued it in a very creditable manner.

*A Wife's Story.* From Household Words. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A very superior tale, published in cheap style, price twelve and a half cents.

#### PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

*To let a person choose several numbers out of a Bag, and to tell him what numbers will exactly divide the sum of those he has chosen.*—You produce a bag of tickets, and draw out a handful to show the company, which you put into the bag again. You then desire any one to take out as many tickets as he thinks proper. This done, you desire him to take out only one ticket, and this proves the number by which the amount of all the other numbers he has chosen is divisible.

*Explanation.*—Provide a small bag divided into two parts, into one of which put several tickets, numbered 6, 9, 15, 36, 63, 120, 213, 309, &c., and in the other part, put as many other tickets marked with the number 3 only. Draw a handful of tickets from the first part, and after showing them to the company, put them into the bag again, and having

opened it a second time, desire any one to take out as many tickets as he thinks proper. When he has done this, you open privately the other part of the bag, and tell him to take out of it one ticket only. You may then safely pronounce that the ticket shall contain the number by which the amount of the other number is divisible; for as each of these numbers can be divided by 3, their sum must evidently be divisible by that number.

N. B.—An ingenious mind may easily diversify this trick by marking the tickets in one part of the bag with any numbers which are divisible by 9 only; the properties of both 9 and 3 being the same; and it should never be shown to the same company twice without being varied.

*Musical Magnetism.*—One of the party is sent out of the room, and some article of furniture in the room is fixed upon, which the person sent out is to guess, on returning to the rest of the party. Another, who knows the secret, then sits down to the piano, and plays loud whenever the person who is to guess approaches the article fixed upon, and softer when he recedes from it; till at last, when the article fixed upon is touched, the music finishes with a burst of triumph as loud as possible. This game, if well managed, is very amusing; as it is very droll, to those who are in the secret, to see the perplexity of the unfortunate guesser, who is rather bewildered than assisted by the music. It also affords considerable scope for ingenuity on the part of the musician, who should vary the strain from a melancholy to a joyous tune, or the reverse, according to circumstances.

#### THE NURSERY, SICK, ETC.

*LOTION FOR BOILS.*—Carbonate ammonia, one drachm; acetate of lead, one drachm; camphor mixture, one pint; to be frequently applied by saturating a rag with the lotion, and laying it on the boil, keeping it thus constantly wet. It is better (but not necessary) to take the following mixture also: Mix carbonate of ammonia, six grains; distilled water, ten drachms; syrup of orange peel, one drachm. To make a draught to be taken twice in the day. The above quantity is for four draughts.

*PILLS FOR INDIGESTION.*—Calomel and oxysulphuret of antimony, of each 20 grains; powdered gum guaiacum, 40 grains; Castile soap, q. s. (about 25 grains;) beat into a mass, and divide into 20 pills. Dose, one or two, night and morning, occasionally. Also take more exercise, and eat often, but very little at a time.

*AN EXCELLENT TONIC.*—Pour one pint of boiling water on the whole dandelion plant, root and leaf, covering it up till cold, and drinking a teacupful every morning and evening. To the pint of water add as many dandelion plants as can be tightly pressed down into a pint measure.

*FOR A SPRAIN.*—Put the white of an egg in a saucer, and beat it up with a lump of alum till it becomes a curd, then rub the sprain with it.

*LIP SALVE.*—One ounce of white wax, two ounces of hog's lard; 1s. worth of the Balsam of Peru; a few raisins shred very fine, and as much alkanet root as will color it. Dissolve all in a pipkin on the fire before you add the alkanet root; then strain it through muslin and put it into boxes for use.

*FOR THE CROUP.*—Fold a towel, dip it in cold water, and apply it to his throat and breast. Then fold a sheet to the proper size, wet it, and wrap a blanket over that. It will generally effect a cure. If not, it will check the disease, till a physician can arrive.

*CHILDREN'S CURLS.*—If the hair be soft and fine try brushing it with a brush dipped slightly in spirits of hartshorne; or melt a bit of white wax the size of a nut kernel in an ounce of olive oil, and dress the hair in curls with it.

*FOR CHAPPED LIPS, OR TO PREVENT THEIR SPLITTING IN COLD WEATHER.*—Cut a lemon in two, and rub on the lips frequently, particularly before exposure to the outer air.

#### SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

*Method of obtaining flowers of different colors on the same stem.*—Split a small twig of the elder bush lengthways, and having scooped out the pith, fill each of the compartments with seeds of flowers of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould, and then, tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot filled with earth properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be so incorporated as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.

*Explanation.*—A box must be made for this purpose, with three or four covers ingeniously wrought, and the inside ones of different colors. After the ball is exhibited by a secret spring, you attach one of the covers to the ball which renders it of a different color; in like manner another, and so on till all the secret covers are disposed of. These covers, which serve as shells for the ball, must be manufactured very thin, ingeniously turned, and nicely fitted for the purpose.

*To make a ball change colors.*—You open a box, and show the company a ball of ivory, which fits into it; then you put the ball into the box, and the cover on. You then take the cover off, and the ball. You put the cover on, and when you show the ball again, it is black, &c.

#### USEFUL RECEIPTS.

*To Wash Dresses* of printed muslin, so as to preserve the colors, whether the pattern be printed in black or in variegated hues. The dress should be washed in lather, and not by applying the soap in the usual way, direct upon the muslin. Make a lather by boiling some soap and water together; let

it stand until it is sufficiently cool for use, and previously to putting the dress into it, throw in a handful of salt. Rinse the dress (without wringing it) in clear cold water into which a little salt has been thrown; remove it and rinse it in a fresh supply of clear water and salt. Then wring the dress in a cloth and hang it to dry immediately, spreading it as open as possible, so as to prevent one part lying over another. Should there be any white in the pattern mix a little blue in the water.

*Delicious Cutlet.*—First take your cutlet and beat it well with the flat side of the cleaver, or with a rolling-pin; beat it for at least five minutes; then having thrown a quantity of butter, eggs, and flour, into a frying-pan, when the mixture is hissing hot, fling your cutlet in, and there let it stew. The mixture penetrates to the core, and is imbibed in every part, and when the dish is laid steaming before you, your olfactory sense is refreshed, and your palate is delighted with veal, not insipid, as veal generally is, but with a morsel moist with odoriferous juices, having the same relation to an ordinary chop, as buttered toast at Christmas time has to dry, hard bread, or a well-larded woodcock served at the *Trois Freres* to a red-legged partridge roasted to the fibre in Spain. Serve with Tomato Sauce.

*Compote of Apples.*—Pare six large apples, cut them in half, and put them into a pan with a little water and lemon juice. Next, clarify half a pound of sugar, skim it, and put the apples into it, adding the juice of a lemon. Set the whole on the fire. Turn the apples frequently and cook them until they are sufficiently soft to be easily penetrated by a fork. Then take them out. Strain the syrup and reduce it by boiling; strain it again, and pour over it the apples. They may be served either hot or cold; cut the peel of a rosy apple into various devices and lay them on the apples as a garnish.

*To Remove Stains from the Hands.*—Damp the hands first in water, then rub them with tartaric acid, or salt of lemons, as you would with soap; rinse them and rub them dry. Tartaric acid, or salt of lemons, will quickly remove stains from white muslin or linens. Put less than half a teaspoonful of the salt or acid into a tablespoonful of water; wet the stain with it, and lay it in the sun for an hour; wet it once or twice with cold water during the time: if this does not quite remove it, repeat the acid water, and lay it in the sun.

*Ginger Bread Loaf.*—One pound of flour; one pound of treacle; quarter of a pound of butter; one egg; one ounce of ginger; some candied peel and a few caraway seeds ground; a teaspoonful of soda. To be baked in a slow oven. The flour to be mixed in gradually; the butter and treacle to be milk warm, the soda to be put in last. Let it stand half an hour to rise.

*To Color Butter.*—Take some sound carrots, express the juice through a sieve, and mix it with the cream when it enters the churn, which will make it appear like May butter.

*Oyster Toast.*—Bruise one anchovy fine in a mortar; take twenty oysters, cut off their beards, and chop them small. Mix the anchovy and chopped oysters in a saucepan with as much cream as will make them of a good consistency. Add a little cayenne pepper, spread them when quite hot on a round of hot, well-buttered toast, cut as for anchovy toast.

*How to Dress a Ham.*—Boil it in hock, a quarter of an hour each pound; then put it in an oven, and bake it another quarter of an hour to the same weight; and I'll venture to say the epicures will acknowledge that nothing can be more delicious.

*Fig Pudding.*—Half pound of figs, half pound of flour, two eggs, half pound of suet, a little sugar, and a little wine. To be boiled in a tin shape for four hours.

#### FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF BLACK MOIRE ANTIQUE.—Skirt long and very full. Cloak of a dark grey cloth trimmed with a band of broad black velvet, and buttons of graduated size, covered with velvet. Bonnet of dark green velvet, trimmed with black lace, and pink flowers and blonde around the face.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS OF RUST COLORED CASHMERE.—Skirt very full and plain. Cloak of black velvet, in the sacque style, with full hanging sleeves, and trimmed with broad bands of sable. Bonnet of white satin.

FIG. III.—CLOAK OF BLACK VELVET.—The body of this cloak is ornamented with three rows of moss trimming, and finished by a heavy fringe with a richly netted heading. The cape of the cloak is cut out in the turret form, and edged with a narrower fringe and moss trimming. The collar is composed entirely of a fringe like that on the bottom of the skirt, but with a wider heading.

FIG. IV.—A MORNING CASAWECK, OF JACONET, trimmed with a deep border of English embroidery, with insertions to match; a very deep flounce at the end of the sleeve, and a jockey of the same.

FIG. V.—BASQUINE BODY OF SPOTTED MUELIN, trimmed with wide thread lace. This body is ornamented with narrow black velvets in chequers, and fastened down the front with several bows of a rather wider velvet.

FIG. VI.—THE CHARLOTTE CORDAY FICHU, to be worn with a low corsage, made of guipure with a ruche of pink ribbon No. 4 between the insertions; trimmed with a deep Venice guipure; a lower one going round the neck with a ribbon ruche.

FIG. VII.—BERTHA COLLAR composed of two rows of Brussels lace.

FIG. VIII.—BONNET composed of black bands, currant-colored satin and black blonde edging. The cape is made of currant-colored satin, and is trimmed with several rows of narrow black velvet and black lace edging. On one side a bow of currant-colored ribbon, and on the other side a bouquet of chrysan-

themums of various colors intermingled with black lace. Under-trimming black and white lace, and small flowers.

FIG. IX.—CAP made of rows of Brussels lace, and trimmed with loops and ends of Pomona green ribbon, of very narrow width. At each side long flowing ends of ribbon of the same color and pattern, but wider than that employed for the trimming.

FIG. X.—THE RAPHAEL SLEEVE.—This sleeve is one of the newest introductions of Parisian millinery. The sleeve itself is a puff of plain muslin or net, and the cuff which turns up is formed of oval medallions of rich needlework. The centre of each medallion is formed of open lace-work.

FIG. XI.—"THE PARODI," from Molyneux Bell, 58 Canal street, New York, we consider a gem. It was selected from a variety of rich designs of every possible form and color, which he has just received from his agent in Paris, who forwards every novelty immediately on its appearance in France. The Parodi is formed of rich black Lyons velvet. The shape is that of a *sacque*; the upper portion is made to fit the figure as far as the waist, where it takes breadth again, and is finished in a skirt rather more than half a yard deep; a deep cape surrounds the back, and is finished at the sides, forming a pretty addition to the flowing sleeve, which is the great charm in this garment. Nothing could be more superb than the decorations, consisting of a border of Ostrich feathers, which surrounds the entire garment, cape, and sleeves; a row of the same rich trimming forms a heading to the cape, and rounds gracefully over the shoulders, graduating down the front as far as the waist, where it takes breadth again, passing down with a graceful sweep to the edge of the garment, where it is rounded so as to give the appearance of a double front. The lining is of glossy, black silk, closely quilted in diamonds.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Braces are still much worn, but nearly all high corsages are made closed up the front. Flounces still retain their popularity, particularly in silks of one color. The most elegant of those, as we have said before, have the flounces woven in the pattern, though many who cannot afford to purchase one of these dresses, or whose taste may dictate otherwise, trim plain silk flounces with rows of velvet ribbon, wide bias folds of velvet, moire antique ribbon, narrow fringe, or wide bias folds of gay plaid poplin. The dresses with woven flounces cost from thirty dollars up to eighty or a

more striking, is composed of a silver grey glace silk, with two deep flounces, each edged with a broad band of Stuart plaid in rich moire antique. This band, which is rather more than half a quarter in width, is cut the bias way, and is edged at each side by a row of narrow black velvet. The corsage has a *basque* edged with a band of tartan, and the *revers* in the form of *bretelles*, which pass from the shoulders to the point in front of the waist, are also made of tartan moire antique. The corsage is high to the throat, tight and closed up the front by red cornealian buttons. The sleeves are formed of puffings of grey glace, and bands of plaid moire. The cashmere and de laines are of the richest Oriental patterns, and cost from seventy-five cents to as high as two dollars and a half a yard. These of course have plain, full skirts. Silks with rich brocaded stripes are still very popular, as well as the gay plaids in moire antique and poplin. The combination of white and black continues to be a favorite fashion. Some of the new evening dresses, consisting of white organdy, are trimmed with flounces edged with rows of very narrow black velvet, and the effect is exceedingly pretty. The number of flounces is usually twelve or fifteen, and the rows of velvet on each, in general, amount to three. The corsage is ornamented with a *ceinture-bretelle* of black velvet and a bouquet of roses placed in the centre. A suitable *coiffure* for dresses of the kind here mentioned, consists of a bouquet of roses fastened by a bow of black velvet ribbon, with pendent ends drooping from the back of the head. The mingling of black with white has also been adopted in dresses composed of a less light and aerial texture than organdy.

In figures one and two we give the latest style of CLOAKS, which may be made of any material.

One of the prettiest BONNETS which we have seen is of a grey or silver-colored satin, trimmed with bands of cherry-colored velvet, with a small plume of feathers in grey and cherry-color on one side. The face trimming is of white tulle and sprigs of the Narcissus flower.

#### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S OUT-DOOR DRESS.—Frock of red merino, edged with a band of sable. Black velvet mantle, trimmed in corresponding style. A small sable muff. Bonnet of currant-colored velvet. Trousers, edged with a broad trimming of open work. Boots of brown cashmere, with

SEVEN YEARS  
blue cash-  
lar of



For superior styles of dress for little girls, flounces are much used, particularly on silks. Silks of one color, as Mazarine blue, garnet or green, have the flounces trimmed with black velvet, or of the color of the dress; fringe, however, is frequently used. When the silk is plaided, either a narrow fringe, or a hem or pinked flounces are most in favor. Dresses of grey plaided woollen or poplins have the skirt full, but plain. Cashmeres and merinos are frequently trimmed with a poplin or woollen plaid of the gayest colors, cut bias, and put on the skirt in folds. For small children two or three folds only are used, but for larger ones, as many as four or five are employed. The lower fold is the widest, and the others decrease in size as they approach the waist. If a basque is worn, it, as well as the sleeves, are trimmed with the same material. Apple and forest greens, French and Mazarine blue, and the various shades of dove and stone colors look very beautifully with this trimming. Nearly all dresses for children

over five years of age are made high in the neck, some having long sleeves confined around the waist by a band, or if this is not necessary, a white bishop sleeve is fastened in at the cap. When the dresses are made low in the neck, a full white habit skirt, fitting close to the throat, is always worn. Basques are still popular, but many dresses are made without them. The skirts are somewhat longer than heretofore. Cloaks are generally of the talma shape, trimmed with fur or velvet. The bonnet for a little girl is a miniature edition of her mamma's without the flowers.

For boy's in-door wear, sacques of plaid cashmere or woollen, belted around the waist are much worn. The cloth jacket or "roundabout" is not worn except for boys about nine years of age. For over-coats, talma's with sleeves are all the fashion. Some have the addition of a large circular cape. Caps are more worn than hats.

## PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

OUR MAGAZINE FOR 1856.—We hazard nothing in saying that this excels all other Magazines for ladies in several important points. 1st. It is the only one that gives original stories wholly. 2nd. These stories are of a higher order than in any cotemporary. 3rd. Its steel, colored fashion-plates are the newest and prettiest. 4th. Its mezzotints are the most beautiful. 5th. Its crochet, embroidery, and other patterns, are the choicest. 6th. It gives the most reading matter, in proportion to its price. 7th. The promises made, at the beginning of the year, are more than fulfilled before its close. In proof of these several assertions, we could quote the testimony of newspapers, from all sections of the Union, if we had room to spare. No lady need hesitate, therefore, to stake her veracity on the fact of these points of superiority in "Peterson's Magazine."

In sending this, the last number of the year, to press, the publisher asks that ladies, who know the Magazine, will interest themselves to extend its circulation. Send us, not only your own subscriptions, but those of your friends, who heretofore have not been on our list! Every patron could easily get an additional subscriber; and this alone would double our circulation. Though we close the year, print nearly twice as many copies as last year; one feel confident, that, if you add a pound of butter; one have the Magazine longer; some candied peel and a demand, in the ground; a teaspoonful of soda. In a slow oven. The flour to be mixed gradually; the butter and treacle to be milk warm, soda to be put in last. Let it stand half an hour to rise.

*To Color Butter.*—Take some sound carrots, express the juice through a sieve, and mix it with the cream when it enters the churn, which will make it appear like May butter.

AHEAD OF OUR PROMISES.—Our monthly piece of new Music, our department "How To Make Paper Flowers," and other improvements, were made this year, in addition to those promised in the Prospectus for 1855. We strive, in this way, always to be ahead of our promises: and the newspaper press, universally, gives us this character. We shall do more, in 1856 also, than we have set forth as yet. Be on the look out!

HOW TO REMIT.—In remitting, write legibly, at the top of your letter, the post-office, county and state. Bills, current in the subscriber's neighborhood, taken at par; but Eastern bills preferred. If the sum is large, get a draft on New York or Philadelphia, if possible, and deduct the exchange.

FOR THREE DOLLARS.—For three dollars we will send a copy of "Peterson," for one year, and also a copy of any one of the two dollar weekly newspapers. For three dollars and fifty cents we will send "Peterson" and "Harper," for one year.

THE PORT-FOLIO OF ART.—This is the title we have given to the COLLECTOR'S ALBUM for 1856. It is worn with a low corsage, made of guipure with a ruche of pink ribbon No. 4 between the insertions; trimmed with a deep Venice guipure; a lower one going round the neck with a ribbon ruche.

FIG. VII.—BERTHA COLLAR composed of two rows of Brussels lace.

FIG. VIII.—BONNET composed of black bands, currant-colored satin and black blonde edging. The cape is made of currant-colored satin, and is trimmed with several rows of narrow black velvet and black lace edging. On one side a bow of currant-colored ribbon, and on the other side a bouquet of chrysan-