



THE PET BIRD.

Engraved by J. C. Beckett.



THE MARRIAGE OF MARY

BY MARY W. BRADSTREET, AND
THE REV. MARY W. BRADSTREET.



FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

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HUNTING THE NEST.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

THE PROBLEMS.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

I WAS very much in love with Miss Isadora Curren. I had met her at two balls—had danced with her twice at each, besides helping her to ices and cakes, and now I was making a visit to some friends in the country where Miss Isadora was also a guest—what happiness! what good fortune! Miss Isadora sang, and laughed, and flirted, and I had no eyes or ears for anybody but Miss Isadora. I was very much in love—so everybody said, and so I confessed to myself—and I was not too old not to be very much flattered at the idea of being thought in love with a girl who was so much admired.

One sweet, soft summer afternoon I sat at Miss Isadora's feet gazing into her pretty face, while she cast her eyes by turns on the charming landscape that lay before the window, and upon me. I was very happy. Other guests were sauntering up and down the room, or amusing themselves in various ways—by reading, working, or listening to the music of a fair performer at the piano. It was a pleasant scene—I was thinking about it, and connecting it all in my mind with Miss Isadora. Had she been absent, I was assured that not only I, but every one else would have been wretched, and I contemplated with delight the scene of happiness which the charming Isadora had created. As my eyes wandered round the room observing the various groups, they fell at last on the sweet, thoughtful face of the little daughter of my hostess—a school girl of sixteen. She was sitting alone in the recess of a window with her eyes bent on a volume, on which she seemed vainly striving to fix her attention. In spite of the resolute little frown with which she would turn her eyes on the pages, in a few moments the moving lips would become quiet, and a smile would steal slowly over her countenance as the gay remarks of some of the company fell on her ear. Again and again she turned resolutely to her task, and as often she failed in keeping

her mind to it. It was indeed an impossibility, under the circumstances, but I could not but be amused as I watched her. She did look like such a sweet, innocent, conscientious little thing as she sat there struggling with temptation, that for a little while I almost forgot my beautiful charmer—Miss Isadora. I rose and sauntered toward the little student.

"What is puzzling your head so, Miss Violet?" I said, pausing before her and smiling.

"Ah, Mr. Seldon, it is the forty-eighth problem! If you only knew how hard it is!"

"Geometry?" cried I, "why do people think it worth while to puzzle such charming little heads as yours with such abstruse matters? But let me see if I can help you."

I sat down beside her, and took one side of the book, while Violet's delicate little hand held the other. I had just begun my elucidations, when I heard Miss Isadora's voice calling me—"come, Mr. Seldon, we are going to walk." My first impulse was to drop the book and desert little Violet in the midst of her difficulties—but my better nature prevailed, and I said resolutely—"I cannot come just now, but I will follow you presently."

"Oh, Mr. Seldon, you shall not stay with me," cried Violet, earnestly, "indeed it would distress me. Please leave me, and my dull, old problem, and go with Miss Isadora, or I shall be quite vexed, quite grieved"—and she looked up in my face with pleading eyes. I thought I had never seen eyes of such a deep, heavenly blue, and altogether she looked so very sweet, innocent, and lovely, that I could not feel it a hardship to remain with her, even though separated meanwhile from the divine Isadora.

"No, no," I said, kindly and cheerfully, "I will solve your problem first, and there will be time enough afterward to overtake the party—so now for it."

My pupil was apt, and in a few moments all obscurities were cleared up, and little Violet's face was bright with smiles.

"Thank you—thank you, Mr. Seldon—you have been *very* kind, and I hope it is not too late for you to overtake the walking party."

"Perhaps not," said I, carelessly; "but I want to know first why you were so very anxious about that problem."

"Why?—why don't you know that to-morrow is my last day at school, and that it is examination day? I thought everybody knew that to-morrow was examination day!"

"Not everybody," I replied, smiling, "for I did not know it. But tell me all about it."

"Oh, no, do not ask me—it would take too long; and Miss Isadora——"

"Never mind Miss Isadora," said I, becoming impatient at the frequent repetition of her name; "I find it is now too late to join the walkers, and if you please, I prefer taking a little ramble in the garden with you."

"(Oh, delightful! with pleasure!" cried Violet, gaily, and, stepping from the low window, we walked down the shadowy garden walk together. The afternoon was uncommonly lovely, and as the glimpses of sunlight fell on the girlish face of my little companion, I thought I had never seen a being so fresh, innocent, and charming—but I added mentally, "she is nothing compared to the queenly Miss Isadora.")

Ere long we heard the voices of the returning party, and with the consciousness of a duty pleasantly performed, I was again at the side of my charmer. I thought she was a little cool toward me at first, but that soon wore off, and I was the happy slave whom she selected to carry her fan, or to seek her forgotten gloves or handkerchief. I appreciated her condescension, and was, as of course I should have been, supremely blest. In the evening Miss Isadora sang, and sang the songs that I preferred. All radiant with smiles and jewels as she was she deigned to lean on my arm—to dance with me—to eat the ices I presented—to endure my adoring glances, and never was mortal more flattered and bewitched than I. That night, after going to bed, I rose, and for Miss Isadora's sake spoiled half a quire of good paper.

It was not till the next day, when little Violet returned smiling and happy from school, with a silver medal round her neck, that I again thought of her.

"So, Miss Violet, you have passed examination creditably, I see," said I, pointing to the medal.

"Ah, yes," she replied, blushing, and holding it up that I might see the word "Problem" engraved on it—"and I know whom to thank for it. Indeed, Mr. Seldon, I think this medal

belongs rather to you, than to me, but for you, I am sure, I should not have had it."

"Do you think so? Well then give it me!"

Smiling she took it from her neck and handed it to me, saying—"I am sure you will not take it—you would not care for such a thing."

"Yes, but I shall, if you will yourself place it round my neck."

Violet hesitated and blushed, but did as I desired, and then turned hastily away. She looked so shy—so modest, and so innocent, that I was irresistibly charmed! I followed her down the garden walk.

"Is not this white rose beautiful, Miss Violet?" I said, gathering a half opened bud.

"Ah, yes, most beautiful," she replied, turning to look at it.

"Forgive me, Miss Violet," I continued, "but to me it looks like you—may I put it in your hair?"

"No, you would be too awkward," she replied, smiling; "I will do so myself."

She took the rose and placed it in her hair in so graceful a fashion, and so greatly did it set off her beauty, that I could not withdraw my eyes from her, and Bryant's exquisite lines rose to my mind—

"Innocent maid and snow white flower,
Well are ye paired in your opening hour,
Thus should the pure and lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet."

So several weeks flew by, and had I not known that I was incontrovertably in love with Miss Isadora, I should almost have fancied that I was losing my heart to little Violet, so rapidly did she win upon me. I would not admit myself to have been so fickle as to have changed, but I could not deny that Miss Isadora bewitched and fascinated me, my heart was most full of tenderness when I thought of sweet little Violet. It was a problem which I could not solve, which of these two charming beings I was most in love with—and but that such a thing has been declared impossible by all persons skilled in such affairs, I should have cut the matter short by believing myself in love with both.

While in this undecided state of mind, events began to take a turn which soon let me see a little further into my own heart, and left me in no doubts as to my feelings. A young gentleman, Mr. C——, also a guest at the house, suddenly began to pay assiduous attentions to Violet. I was indignant—I felt as if personally insulted in the most flagrant manner—my blood boiled whenever the man presumed so much as to speak to "my little Violet," or to look in her innocent face. I wondered she should permit it—but she, poor child, seemed quite unaware of the

dangerous nature of this man. I longed to put her on her guard, and one day made up my mind to do so, in the course of the afternoon walk. I was preparing to accompany her, when I saw that Mr C—— was already by her side. I was in a horrible humor, and though Miss Isadora said with her sweetest smile,

“Come, Mr. Seldon, you shall be my escort.” I excused myself, and would not walk at all. I went and sat alone in my room, indulging my jealous fancies—yes, I was jealous—I could no longer deny it. I had made that discovery, and before that *another*, which was, that little Violet was dearer to me than life itself. Miss Isadora, with all her brilliancy, had faded from my heart—all her charms and graces seemed worthless, compared with one innocent, child-like smile of sweet little Violet’s—and she—she was now, perhaps, lost to me forever. I was wretched. After a time I heard gay voices below, and presently a voice singing. It was one I did not know, but very clear and sweet; its tones were full of freshness, purity and feeling, and, as though drawn by a magnet, I stole nearer and nearer to the enchanting sounds. I entered the drawing-room just as the voice ceased, and Violet rose blushing from the piano. “Charming! delightful! what a shame you have never sung before!” resounded from all sides, and one of the ladies explained to me—“Mr. C—— has at last prevailed on Violet to sing—I am sure we ought to be much obliged to him for using his influence to such advantage.”

I bit my lip, and glanced toward Violet. Mr. C—— was bending over and whispering to her—her eyes were cast down, and a blush was on her cheek. It was a sight that was hateful to me, but as if fascinated I stood, and could not withdraw my gaze. Violet—*my* Violet listening to the flatteries of another! I saw her rise to dance with Mr. C——, and I could endure it no longer; in a passion of jealousy I hurried from the room. I found my way to the library, and mechanically

took up a book. It was Violet’s geometry, and it opened to the forty-eighth problem. I sat at the table with it open before me, my eyes fixed upon it, while my thoughts wandered back to that first sunny afternoon, when I sat by Violet’s side, so unconscious that she would soon be to me the being most dear on earth—the one to whose hands was committed my weal or woe. I took Violet’s little medal, which I still wore, from my neck, and laid it on the book, and gazed in a reverie on the word “Problems.” The door opened, and Violet hastily entered. Coming behind me she looked over my shoulder, exclaiming,

“What! more problems?”

“Yes, Miss Violet,” I answered, sadly, “but now they are too hard for me to solve.”

“Indeed? then it is my turn to help *you*, as you once helped me,” she exclaimed, laughing. “Pray tell me if I can help you.”

“Ah, if you only would!” I replied, looking up searchingly and earnestly into her face.

She was silent, and cast down her eyes. Something in her blushing face and shrinking manner encouraged me.

“Yes, Violet,” I said, hurriedly, “there is indeed a problem that perplexes me, and which you alone can solve. I hardly dare to ask you, for it seems impossible that you should—but do you think you could ever—in time, I mean—learn to love me? or,” I added, with a burst of grief and tenderness, “must I give my little Violet up to another?”

Tears came into Violet’s eyes, and she trembled.

“What you ask is impossible,” she began, and paused. In bitterness of heart I bowed my head upon the table, that she might not see my agony. “Because,” she added, laying her hand on my shoulder—“because I cannot *learn* to love you, when I already do so with all my heart and soul! Yes,” she added, smiling through her tears at my bewilderment, “*that* lesson I began to learn with our first Problem.”

SONG.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

Oh, thou art fairer unto me,
Than any else of mortal mould,
And dearer than to avarice are
Rich mines of virgin gold!
Thou art
The sunbeam of my heart—
The star
Whose light makes bright my dreams,
As those that shine nocturnally,
Illume the midnight streams.

For thee my soul doth ever pine,
At eve, and noon, and night, and morn:
Thy love to me were Paradise,
And worse than death thy scorn:
Then, sweet,
Let smiles my worship greet—
Thine eyes
With love-light look on me:
Then shall thy love with that of mine,
Be paid with usury.

ALICE VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA AHERTON," & C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

An! what a September afternoon.

How gaily the little red squirrels chased each other over the ground and along the fences. How longingly they looked up at the spicy walnut and hickory boles, and at the green burrs of the chesnut, around which a faint tinge of brown was already creeping.

How gloriously the sunshine came through the tall woods, giving a look of humanity to the grim old trees.

How beautifully the gorgeous Golden Rod and rich Purple Mist grew, side by side, embroidering the edges of the silvery stream, and fringing the skirts of the dark green forest. What soothing music the waters made as they gurgled over the rounded stones: and how like a strain of sweet harmony the dropping leaves and soft south wind came in and mingled with it.

Mr. Vernon and his two daughters sauntered on, as only those will saunter whose business is pleasure: stopping here to take up an empty bird's-nest and study it with idle intensity, or there to separate the fallen leaves with a foot, to look for a last year's nut.

The younger of the girls was lingering behind, breaking the grey moss from the trunk of a tree, when a loud crashing was heard in a neighboring thicket, as if some wild beast had broken loose from its keeper. She started, screamed, and then stood still, her eyes fixed in terror in the direction of the hidden noise.

At the moment, a huge Newfoundland dog dashed forward, panting and dripping as if from some aquatic excursion. His white and brown coat was matted and curled with the water; the large pink tongue was lolling out of the mouth; the breath came thick and fast; and the big brown eyes gazed up at you, like those of an intelligent, but boisterous child in its play.

"Down, Neptune—down, sir," cried a commanding voice: and, at the moment, a gentleman emerged from the thicket, just as Mr. Vernon and Isabel, who had turned back at Alice's shriek, came up.

The stranger took off his cap, and bowing to the ladies, addressed Mr. Vernon.

"I regret much, sir," he said, "that my dog should have alarmed your daughter. I fear, too,

that I am on private grounds. My only apology is the majesty of these old woods."

So rich and deep was the voice, and so evidently well-bred was the speaker, that Mr. Vernon and his daughters looked at him in some surprise. For, in truth, his slouched travelling-cap, loose blouse and dusty garments, together with a well-worn port-folio which he carried under his arm had, at first, led them to expect only some travelling portrait-painter.

He was about five and twenty years old, with a tall, lithe figure: and his well-set head, the dark hair curling around the open brow, and the finely chiseled profile, formed a *tout ensemble* that impressed the beholder instinctively with the idea of genius.

It was with marked respect, therefore, that Mr. Vernon answered,

"My daughter's health is delicate, and she is rather nervous," said he. "But she must learn," and he glanced proudly, yet archly at her, "to become accustomed to surprises, for the woods, though belonging to my place, are open to all. A remarkably fine animal, that of yours: you should be proud of such a dog."

The stranger's eye rested with admiration on the fine figure of Mr. Vernon, as the latter spoke. The tall, soldier-like form was unbent by trouble, and seemed untouched by age; the eye was kind, almost loving in its expression; but the mouth and jaw were firmly set, and unyielding even to obstinacy. The "crowning dignity" was the thick, white hair over the broad brow.

"Yes," replied the stranger, turning to the dog with the look of an old friend, "and I have reason to be proud of him, for he saved my life once."

"Ah," said Mr. Vernon; and his face expressed well-bred curiosity.

"I sometimes think," continued the stranger, with a smile, "that animals understand language. Here is Neptune now looking up at me as if he knew every word I said. Is it not so, old friend?" and he stooped and patted the dog. And then noticing that the eyes of Mr. Vernon and his daughters were still directed inquiringly on him, he told how, when, swimming, he had once been seized with the cramp; how no human being was

in sight; and how he had given himself up for lost, when suddenly Neptune, hearing his voice, plunged into the water, hastened to his assistance, and assisted him to the shore. The tale was told simply, yet eloquently, and when the narrator, at its close, glanced toward the ladies, he saw the liquid eyes of the younger full of tears.

Both Mr. Vernon and Isabel had seated themselves, when the stranger began; but Alice, child-like, had slid down at the foot of a tree, where she reclined half leaning against the trunk. A stray sunbeam, breaking through the foliage, poured a shower of liquid gold around her, bringing out her graceful, undulating figure, and playing on the little foot that peeped from beneath her rumpled dress. Her right arm, carelessly supporting her head, around which the brown hair was circled in a heavy roll, Madonna-wise, threw one snowy shoulder out into the light. The fair and lovely face was turned toward the speaker, its large, soft eyes, unconsciously humid; and its small mouth tremulous with pity. "She is one to love and treasure forever," thought the young man; and his look, perhaps, revealed this; for Alice, catching his earnest gaze, blushed over cheek and neck, and with sudden embarrassment, sat upright and began to rearrange her dress.

"You sketch, I suppose," said Mr. Vernon, after a pause, glancing at the stranger's portfolio.

"A little," was the reply. "I have always loved nature, and been fond of art. I have heretofore sketched for amusement, but must now do it for a livelihood."

"You are not, I think, a resident of this neighborhood."

"No, I am from ———. My father was the late Judge Randolph."

"Ah! I knew him well. But that was many years ago. I count it a fortunate chance," he added, blandly, "which has introduced me to his son."

"Pray," said Isabel, speaking now for the first time, "will you allow us to look over your portfolio? I am extravagantly fond of painting."

The two girls sat down together to the sketches. What a contrast to the pure young face of Alice was that of her sister! The heavy black hair; the dark cheek; the calm, cold eye; the scornful mouth—how self-supporting they seemed. Isabel was not over twenty-five years of age, but her face wore the satiated look of one who had weighed all pleasures in the balance and found them alike wanting. If passions she ever had, they seemed to have worn themselves out.

The elder sister looked over the drawings with the eyes of an appreciative critic: the younger,

with a rising color and brightening eye, as some favorite nook was recognized.

"Have you ever been in Europe, Mr. Randolph?" said Mr. Vernon.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Thank heaven, that is a pleasure I have not missed."

The Vernons had spent two or three years abroad: and now, in the dim old American woods, with the green trees swaying above them, and the autumn sunset about them, what pictures were recalled of the shrouded Alps, the golden rivers of Spain, the rose-tinted sunsets of Italy, and the wondrous purple atmosphere and thyme-clad hills of Greece.

How the time sped! How little Alice said, but how she trembled, even now, with ecstasy at the memory of those beautiful things of nature! And as the eyes of Randolph, as they looked over the sketch-book, together, often met hers, he felt that his soul and hers thrilled with sympathy.

The acquaintance begun on this day soon ripened into intimacy. At Mr. Vernon's request, George Randolph accompanied the ladies home, and it was not long before he became like one of the family. Not a day passed without his dining at Vernon Hall. The mornings were generally given to walking or riding with the ladies; and the evenings were spent over music, or in conversation, with now and then a moonlight walk.

Occasionally Randolph, feeling ashamed of this idle life, was seized with a fit of industry; took his sketch-book; and resolutely spent a morning in professional labor. But when he next made his appearance at the Hall, he was sure to be rallied by Isabel on his want of gallantry. At such times, Alice, to whom he always turned, said nothing, but her mild, half reproachful look, was more potent than all her sister's words.

It was not often, indeed, that Alice spoke at all. She seemed too diffident to join in general conversation; but sat listening, usually occupied with some pretty piece of needlework, her long lashes resting on her cheek, and rarely looking up except when Randolph addressed her. Occasionally, however, when he was in the midst of some eloquent sentence—and no man could talk more eloquently than George Randolph—she would gaze at him, as if spell-bound. Once he turned suddenly, for he had been addressing her sister, and detected those earnest eyes drinking in his words. Instantly the long lashes fell upon the cheek, which became crimson: and for the next half hour, Alice neither looked up, nor spoke.

Had Alice desired, she could scarcely have played a principal part in the conversation, for Isabel, as the elder sister, seeming to consider that on her rested the task of entertaining their guest, monopolized Randolph herself. To do

Miss Vernon justice few, even of her own sex, could talk as brilliantly. Her intellect was vivacious, and her mind well stored. She possessed tact also in an uncommon degree. Whatever subject was started, she took the direction of the conversation speedily into her own hands; and by her judicious management of it completely engrossed the attention, if not the heart of Randolph.

Her guest would have been better pleased, had it been otherwise. It was Alice, not Isabel, that drew Randolph, day after day, to Vernon Hall. The sweet, retiring modesty of the younger sister was infinitely more lovely in his eyes, than the brilliant wit and thorough bred self-possession of the elder. He compared the one, in his secret reveries, to the meek violet, and the other to the flaunting rose; and the violet was a thousand times the dearer.

At times, however, when her spirit was deeply moved, Alice broke through her usual coyness. An instance of this happened about a fortnight after Randolph's introduction at the Hall.

It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and the sisters, with their guest, had stepped out into the piazza. The Hall stood on a gentle elevation, which sloped down, over a grassy lawn, to a small lake, about a hundred yards distant: and the opposite side of this sheet of water was overhung by a thick wood. The moon was just rising over the top of the dark trees, so that the front of the wood was buried in shadow; but a bridge of silver spanned the gulf, and the hither shore was flooded in light.

"How beautiful," exclaimed Isabel, as this fairy-like scene burst upon them.

Randolph turned to Alice, but she was silent. Was it insensibility? No, for her kindling eye and heightened color showed that her emotion was too deep for words? And yet, with all the rapture of that gaze, there was something melancholy in it.

Randolph, after a pause, drew nearer to her: and his low voice, as he spoke, unlocked her heart.

"You seem sad," he said.

She looked up at him. His eyes, full of infinite sympathy, melted her spirit, as it were, into his own; and, yielding to the sweet mastery, she spoke, thinking aloud.

"A moonlight landscape always makes me mournful: it seems so cold and unsympathizing. Ah! how one's spirit, on a night like this, goes longingly up to heaven! I feel as if I should like to die on a moonlight night, earth is so chill and unsatisfying then."

"Positively, my little sister is growing poetical," said Isabel, with a gay laugh, approaching the two.

The spell was broken. Randolph felt as if discord had suddenly dashed the harmony of the spheres. Alice drew back abashed, and was silent for the rest of the evening.

Randolph, dissembling his chagrin, yielded himself up politely to Isabel's lead in conversation, and was soon rattling away as if nothing had occurred. Ah! how Alice suffered. "He despises me," thought she, shrinking back into the shadow of a vine, and gazing out on the lake with dim eyes. "How foolish I must have appeared to him going off into such a rhapsody. And Isabel is so talented."

If Alice was miserable, Isabel was happy. Ever since their first meeting, she had admired Randolph, and, within the last few days, this feeling had been deepening into love. Hence one reason why she monopolized his conversation. She knew she had talents, and she resolved to dazzle Randolph: hers he should be, she secretly vowed, if beauty and brilliancy could win him. It was the first time Isabel had ever loved. But love, instead of abashing her, as it did Alice, only stimulated her to a greater exertion of her powers.

Once or twice, when she had seen Randolph regarding her sister, a suspicion had shot across her heart that he loved Alice. There was something in his look, at such times, which she had never observed directed on herself, and which she felt instinctively would have made her soul thrill to its profoundest depths. Such a meaning had been in his eyes, on this night, while Alice was speaking. It was, with bitter jealousy, and something of anger also, that Isabel had approached them. The words she uttered would sting Alice, she well knew, and silence her for the rest of the evening: but she had not been so certain of the effect they would produce on Randolph. The readiness with which he devoted himself, however, to her, seeming totally to forget the presence of Alice, completely deceived her: she fancied that her sarcasm had disgusted him with her sister; and in this belief she surrendered herself to a whirl of blissful emotions, the sweeter for being so strange to that cold, haughty heart. Her exulting happiness inspired her, for the time, like a Corinne, so that Randolph, in admiration of her brilliant conversation, listened with even increasing interest and wonder.

The autumn days sped on rapidly. The iris-dye was stealing over the maple; the gum tree wore a deeper red; the little squirrels were gathering their nuts from the yellow leaved hickory; the vivid green of the oak and hemlock gradually became sombre; and the brightness of the Golden Rod, and the royal color of the Purple Mist grew deeper, as the strong south wind carried off the last of the aster flowers.

How intensely the party at Mr. Vernon's

enjoyed the weather. Isabel's sketch-book was always in requisition: a dozen times, each morning, she would ask Randolph's advice, by one device or another, always keeping him at her side. Alice, on these excursions, strayed off by herself, or sat gazing vacantly into distance. Sometimes, however, she remained listening to her sister and their guest, and though she rarely spoke, her soft eyes were always the mirror of Randolph's sentiments.

October melted away at last, like one of its own bright sunsets, and chill, dreary November came in. The few brown leaves, left on the branches, whirled downward through the grey, drizzling rain; the tall, skeleton-like trees swayed and groaned in the moaning wind; the lake became turbid; the lawn was covered with broken twigs and sodden with water; hill-side and valley wore the same unvarying russet; and the skies, even on the brightest days, were dark with wild, ragged clouds, foreboding bleak December.

Randolph had torn himself, at last, from the Hall, and was now busily at work in the city, composing pictures from some of his finest sketches. Isabel, from being gay almost to girlishness, had suddenly become silent, moody and cross. The country, she declared, was unbearable. She could not understand, she said, why papa persisted in staying out of town so late. The lanes were fetlock deep in mud, so that walking, or even riding was unpleasant; there was no society to be had: for her part she should die if they remained there.

Alice said nothing. But she would sit in a deep reverie, then suddenly recollect herself, color, blush, and perhaps rise and walk to the window, where she would, not infrequently, fall into a second fit of musing.

Mr. Vernon's life, however, went on as usual. He had seen comparatively little of Randolph, except at dinner, for he always liked a nap in the evening, and the young artist's mornings, when not devoted to sketching, had been monopolized by Isabel. But the ill-humor of his eldest daughter became finally so decided, that he gave orders for returning to town, though he had half promised himself he would, for this year at least, keep his Christmas at Vernon Hall.

The Vernons had been nearly a week established in the city, before Randolph became aware of their return; for he kept close to his studies, working hard to make up for lost time. One evening, however, as he took a hurried walk for exercise, he saw a fair hand wave out of a carriage window toward him, and immediately the dashing equipage drew up to the curb stone, and Isabel Vernon, leaning forward, invited him to enter.

"We are going to drive into the country, and

you look jaded," she said. "It will do you good to breathe the fresh air." And she bestowed one of the most winning smiles on Randolph. "How d'ye do?" The words were addressed carelessly, almost scornfully, to two elegantly dressed young men, the *elite* of the "upper ten," who bowed profoundly to the heiress and belle.

Randolph was on the point of declining, but he saw the sweet face of Alice behind Isabel, and fancying that her dove-like eyes looked the invitation she was too timid to speak, he sprang into the carriage. The astonished exquisites gazed, as if a miracle had been worked before their sight. Never had they seen the haughty Miss Vernon so conciliatory even to one of their own set, and this affability to a penniless artist, for Randolph was known to one of them by sight, bewildered them.

From that time Randolph became again a frequent guest at the Vernons.

Occasionally he met the father, but not often, for the old gentleman liked his game of chess at the club too well to be frequently at home. Mr. Vernon was entirely ignorant of what was going on.

Randolph's evenings were spent in listening to Isabel's harp, an instrument on which she was a proficient, principally, perhaps, because she was aware it displayed her fine person to advantage. Alice was still mostly but a listener. Yet Randolph never left the presence of the sisters, without remembering every word and look of hers: and if he dreamed of either of the coveted heiresses, it was of Alice.

One evening, while at the tea-table, the servant brought in a superb bouquet for each of the ladies. Isabel ordered the footman to hand them to her, when she examined both attentively. Having noticed, with some chagrin, that there was no difference between them, she gave to her sister the one marked Alice.

Mr. Vernon seemed to feel a sudden curiosity.

"Pray, who had the taste to send those?" he said.

"Mr. Randolph, papa," replied Isabel. "We are going to the opera with him to-night, to hear Mrs. Wood's Norma."

"Rather an expensive pleasure for a young man who has to paint for a living," drily said Mr. Vernon. "I should think these bouquets, at least, quite superfluous. His purse is not as long as mine, remember, young ladies."

The quick crimson flushed over the brow and neck of Isabel, who immediately took up her bouquet and left the room.

But Alice, stealing up behind her father's chair, passed her cool, soft hand over his forehead, and kissed him with a low, "good night, papa," as if deprecating his anger. Mr. Vernon

patted her cheek, drew her to him for a kiss, and saying affectionately, "I hope you will enjoy yourself, butter-cup," rose from his chair, took up the newspaper, and left her for his library, with his eye soft as a woman's, for the moment, beneath its shaggy brows.

For Alice had always been his favorite child. She was so like her dead mother, so gentle, so affectionate, so submissive! The elder daughter's character had too many salient points for him; her cool, indomitable will came too often into contact with his own: perhaps, for such is human nature, she too much resembled himself.

When the young girl entered the drawing-room, she found Isabel gaily chatting with Randolph, so, after selecting a half blown rose and some geranium leaves from her bouquet, she walked to a large pier-glass to arrange them in her dress.

"Why, Alice," said Isabel, "you pay a poor compliment to Mr. Randolph, to pull his bouquet to pieces in that manner."

Alice blushed crimson. Of late she had begun to comprehend her sentiments toward the young artist. But she did not dare to hope for such happiness as his love. And she would not have had him know her secret for the world. Often she repeated to herself the words of Helena.

"Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,
Yet knows of him no more."

The words of Isabel conveyed a censure; and, for an instant, Alice trembled lest Randolph might agree with her sister. How inexpressibly was she relieved when he spoke.

"She could not have paid it a greater compliment," said he, and with so much *empressement*, that the sharp flash of Isabel's eye, unusual in one so immovable, made Alice look at her in astonishment.

But no sooner had the dread of offending Randolph been removed, than a new subject of anxiety arose for Alice. She had noticed his manner when speaking: and it puzzled her, novice as she was. Had he penetrated her secret? The thought was humiliating. Better death than that. And yet what else could his conscious demeanor mean, both then, and when, after shawling her for the carriage, his hand clasped hers perceptibly for a moment?

Poor Alice, ignorant as a child, even in matters of the heart, of which the sex usually has an instinctive knowledge—what mental tortures she might have spared herself, if she had known that Randolph valued one of her smiles above all the attentions of Isabel!

The opera house was crowded. It was a

benefit night; and the dress circle blazed with beauty and diamonds. Until the curtain rose, a loud hum of conversation filled the house, but among the topics of the evening, none commanded more remark than the intimacy of the Vernons with the poor artist. "The old judge actually died insolvent, ruined, root and branch, by speculations in coal lands," said an elderly gentleman, "and yet that haughty girl actually courts the son. I wonder if Vernon knows what is going on."

Isabel had a finely educated ear for music. She was most fastidious, and could coolly criticise a false note or a broken shake, in the midst of the most passionate scene. But poor little Alice!—how foolishly natural all seemed to her. The small hands were clenched, when Norma so fiercely defied the recreant Pollione; and her eyes were wonderfully humid, when the mother, in her mad anguish and insulted love, staggered up to take the lives of her sleeping children.

"For heaven's sake, Alice, do not give us a scene," whispered Isabel, noticing this agitation, "nothing can be in worse taste. You will mortify Mr. Randolph, by such an *expose* of your childishness." And she drew the crimson crape shawl around her shoulders.

The younger sister retreated into the corner of the box, and the tears, which had stood in her eyes before, now fell silently; while she wondered what made the usually indifferent Isabel so cross.

The winter was passing rapidly away. Alice sometimes accompanied Isabel on her round of wearisome gaiety; but oftener remained at home to talk or read with her father. Randolph frequently met them in company, and more frequently dropped in for a morning call; but, as they had been out several times when he came in the evening, he no longer appeared at that period of the day.

Isabel was restless and dissatisfied: often excessively out of humor; nor could Alice discover the cause. Of the truth of the matter, of the secret jealousy that gnawed her sister's heart, the unsuspecting girl had not an idea. Isabel now went out more than ever, and not unfrequently spoke of having met Randolph, when Alice had remained at home.

It was rarely that the younger sister saw the artist now. In the mornings, his calls were always hurried, and when Alice met him in society, he seemed laboring under a strange restraint. She feared she had offended him. Yet she dared not ask.

One evening a headache detained her at home. Isabel had gone to a large party, and Mr. Vernon was at his club. Alice felt low in spirits, almost to shedding tears, so she opened the piano, and

strove to cheer herself with music. But it would not do: and she gave up in despair. She was still sitting, her fingers listlessly running over the keys, when the door opened behind her; and looking hastily around, for she had expected no visitor, she recognized Randolph.

She started with embarrassment, and, as she welcomed him, her voice quite trembled. Strange to say, it was the first time they had ever been alone. But this was not sufficient to account for her agitation: she felt that it was all very childish, but in vain she tried to appear more composed. She stammered out something, she knew not what, regretting her sister's absence: but Randolph interrupted her.

"It is not your sister I came to see, but yourself," he said, his own voice slightly trembling, and still retaining her little hand. "All this dreary, long winter I have been watching for this opportunity. Alice, dear Alice, I love you."

Did she hear aright? Was it really Randolph before her? Or was all this a dream? She gave one hurried glance at that manly face, and then, reading all in the frank, yet anxious look, she burst into tears.

At a late hour George Randolph left the house, with a firmer tread and lighter eye than usual; while Alice glided up to her chamber, with smiles and tears fitting over her flushed face.

What a change in her destiny three little hours had caused! Her despondency was gone: she wondered she had ever had any: she pressed her hand to her heart, the weight of happiness seemed so painful.

Having reached her room, she walked to her dressing-table, drew off a bracelet and some rings, seated herself in a lounging chair, and fell into one of those long sweet reveries, which are known but once in a life-time. Alice certainly was never before so long making her *toilette de nuit*. One article was laid aside; then followed a walk across the room; then there was a pause by the dressing-glass; and all this while fitting smiles intervened between steadfast looks as if gazing into futurity.

At a late hour Isabel returned. Alice had not slept yet, and, as she quietly watched her sister, as with a wearied "oh, dear," Isabel slowly laid aside her ball dress, she wondered how it was possible for any human being to be so long preparing for bed.

At last Alice could contain herself no longer: besides the bright gas-light annoyed her.

"Are you not tired, and ready for bed, Bella?" she said.

"I shall be there directly," sharply replied Isabel, who was more ill-humored than ever; for she had gone out expecting to meet Randolph at the ball and had been disappointed.

Alice said no more, but nervously watched Isabel, as the latter placed piece after piece of jewellery in the velvet cases with a nonchalance that almost drove Alice wild.

At last the gas was turned down, and Isabel retired to bed. There was silence for a few moments, during which Alice crept closer to her elder sister. Suddenly she said,

"Mr. Randolph was here this evening."

"Ah," said Isabel, with a slight start, as if a serpent had stung her. Then, with a sneer, she added, "I suppose your headache is cured now."

For a moment the confiding heart of Alice was chilled. But, in a short time, she stole her arm around her sister's waist, and whispered, "Bella, dear, I have something to tell you."

Could Alice have felt the heart that was beating beneath her arm, she would have found it growing cold, so cold: for Isabel, at these words, instinctively divined the truth. But Alice, simple child, never suspected her sister's emotion: so she went on, as she drew still nearer to Isabel, "you know I said Mr. Randolph was here to-night, and—sister, he asked me to marry him."

"Pshaw, you choke me," said Isabel, and she rudely flung the arms of Alice from her, turned quickly away, and said no more. She had, indeed, been choking, but not from the white arms of Alice. She was even yet choking; but it was with mortification and rage. He did love Alice then: it was as she had feared: and she—she who had never stooped to love man before—was despised. Oh! if she could but have given vent to her feelings. But she dared not, for there beside her was her successful rival. It was enough to stifle her. She tore the throat of her night dress open, gasping for breath, her heart convulsed by these terrible and conflicting emotions.

All this was as unknown to Alice as if it had been going on in another sphere. Still she wondered why Isabel did not speak. So, after a few moments of silence, she resumed.

"Are you not glad, dear Isabel? You always seemed to like him."

The elder sister felt that she must speak, or be betrayed. But she could not counterfeit entirely. She answered sharply,

"I care nothing about it. What is it to me. I am tired and want sleep. Do leave me alone, will you?" This was because Alice, at hearing her speak of being fatigued, had laid her soft hand on her forehead, as if to soothe her.

The young *fiancée* drew back hurt and disappointed. She found that even as bright a love as hers could be clouded. After a few restless turnings, and some vain wonder as to what had made Isabel so cross, she fell asleep with smiles on her red lips, and pleasant dreams in her heart.

But the elder sister slept not. While Alice continued awake, Isabel remained immovable as a stone, but, when the young girl slumbered at last, the sister, rising on one arm, sternly regarded the calm, innocent face. Hate was in every lineament of that haughty countenance, as it thus gazed down on the sleeper: and not only hate, but revenge. The pale moonlight—for the winter moon had now risen—struggling, in faint gleams, between the thick curtains, gave a ghastly aspect to that agitated face, so that it looked not unlike that of some ghoul contemplating its lifeless victim.

What a tempest of emotions swept, to and fro, in that haughty woman's heart. Rejected!—and for whom? A mere child, with a baby face. And by whom? A penniless artist, an adventurer. Was it for this she had lavished on him her love? Was it for this she had gone out everywhere to meet him, even on this very evening?

The young girl stirred. The exclamation of her sister half aroused her. But she still lingered in the realm of dreams. Her red lips half parted, disclosing the little pearly teeth; her cheek flushed with a warm blush; her fingers closed softly as if pressing some loved hand; and murmuring "George," she smiled rapturously, and then sank again into deep sleep.

It was gall and wormwood to the watcher. She had been frightened, at first, lest her sister had understood her words. She was now maddened, almost beyond control, by this little scene. She fairly gnashed her teeth. Oh! it is terrible, when a haughty soul, like hers, after abasing itself before another, is spurned, and thrown back on its own contempt.

The very restraint which she exercised over the outward show of her feelings, and which gave her such a cold, immovable aspect, now avenged itself on her, by increasing the fury of this mental hurricane. For hours, during that night, it is not too much to say she was almost beside herself. Morning found her still awake, looking haggard and wan, but composed at last, at least to the eyes of others.

While dressing, Alice, turning away her head, recurred to the subject that engrossed her thoughts.

"Bella," she said, "you seemed so tired last night, that I could not talk to you, as I wished."

It was well for Isabel that the young girl's eyes were bashfully turned away; for, notwith-

standing the strong will of the elder sister, her whole face was blanched at these words. But she bit her lip, though the angry gleam of the tigress still lurked in her eye.

"Do you think," continued Alice, still looking away, "that papa will be very angry with me for my engagement? I never thought of such a thing, but George said he was afraid papa would think I ought not to marry a man, whose dependence was so precarious. I told him I knew papa would give his consent willingly. But, this morning, I do not feel so sure of it. Do you think, Bella dear, that he will object?"

Isabel's mind had been in a whirl, from the first word uttered by Alice. Mr. Vernon would certainly refuse his consent!—why had she never thought of this before? Or, if he inclined at last to yield, he could easily be persuaded otherwise. Then, if Alice married Randolph, she would be thrust from the old man's heart; and that, that would almost kill her. All this could be brought to pass: all this, and perhaps even more. Isabel saw already the way. Oh! what devil from hell, in that little minute, for it was no more, put these thoughts into that cruel, haughty heart.

It was over. The resolve was taken. And now Isabel calmly answered her sister.

"There is no doubt of it. You know papa hates adventurers."

Alice turned pale: reflected a while: then approached her sister and kissed her.

"Isabel dear," said she, "you can talk to papa much better than I can, for I get frightened when he looks so sternly:—will you not tell him all about it? I know I am a coward. But you can persuade him to anything, and if he once denies me, I have not courage to mention a subject again."

Ah! words too true. Had that little heart of thine but been braver, Alice!

Isabel, controlling herself, returned the kiss and answered,

"I will do all I can for you, Alice. You had better say nothing to papa yourself. Leave everything to me. I have no doubt I can win his consent."

"You are the best sister in the world," was the reply, and tears of gratitude dimmed the eyes of Alice. "George is coming, this morning, to see papa; but I will persuade him to say nothing till you have prepared the way."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KEEPING GUARD.

Thou keepest guard, old friend and true,
Thy master's child above.

May others watch, his life-time through,
With equal faith and love!

C. A.

WAS HE RIGHT?

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

IN a recent number of "The Ladies' National Magazine" I contributed a sketch, entitled "Was She Right?" which has elicited the following story of a somewhat parallel case. The sketch is also from the life; and by a lady. I give it in her words.

The gallantry of men—or I am sometimes inclined to suspect, their reserve or insincerity when the conduct of woman is in the question, induces them to treat the sex with anything but impartial justice. They praise us at the expense of themselves, and fill the heads of the young and giddy with impossible notions of woman's prerogative, and woman's rights; woman's virtue, and her constancy—that is to say, on paper. Who, for instance, ever read of an inebriate, in a temperance tale, who had not a wife of perfect character? In real life, it is true men often exhibit more selfishness, and quite a capacity for taking care of themselves and their own interests. They educate us to think ourselves angels, or at least to imagine that they think us such; and when the trial comes, and something of consequence is at issue, our angelic attributes are all forgotten, and they disappoint us most cruelly.

But I must cease writing a preface, and come to the point; for prefacing only leads me further from my purpose. Your correspondent says that common sense views of duty in matters of love and matrimony are the true ones. I am about to tell the story of a young man who followed the dictates of sound reason.

Mabel Stanley was amiable, engaging and beautiful. Her auburn hair and gentle eyes—her fair, broad forehead and clear skin, were in such harmony with her kind manners, that she seemed more a mild vision than a human being of actual flesh and blood. Perhaps my description does not convey the readers beau ideal of beauty; but as I am describing a person who really lived, and no mere ideal, I shall be pardoned if I adhere to the truth. There were indeed those who would not concede her claims to strict beauty. Even such, however, admitted that without the right to be pronounced beautiful, she was "charming." And if such be the general effect of a person's presence, certainly we need not go into an analysis of lips and eyes and brows. So that the *tout ensemble* pleases,

the strict requirements of classic elegance may be overlooked.

Mabel was often in little difficulties; but then it was a pleasure to forgive her. Her disconsolate air was so very pitiful that you could hardly pardon yourself for having blamed her and caused her tears; and when you had repaired all by a kiss, and the assurance of reconciliation, the sunlight which came over her face was as delightful as the cheerful sky after a summer afternoon shower. There was a reason, and generally the same reason for all her dilemmas; but if I tell it now, it will spoil my story.

We were of the same age, and left school together. Of course we promised a life long friendship; and what is most remarkable, boarding school Misses as we were, we kept our faith. And thus it happens, that although we lived many miles apart, I am so well acquainted with every passage of her life. It seems to me now almost a troubled dream as I look back upon it; and but that it is so fruitful in admonition, I would not disturb the past.

At first we were frequent correspondents—so frequent that my father good humoredly declared that I was a much better daughter of the republic than daughter of his, inasmuch as I impoverished him to enrich the post-office treasury. Still he was as fond as a child, of hearing portions of Mabel's letters, and very much admired the air of charming romance which she could throw over the most common-place themes. Her descriptions and narratives were delightful, and he said if he were only young again he could fall in love with her by post, marry her by proxy, send for her home, and cherish her, without one preliminary look at her face and form. Any face and any form must be engaging, animated by such a mind as Mabel's.

You may be sure I was delighted that my father was so much pleased with my friend's letters. After a year or two of correspondence the epistles grew less frequent. I might have regretted this more, only that as they became fewer in number they increased in interest; and this interest was not a little enhanced by a spice of mystery. Mabel was "engaged;" and from the earliest steps in the affair she made me her confidant. She gave me the minute history of all her emotions, and all his advances, from

the hour of her first suspicion of his attentions, until she became really and formally *fiance*. As through this interesting period I was charged to secrecy, and as there was scarce a line in her communications which was not tinged with some allusion, direct or remote to the one thought of her heart, my father maliciously declared that Mabel must be in love, and rallied me upon my fidelity, while "he warranted there was not a person of her acquaintance who had not the same confidence as I." I could only smile evasively; for it was part of my education never to tell a falsehood, even in jest.

At length the injunction was removed, and I told my father that "Mabel was engaged." And I confessed, moreover, much to his glee, that she had some time since apprised me of the turn affairs were taking. "I knew it!" he said. "And now I *must* see this couple. Write to Mabel to spend a month with us, for of course you will be her bridesmaid. Let him accompany her here, and leave her with us."

This proposal fell in too completely with my desires not to be immediately communicated to Mabel, and father actually added a postscript to a young lady whom he had never seen, insisting in the most mandatory terms, on Mabel's accepting the invitation. Our joint request was complied with; and an early answer was received from Mabel, designating the day on which we might expect her.

I never shall forget my flutter of expectation as the time drew near. I was so anxious to see Mabel's choice! I painted him mentally, from her description—and dwelt, much to my father's amusement on his perfections of form and face; on the rich stores of his mind, and the charms of his conversation and accomplishments. Papa was so provokingly incredulous, with his wise proverbs about seeing through lover's eyes, and hearing through charmed ears, that I was quite vexed with him, and determined to like Mr. Milman, if out of sheer opposition only. They came. The man was certainly well enough. And better than that—though I have never quite forgiven him—I must own that he was conscientious and upright—a very Spartan. Perhaps he had too much unbending integrity for this shuffling world. But his error, if it were one, was on the right side.

I may say I was not disappointed in him; but I must confess I did not find Mabel what I had pictured her. And I caught myself absent and wondering, on the very evening of her arrival, whether it were possible that I could have changed so much in three years, as I saw she had. I had, girlish as I was, arranged a most ardent embrace in my mind, but when she was handed out of the coach by a stout, fine-looking man with great whiskers, I could not throw myself into her arms.

Our meeting was refined into the most polite of well-bred kisses, and I showed the bride elect to her chamber with awful deference, leaving papa to do the honors to the bridegroom. The girl had grown—gracious me! But all her growth of person was nothing to the *je ne sais quoi* which had come over her—the womanly development I suppose it must have been—the conscious but unconscious consequence of a young woman really engaged, and actually to be married in the spring. This meeting was in early autumn.

Well—Mr. Milman went in the morning, leaving Mabel in our charge. His departure seemed to relieve us from a cloud. Mabel relapsed into the pleasant, artless school girl of yore, and her laugh rang out again. I wondered if Milman did not like laughter, and that, therefore, it was that she had been so constrained before him. But my better sense suggested that marriage is really a very serious affair, and that one cannot at once become so accustomed to the thoughts of it, as to feel quite at ease, before an old friend, at the first meeting under such circumstances. Milman came again and again during the six weeks that Mabel remained with us, and we all grew at last to feel quite at our ease with him. Still I observed that Mabel was not the same person when her affianced was with us that she seemed when he was away; and papa, who is sometimes quite in haste with his likes and his dislikes, conceived quite a prejudice against Mr. Milman on that very account. He thought that he had an undue, and quite a tyrannical influence over his intended, and argued thence that they never could be happy together. For my own part I was troubled; and I can confess now, that it was more through fear of her deficiency than for any fault which I detected or suspected in him. One day I was an accidental listener to a sentence or two which passed between them—no more. I heard not what preceded or what followed; but the words, almost unmeaning in themselves, had to me a dreadful weight, for they brought up reminiscences which I would gladly have forgotten. He said in a tone of grave vexation, "why, my dear Mabel, I thought you told me thus and thus, when I was here before." "Oh, no," she answered, "you must be mistaken." "But, now I think of it, Mabel, I am *sure*." "Then you must have misunderstood me." They passed out of hearing, and I went to my chamber oppressed—and with these simple words. For they were a key to many earnest colloques which I had before partly perceived, and now constantly observed. They explained to me all her constraint, and all his distrust. I feared for her. I longed to talk affectionately and earnestly with her. I once ventured to ask, "have you had no lovers quarrels?" "Not the semblance of one," she answered.

"Not a word of difference?" She looked me full in the face—but she did color, as she answered, "no, not a word!" Shall I own it? I did not believe her.

When Mabel left us, at the end of her six week's visit, all was sunshine. Everything was definitely arranged for the following spring when the nuptials were to take place. Mabel had never before looked to me so beautiful—full of hope and happiness, and Milman had succeeded at last, in establishing himself completely in our good graces. His fine manly form and commanding presence compelled our respect, and I could but acknowledge that Mabel needed a director and guide in her husband. My father now pronounced him a young man of great promise, with a character matured beyond his years, and natural talents, and acquired knowledge which could not fail to give him an enviable position. I rejoiced for Mabel that she had been so happy as to obtain the preference, and win the affection of a man whose love would do any woman honor.

Through the winter which followed, Mabel and Milman were frequently the subject of our conversation, and as for me, they were constantly in my thoughts. It occurs to me here to state a fact—of no consequence to be sure to the story—my mother had been long since dead. I mention it only to explain why my father is so often spoken of, and she never. My dear father! He has been many years too, in the silent land, but the teachings of his advice and of his example, his exact and excellent principles have left an influence which I trust will never leave me, and which I hope, moreover, will be perpetuated to my children! I do wish you gentlemen who have the direction of the public press, and the ladies who are your correspondents—aye, and even the clergy who speak under a higher warrant—I do wish, I say, that you would talk to fathers about their duty to their daughters? Tell them to make companions of them—to develop their minds by knowledge—such knowledge as books do not contain—such as even mothers cannot well impart. Let them be brought forward by the masculine strength of a father's mind, and teach them that "accomplishments" are only the gilding of a character. I know that fathers are always more indulgent to their daughters than their sons; but *indulgence* is not *education*. Nor is it education to pay large bills without a murmur, or to heap expense upon paid teachers. An hour of the father's time were worth a day of that of any paid instructor; the encouragement of a father's judicious care is all important; even if it were only to dissipate the impression that while sons are always welcome, daughters are pitted, petted and tolerated.

We had ceased counting months and weeks, and commenced counting the days that intervened before our visit to H—, to be present at Mabel's marriage, when, one morning father brought from the office a letter which caused me much anxiety, and father many ejaculations upon the fickleness of lovers. It was a long, long, letter, in a forced style of composition upon indifferent subjects chiefly; but the pith of the communication was that "they," meaning Mabel and Milman, had decided to "postpone" their wedding for a few weeks, or months. No reason was given for this, and no clue to any, though the three sides of letter post which were covered with close penmanship showed that whatever was the cause of this reserve, it was not want of time. You lady readers will understand that this late notice of a change of purpose had permitted me to take a great deal of unnecessary trouble, and had imposed upon my father some expense which might have been spared. However, we had nothing to do, but to wait. I suspended my personal preparations with a feeling of presentiment. But papa only laughed at this, and urged me to have all ready, and my trunks packed, for he said, we should be summoned away at a short notice. Men never will learn that ladies toilet cannot be kept "packed." It is destruction to them.

Weeks passed, and months even, and we heard not a word from Mabel. I wrote and received an answer, but as in my letter I carefully avoided all allusion to the postponed marriage, so in hers the subject was not referred to even in the most distant manner. I had foreborne to speak of it, not knowing what to say, or how to inquire—but her silence was inexplicable. "Now," said my father, "you may unpack your trunk. The match is broken off." I thought so too.

Gradually all correspondence ceased between us. I wrote the last letter, and as it remained unanswered, there was no course for me to take but to forbear writing to one who, by her silence, evinced a disinclination to hear from me. Months passed thus, and my first feeling of half anger had subsided into deep and doubting regrets. I was on the point of writing again, and waiving the point of pride and etiquette, to beseech her to tell me something respecting herself, when I received a letter. It was very brief, and I did not at first recognize the hand, but turned to the signature to ascertain if this could be Mabel's writing. She said, "I have been very sick—oh, I don't know how long, and this is the first time I have taken a pen in my hand. The doctor says I may write you a few lines, if I will ask you to come and spend a few weeks with me, for he says I need a change of persons and associations to rally my forces. Do ask your good papa to spare his housekeeper for a short

time, and come on such an errand of charity and friendship."

I need hardly say that I complied with all possible expedition with this request. I pass over the incidents of the journey; though they would seem almost a romance to the present generation of rail-road travellers—for travelling in those days had incidents, if only in the study of stage advertisements, and the watching of baggage in the various changes. I reached H—after a weary ride, and was safely landed at the house of the uncle with whom Mabel resided; for she, poor child, was an orphan. I felt how ill she must have been, and still probably was, when I was told that I must wait until the morning to see her, as she must first be prepared for my arrival.

What a night of anxiety and suspense was that! On the morrow I was up with the sun, and looked abroad on a landscape glorious in its autumn beauty. It reminded me of the mornings in which Mabel and I had rejoiced the year before, and I wept at the contrast which her present state presented. From the window I turned to the table, and saw the little evidences of Mabel's hand in the furnishing of this, the guest chamber. A Bible lay there, my father's gift, in which he had half pleasantly, half seriously told her, she must keep her family record. I strove in vain to fasten my thoughts on its pages, and leaving my apartment, descended to the lawn.

At breakfast I met only Mabel's aunt. The husband had been called away by some business appointment. I did not regret this; for I hoped that the lady would give me some clue to the cause and nature of Mabel's illness. And so she did. I need not repeat her precise words. The substance of her communication was that Milman broke his faith with Mabel, and deserted her—without so much as assigning a reason. Mabel never would say what was the difficulty, and she was sure she could not imagine. She knew, however, that the Milmans must be disagreeable people, for Mabel had some trouble with his mother and sisters, before he disagreed with her. She bore up, poor girl, wonderfully, and would not acknowledge how much the affair had distressed her; but it was that which had made her ill, and nothing else. There was much more, but this was the purport; and I need hardly say that much as I desired to hear, I did not commit myself by asking any questions.

In a few hours I was admitted to Mabel's room. There was a change indeed! I could hardly conceive it possible that in a few months my friend could have become so wan and wasted—her cheeks so pale, her fingers so transparent. She was propped in a chair with pillows, and smiled gladly but faintly as she took my hand. I seated

myself beside her—she dropped her head upon my breast and sobbed audibly for some moments. Not a word had been said, but I was greatly constrained by the nurse to leave the room, and Mabel was placed again on her couch.

A day or two passed, before I was again admitted to the invalid's chamber. Now she was more composed, and I spent a little time with her in cheerful conversation. On the next day I quietly took my place at her bedside, without formality, the doctor only stipulating that we should not talk too much. And in a few weeks I had the happiness to find her decidedly convalescent, and out of danger. It may seem surprising to the reader, but never, in all this time did the name of Milman, or any reference to him pass our lips. I returned to my father, and left the once blooming Mabel restored to something like her former health and beauty. She was indeed a beauty still; more ethereal, and more, I suppose, to the fancy of the other sex; for never was lady put to the task of declining more overtures than Mabel Stanley was when she recovered her health, though she never quite regained her former bloom. She died a few years since at a respectable age—what age I will not say since it would be a revelation of my own, and all witnesses are excused from betraying themselves. And since I flatter myself that the reader has some interest for her, and sympathy with her, I will state that her last years were cheerful and comfortable; that she was notable for doing good; and took rank with those excellent women, who, having been "disappointed" themselves, spend a life-time in serving others, and making the circle in which they move happy by a thousand little kindnesses and many sensible benefits. In a word, Mabel Stanley lived and died a kind "old maid."

And now comes the question, "Was He Right?" I will not say how I obtained the knowledge, but I can state the reason of her separation from Milman. In her youth, from timidity, carelessness, a presumption on a pretty presence, or all these causes combined, Mabel Stanley had too slight a regard for strict truth. Milman noticed these little divergences, as the reader will now remember. He tried not to perceive—then to overlook—then to excuse them. At last by a little chain of events, which are not worth raking from oblivion, she seriously embroiled poor Milman with his own mother and sisters. A little falsehood led to great consequences; not the least afflicting of which was, that poor Mabel, beautiful Mabel, stood before him in all the deformity of an absolute falsifier!

What could the man do? She dismissed him in a fit of half bravado, and he took her at her word. Any overture at reconciliation would have

been at once met by her. She would even have confessed her fault, and made her old school days reparation, by a passion of tears, and a beautiful look of humiliation. Milman's friends—his own mother entreated him not to sacrifice her to that little difficulty—and not to make himself unhappy to avenge their difference. But he thought she had sacrificed herself, and that he could not be more miserable than with a wife whose word he could not confide in. He left H—, and never returned there to reside. He never accounted to the world for his conduct, but magnanimously bore the reproach of fickleness to spare her name. Now, again we ask, "Was He Right?"

He did not even sentence himself to celibacy.

He lost the romance, and perhaps saved himself some of the follies of early marriage, but at a ripe age, when "the story of his love" had passed into forgetfulness he married a woman every way worthy of him. Even Mabel Stanley heard of the match without visible emotion. Nay, they sometimes met, and the observer who knew nothing of their past history, would think of nothing in their style of addressing each other, except that being slightly acquainted, they were formally polite. Those who knew could better solve the riddle.

Was He Right? My father always maintained that he was—and I believe him against the world in a matter of conscience.

MOTHER MINE.

BY VIRGINIA PEYTON.

Nor in the sunny light of Summer morning,
When the wild mock-bird trills his sweetest lay,
And pearly dew the crimson blooms adorning,
Reflects the glitter of the sun's first ray;
Not with the fragrance of the flowers ascending,
Not with the murmur of the honey bee,
And the light breeze with tuneful cadence blending—
Come mournful thoughts of thee.

I am more glad, my heart more freely boundeth,
A keener sense of life is in me stirred,
When on my list'ning, rav'ish'd ear resoundeth
The sweet wild notes of some melodious bird:
And when the fitful Summer wind is flinging
The shadow of the vines across the lea,
The trembling shade unto my soul is bringing
No mournful thoughts of thee.

But oh, when evening darkness round us falleth,
And gentle twilight like a shadow lies,
Sad memories the lonely heart recalleth,
And bitter tears swell up to mournful eyes.
And then the tide of recollection swelling,
A thousand saddening thoughts roll over me,
With sweet but agonizing memories telling,
Dear mother! all of thee.

I then remember other years have found me
Cheered with thy blessed presence all the 'day;
The mantle of thy love was flung around me—
Why was that mantle ever rest away?
Why am I left within life's pathway lonely
Without thy love to make the passage free,
To gladden all my life with joys which only
Could emanate from thee?

Night is around me with its darkness dreary,
Shrouding the stars within its curtained breast;
Unto my soul with sin and sorrow weary
Night bringeth not its sweet accustomed rest.
Up to the rifted clouds my eye-balls streaming
Strive, longing one remembered face to see,
While from my heart swells forth a mournful plaining,
Oh, mother, mine! for thee.

But all in vain! the grave I long to enter
Hath bound her in the sleep that knows no stir,
And still my strong, enduring love will centre
With wild intensity of woe on her!
Father, forgive me! though Thy love will chasten,
Do Thou in tender mercy bind for me
Upon my lonely, orphaned heart the lesson
Of changeless trust in Thee!

STANZAS.

BY J. A. TURNER.

Through yonder curtain slyly peeps
The rising sun to see my bliss;
The blazing fire morn's vigil keeps,
While I Louisa's forehead kiss.

She softly slumbers on my breast;
Our baby in her cradle sleeps,

While holy angels guard her rest,
And bliss her little bosom keeps.

Why wish for other wealth to find,
Why seek for gold beyond the seas;
Why covet all the gems of Ind,
When I have jewels such as these?

THE CARELESS WORDS.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

VARIOUS were the comments of the good people of A—— when the sign of Alfred Keith, M. D., was first nailed upon the window shutter. The old ladies wondered if his cures were as infallible as Swain's Panacea; the young ones if he was married, or handsome, loved pic-nics and sleighing parties; whilst the gentlemen of the village positively declared that if he was a young physician, it was presumption in him to endeavor to compete with old Dr. Smith.

But alas for the interest hanging around Alfred Keith. Had he enveloped himself in mystery, his office would soon have filled with patients, but it was quickly known that he only came to A—— in order to increase, if possible, a very small income; that he had never prescribed a dozen times in his life, and that he was too poor and too agreeable for mammas with marriageable daughters to care about cultivating his acquaintance.

Popularity, however, came faster than patients. Dr. Keith could play backgammon and chess with the old gentlemen; pick up balls of knitting cotton, or tie up stray flowering stalks for their ladies; and ride, dance, quote poetry, and sing with the daughters.

But with none did Dr. Keith's voice harmonize so well as with Clara Graham's. Clara was the belle of the village. Her father was the richest man, her mother the proudest lady, and Clara the prettiest and sauciest girl in the place.

The summer time sped on gaily, and rumor said that the doctor and Clara were engaged. The white jessamine flowers over a certain vine covered piazza, at the side of Mr. Graham's house, might have confirmed the report could they have spoken, but Mr. Graham was supposed never to trouble himself with anything of less importance than money, and his lady was equally too haughty a dame for the curious questions, the fear of her displeasure by any questions. Had Clara been asked if the rumor was true, she would have undoubtedly replied "yes," with such a comically serious face, that no one would have for a moment believed her.

Not that she was ashamed of marrying a poor man, as Alfred Keith undoubtedly was, but the sensitive delicacy of the young girl shrunk from having her love talked and jested about.

One afternoon a party of village gossips happened to assemble at Mrs. Jackson's, where the doctor boarded, and the conversation turned upon

the visits of a gentleman to the place, who was supposed to be an admirer of Clara Graham's.

"They *do* say he is very rich, but one can't tell now-a-days whether a man has money or not; fine feathers make such fine birds," said old Mrs. Patterson.

"Well, then, he need not be coming to see Clara Graham, for, take my word for it, she will never marry a poor man," replied Mrs. Jackson, putting the half knit stocking up toward the window, in the deep evening twilight, to take up a stitch.

"I thought the doctor here had his eye on her," said another, looking at him and laughing; "but you cut your wisdom teeth before you came here, didn't you, doctor? She would have dismissed you with a smile and a bow like a queen."

Alfred Keith laughed, and said there was no danger of Miss Graham's discarding him, but at the same time he felt rather uncomfortable.

"Could Clara be ashamed of the engagement, that she insisted upon its being kept so quiet?" asked he, mentally. He had told her frankly of his small dependence, but old Dr. Smith was nearly superannuated, and his own practise was increasing daily. Clara had declared herself perfectly willing to share his small fortune, but her lover's pride had often chafed that he must ask such a sacrifice from her. The evening after the tea drinking at Mrs. Jackson's, Clara met Dr. Keith at a party. She was the gayest of the gay, and constantly attended by the stranger to whom allusion had been made the afternoon before.

"What do you think, Clara? Mary Hay is going to marry young Abbott," said a friend at her side.

"Poor Mary! how she is throwing herself away. Why he is as poor as a church mouse, and as to this love in a cottage, it is more romantic than comfortable," was the laughing rejoinder.

"I think Mary will be very happy though; she is not ambitious, and is accustomed to making sacrifices. If she loves Mr. Abbott all those petty trials will be light," replied her friend.

Clara gave a groan, threw up her hands and eyes with much earnestness, and said,

"Poor little innocent thing! You know nothing at all about it. How can love exist through the soap-suds of washing day? And where is the romance of sweeping from garret to cellar with

a white pocket handkerchief tied around one's head, or burning one's hands and arms preserving time? Oh, no! let me marry a rich man, who can afford to keep servants for all this. A poor man indeed! he would be the death of me."

Careless words, carelessly spoken, but how bitter the fruits!

Dr. Keith was standing near Clara at the time. The gossip of the afternoon before, had made him suspicious. He feared these feelings *did* influence Clara, and that she repented her promise to him. He drew near to her, and said in a low voice, "are you serious, Miss Graham?"

"As a judge," was the laughing reply.

The annoyance of the lover increased, and he said with some asperity, "if I was engaged to a young lady who really entertained these sentiments, I should be most happy for a release."

Clara looked up in surprise, but seeing how seriously he had taken her trifling, she answered, as the haughty flush mounted to neck and brow, "and I should be too happy to release him."

A moment after she would have given anything to have been able to recall what she had just said in the impulse of anger, but it was too late. Dr. Keith had moved to another part of the room, and the conversation was soon changed by the party around.

In a short time the chafed lover bowed his adieus to his hostess, saying there was a sick child whom he must visit that night. A few hours before, he had assured the distressed mother that it was but a cold ailing the infant, but now one might judge that it was threatened with an incipient scarlet fever. Mrs. Jones' baby received one visit more that night than it would have done, had it not have been for Clara Graham's careless words.

And how fared it with Clara? She was unusually gay after her lover's departure, but one might judge that she expected some one by the anxiety with which she watched the opening of the door. The flush which had mounted to her brow died away, leaving only a bright spot on each cheek, and an unusual brilliancy in her eyes.

"Why, Miss Graham, are you ill?" asked the lady of the house, as Clara's hand touched hers in putting down a vase of flowers. It was icy cold, whilst the fever spot on the face burned hotly.

"I do not feel well, but a night's sleep will restore all, I hope," said Clara.

But there was no sleep for Clara that night. She reached home in a fever of anger and excitement. She could recognize no reason why Dr. Keith should take her jesting words so seriously. In her indignation she forgot how much reason she had given for offence, though unintentionally;

how sensitive a poor man is, who loves. Clara was one of those peculiar natures, the very depth of whose affection makes them undemonstrative. She forgot that he did not know as well as she, how bravely her strong heart would battle out the world's trials with him by her side.

The night passed in this conflict between resentment and love, and the morning found her wearied out and weeping. After an hour or two of unrefreshing sleep, she arose and hurried through her *toilette*. But Clara's haste was unnecessary. The leaves of all her music books had been turned; the plants in the window had the dead leaves plucked off, and placed toward the sun; one piece of sewing after another thrown aside, and still Dr. Keith did not make his appearance.

Clara felt angry again. A few hours before, had he come, she would frankly have acknowledged her thoughtlessness, but now, at the ring of the door bell, the old haughty spirit rose up as she thought, "he has been giving me time to repent, I suppose," and her manner chilled to iciness.

Although she knew the voice and step perfectly well, Clara sat unmoved in her room till the servant announced Dr. Keith.

She arose with the most imperturbable calmness, and brushed off the snips of zephyr worsted which clung to her dress as if to her own heart, she would not acknowledge her excited feelings.

When Clara entered the parlor, her lover was standing looking out of the window, with his back to the door. Whether it was that her light footstep was unheard, or that he was determined that she should speak first, Clara could not determine. For the moment her impulse was to go up and place her hand on his shoulder, but pride forbade, so she only said, coldly, "good morning, Dr. Keith."

He turned and bowed, but made no effort to advance, or take her hand.

Clara drew up her tall figure, then took her seat, and carelessly turned over the sofa cushion against which she was leaning. "Will you not be seated, sir?" she said.

"Thank you, no. I called, Miss Graham, to release you from an engagement, which, by your own avowal, was irksome to you. It is not so great a curse after all, this being poor; one finds out so soon how much such a petty thing as a heart is worth," said he, bitterly.

Clara sat with her eyes fixed unquailingly on his face, and except that at this last taunt, the bright spot sprung to her cheek, and the lines of her flexible mouth grew wonderfully rigid, she gave no signs of the death-throes in her heart.

"You will remember, if you please, sir, that I have before said I should be most happy to be

released. I see no chance of happiness in our union;" and she arose and bowed haughtily to her lover.

He had hoped when he went in that Clara would have made some apology, but now that was all over, so coldly bidding her good morning, he departed.

And Clara, poor Clara! she was not one to give way to violent weeping, but she threw herself on the sofa, buried her head in the cushions, and after one deep groan, lay like one dead.

A long time after she arose and went up stairs, but to both dinner and tea she excused herself on the plea of a severe headache.

When her mother stopped in her room before retiring, that night, she was alarmed at Clara's appearance, and sent for Dr. Smith, who pronounced her dangerously ill.

Day after day she lingered in a violent fever; and when she rose from her sick bed, her mother asked no questions as to the absence of Dr. Keith, for she had gained intelligence enough, not from Clara's ravings, but from the heart-broken voice and look of her sick child.

Years have passed, and Dr. Keith, the bachelor, is a rich man in the village, and the once gay, proud Clara, is Clara Graham still, because of those CARELESS WORDS.

T O M ————— .

BY KATE GROVES.

Fly from the tempter,
There's death in the path,
Tho' the syren that woos thee
Seems fairest on earth;
Tho' the rose-footed hours
Be winged with delight,
And the voice of the syren
Whispers, come back to-night.

Fly from the wine cup,
Tho' pleasure may swim
In the bright rosy bubbles
That float round the brim;
Far down 'neath the depths
Of the red wine that flows,
Lurks the syren that lures
To the vortex of woes.

Fly from the tempter,
From the brow of the brave,
She has torn the bay wreath
And made him a slave;
E'en the pride of the statesman,
The fame of the just
The syren has humbled
And trod in the dust.

Fly from the tempter
Who has led thee astray,
From the high aspirations
Of life's early day;
Ere the hopes of thy mother
Have faded in gloom,
And her grey hairs dishonored
Are laid in the tomb.

THE HERMIT.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

WHERE a thousand Summer flowers
Deck and ornament the lawn,
And the birds in Nature's bowers
Sing a hymn at early dawn,
There will I join the songsters,
There will I raise my voice,
And, undisturbed by mortal man,
Within myself rejoice.
There shall no worldly care intrude,
There will I, all in solitude,
Live but for Him who died for me,
And saved the world on Calvary.
Where the high and cliffy mountains

'Mid the azure Heavens tower,
And the sparkling crystal fountains
From the rocky summits shower;
Where Nature in her beauty,
Enchants the earth and sky,
There will I raise my humble cot,
There will I live and die.
There will I, on the verdant sod,
Erect an altar to my God,
And unreserved His praises sing
Until my soul assume its wing
And cheerfully from earth doth rise,
To dwell in worlds beyond the skies.

GERTRUDE GRAY.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

CHAPTER I.

A RATHER large and pleasantly situated room, with two windows draped with blue flowered damask and embroidered lace, looped up with silver cords; a soft, thick carpet of the most brilliant dyes, a handsomely carved bedstead, with rich curtains and counterpane, and heavily ruffled pillows; ottomans with luxuriously soft cushions; a pretty work-table, covered with various scraps of elegant needle-work, begun, but probably not soon to be completed; a marble-top washstand, with toilet service of gold-band china; and a mantel profusely decorated with little "nick-nackeries" of no meaning or use, save perhaps to evidence the taste of the purchaser; such was the room of which Gertrude Gray reigned mistress and queen. There was not much similarity between the appearance of this and the other apartments of the household; and, considering her father's limited means, and the necessary economy visible in other matters, a casual observer might have deemed the display here somewhat out of place: but that mattered little to Miss Gertrude. "Her father was so fond of money," she said. Poor man! behind the counter of his retail drygoods store his life was wearisome and irksome enough to impress him with a high estimate of every dollar. She had labored in vain to persuade him that the parlor furniture (bought at the era of his marriage) was too old-fashioned to be ever genteel; he was deaf to all arguments, and blind to all defects in this matter; but he willingly allowed his youngest daughter a little pocket-money now and then, which, he thought, was spent usefully; but which in reality the thoughtless, vain girl spent in adorning her room; heedless of the numerous trifling wants it might have supplied—of the many little comforts and luxuries it might have procured for her delicate, but ever toiling mother. Ah! such is but too often the case.

And yet with all this vain show Gertrude is not happy. See her now as she enters her chamber, and closes the door behind her with something of unnecessary noise, and with a not very gentle action places a pretty little lamp upon the work-table. It is a rainy autumn evening, and the luxurious apartment looks all the more bright and comfortable from the noise of the storm without; but its beauties have no effect upon the

fair owner. Throwing back the raven tresses from her frowning brow, she draws forth from a recess a richly cushioned arm-chair, and throws herself haughtily upon it in an attitude of mingled grief and passion. Tears of vexation fall slowly from her large black eyes, and her lips are firmly compressed, and her daintily-slipped foot taps the flower-wrought foot-stool impatiently, as if the unquiet feelings within were seeking some outlet. Fair Gertrude, what can have brought this storm across thy sunny path?

The door is softly opened, and a middle-aged woman enters slowly, and with some hesitation. Her calico dress and apron, and care-worn brow, damp with the fatigue of domestic labors, present a strange contrast to the young lady's silk dress and sparkling jewels; and yet she is the mother. You could tell it by the soft, beautiful light of her eyes as she approaches her daughter, and the look of anxious tenderness that shades her furrowed face as she sees that daughter's grief. "Gertrude, my child, why those tears? it grieves me to the heart to see you thus:" and the voice faltered with emotion. But Gertrude only tossed her proud head, and turned peevishly from the anxious face that bent over her.

Ah, wilful girl! Turn not so fretfully away, nor requite with gestures of impatience or anger the fond solicitude of a mother's heart. Mayhap thou'lt see the day when thou would'st give the gems of Golconda for a token of affection—for one word of love—unwearying, disinterested, long-patient love, such as now thou deem'st wearisome. Thou may'st see the hour when—thy own kindness unvalued, thy feelings outraged, thy affections scorned and slighted—thou wilt kneel upon a lowly grave, and long for the gentle love that once blessed thee—long to be folded for but one moment to a mother's sympathizing bosom—to feel her tender hand upon thy throbbing brow; but from the unpitiful tomb in answer to thy yearning sobs and wailings, will come up only the remembrance of that unselfish heart which thy waywardness might pain, but could not change—that deep, devoted love which thou didst repay with indifference, with heartlessness. Turn not, then, idly away from thy mother's feeble form; nor view carelessly those purest, holiest drops that ever bedew mortal cheeks—a mother's tears.

"Gertrude," continued Mrs. Gray, after a pause, during which she combated her emotion,

"I cannot express the pain you give me. Here with no trial to vex you, with no sorrow worthy of the name to lessen your happiness, you are daily repining because your father will not, cannot sanction a silly attachment; insulting by your unwarranted murmurings a God who has bestowed upon you every needful blessing."

"I cannot help it," was the hasty reply. "I would give them all up to obtain that greater blessing, without which I can never be happy."

"You would, Gertrude!" said the mother, in sad and slightly reproachful tones; "you would give up your parents love, your sister's affection, the artless endearment of your little nephew and nieces; you would relinquish your comfortable home, the plenty that surrounds you, the good health you enjoy—these and a thousand other advantages you could yield up for a man like De Lancey—a vain, idle, senseless fop, with nothing to recommend him but his fine person, his graceful manner that shows you off to advantage when waltzing—a flippant tongue that charms you by what you consider eloquence, and a pretty style of complimenting that flatters your vanity. Ah, my poor child! I fear that you will one day regret the infatuation that misleads you, and prevents your bestowing a proper degree of attention on a more worthy object."

"Yes, I know what you would say, but I hear enough from father about that dull, awkward booby he thinks so much of, and——"

"How can you speak so, Gertrude? There are few young men of your acquaintance less dull or more sensible than Charles Elmer; and if he has not the easy appearance and unblushing impudence of De Lancey, he is as far from being disagreeable in his manners as he is."

"Oh, I know you are all strangely prepossessed in his favor, so there is no use in my saying a word on the subject; though considering I am the person most interested, I think I might be allowed a voice. But if I cannot speak I can act; and I will never marry a hum-drum character like Charles Elmer; too poor and too miserly ever to make a figure in the world."

"Charles is neither poor nor miserly," said Mrs. Gray, with some sternness. "He is in good business as you know full well; and both able and willing to set out in life in a respectable style, such as should satisfy any sensible——"

"Oh, yes!" interrupted the wilful girl again, with a contemptuous sneer. "Very respectable, like father! I am ashamed to ask any one to come to the house, it is so shabby and mean; I have no idea of having my own house the same."

"You have really acquired ridiculous ideas for one in your sphere of life, which is merely that of a person in moderate circumstances; nor could all the grandeur you could pile around you make

you any more; but, on the contrary, would serve to render you a laughing stock in the estimation of those who know your father's circumstances. Neither could it add to your happiness since the little ornaments you have, at unnecessary expense, collected here, do not make you more contented than if you inhabited an unfurnished attic."

Gertrude cast a glance of something like contempt around the room. The novelty of her possessions had passed, and they were no longer valued. She returned, however, to the previous subject.

"On one point I am resolved, and no arguments nor persuasions can alter my determination. I shall never marry Charles Elmer, nor any one like him; and, if I cannot have Rupert De Lancey, (of which now I have no hope, since he seems deeply wounded by father's unaccountable rudeness to him) I at least will never bestow my hand upon one less richly endowed by nature, birth, education, and fortune."

"It is easy by a multiplicity of words to render our language impressive in our own opinion," replied Mrs. Gray, calmly. "Mr. De Lancey's gifts from nature are limited to a handsome face and fine figure; he gives us no reason to suppose that the nobler qualities of head or heart, which, alone, are truly valuable, are his; as to birth, we have only his own representation of descent from a noble French family; allowing this to be strictly true, I cannot see that it renders him the better or more worthy; he has a superficial education, which enables him to appear eloquent and learned to a girl like you easily caught by high-sounding words; and as to fortune, like birth, we must take only his own words; there is no other proof."

"I don't know what you call proof; the appearance he makes is a sufficient evidence of his wealth to all unbiased persons; but when people will persist in their prejudices one might as well expect the blind to see. A little while ago you said wealth did not contribute to happiness."

"But you seemed to think it essential to yours, Gertrude. Yet if he had the wealth of the Indies; were he the most talented and learned man of the age; descended from the proudest family on earth, still would I deem him unworthy of my child, so long as his character is such as can be branded with censure."

"Yes, by the envious and malignant."

"The persons who informed your father of some incidents in his past life are neither one nor the other."

"Well," persisted Gertrude, seemingly not desirous to dwell on this point. "At all events one thing is certain; however poor I might be I shall never become dependant on father's exertions

like Amy, with her four children, burging such expense upon him that he cannot give a proper living to his own family. But of course there was no objection made to her marriage with a poor schoolmaster. Her wishes were not thwarted, of course, but mine are never heeded."

"You are, indeed, sadly altered, Gertrude, thus to speak of your affectionate sister. How would my very soul rejoice were the man on whom you have thoughtlessly fixed your fancy, like the youth who weed and won my poor Amy; for though they were poor, and various misfortunes concurred to keep them so, they had riches which were worth mines of worldly wealth; and should trouble or sorrow ever come upon you, my child, I can wish for you no greater blessing than to be able to bear it with the meekness, the uncomplaining resignation with which your sister has endured her many bitter trials. The dear girl! what should I do without her now? miserable and lonely would I be indeed. And if you think us more particular in your regard, Gertrude, it should be a motive of deeper love and gratitude on your part, and not cause for anger or vexation. The sorrows of one child may indeed make us painfully fearful for our other daughter; the more so as in your case there would be trials of a different nature than she had to suffer. But it is late, and I must retire to rest. Good night, my child, I would fain hope that calm reflection may change your present mood."

The mother pressed a fervent kiss on the brow of her beautiful but wayward daughter, and with a sigh retired to her own apartment.

CHAPTER II.

"I CANNOT bear this suspense any longer—if you truly loved me you would not keep me in this anxiety, merely to humor the unreasonable opposition of your parents to our union."

The speaker was a very fine-looking man, but there was a dark scowl upon his broad forehead, and his voice and manner betrayed quite as much impatience as love.

"What can I do, Rupert? Have I not tried, oh, how vainly, to soften my father's prejudices?"

"Do? why, like a girl of spirit and proper strength of mind as until lately I imagined you to be, choose for yourself in a matter that concerns your happiness, not theirs. A private marriage—"

"Oh, no! no!" interrupted his companion, none other than Gertrude Gray. "I could never consent to that—never."

"True love can consent to anything," replied the other, in a tone of bitter reproach. "Were your love in any way proportioned to mine—were it but a tithe of what I feel for you, you would not count anything a sacrifice."

"It would be no sacrifice to me to give up all for your love, Rupert, but my poor father, my tender mother, I cannot break their hearts." And the maiden's voice faltered, for though fashion and frivolity had blighted much of the warmth of her early feelings, she was not yet altogether heartless.

"No one asks you to take any such desperate step, at least I do not," was the cool reply. "I merely wish you to consent to that which can alone ensure our happiness. Your father is violently opposed to my addresses, for what cause I am sure I cannot imagine; we have waited now some time to gain his favor, it is useless to delay any longer. Once married he would soon yield his forgiveness, and all would be well."

"I cannot do it! Do not urge me, Rupert—my heart is weak in everything but its love for you, and I cannot bear to refuse what you desire. But in a little time all will be as we wish. I know my father will yield to my entreaties; and surely it will be better to wait for his approval of our union, than rashly venture, depending on his affection to pardon such a step on my part as—as—"

"Well, say the word—what is there in it so terrible; elopements take place every day, sometimes only for the fun and excitement of the thing; though I confess for this I would not urge you: but in this case I see no alternative. You must recollect that I cannot always remain here. Affairs at home demand my presence, and even now I am spending time which is invaluable. I can wait no longer. Come, my sweet love, say that you love your own Rupert sufficiently to give up all for his sake—to fly with him to a home of love and happiness. Say you will fly, dearest!"

"Oh, forbear, Rupert! I entreat—I beg," cried the distressed girl, as she leaned her head upon his shoulder, and wept aloud. "Do not try me so."

But the heart to which she appealed was of no such noble nature as to yield to her request; he saw that he had gained some influence, and he followed it up by argument and entreaty; by all that reproach, slight irony, gentle persuasions and protestations of ardent love could promise success, till at length filial love yielded, and the infatuated girl, though with many tears and misgivings, consented to elope with her lover. Arrangements were talked over; plans proposed and rejected; till De Lancey hit upon one which seemed feasible; and thus at length they separated.

There was an air of irresolution about Gertrude which her lover could not fail to remark; but satisfied with her promise to meet again secretly, as she now often did, he saw her depart

with a gleam of triumph resting on his really handsome face.

The next evening Gertrude accompanied her parents to a bridal party, at the house of one of their most intimate friends. It was rather late when they entered, and most of the company had assembled; nor was it long before Gertrude's roving glance detected the graceful form of her lover, who was doing the agreeable to a group of gay young damsels in the adjoining room. The evening was far advanced when they met; and Mr. Gray, who had been attentively observing De Lancey, was equally surprised and pleased on beholding him pass his daughter with only a formal bow of recognition, which she returned with one of corresponding coldness; though at the same moment a scarlet hue mantled her very temples. Coupling this with the remark made but a few nights before by Gertrude, regarding the apparent change in her suitor since her father's strongly expressed disapproval of their intercourse, the parents drew from it a most pleasing augury. How should they know that this was but a preconcerted act to lull suspicion; and that Gertrude's blush was caused neither by mortification nor anger at the apparent slight, but by an instinctive feeling of shame and self-humiliation, at being thus an actor in a scheme of duplicity and falsehood? Not long after De Lancey left the company; and Gertrude, who had been out of spirits all the evening, expressed her wish to return home. As her father rose to comply with her request, one of the daughters of their entertainer came up, who, chiding her abstracted guest for such a thought, told her she had something to say to her in private first, and, with a graceful apology to Mr. and Mrs. Gray, led her away. By a previously arranged plan the two proceeded directly to the garden, where, whispering a few words of caution, Gertrude's companion disappeared, leaving her alone with Rupert, whose object was to discuss the plan of elopement, and strengthen her wavering resolution. When he thought his purpose accomplished, he led her faltering steps back to her conductress, by whom she was once more placed in her parents' charge.

A day passed. Gertrude spent most of it in her room, where she was several times surprised weeping bitterly. Her watchful mother, thinking her grief was occasioned by her lover's inconstancy, proposed to her husband that Gertrude should pay a long-meditated visit to his cousin who lived in a neighboring town. Mr. Gray thought the suggestion admirable; he hoped that his daughter's unwise attachment would soon pass away, and that change of scene would greatly conduce to this desirable end. Accordingly at the breakfast-table he introduced

the subject by casually mentioning his cousin, adding,

"By the way, Gertrude, when do you intend to go to Allantown? I thought you promised to go there some time ago."

"So she did," said Mrs. Gray, "but she seems to have forgotten it. I dare say Cousin Jane thinks it very strange, for you know the last time she was here she declared she would never come again till some of us went to her house. Gertrude is the only one that can conveniently go; and I do wish, my dear, that you would think about it."

"She has been thinking long enough," interposed her husband. "It is now time to act. What say you, my girl—how soon can you be ready?"

Gertrude could not immediately reply. The proposed trip to Allantown had been talked over as the most feasible plan for her elopement; but while she was vainly striving to propose it without an embarrassment which might awaken suspicions, her parents had unconsciously come to her relief. Mistaking her continued silence for indifference, her father urged her to consent, and was at length satisfied by the assurance (given with apparent reluctance) that she would be ready to start that very evening, he promising to accompany her most of the distance. As they rose from table, her sister asked if she should assist her in packing. "Oh, no; I shall only take one trunk, and that I can soon pack," replied Gertrude, carelessly, as she ascended to her chamber. Her thoughts were not very pleasant companions, and, finding that silence and solitude only served to encourage them, she soon prepared for a walk, and went out to pay a few calls to her more intimate acquaintances before she left the city.

At the house where she had last met De Lancey she left a note informing him of the arrangement made; and then slowly wended her way home, at the time she knew the noontide meal was over, for not only was her mind too much harrassed to allow her to partake of food, but she felt unequal to the task of conversing with any degree of interest or cheerfulness: and although it had in fact been several days since she had done so, she now with the inquietude and alarm of a guilty mind, trembled lest her secret intentions should be discovered, or inferred from her manner. The greater part of the afternoon was spent alone, endeavoring to busy herself in packing her trunk with the articles she had selected from her amply furnished wardrobe; but she was growing rapidly sick at heart, and, at length, was unable to restrain her tears. "Oh, I will not go—I cannot, must not do it," she repeated again and again, as she heard her mother pleasantly singing her

youngest grandchild to his afternoon slumber, and thought how the step she meditated would change the cheerful tones of that dear voice. "I will not go!" But, alas! at the moment her better angel was gaining the mastery, the confidant appeared with a hastily penned answer to her note, expressing her lover's rapture at the success of their scheme thus far, and assuring her that he would meet her at the point her father would accompany her too; this plan being in all respects the best calculated to prevent the possibility of detection.

Gertrude's friend remained with her until the time for her departure with her father, and by her lively conversation effectually relieved her of the troublesome whispers of conscience: but her courage nearly failed her when the parting hour arrived, and she bade farewell, perhaps forever, to her mother and sister, and caressed again and again the little ones who could not understand why grandpa was taking Aunt Gertrude away from them. It needed all her strength of purpose, aided by not a few reproving glances from her thoughtless companion to go through that parting scene with a reasonable degree of composure; but by a strong effort she kept back the grief that swelled her heart, and thus forced herself to mingle a smile with the tears that moistened her eyes as she received her mother's parting embrace. "When will you write, Gertrude?" inquired her sister. "I cannot yet say, for you know I must tell father when I write what day to come for me. There is no use in writing twice in so short a time."

Alas! how soon after the first yielding to temptation may a habit of prevarication and deceit be formed.

Mr. Gray beguiled the time as well as he could during the first part of the journey; but Gertrude was greatly relieved when the time came for the passengers to retire to their berths, and she could indulge her tears without restraint. The conflict with her feelings was severe and arduous. The love for De Lancey was not of a nature to be easily overcome; she loved him with the ardor and intensity of an impetuous, enthusiastic disposition, prone to make an idol of the object of its affection; but she also loved her parents tenderly, and could not delude herself into a persuasion that her secret union with De Lancey would but lightly affect them. She knew that it would inflict real and enduring anguish, especially upon her mother, and she writhed in mental agony as the shameful duplicity of her conduct rose vividly to her imagination. As the steamboat bore her swiftly over the dark waters, every rush of the waves sent a chill of fear through her trembling frame, and this alone, so different from the feelings of pleasurable

excitement she had often experienced in the like situation, would have sufficed to convince her of the sinfulness of her present purpose. Exhausted by this mental contest, she at length silenced the upbraidings of conscience by a firm determination to proceed to her relative's house in Allantown on the morrow; and she planned many cogent and persuasive arguments by which she could surely induce her lover to consent to her desire to defer their marriage for some time longer; and so becoming more calm as her good resolution strengthened, she at length fell asleep.

It was scarcely daylight when the boat touched the landing at a small village, from whence to Allantown the journey was pursued by rail-road; and Mr. Gray having snugly ensconced his daughter in a comfortable seat in the car, bade her "good-bye," as a boat was about starting in which he could return home. She was alone, and her heart beat wildly and tumultuously. A step approached; she turned timidly expecting to see her lover, but it was her father who stood beside her.

"I bought you some magazines and papers, Gertrude," he said, "that you may not feel lonesome. I am sorry I cannot go all the way with you, but you will reach Allantown in two or three hours, and these will amuse you till then."

How the daughter's heart reproaches her as he spoke. Scarcely could she murmur her thanks for this new proof of kindness which was ever thoughtful for her; her father wondered at her agitation, but the steamboat bell warned him to lose no time in noticing it. Just as the boat left the shore, and the bell rang for the departure of the cars, De Lancey took a seat beside the rash maiden who had left all for his sake. He took her trembling hand closely in his, and whispered softly a few words of love and encouragement. Where now was her resolution of the previous night? Gone—forgotten at the appearance of the tempter, and she sat in silence and meditation as the train proceeded.

Ere noon she was the wife of Rupert De Lancey, and seated in a splendid car was whirling rapidly away from Allantown on the road to his distant home.

CHAPTER III.

"How strange it is that Gertrude does not write!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, as she sat beside her husband, who had been confined to his room for several days by a slight attack of fever.

Poor woman—for the last week she had daily—hourly—made the same remark, little recking of the news she was so soon to hear. Before Mr. Gray had time to reply, one of the children came bounding into the room with letters which the clerk had just brought from the post-office.

"Perhaps we shall hear now," said the wife, joyfully, as she watched him glancing at the superscription of each. "Yes, this is her writing," and Mr. Gray threw aside the other letters as he eagerly broke the seal. But one glance at the contents seemed to paralyze him. He looked again, and then with a deep groan let the paper fall from his hands.

"What is the matter?" inquired his wife, in a voice of agony. "What has happened to my poor child—is she ill?"

"No—my poor wife, she is not ill—take comfort, for she is well, yet rather would I see her quietly laid in her coffin, than to hear of her being married to De Lancey."

Mrs. Gray looked at him in speechless horror; he drew her to his throbbing heart as if there he would shield her from sorrow; and as Amy had now appeared, anxiously inquiring if there was any account from her sister, he began with faltering voice to read the letter. The writing was jagged and irregular, as if the agitation of the writer had rendered her almost incapable of fulfilling the task—was blistered with tears, and in many places disfigured and nearly effaced with blots. It read as follows:

SPRINGVILLE, Ala., Nov., 10th, 18—.

"My ever dear Parents—I know not how to begin this letter, nor in what words to ask your forgiveness for the step I have taken, but I trust to your own indulgent tenderness to regard it with lenity, and to believe that nothing but the conviction that I should otherwise be miserable for life, would have induced me to act in this matter contrary to your wishes. Oh, blame me not, dear father, nor deem me altogether unworthy of your affection, when I inform you that I am now the wife of Rupert De Lancey, from his home I now write. Oh, deem me not heartless and indifferent to your love for acting in this one instance in disobedience to your commands. Ah! you would not think harshly of me if you knew how many tears, how many hours of wretchedness I endured ere I could resolve to leave my childhood home—how many times I resolved even to sacrifice the love which had become so dear to me, rather than disobey my own dear father and mother. But, alas! I could not resist the pleadings of my fond, foolish heart—I could not.

"We were married at Allantown the last day I saw you, my father, and only this morning I reached my future home. A beautiful and stately home it is, and amid its enjoyments, with my husband so full of gentle, almost womanly tenderness and affection, I should be the happiest being on earth were it not for the thought of my injured parents. Could I know that they still look upon me as their child, still bless and pray for me.

"Ah, withhold not your pardon, my dear, kind parents, do not chide me too severely. I throw myself upon that unwearying patience with which you have hitherto regarded my waywardness, that never-failing love which, alas! I have too

often abused, but which has followed me through all my unworthiness, and by this love I implore your forgiveness as the greatest boon I could receive, and conjure you, my beloved father and mother, to think with pity and kindness upon your erring,
But affectionate child,
GERTRUDE."

Poor Mrs. Gray! Her head sank heavily on her husband's pillow ere the fatal letter was half read, and the deep sobs that parted her pale lips and shook her aged frame, told how her maternal heart was lacerated by the undutiful conduct of her daughter. Yet even in that moment the yearning love of the mother triumphed over her own sorrow, and as the thought of the sinfulness of this sad act of disobedience rushed through her mind she raised her clasped hands to heaven, murmuring feebly, but fervently, "forgive her—pardon her in Thy mercy, oh, God! visit not this sin upon her, but in Thy Fatherly pity shield her from sorrow and trial."

From his sick bed, to which this blow confined him for several days longer, the father wrote.

"Unhappy girl! Little can you dream of the misery you have inflicted on our hearts—but reproach is useless. The past cannot be recalled. May you never have cause to repent the rash, unadvised step you have taken, and may God forgive you your fault and the anguish it has caused us as freely as we forgive you; and comfort and sustain you in the trials which I cannot but fear await you. Yet if our prayers can avail no shadow shall ever cross the pathway which now looks so fair before you. For this we will hope, and, above all, that we may yet be united in a better world. Assure yourself of our unabated affection, and receive the blessing of your tender mother in union with my own. In whatever sorrow or evil may come upon you, remember that our love is unchangeably your own, and that our hearts and arms shall ever be open to receive you."

Thus did the parents seek to forget the anguish which her undutiful conduct had caused them, in order that Gertrude might not feel the pang which the withholding of their forgiveness would have occasioned her. But was that sorrow indeed forgotten, or did it so soon yield to consolation? Ah! it is not our purpose, were it even in our power, to portray the feelings which the ingratitude of their daughter awakened.

There was a deeper shade upon the mother's furrowed brow; there was a something of sternness in the father's manner—that sternness which a proud man assumes to hide the grief that may not be banished; there was gloom and anxiety within the abode which had hitherto known cheerfulness and gayety; and even the children's innocent mirth was often checked by their mother, for

it seemed so strange they should be glad and mirthful now, that their aunt, who had once been the very spirit of loveliness, was gone—gone forever.

CHAPTER IV.

BEAUTIFUL indeed was the Southern home of our heroine, and her married life promised to be as happy as love and wealth could make it. The house, a large and spacious one, stood almost at the entrance of the town, in the midst of extensive grounds, which in that sunny clime still retained their beauties of tree and flower: everything within and about the house bore the evidences of a luxurious, but refined taste; and the little boudoir which opened from her own splendid chamber was as fairy-like a room as one would wish to see. Here Gertrude was wont to sit watching eagerly for her handsome and graceful husband as he walked up the long avenue to the house. One evening she had twined a beautiful wreath of autumn's rich flowers, and waiting for the moment when he reached the stately portico of the dwelling, she threw it so dexterously from the window that it fell exactly as she desired around his finely formed head, from which, as was his custom, he had removed his hat as he advanced through the avenue. Oh, how merrily she laughed at his surprise, and how beautiful she looked as she tripped to the staircase to meet him. Rupert thought he had never seen her so lovely; and he stooped to imprint a long kiss on her full, soft lips, and to gaze into the depths of her large, lustrous eyes beaming with gratified affection, ere he said, "I have something to give you in return for your wreath, Gertrude. See!" and he playfully held up her father's letter.

"Oh, that is from my father, I know it is—do give it me, Rupert!" she exclaimed, with such a look of eager distress, that he relinquished his design of teasing her, and handed her the coveted epistle. She wept so long and sadly as she perused it, that he inquired, at length, if it contained any distressing intelligence. "Oh, no—no—my own dear, kind father!" she repeated again and again, as, kissing the signature with wild affection, she surrendered the letter to her husband.

"Well, this is just what I expected; you see they scarcely wonder at your elopement. Not very complimentary to me," he added, somewhat bitterly, but as his eye fell upon the tearful face of his bride he checked himself, and continued in a gay tone, "ah, well! we must trust to time to remove these suspicions; and I can bear them patiently meanwhile as you are now my own—mine forever!"

And so with playful words and caresses he

banished the grief which the remembrance of home had brought to the undutiful daughter, and thus led her to the dinner-table with her fair countenance beaming with smiles, and all the more beautiful from the moisture that still trembled in her soft eyes. Now she was happy, happy as she had ever desired to be; and her letters to her parents expressed this in such glowing, yet evidently sincere language, that it went far to dispel the gloom her absence occasioned; and in the fond persuasion of her felicity forgot the blow she had given to their own.

There were times, indeed, when unpleasant thoughts came to disturb the serenity and cheerfulness of Gertrude. She wondered, sometimes, why with all the grandeur that surrounded her, her neighbors showed themselves no way anxious to form her acquaintance. There were a few persons, it was true, who made calls upon the new resident, but they were not of that kind with whom she would wish to cultivate friendship. Occasionally at public places she came in contact with several families who lived within sight of her abode, but they took no notice of her, save by a look of compassionate interest, which caused Gertrude both surprise and vexation. Nor was it less a subject of astonishment that the gentlemen of the neighborhood paid no attention to De Lancey, who, in the estimation of his fond wife, might challenge admiration wherever he appeared. Once she ventured to express her wonder that her neighbors did not offer even the common civilities usually extended to a stranger; but he interrupted her by asking, in a tone of affectionate reproach, "am I not, then, sufficient company, Gertrude?" and as she replied in the manner her devoted love suggested, she resolved never again to trouble herself or him upon the subject. So she spent most of her time within her pleasant abode, alone with Rupert, finding her world, her society, her happiness in him; or when he was absent, as was often the case, she engaged in some pleasing occupation to divert the tedious hours till his return.

She thus escaped hearing what would have destroyed her unclouded happiness, for De Lancey's character stood no higher in the estimation of his townsmen than in Mr. Gray's. He was, in fact, known only as a profligate, idle young man, who, on first appearing at Springville, might have attracted public attention by his singularly prepossessing manners and gentlemanly appearance, had not his dissipated habits soon rendered him odious and contemptible in the eyes of the respectable citizens. His skill at the gaming-table enabled him to make a dashing appearance, and it was generally thought that he was becoming wealthy. During one of his professional tours through the neighboring states, it was found that

he had written to a friend to rent for him a house situated in the fashionable part of the town, and when, soon after, everything requisite for an elegant dwelling arrived from the North, it began to be suspected that his intention was to settle permanently in Alabama. This was rendered certain when shortly afterward he returned, bringing his lovely and graceful bride, whose appearance attracted universal admiration; and great was the compassion expressed for her misfortune in having become the wife of such a character as Rupert De Lancey. The kindly feelings of some of the ladies prompted them at first to make the acquaintance of the fair young bride; but they were deterred by the abhorrence with which they could not but regard her husband; and others, with whom this would have weighed but little, in consideration of the elegant style in which the newly-married pair lived, hesitated to form any acquaintance with persons of whose origin they were ignorant. The account which De Lancey had given of his noble descent was generally discredited; and thus, some through contempt of his character, others through a dread of demeaning themselves by associating with persons of low birth, all kept aloof from their splendid abode.

But of all this Gertrude was as yet ignorant. She was indeed astonished on learning accidentally that the house in which they dwelt did not belong to them, as she had understood it to be a portion of the vast estate of which Rupert had frequently spoken: but a second thought suggested that this was very fortunate, as perhaps after a time he would remove to a more agreeable neighborhood.

When the Christmas holidays were past, during which Gertrude could not help sometimes missing the familiar forms with whom she had been wont to enjoy that festal season, she spent most of the time in devising and executing various little gifts for all the dear ones at home, which it was her intention to send early in the spring, so as to reach them by her birth day; and Rupert entered so warmly into her feelings, giving her freely the money requisite for her purpose, and even pressing her to make her little gifts handsomer and more costly than she at first intended, that the proud wife almost fancied him an angel of love and kindness; and in the exuberance of her blissful emotions would wonder if anything could ever happen to trouble or disquiet her.

Happy Gertrude! Enjoy thy brief, bright dream!

The presents were sent, and their unexpected arrival joyfully and gratefully acknowledged; and now Gertrude began to feel at a loss how to dispose of her time; but she won from De Lancey a kind of half promise that he would

take her to spend a few weeks with her parents sometime during the ensuing summer, and this pleasant anticipation gave her a new feeling of happiness. She would read over and again her mother's letter, dwelling on each line that told of the emotions she felt in receiving so many tokens of the affection of her absent child; she imagined how surprised each one was on beholding their respective mementoes, and could hear the joyous shouts of her little nephews and nieces, as described by her sister, at getting so many pretty things from their dear, good aunt: she thought how delighted they would be to see her again, what pleasant hours they should pass, and that, perhaps, one of the children would accompany her home, it would be such good company when Rupert was out. But still more happy did she feel as she read for the hundredth time every word concerning her husband, for it was evident that their former opinion was giving way to one more favorable, and, as she imagined, more just; and it was a proud thought for the loving wife that her idolized one was, at last, properly appreciated by her family.

When the summer's beautiful blossoms lent their fragrant breath to add another charm to her luxurious abode, she went among her favorite plants tending and admiring them, as gay as the little songsters that flitted through the shady branches that waved around her, and each day was welcomed as bringing her nearer the wished-for period of her journey. But she was disappointed in this fond hope, for Rupert, who indeed had no intention of realizing it, met her earnest, tearful entreaties with many arguments to prove that it was utterly impossible for him to leave home, and though she wept and pouted at the disappointment, she was obliged to resign herself to it. Neither could she induce him to name any definite period to which she could look forward. "At Christmas, Rupert! surely we could go at Christmas—oh, it would be so delightful to spend it with them—say that we will go then, and I shall be willing to wait, even though it is such a long time!" she would coaxingly exclaim; but he would answer, laughing, that he would not run the risk of disappointing her so dreadfully again, by naming any specified time; and when she repeated her entreaties, despite of his laughing denials, he at length became impatient, and chided her for the unreasonableness of her desire, till fearful of provoking him too much she learned to stifle her earnest wish in the recesses of her throbbing heart, and wait in silent anticipation the period when her longing desires could be gratified.

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER Christmas—the second of Gertrude De Lancey's married life, and we find her again

in her Southern home. Her cheek has lost most of its soft, rich bloom, and there is a light shadow on the brow that, a year ago, was sunny and unclouded as a child's. What can have placed it there? She has been disappointed in her anticipation of a visit to her dear old home, but that is past; and, though deeply grieved and pained at the time, yet it is not sufficient cause for the great change in her appearance. Alas! Gertrude has other, deeper sources of sorrow. She is no longer ignorant of her husband's real situation, and to one brought up in a community where gambling was held in unmeasured contempt and abhorrence, the knowledge was fraught with bitter agony. At first she strove to disbelieve the humiliating fact—then to banish it altogether from her mind—but the effort was vain; and with many dismal forebodings she resigned herself to the life of anxiety and self-humiliation which was now before her. De Lancey's manners were still kind and gentle, but he was now frequently absent from home; and she had learned to tremble with fear during these long absences, for she could not forget by how precarious a tenure they held the comforts by which they were surrounded.

But at length a little comforter was given her in her sorrowful loneliness; and as the young mother bent over the cradle of her first born, watching its peaceful slumbers, she had many bright dreams of the time when her baby girl would be a little companion during her otherwise lonely hours, beguiling them by her innocent prattle and playful caresses. And now, if not as gay and lively as of yore, she was happy, tranquilly happy, for her maternal cares kept her employed during most of the time that would else have dragged by in gloomy and harrassing reveries, and she had something to hope for, something to look forward to in the future.

But the New Year brought a sad change to Gertrude. Her husband was scarcely ever with her, and his manner was changed, so cold and indifferent, that her fond heart felt chilled; and it was a relief when left alone with her babe. No longer she awaited his coming with impatience, and sprang with rapturous eagerness to welcome him home; but rather cowered and shrank like a frightened bird, when she heard his foot fall upon the stairs. Oh! 'twas a sad, sad change!

As the winter waned slowly away, things became yet more gloomy. Rupert's luck changed, and the money and estate gained by previous good fortune were risked with all a gamester's recklessness, and lost. His slaves followed, then his splendid equipage, and nought remained but the sumptuous furniture of the house where he resided. On a stormy night in March he returned home at a late hour. The infant had

been fretful for some hours, and the wearied and exhausted mother had just succeeded in lulling it to repose. She turned from the cradle over which she still bent anxiously as she heard her husband's step, and she started back with uncontrollable terror as she met the fierce glance of his large black eyes, rendered more startling by the ashy paleness of his face, around which the long, raven hair fell in damp, disordered masses.

"Gertrude," he said, in a tone deep and husky, "Gertrude, I am a lost man—ruined, beggared! I have lost everything—even the furniture of this house is no longer ours. There is but one way to escape from poverty and wretchedness—aye, from starvation. And that is for you to write to your father for the money we need. Come, can you do it to-night?"

The wife was standing motionless on the spot where she stood terrified at his entrance: her face was as deadly pale as if no blood had ever flowed beneath the transparent skin, and her eyes were fixed upon him with a wild, startled gaze. She seemed not to have heard or understood him.

"Can you write for the money to-night?" he repeated, in loud, angry tones.

"No—to-night nor never!" was the calm, but firm response. "I will not wring my father's heart by informing him of the early fulfilment of his sad prediction. Let the things go—what matters it?—let them go."

"Yes, let them go," sneered the husband. "And then, brave one, what then? Starve or beg, which shall be your choice?"

"Either. For myself I can starve—life has no longer any charms for me—for my child I can beg."

"Come, I want none of this silly prating. The matter is will you write to your father or not? If he were an honest man he would have sent your dowry long ago."

"You know, Rupert De Lancey," replied the wife, with a sad, but calm look and tone, "you knew when you entered my happy home that you could expect no portion with me. You knew it well: but disclaimed any wish to obtain a dollar with your chosen bride."

"Aye, the usual language of love and courtship, but your father as a man of the world knows better. However, I have not asked for it, nor thought of it till now, and if I had no immediate necessity for it I should not press for my right. But I want money, this money is mine by right, and I will have it. I must have it, and that quickly. Will you write for it, or shall I?"

"Great God! Be merciful—do not let my senses leave me!" exclaimed the poor wife,

raising her clasped hands wildly to her forehead as she leaned heavily against the bedstead by which she stood, almost overpowered by the brutal words and tone of the monster before her.

After a few moments she spoke again, but calmly. "I cannot write as you wish, Rupert. I know, indeed, that my father could spare no sum sufficient for your need. He is not affluent as you know, and has my sister's family to support. But I have jewels which will bring a good deal, and although it is hard to part with my dear father's gifts, as most of them are, I suppose they must be sacrificed."

Had Gertrude not been too pre-occupied with her sad thoughts, she might have remarked the peculiar smile, or rather sneer of De Lancey at the word "jewels." But he spoke not; and she drew a small key from her pocket and unlocked her private drawer to bring forth the treasures. What was her astonishment to find them missing?

"Oh, we have been robbed, Rupert," she said, hastily. "But no: let me look again:" and with desperate haste she re-examined the drawer. They were gone.

"How can it be?" she began, but as she looked up to her husband, she stopped, then grasping his arm, exclaimed breathlessly, "oh, Rupert! you have not taken them—say you have not taken them!"

"Well, and if I do, will the words bring back the baubles?"

"I only want to know if they are sacrificed already; if you have sold them!"

"Well, if I have, who had a better right? They are not worth the fuss you are making. You would sell them now—what is the difference?"

"I would not sell all—not all!" murmured the poor creature, as she wrung her hands with frantic agony. "There was a miniature of my mother—what did you do with that? Tell me where I can get it, and I will bless you forever."

"Ha! I could not do that if you were to offer me a far higher reward."

"Oh, what is that miniature to any one but me. I don't want the setting—they can keep the pearls, but I want the likeness—the lock of hair enclosed. Oh, if I only knew who won it from you, surely he would give it to me! My mother! my own dear, darling mother!" and the unhappy woman sobbed in bitter, heart-crushing anguish.

"Considering that with so little hesitation you broke her heart, you are very much concerned now about her likeness," said the heartless husband, as he coolly turned from the door and left the house.

Long did the unhappy wife remain as he had left her, his cruel words ringing in her ears, and

her heart torn with emotions of love and remorse as she thought of her deserted parents. A last with a wild gush of tears, she fell upon her knees beside her sleeping infant, and pressed its baby hand to her throbbing brow, as if the touch of innocence might lull the fever burning there. "Oh, mother—mother—I am rightly punished!" she sobbed again and again; and then, as she looked upon her own child, she started with a sudden fear that it might one day imitate her sin, and inflict the same wound upon her heart that she had made upon her loving mother's. Oh! as the thought almost maddened her, how keenly did she realize the misery of which she had been the guilty cause; and as she writhed in agony that was terrible to endure, fervent and penitent were the prayers and supplications for pardon that rose to heaven from her crushed and humbled spirit. It was nearly daybreak when the miserable wife rose from her lowly posture, and faint and exhausted she fell upon her couch to take a brief slumber; little thinking it was the last sleep she should take beneath the shelter of a comfortable home.

Early in the morning De Lancey returned, and with him came the man who had won the furniture of that once happy dwelling. He had agreed to pay the balance of rent due on the house, and now entered as its master; and though with much show of liberality he begged Mrs. De Lancey to consider it still as her own, until she should be pleasantly situated elsewhere, she with mild dignity refused his proffered kindness, and selecting the things she had brought with her to Alabama, and giving them in charge to her sole remaining servant, took her babe in her arms, and calmly desired her husband to lead the way wherever they were to go.

Alas! he had been unable to provide any place for their future abode. He had neither character nor friends to uphold him in this crisis—his means of subsistence had failed—and his condition was more pitiable than that of the veriest street beggar.

CHAPTER VI.

AN untenanted negro hut on the outskirts of the town afforded the only place of shelter which he could find; and here did the delicately reared Gertrude enter with her frail, helpless infant. A broken stool furnished a seat, for which in her trembling, wearied state she was thankful; and when the servant (whose regard for her poor mistress had led her to partake of her fallen condition) had lighted a fire, for which, happily, ample material was found around the hovel, Gertrude despatched her with some of her costly clothing, that she might be able to purchase something for their noontide meal, and a mattress and

coverlets for the night. Very soon the servant returned, bringing a bundle of articles with which to make an humble bed; and also food which she now set about preparing; and when the sad meal was finished, Rupert went out to endeavor to find some more comfortable abode. He had not yet lost every feeling of affection for the poor creature, upon whom he had brought this load of misery, and their present suffering roused the latent emotions of his better nature into life. He pressed a kiss upon the cold cheek of Gertrude ere he departed, bidding her not to lose her spirits, for they should not be long in that dreary place.

Gertrude spent the afternoon in tears, holding her babe, her only comfort, close to her heart; but it was neither distress nor poverty that caused those tears to flow. The cruel words of her husband on the previous night still sounded on her ears, and were fearfully re-echoed by the reproving voice of conscience. As night approached she went to the door to see if her husband was returning, he was nowhere to be seen; not a sound broke the stillness around, save the startling screech of an owl in a neighboring forest; she was destitute of everything; utterly miserable; while within a few hundred yards were happy families in cheerful, comfortable homes. She looked up to the heavens as if for pity and comfort, but no smiling clouds of sunset dyes met her tearful gaze; no rays of amber light pierced through the surrounding gloom to revive her hopes, that the darkness which enveloped her might pass away; a heavy, leaden pall shrouded the skies from view, and with a more oppressive sense of her wretchedness she turned again to the miserable tenement that had received her. There are times when the overburdened spirit feels a strange, mysterious sympathy with nature; when a leaf falling with a sighing sound to the earth awakes an echo of sadness in the lonely bosom; when the mind that might take a happy tone from the sight of anything gay or cheerful, becomes yet more gloomy and dispirited if the skies are overclouded, or the branches of the leafless trees rustle mournfully in the chilling blast. Thus it was with Gertrude. As she resumed her unsteady seat not a ray of hope illumed her darkened spirit; she thought not of the joys of the past, nor the hopes that might brighten the future; all was absorbed in her present destitute condition; and with the apathy of despair she awaited whatever else might be in store for her.

It was late when De Lancey returned. She knew by his haggard, sorrowful look that he had been unsuccessful; and not a word was spoken through that long, gloomy night, though neither slept. Gertrude held her babe in her arms,

pressed tightly to her bosom, as if she could thus shelter its delicate form; for the chilling night wind swept with a moaning sound through the disjointed doors and windows of the hut, and along the cold floor beneath their miserable pallet—recking little of the shiver it sent through forms accustomed to beds of down.

The next day the faithful servant went to her mistress from whom Gertrude had hired her as nurse to her precious babe; and so pathetically deplored the situation of her poor young lady, that her mistress gratified her by allowing her for the present at least, to remain with Mrs. De Lancey, and endeavor to mitigate the distress of her situation, by relieving her of the domestic cares to which she was unaccustomed.

A week had passed heavily away since the sad removal of the De Lanceys, and they yet inhabited the dreary hovel in which they had first taken refuge. In one corner of the room sat the faithful negress, with her head bowed upon her knees, crying bitterly. On a rude table, which she had constructed from the lumber around the hut on her first day of service within its tottering walls, lay the lovely remains of the cherished babe; alas! too delicate a flower to have been transplanted from its beautiful home to this bleak, cheerless abode. Beside it sat the mother, looking upon her heart's treasure, while large tears coursed down her marble cheeks, and fell thickly on the sweet face on which she gazed. Weep, sorrowful one! weep in thy loneliness and anguish—thy tears, thy sobs cannot recall the emancipated spirit to reanimate the lovely remains on which thy wistful gaze is fixed so tenderly. Yes, weep! for with the light of those dear eyes the last gleam of happiness has departed from thy lonely bosom. Hopeless and suffering one; thine indeed is a bitter cup, and thou art drinking to the very dregs; happy if thy accumulated sorrows atone for the error of thy girlhood, which is now ever before thee.

The funeral was over—that sad, sad funeral—and Gertrude, with a fresh pang at her heart, turned from the little mound in the lonely forest which covered her angel babe, and thought of the family vault in the old church-yard where her forefathers calmly reposed; where she had seen one of her little nieces deposited, while the voice of prayer arose to hallow the spot to which the loved one was entrusted to await the dawning of the glad day of resurrection. "It is just, oh, Father!" she murmured, "it is just that I should suffer; and though I weep, let me not rebel against Thy will."

She had not written home since the New Year came with such an appalling change; she could not while misfortunes were thickening around her: but now she sent a letter, sorrowful and

plaintive as the faint murmur of the dying, and she told of the sickness and death of her infant, but spoke not of any other trouble—this was enough; and she would not shadow her parents' tranquil home by the knowledge of her miserable condition.

Listless and indifferent to everything became now the bereaved mother. It was evident that her health, which had suffered from so many trials rapidly succeeding each other, was now completely gone. Her commiserating attendant thought that every hour her poor mistress failed; but she never complained nor seemed sensible of her rapidly declining state, rendered hopeless by the total want of the little comforts and attentions requisite to one in her situation. She would sit silent and abstracted for hours together, but the tears that frequently flowed showed that bitter thoughts were stirring within.

One evening De Lancey brought her a letter. She kissed the well known writing, her father's writing, as she received it, but when she turned it to break the seal a loud scream escaped her, and with a look of such agony as her husband had never before witnessed, she held it toward him. In his joy on receiving it at the post-office, for he knew if anything could comfort her it would be a letter from her parents, he had not noticed the black seal it bore! Hastily he broke it, and as he read his face wore a sadder expression, and he gently pressed the hand cold and trembling of his stricken wife; but he could not inform her of the contents.

"My mother—I know it is my mother!" she gasped at length, and when his silence confirmed her mournful surmise, she fell lifeless at his feet, while a thick stream of blood issued from her pallid lips. Long did the hapless woman lay in that death-like swoon, while her husband bent over her in passionate grief, and the weeping negress applied such simple restoratives as were at hand; entreating him at the same time to bring a doctor to see her poor, dear young lady; but he would not leave her until consciousness was again restored, and on learning his intention the meek sufferer begged him not to go. "It would be of no use, Rupert; the shock was too great, but I am better now."

After a time she read the letter, read it again and again, though every time with renewed grief, but there was a melancholy comfort in reading of the last moments of her dear though injured parent; of her calm, quiet death; above all in perusing the affectionate messages which she had dictated for her absent child. Sweet and tender were they, consoling to the poor, lacerated heart of her who now strove to imagine the look and tone with which they had been uttered by the dear departed, even while she wept anew to

think how unworthy she had shown herself of such unalterable, undying affection.

CHAPTER VII.

It was late on the afternoon of the third day from that which had brought the fatal letter, that an elderly gentleman of noble, though grief-stricken appearance, reached the dreary abode in which lay Gertrude De Lancey on her death-bed. He paused as his eye scanned the miserable tenement, but subduing as if by a strong effort his feelings, he gently pushed open the door. If the outside view had seemed wretched, the sight that now met his gaze was appalling, and he could scarcely nerve himself to beckon the servant to follow him as he turned noiselessly from the door. But the occupant of the poor pallet on the floor had marked his entrance, and endeavored to raise her feeble form, and now as the light streamed upon him as he turned from the narrow entrance, a wild though feeble scream of joy reached his ears. He paused irresolute, "father—dear father—dear, dear father!" she repeated, in a tone which thrilled through his soul, and finding it was too late for a cautious announcement of his arrival as he had meditated, he knelt beside that humble couch, and as he bowed his face to hers tears gushed from his eyes, and the many frame trembled like a fragile leaf.

It was indeed Mr. Gray who had thus fortunately arrived in time to soothe the last moments of his beloved child. Her last sad letter had reached him immediately after he had despatched the tidings of her mother's decease; and apprehensive of the effect of such an announcement on a breaking heart such as her letter denoted, he had at once set out for Springville, with the hope that his visit might rouse her from too great indulgence of her sorrow. He had inquired for her at her former splendid residence, that home which she had so minutely described in many of her letters; and there learned the dreadful change that had taken place. With a heart filled with dismal forebodings he had sought the hut to which he had been directed, and here in a state of destitution from which he would have hastened to relieve the veriest outcast, he found his once beautiful and high-spirited daughter. One look sufficed to show that she was dying, and though nearly overpowered by the sudden shock his feelings had sustained, he yet blessed the Hand that had conducted him to that gloomy spot, thus affording the poor sufferer the unexpected comfort of his presence during her last hours.

Through the long hours of that mournful night Mr. Gray kept vigil beside the death-bed. Gertrude seldom spoke, and then only in tones of

anguish to implore his pardon for her undutifulness. When the morning sunbeams shone into the room, revealing with startling distinctness its wretched state, Gertrude was in a deep, lethargic slumber, from which she suddenly started, and reached her wasted hand to her father with a happy smile. "She has pardoned me, father; mother has forgiven me, she calls me to a new home, where we shall all be happy yet—oh, how happy!" With a slight sigh she fell back upon her pillow—her father bent over her eagerly to catch the last faint accents she might utter, but the lips moved not again—she was dead.

Who might tell what were then the feelings of the bereaved father, as crouched in a corner of the miserable room, he imagined all that its now unconscious tenant must have suffered since she had taken refuge within its cheerful walls; when he remembered the sportive gaiety that had once made his beautiful daughter the charm of every circle, and thought over the varied trials that had wrung her young heart since he parted with her not two years before! Two years! What had she not endured in that brief space of time?

Rousing himself at length, he sent the faithful servant, whose grief for her dear young mistress was most touching to witness, to engage the proper persons to perform the last sad offices for the deceased; and then returned to muse beside the death-bed. While thus sadly occupied, a hasty step broke the solemn silence, and De Lancey, who had been absent since the morning of the previous day, entered, exclaiming hastily, "come, Gertrude, we will now leave this hut, and be again"—but he paused as he reached the bed, and stooped to kiss the lips now sealed in death; a low moan burst from him, then he hastily and wildly placed his hand upon the motionless heart and the icy forehead of his wife, and, at last, when he could no longer doubt the terrible fact that death had been there in his absence, with a wild scream he threw himself beside the corpse in an agony of grief and remorse. "My precious, my beautiful one, I have murdered thee!" he repeated, in frantic tones, clasping the dear remains to his bosom, as if he thought by his close embrace and passionate cries to recall the departed spirit. Mr. Gray had felt naturally indignant toward the man who had lured his child from his comfortable home and numerous friends, to endure the loneliness, the mortification and miseries of a gambler's wife: but he could not behold without pity the wretched being who showed how deep was his love for the partner of his evil lot, even though the unkindness engendered by his ill course of life had done most toward making the fragile wreck before him: of which, however, the father

was happily ignorant. For some time De Lancey seemed unconscious of his presence. At last he looked up, but he shrank before the compassionating look of the parent of his injured wife, as if he beheld instead a stern minister of justice.

"I lured your daughter from her happy home—I blighted all her prospects, and wedded her to a life of misery. Wretched, wretched man—why did I so heartlessly abuse the only one I ever loved—the one whose love blessed me, despite my unworthiness?"

Moved by his evident distress, Mr. Gray forbore to add his reproaches to the sting of conscience; but after a time inquired why he was about to leave the hovel, and whither he had purposed going. De Lancey started up and glanced wildly around the room. A new tale of guilt was now poured into the ear of his startled listener. The physician whom two days before he had called in to attend his wife, had been unable to find any disease which could have reduced her so low, and had accordingly advised him to remove her as soon as practicable from Springville; change of scene being the only resource that gave even a hope of her recovery. Tortured by this reflection, Rupert tried every means to obtain the money requisite for this end, but without success; and at last forged a check for the sum required upon a gentleman who was absent from the city, and whom he judged would not return until his few preparations should have been made for leaving. Once out of Springville, he thought he could easily elude pursuit. While hastening homeward occupied with these reflections, he met an old associate, who invited him to come and take a cheerful glass with him; apprehensive of exciting suspicions by refusing, on the plea of haste, he assented with seeming pleasure. Seated by a table in a private room of the restaurant to which they had directed their course, De Lancey soon grew weary of feigning attention to his friend, in whose lively conversation he could scarcely participate; and when at length an hour had passed, and the latter gave no indication of being willing to leave, De Lancey abruptly rose to retire. To this the other strenuously objected; Rupert, conscious of the value of every passing moment, persisted that he must go; and finally irritated at the pertinacious opposition of his companion, gave him a sudden blow which felled him to the ground. In falling his head struck against the table, a stream of blood gushed from the wound, and he lay senseless at De Lancey's feet. Terrified at what he had done, the latter's first impulse was to ring the bell, and summon assistance to the injured man: but a second thought suggested the possibility of escape before his new crime could be discovered; and leaving by a back door, unseen

by any one, he hurriedly departed to the hut from which he had now another motive for removing as soon as possible.

"Unhappy man!" exclaimed Mr. Gray, as his son-in-law, in almost incoherent language, rapidly informed him of these dreadful events, "unhappy man! What have you done? Blessed be God who has spared her this last blow! My poor, poor child!"

All that now occurred to the distressed father, was to get the miserable culprit out of the way before the officers of justice should appear in search of him. How could he bear to have the husband of his darling child arrested on a charge of forgery, perhaps also of murder, even in the presence of her dear remains? He represented this to Rupert, and at length prevailed on him to fly, taking with him the money he had obtained; Mr. Gray promising that should he not be suspected of the assault upon his friend, he would pay the sum he had procured at bank, and thus preclude a pursuit of him on a criminal charge. De Lancey embraced for the last time the cold remains of his still beloved wife, and hurriedly departed.

Soon after the negress returned with the persons she had procured to prepare the corpse for the grave, and Mr. Gray, leaving the precious charge in her care, went out to make arrangements for the funeral. Finding it impossible to remove the deceased to his own home, as he had at first intended, he caused a grave to be dug in the cemetery of Springville, and having also had the infant removed from its lonely grave in the wild forest, that it might repose on its mother's tomb, he returned sadly to the hovel. Here he found everything prepared—his lovely daughter lay within the narrow coffin, but the lid had not been fastened, that the father might have the mournful satisfaction of gazing on those dear features, until the arrival of the hearse and carriage he had ordered. While awaiting these he paced the room slowly, oppressed with painful emotions, while the faithful servant sat at the foot of the coffin, looking upon her departed mistress, while large tears trickled down her cheeks, and suppressed sobs shook her frame.

Suddenly the door was thrown violently open, and two constables entered in search of De Lancey. One in his eagerness rudely seized Mr. Gray, exclaiming, "here he is!" but the other, who knew the object of his pursuit personally, bade him desist; and when the aged man turned toward them both stood in silence, awe-struck by his mournful aspect.

"Forbear this violence," he exclaimed, in a solemn tone. "Have some respect for the dead!"

The men, for the first time, noticed the coffin,

and apologizing for their noisy entrance, explained the cause of their appearance. The gentleman in whose name De Lancey had forged the check had returned; and on going to the bank to deposit some money had learned the fraud perpetrated. The description given by the clerk immediately fixed suspicion on De Lancey; he was traced to the house where his last crime had been committed; the unfortunate sufferer by it was still in a state of insensibility occasioned by his great loss of blood; but no doubt remained on the minds of those who were in the house that De Lancey gave the blow, for all had seen them enter the room together, and Rupert's unseen departure of course furnished an additional ground for suspicion. The police were immediately on the alert, and while some were despatched to his customary places of resort, the two above mentioned proceeded to the hovel, in which he was known to have of late resided.

Finding their search for him there fruitless, one stationed himself by the window to watch for his appearance, while the other started out to renew the search. He shortly returned with the information that the unfortunate man had been arrested on board a steamboat, on which he had taken passage for New Orleans. He had also learned that the man whom De Lancey had injured in the restaurant had been restored to sensibility, and on being questioned whether De Lancey had inflicted the wound, testified in the affirmative by signs, being unable to speak. There was no hope of his recovery from the injury he had sustained.

The two constables, with an appearance of much sympathy, expressed their regret to Mr. Gray for having intruded on his sorrow, and gazing for a moment in silent admiration on the beautiful face of her who slept so peacefully in that slumber, which happily for her knew no rude awaking, departed noiselessly from the hut. Relieved by their departure, Mr. Gray sank down beside the coffin, and his varied feelings found vent in a gush of tears. One comfort only he had now that Gertrude, his own darling Gertrude, was unconscious of this last blow, that she had not lived to witness the arrest of her husband as a murderer!

In a carriage with the poor negress, the only friend of that once proud and admired being, the father followed the remains of his child and her babe to their last resting place. The funeral rites were performed, the coffins lowered into their narrow bed and covered from the sight of the living; and the bereaved parent turned with a heart oppressed with anguish from the grave of the erring daughter and ill-fated wife, to seek his far distant home.

MRS. MORGAN'S MAINE LAW.

BY JONES SMITH, JR.

MRS. MORGAN'S husband was an excellent workman, and had the best wages, but he would drink, and, like most men of his class, when in liquor generally beat his children and sometimes his wife.

Mrs. Morgan was a notable woman, and loved her husband in spite of all, but after years of patient forbearance, she came to the conclusion that Jimmy Morgan, as she called him, should stop drinking, whether or no. In other words she resolved on a private Maine law of her own.

The occasion was one day when Jimmy came home to dinner, half tipsy, which always happened when he stopped at the tavern on his way; and he did this, on an average, about twice a week.

"Now you Morgan," she said, as soon as he entered, "you've been at the whiskey bottle again. You needn't deny it. I know it by your looks. And by your breath too—go away, you nasty beast—how dare you try to kiss me when you've been drinking."

Jimmy had essayed this matrimonial caress, hoping it would conciliate the gude-wife; but finding his purpose foiled, he stood upon his dignity.

"Hoity toity," he said, "how we put on airs. Give us some dinner, and don't sulk."

Mrs. Morgan did not often get roused, but she was now: she put her arms akimbo and answered,

"Not a mouthful of dinner do you get in this house, to-day, nor any other day till you can come home sober. So the sooner you're off the better."

The half tipsy husband looked at her in amazement. For a moment he thought of enforcing his will, as he had often done before, but whether he had not drunk quite enough to rouse his courage, or whether the blazing eyes of his helpmate frightened him, he turned, after a little hesitation, and left the house.

Of course he went straight to the tavern, as Mrs. Morgan rather expected he would. And of course, when night came, he was led home thoroughly inebriated, as she rather wished he would.

He had just sufficient reason left to wonder at the extraordinary care, with which his wife, after assisting to undress him, tucked him in bed. But

this, and everything else was soon forgotten in a stupified sleep.

She waited until satisfied that he was entirely insensible, when she proceeded to sew the offender up in the sheets, exactly as if he had been a mummy. The stitches were not small, but they were taken with trebled thread: and she knew they would hold, especially as he could now use neither legs nor arms. Once or twice he grunted, as if about to awake, but she stopped a moment at such times.

At last the proceeding was complete. And now she brought forth a cart-whip, which she had borrowed, that afternoon, from a neighbor.

"Now, Jimmy Morgan," she said, apostrophizing him, "I'll cure you of your beastly habits, or—please God!—I'll whip you till you'll be sore for a month."

Down came the lash, as vigorously as her brawny arm could lay it on; again, again, and yet again; it seemed as if she was never going to stop. And very soon, the offender, roused from his stupor, saw what it was, and began to beg for mercy.

"Not till you've promised to leave off drinking," was the answer, and the blows descended more vigorously than ever. "Swear never to taste liquor again!"

"Oh! you'll kill me—you'll kill me——"

"No, it will do you good. To think how drunk you were, ten minutes ago, and now to see you rolling about so lively—never tell me, Jimmy Morgan, that I'm killing you, after that."

"Mercy, mercy, mercy," roared the criminal. "How can you, Polly, use your own husband so?"

"I can and I will." And another shower of blows descended. "Halloo as much as you like, for it will do you good; only, I can tell you one thing, it will not rouse the neighbors. I told them what I was going to do if you ever came home drunk again. Have you had enough yet? Will you promise at once, or are you going to hold out still?"

"Oh, oh, oh," groaned the helpless husband, twisting and turning in every direction, but unable to escape the cataract of blows, "oh, oh, oh."

"Will you promise? You'd better do it quick," resumed his inexorable spouse, "or I'll beat you

to a jelly. These six years I've borne your drunkenness, but I'll bear it no longer. I've tried coaxing, I've tried everything, and now I'm trying whipping. You've beaten me often enough, and I'm paying you back. Promise at once, the quicker the better, for I'll not let you up till you do, even if it keeps me here all night, and you're sick for a year afterward."

It was a good while before the criminal gave in. He thought his wife would tire out at last, but when the castigator had proceeded for some time, and he saw no symptoms of either fatigue or relenting, he was compelled to succumb.

"I'll swear, I'll swear," he said, at last, "I'll do anything. Only let me up. That's a dear, good Polly. Oh! Lord, don't whip me any more, for I've said I'd swear. Oh, oh!"

Mrs. Morgan gave him three or four sound cuts more, to "make assurance doubly sure,"

before she administered the oath, which she did, at last, with the Bible in her hands, completing the ceremony by making him kiss the book.

From that night Jimmy Morgan was never known to taste liquor. He told his neighbors that he had been so sick, after his last spree, that he had resolved to join the temperance society; but he did not tell them what had made him ill. Mrs. Morgan, too, kept the secret, nursing him through his bruises, which were neither few nor slight. However, as she said to herself, "desperate diseases require desperate remedies:" and so she never repented of the medicine she had administered, even though her husband did not earn a dollar for three weeks.

A word more, and our tale is done. And that word is its moral. Perhaps other wives might work cures as miraculous, if they would try MRS. MORGAN'S MAINE LAW.

LINES.

BY EMILY HERMANN.

"It is written, man shall not live by bread alone."—JESUS.

I WALKED amid the silent hills
Where want and sorrow meet,
And the dark waves of care and death
Were breaking at my feet;
And eyes grew dim, and spirits faint,
And from weak lips broke forth complaint.

Life seemed not life when that which made
The "life of life" was gone;
The sunset's brightness broke the cloud,
But sadness seemed alone,
Till Faith and Love came down from Heaven
And even to her sweet smiles were given.

I drank from out the turbid stream
That rolled beneath my feet,
Till life seemed springing from the wave
For fabled visions meet;
Beautiful, new, yet real still
The path from that shadowy hill.

I knew not then the mystery,
Though pleasant paths were trod,
"Man shall not live by bread alone,
But on the words of God."
Father! even now let these be given,
That we on earth find food from Heaven!

TO HATTY.

BY JESSE COKE.

LIKE mateless bird, whose weary wings
Have flown the wide seas o'er;
Then turning from its wanderings
Regains its native shore;
So, dear one, has my heart to thee
Returned, like lone bird from the sea.

I tarried long in Southern lands,
By rivers of the West;
And left my foot-prints in the sands
That ne'er before were pressed;
Yet sad I turned from all I sought,
And fond the while, of thee I thought.

As wistful turns the mariner,
By stormy ocean tossed—
To where the guiding stars appear,
And hopes not to be lost;
So I thy bosom seek for rest,
Where beats the heart that loves me best

I clasp thy lily hand in mine,
I watch thy glowing cheek,
And see thy cloudless blue eyes shine
With love thou durst not speak;
Beautiful one! I'll never more
Seek happiness on distant shore.

THAT INDIAN JAR.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

"WHAT a happy woman you must be!" said Mrs. Penleigh to her friend, Mrs. Spigley, as the two met at a celebrated auction. "There is your husband ready to buy everything, while I can hardly persuade Mr. Penleigh to give things a second look."

"Don't mention it," returned Mrs. Spigley, with a face of comic distress, "the very name of an auction causes me to shudder nervously. "If you knew half my troubles, you would pity my sad fate."

"I would be very glad to share it," replied Mrs. Penleigh, with an incredulous smile, "there!" she exclaimed, as the auctioneer's voice became quicker and louder, "he is actually bidding for that beautiful vase that I had set my heart upon; and he will get it too," she added, in a tone of disappointment, "I cannot get Mr. Penleigh to bid for anything."

Mrs. Spigley, being inconveniently short for a crowded assembly, raised herself up on tip-toe to take a survey of the proceedings; and then, much to her friend's astonishment, exclaimed energetically,

"For mercy's sake! will nobody stop the man? I cannot catch his eye, and he is bidding with the greatest eagerness for that immense cracked jug, yclept Indian jar. I am sick of the very sight of Chinese tea-drinkings, and all the butterfies, and monsters that seem crowding to the banquet. I can scarcely wade through my dressing-room now for all the mandarins that block up the passage, and my dreams at night are full of all sorts of horrors."

"How do you know that it is cracked?" inquired Mrs. Penleigh, giving full vent to her amusement at this catalogue of troubles.

"Because," rejoined her companion, "Mr. Spigley takes as kindly to cracked jars, disjointed couches, and ill-used chairs, as he does to living samples of other people's cruelty or neglect. To be unfortunate is equivalent with him to being deserving; and a dilapidated piece of furniture is as tenderly cared-for as though it were endowed with the powers of feeling. Our mansion is a complete hospital for the maimed and diseased creations of cabinet-makers and upholsterers."

"It is very easy to talk so," replied her friend, laughing, "every one says that it is as good as a

museum, and to that I can testify from my own experience."

"I do not agree with you," replied Mrs. Spigley, "it is as *bad* as a museum, without being as *good*; and reminds me of nothing more forcibly than the baby-house which delighted my youthful years. There headless, armless, and trunkless dolls dragged on a miserable existence—there unending riots seemed to have broken in doors and windows, and demolished tables and chairs—there unhappy animals bewailed the loss of limb—and there picture-books were like the man in 'the house that Jack built,' 'all tattered and torn.' I sometimes think that our mangled curiosities must be the ghosts of those unfortunate inmates, who have risen, in another form, to reproach me for my cruelty."

"I should think," returned her friend, "that these 'mangled curiosities,' as you call them, would be worth a fortune."

"They *cost* a fortune," replied Mrs. Spigley, "but I always find that when you buy, things are very dear—and when you sell, very cheap."

"Well," returned Mrs. Penleigh, still incredulous, "I think that it is very pleasant to have a husband so inclined. I wish that Mr. Penleigh were so, for I have a perfect passion for knick-nacks."

"Your 'passion' would soon subside if you found yourself wearing to a shadow in following him about as I do Mr. Spigley. Were it not for my restraining presence, he would probably have the entire contents of every house he enters carted to his own, or grouped around the doors, I am obliged to keep an eye upon him; but very much to my own disturbance, he not unfrequently misunderstands my signs, and bids all the faster for things that I wish at least a thousand miles off."

Mrs. Spigley's quick eye now detected the gentleman about to make himself more than usually ridiculous; and she broke off abruptly to call him to order. This accomplished, she resumed her discourse.

"Mr. Spigley appears to possess a sort of instinct that keeps him always informed of every auction that is about to take place, and there is no need to inquire: 'where was Roderick then?' As a proof of the delights I enjoy, I will give you an instance. My mother was one of those

old-fashioned housekeepers who imagine that everything they possess is infinitely superior to anything that can be procured now-a-days. From top to bottom the house was furnished like that of

“A fine old old English gentleman,
All of the olden school.”

“Heavy carved bedsteads, with their unwieldy proportions, and dark hangings, that seemed fit nesting places for all those dreadful goblins, and mysterious spectres that haunt our childhood—spidery-looking tables, with cruel corners that seem made for no earthly purpose but to bump one’s head against, and claw feet always extended to entrap the unwary—spiteful sofas that roll one off when one gets asleep upon them—and ugly-tempered chairs that will not bend a single inch to accommodate you—these were some of the household gods to which my mother clung with an affection passing the love of woman. With the knocks and tumbles I had so often received from them still fresh in my memory, it is not to be supposed that my feelings toward them were very tender; and when I entered the houses of my companions, and saw things so much more reasonable-looking, and fit for use, I unqualifiedly pronounced them ‘rubbish,’ and worked hard to bring my mother over to my own views. But she remained inflexible, and I really began to despair. I was afraid too that any one who came to see me would mistake me for a species of fossil remains, when discovered in the midst of such antediluvian surroundings; and at Mr. Spigley’s first visit I was fairly on thorns. But I need have given myself no uneasiness. He *proposed* to me, to be sure, but I verily believe that he fell in love with the furniture; and had it not been for the utter impracticability of the thing, would have lavished all his endearments upon those idols of wood and satin. People talk mournfully of being married for money, and such a fate draws sympathetic tears; it is infinitely more humiliating to find oneself triumphed over by a set of tables and chairs. Well, we were married; and I left the maternal residence, and indulged my wish for modest surroundings to my heart’s content. But I still entertained a grudge against these bedsteads, and tables, and chairs, and labored assiduously to procure their banishment. At length, to my great delight, my mother actually assented to my proposed plan of an auction; and every thing having been arranged, she came to stay with me while her own house was being stripped and refurnished. My mother had become almost as weary as myself of her ancient possessions; and agreed to their removal with undisguised pleasure.

“We sat chatting together in one of the front windows, when a huge conveyance stopped at the door, and a faint feeling came over me as Mr. Spigley, who had rushed up to the cart quite out of breath, removed a carefully-disposed covering from the precious contents. Was that the ghost of an old carved bedstead? the wandering spirit of a claw-footed table? or the disturbed wraith of a well known sofa? Suffice it to say that a substantial cart full of the most detestable of these unwelcome intruders walked boldly up stairs into my very apartment, as though defying me to my face. But not even was I permitted to express my indignation; that would have been some comfort; for Mr. Spigley related various hair-breadth escapes he had encountered to get these valued treasures into his own possession—all for *my* sake, for he knew how attached I must be to them, and thought that he would give me a pleasant little surprise; and called for my gratitude and admiration just as a highwayman would demand my purse.”

“What did you do with the things?” inquired Mrs. Penleigh, much interested.

“I did nothing, then,” was the reply, “unless it might be to follow the Susan Nipper style of making faces and calling names when nobody was by; but the next day, when Mr. Spigley’s back was fairly turned, I sent for an auctioneer, and allowed him to take off the things at his own prices.”

A group of lady listeners had collected around Mrs. Spigley during the progress of her story; and some admired her spirit, while others looked fairly frightened at the idea of such determined acting on her own account. One very meek little woman went home resolved to turn over a new leaf immediately; but having commenced operations much in the same style that Bob Acres determined to fight a duel, her husband gravely assured her that she was not at all calculated for that sort of thing—it was not her forte; to which she very quietly assented.

When Mrs. Spigley arrived at her own mansion, she found her lord and master so completely wrapt up in the expected arrival of the Indian jar, of which he had become the happy possessor, that it was quite impossible to obtain a hearing upon any other subject.

“I did intend to have it placed in the library,” began Mr. Spigley, rather hesitatingly, “but if you prefer it, my dear, in your dressing-room——”

“Oh, no,” replied his wife, eagerly, “not at all, I can assure you—there is no room for it.” She had been surveying the well-filled corners with a perplexed eye, and now felt infinitely relieved.

“Well,” returned Mr. Spigley, apparently very well satisfied, “I will take it under my own eye then. Here it comes—is it not a beauty?”

Of course there was the usual crack in the side; but this, Mr. Spigley asserted, would not be discovered among the figures; and his wife soon perceived that his eyes were completely blinded to all defects. Never was there such a jar as this; and after carefully establishing it in one corner of the library, Mr. Spigley collected all the servants, as though the point to be discussed were that of life and death, and gravely repeated to each the most solemn instructions respecting the fate of the beloved jar.

Mrs. Spigley, whose risible faculties were easily excited, glanced from the demure faces around her to the wonderful jar, that stood there quite unconscious of the sensation it was creating, and could scarcely retain her amusement. With respect to Indian jars, she entertained very much the same feelings that Peter Bell experienced toward the beauties of nature:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Mr. Spigley had finished laying down the law; and the servants were dismissed to their several duties. He sat looking tenderly at the jar; there may, perchance, have been tears in his eyes, but to this deponent saith not.

"What do you think of doing with that new old table, and chair ditto, that came home to-day?" inquired his wife.

"Beautiful!" whispered her husband, as though he were afraid of waking it up. Just then a broad gleam of sunshine came and settled on the jar, and the figures seemed almost moving and dancing before his eyes; he gazed upon it in delight; but his wife, with her dull, worldly eyes, looked upon the crack in the side, and smiled as she left the room.

Time passed on, as the novels say, and Mrs. Spigley's mother came to make them a visit. With Mrs. Shamford Mr. Spigley always met with sympathy and consideration. The two could sit and talk of old relics and ancient valuables, unwearied, for hours together; and Mrs. Spigley generally fell asleep during these conferences, with old pitchers, dilapidated jars, and gigantic tea-pots mixed together in dreadful confusion.

It was evening; and Mrs. Shamford, with a mournful pleasure, related histories of various beloved relics that had long since passed from her possession.

"We once," said she, with a sigh, "had the most splendid old china pitcher you ever beheld. It was given to Mr. Shamford by some English merchants with whom he had had business dealings, and was really beautiful. In the middle were his initials in gilt letters; it had two handles, and was as much as three feet high."

"What became of it?" gasped Mr. Spigley.

"I used to keep cake in it very often," continued Mrs. Shamford, with an involuntary groan, and a reproachful look at her daughter, "and one day Adelaide mounted up to get at it. She had just got the pitcher in her hand when I entered the room, and——"

"What—what?" whispered her auditor.

"It fell, and was broken to pieces."

"Of course you gave her a good whipping?" inquired Mr. Spigley, in a tone that made his wife laugh.

"Putty would have been more likely to mend the pitcher," returned his mother-in-law, coolly.

"Did you ever see a real, old-fashioned silver tea-pot?" asked Mrs. Shamford.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Spigley, a little proudly, "my mother had one."

"Well then you know the size and style of them. People were not afraid of silver then. Ours was the largest I have ever seen—it had been in the family fifty years."

"Where is that tea-pot?" almost shrieked Mr. Spigley, "I will give you five hundred dollars for it!"

"Some one else offered me the same sum," replied Mrs. Shamford, with aggravating composure, "but five thousand could not purchase it."

"What became of it?" demanded her son-in-law.

"Adelaide had it melted up into spoons."

"Mrs. Shamford," said Mr. Spigley, fairly pale with emotion, "do you wish to know my opinion of you? I think that your conduct has been perfectly inexcusable, and as for Adelaide——"

With a glance of rage too deep for utterance, Mr. Spigley strided from the room, and closed the door with a bang. His wife could not restrain her laughter; but Mrs. Shamford sat swelling with outraged dignity.

"Mother, dear," said Mrs. Spigley, "do not be offended—it is only his way; he means nothing by it."

"His way' indeed!" replied Mrs. Shamford, "it is a way that I will not put up with. 'One of his peculiarities,' I suppose you call it, since that is the term applied to all sorts of ugliness now-a-days. I expect to hear murder and house-breaking classed under the head of 'little peculiarities.' A fine time you must have of it with such a temper!"

"I do really have a nice time indeed," returned her daughter, laughing heartily, "I am almost killed with kindness. The other day I told him, partly in jest, that he had never yet presented me with a camel's hair shawl; 'upon this hint' he went out and bought me three, at nine hundred dollars a-piece—one of which is now waiting your acceptance."

Somewhat mollified by the gift, Mrs. Shamford's feelings toward her son-in-law began to soften; and in high good humor, Mr. Spigley conducted her to his library to behold the much admired jar.

Old friends often possess endearing little blemishes, by which we recognize them even through the lapse of years; sometimes it is a mole—sometimes a scar—sometimes a cast in the eye; but each and all of these before now assisted a half glimmering recollection.

Mrs. Shamford stood for a few moments, to the great delight of her son-in-law, apparently wrapt in admiration too deep for words; then she walked up to the jar, calmly turned it around, and examined it from top to bottom; finally she indulged in a somewhat malicious laugh.

"What did you give for this jar?" she asked, at length.

"Thirty-five dollars," replied her son-in-law, looking very fierce.

"I sold it to an auctioneer, among a load of other old things for fifty cents. We had it in our house for years; but every one appeared to entertain a spite against it, and the poor thing received so many wounds and bruises that it finally became disabled for service, and fell quite to pieces. A tinkering nephew of mine, who loved to exercise his talent upon everything that came in his way, splintered it together with putty and different things; and it really makes quite a respectable appearance. But as old Dr. S—always says of his patients, I should not be surprised to see it drop off at any time."

Such was Mrs. Shamford's history; and the cast of Mr. Spigley's countenance, at its conclusion, can best be expressed by the term "crest-fallen."

"But Adelaide knows nothing of this," said he, at length, "do not, I beg of you, tell her, and I will get off the old thing as soon as possible. There is an auction at Haper's to-morrow."

Mrs. Shamford promised to keep the secret; and Mr. Spigley began to find his eyes a little opened.

"I want you to go with me to an auction this morning," said Mrs. Shamford to her daughter, the next day, "so make haste and get ready."

"Why, mother," exclaimed Mrs. Spigley, in some surprise, "I thought that you disapproved of auctions. Do you really intend to bid for any thing?"

"No," was the reply, "I shall let you do that."

"Me! Why, mother, dear, you surely must be jesting! To attempt passing through these rooms now is like threading one's way through a pathless forest."

"Do as I bid you," replied her mother, sternly, "you will thank me for it yet."

Mrs. Shamford was a tall, majestic-looking woman, and her "do as I bid you" was really awful. Her daughter meekly equipped herself for walking; and the two were soon at the auction.

"Do you see that?" inquired Mrs. Shamford, as the auctioneer put up a large Indian jar, "you must bid for that."

"Why that is the very jar that Mr. Spigley brought home the other day!" exclaimed her daughter, "I suppose he became tired of it, and sent it here to be sold. I cannot bid for it, mother—he would be very angry."

"You are not to know that," returned her mother, "you can act just as he does, when he brings home things that you do not want. You may be able to cure the man if you do as I tell you."

Thus incited, Mrs. Spigley timidly bid five dollars; and the auctioneer immediately exclaimed, "five dollars only bid for this splendid jar! Why, ladies, it cost at least fifty!"

"Ten," called out Mrs. Shamford. "Remember," she whispered to her daughter, "the more you give for it the better."

"Fifteen!" screamed a little, over-dressed woman, anxious to show her good taste.

"Twenty," said Mrs. Spigley, after sundry hints from her mother.

"Twenty-five!" screamed the opposition.

"Don't let her have it, ma'am," said the auctioneer, "shall I say thirty for you? Mrs. Spigley takes it at thirty dollars."

Although rather frightened at first, now that she was fairly in for it, Mrs. Spigley determined to enjoy the joke to its full extent; and having received abundant instructions from her mother, she awaited her husband's return with a sort of mischievous satisfaction.

It was twilight when Mr. Spigley entered his own mansion; and when he opened the door, a tall object loomed up before him in the half darkness, and on attempting to brush it aside, he found that it quite resisted his endeavors.

"Oh! Mr. Spigley!" called out his wife, from the top of the stairs, "I do hope that you have not broken the jar! I thought that you would have been home earlier, and I had prepared such a pleasant little surprise for you! Have you seen it?"

"No," said he, rather angrily, "but I have felt it. What the deuce is it?"

"A superb Indian jar—a complete match for the one you bought the other day. But I only gave thirty dollars for this."

"Where did you buy it?" asked Mr. Spigley, with certain misgivings, as he pretended to examine it.

"At Haper's—is it not beautiful? There will be a pair of them now, you know."

"A pair of fools, perhaps," muttered Mr. Spigley, *sotto voce*, "but not a pair of jars."

"Shall I have this carried to the library?" continued his wife, "I noticed to-day that you had the other one removed—perhaps you were waiting to get one like it?"

"The truth is, my dear," replied her husband, rather hesitatingly, "you did not appear to admire the one I bought, and I sent it away to-day."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Spigley, then for fear that he should suspect her of knowing, she added quickly, "but this, you see, is much handsomer."

Mr. Spigley was obliged to coincide, and look pleased, as his wife had so often done in similar circumstances; and she could not forbear smiling as she saw how ill the attempt sat upon him. His feelings toward the jar are more easily imagined than described; but his wife had evidently resolved to cherish it with reverential affection; and the same scene with the servants was repeated that had been enacted about a week before—his own feelings on this occasion being materially changed.

"What is the matter with the rolls this morning?" inquired Mr. Spigley, a few days after, "and this coffee is perfectly detestable."

"It is not very good, to be sure," replied his wife, "but Maria has left us, and the new cook does not appear to understand her business."

"*Maria left us!*" gasped Mr. Spigley, "when did she go?"

"I was obliged to discharge her," replied his wife, calmly, "she committed an offence of which I have been afraid to tell you; but, of course, you must have seen it."

Sundry damages to his personal property now flitted through Mr. Spigley's brain, like vague, mysterious shapes of horror; and he questioned his wife as to the misdemeanor, evidently dreading her answer.

"Well, then," continued Mrs. Spigley, "you must promise not to be angry, but she actually broke a small piece from the edge of that Indian jar—impelled, I suppose, by a curiosity to examine anything so beautiful."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Mr. Spigley, in a disappointed tone.

"*All!*" repeated his wife, in apparent surprise, "why, you cannot know what I am talking about! She broke the edge of that jar for which I paid thirty dollars! ('And I, thirty-five!' muttered her husband.) And would you believe it, she actually had the assurance to say that the same piece had evidently been broken out before, and stuck in with putty! Following your express commands, in case of such an offence, I dismissed her immediately; and shall treat the next culprit in precisely the same manner."

That jar had already cost Mr. Spigley sixty dollars in money, (the auctioneer allowed him five for it) and an excellent cook; he now began to hate the sight of it. He was rather afraid, though, to try an auction room again; and having given the waiter certain directions respecting its disposal, he departed to his office.

"You cannot tell what a fright I have had to-day," observed his wife, at the dinner-table, "there really seems to be a spell upon that jar of ours. ('There does, indeed!' thought Mr. Spigley.) As I was passing through the lower entry, this morning, I saw a miserable man, who comes around to buy old things, actually preparing to transport our beautiful jar to unknown regions! Of course, I soon put a stop to that, and expressly forbid the servants' allowing him to enter the house again. So you see that I am rather different from the Princess Badroulboudour, in the 'Arabian Nights,' who was in such a hurry to dispose of the precious lamp."

It was with difficulty that Mr. Spigley refrained from giving his wife some idea of the state of his feelings; but the jar was her purchase, and she appeared to think so much of it; then too certain twinges of conscience reminded him of his own performances. So he swallowed down his wrath as well as he could; and listened to his wife's account in silence.

The Spigleys had issued cards for one of their usual parties; which were always conducted on a scale of the greatest elegance. People always flocked to their entertainments; confident of a supper-table, and music that could not be surpassed.

"Do not be at all troubled about the table," said Mrs. Shamford, to her son-in-law, in the morning, "I have arranged all about the centrepiece—quite an idea of my own—and I can assure you that it is something altogether unique and effective."

"But I should like to see it," ventured Mr. Spigley; "what is it?"

"Now curiosity!" exclaimed his wife, "don't ever find fault with me again!"

Mr. Spigley looked rather disconcerted, and pretended to care nothing about it; though, in reality, he felt extremely curious.

The rooms were filled as usual; and as midnight approached, vague rumors were afloat respecting the supper-table. All were prepared for something extraordinary; and the opening of the doors caused a general rush to the supper-room.

Mr. Spigley felt quite as much interested as any; but at his first glance toward the table, he looked around to mark the effect. There, in the very centre, stood the detested Indian jar, surmounted by a pyramid of flowers that towered

to a height fairly approaching the ridiculous. All those cracks, and nicks, and putty windings seemed brought into full relief by the innumerable wax-lights, and he scarcely dared to raise his eyes.

"I knew you would like this," whispered his mother-in-law, in delight, "it was all my own idea."

He turned from her almost rudely, and began talking to his neighbor with much more animation than the subject seemed to require.

"They are admiring the jar," whispered Mrs. Shamford, "listen, and tell me what they say."

Mr. Spigley's agonized ear soon caught the following remarks:

"What *have* the Spigleys got there?" whispered a would-be elegante, as she drew forth her eye-glass.

"The tower of Babel, I should say," replied another, "but that, of course, is Mr. Spigley's design. He, you know, is quite frantic after *outré* antediluvianisms, and nothing short of a stuffed alligator would astonish me on this supper-table."

"That is the identical old jar that Mrs. Spigley bought the other day," observed another, "I would not have it for a gift."

"Do you know," whispered Mrs. Penleigh, confidentially, "that I do not care to go too near that gigantic jar, for fear we shall have a second edition of the Philistines? It is just ready to fall to pieces."

Every one rushed back with a shriek—there was a loud crack—another—and the jar could no longer be called one. Mr. Spigley's mortification was extreme; but his wife and mother-in-law appeared to take it very coolly. The splendid supper-table caused a universal titter; and the guests departed in the highest amusement.

"Adelaide," said Mr. Spigley, the next morning, "what do you say to having an auction here? I am rather tired of our furniture."

His wife was employed in fitting the pieces of the jar together, and after a moment's consideration, she replied,

"I consent, on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you do not bid in this jar; because I see that it can be joined together."

There are some things beyond human endurance; and Mr. Spigley, deliberately approaching the jar, dashed it to atoms.

"There!" said he, "I defy human ingenuity to mend that!"

His wife only laughed; but such a laugh. It spoke as plainly as words could.

The auction took place, and everything was sold; Mrs. Spigley taking good care that not a single staggler should be left behind; and ever since, Mr. Spigley has entertained a nervous horror of old relics, great bargains, and Indian Jars.

LINES.

BY S. P. D.

WHEN the cloud above my pathway
Seems to gather deeper gloom;
And the future no bright prospect
Yields for me to rest upon:
When I feel alone—unaided—
I must journey on through life—
And my fearful heart is trembling,
All unequal to the strife!

Oh, how bitter then does memory
Come to mock me with its rays!
Bringing back my lost, my loved one,
With the light of other days.
Days of love! forever ended!—
Past and vanished from my sight—
Nothing left but desolation,
Turning mid-day into night!

Sad to me have been life's changes,
Bearing hopes and joys away;
Changing gladness into sorrow;
Shading scenes as bright as day!

That dear arm, on which I rested,
Is no longer at my side;
And the voice I loved to follow
Never more will be my guide.

Peace! Be still! Though hopes are shattered,
And thy prospects have been crossed;
"Gather up the broken fragments"
So that nothing may be lost.
View these parts as mercies left thee
By a kind and gracious God;
And in humble resignation
Bow beneath a Father's rod.

When the darkness hovers o'er thee,
And thy earth-lights have grown dim,
Look beyond these scenes and gather
Light and happiness from Him!
Then "life's changes" cannot harm thee,
"Hopes and joys" are fixed above!
God will guide thee through the journey,
God is wisdom; He is Love.

THE LEGEND OF GENOVEVA.

BY HELEN FAWCETT.

On the left bank of the Rhine, below Andernach, and at some short distance from the river, is the lake of Laach, celebrated as a picturesque object, and for a neighboring abbey with six towers, founded in 1093, by the Count Palatine, Henry II., who is buried within the edifice. With this locality is connected the legend of Genoveva, a princess of Brabant, who was married to the Count Palatine, Siegfried, a vassal of the old Frank Kings of Austrasia. For several years she and her husband had lived happily together, near the conflux of the Moselle and the Saar, when the invasion of France by the Moors caused Siegfried to quit his home and join in opposing the enemies of Christendom. He left his palace and his wife to the care of his particular friend, Golo of Drachenfels, who, forgetful of his duty, soon became enamored of Genoveva. For a time he was able to conceal his passion; but it was soon discovered by Countess Matilda of Strahlen, a relation of Genoveva, who dwelt in the neighborhood. Matilda had always harbored a feeling of envy against her fair kinswoman, and gladly made herself the confidant and adviser of Golo, who, urged by her counsels, at last made an open declaration of love. This outrage was received with the utmost indignation by Genoveva; and Golo, now finding his position dangerous, forged a letter, purporting to come from the major domo, Dragones, and containing an avowal of an intrigue with Genoveva. At the same time they contrived to dismiss all Genoveva's attendants, and confined her in a dungeon, that no intelligence of the truth might be conveyed to her husband.

Siegfried, who was one of the chief combatants in the great battle in which Charles Martel defeated the Moors, was severely wounded on that occasion, and being very anxious respecting the state of affairs at home, he sent his friend Carl of Rheingrafenstein to make inquiries about Genoveva, and to announce his speedy return. When Carl arrived at the castle, he found that a council, on the strength of the false accusations brought by Golo and Matilda, had already sentenced Genoveva to banishment: but so thoroughly was he convinced of her innocence, that, in accordance with an usage of early days, he declared himself her champion, and challenged Golo to mortal combat. However, he proved no match for his antagonist, and his death at the hands of Golo

rendered Genoveva's position still more hopeless. The council adhered to its first decision, and her alleged offence would have been punished with death, had not her accusers feared to awaken popular fury by a public execution. They preferred the method of private assassination; and two servants were commissioned to convey Genoveva and a child, to which she had given birth in her prison, to a dark forest, and there to murder them both. The tongues of the victims were to be brought back as a proof that the horrible deed had been performed. The ruffians undertook the office willingly enough; but when they were about to plunge a dagger into the bosom of the countess, they were so moved by her entreaties, that they spared the lives of both their intended victims, and taking them farther into the forest, so as to prevent the possibility of their return, went back to their wicked employers with two sheep's tongues, which they pretended were those of Genoveva and her child.

When Siegfried, after recovering from his wound, returned to his castle, he was so thoroughly convinced by Matilda and Golo that the decree of the council was just—especially as it had been confirmed by the issue of the combat—that he resolved to banish from his memory all thoughts of his unfaithful wife.

In the meanwhile Genoveva, after wandering some time in the forest, discovered a cavern, which served her for shelter. At the same time she was entirely without sustenance, and was contemplating a death by starvation, when, as if by a Divine mission, a white hind entered the cave, and offered its milk to the mother and child. On this and a few roots, which Genoveva afterward found, they were enabled to exist.

Siegfried, who, in spite of his resolution, could not forget Genoveva, applied himself to hunting, as a distraction from his melancholy thoughts. On one occasion, the game led him further than usual into the depths of the forest, and he was about to return, when a white hind sprang before him. Pursuing it for a great distance, he at last wounded it with a dart, and it took refuge in a cave, which he immediately entered, and found, to his astonishment, a woman, whom, in spite of her wasted condition, he soon recognized as Genoveva. Throwing herself on her knees, she protested her innocence, and exposed the treachery of Golo and Matilda. Siegfried was

so thoroughly convinced of the truth of her words, that with joy he took her and her child into his arms. At this moment Golo, with the rest of the hunting train, entered the cavern, and so horror-stricken was the culprit at the sight of Geneveva, that, on being indignantly questioned by Siegfried, he at once avowed his guilt. Shortly afterward he expiated his offence

on the scaffold; and though Matilda contrived to escape in the first instance, she fell with her horse into the Moselle while flying from her pursuers. In commemoration of her providential delivery, Geneveva built in the neighborhood of Laach a church, dedicated to the Virgin, which is still in existence, though in a ruinous condition.

THE RIDER AND THE BODENSEE.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHWAB.

The Rider rides through the beautiful vale,
Bright glimmers the sun on the snow-field pale.

Willing he trots through the cold white snow,
To the Bodensee to-day he must go.

Safe with his steed in the boat he would ride,
And land before night on the other side.

Over thorns and stones, in his perilous course,
Through the fields he flies on his mettlesome horse.

From the mountain out into the level land
He sees the snow lying smooth like the sand.

Far behind him both village and town disappear,
The way is even, the path is clear.

In the far-spread plain no house he sees,
And gone are the rocks and the hills and the trees.

Thus onward for miles and miles does he fly,
He hears on the breezes the wild goose cry.

Upward the water-fowl soars through the leaves,
No other sound his ear perceives.

No traveller meets he on the way
To point the path when his footsteps stray.

O'er the cold white snow as o'er velvet goes he:—
When will rush the water, when glisten the sea?

Now opens the hour of early eve,
And lights in the distance his eyes perceive.

Tree by tree rises forth from the mist around,
And the hills the far-spread prospect bound.

Stones and thorns on the ground he feels,
He urges his horse with his sharp-spurred heels.

Round his steed yell hounds in the cold dark night,
And warm bright hearths in the village invite.

* The Lake of Constance, this is very seldom entirely frozen over. "The incident which forms the subject of this ballad is said to have occurred in 1695."

"Maid at the window, well met to me!
To the lake, to the lake, how far may it be?"

On the knight looks the maiden with wondering eye;
"The lake and the boat behind thee lie.

Did the rind of ice not cover it o'er,
I would say thou hadst come from the boat on the shore."

The stranger breathes hard, and shudders from fear;
"O'er the plain behind I have ridden here!"

Her hands on high then raises she;
"Lord God! thus rodest thou over the sea!

"At the door of the bottomless deep below
To-night has rapped the mad hoof's blow.

"Did the raging waters beneath thee dash?
Did not the thick ice break with a crash?

"And thou wast not the prey of the silent brood
Of the hungry pike in the chilly flood?"

She tells to the village the fearful ride,
And the children are gathered around by her side.

The mothers, the sires, together they say:
"Thou lucky man, thou art blessed to-day!"

"By the steaming table take thy seat,
In safety with us break bread and eat."

The Rider, stiff on his horse, has heard
Only the first appalling word.

His hair stands on end, his pulse ceases from fear,
Close behind him the gaping abysses appear.

He sees nought but the deep enclosing him 'round,
His soul sinks down to the cold hard ground.

Like the cracking of ice he hears it now,
Like water the cold sweat stands on his brow.

He groans, and he sinks from his horse to the ground;

A dry grave on the sandy shore he has found! w.

ON THE HARMONY OF COLORS, IN ITS APPLICATION TO LADIES' DRESS.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

In few matters of taste do ladies err more frequently than in the choice of colors for dress. Colors, the most heterogeneous, are often assembled on the same person; and on the same figure may sometimes be seen all the hues of the peacock, without their harmony.

The same incongruity may be frequently observed in the adoption of colors, without reference to their accordance with the complexion or stature of the wearer. We continually see a light blue bonnet and flowers surrounding a sallow countenance, or a pink opposed to one of a glowing red; a pale complexion associated with canary, or lemon yellow, or one of delicate red and white rendered almost colorless by the vicinity of deep red. Now, if the lady with the sallow complexion had worn a transparent white bonnet, or if the lady with the glowing red complexion had lowered it by means of a bonnet of a deeper red color—if the pale lady had improved the cadaverous hue of her countenance by surrounding it with pale green, which, by contrast, would have suffused it with a delicate pink hue, or had the face

"Whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,"

been arrayed in a light blue, or light green, or in a transparent white bonnet, with blue or pink flowers on the inside, how different, and how much more agreeable, would have been the impression on the spectator!

How frequently again do we see the dimensions of a tall and *embonpoint* figure magnified to almost Brobdnagian proportions by a white dress, or a small woman reduced to Lilliputian size by a black dress! Now, as the optical effect of white is to enlarge objects, and that of black to diminish them, if the large woman had been dressed in black, and the small woman in white, the apparent size of each would have approached the ordinary stature, and the former would not have appeared a giantess, or the latter a dwarf.

It is now admitted that there are but three *primitive* colors—that is, three colors only which cannot be compounded of other colors: namely, red, blue, and yellow. With these three colors every hue and shade in nature (except white) may be imitated. With red, blue, and yellow, the

painter can represent the rosy bloom of health, and the pallor of disease; the verdure and flowers which characterize the "leafy month of June," and the barren landscape of December, when

"The cherished fields
Put on their Winter-robe of purest white."

It was formerly supposed that there were seven primitive colors, but Sir David Brewster has proved with regard to the colors of the prism—what has long been known to painters, with reference to the more material colors they employ—namely, that three of the other colors are formed by the overlapping of the three primitives, and the seventh by the mixture of darkness or shade with the blue. In this manner the overlapping or blending of the red ray with the yellow produces orange, the overlapping of the yellow ray with the blue produces green, and the overlapping of the blue ray with the red ray produces violet or purple. These three colors, orange, green, and violet or purple, are called *secondary* colors, because they are each composed of two primitives.

If the seven colors be arranged in a circular diagram, which we suggest for our readers to do, it will be seen that the space opposite to each of the primitives is filled by one of the secondaries composed of the other two primitives; red, for instance, is found to be exactly opposite to green, which is composed of blue and yellow; yellow is opposite to violet, which is composed of red and blue; and blue is opposite to orange, which is composed of red and yellow.

Now, it appears to be a law in the harmonious contrast of colors, that when the attention of the eye has been directed steadily upon a color, (either primitive or secondary) there is a tendency in the organ to see the color which, in such a diagram as we have supposed, would be directly opposite to it, whether it is actually present or not. If, for instance, a red wafer be placed on a sheet of white paper, and the eye is steadily fixed on it for some time, the red wafer will appear to be surrounded by a narrow and very pale circle of green, or if the eye, after looking attentively at a red wafer, be directed to another part of the paper, and the wafer withdrawn, a pale green image of the wafer will be

perceived. Green, therefore, is said to be the *complementary* color to red, because the eye, after looking fixedly at the red, (one of the primitive colors) sees an image or spectrum composed of the other two primitive colors which together make green. In the same manner the spectrum produced by blue is orange, and by yellow is purple. Nor is this phenomenon limited to the primitive colors only, it takes place, also with regard to the secondaries, and even to what are called the broken colors; thus red is complementary to green, yellow to purple, and blue to orange. This will be understood by reference to our supposed diagram. The colors thus opposed to each other are called complemental, or complementary, and sometimes, compensating colors. In every case, these are the most beautiful and harmonious contrasts of colors.

It will readily be understood that the gradations of colors between each of the primitives may be very numerous, by the mixture of more or less of the neighboring colors. The gradations are, in fact, so numerous, that it is impossible to name them all. Pure yellow, for instance, inclines neither to red nor blue, but if a small portion of red be added to the yellow, we call it orange-yellow; if a little blue be added to the yellow, we call it greenish yellow, if a little more blue it will pass into yellow-green, thence to pure green, then to blue green, then greenish blue, to which succeeds pure blue, and so on. The color which contrasts precisely with any one of these colors will be found exactly opposite to it in a diagram, arranged with these various shades. If, for example, it is required to find the complementary color of orange-yellow we shall find opposite to it blue-purple in the same manner we see that yellow-green is the complementary of purple-red, and red-orange of blue-green. By this arrangement an exact balance of the three primitives is preserved in all the contrasts, and the result is perfectly harmonious.

From the mixture, in unequal proportions, of the three primitives, or of the secondaries with each other or with the primitives, other colors are formed which are variously termed tertiaries, quarternaries, and semi-neutrals, and to which various specific names are given; such as citrine, which may be composed of orange and green, olive, composed of purple and green, and russet, composed of orange and purple. To these may be added brown, slate, marrone, straw-color, salmon-color, and others of a similar nature, which, from the fact that all three of the primitives enter into their composition, may be denominated, in general terms, broken colors.

Harmony of color is of several kinds; it will be sufficient for our present purpose to allude to two kinds only, namely, *harmony of analogy*,

and *harmony of contrast*. The term *harmony of analogy* is applied to that arrangement in which the colors succeed each other in the order in which they occur in the prism, and the eye is led in progressive steps, as it were, through three or more distinct colors, from yellow, through orange, to scarlet and deep red, or from yellow through green to blue, dark blue and black, or vice versa. The same term is also applied to the succession of three or more different hues or shades of the same color. The *harmony of contrast* is applied to combinations of two or more colors, which are contrasted with each other, according to the laws of which we have spoken. In the first kind of harmony the effects are softer and more mellow, in the second more bold and striking.

Nature affords us examples of both kinds of harmony, but those of the harmony of analogy are most abundant. Of the more brilliant examples of the last kind of harmony, we may mention the beautiful succession of colors in the clouds at sunset or sunrise. Of a more sober kind is that which prevails in landscapes, where the blue color of the hills in the distance, changes as it advances toward the fore-ground through olive and every variety of cool and warm green to the sandy bank glowing with yellow, orange, or red ochreous hues at our feet. In both cases force, animation, and variety, are given by the occasional introduction of contrasts of colors. In the sky the golden color is contrasted with purple; the glowing red, or rose color, with pale green; the blue sky of the zenith and eastern hemisphere contrasts with the orange-colored clouds which are floating before it, with the peaks of snowy mountains, or the lofty towers of a cathedral standing out boldly against the clear blue sky, and reflecting on the sunlit crags or pinnacles the golden glories of the western hemisphere. On the earth the broken and variegated green and russet tints of the trees and herbage are vivified and brought to a focus, sometimes by the bright red garments of a traveller, sometimes by flowers of the same color scattered over the fore-ground.

For the sake of giving a more marked character to experiments on color, they are generally conducted with the primitives and secondaries, which in their pure state are called positive colors.

Of the three primitive colors, yellow is the lightest, red the most positive, and blue the coldest. Red and yellow, from their connexion with light and heat, are considered as warm colors; blue, from its association with the color of the sky and distant objects, is said to be a cool color. Of the secondaries orange is the warmest, green the medium, and violet the

coldest. The warm colors are also considered as advancing colors because they appear to approach the eye, the cool colors are also called *retiring* colors from their appearing to recede from the eye. The contrast of green and red is the medium, and the extreme contrast of hot and cold colors consists of blue, the coldest with orange, the warmest of all colors.

Neither black nor white is considered as a color; black may be formed by the mixture of the three primitives; grey consists of an equal portion of black and white. When black is placed in contact with any color, it ceases to be neutral and acquires by contrast a tinge of the compensating color; if, for example, a green dress is covered with black lace, the black assumes by contrast a reddish tint, which makes it appear rusty; for this reason the mixture of black and green is not pleasing. In the same manner small portions of white assume the complementary color of that to which they are opposed, but the general effect of a large mass of white is to make colors appear more vivid and forcible.

These fundamental principles of the harmony and contrast of colors being understood, we have next to consider their application to dress, and especially the effect of the different colors when in contact with the skin, in order to afford certain grounds for judging what colors may or may not be advantageously opposed to it. Articles of dress are too frequently purchased without any reference to their appropriateness in point of color to the individual who is to wear them. A momentary fancy, an old predilection, a party prejudice, will induce a lady to select a dress or bonnet of a color which not only does not increase the beauty of her complexion, but actually makes it worse than it really is. What, for instance, can be more unbecoming to a lady with a countenance the color of parchment—we are putting this by way of example, not supposing there ever was or ever will be a lady of this appearance—than a pale yellow dress or bonnet? If the color operates by the effect of contrast, her face will look blue, and how becoming soever blue may be for ladies' stockings, it is far otherwise when their complexion is tinged with it; every one knows that it is no compliment to a lady to say she looks *blue*. If reflection has any influence, and not contrast, then will the face seem "fall'n into the sere and yellow leaf." Yellow is gay and lively everywhere but in the complexion, and then it reminds one of

"Jealousy suffused with jaundice in her eyes,
Discoloring all she viewed."

There are two types of the female complexion, the fair and the dark. In point of color, light hair

may be considered as subdued orange, modified in hue accordingly as the yellow, the red, or the brown, prevails in it. When the first color predominates, the hair is said to be *flaxen* or *golden*; when the second predominates, it is called chestnut, auburn, or even red; and when the third prevails, the hair is simply said to be light, or light brown. The first two have always been favorites with poets and painters, not only with those of our own northern climate, but in those of sunny Italy, where the dark-haired type is most common. The fair-haired beauties of the elder Palma and Titian must be familiar to all lovers of painting; so much, in fact, was light hair in favor in the sixteenth century, that the ladies were accustomed to dye their hair, or to discharge the color by some chemical preparation, and then dry it in the sun. Mrs. Jameson mentions having seen an old Venetian print, in which the process is represented: "A lady is seated on the roof, or balcony of her house, wearing a sort of broad-brimmed hat, without a crown; the long hair is drawn over these wide brims, and spread out in the sunshine while the face is completely shaded. How such ladies contrived to escape a brain-fever, or a *coup de soleil*, is a wonder."

The color of the skin of fair persons may also, with the exception of the carnation tints, be considered as subdued orange, although of a lower tone than the hair; the only contrast then to the general orange hue, arises from the blue or grey color, which frequently characterizes the eyes in very fair complexions.

"Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair,"
are frequently associated in the strains of the poet. Chestnut and auburn hair are often accompanied with hazel eyes, and in this case there is no contrast, but a sort of natural harmony unites the skin, hair, eyebrows, and lashes, into one harmonious whole.

In *brunette*, the hair and eyes contrast in tone and color with the complexion, which is generally redder than in *blondes*. Between these extremes there are an infinite number of gradations, and great variety of hue and tone, both as regards the hair and complexion. We shall allude to one of these variations only, namely, that in which the black hair, brows, and eyelashes of the dark type are united with the blue eyes and fair complexion of the *blonde*. In this class the harmony of contrast, of course, prevails, although the general hue of the complexion is colder; that is to say more inclining to pink than in the *blonde*, in whom the orange tint generally prevails.

Skyblue is always considered as most becoming to fair persons, and it contrasts more agreeably

than any other color with the complementary orange, which constitutes the key-note, as it were, of the general hue of the complexions and hair of this type. Yellow and red, inclining to orange, contrast best with dark hair, not only in color but in brilliancy; violet, and green also, the complementaries of these two colors, do not produce a bad effect when mingled with dark hair.

We proceed now to point out in what manner the complexion is modified by its juxtaposition with draperies of the different positive colors. An incident which recently occurred affords us an apt illustration. An envelope containing some circulars printed on green, yellow, pink, and blue papers, was handed to us; we read the contents of the green paper, sitting at the same in such a position that the light fell upon the paper in the left hand, by which it was held. Having finished reading the paper, (which occupied several minutes) we happened accidentally to look at the hand, and were not a little surprised to see it visibly suffused with a delicate rose color. We perceived at once that this color was produced by contrast with the green paper. In order to reduce it to a certainty, or rather to have the pleasure of observing the effects of the simultaneous contrast of colors, the green paper was changed for the pink, on which the eyes were fixed for about the same period, when, on looking again at the hand, we found the roseate hue had given place to a general green tinge. The experiment was followed up with the yellow and blue papers, and in each case the expected result ensued. After looking at the yellow paper, the hand appeared of a purple hue, and after the blue paper, it appeared orange. The circumstance is mentioned here as affording an easy and pleasing illustration of the laws of the contrast of colors as applied to the skin, and as preliminary to the remarks which follow relative to colored draperies and their effect on the complexion.

Pink and rose colors cannot be placed in contact with the carnation tints of the skin without depriving it of some of its freshness; contrast must, therefore, be prevented, and the best method of effecting this is to surround the draperies with a *ruche* of tulle, which produces the effect of grey by the mixture of the white threads, which *reflect* the light, with the interstices, which *absorb* light. The mixtures of light and shade thus produces a delicate grey tint.

Dark or full red is more becoming to some complexions than rose color or pink; because, being deeper in tint than the latter, it renders them paler by the contrast of tone, for it is the natural effect of a dark color to make a lighter

one in contact with it appear still lighter than it is in fact.

Light green is favorable to those fair complexions in which the rosy tint is altogether wanting, or in which it may be increased without inconvenience. Soame Jenyns, in his poem entitled "The Art of Dancing," says:

"Let the fair nymph in whose plump cheeks is seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go,
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow."

Dark green, however, is more favorable than light to those complexions which incline more to red than to rose color, as well as to those which have a dash of orange mixed with brown; for in these cases the red tint which the flesh would receive from its opposition with light green would incline to the brickdust hue which we know is contrary to all ideas of beauty. Sir Joshua Reynolds, a first-rate authority with respect to color, and who was no mean judge of beauty, counsels the young artist, when painting a lady's portrait, to "avoid the chalk, the brickdust, and the charcoal, and to think of a pearl and a ripe peach."

Yellow is less favorable to a fair complexion than light green, because it gives, by contrast, a purple hue to the skin. It causes those skins which incline to yellow rather than orange, to appear whiter, but this combination is insipid.

When the complexion inclines more to orange than yellow, the contact of yellow drapery will, by neutralizing the yellow tint of the complexion, cause it to appear more rosy. It produces this effect in persons belonging to the type with dark hair, and for this reason it is becoming to brunettes, who, like Petrucchio's Kate, are

———"brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than their kernels."

Violet, the complementary to yellow, produces effects quite opposite; thus it gives to fair skins a greenish yellow hue. It also increases the yellow tint of complexions which turn much on the yellow or orange; and it changes the blue tints to green. Violet then, is one of the most unbecoming colors to the complexion, at least unless it is sufficiently dark to render the skin paler and whiter by contrast.

Blue produces by contrast an orange tint that unites favorably with fair skins and delicate carnations, which already incline more or less to the latter color. Blue then is very becoming to many fair persons, and fully justifies its reputation in these cases. It does not suit brunettes, who have already too much orange in their complexions.

Orange is too dazzling to be much worn; it gives a blue tint to fair skins, bleaches those

which incline to orange, and causes yellow complexions to appear greenish.

Draperies of a dead white like cambric muslin, are becoming to fresh complexions, the rosy tints of which they vivify; but they do not suit thick and unpleasant complexions. Transparent white draperies, such as muslin, or tulle, plaited and especially disposed *en ruches*, present quite a different appearance; they seem rather grey than white on account of the contrast between the light reflected by the white threads, and absorbed by the interstices; accordingly all white draperies through which the light is suffered to pass, should be considered in their effects as grey.

Black draperies, by lowering the tone of colors which are in contact with them, whiten the skin;

"So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Clothed in the dusky mantle of the night:"

but if the carnations are to a certain extent separated from the draperies, it may happen, that although lower in tone, they will appear, as compared with the white parts of the skin in contact with these draperies, redder than if the proximity of black did not exist. Black should be separated from the skin by white crape or lawn, or other transparent material, which by producing the effect of grey, interposes agreeably between the black dress and the skin.

The general effect of dark colors is to make the complexion appear fairer.

All the primitive colors gain in purity and brilliancy by the proximity of grey, although not

to the same extent as they do with white, because the latter causes every color to preserve its character, which it even exalts by contrast: white can never be considered as a color. This is not the case with grey, which as it may be considered a color, forms combinations with blue, violet, and dark colors in general, which partake of the harmony of analogy, whilst on the contrary it forms with colors naturally bright, such as red, orange, yellow, and light green, harmonies of contrast. If, for instance, grey be placed by the side of crimson, it will acquire by contrast somewhat of a green hue; by the side of yellow, it will appear purplish, if by the side of blue, it will assume an orange hue; the value then of a neutral tint of this description when placed in contact with flesh is very evident. As an illustration of the manner in which grey is affected by the vicinity of other colors, the following facts may be mentioned. Let a person with very white hair be placed facing the light immediately in front of an open doorway, leading into a dark room; the hair will appear by contrast with the dark behind it, of a brilliant white; now let the person be placed near a window with a white muslin curtain behind it, the hair will by contrast with the bluish shades of the curtain, appear of a subdued and pale orange. The same effects of contrast take place with respect to the semi-neutral colors. A brown holland apron, for instance, worn over a pink dress, will assume a decidedly greenish tinge, but if worn over a blue dress it will have an orange tinge.

"OUR WILLIE, TOO, HATH GONE."

BY LILIAN MAY.

From our hearth-stone bright the sunshine's gone,
And sorrow alone sits by;
Grief-stricken we gaze on the vacant chair—
The angel of death's been nigh,
And snatched from our side our cherished boy—
Hath paled that noble brow;
His eyes are closed in their last long sleep—
For the mold grows over them now.

Our Willie hath gone to our Father's house—
To our Father's house away—
Where the angels sing in the golden glow
Of the light of ineffable day—
Ere he felt the cares of this lower world,
Its sorrows, its ills, and its woes—
The voyage of Life was short with him—
Soon ceased life's agonied throes.

The merry laugh and the cheerful voice
Are heard no more in the hall,
For gone fore'er is our Willie dear,
And he heedeth not our call;
Far, far away in the Spirit Land
His gentle voice is heard,
Echoing through Heaven's highest dome,
Like the strains of a bright-winged bird.

Tho' we on earth may yet sorrow here—
And Sundered be earthly ties,
Still we hope to meet our cherub boy
In the realms of Paradise—
Where the golden crown on his marble brow
Presses light on his sunny hair,
And gorgeous gleameth the light of God
On the angel spirit there.

OUR WORK TABLE.

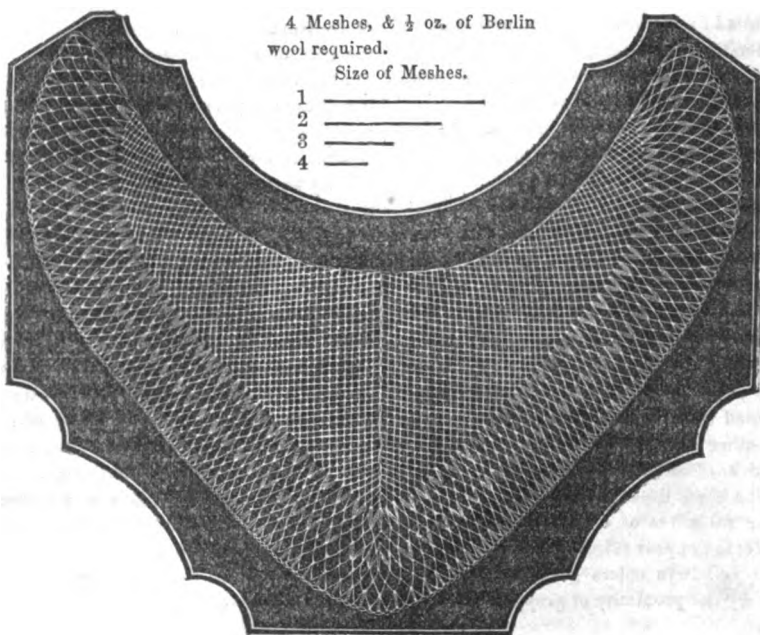
BY M^{LL}E. DEFOUR.

NETTED HANDHERCHIEF.

4 Meshes, & $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of Berlin wool required.

Size of Meshes.

1	_____
2	_____
3	_____
4	_____



MESH No. 4.—1st row.—Net three loops.
2nd row.—Net two loops in one, net one loop, net two loops in one.

3rd row.—Net two loops in one, net one loop, net two loops in one, net one loop, net two loops in one. Repeat the last row until you have one hundred and twelve loops.

BORDER.—1st row.—Mesh No. 1, net three loops in one to the end of the row.

2nd row.—Mesh No. 2, net five loops together, net one plain loop, repeat to the end of the row.

3rd row.—Plain netting to the end of the row.
4th row.—Mesh No. 1, net three loops in one to the end of the row.

5th row.—Mesh No. 2, net five loops together, net one plain loop, repeat to the end of the row.

6th row.—Plain netting to the end of the row.
7th row.—Net two loops in one to the end of the row.

8th row.—Mesh No. 4, plain netting to the end of the row.

9th row.—Plain netting to the end of the row.

STANZAS.

BY E. K. SMITH.

I GAZED, and as I gazed on thee,
I thought how peaceful earth might be;
Thy angel's face, thy woman's smile,
To cheer me on some lonely isle.

By thy dear feet how soon I'd learn
All worldly guile and sin to spurn;

Thy smile should be my greatest bliss,
Thine absence—utter loneliness.

Content with thee my days to pass,
Secluded from the busy mass;
Thy heart shall be my actions' test,
Thy smile shall make my moments blest.

MARGARET CASWELL'S TRIALS.

BY A. L. OTIS.

A YOUNG gentleman sat in a room overlooking the college grounds at Cambridge, apparently engaged in extracting a most unusual amount of bliss from a cigar. His whole face and figure were expressive of a calm, exquisite, dreamy enjoyment. A breeze, as soft as September could make it, toyed with his hair and pressed gently against his temples, at the same time impregnating his cigar perfume with a penetrating flavor of newly-washed "country." So the wild celery permeates the canvass-back duck, and gives it its deliciousness. His law-books were lying in blissful oblivion, and no thought of their contents disturbed his mind.

But we must not ascribe this enjoyment entirely to sensual pleasure, for upon the table lies a letter from his mother, informing him that travelling having been recommended for her health, he must be her escort. Enough, surely, to give any young man pleasant dreams! But furthermore—he was requested to seek out in Andover, an aunt whom he had never seen, but who, he knew, had two pretty daughters, and obtain permission for one of them to accompany his mother. He was advised to look narrowly into the dispositions of the two girls, and if there were any choice between them to use his influence, so that the most agreeable should be decided upon as a companion for the invalid. A liberal sum of money was sent for his own use, and another in a neat package to be given to the young lady, as "fit-out" for the expedition. A sealed letter was also enclosed to his aunt.

This aunt, Mrs. Caswell, by marrying in most obstinate opposition to the wishes of her relatives, had incurred their displeasure, and been entirely neglected by some of them. Among the most unforgiving had been her own sister, the mother of Henry Gregory, the young gentleman we have described. Never since her sister's marriage had she written to her, and she had not even seen her nieces. In sickness, kinder feelings had come back, which impelled her to use some of her immense wealth, (more than sufficient for herself and her only child) in benefitting those she had so long neglected.

Henry Gregory was thinking over the difficult and dangerous duty required of him, yet he did not look upon it as difficult or dangerous. To him it appeared exciting and delightful. Only

two weeks were given him. He must return to Springfield, his home, at the end of that time.

Having made the necessary preparations, and accomplished the rapid journey to Andover, he stood before the open front door of his aunt's house, and looked down a wide sunny passage. He hesitated a moment before ringing the bell, because he felt the awkwardness of presenting himself to an aunt, who might not be inclined to forget her sister's long cherished animosity. He also felt a little anxious about the letter he was the bearer of, for knowing his mother's peculiarities, he half expected it to contain something more irritating than conciliatory. He had thought of all this before, however, and had determined by his own address and advantages, to make up for all his mother's faults, and effect a perfect reconciliation.

As he raised his hand to the bell, the parlor door opened, and two ladies came out, laughing, and so much occupied with each other, that they did not perceive him. He stepped aside, and bowed as they passed. One started and looked suddenly reserved—the other turned to him a face brightened and dimpled with smiles. Both bowed and turned down the street. "If those are my cousins," thought he, "I shall decidedly prefer the one with the dimples."

A servant came, replied that Mrs. Caswell was at home, received Mr. Gregory's card and letter, and showed him to the parlor. A very short time elapsed before his aunt appeared. She was extremely like the laughing beauty he had seen at the door, and advanced most gracefully.

"Welcome, Mr. Gregory, as the bearer of good tidings is always welcomed. You must allow me to call you my dear nephew at once, and to tell you how glad I am to find my sister's heart has at last spoken out what it has long felt, I am sure. I knew she would not remain inexorable and unreasonable. But she is as peculiar as ever, I see!"

Mr. Gregory colored, and was at a loss for a reply, but said, "he had no doubt she would understand his mother sufficiently to make due allowance for the abruptness, which continued ill-health had fostered."

"Oh, I understand her perfectly, my dear—I know just what she means when she says for instance"—she referred to the letter—"I am old

and cross, and I want somebody to wait upon me, devotedly, patiently, and humbly'—instead of demanding such servitude, she will be the most generous of friends, I remember her good heart well."

Henry had blushed and thought, "abruptness indeed!" He said aloud, "I hope most sincerely, my cousins will understand her as well as you do, and take no offence at anything that letter may contain. It must indeed be peculiar, from the extract you have read."

"I am afraid," Mrs. Caswell answered, hesitatingly, "that they do not, and will not know how to appreciate the kindness my sister means. I have not myself yet taken into consideration her proposal of having one of my daughters with her. I just ran down in my first joy to tell you, Henry, how glad I am to hear from Margaret, and to know that *now* I am at peace with all the world again. I have hardly read the letter yet—oh, here come your cousins. Margaret, Emma—come here girls." The two young ladies he had seen at the door entered.

"Margaret," said Mrs. Caswell, "this is your Cousin Henry Gregory—Emma, my dear, your cousin."

Margaret had bowed quite haughtily, but Emma advanced holding out her hand. "We have seen him before, twice," she said, "and remember well his speech last commencement. I felt quite proud of my cousin."

Gregory bowed. He was delighted with both his aunt and Emma. He hardly observed Margaret's silence and reserve, but her mother did, and said quickly, "I have a letter here, girls, from your Aunt Margaret. She is going to travel, and would like to have one of you accompany her. Of course we cannot even think about the matter till our lawgiver has decided upon it, I mean Lenox, my eldest son," she said to Gregory, "he rules paramount in this house—except when Margaret's will does not coincide with his—and that is rarely." She laughingly turned to her daughter, whose grave but beautiful face relaxed slightly.

"And now I must go to my room, and read over this dear letter," she continued, "while you amuse your cousin. Could you not take him to our pretty pond before tea, since you have your bonnets on?"

Gregory stated his pleasure at the proposition, and they left the house together.

"Mr. Gregory," Emma said, "be kind enough to explain what mother meant about the travelling, because I am all curiosity, and do not care to wait till our cautious, and not over-expeditious brother inform us."

"With much pleasure, as my mother's cause, is in this instance mine, and I do not trust to her

representation of it. She is in ill-health, and travelling has been prescribed for her. She is not satisfied with myself as companion, and she desired me to beg one of you to favor her with your society. I am sure I shall not fail to obtain her wishes if any persuasions of mine can suffice."

"Oh, it would not take much persuasion to induce me to go! I have always been so eager to travel. It has been the dream of my life, and it is exceedingly kind in your mother to invite us!"

As Gregory was about to reply, he caught a glimpse of Margaret's face, and saw upon it rather contemptuous anger.

He guessed the reason easily, and said to Emma, "my mother will be the obliged party if you consent to go. I know she will never pardon herself if she do not believe she can, in time, make you all both forgive and love her. If you refuse to meet her wishes now, she will not enjoy one day of her travels; she will reproach herself unceasingly."

Turning to Margaret, he said with cold politeness, "be so good as to understand my mother before you resent her strange whims, which are regarded by those who know her very leniently."

Margaret answered his coldness with bitterness.

"A whim indeed! which has been the drop of misery in my mother's cup of happiness for twenty years! I cannot forget it in a moment, and I cannot regard it leniently—yet——"

Gregory made no answer. He was exceedingly vexed.

"Margaret," Emma said, "let bygones be bygones, and be forgiving. You are imitating exactly what you are blaming."

"I will read Mrs. Gregory's letter; and I am willing to believe—I am anxious to forget—I certainly do not wish to cherish any prejudices."

"But do not judge my mother from her letter," Gregory said, eagerly, remembering what he had heard of it. "I must tell you that mother says the very bluntest and hardest things she can, so as to touch and surprise the more by her goodness, it seems to me. Do not judge her by that letter, I assure you she wishes to know you, and to love you—and yet probably her own words will deprive her of that happiness!"

"Oh, I begin quite to comprehend her character," Emma said, "she is ill too, and it must have fatigued her to write so long a letter. We shall not mind anything she may say that is—not exactly—that is—blunt—you know."

"Yes, she is ill, and her disease is the most difficult one to bear—nervous debility. Perhaps on that account you may not enjoy yourself so much in travelling. It is painful to be with one who is suffering. But I hope that will not keep

you at home, for we can snatch many moments of exquisite pleasure from the magnificent scenery, or have some most delightful amusement laughing at fellow travellers."

He spoke almost exclusively to Emma, and she replied,

"Certainly, to be sure we could, and I do not doubt that we could do much to make the journey more comfortable to aunt. We could talk to her, you know, when she feels dull, we could read to her when we are detained by storms at hotels, or we could sit up at night to keep her company when she is sleepless."

"I have no doubt you would render her travels doubly beneficial by your presence; I am sure you would make them a thousand times pleasanter to me."

"Oh, it would be the most delightful thing in the world to go, and I like to wait upon the sick. I once sat up all night with a sick lady. I had an easy-chair, a new novel, hot coffee and rolls—in short, everything to make me comfortable; and it is so pleasant to be thanked—but how lovely the pond looks—and there is a lily within reach of your cane, Mr. Gregory."

The lily was captured after much laughing, and some peril of a ducking. Margaret seemed somewhat less grave; Emma was in high spirits; Gregory filled with the utmost admiration for her and contentment with himself, therefore they had a very pleasant walk home. Nothing more was said of travelling that evening. Henry was introduced to his other cousins, Lenox and Frederic, who both received him somewhat distantly, the latter indeed, haughtily. But he had the happy art of imperturbability, and seemed to see nothing of it.

His aunt had been the impulsive, joyous creature which he now saw Emma, and she had not grown more reserved with age. There was a perfect openness in all she said and did, that passed simplicity even. The next morning she said at the breakfast table, where they were all assembled except the eldest son,

"Well, my dear girls, Lenox thinks you had better not go with your aunt; he don't think either of you could satisfy her. In short, he thinks from her letter——" She hesitated.

"Do let me see the letter," Henry cried, "it needs explanation I have no doubt—perhaps I can in some degree make you see my real mother through it."

"Oh, I understand Margaret perfectly, my dear—but Lenox—well, take the letter, and if you can say anything to make Lenox understand it, pray do—that is, if either of you would like to go," she said, looking from one to the other of her daughters.

Emma said at once, that it would give her

much pleasure. Margaret would think about it when she had read the letter.

"I should advise you to accept your aunt's offer," said Mrs. Caswell. "I want her to love my daughters. I want her to know you, and I think it will be a great advantage to you to travel. Besides my dear sister is sick, and I should feel easier to have you with her, since I cannot go to her myself. The only question is, which shall go."

"You forget, mother," Margaret said, "that Lenox thinks we had both better stay at home." She glanced at Gregory who was reading the letter, his face alternately coloring with shame, or sinking with dismay. His mother the obliged one indeed! No one could have imagined it for one instant after having read her mode of invitation. "She had persuaded herself to take one of her nieces with her, feeling what an advantage it would be to either of them, but she must explicitly state upon what terms." She required a nurse, in short, and one who must bear with her whims, but she promised in return a competency for life to the one who pleased her, and faithfully served her. These things made no impression upon Mrs. Caswell that was not effaced by the sweet words of affection and reconciliation which followed them. But as Henry read, he felt that Lenox might well object to either of his sisters accepting an offer which was almost insulting. When he looked up, which he did reluctantly and in confusion, he saw only his aunt and Emma. Margaret and Frederic had left the table. They were in Lenox's study, and he silently followed Emma who went to join them. He merely said what he had said before, that his mother had certainly written rudely, but that they would find her really kind: He then left them to talk the matter over.

Emma was the first to speak, after Lenox had read the letter aloud to them. She declared that nothing on earth would ever tempt her to be voluntarily in her aunt's presence for a single hour; she said she should die of fright, and neither enjoy herself nor be useful. So that, for her part, she would give the matter no further consideration, but try to forget the letter and love her aunt, since her mother wished them to do so.

Frederic declared that if either of his sisters should accept an invitation which was thrown at them in that contemptuous, condescending, insulting manner, he would never speak to her again. Lenox hemmed, and all eyes were upon him.

"Go," he said, in his stentorian voice, which both in volume and weight seemed disproportioned to him, "go, giddy pates. We have all we want from you. Your opinions shall have

their due weight. Leave Margaret and myself to settle the question."

They willingly obeyed, and Lenox began to speak of reasons for refusing the offer, but Margaret said she had thought all night about it, and that she should go with her aunt. "You will undoubtedly have much to endure," Lenox said. "Even her petted son thought it necessary to warn Emma of his mother's temper."

"Yes, but I shall go fortified. I know what to expect. The only thing which will indeed be a trial is the thought, that perhaps she will consider me as accepting a favor from her contemptuous hand. She seems to think she does us a great charity, and I can't endure—oh, yes, I will endure, for perhaps she will enable mother to give up harrassing cares, and the dreadful fear of future poverty, which seems to weigh upon her sensitive mind. Perhaps I shall be the means of preventing Fred's entering college as a servitor, which is so humbling to his pride. And then poor Emma need not go as governess, for which she is so unfitted by her easy, careless temper, and——" She hesitated.

"Say at once that you also hope to aid me in finishing my law studies. But I am sure we shall not one of us consent to have you sacrifice yourself for us."

"I shall sacrifice nothing but my pride, and I could endure much for the sake of travelling. It will be to my own advantage also."

"Well, Margaret, say nothing definite about the matter yet. We may have at least to-day to deliberate." After an involuntary glance of affection and respect he turned to his books, and Margaret left him, but returned to say, "I have decided, Lenox, and shall inform Henry Gregory of my determination."

He smiled as he answered, "you always decide so promptly, and persist so firmly. You are a woman after all, Margaret, and instinct guides you, not reason."

"Say conscience guides me, Lenox, this time at least."

She shut the door and went to her mother.

In the meanwhile Emma had donned a sun-bonnet and gardening apron. Armed with pruning scissors, she was walking in the garden, snipping off all the defects in her rose-bushes. Henry passed the gate, but returned and entered. She saw him coming, and her rosy young face was covered with smiles. Henry thought he had never seen such a beautiful, graceful embodiment of the spirit of joy and good-nature.

"My tea-roses cannot hold up their weight of perfume," she said. "Just pass that one carelessly—you need not approach it—and you will perceive how powerful it is."

"Yes, but I cannot pass it. I am drawn

irresistibly to it, and must hold up its head till I have had a stronger taste of its sweetness."

"Oh, you will soon get tired of it if you do so. See, you are willing to leave it already. If you had only stood where I told you, you could have enjoyed it a long time."

"Only your greater attraction could have drawn me from the rose. Had you remained where you were I should also."

Emma smiled, and shook her head. Henry continued, "I am so intensely interested in the final result of your consultation in the study, that I hope you will not keep me in suspense a moment after the matter is decided."

"Lenox will let you know when he has made up his mind. But why you should be so intensely interested, I do not perceive." She blushed coquettishly.

"It could not certainly be a matter of indifference to me, since having the pleasure of your society is the subject of it."

"I do not think they will decide to let me go, because I feel myself entirely unfit for such an office, however much I might like to travel; and they all quite agree with me."

"Oh, do not say so. It will do mother good only to look at you."

"Well, well, I have nothing to say about it," she answered, and in order to turn the conversation, gave him some flowers to take to the summer-house for her. She followed with a glass case, and Henry watched her with pleasure, as she gracefully arranged them. Margaret came in a few minutes afterward, and said, stiffly,

"Mr. Gregory, I accept your mother's offer, and will be ready to accompany you whenever you may wish to go."

Henry bowed, and said he was happy they had concluded to do himself and his mother this kindness, but Margaret saw a very evident disappointment in his countenance, as he turned unconsciously from her to look eagerly at Emma. Her cheek flushed when he said, wilfully mistaking her words as a mere declaration that one of them would except, "ah, well, it only remains then to decide which of you will consent to give us your much desired company. Shall I leave you to discuss that point alone?"

"I have no time at present," Margaret said, and hastily left the arbor.

"My sister meant that Lenox had decided—that she should go," Emma said, hesitatingly.

"Ah! Are you sure that was so? Have you nothing to say about it?" Lenox was approaching. "Say you wish to go," he whispered, blushing violently.

Emma smiled in twenty dimples, but said nothing. She had not the least idea of doing as he asked. The letter had very much alarmed

her timid nature. Lenox said, apparently carelessly, that Margaret had consented to travel with Mrs. Gregory, and Henry felt that it was of no use to say more, or to hope for the society of the cousin he infinitely preferred. He felt very much vexed. Leaving the arbor, he took from his trunk the present which his mother had sent to her future companion, and went with it to the parlor. Margaret was alone. He did not make any pretence of pleasure, but said shortly, "that his mother had requested him to give that package to her who was so kind as to accede to her wishes." He stood a moment while Margaret hastily opened the morocco case, and saw within a beautiful watch surrounded by gold pieces. The color rushed to her face, and she looked in amazement to Henry. He said very coldly,

"You have a slight proof that mother does not mean *all* she says in that letter."

Mrs. Caswell entered, and Margaret put the watch in her hands without saying a word. Henry left the room, being impatient to rejoin Emma. When they were alone, Mrs. Caswell said hesitatingly to her daughter,

☉ "Yes, that is just like my sister. She always was irritable and exacting, but generous. She has a very impulsive disposition, one moment quite fascinating, and again almost terrible. I hope you will be able to get along comfortably with her, dear. You must have patience."

"What I never had in my life!" Margaret answered, despairingly. "But it is quite time I had learned it. Perhaps this opportunity has been sent to me expressly to cultivate what I am so deficient in."

Two weeks flew quickly. Henry was every day more charmed by the mirthful, graceful Emma, and though his respect for her sister was leading him to like her better than he had at first, he could not conceal his disappointment that Emma was not to be his travelling companion. All those little necessary attentions it would be a delight to bestow upon her, must be wasted upon her sister!

On the evening before their departure, he sat in the moonlighted arbor with Emma, a declaration of love rising every moment to his lips. But with great tact she averted the threatened confession, and many a time afterward he thanked her mentally for thus kindly preventing such impetuous folly. It was acting out the moral of the garden science. She had the tact to feel that he would have tired of her as soon as he did of her roses overladen with sweetness.

Mrs. Gregory received her son with the fondest affection, and when he presented his cousin, she turned scrutinisingly toward her. Margaret was quite pale, and her natural reserve seemed like haughtiness. Mrs. Gregory was evidently not

prepossessed. She kissed her coldly, and rang the bell for a servant to conduct her to her room, saying she could rest herself until dinner time. Margaret was thankful to be alone. She saw that her trial was to be even greater than she had supposed, for irritability was so plainly written in her aunt's face, and her words had been so coldly condescending, that she lost her reliance in the better nature she had expected. Each day only confirmed her fears. She was called upon unmercifully. She was supposed to have no right to a moment of her own, and with all her conscientious endeavors to do her duty, she failed to please. She was intensely miserable, but this was not sufficient to make her give up her self-sacrificing determination.

She found some pleasure when they set out on their travels. There was then something to occupy her mind. One of the brightest anticipations of her life had been to see the Hudson, and her eyes sparkled with unusual excitement as she stepped on the magnificent boat at Albany. Henry remarked this, and was disposed to enjoy her pleasure as they sat together on deck, and now sped past the increasing beauty of the shores. But this was not of long duration, for Margaret was requested to accompany the invalid to her state-room and read to her, while she rested in her berth. Bitter disappointment, actual tears were in Margaret's eyes as she gave a lingering look around her, and then followed Mrs. Gregory to her state-room. Henry observed it, and thought his mother unreasonable. He saw the depth of Margaret's disappointment, and it was one he could sympathize with. He wished her also to stay on his own account, that he might point out to her the celebrated places they passed, might see her enjoy the beauty of the scenery, and admire his favorite spots. He was sure from her first flush of pleasure that she would not listen to him indifferently. After some time he went to his mother's room, and begged her to spare Margaret until they had passed the Highlands, which they were just approaching. She consented peevishly. Margaret joyfully, thankfully took her cousin's arm, and they stood upon the upper deck in the free, fresh breeze in delight; Henry talking rapidly, full of excitement, while Margaret listened with interest, and looked with keen pleasure at the beautiful shores. She had never so exquisitely enjoyed a moment's freedom, and when she felt she must return, she said so with a reluctant sigh, adding a few words of earnest thanks, which convinced Henry that he had given great pleasure. He was pleased with himself and with her, and he followed her to his mother's room, unwilling to enjoy what she must be debarred from.

After leaving New York, they travelled by

land through Pennsylvania's beautiful mountain scenery, and then took their way still to the South. At a small country town in Virginia Mrs. Gregory was taken suddenly ill. And now commenced Margaret's severest trial. Her aunt was perfectly unmerciful. She exacted the most incessant assiduity, the most unsleeping care. Unreasonable and capricious, Margaret's most unwearied efforts could not satisfy her.

Oh, how different are sick-rooms! yet all teach important, valuable lessons. In some, from the invalid's touching example, may be learned the calm comfort of resignation, the consolation of religion, and the "beauty of holiness." And by witnessing these the soul is unconsciously purified, made better without effort, washed gently, yet searchingly of its earthliness. In other cases the lessons are harder, and perhaps more beneficial for that very reason. Patience must stretch every nerve to support the weight of unreasonable demands, and ungrateful dissatisfaction which is thrown upon it. Love must grow bountiful to be able to meet the demands incessantly made of it. Religion must become a fervent reality to supply the consolation so much wanted by the sufferer, and which nothing else can give. To the invalid also his illness may be a blessing. God never places us in a position from which, if we are willing, we may not draw the highest good.

But Mrs. Gregory made no attempt either to benefit herself by self-restraint and cheerful resignation, nor to bless others by her beautiful example. Margaret's trials were those which most sternly exercised her spirit, and she endeavored to meet them with resolution. Henry pitied her most sincerely, and would willingly have taken upon himself part of her duties, but Mrs. Gregory would not allow it. She could not bear to see her darling boy wearing himself out for her. Neither would she allow the only servants the place afforded—blacks—to approach her.

Henry saw Margaret standing one cold evening by the window, apparently looking at the gorgeous sunset. He had just come in from a brisk walk, and was in high spirits. Standing by her side, he related with much animation his day's adventures with a party of old Virginians, and throwing himself into an easy-chair, declared "that if his mother were only better, he should be almost wild with the delight of freedom from all book-study, and with the keen relish he felt in the knowledge of real life." He paid small regard to Margaret's short answers. He was not looking for sympathy, but only expending a little of his own exuberant joy. She suddenly threw up the window and leaned out in the cold air. He looked at her surprised, and saw that she was fainting. Starting up he seated her in the chair, and she recovered almost immediately.

"I am ashamed of myself," she said, struggling with rising tears.

"Why, Margaret, you are really ill. You have been over-exerting yourself. Mother is too exacting. She is unreasonable."

He spoke vehemently. Margaret did not answer, and he continued, "I will put a stop to it. You shall not be so oppressed."

"No," she said, earnestly, "you must not interfere at all. What I have undertaken I will perform. I knew what to expect after the first day, and nothing is required of me that I do not consider it my duty to do—that I should not do if it were not required."

"But, Margaret, you cannot stand this. Your health will give way, and that shall not be! It is a shame to see how you are worn out."

The sympathy in his voice was more than she could bear; but after a minute or two of violent weeping, she said, with effort, "I have no business to give way."

"But you cannot help it, Margaret—you are ill."

"It seems impertinent to be ill now. Your mother is worse to-night, Henry."

He grew paler, and said, "very much worse? Was that what affected you so?"

"No—oh, no. She is only not so comfortable, and she needs me particularly. I am afraid I shall not be well enough to sit up with her to-night."

"Indeed you should go directly to bed at any rate. You have had no undisturbed rest now for a week. I will sit up with mother—and, Margaret, as her son, I can never be grateful enough to you."

She rose hastily and said she should retire. Henry went to his mother's room, and experienced that night a little of Margaret's trial. Yet how mollified! The demands upon him were made in the fondest tone—everything he did gave pleasure, and an affectionate effort was made to spare him any needless exertion.

The next morning Margaret appeared quite refreshed, and she received with a blush of pleasure Henry's kind inquiries, and the assurance of Mrs. Gregory that she had been missed. Her task that day was lighter, for Henry had spoken to his mother about her, and had excited a little remorse in her heart. When night came, Margaret again took her place at Mrs. Gregory's bedside, and Henry retired; but the next night he insisted upon sitting up again. Mrs. Gregory remonstrated, and said Margaret could sleep beside her, and need not lose much rest. Henry knew too well his mother's wakefulness and incessant calls for assistance. Seeing Mrs. Gregory's desire that she should remain, Margaret refused positively to go to bed. Henry was

obstinate, and establishing himself in a comfortable rocking-chair, he announced his intention of remaining to watch Margaret, and learn a nurse's duties that his mother might be induced to tolerate him every other night.

He saw poor Margaret required every few moments to give his mother a piece of ice or medicine, or to read in order to calm her mind, or to comb her hair, to soothe her nerves. No effort was made to spare *her* trouble—no thanks were whispered affectionately to make her forget it—and no complaining, irritating words were suppressed. The long night was one hard trial of patience and gentleness. Margaret became a saint in Henry's eyes. He regarded her with wondering pity and admiration. He often offered his assistance, but this only excited his mother so much, and made her so angry at Margaret, that he desisted. Leaning back in his chair, he thought over with interest all that the poets have said of woman's devotion in time of sickness. Men have never refused nobly to recognize, and gratefully to acknowledge their obligations to women in the dark hours of bodily affliction. They have repaid by their gratitude all that woman has done for them at those times. Therefore Henry was able to recall many appropriate lines. It was well that Margaret was beautiful, or she might not have borne comparison with these poet creations. There is something infinitely more touching in the reality, however, than in the most brilliant painting, and as Henry recalled verse after verse, each seemed to fail in expressing all he could think and feel. Seeing Margaret remain standing, passing her soft fingers down the parted hair on his mother's forehead after the latter had fallen asleep, he rose and softly laid his hand upon her arm, pointing to his chair. She shook her head, but he persisted, and as a compromise she sat upon a footstool and leaned her head against the bed. Sleep came almost instantly to her overtaken eyes, and Henry really enjoyed seeing her take this rest. Yet it was of short duration. An impatient, sudden turn made her start to her feet and resume her soothing motion. In a few moments Henry again wished her to take the easy-chair, and when she refused silently, he placed another near her with an entreating look. She smiled and accepted it, since she could still continue to smooth the care-worn brow.

Henry was now quite satisfied, and it was not many moments before he was sound asleep. When he awoke the morning star shone with startling beauty, and the thin moon looked pale beside it. The edge of the rich purple darkness which surrounded it was just brightening into orange. Henry sat silently enjoying the seldom seen beauty, and did not think of Margaret till

the orange had become golden, and the sun was about to rise. His heart lost all its contentment as he saw her sitting in exactly the same posture, her eyes closed, but her hand still busy. He had a vague remembrance of his mother's being awake many times through the night, of hearing her scold, and of having a kind of night-mare impossibility of waking to defend Margaret. She looked now most touchingly beautiful,

"Her lot is on you to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain."

he thought, and then fell into a reverie imagining what woman's lot is. The result was, that rising in the throat, that filling of the eyes, and that oppression at the heart which is pity deeply felt. It was impotent pity for a fate that seemed to him unendurable. Had he told Margaret his feelings, she could easily have comforted him, because she could have assured him that woman's trials bring their own reward, and that what seems insupportable to one nature is scarcely felt by another. The mated eagle pines and dies in a cage; while a dove find in it a home, and coos all day in contented love. There is a satisfaction in helping, which is woman's recompense, and which God seems kindly to grant to her especially, that self-devotion may not go unrewarded when it is lavished on the forgetful or ungrateful.

Mrs. Gregory awoke as the first sunbeam entered, and she said to Margaret, "go, child, and sleep now. You need not come back till nine o'clock. Place my Bible and prayer book where I can reach them."

Margaret did as she was told, and left the room. Henry followed her. He took her hand in the darkened passage, and pressed it to his lips. "You are a ministering angel," he said, with a feeling which made the old words seem quite new. She was too weary to speak. He saw how tired she was, and said she must not rise at nine, that she must sleep all day. He still held her hand.

"Let me go," she said, in a low, trembling voice. He saw that she was again almost too weak to control the emotion which he ascribed to misery, but which was caused by happiness at his sympathizing tone, and the kind care he felt for her. She had not learned to do, without affection. Her heart never before lonely yearned for its accustomed atmosphere of love.

She was with Mrs. Gregory at nine, though the short sleep she had had only made her feel her weakness. Henry was in the room when she entered. Mrs. Gregory received her with perfect indifference, and when Margaret mistook some of her hastily, almost incoherently uttered

directions, she spoke with an irritation only too habitual.

Margaret's cheek flushed, and an angry self-defence was ready to utter itself, but she controlled it. Henry, however, was not so forbearing. He said sharply, "I wish, mother, you would remember that Margaret has been up all night, and has been most devotedly unwearied in her kindness to you."

"My son," said his mother, who was easily excited to anger, "I have made a bargain with Margaret. She is to bear my whims, and to consult my feelings explicitly. In return I give her what will make her comfortable for life, and enable her to support her mother. We understand each other. I see she is determined to do her duty, to perform her part of the bargain. I am satisfied with her, and shall perform mine. There is no love lost between us!"

Henry's face expressed the greatest indignation.

"It is not a fair bargain," he said. "Margaret gives you what no money can pay for—and dear mother," he added, more gently, as he saw Margaret much affected by his words, "I think if you would let her she would love you."

"Let her! Everybody knows that I welcome affection, and can return it. But Margaret never did love me, and never will. She is perfectly cold-hearted. She does nothing from affection—only from duty."

Margaret was about to leave the room without any attempt at self-justification, but Henry caught her hand and detained her.

"Do you love my mother, or do you not?" he asked.

"I do not," she said, firmly, while Henry looked astonishment itself.

"I told you so," said his mother, drily. Turning to Margaret, she asked, "and the reason I gave for what Henry calls your devotion was the true one?"

"Certainly."

"You do not feel even gratitude to me? Pure, dry duty actuates you?"

"For none but the very greatest considerations would I consent to bear with you as I do—and, therefore, I think I am under no obligations to you."

"You do not hold yourself cheap then," Mrs. Gregory said, with a mixture of irritation and satisfaction.

Margaret replied sincerely—"I am glad I have had an opportunity of letting you thoroughly understand me."

"This was necessary to complete the bargain," Mrs. Gregory said, smiling. "Now there can be no mistake about it. I like open dealing. Come here and sign our compact with a kiss, child."

Henry was amused. He thought wisely of woman, and half admired, half pitied her. He imagined two men concluding a bargain with a kiss, and he laughed aloud as he said, "I thought your compact would make you enemies, and behold it has produced the first token of affection between you."

"I like honesty and courage," said his mother, bluntly.

Margaret, with her lightened heart, could admire the sensible mind which was better pleased with the truth than with flattery.

When she had left the room, Henry asked with some anxiety what his mother really felt toward Margaret after her open avowal. She replied,

"I really feel the highest respect, my son, and I hope when you begin to look out for a wife, you will have the sense to find principle such as Margaret's the greatest attraction to you. Make it the one thing indispensable, and never let mere sweetness of temper captivate you."

Henry thought of Emma and blushed. He also thought that if his mother were in Margaret's place, and could draw a comparison between herself and his aunt, she would not consider sweetness of temper a trifle.

"If Margaret had only felt any affection for me her task would have been endurable," continued Mrs. Gregory, thoughtfully, "but how the child could be so attentive to me, and so considerate toward me when every harsh word must have rankled in her heart unsoothed, unexcused by love, I cannot imagine!"

Henry thought he should vastly prefer devotion prompted by love, to this dry, unpersonal obedience to duty, but he was well inclined to acquiesce in Mrs. Gregory's favorable estimate of his cousin, and he felt singular satisfaction in her allusion to his future wife.

Some weeks passed. Mrs. Gregory was still too ill to travel, and Margaret continued to be her overtaken nurse. Yet her days were much brighter, for her aunt treated her at times with a rough, unwilling kind of respect and affection, which was delightful from its singularity.

The mother and son were sitting together one morning, when the mild air permitted them to have the window open. Margaret, just returning from a walk, passed the window, and held up some alder tassels which had made an early debut. Her walk had given a buoyant impulse to her spirits. When she entered the room she approached quickly, and laying the blossoms in her aunt's lap, bent as if to kiss her, but instantly drew back confused. Mrs. Gregory seemed displeased, and Margaret quite sorry for being guilty of such an unintentional piece of presumption. Henry's cheek had flushed at Margaret's movement, but he now laughed.

"No, no," he said, "none of that. It is not in the agreement. Pray don't give mother more than she bargained for, Margaret. She respects a close business man, or woman either. If you have any love to throw away, don't waste it on mother."

"Pshaw, Henry, I care for affection as much as you do," Mrs. Gregory said, replying to the inference.

"Do you care for mine, aunt?" Margaret asked, timidly.

"Certainly, my child. Do you love me now?"

"Yes, dearly."

"Bless you, child."

"There," Henry cried, "the second bargain is made. Well, Margaret, are you happy or unhappy?"

"Very happy since I have some one to love."

That evening Margaret, with a light and comforted heart, sat looking out upon the setting sun, and was thinking what a blessed change the conversation of the morning might effect in her daily life, when Henry entered. He colored when he saw her alone, and approached hesitatingly. He leaned over her chair and said, laughingly, "so you were unhappy because you had no one to love! Couldn't you have loved me?"

Margaret looked up to give a merry answer, but when their eyes met they suddenly found they were both in earnest. A blush and a declaration were the immediate results, and when they compared notes, it was found that Henry loved Margaret because he had seen how devoted she could be, because he felt that her love would be an inestimable treasure to him, comforting him through a life of trial—and she loved him because he had been kind to her, and because she liked to love him!

I hope no lady reader will blush indignantly, as she so often has cause to in stories of this kind—at the supposition that a husband is granted to the heroine as a recompense for her goodness. Nothing is farther from my intention. Any one who could desire to have Margaret rewarded for having acted conscientiously, could never do as she did, nor understand her feelings in so doing. Notwithstanding the inference, I must close my story at this point, for I consider Margaret's example good for nothing after she was actuated by love and not by duty. It is the easiest, the most gratifying thing in the world to serve those we love, and lessons to that effect are entirely superfluous.

ENVY NOT THY BROTHER.

BY ANNE MARIA W. WARD.

Oh, envy not thy brother,
When happy seems his lot;
Full many a sorrow doth he know,
Which thou perceivest not.
And outwardly though all is fair,
And thou dost think him blest,
It may be many an anxious care
He feels within his breast.

Oh, envy not thy brother,
Whom fortune doth caress.
Hath this dark world so much of bliss
That thou canst wish it less?

Oh, would'st thou dim with tears the eye
That beamed with bliss ere while,
Or bid from a fair cheek to fly
Its bright and happy smile?

Oh, envy not thy brother,
Though thy own heart be sad;
But if he seem more blest than thou,
Still for his joy be glad.
Envy him not, envy him not,
Nor at thy griefs repine,
Perchance that brother's envied lot
He'd gladly change for thine.

SONNET.

BY E. F. HAWORTH.

LET the pure garments of the cool grey eye
Float o'er thee, like a mother's sheltering vest
Drawn round the child she cradles on her breast
To hush its sobbings; in thy heart receive
Her balmy breathings, like some precious truth
A saint dies speaking—or the answering sigh
Some lover listens for from lattice high—

Or Fame's first murmur to the eager youth.
Listen, and gaze, and draw into thy soul
These influxes of earth's selectest bliss;
Let thy worn brow meet evening's holy kiss
With reverence calm; accept the mild control
That for one hour bids grief and passion cease;
An angel treads the earth, whose name is Peace!

HARRIET WALLACE.

BY ANNE KINGLEY.

HARRIET WALLACE was my chosen friend and companion, and surely she was sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious, if ought on earth could satisfy; for rare beauty was hers, with a heart as warm as sunshine, and kindly feelings toward all her fellow creatures. Who, who could help loving the lovely Harriet?

Our acquaintance commenced at the school of Mrs. Woodman, the best and kindest of teachers. Like Harriet, I was an only child, and this circumstance seemed to cement the closer the chain that bound us together; for alike away from our beloved parents, it was natural we should cling together, though our natures were so widely different; for I was too impetuous, whilst all Harriet did was marked by cool deliberation and thought. She was two years my senior, and the most perfect personification of beauty I ever beheld. We were almost constantly together, and truly I possessed a second mother in my friend, for it was she who sat by me day after day, endeavoring to make plain the hated arithmetic;—and my French translation too, how often has my dear friend by a few minutes of patient explanation, obviated the difficulties of previous hours. We had remained at the school of Mrs. Woodman for the space of two years, and the time had now arrived when we must separate, perhaps forever; Harriet to return to her home in North Carolina, I to leave for another establishment in the State of New York, for the purpose of completing my education. It was the night before my friend's departure—we had retired early to our rooms, by the request of our dear teacher, but not to sleep; for our hearts were too full to allow such repose. When I reflected upon the happy years we had spent together, and how quickly they had flown, I could not restrain myself, and my overcharged feelings gave vent in tears. Harriet, ever alive to the distress of another, came up and plead with me not to weep; “for,” said she, “I feel unhappy enough already, and when I see you weep, it only increases my distress; and besides, my dearest girl, you know that Mrs. Woodman would feel sad to see you so, and you would not wish that; so dry up your tears, get into bed and try to sleep.” I complied with her request of retiring, not, however, before I had received her promise that she would soon follow. Determined

not to close my eyes, I lay for a long time reflecting on the changes of life, and how useless it was to toil for happiness here below. By the light of the lamp I observed Harriet engaged in prayer, and surely a lovelier sight I never beheld. There she knelt, her dark eyes suffused with tears, and her bosom heaving with emotion; but when she arose from her knees, the cloud had passed from her brow, and her beautiful face had again become calm. Oh, thought I, religion's ways “are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” But I had at last to break through my resolution of not closing my eyes, for I could resist no longer.

Early in the morning, I was awakened by a knock at my door, and a loud voice inquiring if the trunks of Miss Wallace were prepared. I awoke, but with such a sense of sorrow that I would have given worlds, were they mine to give, could I but have slept on.

After performing our regular duties of reading and praying together, we descended to the parlor, where Mr. Wallace was sitting ready to convey his darling child to her happy home. Never before had I felt so solemn as the last kiss was given, and Harriet took her seat in the stage; for the thought, perhaps we may never meet again, would intrude itself, hard as I strove to overcome it. As I also was to leave the next day, I was not required to participate again in the duties of the school, and dear Mrs. Woodman seeing how depressed I was, endeavored in every way to amuse me.

The next day I left also, and after remaining at home for a few weeks, I took up my abode for the time at the large school of Mrs. P——, but there was no Harriet there, and my time passed very slowly. My friend and myself had regularly corresponded since our separation, and this was my chief pleasure till I left school also. Harriet had written to me numerous pressing invitations to pay her a visit, as she had something very important to communicate to me, which could only be done by seeing me.

I complied with her request, as my parents were also gone on a tour of some months, and they were to stop for me, on their return. It was a lovely evening in the month of July, and after an absence of four years, that I found myself approaching the grounds of Major Wallace.

His residence was the most beautiful of the kind I had ever beheld, and the flowers that adorned the walks showed that my Harriet's fostering care was there. She was standing at the door, and upon seeing me, she ran with the step of a fawn to meet me; in a minute I was in her arms. When she left school she was just sweet sixteen, and lovely as she was then, her beauty had now increased to almost ethereal loveliness. Her parents were like their daughter, good kind and intelligent. The Major was a most delightful companion; he had travelled much, and possessed good natural talents. Mrs. Wallace, too, was remarkably intelligent. Both well deserved so great a prize, and their daughter was their only earthly idol.

"Well, Harriet," said I, after we had retired for the night, "what is that important secret, which can only be communicated personally? I am all impatience to hear." After numerous blushes, she informed me of the important fact.

"You know, my dear friend," said she, "that before I went away from school, papa told me that there was a young gentleman, a great friend of his, whom he expected to return with him; and he hoped I would endeavor to make myself agreeable to him, as he was under great obligations to the gentleman's father. We had not proceeded far on our journey, ere this friend joined us. I found him highly intellectual, and exceedingly handsome. He returned home with us, and has since been a constant visitor at our house. His name is Henry Stanley. In one week I am to be his bride; and I claim you as my first bridesmaid. You won't refuse, my friend, I know you will not."

I of course consented, and on the next day was introduced to the groom, a most perfect specimen of manly beauty. Truly, thought I, Harriet has made a good choice. The important day at last arrived. I arranged the bride's dark hair in natural ringlets over her swan-like neck; a wreath of bridal flowers twined gracefully among them; a satin dress fitted closely to her tiny form, with no other ornament than her wedding ring, and "a meek and quiet spirit," which, in the sight of God, is above all price.

I went upon a tour with the gay bridal party; Harriet herself, the gayest and the liveliest of all, and then returned to my home more enraptured than ever with my dear friend.

Eight years had passed since I had seen Harriet Stanley, and, strange to say, even heard from her. I had written often to her, yet my letters had never been answered. As I had occasion to travel south, and determined to endeavor to see my friend. But oh, how changed was everything around the once magnificent mansion of Major Wallace. I saw at a glance that the ruling spirit

of that once happy home was no longer there, and sad and bitter forebodings took possession of me. I ordered the coachman to stop at the door, which was opened by a man whom I recognized as the former waiter at the house of the Major, and hope once more filled my well nigh bursting heart. But this was soon mercilessly dashed to the ground; for on inquiry if the family still resided there, I was answered that they had long since removed, but to what place no one could inform me.

Nothing now remained but to bear up under this disappointment as I best might; for all prospect of ever again meeting my beloved friend seemed at an end, when one evening we passed through a lonely road beside which stood a small, rude house, but so clean, nice and tempting, that to us it was like an oasis in the desert. The coachman knocked, and a most beautiful little girl of some six years old presented herself at the door, at the same time politely requesting us to enter. Her features strongly reminded me of my long lost, still much loved Harriet. "Do you live here alone?" said I, for I saw or heard no human being save my sweet little guide.

"No, madam," she replied, while the same pensive shade passed over her features that I had often observed in my friend; "mamma lives here, too, I will call her, if you please."

Just then a woman silently entered, and in another moment Harriet was in my arms. It was indeed her, but alas! how sadly changed. Not that her beauty had in any way diminished, for she seemed too pure almost for earth, but her countenance wore a settled shade of sadness that showed the gloom of the heart within. I inquired after her husband.

"My husband," said she, as though but half conscious of what she either said or did; then lifting up the curtains of a bed which I had not before observed, "there they lay, my husband and my boy."

I uttered a scream, for there they lay in sleep upon a bed, but 'twas the sleep of death within their coffins. A malignant fever had carried them off in one day; and there the wife and mother sat without the means of procuring for them decent burial. Alas! what a sad, sad change for her, the once admired and courted woman. Unbounded wealth had been hers; once she need but make a request and it was gratified, but what a change.

I soon learned the sad story. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace had long since mingled with their kindred dust, and were mercifully spared seeing their darling daughter's misery. Speculation had ruined her husband and nearly broke his heart. She had often written, but the letters had all miscarried.

After the burial of my poor Harriet's hopes within the cold, cold tomb, my lovely little namesake, in whom I had become so interested, sickened with the same fever that laid her father's and her brother's head low; and soon she too was no more. My friend uttered not a word of complaint; not even a sigh escaped her lips; but her cheek became whiter, every day her step became less firm, and I saw but too plainly that consumption had marked her for its victim. I returned with her to my home, in hopes that change of air and scene might avert, for a time, the impending stroke. But it was all in vain. She withered slowly yet surely, still she never murmured. One night as I was preparing for

bed, I heard her gentle voice calling me to her side. I went, when she thus spoke—

"I have for a long time felt my last hour was near, yet before I go let me entreat you, my dear friend, to love the Lord your God, through whose grace alone I have been upheld in the sore trials through which I have passed. Oh, do, dear Anne, meet me in heaven! I come, Henry, Julia, mother, father, I come, I come."

I looked, and the lovely Harriet Stanley was no more. Hard as the task was, I closed those eyes now sealed in death; I gazed upon her in her coffin; I imprinted a kiss upon her snowy forehead, and then I let her go; yet only for a little season. Soon I trust we shall meet again.

THE POET'S IDEAL.

BY W. LAFAYETTE HUBBELL.

WHAT a mystical thing is the Poet's Ideal,
Half fancy—half real,
With the form of a seraph, and spirit more gay
Than cressy-wreathed Naiad or lily-crown'd Fay,
Or Elfin that sports in the moon's silver ray.

How queenly she ruleth the empire of thought,
Untutored—untaught,
Save but by the flashing, electrical gleam
Of the spirit's bright gems or the dreamer's sweet
dream,
As he revels in Love or Affection supreme.

Say, wherever dwelleth this mystical nun,
Ever spirited one?
Go ask of the Poet, when round him is cast
The laurel-crown'd Future, and golden-aged Past,
As he woos to his spirit Fame's trumpet-toned blast.

Go ask of the Minstrel, when thought o'er him flung
Unuttered—unsung,

Bids him breathe o'er the chords of his silver-toned
lyre,
The angelic notes that but Love can inspire,
When the spirit-strings glow with Promethean fire.

Go ask of the Rhymer, when deep from his soul
Empyrean sparks roll,
And weaves from his spirit the threads of a rhyme,
That shall echo his thoughts in the far-future time,
As truthful in tone as the vesper-bell's chime.

Or ask of the Thinker, when pondering o'er
Time's mystical lore,
And each of the questioned will wildly reply,
My lovely Ideal's native home is on high,
She lives in my spirit yet dwells in the sky.

What a mystical thing is the Poet's Ideal,
Half fancy—half real,
With the form of a seraph, and spirit more gay
Than cressy-wreathed Naiad or lily-crown'd Fay,
Or Elfin that sports in the moon's silver ray.

HOPE.

BY GEORGE W. BENNETT.

THE night has come—the day is o'er—
The busy hum is heard no more;
The nightingale her tuneful song
O'er hill and dale will now prolong;
The day is o'er.

The pale round moon, with peaceful light,
Dispels the gloom of solemn night;
The flowers have closed their dewy eyes—
The world reposed in silence lies:
The day is o'er.

But soon the day will come again—
The sunbeams play o'er hill and plain;
The shadowy night will pass away,
And all look bright and glad and gay:
The day will come.

So hope will play around the tomb;
So glorious day dispel its gloom;
So we shall rise and wing our way,
Through yonder skies to brighter day:
The day will come.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. VII.

A horse will discover that his fears were groundless, if he can be coaxed or encouraged to approach an object which has alarmed him, and a beneficial effect may be produced. Most horses will manifest a desire to approach and examine an object, which alarmed them, after the first impulse of terror has subsided, but the rider must be on her guard, whilst doing this, for the slightest display of timidity on her part, a shadow, or distant noise, will in all probability frighten the animal again, and he will start more suddenly and violently than before. It will be exceedingly difficult to get the horse to approach the object after this, and it should not be attempted till after his fears are all subsided. A horse which is rather shy, may frequently be prevented from starting, by having his head turned a little away from those objects, which a lady knows from experience will be most likely to alarm him.

A lady should not ride a horse which she knows to be addicted to rearing, shying, or stumbling, but she should nevertheless be prepared for against the occurrence of either; for the best tempered are not immaculate, or the surest-footed infallible. When a horse stumbles or trips, his head should be raised by the bridle-hand, and the lady should throw herself back, in order to relieve his shoulders of her weight.



Do not whip a horse after stumbling, for if he is constantly punished for it, the moment he has recovered his step, he will start forward disunited and excited, in fear of the whip, and will probably repeat the mishap, before he has regained his self-possession.

When a horse evinces any disposition to kick, rear, runaway, shy, or grow restive, the body should be put in the proper position and balance for performing the defences; the shoulders should be thrown back, the waist forward, the head well

poised on the neck, and the arms supple. Every part of the frame must be flexible, and perfectly ready for action.

The great danger attendant upon a horse's rearing is, that the rider may fall over the croup, and perhaps pull the horse back upon her. To prevent this, the instant the horse rises slacken the reins, and bend the body very much forward, so as to throw as much weight as possible on his shoulders, the moment his fore-feet reach the ground.

The body once more in its proper position, correct him severely, if he will bear it, or pull him around two or three times to divert his attention. The latter correction is only of service at the time, but the former may prevent his making another attempt of the kind.



A horse that kicks should be held very tight in hand. He cannot do much mischief with his heels while his head is held firmly up. But if the animal should get his head down in spite of the rider, she must endeavor by means of the reins to prevent him from throwing himself, and by the inclination of her body backward, keep him from throwing her. Endeavor also, in this case, to divert the horse's attention by giving him two or three sharp turns; he may in some cases be prevented from kicking at all, by trying this means, if he shows any disposition that way.

A horse that kicks should be whipped on the shoulders, and one that rears on the flanks. A horse that kicks seldom rears much, and *visa versa*, but he may do both alternately, and the rider should be prepared against his attempt, by keeping her balance in readiness for either defence.

Care must be taken, that whilst the horse's head is kept up, to prevent his kicking, he is not caused to rear by too much pressure on the mouth.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE GARDEN FOR JULY.—The budding of Roses should now be proceeded with without delay. The stock is ready to receive the graft when the bark rises freely, from the abundance of sap with which it is saturated. The condition of the graft should be the same; for success is rarely secured when either of the parts to be united is harsh and dry. Fine bass-matting we prefer to any other material for tying the bud into its place, although many use worsted. Be sure to protect every budded branch, or the first high wind will break it off at the cut part. As perpetual Roses go out of flower, they must be cut back, to secure a good autumn bloom. Geraniums which have done flowering should be cut back, and when they have shot again, be repotted, the roots being pruned at the same time. Cuttings of Chrysanthemums should be struck; we will give full directions for their culture next month. Abundance of air and water should be given to the greenhouse, and the increase of insects be kept down by frequent fumigating. Repot fast-growing plants. Annuals may be sown in pots for blooming late in the autumn, in the greenhouse. The pots should be one-third filled with wet moss, pressed close to the drainage crocks; this will retain moisture in dry weather. For late blooming, the following varieties may be recommended:—Nemophilas, Ten-week Stocks, Gillias, Clarkias, Enotheras, besides more novel kinds. All bulbs and tuberous-rooted plants, such as Ranunculuses, must be cleaned off and put away until the time for replanting. These are often very badly treated by gardeners, and the proverb, "out of sight, out of mind," is unceremoniously verified in relation to them. Tulips, Hyacinths, and Ranunculuses may often be found in a corner of a shed, covered with dirt, and losing all their plumpness by an improper degree of heat. They should be cleared of all dead substances, and put away in a dry cool place, and looked over occasionally, while they remain out of the ground, as mouldiness is fatal to them. Divide Auriculas, Polyanthuses, and Primulas, if not done before; the flowers degenerate if the plants are left in masses from year to year. After high winds and heavy rains, a general survey should be taken, and tying up and pegging down proceeded with.

This month and August are very trying to amateurs, from the excessive heat; which rather disposes to lounging in shady places, to listening to the humming of bees, and the noise of waterfalls, than to active manual labor under a hot sun and a cloudless sky. However, our floral favorites must not be allowed to suffer from any indisposition to labor on our part; and it must be remembered, that when resolutely resisted, the listlessness of hot weather

soon gives way. I trust my fair readers will excuse my reference to labors which it is mere affectation to suppose the sex has nothing to do with. Among the most accomplished ladies, industry always takes an honored place with the Graces, and, by her strength and healthfulness, adds a charm to their more delicate qualities.

WINDOW PLANTS.—Preparations should now be made for securing a good supply of plants for the window during the colder months, by encouraging a vigorous growth in the open air in the summer season. When every open window admits the perfumed gales of the fields and gardens, and when bouquets of flowers are so easily procured, it is less necessary to have flower-pots in-doors, except some choice greenhouse specimens are introduced while the flowers are in full bloom. Let it not be forgotten that a prosperous blooming season is always the result of previous advantages in growing and ripening the plant itself; and, consequently, a good display in the window will be in direct proportion to the vigor secured by exposure to sun and air out-of-doors. Place your stock in some place where these natural influences are fully enjoyed. To prevent the ingress of worms, and the growth of roots downward into the soil, remember directions formerly given on this subject, and guard against those evils. As in the heat of summer evaporation goes on rapidly, so as to render it necessary to water a flower-pot out-of-doors several times a day, this may be prevented by covering the pots with moss, or by plunging them into the garden mould up to their rims. By stopping luxurious shoots, and picking off flower-buds as they appear, the plants will attain a vigorous, bushy growth, and will be full of flowers when, late in the season, they are placed in the windows.

STRIKING CUTTINGS.—The natural heat of this month and the next is favorable to those processes by which slips and cuttings form roots and become perfect plants. Most hard-wooded plants will strike in the open air at this season, if the conditions of moisture and light are properly observed. A cutting should be of well-ripened wood, of this year's growth if possible, and should have three or four buds on it, the part to be inserted in the soil being cut close to one of them, as the roots, in most cases, only proceed from a joint where, in ordinary circumstances, a branch would be formed. Roses, Fuchsias, Geraniums, &c., will readily strike if planted in light sandy soil, in a place not exposed to the sun, and kept shaded for a few days. If put under hand-glasses, or in frames, the work will be more speedy and sure; but in a large garden, a great deal can be done in the open air. A very gentle hot-bed, formed of the mowings of grass, weeds, &c., will be best for the softer-wooded cuttings, such as Verbenas and

Petunias. In all cases, while moisture is necessary, all decaying materials should be quickly removed from the cuttings, and all mouldiness avoided. A few general principles being understood, a little practice will make any one expert in the art of multiplying plants in this way, and some failures at first must not be allowed to discourage the tyro. Pinks and Carnations require more exactness for successful striking than many other things, and therefore layering is more often resorted to. The principle by which roots are obtained from a layer is the same as in a cutting, with this difference:—in a layer, a connection is kept up with the parent plant until the formation of roots makes it independent; while in a cutting the process goes on without any such aid. The former plan has, therefore, a certainty which the latter wants.

McMAKIN'S MODEL COURIER.—To those of our readers, who wish to subscribe for a good family paper, we recommend particularly the old "Saturday Courier," now "McMakin's Model Courier." None of our cotemporaries publish such original novels as McMakin does, for proof of which we refer to the fact that "Linda," "Rena," and "Marcus Warland," the best novels written by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, have all appeared in its columns. No other newspaper has a better selection of news, or an equal array of musical, theatrical, and miscellaneous items. The truth is that only one man out of ten thousand is competent to edit a first-class weekly newspaper, and that of these select few McMakin is, perhaps, the most capable of all. We will furnish a copy each of our Magazine and the Courier, for one year, for three dollars: the full price of each being two dollars. The club terms of the Courier are very alluring, for a premium engraving is given to each subscriber.

MRS. STEPHENS.—We are very sorry to state that in consequence of the serious illness of Mrs. Stephens, the continuation of "The Gipsy's Legacy" is deferred till next number.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Queechey. By Elizabeth Wetherell. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The extraordinary popularity, which attended the first novel of this author, "The Wide, Wide World," bids fair to be equalled by the present work. And yet it cannot be said either that the characters are natural, or the incidents artistically arranged. In fact Fleda, the heroine, is so entirely perfect as almost to wear out one's patience: one would like her far better if she was more flesh and blood, and less habitually an angel. Carleton, the hero, is stupid. The other lover is no better drawn, not being even a consistent villain. The old grandfather, however, is admirably depicted, and so is Aunt Miriam; while Cynthia may stand as a fair representative of a rural "help." The succession

of incidents have no climax, and do but little to develop the story, which might have come off just as well, under half a dozen other sequence of facts. In delineating fashionable life also, Miss Wetherell utterly fails: it is evidently a subject of which she knows nothing. Having said all this against the book, what is there left, the reader may ask, to praise. We answer, much. The pictures of rural life are fresh and natural; the tone of the book is healthy; and a deep religious sentiment pervades the entire story. These are positive merits, and of the highest kind. Miss Warner, for Wetherell is an assumed name, has evidently lived in the country a long while, we should think during her whole life; and she delineates scenery, incidents of life there, with a vigor and naturalness that no writer has surpassed. In this respect the novel is thoroughly American. Other things, not exactly merits, however, have increased the popularity of "Queechey." That an English gentleman, with a noble park, great political influence, and fifty thousand a year, should fall in love with an American girl, who has nothing to recommend her but beauty and virtue, is a great aid to the novel in which it occurs. On the whole, however, we recognize in Miss Wetherell a writer of power, from whom we hope, hereafter, to hear often and well.

The Cavaliers of England. By H. W. Herbert. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Lindsay & Blakiston.—Mr. Herbert is a novelist whom we always read with delight. In the present volume he offers us several powerfully written tales, founded on incidents connected with the English Revolutions of 1642 and 1638; and in none of his works has he, to our taste, acquitted himself so well. "Jasper St. Aubyn" particularly is a story of the deepest and most passionate interest. Mr. Redfield has issued the volume in his best style, which is saying the utmost that could possibly be said, in favor of the mechanical execution of any book.

The Daltons. By Charles Lever. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A novel by the author of "O'Malley," containing four hundred pages, yet offered for only fifty cents, is an intellectual bargain of which everybody ought to avail themselves without delay. We like the "Daltons," too, better than any novel by Lever, since his master-piece "O'Malley." The heroine is a bewitching creature; and the hero a fine, manly, soldierly fellow: we are charmed with both. It is just the novel to take to the seashore, or on a travelling excursion, or to read on a summer afternoon!

The Mob-Cap, and other Tales. By Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a neat and cheap edition of all Mrs. Hentz' shorter tales and sketches, making, perhaps, the most popular collection of the kind ever offered for sale in the United States. Price fifty cents.

Viola; or, Adventures in the Far South West. By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This novel is full of thrilling scenes, and generally written with much ability. It is published in a cheap, yet neat style, at twenty-five cents.

The Howadji in Syria. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Those who have read "Nile Notes of a Howadji," by the same author, will hasten to procure this new work, which is in all respects equal, and in many superior to its predecessor. The volume is issued in quite a handsome style.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—A BALL DRESS OF WHITE TULLE OVER A satin under-dress. The upper-dress is finished by three deep flounces, each embroidered with floss silk. Corsage made with a shawl berthe, scalloped and embroidered like the flounces. The front of the corsage is covered with lace and puffings of tulle. Sleeves formed by two double ruffles, embroidered. Head-dress, a wreath of pink azalia, with green leaves.

FIG. II.—A MORNING DRESS OF WHITE EMBROIDERED MULL.—Corsage high, and trimmed with a worked ruffle, which continues down the front of the skirt. Sleeves tight to the elbow, and finished with a deep ruffle. Cap of lace and Mazarine blue ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing new in the style of making dresses. Sleeves quite tight to the elbow, and finished with one or two deep ruffles, are sometimes worn, but are not liked generally. These sleeves have no caps or top sleeve. Flounces are very much in favor. The number is optional. Some wear two or three very deep ones, others five, six, or seven narrow ones. If the flounces be edged with braid, or some sort of light fancy trimming, the dress has a very gay and showy effect. Some of the new bareges present considerable novelty in pattern. They are covered with small chequers, in double lines of pink, blue, or green; and the flounces are edged with stripes. The first or lowest flounce has nine of these stripes, the next seven, and the upper flounce five, each flounce being graduated in width.

COLLARS are worn very much larger than formerly.

MANTELETS.—Among the most elegant novelties of the season may be numbered some mantelets of black and white lace of exceedingly rich patterns. In form they resemble the scarf or shawl mantelet. Behind, they are rounded, and they reach but little below the waist. Some of these mantelets have the ends in front very short. In others the ends are long and narrow. In the latter case, these ends may be loosely linked at the waist, and then left flowing to the height of the knees. These mantelets have the addition of a hood, and many are lined with colored silk. A number of scarfs, square shawls, and pointes, or half shawls, of black lace, in a variety of new and elegant designs, have appeared. Pointes of white lace, trimmed with a deep flounce, are worn in evening costume with either high or low dresses. Gilets of black or white lace should be lined with silk of a color corresponding with that of the dress. Some lace gilets are finished at the top by a small collar, and others by a ruche or quilling of lace, which encircles the throat, and is continued down

the front of the gilet. One of the prettiest mantelets which we have seen for mourning, was composed of black silk, and trimmed with a ruffle of crape about a quarter of a yard in depth, scalloped, and bound with black silk. The ruffle had but little fullness in it.

BONNETS.—Many of the fancy straw bonnets which have appeared within the last week are almost as light and transparent as lace. They are lined with pink, light green or lilac; the ribbon and flowers with which they are trimmed harmonizing with the color of the lining. Some of the bonnets are trimmed with straw colored feathers and straw ornaments. One or two of the new bonnets consist of alternate bands of crinoline and ribbon; or crinoline and puffings of tulle or of blonde. We have seen a very pretty white lace bonnet, trimmed with narrow gauze ribbon, scalloped and edged with fringe.

IN RESPECT TO shape, bonnets remain much the same as heretofore. Some have the crowns sloping back rather less, but the open fronts are likely to continue fashionable. We may add that, upon the whole, the new bonnets are in a slight degree smaller than those of last season.

SOME BONNETS in preparation for the more advanced season are of white or colored crape. We may mention that pink is not a color much in favor for bonnets at present; but it is scarcely possible that a hue so becoming to most complexions should continue long out of fashion. We have noticed several very pretty black lace bonnets, trimmed with a peculiar kind of ribbon, and black gauze, embroidered with straw. The effect is at once novel and elegant.

JET is very fashionable in the trimming of bonnets, yet we cannot but consider it out of place, at least in summer bonnets.

HEAD-DRESSES.—No new or definite manner of dressing the hair in full evening costume has been introduced. Much is still left to individual taste. The modern style may be indiscriminately blended with modified adaptations of the old fashions observable in the portraits of the time of our grandmothers. Among the most fashionable head-dresses suited to evening parties, we may mention the nets, which are made of gold or silver, either with or without the admixture of colored silk. Frequently they are made of silk, and ornamented with white or colored bugles, or with pearls, or beads of gold or silver. In short, the variety displayed in these elegant coiffures is endless, and their effect in evening dress is at once chaste and splendid. The net, confining the back hair, imparts a classical character to the head-dress; and the ornaments now worn on each side produce a lightness and airiness of effect, which agreeably modifies the severity of the antique model form which these head-dresses were originally copied. The side ornaments attached to the net head-dresses now worn, may consist of small sprigs of gold or silver, or pendent ends of fringe, or gold and silver ribbon. For mourning, a net, ornamented with black bugles, has a most rich and elegant effect. We may mention that bugles are now made, not merely in black and white, but in various colors, as pink, blue, green &c,

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No. 2.

THE MARINER'S BRIDE.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

It was a night of tempest. The wind roared, the rain dashed, and the neighboring surf thundered on the iron bound coast, till the frail cottage seemed to rock in the strife of the elements.

The young bride stood by the window, pressing her face against the pane, and vainly endeavoring to pierce the darkness with her dim eyes, from which the tears fell hot and fast.

She had been married but a fortnight, and this was the first absence of her husband. The belle of an inland town, she had refused every admirer, till the frank manners and handsome person of a young fisherman, who had already won a reputation in his pursuit, accomplished the conquest of her heart.

But of the perils of his avocation she had never thought, up to this day, except to take pride in the courage and skill which braved them. Now, however, the dangers that encompassed him came home to her soul in all their magnitude. Every fresh wail of the wind seemed his dirge. She was beginning to learn what it was to be a mariner's bride.

"Oh," she cried, wringing her hands, "if he would only come back—if he had but staid at home—I shall never, never see him again."

Once or twice, in the earlier part of the evening, a neighbor had come in to condole with her, knowing she was unaccustomed to this suspense and hoping to cheer her up. But their words as often increased her alarm, as diminished it. Insensibly their conversation would turn to tales of wreck and disaster; and, at such narrations, the young wife's tears would flow afresh. Some of these well-meaning, but injudicious friends were widows, whose garments still told of a recent bereavement; and at the sight of their dark attire, the sufferer turned away with a shudder.

Her husband should have returned, early that morning, and ought, by no means, to have delayed beyond the afternoon tide. His continued

absence, therefore, coupled with the gale that had been raging all day, was well calculated to alarm her; and her neighbors, even when they uttered words of consolation, felt there was more to fear than to hope.

"James, James," she cried, passionately, as the night wore on, "do you yet live, or are you already numbered with the dead? Oh! is my short dream of happiness to be thus broken forever."

The hours wore on. About midnight the gale began to abate. When the rain had ceased, and the clouds began to dissipate, the young wife, unable longer to endure her suspense, left the cottage and hurried down to the shore. The little land locked bay was comparatively still, but the noise of the surf could be heard on the rocks outside; and her heart quaked as she listened to the sound. Sitting down on a piece of fallen cliff, her shawl thrown loosely around her, she watched the entrance of the tiny harbor, where she knew his sail would first appear, if it ever appeared at all: but her anxious watch was in vain.

Hour passed after hour. The swell at her feet subsided; the wind sank to a calm; the clouds slowly dissipated; and the crescent moon, heralding the approach of day, hung in the western sky. Yet still the mariner's bride watched unrewarded. Her once bright eyes were now sad with many tears, and her hair hung damp and disheveled over her shoulders.

"It is in vain—it is vain," she sobbed, at last, after a silence of hours, "he will never come back. God help me!"

She flung herself exhausted on the flinty beach, as she spoke, and for a few moments almost prayed to die. But the sinful wish was conquered, and after an agony of woe, she rose feebly to her feet, intending to return homeward, for the rosy dawn was beginning to redden, and

she wished to escape observation and sympathy, in order to weep alone.

As she cast a last look seaward, something danced for a moment between her and the glowing horizon. Was it a sail? She sprang upon a rock, and shading her eyes with her hand, gazed eagerly for the reappearance of that dim, distant speck.

It was a sail. Yes! there it rose. And now it dipped again, beautiful as the wing of a sea-gull. Already she had learned to distinguish objects on the water, and she knew that this was a fisherman's sail.

"Oh! if it is but James," she cried, eagerly, clasping her hands. "Father in heaven," and she raised her streaming eyes above, "let it be my husband."

Nearer and nearer the sail approached, and was now observed heading straight for the harbor. Half an hour more of suspense, and then—joy! joy!—she recognized her husband's craft.

He saw her, as she stood there, and steering directly for the spot, was soon at her side and clasping her in his arms. "Dear one," he cried, "were you so anxious? The storm blew us to sea, or we should have been home yesterday. But you see I am safe now."

"Thank God," she said: and then fainted away.

It was the first of many similar trials. Alas! how little do wives, whose husbands pursue their avocations on land, know of the anxieties of a MARINER'S BRIDE.

THE CORAL RING.

BY MARIA M. BOWEN.

Oh, for a home on a "Fairy Ring,"
Where birds of the brightest plumage sing;
Where the cocoa bends, and the palm trees wave;
And the fragrant Pandanus the waters lave;
'Tis a ring that no jeweler's hand hath wrought,
Of gems with which Eastern mines are fraught;
It circlet the deep with a verdant zone;
It repelleth the surf with a dirge-like tone;
That is onward borne to the mariner's ear;
And a warning gives of the danger near;
The ring is formed by a myriad band
That hath planted the ground-work on sinking land;
As countless its hues as the stars of night,
As lovely its shades as the bow of light,
From the delicate green of the glad Spring-time,
And the verdant robe of a Southern clime,
And the glossy Crowfoot's golden dress,
And the orange hues of the Indian cress,
To the blue that dwells in the violet's eye;
And the gorgeous purple of Italy's sky;
From the roseate tinge of the almond flowers,
And the showy white of the orange bowers,

And the blush that hides in the rose-bud's heart,
Ere its petals ope and its hues depart;
All finely contrasting with shadows deep;
While far, far down where the sea-weeds sleep,
The brilliant fish 'mong the branches glide,
Of the coral bowers where the rushing tide,
With its constant ebb and a ceaseless flow,
A sustenance gives and a livelier glow,
To the puny builders, whose matchless skill
And unceasing labor a work fulfil;
So wondrous in form, in extent so vast—
So countless the rings 'mid the waves they cast;
Triumphantly crowning old Ocean's brow,
'Neath chaplets of coral the wild waters bow;
Where the light canoes 'mid the islets dart,
With their precious freight from a distant mart,
Where the tribes repose 'neath the spreading palm,
And the sea-breeze comes with its freight of balm,
Where the cocoa gracefully bendeth down,
With its drooping clusters of chestnut brown,
Where the flowers bloom in an endless Spring;
A home! a home on a Coral-Ring.

THE SONG OF THE BRIDE.

BY E. K. SMITH.

Oh! merry are the bridesmaids
Among the silk and gold,
And some admire the orange flowers,
And some the veil unfold;
And some try on the magic ring
And fancy it too wide;
Oh! wedlock is a merry thing
For all—except the bride!

She leaves her home of childhood
For land, perchance, unknown;
She must lay by her girlish plays
To sit and care alone,
For rover swayed by fancy strange
Or tyrant numb with pride:
Oh! wedlock is a glittering change
To all—except the bride!

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"Ha! what's here?" cried the joyous Isabel Vane, snatching up a letter which fell from her lover's hat "A billet-doux, I am sure!"

Mr. Elvington hastened to seize the letter, but Isabel was already looking curiously at the superscription.

"A beautiful feminine hand—ah, Victor!" murmured Isabel, turning her sweet face to her lover, and raising her soft blue eyes to his, "I am horribly jealous! Let me read the letter?"

Mr. Elvington changed color, and in an embarrassed manner extended his hand to Isabel.

"I would rather you would not," said he. "Give it to me, Isabel—and, take my word for it, that it is nothing of which you have reason to be jealous."

"Dear me!" sighed Isabel, "you forget that I am a woman, and that women are more curious than men!"

"But I assure you——"

"Take your letter! Don't make any explanations, for I know I shall not believe you. For my part, I would never receive a letter from a gentleman which I would not show to you."

Isabel pouted charmingly.

"Come here, my pretty witch!" cried Elvington, fondly. "You must not be jealous. Come, you shall see the letter. It was to avoid making explanations that I refused you before."

Isabel's face brightened.

"Ah! it is from one of your old flames!" she exclaimed. "I knew it was! But who is Diana? You never told me about her," added Isabel, reproachfully.

"I knew I should be called upon to explain," replied Elvington, with a sad smile. "I don't know why I never told you about Diana; but the story is not one which I can relate with much satisfaction either to you or to myself."

"Oh, let me hear it! Do!"

"And you will promise not to be jealous?"

"Ah! you loved her then?"

Isabel fixed her soft eyes upon her lover's face with an expression of tenderness.

"Yes, I loved her; but I do not love her now; Bel—so do not be jealous. It was before I saw you that I was in favor with her."

"Then tell me all about her!"

"Well, since you wish it. But how shall I begin!" said Elvington. "It is the story of my first love—a story of boyish passion—that I

am about to relate; and I have scruples about opening my heart even to you."

"I am listening," said Isabel, folding her hands demurely.

"Six years ago," pursued her lover, "I commenced my struggle for distinction. I was then in my twentieth year; poor, but ambitious. In all the ordinary branches of education I was proficient, although my advantages had been limited; and confident that, if health was spared me, I might go on as well as I had begun, I resolved to undertake the study of Greek. I was a tolerably good Latin and French scholar already.

"In a small, pleasant village I taught an English school for a livelihood, devoting all the time I could spare to my favorite studies. The clergyman of the village—a man of sound learning—kindly offered to assist me in my Greek, and every day I used to go to his house to recite."

"And there you saw Diana?"

"Yes, Isabel. He was her father. She soon became my companion; for she was a girl of more than ordinary intelligence, fine accomplishments, and agreeable manners."

"Beautiful?"

"Very! She was taller than you, Isabel, but not so graceful; with black hair, dark, flashing eyes, and a proud, handsome lip—not so sweet as yours, Isabel!" said Elvington, with a laugh.

"I know you loved her!"

"I am sure I did! She made me forget my Greek, I soon found myself more attracted by the clergyman's daughter than by his learning."

"And she loved you?"

"Ah! that is another thing! I at first thought she hated me. She was proud, and she certainly affected to despise me for a time. But I was proud, too; and I treated her with such apparent indifference, that she never could have suspected my devotion had this state of things continued.

"But I made Diana my study; and I soon saw that she was not indifferent to me. Half a dozen young men of good families and prepossessing appearance were paying their addresses to her at that time. But I was not jealous. I knew that she did not love either of them. It was with perfect indifference that I saw them come for her, in their fine carriages, and witnessed the flattering smiles she bestowed upon them for their

pains. In the winter she went sleigh-riding, to balls and parties—always without me. Still I was not jealous; nor was I, even when she would come and sit down by my side, during her father's absence, and praise the accomplishments of her splendid beaux.

"My apparent indifference cured Diana of her pride as exhibited toward me; and we became in time very good friends. As her pride vanished, so did my indifference; and I was soon well aware that she read my heart. We loved each other in silence, but not in secret."

"You did not tell her you loved her?" asked Isabel.

"No. At that time I could not think of marriage, and I thought myself very wise and generous to hold my peace, and make no *declaration* of love before I could offer her my hand.

"Thus things continued, until I one day found Diana in tears. I had surprised her, and I saw that she was angry with herself because I had seen her weeping.

"'I have good news for you,' she said, with an unnatural laugh, almost before her tears were dry. 'Sit down. You find me crying on my good fortune.'

"She fixed her dark eyes upon me with a strange look, which made me shudder with fearful expectancy.

"'But perhaps I ought not tell of the honor which has been thrust upon me,' she continued, with the same unnatural laugh. 'But I may tell you since you are a friend. Ha! ha! what would you think if I should say Mr. Melvin has proposed?'"

"'Has he?' I asked, with a calm smile. 'What an honor!'"

"Mr. Melvin was a plain, good-natured sort of man, possessed of great wealth, and entirely devoted to Diana. But of all her admirers I had been least jealous of him. I was not alarmed, nor even startled when she told me the news.

"'And you have accepted, of course,' said I, laughing.

"'Not yet,' she replied, casting down her eyes.

"'You are wrong,' I continued, soberly. 'Mr. Melvin is an excellent man.'

"'So I think.'

"'Very wealthy, and he would make any woman a good husband.'

"'I have been thinking of all that,' said Diana, compressing her lips. 'So you think I had better accept?'"

"'Certainly.'

"'I thank you for your good counsel. I shall follow it, Mr. Melvin,' said she, with a proud toss of her head. 'He will be here this evening; and in three months you will see me his wife.'

"'Diana!'"

"'Mr. Elvington!'"

"'You are not serious?'"

"'I am.'

"'But,' I said, beginning to be alarmed, 'you are not decided?'"

"'I was not until I had your opinion,' replied Diana.

"'And you will marry Mr. Melvin?'"

"'I shall.'

"'Diana! you did not think I was in earnest,' I cried, eagerly. 'I was not. I spoke playfully.'

"'You think then I ought not to marry him?'"

"'I know you ought not.'

"'I like your first opinion best,' said Diana. 'I am sorry you have altered it. But what objections can you have?'"

"'You do not love Mr. Melvin,' I exclaimed.

"'How do you know that?'"

"'Do you think I am blind. I am as confident of it as of my own existence.'

"'But he is a good man, and I can learn to love him.'

"'No, Diana! You deceive yourself. You can never love him!' I exclaimed, warmly.

"'And why not, pray?'"

"'Because you love another.'

"'Sir!' cried Diana, turning deathly pale, then flushing crimson.

"'Do not be angry!'"

"'What do you mean, sir?'"

"'I mean what I say; and I speak the truth. It will be a sin to marry Mr. Melvin. You love another.'

"'You read my heart then better than I can read it myself!'"

"She spoke contemptuously, but I saw by her quivering lip and burning cheek that she felt no contempt.

"'Diana, pardon me!' I said, carried away by the torrent of feeling which the occasion caused — 'I do not mean to offend. But you *ought not* marry Mr. Melvin. I forbid it!'"

"'You, sir!'"

"'Since if you will, Diana! although this is no time to sneer. I know your heart.—'"

"'Perhaps, then,' she cried, with a hollow laugh, 'you can tell me who that *other* is whom you say I love.'

"'I can!'"

"'Well, sir?'"

"'I know not how I had the audacity to answer her as I did; but love, fear, and a consciousness that I had her affections inspired me, and I exclaimed,

"'You love me!'"

"'I almost expected to see her rise before me in all her majesty, with an angry brow and eyes flashing with indignation, and spurn me from her sight. But it was my audacity itself which saved

me from the disgrace. She bowed her head and turned away her face, trembling with emotion.

"In an instant I was at her feet. Ah, Isabel! I need not repeat to you the language of passion which poured from my heart. I offered to give up everything for her—to labor and to wait with patience—if she would promise to be mine.

"She wanted time to consider—my declaration had been so sudden. That day I was called to visit the death-bed of my father. I was absent three weeks. When I returned Diana had made up her mind. Her father was poor—I was poor—and she probably put no faith in love in poverty!" said Elvington, bitterly. "With all her love for me she married Mr. Melvin!"

"And you loved her so well," murmured Isabel, scornfully, "you saved only a piece of your heart for me!"

"Ah! you know better than that!" cried Elvington, tenderly. "Diana was never so dear to me as Isabel! But hear the sequel to my story.

"I will not say to you that I did not feel most deeply the blow which destroyed all my hopes of happiness in Diana. I went no more to her father's house; but I avoided her scrupulously from the time she made choice of Mr. Melvin.

"One day I received a check for five hundred dollars, accompanied by a brief note, stating that a friend, interested in my welfare, and anxious to see my talents secure a worthy field, begged me to accept that small sum. There was no name to the note—but the handwriting was the same as this," said Elvington, playing with Diana's letter. "I sent the check back to her without a word of thanks. I was furious.

"Mrs. Melvin was a very fashionable lady, and she made free use of her husband's wealth, I assure you. They travelled, visited watering-places, and gave magnificent parties in their house in the city. But I heard from Diana through a confidential friend; and I felt a secret, wicked joy at knowing that in all her splendor she was unhappy, and said that she considered the advantages of her wealth and position dearly purchased."

"And how long did you feel this sort of triumph?" asked Isabel.

"More or less until I saw you," replied Elvington. "I do not love Diana now, and I wish her happiness."

"And is she not happy now?"

"Listen. Six months ago I received a newspaper from some unknown person. There was no mark upon it, except a cross made with a pen over an obituary notice. I read the paragraph with natural interest. Mr. Melvin was dead."

"Ah!"

"Do not start, Isabel, nor be alarmed, although Diana is a widow."

"She loves you still!"

"Well, I don't blame you for feeling a little jealous, my little charmer! But when I assure you that I do not intend to visit her, notwithstanding the delicate hint contained in this brief letter——"

"And she is rich, and beautiful still, no doubt!" interrupted Isabel, nervously. "But do you call this a delicate hint? I wonder at you!" she exclaimed, with jealous spite. "Here is only one line—'have all my old friends forgotten me?' What does that mean? Then why does she sign herself '*Diana*'—as if she had forgotten the name of her late husband? It is no delicate hint; it says, 'come and see your old sweetheart,' as plainly as words could say it! A delicate hint!"

Elvington laughed, and expressing his warm admiration of Isabel's "spunk," coolly dipped one corner of the letter into the flame of the lamp, and held it in his fingers as it burned away.

"There!" he said, pleasantly, "this is the last of Diana. I shall not go to see her, nor do I think it probable that I shall hear from her again."

Elvington was mistaken. Not many days had elapsed before he was surprised in his office by a tall, majestic figure, richly dressed in black and closely veiled, that stood before him on the threshold almost before he had heard the sound of a footstep.

The young lawyer bowed politely, and offered the veiled lady a chair.

"I saw your name at the door, and could not resist a sudden fancy I conceived to come up and see you," she said, seating herself without removing her veil. "You appear surprised!"

"Mrs. Melvin!" articulated Elvington.

"I am glad I found you alone," pursued the lady, without appearing to notice his agitation. "I should not like to have the world see *me* call upon an old friend who has slighted me as you have done. I am called proud by the world, Victor—I should say Mr. Elvington—does this look like pride?"

"You do me an honor, madam," replied Victor, recovering his self-possession. "It certainly does not look like pride—that you should condescend to notice so humble a man as myself."

"Humble?" cried Mrs. Melvin. "You are prouder than I ever was!" she exclaimed, with vehemence.

"I!"

"Yes, you, Victor Elvington! You have scorned me."

"Madam——"

"You refused with disdain a small sum of money, which I hoped would do the world some good by helping you on in your studies. You

have refused to visit me—and even now you will not take my hand!"

So saying, Diana threw aside her veil, and revealed a face of startling beauty, and brilliant eyes that looked as if they would pierce Victor's heart.

The young lawyer, happy in his love for Isabel, and fearing to place himself again within the magic influence of that singular woman, turned away his face as children turn their faces from the dazzling sun.

"Victor!" cried Diana, with a smile of conscious power, "you once had the audacity to tell me I loved you! Now I have my revenge by telling you that you love me! I know—I know you love me, Victor. Deny it if you can!"

Victor arose with solemn slowness, and turned his white face toward the beautiful being who had thus come to tempt him.

"I will not say I am indifferent to you," he replied, in a deep voice. "No, Mrs. Melvin; remembrance, if nothing more, forbids that. But—I love another!"

Diana started as if she had been stung.

"Impossible!" she exclaimed, wildly, "you could not forget me! I will not believe that. I understand such natures as yours. You can never love but once. And you *did* love me——"

"You knew it—you loved me—and still you married another!" interrupted Victor, almost angrily. "I wonder how you can look me in the face again!"

"I excuse this rudeness," she replied, with a bitter smile. "I deserve it—but consider how I dreaded poverty! Now I am rich, Victor. If the mightiest potentate on the globe should ask to make me his queen to-day I would refuse him. I did not know my own heart *then* as I do *now*. Victor, Victor! you love me! I know it! You tremble—you cannot look me in the face! Now can you doubt *my* love, when after living in splendor six long and wretched years, I come and offer myself to you!"

Elvinton did tremble. He was violently agitated by the presence of that strange, passionate being. He thought of the gentle, devoted Isabel, in whose pure love he was so happy, and for her sake he wished himself beyond the influence of the tempter.

"You are still poor," pursued Diana, as he stood before her, with his hand pressed upon his brow. "You are beginning to be distinguished; but it will be years before ease and wealth will be your reward. Then let not pride cause you to refuse my offer; take my heart and hand—and it will be some consolation for what I have suffered during the past six years, to think I am at last able to bring you a fortune."

Victor's hand fell to his side, his face flushed, and his eyes flashed out with indignation.

"And do you think," he cried, "that I would accept a fortune purchased by such a sin? No! I despise the offer. I feel that I do not love you. Tempt me no further. You wrong yourself as well as me; and you wrong her who is dearer to me than riches and fame. And I wrong you both to listen to you!"

"I have deserved this punishment!" murmured the pale and trembling woman. "You have triumphed over me—well! I cannot complain. Excuse my want of modesty in coming to you in this manner. It is because I care for none but you; and because I would sacrifice any thing for your love. Forgive me, and I go!"

Elvinton was much affected; but he was strong now in his pride, and in his love for Isabel; and the wretched woman went from his office, humbled by his noble resolution and manly self-respect.

But Diana recovered something of her pride, when she remembered Victor's agitation.

"He does love me," thought she; "he may still be brought to yield."

She sought out the object of his second love; she learned that she was the daughter of a merchant in moderate circumstances, and that she could bring her lover no fortune.

The worldly woman, deeming that nearly all young persons may be actuated by such motives as had caused her to marry the rich Mr. Melvin; and hoping that her last effort to regain her influence over Victor might not be in vain, sought an interview with Isabel.

"Ah, Victor!" exclaimed the young girl, as her lover entered the parlor one evening—"there has been such a strange woman here to see me to-day!"

"Indeed! what was she like?"

"She was tall—dressed in black—very handsome—about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age—and very elegant and lady-like in her appearance."

"Well? What was there strange about her?"

"Why, she talked so strangely! Ah, Victor! now I want you to be a little jealous when I tell you what she said!"

"I'll try!"

"You laugh! I wonder what you would say if I had been carried away by her flatteries! Would you think, Victor, she came to tell me that some gentleman—she did not say who—has been goose enough to fall in love with me!"

"Indeed!"

"And one, she said, whose agreeable manners and wealth—she laid particular emphasis upon his *wealth*, Victor—were sufficient to win any lady—provided her heart was not already engaged."

"Ho—ho!"

"Are you jealous?"

"Tell me first what reply you made."

Well—the lady appeared so serious and respectful that I believed her; and so I told her candidly that my heart *was* already engaged, and that no beauty, fine manners, or fortune could tempt me to marry any one but you."

"Of course I'm jealous now—you little witch!" exclaimed Elvinton, fondly. "But what did the lady reply?"

"She wanted me to consider; she spoke of the advantages of wealth; she drew romantic pictures of fashionable life, which she contrasted with love in poverty. But I repeated what I had said before, and told her that all her arguments were useless, at the same time giving her to understand that I did not wish to listen to her any longer."

"And she?"

"She seemed disappointed, and went away appearing very sad—as if reluctant to give up the cause of the young man in whom she was so much interested."

Elvinton smiled.

"And have you not suspected that the young gentleman in question might be a 'being of the mind' and 'not of clay?'" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"That the story of your unknown lover was a fable——"

"So," cried Isabel, pouting, "you think no

body but you would ever fall in love with your silly girl!"

"Oh, no! But hear my reason, Bel. That woman wished to *buy you* from your allegiance to me."

"Victor——"

"Had she found you tractable, her fine promises would have finally resolved themselves into a bribe of several thousands. And to keep her word, she would probably have hunted up a husband for you whom she would have thrown into the bargain. I know her nature——"

"Ah!" cried Isabel, "I begin to see! That woman was——"

"Diana!"

Isabel pressed her pretty hand upon her brow.

"How she must love you, Victor!"

"And how I must love you—and how *you* must love *me*—since nothing can separate us!" exclaimed Elvinton, clasping the lovely girl in his arms.

Three months afterward they were married. Victor, happy in her love, was contented still to labor for fortune and fame; and she was never jealous of Diana.

They heard from the latter frequently. She was an altered woman. Sorrowing for her past follies, but resigned to her fate she secluded herself from the fashionable world, and devoted her life and fortune to deeds of charity without ostentation and pride.

I FEEL THY SPIRIT NEAR.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

WHEN the dewy evening falls,
Oft a voice from dream-land calls,
Soft as streamlets murmur'ing low,
'Neath the sun's departing glow;
Sweet as zephyrs 'mong the flowers,
Whisper'ing to the dreaming hours;
Gentle as a harp's low swell,
Breathing music's deepest spell;
Calming all the cares and strife
Of this weary, weary life;
Come the tones so sweetly clear—
"Dearest brother, I am near!"

When the midnight, holy, still,
Lulls the rippling, laughing rill
To a slumber sweet and mild,
As that of a dreaming child,
While the moon's pure, silv'ry beam
Rests upon the dimpled stream;
When the stars look down with love
From their glitter'ing homes above,
And each thought would wing its way
To those realms of endless day;
Soft come whispers to my ear—
"Brother, pray, for I am near!"

When temptation with its gulle,
And its soft, voluptuous smile,
Strives to win each chorish'd truth
Of my wayward, ardent youth;
When desires fill my soul
With a winning, strong control,
And the cup of pleasure, bright,
Sparkles to my 'raptured sight,
And my glowing, burning lips,
From the goblet fain would sip;
List! a low and plaintive sigh—
"Do not, brother, I am nigh!"

Lov'd one, yes! tho' far away,
Thou art near where'er I stray;
Fate may sever and divide,
Thou art still my angel guide—
Thou art treasur'd in my soul,
And "the love-tide scorns control."
Other friends are 'round thee now,
Other kisses for thy brow;
Yet I know I'm dear to thee,
Aye! from dream-land comes to me—
"Brother, brother, thee I love,
Meet me in your home above!"

ALICE VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA AHERTON," &C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.

ISABEL did not have to wait long to put her plan into execution. At a comparatively early hour, that morning, Randolph called. Leaving him alone with Alice, she repaired to the library, where, soon after, Mr. Vernon came in from his forenoon walk.

He missed immediately the light form of Alice, who was usually at hand to give him his slippers, and wheel the large chair to the glowing fire.

"Where is Elsie?" he asked.

The father never called his eldest daughter anything but Isabel, but nearly always employed pet names for Alice.

"Where is Elsie," he repeated, "the idle little baggage?"

"In the drawing room with Mr. Randolph."

Something in the tone of the speaker made him turn and look at her intently: and the look by no means removed the suspicions so suddenly aroused.

"With Mr. Randolph! Pray did he not ask for you too?"

"No, sir!"

"Isabel, what does this mean?" And he spoke excitedly. "Is he trying to wheedle Alice into an engagement? I have noticed his being here a good deal, but I thought you were his favorite, and so gave myself no concern about the matter; for I knew you were able to take care of yourself. But Alice, young, susceptible thing!—I will go into the drawing-room immediately."

Isabel, however, interposed.

"But, papa," she said, "don't, for your own sake, do that. It hasn't gone as far as you think if you disapprove of his visits leave me to manage the affair. We women, you know, have a tact in such matters."

"You are right I should only make a fool of myself."

"No, papa, not that. But you might get entangled in a quarrel."

"The young scoundrel. Trying to entrap that poor child, and all for her money."

"Perhaps not, papa."

Mr. Vernon glanced keenly at his daughter from between his shaggy brows. But the dissimulation of Isabel was perfect.

"You need not attempt to defend him," he said, testily. "He has fascinated all of you, I believe."

"Not me, papa."

The smile of scorn, the contemptuous tone—how well acted they were!

He looked at her fixedly, and smiled in turn.

"I believe you. A poor man *you* would never marry, though he talked poetry by the hour." And he remained silent for awhile, gazing abstractedly into the fire. Isabel looked at him, from under her drooped eyelashes, and her countenance grew sinister, for she divined something of his thoughts. He was musing, in truth, on the difference between his daughters; and the result was not complimentary to the elder.

At last he looked suddenly up.

"I leave it to you, but you must act at once," he said, decidedly. "Go into the drawing-room. Alice must not be left alone with him."

Isabel rose, and departed. She had no sooner left the room, than Mr. Vernon started impatiently from his chair, and began walking nervously up and down the library.

"Poor Elsie, poor child," he said, "I hope she does not like the fellow. And yet she is so impressible, and the scoundrel is really clever. What a fool the old judge was to invest his all in that bank stock! These sons of families once wealthy are fortune-hunters, every one of them, and this fellow is no better than the rest, for its Isabel he loves, only he knows he can't get her, the sneaking villain!"

For half an hour, the excited old man continued muttering, walking to and fro: but finally he flung himself again into his chair, and moodily gazed into the fire. Once or twice he looked at his watch impatiently.

At last Isabel entered the room, calm, and beautiful as ever.

"Well!"

"Alice has gone up to her room."

"Humph! And did you tell him?"

Isabel smiled.

"Not in so many words, papa. But he understands nevertheless."

"And Alice!"

"She is crying, I suspect."

Isabel knew her father's character well, when she hazarded these words.

"Crying! So she has made a fool of herself. Curse the dog."

"Nay, papa."

"Well, I can't help it: he's a pitiful scoundrel: couldn't he let the poor child alone? Do you think she loves him?"

"You ought to know, pa, how it is with young girls, especially susceptible ones like sis. They think a fancy is a passion: but in a week they forget all."

"Do you say so?" He spoke gloomy. He did not like to think this of Alice even to console his fears. In his secret heart he had believed that his darling loved him better than did Isabel; but if this was true of her, she was deceiving herself. He was not convinced however.

"Do you say so?" he repeated.

"Sister belongs to the demonstrative class, you know, papa. She feels, or thinks she feels acutely, for a little time. But when she grows older, her character will become steadier of course."

Again he winced. And yet the words had their effect. They hardened Mr. Vernon's heart against his offending daughter, and determined him to disregard any grief she might exhibit: and this was what the speaker desired.

But had Isabel really spoken to Randolph? Not a word. With Alice, however, she had exchanged a few short, sharp sentences, which had sent the poor girl in tears to her chamber; for it was part of the scheme to make her embarrassed in her father's presence, which nothing would effect so well, she knew, as a consciousness of his displeasure. With her usual manner, Alice would have been prattling at her father's knee, and would have destroyed all: there was nothing Isabel dreaded more than a mutual confidence between them.

"He is very angry," she had said. "Don't trust yourself with a word, or it may lead to an outbreak: and if he was once to say that you should not have Randolph, I could not, in conscience, go on."

"Oh, no, no. I won't speak at all. And yet how shall I go in to dinner, and he looking angry? It will almost kill me." And she burst into tears.

"Tut, tut, little one," said Isabel. "Cheer up, for all will yet go well. Only follow my advice. I have told Randolph to come, after dinner, when pa is out; and then he and I will settle what is best. Pa can't be angry long with any one, you know," and she added, gaily, "hurricane-like, its soon over."

Alice smiled faintly. "I hope it will be so," she said, timidly.

"Little coward!" And Isabel playfully tapped her sister's cheek. "There, go up stairs and wash your eyes. I'll go back to pa and talk him into a good humor."

When Alice came down to dinner, her father looked up at her at first in his natural manner, but her inflamed eyes seemed to recall something he had forgotten, and his face grew stern and cold. The poor girl shrank back, and silently took her seat, instead of kissing him as was her custom. The meal passed in constraint. Isabel pretended to make efforts to keep up a conversation; but it was in vain. Her father answered shortly, and scarcely looked up from his plate. Alice could hardly restrain her tears. Once or twice she glanced timidly at her parent, but his eyes never met hers, and well it was so, for the stern face alone almost made her sob aloud.

As soon as the meal was concluded, Mr. Vernon left the table, instead of lingering over his wine as usual. The outer door had not closed on him when Alice gave way to hysterical weeping.

"Oh! sister," she sobbed, "will he forgive me? Do you think he will? Oughtn't I to give up Randolph at once?"

"What a foolish child! Don't you know papa? It will all be over in a week, or would be," and she spoke, as if hesitatingly, "were anger useless."

The tone, more than the words arrested Alice. She checked her sobs partially, and looked earnestly at Isabel.

"What do you mean?"

"If I was in your place I should elope with Randolph."

"Oh! Bella."

Alice was white as death.

"Yes, for when the thing was done, pa would forgive you. But his consent first you never will get."

"But it would be so wicked."

"And yet, if you don't do it, he'll maybe forbid the thing positively, and then you'll have to disobey him openly, or give up Randolph."

"Oh! I'll give up Randolph." And she clasped her hands.

"Can you?"

Alice burst into tears afresh.

"What shall I, shall I do? It seems so wrong. And yet give up Randolph! Do you think he would care much, sister? Would it break his heart?"

The question was so sudden, so unexpected, that Isabel started; and again that livid hue overspread her face. It was gone, however, in a scowl.

"He would never forgive you. Nor, if I were he, would I. Only think of it. His happiness depends on your faithfulness; you have no right,

you see, to consult yourself solely: pa, too, will forgive, which Randolph could not, and should not."

"But would pa forgive? He has been so kind; and this seems so wicked: to marry, and not even ask him."

"There it is again. Going back over the old track. Alice, you were never intended to reason: you should leave that to others; and leave it now to Randolph and me. Don't you see? Its plain enough. If you elope, pa will be angry at first, but he'll soon receive you back, and we'll all live here happily together. But if you wait for his consent, you'll wait till eternity. Its his way."

"I know it." She spoke despondingly. Then, suddenly, she looked up. "Oh! if I wasn't such a coward, maybe if, I'd go to pa, and tell him my heart would break—his little Elsie's—he'd consent——"

"He'd tell you never to mention Randolph's name again. He'd forbid you ever thinking of him."

"So he would, so he would," sobbed Alice, burying her face in her hands, "I think I see him now."

Isabel regarded her for a moment.

"Alice," she said, at last, and she spoke soothingly. "Can't you trust your elder sister, your second mother almost? And if I should consent, in your name, to Randolph's pleadings, for I know he will plead for it, will you elope with him?"

"I will do what you think best. Yes, yes!" And the sobs became convulsive. "But oh! how unhappy I am."

"Then come up stairs with me, pet; lie down while I read to you; and when Randolph comes I'll talk it all over with him. I only want to see you happy."

"Oh! lying words. Oh! wily temptress. Oh! sister traitress to the holy tie of sisterhood."

They went up together: and, while Alice lay on the bed, wearied and weeping, Isabel read to her—what? Not the Bible. Not that sacred commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother." But the wild, impassioned poetry of Shakspeare's impassioned Juliet.

At last, exhausted by her mental and moral struggles, Alice slept, the soft murmur of her sister's voice rising and falling in her dreams, like the low sound of a fountain by moonlight.

When Randolph was announced, Isabel, without awakening her sister, descended to see him.

She found him pacing the drawing-room, to and fro, in much excitement. He came forward immediately and eagerly seized her hand.

"I have been unable to keep still for a moment," he said, "since I left you. Of all things

suspense is most intolerable to me: I think I could meet death itself better than endure the doubts of a trial. But how is my sweet Alice?"

"She is sleeping. The poor child is exhausted. Suspense is killing her too."

"Ah!" And he began again to pace the room. Suddenly he turned to Isabel, took both her hands, and gazed eagerly into her eyes. "Tell us what to do, dear Miss Vernon," he said. "My own impulses are to go, at once, to your father; to tell him I will wait for Alice even as Jacob did for Rachel; but to beseech him not to forbid me to hope. These are my own impulses, I say. But dear Alice seems to think that if I do this, Mr. Vernon will forbid our meeting; and she declares that she cannot, and will not go in the face of a direct command of his."

At the clasp of those two hands, at the eager gaze of those eyes, Isabel's heart had thrilled, and all the woman trembled within her. But she remembered all, and hardened her soul. Ay! hardened it the more for what was to her, though unsuspected by Randolph, the mockery of that look and clasp.

"Alice is right," she said. "I did but hint to papa, this morning, something of the truth, and he would have broken into the drawing room at once. You may imagine what would have happened."

The eyes of Randolph flashed, and the hot blood mounted to his forehead. How Isabel exulted at these signs of the rage and shame of a heart only less proud than her own! He seemed about to speak, but bit his lip, and was silent, dropping her hand, however, and striding up and down, like a caged lion, till he had partly conquered his anger.

"I am of as good blood as he is," he said, at length. "I was once as rich. In ten years I shall be famous, as I feel here," and he struck his forehead with his clenched hand. "God, what a curse it is to be poor!"

In a few moments, however, he grew entirely calm. He stopped before Isabel, who looked half displeased, and drew herself coldly up.

"Pardon me, dear Miss Vernon," he said. "I forgot that I was speaking of your father. But oh! you don't know, you can't know the tortures of a proud spirit, beset with poverty. There, you forgive me. I see you do. It is like your noble nature. And now complete your kindness," and he sat down by her again, "and advise us what to do. There is not one out of a thousand who has a clearer judgment."

She returned his gaze calmly and imperturbably, not a muscle of her face flinching. And yet what a whirlpool of emotions—love, revenge, hate, conflicting with and stimulating each other—raged in that relentless bosom! Only, for one

moment, a darkness passed over her face, like the shadow cast by the swift wing of the lost archangel.

How little Randolph suspected the truth! How sternly, if he had, he would have turned from her! But giving himself up, unsuspectingly, to her guidance, he listened, as she said,

"I cannot, you know, advise you, Mr. Randolph. Only this suspense, as I told you, will kill Alice if protracted. I think she and you ought to decide for yourselves. But," and she hesitated, then hastily resumed, "from what I know of pa, he is, I think, more likely to forgive an elopement than to grant his consent."

Again the face of Randolph flushed, and his eye flashed. He muttered as in a soliloquy,

"An elopement! And yet that seems so mean. To steal into a man's house and betray his confidence by running off with his daughter.

Isabel glanced at him covertly, triumphing in these visible pangs.

At last Randolph addressed her again.

"Won't it be better for me to risk an appeal to your father? Our families used to be intimate, and he ought to know," he spoke proudly, "that a Randolph could not stoop to be a fortune-hunter. I don't ask for Alice's hand now. She is willing to wait till I have earned fame and fortune; and with such a prize in view I will work as never man did before.

The exulting look, the lofty words, how grand they were! Isabel loved him more passionately than ever, and loving, hated him the deeper: and so grew deadlier in her resolution for revenge.

She shook her head; but said, "try pa, if you think best. Only, in that case," and she held out her hand, "let me bid you farewell now, for I shall never be allowed to see you again, much less poor Alice."

Randolph did not take the proffered hand. He gazed gloomily into vacancy, silent and abstracted for awhile, and then, suddenly starting up, cried, "it must be, after all. I see that you have the coolest judgment of any of us."

Isabel looked up with one of her old smiles.

"I do not advise this step, remember! I cannot, much as I love Alice, recommend it. At most I can only tacitly consent."

Randolph stopped before her, "I shall never forget your kindness," he said, feelingly.

He paused a few moments, and then resumed,

"Will you talk to Alice for me? I hope she also will see the necessity of an elopement. And it ought to take place at once. Your father might, even to night, forbid her even to speak to me again. Dear Miss Vernon, will you complete the obligations, under which I lie to you, by closing this?"

"I really ought not. But I cannot see Alice

killed outright. I can plead, too, for you, with pa, after the thing is done. Well, well, I suppose I must. Only," and she rose with a gay smile, "don't you and Alice look so sorrowful, for such things happen every day: 'the course of true love,' you know, 'never did run smooth.' I will be back directly."

She soon reappeared with Alice, the latter blushing and hanging back, the tears starting in her eyes. Isabel left the lovers together, first kissing his sister, and whispering in her ear, "cheer up, all will go right yet, only don't begin an engagement by disobeying your liege lord."

Half an hour after, Randolph left the house, and Alice tripped lightly up stairs. Isabel was waiting for her in their own room.

"Bella, dearest," she cried, flying in, and flinging her arms around her sister's neck, "it's all fixed, and so nicely too—I didn't think of the plan till George suggested it. The elopement I would not hear of; it seemed too wicked to pa; and George, I don't think, thought it exactly right either: so he proposed at last that we should be privately married. I to come home here immediately after, and the secret is to be kept: but, by-and-bye, when George becomes famous, as you know he will, he is to claim me. Pa, you see, can't call him a fortune-hunter then——"

"But," said Isabel, sharply, for this scheme threatened to thwart her revenge, "why a concealed marriage? You might as well leave things as they are."

"Oh! no," and Alice blushed rosilily, even though she turned aside her face, "for George would not have been contented. But he says if I am married to him, he can do without seeing me, for a whole year at a time, if necessary—that he won't get jealous—you know, Bell, what men are!"

Isabel answered coldly, though she began to see already how this private marriage, properly divulged, would answer her ends as well as an elopement. "Well, Alice, you know best, and I am glad to see you happy. Only you mustn't ask my advice. For your sake and George's, I must be able to tell pa that I was not a party to it, or else, you know, all I can say will have no effect on him."

For an instant Alice looked earnestly at her sister. To her pure heart, to know of the affair, yet conceal it, was the same as being actively a party to it: and, for a moment, a half-formed suspicion, she hardly knew of what, flashed across her mind. But it passed as quickly as it came. Isabel, however, understood that fleeting expression; and it stung her with rage.

"That is just like you, always good to your poor Alice." And now only joy, and sisterly

affection shone in the face of the speaker. "But I must go. I promised George to meet him in half an hour, so that I might be back before papa comes home. Oh! if I could only have you with me."

Isabel assisted to arrange Alice's shawl, tied the bonnet strings, and then, telling the flurried girl, she never looked prettier, gaily pushed her out of the chamber door, jestingly saying she should send to the confectioner's, and have some private bride-cake ready for her return.

But when that light form had floated, like a summer cloud, from out the room; when Isabel, looking suspiciously around, saw herself really alone; then the smile faded, and a gleam of bitter, bitter hate rose to her countenance, gradually overspreading it. Not a word, however, passed the rigid lips. She did not move from her seat either. But there she sat, livid and stone like, scarcely seeming to breathe, with no outward sign of emotion but a nervous clasping and unclasping of the fingers of her right hand, which rested on a little work-table beside her.

The twilight was closing in, when Alice returned. The excitement, which had supported her when she went out, had now fled; her cheek was pale as death; and her large eyes had a wild, frightened look. She rushed up to Isabel, flung herself on her knee, and throwing her arms about her sister, burst into tears.

"Oh! its done, its done, but I wish I was dead," she sobbed. "I feel like a thief coming back here."

"You are nervous. All brides are, Alice. Come, look up, don't be down-hearted, bathe your eyes, here's my bottle of sal-volatile. Recollect, you have to meet papa at tea directly, and if you don't compose yourself, he may ask ugly questions."

And so, with words and caresses, the arch-troitesse soothed her sister, till Alice only sobbed, now and then, like a child that has cried itself to sleep.

"Oh! if I had known how I should have felt," said Alice, "I never could have undertaken it. The church was so empty and cold; everything was so strange; it was away off in the suburbs, lest we should be known. And then the rector was so long in making out my certificate."

"I never saw one. Where is it?"

Alice drew it from her bosom. Isabel walking to the window, pretended to read it.

"It's too dark," she said. "I must wait till we retire. And there is papa's key in the front door." She returned the paper to Alice as she spoke. "I will hurry down to meet him, or he will be coming up here. Wash your eyes well, before you follow."

Alice entered the tea-room like a condemned

criminal, for she felt that her father's eyes were on her: and she could not meet them.

The evening passed miserably. On every side there was constraint. It was, therefore, a relief to Alice, when the clock struck the hour for retiring. Mustering all her courage, she approached her father, as usual, to proffer a good night kiss. But he only bent his forehead to her gravely, instead of offering his lips. Poor Alice restrained herself till she left the room. But the events of the day had been too much for her; her whole nervous system was shattered; and when she gained her own chamber, she flung herself on the bed and sobbed as if her heart was breaking.

Isabel hung over her, endeavoring to console her, now with words, now with caresses. At last, Alice grew more composed.

"I will leave you for a minute, dearest," said Isabel. "I left my work-box down stairs."

It was not for her work-box only that she went; but to execute a plan, which she had been resolving all the evening. She knew that her father's custom was to visit the smoking-room, after she and Alice had retired, and having smoked his cigar, to return for a few minutes to the library, to see that all was right before he himself sought his chamber. She had observed that Alice, in her nervous excitement, had returned her marriage certificate to her bosom. If this document could be obtained, and placed on the library floor, as if dropped there, it would meet her father's eye: and then the explosion, which Isabel calculated on, would be sure to occur, without any apparent agency of her own. But how was the certificate to be obtained without suspicion? From this dilemma, she was relieved by the hysterical emotion of Alice. While caressing her sister, she had extracted the certificate from the bosom of the unconscious girl; and it was to deposit the fatal document on the floor of the library, that she now descended.

In a few minutes she reappeared, work-box in hand. Alice was still sobbing on the bed, and did not observe the deadly pallor of her sister's cheek. Isabel knew that the denouement might be expected every instant, and her whole frame trembled with nervous excitement.

"Alice dear," at last she said, feeling that she must say something, or shriek.

Her voice was thick and husky. The poor, wearied girl, however, did not notice this; but looked up, with a sad, oh! such a sad air.

"You had better undress, love," continued Isabel, "sleep will compose your nerves. Shall I—"

But her words were cut short, by her father's voice, speaking loud and angrily, followed by his steps hastily ascending the staircase.

Alice seemed to have an intuitive sense of her peril, though ignorant of its immediate cause, and springing to her feet, fixed her large eyes in terror on the door, like those of a frightened fawn.

"Oh! Bella," she cried. But her tongue clove to her mouth; she could not go on; and pressing both hands on her heart, she stood pale and trembling, her lips parted, the perspiration starting on her forehead.

Isabel was unnaturally calm. The crisis, whose approach had so unnerved her, found her, now that it had come, hard as adamant.

Nevertheless she did not speak. It was but a moment before the angry parent, pouring forth a torrent of oaths as he came, reached the door, which he burst open with a single blow of his foot.

Neither of his daughters had ever seen him as he looked then. They knew he had violent passions, for he had occasionally been angry at the servants; but even Isabel caught her breath, on beholding him now.

He rushed up to Alice, thrusting aside the elder daughter, who would have interposed; and seizing the offender with one arm, rudely shook her, while he held her marriage certificate up before her astounded eyes.

"What—what—does this mean?" And he shouted, rather than spoke, stammering with rage. Indeed his whole demeanor was that of a maniac. "Speak—are you dumb——"

Alice's first action, on seeing the fatal paper, had been instinctively to place her hand in her bosom, where she had supposed the certificate to be. Not finding it there, her lips had parted as if to shriek; but no sound came from them, for terror paralyzed her.

Her father shook her more violently than before.

"Answer me—I'll have an answer—is this true?—are you really married?"

Still she could not speak. She only gazed, wild with fear, at the livid face of her parent.

Suddenly he flung her from him: and turned sternly to Isabel.

"I found this on the library floor," he said. "It is a certificate of marriage between that girl and her paramour——"

"Oh! father——" began Isabel.

But he silenced her by a gesture, and went on, after a bitter oath,

"From this moment I disown her. Hereafter she is no child of mine. I will not turn her into the street at this late hour, but to-morrow morning, the earlier the better, get her clothing together, put her and it into a hackney coach, and send them to that mercenary scoundrel."

Alice started forward at these words, with a courage born by despair, and flinging herself at her father's feet, endeavored to clasp his knees.

"Oh! papa——"

But he hurled her from him.

"Damn you," he said, and the words were like the snarl of a wild beast, "do you think you can wrong me in this way, and then, with a few tears and pretty speeches, cozen me into forgiving. Never, so help me God!"

With a moan, as when the arrow pierces the heart of a dove, Alice fell back rigid, and apparently dead.

Isabel rushed toward her. Even the cruel heart of the elder sister, the author of all this misery, was moved.

"You have killed her," she cried, kneeling, and looking up at her father, "oh! how could you——"

Mr. Vernon had staggered, his hand on the door-knob, his face lately so livid now pale as a sheet. But seeing Alice stir, he recovered himself.

"Not a word." He scowled at Isabel, as he spoke, as though he would disown her too, if she gave him the slightest excuse for it; and then, after a pause, he added, "remember, she goes to-morrow."

Closing the door behind him with a bang, he descended the stairs and entered the library, where Isabel heard him walking to and fro, till long after midnight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE'S PILGRIMS.

BY W. R. CASSELL.

The highway of this world is set with thorns,
O'er which poor pilgrims still must journey on;
There are who walk it shod with iron sense,
That crushes opposition like a vice,
And puts aside the ready points like twigs
Pressed backward in the woodlands by a child.
There are who seem buoyed upward by some power
Above the level of affliction's range,

Until their term be run, and then they fall
Into the bosom of the angel Death.
And there are some whose tender feet are pierced
Evermore deeper by the rugged path,
Whose softness and whose beauty high invite
The cruel spoiler to his unarmed prey;
As the swift hawk, high poised in the sky,
Swoops when the dove floats past on silvery wings.

LINA THORNTON'S HOUSEKEEPING.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

A HAPPY woman was dear, fussy Mrs. Whar-
ton, as she walked over the magnificent velvet
carpets, picking up a tack here and there, left
by the upholsterers; drawing the lace window
curtains in more graceful folds; or arranging
and rearranging the *bijoutrie* on the tea-poy
and *eleger*.

Yes, she was in the most blissful state of
excitement. The grand wish of her life was
accomplished, for Lina, her pretty daughter
Lina, was actually married, and married too
into "one of the first families." Upon the
achievement of so great an object, the mamma
had coaxed the papa into buying a handsome
house in the fashionable quarter of the city,
and to give her *carte blanche* for furnishing it.

Lina had plead in vain, in her sweet way,
for a smaller home;—"what did Frank and
herself want with such an immense place, and
only two of them?" asked she, with a smile
and a blush, as visions of a cozy little house,
illuminated by the rays of the honeymoon, rose
before her.

But it was of no use. Her daughter, without
an effort, had here an opportunity of quietly
stepping within the charmed circle of the aristo-
cracy *par excellence*, which the mother had only
dared to long for; so poor Lina was to be vic-
timized with a big house, that it might in some
degree compensate to the terrible world, for the
parvenue blood she brought into it.

Lina had sometimes wished that Frank Thorn-
ton had been just a *little* poor, that she might
have made some sacrifice for him, but unfortu-
nately for Lina's romantic, loving, little heart,
he was a lawyer with a handsome inheritance,
and nearly as rich as herself. He had married
her for pure love.

Mrs. Wharton was now anxiously awaiting the
return of the young couple from their bridal
trip; for she had a great surprise in store for
Lina.

The pretty young bride at length arrived and
declared the arrangement of the house perfect;
"but," said she, with a rueful face, on her way
to the kitchen, "oh, mamma, these servants,
what shall I do?"

But as she opened the door, with what a cry
of delight did she recognize black Nancy, her
mother's cook.

Nancy's grey colored handkerchief was wound

around her head in the most picturesque folds;
her dark blue dress was perfectly glossy with
ironing, and her snowy linen apron had under-
gone all the complicated mysteries of folding, of
a Newport napkin.

As Lina entered, Nancy dropped one of her
best curtsies, and her deep, contented laugh
could be heard over half the house, as she said,
"I guess you didn't 'speak to see me here, Miss
Lina, did you? But Misses thought you didn't
know nuffin' 't all, honey; so you sees, she gied
me up to you. How you like it, Miss Lina? ha!
ha!"

Lina's heart was at rest now. There would
have to be no ordering of breakfast, dinner, or
supper. Nancy was as regular as clock-work,
and knew everybody's appetites better than they
did themselves.

In the midst of Lina's delight, however, she
thought of her father. "But, mamma," said
she, "what will papa do without Nancy? I am
afraid he will never have another dinner to suit
him, he is so very particular, you know. And
then no one *can* dress terrapin or lobster to suit
him!"

"It will be a great deal easier for me to in-
struct a cook than yourself, Lina, and your father
seemed perfectly willing to part with Nancy,"
said her mother.

In the mornings, Lina might be seen through
the open windows of the parlor, arranging the
drapery of the curtains, altering the position of
a lounging chair, or dusting the knick-knacks
with a brush of gay feathers, her little hands
encased in a pair of white, cast-off gloves, which
she had worn at the Opera, or a party the evening
before. And poor Lina called this housekeeping.

One morning, when Mrs. Thornton was dressing
to go out, Nancy knocked at her chamber door,
and as Lina admitted her, she observed with
some trepidation, that the handkerchief around
her head stood an inch or two higher than usual.
This was ominous. Nancy's handkerchief always
rose with her courage.

"Mr. Thornton and you 's going travelling
this summer, ain't you, Misses?" said the cook.

"Yes, Nancy, but I cannot tell when, pre-
cisely," was the reply.

"Well, Miss Lina, I thought if you could 'range
it so as to go next week 't would suit all hands;
for you sees, honey, I wants to go to camp-meeting

then, over de river. There's been a great revival in our church, and Mr. Parker, he says we ought to do all we can to keep it up."

"Well, Nancy, but I do not know that Mr. Thornton can leave home then; I will ask him, though."

"Yes, Miss, if you please, Miss. I 'spose I could git somebody to stay in my place for a week, but then you sees they would be strange to your ways; and bless your heart, honey, you couldn't teach 'em; you don't know no more 'n a little kitten yourself."

Lina felt this to be true, and in despair said she would endeavor to arrange it so that they should be from home during Nancy's absence; for she found she was determined to go.

"Thank you, Miss; I believe Betsey, she's a going too; for we thought Jane might do the chamber work; for a waiter-girl don't have much to do."

"I have no objection, Nancy, if Mr. Thornton and myself go away."

Nancy made a deep curtsie and left the room, while Lina put on her bonnet and hurried to her mother's.

"Oh, mamma, what shall I do?" exclaimed she, "Nancy says she is going to camp-meeting, and Betsey too; and that Frank and myself had better go away at the same time. She seems to have made up her mind about it, so there is no use of endeavoring to bribe her out of it."

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Wharton, "if Nancy has made up her mind, she *will* go, so you had better give your permission the best way you can; she is too valuable a woman to lose. I had to compromise with her myself, sometimes. We are going out to 'the place,' in a day or so, or else Frank and yourself might come here, if his business detains him in town."

Lina went home, and nervously awaited her husband's arrival. He quieted her troubles, however, by saying he could easily leave his business at the time, so that Nancy and Betsey could go to camp-meeting, and Jane stay and take care of the house.

But alas for Lina's calculations! Nancy and Betsey had but fairly started, and Lina put on her travelling-dress for her own departure, when Frank entered with a vexed air.

"Lina," said he, "I fear we shall not be able to go till to-morrow or the day after. There is some most unexpected business which must be attended to. I am sorry, dearest, but one day can't make much difference."

So reasons a man. Lina's face grew perfectly blank. What should she do? "Probably Jane can cook a very simple dinner," thought she, so down stairs she hurried.

But Jane looked grum. She did not fancy

being left at home, "when Nancy and Betsey were pleasuring."

"And as to a custard, Mrs. Thornton," said she, after Lina had given her orders, "I never made one in my life. If you will show me how, ma'am, maybe I could do it," continued she, insolently, for she well knew that Lina knew no more about making a pudding than Queen Victoria did.

Lina said she was too busy; so they went without a dessert that day, and dined off a salad; half cooked potatoes, and a burned beefsteak.

Frank's business still detained him in the city; and in a couple of days Jane was in open rebellion.

"She wasn't a going to be made a nigger slave of for nobody," said she to Lina, one morning, after she had been injudiciously asked to sweep the halls, scrub the front steps, go to market, do the chamber-work, cook the dinner, and run of errands.

Lina never for a moment thought she was giving to one girl the work three had been accustomed to do.

"I guess she thinks I'm a slave from Georgy," muttered Jane, as Lina left the room.

Frank entered at that moment. "Jane how dare you to speak so of your mistress," said he, "If you do it again, remember, you leave the house."

"I guess I'll leave any how. It's a most time when the men comes a coting about," was the reply.

Frank almost choked with anger. "If you are not out of this house in ten minutes time I will kick you out," he said, with some effort of calmness.

"Oh, Frank, how could you?" asked Lina, with tears, after Jane had gone. "What shall we do? Mamma is out of town, and the house closed. And where to get a soul to do the work I don't know."

"Why, my dear, don't let that trouble you. There are hundreds of servants to be had. You know there are applications at the door every hour of the day."

But Lina had an instinctive idea that servants were not so easily to be had, particularly if they were wanted very much.

Mr. Thornton dined at a *restaurant* that day, and Lina's fare was nothing more substantial than a piece of spong cake and some preserves.

At last the Intelligence Office was thought of, and, as Frank had predicted, scores of girls called in want of places.

But Lina was no better off. Some were unwilling to take a situation for so short a time. Another who "wasn't bounded to go to service," wanted "the privilege of two afternoons with

tea," in the week. Another said she couldn't think of cleaning the front. She had always lived with quality folks, who had a man to do that. Others had all the virtues under the sun, but when they found they would have all the work to do in so large a house, for four or five days, "guessed the place wouldn't suit."

There was no prospect of getting away either; for Frank's business became more complicated than he had anticipated; so poor Lina cried herself to sleep that night, after forgetting to close the house before retiring.

The next morning she arose, utterly sick with worryment. Her husband and herself had gone to a confectioner's and got coffee and muffins the night before, but she felt ashamed of not being able to get one meal herself. "I surely can make a cup of coffee," thought she, as she was selecting a dress suitable to play kitchen-maid in. Her wardrobe was full of morning dresses, which a countess might have envied, got up for a *dejeuner* at Saratoga, but there was not one which would look quite in place in her kitchen. At last she fixed upon a white cambric, elaborately trimmed with edging, worth at least a dollar and a half a yard, as the plainest of the set, and tying a black silk apron over it, she noiselessly slipped out of the room.

Lina had dressed very quietly in order not to awake her husband, yet she felt vexed enough to cry when she found he still slept on; it seemed such an utter disregard of her troubles.

But when she reached the kitchen she sat down in despair. The fire in the range had been neglected, and was entirely out; she knew as much about kindling one in Etna, as there. At length Lina espied in an out kitchen a small furnace, which had been bought for Nancy's preserving. She thought there was a barrel of charcoal in the cellar, and had a vague idea that it ignited easily.

She was not particular now about her hands, and after putting the coal on the hearth, she wiped them on her dress. A match was now applied to the charcoal, but of course without effect; it was repeated over and over again with no better success. Lina then got some paper, but the paper burned out before the coal kindled.

She gave it up in despair, and sat down on the hearth, white wrapper and all, and took a hearty cry.

The kitchen blinds were turned, and Lina had been watched from an upper window of the next house, by the chamber-maid, with both pity and amusement.

"Bridget, I say," called the girl to another servant, "can't you go in next door and make a fire for the poor little cratur there, that's crying her eyes out, jist? Sure she niver did

a hand's turn in her life! The saints protect her!"

Lina overheard the conversation, and in a few minutes the good hearted Irish girl knocked at the back gate, and when it was opened she said, with the delicacy of good feeling, "I knew, mam, your girl had left you, so I thought I would jist step in and see if I could make a fire, or any thing, as I thought you didn't look very strong, like."

Lina thanked her from the bottom of her heart, and stood watching the operation with more anxiety than she had evinced when trying to catch the Scottish step from her dancing master.

"Can you tell me of a girl I can get for a few days, till my own comes back?" she asked of Bridget.

"I know of one, mam, but she isn't jist used to the ways in this country; she has never lived at service, mam."

"No matter for that," was the reply, "if she can only make fires and coffee, and do the roughest part of the work, I shall be satisfied."

"Now, mam, if you will tell me where the kettle is I will fill it, for it will be too heavy jist for the likes of you to lift."

The kettle was filled and put on the fire; and Bridget departed, promising to send a servant to Mrs. Thornton that afternoon.

Whilst Lina was arranging the table the bell rung, and on opening the door the baker stared at the blackened face which presented itself to him.

Lina reached out her hands for the bread, but observing the color drew them back, and held up her black silk apron for it.

"The tally, too, mam, if you please."

"I do not know anything about it, you must wait till my girls come home," said Lina, ready to cry again.

The next ring brought the milk-man, and the worried little housekeeper flew into the kitchen, and got a couple of vegetable dishes to hold a quart of milk and a few cents worth of cream.

The closets were now rummaged for the coffee, and as soon as it was ground, Lina hastened to pour the water upon it, for she thought her fire was already showing symptoms of going out. The kettle upset on her feet, but as it was not nearly boiled there was no damage done. The pot was put on the fire, and Lina went up to awaken her husband. He did not notice her swollen eyes, but the white dress blackened with coal, and the black apron whitened with the dry flour from the bread, presented such a spectacle that he broke into a hearty laugh. This was too much. Hadn't he been sleeping comfortably whilst she was worrying her life out; and Lina cried again harder than ever.

Frank soothed her as well as he could; asked her why she had not called him; and said he had no doubt he should enjoy a breakfast without meat just as well as if he had it.

Now Frank loved a cup of good coffee above all things; so he watched it as Lina poured it out, with some anxiety. It did not look very promising, to be sure, and when he had tasted it he thought it better to take the whole at one swallow.

Lina's appetite had gone completely. Cooks are proverbially small eaters. She suspected, however, that the coffee was not remarkably palatable when Frank pushed his chair away, having taken only one cup. But he declared he "was not hungry that day, though the coffee was delicious."

Frank's dinner was again taken at a *restaurant*, and his wife's consisted of bread and butter, and fruit.

In the evening Bridget's friend made her appearance. She could make fires, boil potatoes, and "do the rough," but there her abilities

ceased. Very willing, but very stupid. The eggs for breakfast *wouldn't cook soft* for her; a delicious pudding, made by Bridget—who run in now and then to show her friend—was boiled in a pot of soup "to give it a flavor, jist;" peas cooked in the pod; and blunders enough committed to have driven Nancy mad.

Lina declared if she ever had a daughter, she should learn cooking before she did her letters; and when Nancy and Betsey returned, whom their mistress could almost have kissed for joy, Lina set busily, indefatigably to work to learn housekeeping.

When that great event was accomplished, and not till then, did Frank tell his wife that once upon a time he had been obliged to take a second breakfast at a confectionary, because neither the kettle nor the coffee had boiled at home.

Lina too became remarkably contented with her lot; she now had no wish to be "just a *little* poor;" for though she could take the care of the house upon herself, it must be confessed also *that she never did like it.*

I AM DREAMING.

BY GEORGE H. BANISTER.

I AM dreaming, fondly dreaming,
 Dreaming o'er the blissful past,
 Dreaming of those loves and fancies,
 All too beautiful to last.
 They are landmarks in my journey,
 Down the fickle stream of life,
 They were real once—those fancies—
 For my heart knew naught of strife.

I am dreaming of my Angie;
 How together we have strayed,
 'Neath the silvery rays of even,
 Down the vine-arched forest glade.

I am dreaming how the fairies
 Danced within those eyes of blue,
 Darting forth their love-lit glances,
 Like the sunlight on the dew.

I am dreaming, sadly dreaming,
 Of those happy hours by-gone,
 But a spirit whisper tells me,
 They have not forever flown.

Far away in climes Elysian
 Are those hours of youthful love,
 Treasured with angelic fondness,
 By a myriad throng above.

Every day, and hour, and moment,
 Every thought, and word, and deed,
 Shall be treasured as a witness,
 Till this spirit shall be freed.

Then our youthful loves and fancies,
 Fresh from angel's care shall come,
 And with words of sweet affection,
 Bid us welcome to our home.

There mine own Irene will meet me;
 There mine Agnes too doth dwell;
 And the darling of my fancies,
 Dearest, fondest loved Gazelle.
 'Neath the shade of golden willows,
 Where the chrystal fountains play,
 Where the pearly notes of seraphs
 Ride their echoes far away—

Where the daylight is but love-light,
 Where the pearl-rose ever blooms,
 And the dew-bathed silver lilies
 Shed abroad their sweet perfumes;
 Where the streamlets ever glisten
 In the mellow rays of love,
 Heart in heart, by love united,
 With my fond Gazelle I'll rove!

But I'm dreaming—wildly dreaming,
 Visions fickle as the air;
 Transient as the dews of morning,
 Fair as Heaven, and false as fair!
 Such is life; a dreamed existence,
 Fraught with sorrow, grief and woe;
 Fancies are our mental banquets,
 Dream-land, all the Heaven we know.

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

"And when, my dear child, do you intend to quit building castles in the air?"

"Never, uncle, never! Ah! what would I do without dreaming! It seems to me I live in a world of my own."

"And pray, with what kind of creatures is your world peopled? Is the sentimental your forte, or do you prefer the heroic? You yourself are the queen in the realm, I suppose."

"Ah, no, dear uncle, that style of dreams is flown. I used to dream 'that I dwelt in marble halls,' &c., but now my visions come nearer my heart. Besides the floating shadows that form the amusement of a half hour, I have an orderly vision, if I may call it so, that I carry on from from day to day. It is a very complex one, I assure you—embraces a great many characters. And oh! I am so happy in that world! All the tenderest, dearest blessings that I long for perhaps in vain, in this, are showered upon me there. But, uncle, you are laughing at me now."

"No, my dear child, but why not show us some transcripts of this glowing clime? write down some of their delightful imaginings for us."

"No, no, uncle, I could not do that. I could not, like Lamartine, give you a portion of my own beating heart."

"Well, well, I should have no objection to all this, even though it does waste a great deal of precious time, if you did not carry your dreaming propensity into actual life. You very often merely dream of things you ought to do."

"Oh, well, dear uncle, never despair. Nothing was ever done that was not first 'dreamed' of."

"Dreamed! dreamed! I am afraid, my child, you will meet with a rough awakening."

Sixteen—sweet sixteen—Isabel Barnes was just sixteen, and can you not imagine the world of feeling and fancy that filled her heart? Rare beauty of form and face was hers, and hers was that sweet gift

"Which answers only to the far bright stars,
Which answers only to the wind and streams,
The sweet wood blossom, and the moon's pale
beams."

She was a dreamer in every sense of the word, and this gave no small uneasiness to her sober Uncle Everett, in whose affections the child of his dead sister held a place not less sacred than that of his own Mary.

Isabel's school vacations were generally passed with her cousin, as she cared not to return to her New York home, where her step-mother now was mistress. Her father was too much immersed in business to give much time to her, and readily consented to this arrangement. Her two brothers, Howard and Edward, usually paid a visit to their uncle at the time she was there.

Soon after the above conversation Mary Everett and Isabel returned to school. With sadness they went, for they felt that their last vacation was over. The next time they saw the lovely village of Morristown, they would be no longer school girls, but beings before whom lay the great problem of life, which each in her own way must work out—ay, *must*, for earth suffers not her children to turn back or shrink. When once the golden gates of childhood have closed behind them, they must plunge into the rushing stream and share the strife. I know not why it is, but much is said about the interesting position of young men at the opening of life's dream, and they themselves are allowed the credit of reflecting very deeply upon it, while all seem to forget that the other sex share the same circumstances, and, therefore, the same feelings. For the first time they look upon life as a whole—for the first time they trace a pathway through it with other eyes than those of vague and dreaming hope, and sad indeed is the heart that feels that the strongest link that bound it to childhood's careless days is broken, and feels too its own unfitness to meet that which is to come.

Many a plan for their future course did Mary and Isabel lay. The latter's path seemed very plain—it was pointed out by the wasted finger of a dying mother. For Isabel, volatile and dreaming as she was, had that knowledge which her soberer Cousin Mary lacked—that knowledge taught by the first deep grief—by the sense of the eternal change that has then passed over the heart, which can never, nevermore be as that of those who has never known grief. Isabel had stood by a dying mother's bed, and heard the faltering words that told her of her responsibility as the only sister of two young brothers, and the only daughter of a care-worn father. And for a time she had not neglected to preserve and heighten the great influence she held over her brothers, nor relaxed in her affectionate attentions to her remaining parent. But soon

afterward she left home, and until now had had little opportunity to follow the sacred injunctions of the dying. But now—now!—how earnest were her resolutions—how bright her plans for the time when she should once more be at home.

“Well, Mary,” she said, to her cousin, one day after she had been talking to her of some of these anticipations, “what are you going to do when we leave school?”

“Indeed I don’t know, Bella. I can only answer you in the words of the apostle, ‘do with my might whatsoever my hand findeth to do,’ for I must do something. I have a perfect craving for action, Isabel. I long for the excitement of life—rushing life.”

“Why, Mary?”

“I cannot tell you, Bella, but so it is, and yet how quiet is the life I shall probably lead.”

Silently yet quickly the months flew on, and Isabel Barnes and Mary Everett bade farewell to school life. Mary was to spend the coming winter with her cousin in New York, and just as the cool winds of October were making Broadway bright again, they arrived there, Isabel with her dreaming plans, and Mary with her longing for excitement.

Isabel’s twin brother, Howard, was then at home on his first college vacation, and eagerly did he welcome his darling sister. During his stay they were constantly together. Perfect confidence had always reigned between them. Howard’s frank and generous disposition led him to confide everything to his sister, and Isabel, since her mother’s death, had had none but her brother to whom she could impart her most sacred thoughts. When Howard went back to college, many were the promises exchanged of writing very frequently. “You’ll have more time to write now, Bella,” said Howard, “than when you were studying so hard.”

“Oh, I’ll write every week—tell you all the news, and you must tell me everything, every thing, Howard—all you see, and do and think.”

They parted very affectionately, and Isabel sat down and spent the next half hour in building a castle in the air, as fair and glittering as the Crystal Palace—a vision of love and trust—a vision illumined with a light not of earth, a radiance beaming from a mother’s grave, shedding its light on the daughter’s brow by reason of her obedience to that mother’s dying words. Ah, that it had been something more than a dream!

One morning, not long after Howard’s departure, as Isabel rose from a late breakfast, her youngest brother came into the room with an unfinished sketch in his hand, saying, “Bella, please show me about this.”

“Not now, Edward, not now,” said she, playfully pressing her bright lips to his forehead, “I

have not time. I must go down to the mantua-maker’s. Some other day I will.”

The boy looked disappointed, but left the room without saying anything.

“It would not have taken me long though, would it, Mary?” said Isabel, turning half regretfully to her cousin, “I might call him back”—but she did not do it.

“Whither bound, Molly?” she said, as she met Mary on the stairs two hours afterward.

“To call upon that lady from Philadelphia. I can’t wait for you any longer, Bell.”

“Oh! to be sure, I ought to have been ready long ago. I wish I could go this morning, but I can’t. What have you been doing ever since breakfast?”

“Practising, *cara mia*. Did you not hear me?”

“How much you do accomplish! I wish I could sit down and go straight through with any thing as you can.”

In the afternoon of the same day Isabel had taken up a novel, and was going to her room to lie down for an hour preparatory to her evening’s dissipation, when her father called her from the hall,

“Here, Bell, come read to me a little while.”

“Oh, indeed, papa, I cannot. I’m very sorry, but I’m too tired.”

“But I’ve got a new book, ‘Dream Life,’ here. Come, you love day-dreams yourself, you know.”

“Ah, dear papa, remember I’ve got to dance all night.”

“Ah, you think more of polkas than pages, I’m afraid, Bell.”

“No, no, indeed,” but she bounded on up stairs, and spent the next two hours half in reading, half in dreaming—dreaming of the flatteries and sweet whispers she would hear that night.

The season was an unusually gay one, and under the chaperonage of Mrs. Barnes, who had always been kind enough to her step-daughter, Isabel and Mary entered most fully into its allurements. Mary Everett, without possessing the striking beauty, or sweet, winning manners of her cousin, was still a very pretty girl, with a slight vein of sarcasm running through her conversation, which made her very piquant and attractive to the young fashionables that lounged on the sofas of Mr. Barnes, and talked of the new prima-donna, and the last fancy ball. Mary danced and flirted, and chattered nonsense as eagerly as any, acting on her usual principle of entering into everything with her whole soul; but this, even combined with her regular fulfilment of her few duties, satisfied only for a time her craving for action. She envied her Cousin Isabel the golden opportunities she was daily throwing from her. Isabel was carried away by

the stream of gayety, and forgetting her fond dreams, wrote very irregularly to her brother. Howard felt hurt, and said so in his letters, and then Isabel would resolve to do differently; but on went the days and weeks, and still it was only in dreams that she did anything to retain the affection and confidence of her twin brother. Her brother Edward was younger than herself—a quiet, thoughtful boy of fourteen. He was naturally very reserved, but his motherless heart had sprung eagerly toward his sister, on her return home, and she could have won him to be almost anything she chose if she had only been true to herself and him. Her affectionate ways kept the door of his heart open to her far longer than it would otherwise have been, but he at last discovered that her affection produced no fruits. She was also fickle and capricious. Sometimes she would be very obliging, and again she would have a dozen excuses to prevent her complying with his requests.

The counters at Tiffany & Young's are beginning to be thronged—the pictures on Barnum's Museum are longer and more dazzling than ever—in Thomson's window is a more splendid display of confectionary—and all “the ruination-shops on the west side of Broadway,” as Willis says, have put on their most brilliant air—the holidays have arrived! And with them came Howard Barnes for a flying visit. Isabel was very proud of her gay, handsome brother, and took him with her to every place of amusement. But Howard soon found that when he spoke to her of his own feelings and occupations her thoughts were not with him. He could no longer tell her everything with perfect assurance that she would understand and sympathize with him. Those ten days did more to lessen his confidence in his sister, and weaken her influence over him than he himself was conscious of. When they parted, Howard's embrace was rather cold, and he heard Isabel's renewed promises to write frequently with a strange smile.

But what of Isabel's poetry all this time? It had once been her dearest pleasure to prove her feelings in song, but fashionable life is to poetry as the frost to the tender plant—it withers away its life. Isabel's sacred gift had been long neglected, and now when she essayed to wake her silent lute, she marveled that it did not answer her again. Ah! her feelings were touched with worldly perfumes, and the trembling, shadowy strings shrank from them in dismay. She had formed many projects of writing much when she should be free from school, whither had they fled?

She now found flirtation much more agreeable. Among the many moustached exquisites who sunned themselves in her hazel eyes, or kept up

the ball of quick repartee with Mary, there were none whom gossip had fixed upon as Isabel's favored suitor. Almost the only trait of wiser feeling that there was left in the coquettish belle, betrayed itself in the blushes with which she received the attentions of Mr. Charles Morgan, a young lawyer, who boasted no exquisite affectations, but whose true, noble feelings showed themselves in his polished manners, his refined conversation, and the intelligence that lit up his handsome face. But Isabel smiled on all—flirted in the morning with Mr. Menteith—shopped at Stewarts with Mr. Hyde—walked in Fifth Avenue with Mr. Byron Chase—talked and *glanced* away the afternoon with Captain Allen, and polkaed with Mr. Edgar Merrill in the evening. The most *recherchee* of all devoted himself to Mary Everett—the heiress—and Isabel often teased her about him. Mary curled her red lip, and shook her head; but one evening, near the end of that month when ladies talk least, Lieutenant Boyd entered the parlor, holding “his hat in his hand, that remarkably requisite practice.” And before an hour had elapsed, he managed, looking from his patent-leathers to Mary's eyes, to offer his heart and hand to her acceptance. The hand was very elegant, and wore diamonds of the first water—Mary had not the least objection to that—but the *heart*—Miss Everett's tone was a little haughty as she refused the gallant Lieutenant.

The winter is over at last—the winter to which Isabel had so long looked forward—and what are its fruits? She has time for reflection now, and what sees she as she looks around her? She sees, though he says nothing of it, how disappointed is her father. He had expected his daughter's society—expected her affectionate attentions—had longed to feel her warm breath on his brow—to trace in her eyes the likeness to her dead mother. Has Isabel been to him what an only and indulged daughter should be to such a father? has she been to him half what she once dreamed she would be? And her brothers—how slight was the influence she held over Edward now. And Howard's letters since his last visit home had breathed an altered spirit. They were constrained and much less affectionate. They alluded too to scenes and companions far different from those of other days, and still darker hints might be gathered from an occasional unguarded sentence. Howard's frank, social disposition made him particularly open to temptation, and Isabel wept as she thought how much the knowledge of her sympathy and constant interest might have done to guard him from such influences.

In May he obtained leave of absence for a short time, and poor Isabel saw with a burning

heart the change in his manners and feelings toward herself.

"Come, Howard," she said to him, one evening, "go round to Clinton Place and make a call with me on a very pretty young lady."

"Don't ask me, Isabel! I have a perfect horror of city young ladies. They're made for show. Everything is done for other people, and not for their own family—they dress for others—talk for others—live for others."

"Why, Howard, what possesses you! Come! go with me. I know you want to."

"Once for all, Isabel, I do not wish to. I have no desire to make the acquaintance of any more of the belles of New York. One is quite enough," and he left the room.

This was only a trifle, but Isabel heard him break forth at the breakfast-table, the next morning, in a tirade against the fickleness of woman, in which he only seemed to be checked by a sudden recollection of his mother—and she saw him every night depart alone for some scene of dissipation, from which he never returned till after midnight. At breakfast his blood-shot eye and colorless lip would bring fresh remorse to the sister's heart. One morning when she had heard him with heavy step descend the stairs after the family had dispersed, she ran down to pour out his coffee for him, and tried with her most winning ways to dispel the gloom that hung over his countenance, and get him to confide in her as of yore. But in vain. It was the last day, however, that he was to be at home, and she could not let the opportunity pass. Throwing at length her arms around his neck, she poured forth her full heart with mingled sobs and tears. Deeply did she condemn herself, and earnestly entreat his forgiveness. And Howard's affectionate nature fully, freely forgave all. But Isabel felt that evil had been done perhaps beyond her power to repair, when she heard his account of the last few months—heard him acknowledge that he had spent but little time in his studies—that he had connected himself with a set of dissipated young men who shunned not the gaming-table or the wine cup. He promised his sister, however, that all this should cease when he should once more have some one into whose breast to pour his difficulties and griefs, certain of interest and sympathy. And Isabel trusted and hoped, and with a heart filled anew with bright dreams, she sent her brother forth again.

She now turned to her Brother Edward, but she found that she could not break the reserve which enshrouded him. He was always gentle and kind, but into the inner depths of his spirit she might not penetrate. Her father was absent on a journey, and she contented herself with

regard to him, by dreaming of a different life when he came back.

The lofty resolves of Isabel's school days had been revived, and in their train came some of her old romantic visions of the chosen one to whom her fate should be allied. How different was the ideal she had then formed from any of the perfumed *elegantes* whose cards were daily laid upon her mother's table! Such thoughts made her receive with more interest the increasing attentions of Charles Morgan—and, to make the story short, when she left the city for warm weather it was as his affianced bride.

During her stay with her Cousin Mary in Morristown, she wrote frequently to both her brothers. But Howard's replies, though they came regularly, were not what they once were; and Isabel felt, bitterly felt, that the chain of confidence once broken can never more be renewed.

The band in the rooms of the United States at Saratoga was pouring its gay music forth—the belles from every state in the Union were flirting their fans—and the fortune-hunters were making the best use of their eye-glasses. Saratoga, charming Saratoga, was in all its glory; and mingling with the giddy throng were Mary Everett and Isabel Barnes. At the breakfast-table, the morning of their arrival, they met Captain Allen and Mr. Hyde, two of their New York cavaliers.

"How delighted I am, Miss Barnes," cried the captain, "haven't we good luck, Hyde? You look as charming as ever, Miss Bella," continued he, "why, *your* breakfast ought to be happy to be eaten. And, Miss Mary, haven't you a look to spare for your humble servant?"

Every evening during their stay at Saratoga, Isabel—the *fiancée*—accepted the quiet attentions of Mr. Hyde, the heir of a Boston millionaire, and sentimentalized with Captain Allen over her morning tumbler of Congress water. Mary gave herself up to the current of the hour, only now and then allowing herself to long for action.

Action, responsibility—did she long for those? Even in the midst of that thoughtless scene came a fearful summons to them. A letter arrived for her informing her of her father's sudden death. That same night saw her on her way to Morristown. With a face pale as ashes, but a tearless eye, she alighted from the carriage at the door of her home. That peculiar odor belonging to nothing save the casket of death, struck upon her senses as she entered the house, but still she shed no tear, not even when she was clasped to her mother's breaking heart. And not until she looked on the motionless features, upon which rested that strange beauty which death lends to the homeliest face, did her throbbing, burning heart find relief in tears.

Days, weeks passed on, and Mary saw that she must rouse herself from her grief. It was found that by an unfortunate speculation just previous to his death, Mr. Everett's property had become deeply involved, and instead of Mary and her young sisters being heiresses, the whole family were in danger of actual want. Mrs. Everett was utterly overwhelmed with the suddenness of her bereavement, and totally unable to think of anything save that. But Mary saw that with energy and decision something might yet be rescued from the grasp of her father's creditors, and very new and wonderful it was to those sober business men, to see that slender girl of nineteen assume a mien of dignity and firmness, and insist upon attending herself to the settlement of her father's affairs. She shrank from no difficulty or labor in the long and complicated process—bringing to the task a clear head and an accurate knowledge of accounts, together with a quick eye for any attempt at evasion or injustice, and a firm will to resist it. At the end of four months she had the satisfaction to find that by her energy she had secured for her mother a decent competence.

In the meantime she heard frequently from her Cousin Isabel, whose sympathy and affection were most precious to her. Isabel had her own sorrows, though she forbore to trouble Mary with them. Charles Morgan had pressed her to fulfil her engagement with him. He had only an humble home to offer her, but a love deep and fervent to hallow that home. Isabel contrasted it, however, with the splendid mansion of Mr. Hyde, which she knew was at her disposal. Once she would have called herself sordid to allow wealth to influence her in this respect. Not far distant too was the time when, with a heart filled with affection for Charles Morgan's many noble qualities, she had promised to be his. But still reason with herself as she might, she shrank from becoming a poor man's wife. She broke her plighted troth.

She was not happy after the deed was done. Many uneasy thoughts were busy in her breast. Howard too had long ceased to say anything in his letters about his resolution to avoid evil companions. He confided nothing to his sister, and she trembled for him. Her fears were not without foundation. Soon came a letter to Mr. Barnes from the president of the college, warning him of the dangerous course of his son, whose habits had become very inattentive and dissipated. Bitter, bitter and scalding were the tears that Isabel mingled with her father's over this letter. How differently did she now regard her Cousin Mary, whom she had once almost pitied for having no fair dreams to realize. Mary had now left home to fill the situation of governess

in a family at the South, firmly devoting herself to increase the comforts of her mother and sisters. In constant employment she had found the best balm for her bleeding heart, and cheerfulness had already begun to revisit her spirit. A part of her first letter to Isabel ran thus:—"I longed for action, dear Isabel—I have it now, far more sudden and severe than I had looked for. My task is a trying one, as weary heart and aching brow already testify. On the evening of my arrival at Mr. Collins', I was received by Mrs. Collins herself with an air of condescending kindness. Oh, Isabel, God grant that my proud spirit and rebellious temper may be subdued. After a while she told me that she would show me my room whenever I liked, and that she expected a little company in the evening, which she would be very happy to have me join if I desired, adding, 'if the children wish to dance, perhaps you might play for them.' After tea I was seated in the shaded corner of the parlor, when the first guest entered, to whom I was slightly named—Miss Everett. She bowed politely. To the next arrival, a tall, fine-looking woman, I was introduced in the same way. As the lady did not stumble over me, nor drop her chair upon my toes, I presume she was aware of my presence, but she gave no other indication of the fact. However, I soon took my place at the piano. I played some of our old polkas and mazourkas, Isabel. When the children and their companions were tired, which was not until long after my fingers were aching, I swallowed down my tears, and turned around to a room full of twenty people, all perfect strangers. I got up and walked to a table where a pile of engravings was lying. There for two hours I sat, turning over and over those dull pictures. Not a creature spoke to me. There were girls of my own age present, but an impassable barrier seemed suddenly to have arisen between me and them. I asked myself whether I was the same Mary Everett or not. These are only trifles, Isabel—trifles indeed, compared to the rest I have to bear—but yet—I have learned to endure them calmly though—to hear unconcernedly the usual reply to inquiries of who I am, 'oh! it's only the governess'—to repress without anger the too familiar attentions of the young gentlemen visitors at Mrs. Collins'. I devote my time and energies to the task of hearing grammar lessons, mending pens, 'touching up' drawings, teaching stupid children to drum on the piano, and *learning patience*. If sometimes my heart fails me, and I long for rest, I think of my distant mother and sisters, and new courage and resolve comes to the spirit of the lonely orphan."

Isabel Barnes read this letter with sadness, yet how much she would have given for the

consciousness of well-doing that dwelt in Mary's breast. She herself was now reaping the bitter fruits of her own folly. With the dawning of the New Year, Howard Barnes came home to die. His late reckless course had developed the seeds of consumption within him, and in his wasted form and haggard features, Isabel scarcely recognized her once joyous, beautiful brother. The physicians gave no hope—his constitution had been too much injured—and oh! how full of misery, how overflowing with agony was Isabel's heart, as she sat herself to the task of cheering and soothing his decline! Howard's every word was full of kindness and affection toward herself, yet keen were the pangs with which she heard him tell how with a heart lonely, slighted, thrown back upon itself, he had rushed to the gaming-table to drown his thoughts in excitement, and then how ineffectual had been his resolution to desert either that or its accompaniments, especially as he found it impossible to renew his old feelings toward his sister, or to repose his old confidence in her. On her knees, with every fibre of her frame wrung with anguish, did that sister implore his forgiveness, and Howard granted it eagerly, and entreated her to be calm.

But calmness was not for her yet. She had yet to listen to his dying expressions of deep love, each word sending new daggers to her heart—to witness his dying struggle—and to bend at last in speechless woe over his cold remains.

Weary months rolled on, and another drop was to be added to her cup of bitterness. Her Brother Edward, who was now fifteen years of age, declared his wish for a sailor's life. In vain Isabel wept and urged him not to leave her for a course so full of dangers. She felt that she had now no right to expect his compliance with her wishes, and at length mournfully bade him farewell. "But oh!" thought she, "if I had only made his home what it should have been, he would not have wished to leave it."

It was now her portion to lie awake in the

dreary night-watches, when the storm was abroad in the heavens, listening to the roaring of the tempest with an imagination conjuring up scenes of suffering and death on the broad ocean.

Isabel, oh! how sadly did she receive the proposal of the wealthy Mr. Hyde. For him she had broken solemn vows, and wrung a noble heart, and now she absolutely loathed the wealth offered to her acceptance.

The zephyrs of June were calling the roses out when Isabel refused Mr. Hyde, and before the last ones had faded she stood by the new-made grave of her father. "My Uncle Everett," she murmured, "said that ere long I would have a rough waking from my dreams. If he could see me now he would say that the waking has been rough indeed."

Three, four years passed on. Mary Everett had become the bride of a talented young physician, and was living near her mother in her native village of Morristown—content with quiet duties—when she received a few lines from Isabel, entreating her to come to her. She immediately obeyed the summons, and most precious to her dying cousin were her presence and love. Un-speakably mournful were the feelings with which Mary gazed upon the exquisite beauty so soon to be hid forever, and felt the wondrous fascination of Isabel's manner, and listened to the revelations of that spirit whose rare endowments had done so little for their possessor. One day Isabel gave into her hands a small manuscript volume containing her own poems. "Keep them, Mary," she said, with a sad smile, "they are the last remains of my dreams."

Paler and paler grew that fair face—clearer and clearer those bright, spiritual eyes. One cool October evening, Mary had risen to arrange the pillows under her cousin's head, when she noticed a quick change pass over her features—a smile of gentlest affection illumined them—and then all was still. The dreamer was at rest.

SONG.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

THOU art fairer, Margaret,
Than the red rose in its prime,
Sweeter than the violet
At the sunset time.

Ever grace about thee lives;
From thine eyes enchantment flows;
And thy presence pleasure gives,
Like perfume the rose.

Pleasure undefinable
Springeth up within the heart,
When thy beauty, like a spell,
Does its light impart.

Even when no longer near,
Feels the heart thy magic power,
As the fragrance still will cheer,
Though unseen the flower.

THE FAIRY REGION OF THE RHINE.

BY HELEN FAWCETT.

THE Lurlei rocks, which are situated a little above the Katz, form a striking contrast to the general scenery of the Rhine. During the greater part of his journey along the river, the traveller beholds a luxuriant country, and the ruins which stand on the mountain heights seem only like so many desolate specks in a region of universal luxuriance; but at the Lurlei, cultivation ceases altogether, and the traveller, instead of seeing countless vineyards, finds himself in the midst of wild, barren rocks. The Rhine is here contracted to half its size, and the masses being so disposed as to intercept the prospect, it seems reduced to a small basin. The echo of these rocks, which is very remarkable, adds to the effect of the scene, and it is the custom of the masters of the Dusseldorf steamboats, when they arrive here, to fire a small cannon, for the purpose of producing it.

Popular tradition supposes that the Lurlei, also called Lorelei, was once the residence of a water-fairy named Lore, and that the appellation of the place is derived from her name, "Lei," being a Rhenish word signifying "rock." This fairy used to appear to the boatmen on the river, standing on the summit of the rock, and clad in garments of a watery hue. Her long, fair hair hung down upon her shoulders, and her aspect was so beautiful, that those who had once seen her could never forget her. To the virtuous inhabitants of the district she acted as a benefactress, scattering good fortune around her; but she was a foe to the wicked, and those who, on passing the rock, ventured to scoff at her power, were swallowed up by the angry waves as a punishment for their temerity. It was deemed sinful presumption to ascend to her favorite spot, and those who erred in this respect, generally fell into some abyss, or were lost in pathless thickets, whence they could with difficulty extricate themselves.

It is said that Hermann, the only son of Bruno, an early Count Palatine, who inhabited a castle in the neighborhood, was seized with an irresistible desire to behold the fairy. Scarcely a day passed in which he did not approach the rock, of which he had heard so many wild stories, and he often expressed the emotions of his heart with the sound of his guitar. Late one evening, when he was watching the rock from a grotto near its foot, he suddenly perceived on its summit a light

of unusual hue and brilliancy, which, gradually condensing, assumed the form of the fairy. With a feeling of rapture he flung down his guitar, and extended his arms to the figure, who seemed to greet him with a friendly smile. He even fancied that he heard her breathe his name in a tone of affection; and so great was his delight, that he fell senseless to the ground, and did not recover till the following morning. From this time a change came over him, and he was a victim of a constant melancholy, which his father observed though he could not divine its cause. As a distraction to his thoughts the Palatine desired him to join the Imperial army, and earn his knightly spurs, and he could not, in honor, refuse this request. However, on the night before his departure, accompanied by a faithful attendant, he visited the spot whence he had beheld the vision. Looking up to the moonlit summit, he sang to the notes of his guitar, and was answered by the sound of the waters, in which something like a human voice was blended. Presently flames began to play about the rock, in the midst of which the fairy appeared, beckoning the youth with her right hand, while she seemed to control the waves with her left. The waters, as if by her command, rose to a fearful height, the boat was dashed to pieces, and the attendant escaped with difficulty, while Hermann sank.

The Palatine, as soon as he heard the news, was beside himself with grief and rage, and swearing to be revenged on the fairy, hastened to the rock with a chosen body of retainers. To his amazement he saw her sitting on a point exactly perpendicular to the water's surface, and eyeing him with a glance which made his heart shrink within him. In answer to his demand for his son, she pointed to the waters, and avowing that she had carried him away; and that he was now dwelling with her in a crystal palace at the bottom of the Rhine. She then flung a stone into the water, upon which a wave arose to the summit of the rock. Gliding down the wave, she vanished into the river, and has never been seen since, though it is said she is often heard to the present day.

A little above the Lurlei rock, and close to the village Oberwesel, which stands on the opposite bank, are seven rocks in the river, called the "Seven Virgins," a name which is explained by popular tradition. In ancient times the castle of Schonberg, now in ruins, was, it is said, inhabited

by a knight who had seven daughters. As, on his decease, these inherited all his wealth, and were, moreover, endowed with great beauty, they were eagerly sought in marriage, but they regarded every suitor with cold disdain; and though they treated all their visitors with kindness and hospitality, an offer of marriage was sure to be answered with scorn and insult. At the same time they caused many of the lovers to foster hopes of ultimate success, and hence these would not withdraw from the sphere of fascination. On one occasion two of the suitors engaged in a jealous quarrel, and as this threatened to have a sanguinary issue, and both were greatly esteemed, a general voice was raised in the neighborhood that the ladies should declare their intentions with regard to their suitors, and not create further mischief by alluring and repelling them. Thus urged, they promised to give their decision on an appointed day.

When the day arrived, the suitors came in

abundance, watching the castle door with anxiety. Presently a female attendant appeared, who told them that the ladies awaited them in a bower of their garden, which bordered the river. They rushed to the spot, but to their amazement saw the seven sisters in a boat at some distance from the bank. The eldest, who stood at the stern, informed them that they loved their liberty too much to submit to the slavery of marriage, and that they were on their way to the Netherlands, where they had an aunt, and where they intended to break the hearts of new admirers. However, while they were scoffing at the unhappy knights, a storm arose, the boat struck against a rock, and they all sank to the bottom of the river. Soon afterward seven rocks were seen peering above the surface of the waters; and as these are supposed to be the "Seven Virgins," in an altered form, they are regarded as a wholesome warning against female coyness.

THE BOY AND HIS DYING BROTHER.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

"BROTHER, is't true that you must go
From this bright world away?
Where sweet flowers bloom, and rivers flow,
Can you no longer stay?"

"They say you're going to realms of love,
To a land of peace and bliss,
But brother mine, where'er you rove
You'll find no land like this.

"The flowers are blooming fair and gay,
The birds are on the wing,
Brother, a little longer stay,
For it is sweet, sweet Spring."

"Yes, brother, from this earth away,
'Tis true that I must go,

I cannot, would not longer stay!"

"Dear brother, say not so.

"For all things here are sweet and fair,
Each hill is clothed with green,
And primroses and violets rare
On sunny banks are seen."

"But brother mine, in that sweet land
Myriads of angels sing,
Crowns on their heads, harps in their hands,
And all is beautiful Spring!

"'Tis there the blest of this world go
In peace and joy to dwell,
'Tis there through grace I shall go too,
So, brother mine, farewell!"

LINES FROM AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BY MRS. A. H. COREY.

LIKE the last hues of parting day,
Which linger on the Summer's sky,
So Heav'nly pure the mellow light,
So rich the beauty where they lie;
Thus may my memory in thy heart
Light up the joys of other days,
And chase away each gathering cloud,
With its serene, effulgent rays.

Far, far away! How many hours
I yet shall sigh to live again,
And weep for those whose hearts with mine
Are joined for aye, but weep in vain.
For stranger eyes, and stranger tongues
May wake a moment's passing thrill:
But home and friends, their welcome smiles,
Through time and change, I'll love them still.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. VIII.

THE TROT.—The trot is now becoming very fashionable, many ladies regarding it—however discountenanced by the majority, perhaps—as preferable from its vigor, liveliness and dash, to any other pace. It should be performed with great precision of step, and no concussion to the rider.

To make the horse advance from a walk to a trot, draw upward the little finger of each hand (or that of the left hand only, when the pupil has advanced enough to hold the reins in one hand) and turn them toward the body: an animation of the leg or whip should accompany this motion. The trot should be commenced moderately: if the horse start off too rapidly, or increase the pace beyond the rider's inclination, she must check him by closing the hands firmly; and, if that will not suffice, by drawing the little fingers upward and toward the body. This must not be done by a jerk, but delicately and gradually; and, as soon as the proper effect is produced, the reins are again to be slackened. If the horse do not advance with sufficient speed, or do not bring up his haunches well, the animations used at starting him are to be repeated. When the horse proceeds to the trot, the lady must endeavor to preserve her balance, steadiness and pliancy. The rise in trotting is to be acquired by practice. When the horse, in his action, raises the rider from her seat, she should advance her body, and rest a considerable portion of her weight on the right knee; by means of which, and by bearing the left foot on the stirrup, she may return to her former position without being jerked; the right knee and the left foot, used in the same manner, will also aid her in the rise. Particular attention must be paid to the general position of the body while trotting: in this pace, ordinary riders frequently rise to the left, which is a very bad practice, and must positively be avoided. The lady should also take care not to raise herself too high; the closer she maintains her seat, consistently with her own comfort, the better.

It is said, that when a lady, while her horse is going at a smart trot, can lean over, on the right side, far enough to see the horse's shoe, she may

be supposed to have established a correct seat, which, we repeat, she should spare no pains to acquire.

THE CANTER.—If the horse be well trained, a slight pressure of the whip and leg, and an elevation of the horse's head, by means of the reins, will make him strike into a canter. Should he misunderstand, or disobey these indications of the rider's will, by merely increasing his walk or trot, or going into the trot from a walk, as the case may be, he is to be pressed forward on the bit by an increased animation of the leg and whip; the reins, at the same time, being held more firmly, in order to restrain him from advancing too rapidly to bring his haunches well under him; for the support of which, in this position, he will keep both his hind feet for a moment on the ground, while he commences the canter by raising his fore feet together.

The canter is by far the most elegant and agreeable of all the paces, when properly performed by the horse and rider: its perfection consists in its union and animation, rather than its speed. It is usual with learners who practise without a master, to begin the canter previously to the trot; but we are supported by good authority in recommending, that the lady should first practise the trot, as it is certainly much better calculated to strengthen and confirm her in the balance, seat, &c., than the canter.

The horse ought to lead with the right foot: should he strike off with the left, the rider must either check him to a walk, and then make him commence the canter again, or induce him to advance the proper leg by acting on the near rein, pressing his side with the left leg, and touching his right shoulder with the whip. His hind legs should follow the direction of the fore legs, otherwise the pace will be untrue, disunited, and unpleasant, both to horse and rider: therefore, if the horse lead with his near fore leg (unless when cantering to the left—the only case when the near legs should be advanced) or with his near hind leg, except in the case just mentioned—although he may lead with the proper fore leg—the pace is false, and ought to be rectified.

A "SAW" LONG OUT OF PRINT.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none:

If there be one—try to find it:
If there be none—never mind it!

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, 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 302, VOL. XXI.

ANY person who would have seen that old gipsy Sibyl tearing her way up the steep ascent of the Barranca, that night, must have fancied some evil spirit had broken loose, and was searching for prey among the gaunt aloes and ragged prickly pears. The sharp hiss with which she rent her garments from the harrowing thorne—the fiendish energy with which she broke away from each fresh grasp, betrayed a state of tormenting wrath which Dante, alone, could describe. There was a power in this bitterness, a concentration of gall that imbued her withered frame through and through with frightful power. Her aged limbs quivered with new life—she walked upright, flung aside her stick, and, grasping the thorny plants fiercely with her hands, drew herself up the hill. The sharp leaves cut her like a knife, tore her hands and drew long purple lines down her lean arms; but no blood followed. Her veins seemed withered up, or barely moistened by the gall that fed them with bitter vitality. The ravine was choked up with darkness—the fires were all out, and the caves closed up. Not a sparkle of the bright Darrow could be seen through the black mist that lay below; and the soft winds that scattered fragrance from a wilderness of blossoms on the *Sierra del Sol*, whose palace was crowned by a few rays of light from the dusky moon, only served to stir the stifling dust through which the fierce old Sibyl waded ankle deep.

With all her toil, the old woman held fast to her crimson skirt, which she gathered up in front and hugged to her bosom, attempting thus to keep a firm grasp on a mass of freshly gathered herbs, which protected here and there from its folds, scattering a fragrant odor upon the dusty air as she crushed them tighter and tighter in her ascent of the hill.

At length she reached the door of her own cave and entered. The lamp which she had left burning in its niche was pouring forth a faint volume of mingled flame and smoke, and a few embers glowed still among the white ashes that lay in heaps under the brasier. A rustle of garments, a faint, shuddering shriek came from a dark angle of the cave as the door was flung

open. The old Sibyl did not seem to heed it; but turned her eyes that way with a look of blank ferocity, and moved on without appearing to have seen my poor mother who sat cowering on the ground, her limbs gathered up beneath the gorgeous mass of her dress, and her great gleaming eyes following each movement of the crone with a seared and shrinking look, like those of an animal which feels itself bound hand and foot for the slaughterer.

As if unconscious that any living thing occupied the miserable dwelling with herself, the old woman shook the herbs from her garments, crouched down by the brasier, and, bending her crooked fingers like the claws of a bird, began to rake the scattered embers in a heap from the ashes, blowing them fiercely with her lips till her face was lighted up by the glow like that of a fiend. Half stifled with the smoke, she began to strangle, and her cough sounded through the cave like the bark of a dog. Still she would not leave her work, but sat down on the floor, straightened a fold of her dusty saya between her hands, and commenced blowing up the embers thus, till her breath came again.

As the liquid in the bronze vase began to simmer, she gathered up the loose herbs, and after twisting them into fragments with a ferocity that sent their juice trickling through her fingers, she cast them into the vase. Sometimes when the stems were tough, she employed her sharp teeth, wrangling with the poisonous fibres like a wild cat over its prey.

This was a fearful proof of the insane wrath that possessed her, for she knew well the deadly nature of those herbs, and yet remained, as it were, insensible of the danger she ran even after her thin lips were swollen and tinged with the poison.

My poor mother, who had cowered in her corner watching all this, could endure the sight no longer; but rising slowly up, crept to her little bed room and softly closed the door. The old woman eyed her with a side long glance as she crept by, but preserved silence and occupied herself with her fire.

Thus an hour passed: huge drops of per-

spiration stood on the forehead of my great grand-dame, for the cave was becoming insufferably warm, and she still kept bending over her work, imbibing the steam and heat with the endurance of a salamander. At last she lifted the vase from its supporter, and placing a broken bowl upon the floor, drained off perhaps half a pint of dark liquid. This she held up to the lamp and examined closely. A gleam of hurried satisfaction was visible for an instant on her face, and she muttered,

"*They* think of distilling the drao—who gave them the secret? Let them boast—let them fancy that the old woman is of no further use. They must come to her for their poison. Yet who else of all the tribe knows the secret, or could distill death into one sweet drop like this?"

She bent over the bowl, her head drooped. For the first time she appeared to think steadily, and mingle her thoughts with something of human feeling.

The fire went out; heavy smoke, for which there was no outlet, gathered in a cloud of palpable darkness over her head. The poison stood cooling by her side, taking a thick, inky blackness, as it were, from her thought; and yet, for the first time that night, there was something of human feeling mingled with the bitterness of her nature. It might have been the pale, frightened face of my mother, as she glided by, that awoke a gleam of womanly regret in her fierce bosom—it might have been the memory of some foregone event which this poor child had shared with her, or the faint, low sobs that began to issue from the little bed room, like the stifled moan of an infant, might have softened the iron of her nature.

It is impossible for me to say which of the thousand strings in that seared heart thrilled to the touch of that guardian angel, that always finds some tone of music in a woman's soul while there is life. But one thing is certain, the lurid fire in those wicked eyes grew dull, and was smothered as they watched the poison drao curdle and cool beneath them.

And there was my wretched mother all this time shut up in the little stifled hole that she called a bed room. Up to this time a sort of wild excitement had kept her up. Indignation, terror, a conflict of feelings, which in her return from the Alhambra had given her the speed and strength of a reindeer, still burned in her heart like fire. But the stillness of the cave—the slow, silent preparations which that old woman was making for her death—all this had a power to chill even her burning excitement. The heart in her bosom seemed turning to stone: her limbs began to shrink and quiver with physical dread. She was but a woman, poor thing, nay, a child

almost, and death was terrible to her, for the Zincale have no bright dream of an after life—we who suffer so much in this world have no hope in death but that of black oblivion. Why should we wish to prolong misery so griping? Should we not, be proscribed, crushed, trampled on through all eternity? Would the Busne grant us a place in heaven, they who have hunted us up and down till we have been glad to find shelter like serpents in the very bosom of the earth?

My mother was afraid to die: the torture that she then endured seemed preferable to that black, stony, eternal sleep, which the end of life was to her.

In her bed room was a mutilated lump of black marble. It was, or had been the body of a beast joined to a human head: though worn with time, hacked and broken, the grave, thoughtful beauty of that countenance, the solemn thought that seemed frozen into the stone and imbuing every fragment, must have won attention even from a person who only looked upon it as an antique of wonderful beauty.

This fragment of Egyptian art stood upon the base of a Roman pedestal, which the old Sibyl had found years before among the broken rubbish of the Alhambra. It was of a time coeval with the Roman altar, which you may yet find embedded in the Torre del Homenage, and had a value to the antiquarian of which my great grand-dame was fully aware. But though she would have sold anything for money, this had been an offering to her idol; and she, almost alone among our people, still kept a traditionary hold upon the faith of Egypt. How she became possessed of this broken idol I never knew, but it was the only thing on earth which she held sacred, and to that she rendered a devotion of her own.

As my mother sat upon her pallet bed, feeling the unnatural strength ebb from her frame, her eyes fell upon this marble face turned with all its grand serenity of expression toward her. All at once it seemed as if she had found a friend; she remembered the old Sibyl's faith in this block of stone, and gazed upon it with strange interest. The tumult of her feelings was hushed. The natural yearning which exists in every female heart at least for something to adore, something strong and high from which she can claim protection, possessed her. She folded her hands in her lap and leaned forward, gazing on the marble face till her eyes were full of tears. She began to sob like a child, and this was the sound that had reached the old woman as she bent over her drao.

But that hard old heart soon shook off its human emotions. Brutus was not more stern in his sense of justice, nor did he show less of

relenting; the laws of her people must be carried out. She would yield the power of life or death over her grandchild to no inferior member of her tribe; she alone would be judge and executioner. Perhaps there was something of mercy in this; the death she gave with her *drao* was easy, almost delightful; a sleepy, voluptuous languor seized upon the victim, grew sweeter, deeper, and eternal. Such was the fate meditated for the poor girl who was sobbing in the next room. The tribe would have stoned her to death; that old Sibyl had a touch of compassion in her murderous designs, but she was not the less determined to kill. She took up the *drao* and set it in the same niche with the swaling lamp. Then she passed into the bed room softly as a cat, closing the door after her with great caution, as if they two had not been quite alone.

The poor Gitanilla sat, as I have said, upon her miserable pallet, looking wistfully toward that antique relic of old Egypt; but she cowered down with a faint cry, as the old woman crept between her and the marble, lifting up one hand as if denouncing her for looking upon a thing that she held in reverence. What passed in that miserable little room I cannot say. My mother never spoke of it: and in her manuscript there was nothing when it came to this part of her story, but great inky scrawls that no one on earth could read.

When the old Sibyl came forth Aurora was upon the ground, her forehead resting against the idol, and murmuring some wild words through a passion of tears.

"Repeat," said the Sibyl, standing over her, and holding up the heavy iron lamp that flared lividly over the mutilated features of the marble and the wild face of the Gitanilla. "Say it again, thus with your face where it is. If there is a lie on your lips that stone will sear them as with a red hot iron."

"Oh, grand-dame, I have spoken truth, nothing but truth. See!" and with a sort of insane awe she pressed her lips upon the broken mouth of the idol two or three times.

The old woman was silent. The lamp shook in her hand; her eyes were fixed upon the idol and the poor creature that clung to it, as if she really expected to see that healthy form fall crisped and withered away from the stone.

The girl turned, clasped her grand-dame around the knees, and lifting up her eyes, in which was a gleam of wild confidence, exclaimed,

"I am unhurt—I am unhurt—grand-dame will you believe me now?"

Still the old woman was silent.

"Grand-dame, mother of my mother, you will not let me die!" Terror and doubt again took possession of the poor thing—she clung closer to

the old woman, her eyes dusky with fear; her lips growing pale again.

"Chaleco must have your life—he will not believe you; no, nor will the women of our tribe!"

"But you believe me, grand-dame!"

"And if I do, what then?"

"You have great power, grand-dame, our people acknowledge it: the stars make you their mistress. You will save me from Chaleco—from our fierce women——"

"How, little one, how? I am old, they would wrest you from my arms. They treat me like an infant already."

"Let us leave them and seek the mountains, you and I, grand-dame. They will not follow us up into the snow peaks!"

"To-night I have clambered up to the Alhambra. It is the first time in ten years; to-morrow my bones will be stiff as rusted iron. How am I to drag myself up to the mountains? How am I, a count's wife, to leave his people!"

"I am a count's daughter, but they wish to kill me!" answered the poor girl, sadly. "You will not let them—say, grand-dame, that you will save me from the volley of stones!"

"They are many and strong—I an old woman feeble with years!"

"They will stone me—oh, they will stone me! and I am innocent of all they think against me!" still pleaded the Gitanilla.

The old woman was evidently troubled. She shook her head, and cast wistful glances on her broken idol, as if interrogating the stone.

"Let me go by myself then," cried the girl, eagerly. "I am told that countries stretch far away beyond the mountains; there they will not know that I am an outcast, and my dancing will get bread enough to eat."

The old woman did not heed her; she was still interrogating the Egyptian stone. Quick flashes of intelligence shot across her face; some project was evidently taking form in her brain.

"He will not believe me—Chaleco will be first among them with his story. I have no power to brave the laws, but I can baffle them—leave old Papita alone for that."

Now she seemed all alive with eager cunning, shrinking from the force of her bitter wrath into a crafty old crone, anxious to save the life of her grandchild, it is true, but exulting as much in the thoughts of baffling all the keen hate and power of her tribe.

"Get up, little one: come sit down here on the bed by my side, and let us talk," she said, passing her hand over the head of my mother, and caressing her with a grim smile.

"You believe me innocent?—you will not let them murder me?"

"Yes, yes, my star, I *know* you are innocent—

else you see the drao yonder—by this time it had been curdling in your blood.”

“Then you will save me?—who is so powerful?—oh, my grand-dame, your little girl will yet live. Who shall dare to contradict the will of Papita?”

“He, Chaleco! ha! ha! he almost braved me to night: but he shall be brought round——”

The girl turned faint, and grew paler than she had been before that night.

“No, not that!—oh, not that! Let me die, grandmother—let me die, I would rather a thousand times than marry Chaleco.”

The Sibyl laughed till her teeth shone again.

“Marry Chaleco now—why, child, he would strangle me if I but hinted it! Oh, our people are wise in this generation, wiser than old Papita. We shall see—we shall see!”

“What shall I do, grand-dame? What can you think of to save me? They will tear me to pieces.”

“What shall I do?—why take my right as a count's widow—murder you myself—bury you myself.”

“Grand-dame!” exclaimed the child, with a cry of horror.

“And when they think your body deep in the Darrow,” continued the old crone, without noticing the cry, “Papita will be sitting here with gold in her lap, and her pretty little Aurora shall be married to the Busne, and far beyond the mountains!”

Another cry, in which the love of that young heart leaped forth in almost an agony of joy that made the Sibyl pause; but it was only for a moment. “Then my little one shall think of the poor old gipsy in her cave, and send more gold—more and more, till power shall indeed return to Papita.”

But my mother sat upon the pallet wringing her hands, and utterly abandoned to her grief once more. That one gleam of joy had turned upon her heart sharper than a sword. She remembered why she had fled from the Alhamra that night.

“What is this?” said the old woman, sharply. “Tears again, bah, I am tired of them—speak.”

“Grand-dame,” sobbed the wretched girl, gasping for breath, for she felt that her last hold on life was going, “the Busne cannot save me—he will not marry a gipsy girl.”

“He shall!” snarled the old woman. “By that he shall!” and she pointed toward her idol.

“Grand-dame!” exclaimed the girl, astonished.

“Get up,” replied the Sibyl—“smooth that hair—put on the bodice of blue velvet, and the saya edged with gold, that was to have been the wedding dress with Chaleco. Quick, or the day light will be upon us.”

Aurora obeyed almost hopefully: her faith in the Sibyl was unbounded. In a little time she appeared in the outer cave, arranged in the picturesque costume which should have been her wedding garments with the gipsy count. The old woman had been pouring a quantity of the poison drao into a vial, which she thrust into her bosom as the girl came in.

“Why do you take that?” she faltered out, struck with new dread.

“It is for him—the Busne, if he falters in doing what I shall ask.”

“Be it so,” said my mother, sadly, and pointing toward the bowl. “There will be enough left—I will go with him——”

“You must,” answered the Sibyl, sharply. “Now come.” They left the cave, closing the door cautiously. “Stay,” exclaimed the old woman, going back, “you will want food and drink.”

She was gone a little time, and returned with a bottle of water and some bread. These she handed to Aurora and walked on, moving down the ravine toward the Alhamra.

It was wonderful how much strength excitement had given to that old frame; it scarcely seemed to feel the great fatigue of the night. With a quick, scrambling walk she led the way in silence, only calling back now and then for Aurora to move faster, or the day would be upon them.

They entered the enclosure of the Alhamra by *La Torre del Pico*, and kept within the shadows, for, though the moon was down, it leaves a transparent atmosphere behind it in Grenada; and once or twice the Sibyl fancied that she heard footsteps amid the ruins.

Near *La Torre del Pico* stood, at that time, the grand mosque of the Alhamra, the most exquisite remnant of Moorish art in the world. An entrance to this mosque was easy, for sacred as it had been, all its rich beauty lay exposed to ruin like the rest.

Papita led the way, holding my mother by the hand. A dim light lay amid the delicate pillars innumerable as the young trees in a forest, but guided by far-off memories, the gipsy threaded them confidently as if she had been walking through her own cave. She paused before that portion of the mosque formerly the seat occupied by the Moorish Kings in their worship. Here, by the gleam of azulejos, richer and far more brilliant than any to be found elsewhere in Spain, and which even the darkness could not subdue, she found the *Mih-rab* or recess in which the Alcoran had been kept.

It was a deep vaulted recess set thick with azulejos, that burned like gems on a bed of gold. The floor was a single slab of agate; and a belt

of precious stones had spanned the arch like a petrified rainbow. It was broken and partly defaced now, but the very fragments were a marvel of beauty.

Another might have looked with reverence on a spot so enriched, that it might be worthy to hold the treasure kept most sacred by a fallen nation. But to the old gipsy woman such feelings and such things were a scoff.

"Hide yourself in there," she said, thrusting Aurora toward the niche. "You will be driven out by no Moors coming to worship; sit close if any one enters the mosque, or if steps turn this way, stand up close to one of the porphyry pillars yonder, moving so that it will be placed between you and the entrance whichever way he may come."

"But where do you go?—how long must I wait?" said Aurora, placing her foot on the glittering pavement of the *Mih-rab*.

"I go to find him," was the terse answer. "Wait till *he* comes, or till *I* come. You have food, be patient, and on your life—let none of the tribe find you!"

Aurora shrunk back into the recesses at this command, and stood there motionless as stone till daylight glittered upon the azulejos around her, and she was shrined, as it were, in a mass of living gems.

At length the terror that had kept her so motionless gave way; she changed her position; sat down, began counting the exquisite fragments that jeweled the wall, tracing the delicate lines of gold and silver that crept like glittering moss around them, with the tip of her fingers. At last emboldened by the silence, she stepped down from the recess, and wandered restlessly around the body of the mosque.

Notwithstanding the great causes for anxiety that beset her, and though she had been in that spot before, she wandered through its gorgeous mazes with a strange and delicious swell of the heart. Love, the great magician, had concealed her eyes to the beautiful. Never before had she distinguished the grand and varied richness of those columns. The deep, many-tinted greens engroined in the verd-antique, jasper of that rare kind which seems clouded with blood, grew beautiful in her eyes. She saw pillars of oriental alabaster rising among the forest of columns, like snow mellowed to golden richness by a meridian sun; and again with sweeping clouds of the deepest ruby tint, stained into a ground of dusky yellow. These mingled with columns of glitter-

ing black, or sheeted from floor to arch with gold, contrasted gorgeously with the snow white shafts that rose on every hand; some with capitals, dashed lightly with gold—others cut, as it were, from solid pearl, and all made precious with the most perfect sculpture.

Filled, as I have said, with a new-born sense of the beautiful, my mother wandered through all this Byzantine gorgeousness, amazed that she had never seen it before. With no knowledge of architecture, she *felt* without understanding the beautiful proportions of the building, even while her eyes were fixed upon its adornments. Rare pillars supported arches graceful as the bend of a rainbow, and enriched with a beauty hitherto unknown even to Moorish art.

Traceries of snow delicate as a spider's web, but yet of a pearly richness, linked with blossoms of silver, ran through these arches, chaining the pillars together with a gleaming network. The doors, the royal seat, everything around was one blaze of rich mosaic—the pavement of white marble, starred with gorgeous tiles, spread away beneath her feet. Broken, soiled by neglect, in ruins as all this was, perhaps it seemed but the more beautiful for that! for to a keen imagination these fragments of beauty were suggestive of an ideal perfection, which no art ever reached. But even the imagination will weary if overtaxed. My mother could not long be won from the great causes of anxiety that surrounded her. Her heart began to ache again, and with a weary step she sought the *Mih-rab*, and seating herself on the agate floor, sat pondering over her own miserable thoughts till the sun went down.

With strained eyes and a weary heart, she saw the rich light fade away from the pillars till the arches were choked up with blackness, and all the slender columns seemed like spectres crowding toward her hiding place. She grew feverish with anxiety; her lips were parched; a faintness crept through her frame. It was not hunger, but she remembered the food her grand-dame had left, and felt for it in the darkness.

She drank of the water, and tasted a mouthful of bread; but it was suspense, not exhaustion, that had taken away her strength. She could not endure to look out from her hiding-place, for now that crowd of pillars seemed like men of her tribe, all greedy and athirst for her young life.

Thus she remained, it might be hours or minutes, it seemed an eternity to her, and then she heard footsteps and a voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SUMMER NOON.

THE hot sun boils above the plain,
No breeze disturbs the yellowing grain,

Wood, hill and river pant for breath—
Can Nature be at point of death? C. A.

ON THE HARMONY OF COLORS, IN ITS APPLICATION TO LADIES' DRESS.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.

From the draperies we may pass to the consideration of colored bonnets, and caps trimmed with colored ribbons and flowers. And here the question, so frequently discussed, arises, namely, whether a colored bonnet, a pink or blue one, for instance, communicates by reflection as it is reported to do, a pink or blue hue to the skin? M. Chevreul decides from experiments made with colored bonnets on plaster casts, that the influence of reflection is very feeble, even where the bonnet is placed in the most favorable position, and that it is only perceptible on the temples and in a very slight degree.

With regard to caps, or other head-dresses, the question of reflection or contrast seems to depend on whether the cap is worn so as to surround and overshadow the face, or whether it is worn at the back of the head. In the first case the color of the trimming, if in sufficient quantity, as in some situations reflected on the face, unless prevented by the interposition of a thick border, or by the hair. Where, therefore, this effort is not desired, the color must not be suffered to approach too near the face, and those colors only should be disposed in contact with it which will not injure its color by reflection.

In the second case, namely, that in which the cap is placed toward the back of the head, the effect is produced entirely by contrast, in the same manner as in draperies, and no reflection takes place. In bonnets which are not transparent, the effect is also due to the same cause, and those colors should be selected, which by their contrast improve the color of the skin. The effect of color on the inside of a bonnet is modified and softened by its circular and hollow form, which produces a kind of shadow round the face, and by the interposition of the ruche and ribbons or flowers.

The colors of bonnets, and their accordance with the complexion, now claim our attention, and in making a few remarks on this subject, we shall avail ourselves of the experience of M. Chevreul, when it coincides with our own views.

We shall address ourselves first to the fair type.

A black hat with a white feather, or with white, rose colored, or red flowers, is becoming to fair person. A plain (opaque) white bonnet is really

only suitable to red and white complexions. It is otherwise with bonnets of gauze, crape, and tulle, they are becoming to all persons for the reason before given, namely, that the transparent white produces the effect of grey. White bonnets may be trimmed with white or pink, and especially with blue flowers. A light blue bonnet is above all others becoming to fair persons; it may be ornamented with white flowers, and in many cases with orange flowers, but never with those of a pink or violet color. A green bonnet is becoming to fair complexions, or to those which are sufficiently pink in the carnations;—

—whose red lips and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on;

it may be trimmed with white, and especially with pink flowers. A pink bonnet should not be worn in contact with the skin, and if the hair does not separate it sufficiently, it may be removed still further by means of white, or what is preferable, of green. A wreath of white flowers with green leaves, produces a good effect. A red bonnet, more or less intense in color, should be adopted, only with a view to diminish a too ruddy complexion. Neither yellow nor orange bonnets can be recommended, and those of a violet color should be especially eschewed by fair persons.

A black bonnet does not contrast as powerfully with the dark haired type as with the blonde; it may, however, produce a good effect by means of trimmings of white, red, pink, yellow, or orange color. Next to black and white, and orange and blue, black and yellow is considered the greatest contrast of colors.

The same remarks that were made with respect to white bonnets for fair persons, are equally applicable to those worn by brunettes, except that, for the latter, it will be preferable to have recourse to trimmings of red, pink, orange, or even yellow, rather than to those of blue. Pink, red, and cerise colored bonnets are becoming to brunettes, when the hair separates, as far as possible, the carnations from the bonnet. White feathers may be placed in a red bonnet, and white flowers, with plenty of green leaves, are adapted for pink bonnets. A yellow bonnet is becoming to a brunette, and its accessories may be violet or

blue, according as the yellow inclines to orange or green, but the hair must always be suffered to interpose between the bonnet and the complexion. The same may be said of orange color, more or less lowered. Blue trimmings are peculiarly adapted to the different shades of orange. Green bonnets suit pale complexions; red, pink, and white flowers should be preferred to all others. Blue bonnets are only favorable to very fair and delicate complexions; they should never be worn by those of a brown orange. When suited to a brunette, they should receive orange colored accessories. The effect of a violet colored bonnet is always unfavorable, because there is no person to whom a yellow complexion is becoming. If, however, not only hair, but yellow accessories, be interposed between the bonnet and the face, a bonnet of this color may be rendered becoming.

Whenever it is found that the color of a bonnet does not produce the expected effect, even when separated from the carnations by large masses of hair, it is advantageous to place, between the latter and the bonnet, such accessories as ribbons, wreaths, detached flowers, &c., of the complementary color to that of the bonnet—the same color must also appear on the exterior. It is generally advisable to separate the color from the face by the hair, and frequently by a *rache* of tulle also.

There are two methods of setting off or heightening a complexion, first, by a decided contrast, such as a white drapery, or one of a color exactly complementary to the complexion, but not of too bright a tone; such, for example, is a green drapery for a rosy complexion, or a blue drapery for a blonde. Secondly, by contrasting a fair complexion of an orange hue with a light green drapery, a rosy complexion with a light blue, or a canary yellow or straw color with certain complexions inclining to orange. In the last case the complementary violet neutralizes the yellow of the carnation, which it brightens.

Now let us suppose an opposite case, namely, that the complexion is too highly colored, and the object of the painter or dress-maker is to lower it. This may be effected either by means of a black drapery which lowers the complexion by contrast of tone, or by a drapery of the same color as the complexion, but much brighter; for example, where the carnations are too rosy, the drapery may be red; where they are too orange, orange colored drapery may be adopted; where they incline too much to green, we may introduce a dark green drapery, a rosy complexion may be contrasted with dark blue; or one of a very pale orange with a very dark yellow.

The color of the complexions of the red-skinned or copper colored tribes of America is too

decided to be disguised, either by lowering its tone or neutralizing it. A contrary course must, therefore, be adopted, it must be heightened by contrast; for this purpose white or blue draperies must be resorted to, and blue must incline toward green according as the red or orange prevails in the complexion.

Contrasts of color and tone are still more necessary for black or olive complexions; for such white draperies or dresses of brilliant colors, such as red, orange, or yellow, should be selected. It will be seen, therefore, that the fondness of the West Indian negroes for red and other brilliant colors may be accounted for according to the laws of the harmony of contrast; and that what has always been considered a proof of the fondness of this people for finery, is, in fact, as decided an evidence of good taste as when a fair European with golden hair and blue eyes appear in azure drapery. The partiality of the orientals for brilliant colors, and gold brocades and gauzes, are in accordance with the same laws, and are in fact the most becoming colors these people could have selected. In the articles of clothing and furniture imported from these countries, the positive colors, such as the primitive and secondaries, are generally prevalent; browns, greys, drabs, and similar broken colors are comparatively rare. The reason is now, we trust, evident, the glowing deep tinted complexions of the inhabitants of these countries require the contrast of powerful and decided colors; and the broken tints, to which the great European painters resorted with a view to enhance the delicate but bright complexions of their fair countrywomen, would not only have been inefficient for this purpose, but would have been actually inharmonious.

The usual dress of the Hindoo servants of the Anglo-Indians is white. The adoption of this dress was probably suggested by motives of cleanliness; but if the *becoming* only had been studied, a better choice could not have been made. We have been much struck with the picturesque and appropriate costume of an Indian Ayah, which consisted of a deep blue dress, while the head and upper half of the figure were enveloped in white calico, which contrasted forcibly with her dark complexion.

From the consideration of the contrast and harmony of different colors with the complexion, we now proceed to remark on the combination or union of different colors in the dress of one individual. It has been observed that the colors worn by orientals are generally bright and warm. The dresses in the Tunisian department of the Great Exhibition were formed of one color, and lined and trimmed with another. Lilac, for instance, was lined with green, green with crimson, and vice versa. In many instances the colors

were assorted according to the laws of contrast, but this was not always the case, and from the good taste displayed by the orientals as a class, it may be reasonably concluded that these imperfectly assorted colors were intended to be harmonized by the color of other articles, (the turban, or sash, for instance) necessary to complete the dress. In the dresses of our ladies we find too frequently a variety of colors, without any pretensions to harmony of arrangement. Not only is the dress or bonnet selected without the slightest consideration, whether it is, or is not, suitable to the complexion, but a variety of colors of the most dissonant and inharmonious kinds may frequently be seen in the habiliments of the same lady. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

HENRY CLAY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

DEAD! he is dead! the man of loyal mind,
Sharp lightning flashes wing the solemn news,
And a great nation, with one mighty heart,
Like the firm rock which broke when Moses smote,
Gives back a gush of tears.

The sorrowing West,
Veiling her forehead from the setting sun,
Folds darkness to her bosom like a pall,
And stretching forth her arms with mournful sobs,
Asks for her favorite son.

The genial South
Flings her bright garlands sadly to the dust,
And, cypress-crowned, draws near with tender wail,
Mourning a champion gone.

The North sits silent in her stony grief,
Bears down her pallid forehead to the earth,
And trembles at the might of her own woe.

Behold the goddess who unites them all!
Stooping majestic o'er the glorious dead;
Her starry eyes are full of gathering dew,
And, like a mother, guiding still her child,
She points along the pathway of his fame.

How grand, how broad that noble path is trod!
Along the beetling cliffs of human life
It winds—a golden pavement—up to Heaven.
No stain of blood is there—no gleam of swords;
No tramp of armies wounds the virgin soil;
And every imprint of his pilgrim feet,
Since first he went a stranger to the West,
Is rich with peaceful flowers.

She weeps, yet smiles; pride mingles with her tears.
Far—far adown the still and misty past
She sees a slender youth in humble garb—
His eagle eye looks bravely on the sun,
Which seeks its couch—a bed of gorgeous clouds—
Behind the swell of a vast wilderness.
His feet is o'er the mountains. The bright glow
Of that rich sunset purples all his way,
Kindling the wild flowers 'neath his unshod feet,
Till every blossom seems a dewy star
Lighting him on to greatness.

Deep through the mountain pass he disappears,
Bathed in the twilight, following the sun.

Once more the golden mist is swept aside;
The eagle soul has proved its restless wing,
And where the fount of genius gushes free,
In the vast wilderness has slaked its thirst.
His eloquence, resistless as the wind,
Swept, spirit-like, through the dim forest glades,
And men came crowding from their cabin homes
To listen and to love.

He won their trust as sunshine ripens fruit,
Subduing it with bright and genial warmth,
Till each pulsation of his own great heart
Was answered by a thousand kindred throbs.

Again! again! beneath these marble domes,
Where centuries shall hoard their genius up,
He stands, God-gifted, greatest with the great,
Clothed in the might of his majestic will,
Where heart meets heart, and mind enkindles mind,
Brave in that god-like sense archangels share,
Choosing the right rather than purple state;
Truth sprang impulsive from a lofty soul,
And melted into music on his lips.

His voice was heard,
Clear, rich and clarion-toned, sweeping the seas.
Old haughty nations felt the noble thrill,
And learned to think how lovely freedom was.
Years rolled on years, each heaping glories up,
Till, like a monarch on the people's love,
He sat enthroned with more than regal power.
But age lay heavy on that noble one,
And, like a patriarch pining for his tent,
He rendered back the nation's sacred trust,
And rose beneath its dome to say farewell.
Statesmen and warriors crowded to his side—
And strong old men in mental greatness wrapped,
Bent reed-like to the pathos of his voice;
He tottered as he stood, for the great soul
Within that panting breast, like a chained eagle
Shook its prison-house; the crowd looked on,
Thrilled with a tender awe, breathless and hush'd;
Then women broke the stillness with their sobs;
And rugged men grew child-like in their grief;

Great drops like rain, forced from a tempest cloud,
 Filled even warrior eyes.
 He paused, that magic voice forgot its power,
 Its melody dissolved in unshed tears;
 And with a gentle effort to be heard,
 He whispered brokenly, farewell—farewell!
 The sound was fainter than an angel's sigh,
 But the whole country, with a listening heart,
 Heard to the centre, and sent blessings back.
 Repose! old eagles sleep not on their crags
 When lightnings flash and thunders shake the sky?
 Nor will the war-horse graze in peaceful rest
 When battle shouts are wrestling through the air:
 Can age quench genius? By her birth-right, no!
 By her bright immortality. No! no!
 In time, yea, death it is a quenchless flame,
 The purest burns close to its native Heaven.
 Our Union flag streamed to a troubled sky,
 Audacious hands were lifted to the stars
 That paled and trembled in their azure bed;
 The nation called, he answered their behest,
 And sprang upon her altar steps to save;
 Snatching the glass from time, he scattered out
 The last bright sands his fate had garnered there;
 And, gathering up the remnants of his life,
 He spoke—the stars shone out, and in the glow
 Of all their constellated brightness, bent his way
 In solemn faith down to the vale of death;
 Close to the gates of Heaven he calmly sank,
 Folding our love unto him like a robe,
 And thus the angels found him when they came.
 Republics are ungrateful—false the charge;
 Angels that keep serene and holy watch
 Above the sacred dead attest the truth;
 Millions are mourning o'er a single man;
 Sad beauty strews his dusky pall with flowers;
 While little children weep amid their play,
 And not an enemy but drops a tear;
 Did ever sovereign, in his highest state,
 Command a homage half so deep as this?

“Republics worship wealth.”
 Let Croesus come and say if all his hoards
 Could wring such tears from a great nation's heart;
 We worship genius, for it springs from God!
 And goodness, for it has celestial birth;
 Both, both we yield here with the glorious dead,
 And Heaven grows brighter as it takes the gift.
 What though the nation's chieftainship ne'er gave
 Glitter and noise to his immortal fame?
 The power which factions neither yield nor take
 Centred immortality upon the man,
 On him—who, with a loyal pride, exclaimed,
 “Better, far better to be right than rule,”
 Most glorious wisdom.

Go to ancient Rome,
 Whose fallen greatness lives in marble still,
 There, cold and silent in the capitol,
 Behold each Consul with his pompous life
 Shrink to a simple block of chiseled stone;
 The stranger passes by, nor cares to read
 The sculptured name, enough that such men lived
 To cumber history with their marble dust;
 But august heads are treasured in that place,
 That fill the memory with a mental joy;
 With eager glance seeks out great Cicero,
 That grand idea frozen into stone;
 Old Cato breathing sturdy eloquence
 Through the cold art that petrifies his thought!
 Their fame God-gifted swells adown all time,
 And with her ruins Rome enshrines her sons.
 Funereal guns call back our wandering thoughts,
 We stand within the presence of the dead.
 Virginia, noble mother of the great,
 The glory of his birth-place rests with thee;
 Kentucky claims his grave. Her hallowed sods
 Shall pillow him in his immortal sleep,
 But his pure spirit, his eternal fame,
 The soul, the mighty genius of the man,
 The nation shares them only with his God.

TO A CHILD.

BY GRACE NOEMAN.

I CANNOT look upon thy face
 Without a thought of sorrow,
 Though on the present fortune smiles,
 How changed may be to-morrow.
 What of thine after fate, my child?
 Shall hope and joy be blighted?
 Shall oank'ring care disturb thy rest,
 And love be unrequited?
 My heart beats wildly when I think
 That years may bring no pleasure,
 That thou may'st madly offer up
 On earthly shrines thy treasure.

I could not with my love and pride
 Wish thee a life unclouded,
 Sinful and vain were such a wish,
 For life's in mystery shrouded.
 To human ken is ne'er disclosed
 The future's many changes,
 The heart's deceitfulness that oft
 Some dearest friend estranges.
 I cannot tell thee all I wish,
 But that my earnest prayer
 Is daily offer'd up to Heav'n,
 That I may meet thee there.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE GARDEN IN AUGUST.—In this month the attention of the gardener is imperatively called to the necessity of preparing a stock of plants for the following year, by propagating from those which are now in bloom. This advice seems a premonition of change, and decay, and coming dissolution; we know it is so, and most unwillingly intrude the thought of autumnal frosts and wintry desolations in connection with a scene now so radiant with beauty. But "all that's bright must fade," nor are flowers exempted from the general doom, although some of them are called *amaranthes*; in this state of things we are consoled by the conviction that there will be a resurrection of these transient objects of our solicitude, as well as of others having a stronger hold on our affections, and that the means of their preservation and future life are placed within our power.

A gentle hot-bed with a frame over it will hold some thousands of cuttings if placed thickly in small pots, in a light sandy soil. Only as much water must be given as is necessary to prevent the foliage from flagging, as damp is the greatest enemy of cuttings before they are well rooted. As many ladies garden themselves, it may be well for us to explain a little as to what we mean by a gentle hot-bed. We have found the mowings of a lawn, mixed with a little stable litter, and built up at first about two feet high, do admirably well at this time of year. This heap, when leveled, should be covered about three inches deep with light garden mould, and the frame may be at once put on. In two or three days the rank steam and heat will have passed away, and the cutting pots may be safely put in. In regard to situation, a fully exposed aspect will be best, provided proper care is taken to shade the frame at first in bright sunshine. We have calico coverings, made with rings at the corners, to be fastened to the frame or removed at pleasure; but any substance put on in the middle of the day will do, although a permanent covering is neater, and is less in danger of being blown off by the wind. A general principle may be mentioned here as to shading plants, namely, that a covering is required in proportion as they are near to the glass of the frame, its necessity diminishing as they recede from it. Thus, in some very large establishments, tens of thousands of cuttings are put into frames with no shading at all, precaution being taken that they are about eighteen inches from the glass. The solar light and heat are diffused by this arrangement before the rays fall upon the foliage.

There are many plants which will strike root in the open air when slips or cuttings are properly put in. A shady situation must be chosen, not under trees, but against a north wall, and the same soil used as is directed for the cuttings in frames.

Fuchsias, Geraniums, Roses, &c., will do well in this way where a good many slips are available, and the loss of a portion is not an object. We should not have ventured to give instruction as to the proper mode of making a cutting, had we not been asked for aid recently by a lady who has had a garden for many years, and yet was ignorant of the principle that cuttings only root (as a general rule) at a joint, or at the point where the leaf is united to the stem. The wood should be firm, and yet as young as possible in combination with that condition, and the incision should be made with a sharp knife close below the joint. If a piece of the stem below this is left on, it will often rot and destroy the cutting, besides preventing the formation of roots at the only point whence, as a rule, they can proceed.

When rooted, the cuttings should be potted off, if their growth is required; or they may be kept three or four in a pot until the spring. It is evident that we can only glance at details in papers like these, and we are more anxious to exhibit the *rationale*, leaving our readers to apply it themselves. Roses may be left out until the spring, provided some slight covering is thrown over them in hard frosts, and no very tender ones are included among them. If they are wanted to pot off, they must have the aid of a hot-bed, as they form roots but slowly in the open air. Besides these methods of propagation, budding may still be performed, and layers put in of plants which do not present facilities for cuttings. In making a layer, let the rule be remembered which was laid down respecting a cutting, that roots will only form at a joint. Supposing that it is the branch of a rose-tree which it is wanted to remove, the knife must pass *upward* through its centre; and the tongue formed must be cut off at a joint; this cut part being firmly pegged down in the soil will produce roots, when the branch may be safely removed from its parent.

Propagation, then, must go on actively in August, if provision is to be made for a renewal next season of the interest and loveliness of the present one. So far, our task has had a shade of sadness upon it, because associated with the withering of the beds and parterres now so gay and healthful. But the gnomon upon the face of nature has not yet passed from the time of warm gales and bright suns, and we may return to summer occupations and pleasures, more prepared to enjoy them from having wisely provided for the future. All the directions of last month will be in force in this, as to neatness, and arranging the plants as they grow. The Dahlia will demand especial care, and will richly repay it, as one of our finest autumn flowers. Earwigs must be caught, and methods adopted to prevent their ascending the stem. The best trap is a small pot

with dry moss in it, placed at the top of the stake in the night time. The branches of Dahlias should be arranged and made secure as they advance, care being taken to hide all artificial aid as much as possible. Water must be plentifully supplied in dry weather. Gather the required seeds of all plants as they ripen (the *future* again, but we cannot help it;) and may August be as productive of pleasure to you all as so lovely a month can be, when health and contentment, and a taste for natural beauty, are joined in one.

THE AZTEC CHILDREN.—The press of the cities of New York and Philadelphia have of late contained articles on the history and origin of these two diminutive and singular specimens of humanity. They are of both sexes, and of different ages. The young man is eighteen years of age, and weighs about twenty pounds. The girl weighs three pounds less, and is about half the age of the boy. When we first saw them they were surrounded by a large concourse of people, who were greatly amused at their peculiar agility and vivacity. We had heard a good deal about them before we saw them, but without having formed anything like a just idea of them. It is impossible for any one to realize the fact that humanity can exist in such a diminutive size. Tom Thumb is a giant by the side of them. His head measures twenty-one and a half inches in circumference. The heads of these folks measures twelve and three-quarter inches each. They have been on exhibition here three times a day for more than a month, and their levees are yet fully attended. They came, as is well known, from Central America, and they remind visitors of the quaint old idols of that country. They are very like and unlike any human beings ever before exhibited to the civilized world. They have been carefully examined by the whole medical wisdom of the state of Pennsylvania, and found to be entirely perfect in their organization.

THIS MAGAZINE THE BEST.—A gentleman, in remitting two dollars, writes as follows:—"My wife thinks she cannot do without 'Peterson's Magazine.' She says she would rather have it, than all three of the other Philadelphia Magazines; and she ought to be a good judge, for I am a subscriber to two of them, so that she reads them regularly every month. She says give her Peterson's Magazine, if she does not have any more." We might show scores of such letters.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

On the Study of Words. By R. C. French. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—The contents of this volume were originally contained in a series of lectures, delivered before the pupils of a public school in England; but the great merit of the compositions having led to a request that the author would print them, he consented to their appearance in the present form. The American edition is from the second and improved London one; and Mr. Redfield has done himself much credit

by the elegant manner in which he has issued it. To do justice to the work, in the limited space left us this month, would be impossible. We can only say, at present, that it is a most thorough discussion of the power, history, abuse and derivation of words. In some future number we hope to be able to speak more at large on the merits of this somewhat curious, but very important treatise.

Bronchitis and Kindred Diseases, in Language adapted to Common Readers. By W. N. Hall, M. D. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—The fact that this work has reached a seventh edition is conclusive proof of its merit. The author, in writing it, had the advantage of many years of observation of the disease, both here and in Europe; and he has discussed the subject with an ability only equalled by the perspicuity of his style. We are told that the most encouraging success has attended Dr. Hall's method of treating the disease. To clergymen, lawyers, or others liable to bronchitis, as well as to females in peril from consumption, the work is invaluable. It is, in fact, a perfect treatise on diseases of the throat and lungs; the mode of preventing them; and the best remedies to be employed.

Lilian and Other Poems. By W. M. Praed. Now First Collected. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—This is a volume which we can recommend enthusiastically to our lady readers. As is said in the preface, written by the editor of the poems, Praed is without an equal among English authors as a writer of *vers de societe*: in this respect, indeed, he rivals some of the best French poets. Strange to say, no complete collection of Praed's writings has been made in England. The only two extant are the present, and a much inferior one compiled several years ago. The charades of Praed are world-renowned, and we are glad to see have been added to this volume, which is issued in Redfield's best style.

California Illustrated: Including a Description of the Panama and Nicaragua Routes. By a Returned Californian. 1 vol. New York: William Holdredge. Philada: W. A. Leary & Co.—This is one of the best descriptions of life in California which has yet appeared. The volume is a handsome octavo, profusely illustrated with lithographs, from drawings made on the spot. This combination of spirited embellishments and graphically written letter-press, not only renders Mr. Letts' work unique of its kind, but gives it a lasting interest which few books of a similar character can boast.

The Old Farm Gate; or, Stories and Poems for Children and Youth. By Richard Coe. With Illustrations. 1 vol. Philada: Daniels & Smith.—This is just the book to place in the hands of children, for it is sure to interest, at the same time that it instructs them. There is a moral purity about every thing that Mr. Coe writes, which renders him peculiarly fitted for the authorship of juvenile books, because parents may safely rely that whatever has his name to it will improve, enlighten and elevate the young.

The Poetical Works of Fitz Greene Halleck. New Edition. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—Every admirer of true poetry will welcome this beautiful edition of Halleck's poems. Here are to be found the last touches of one of our most careful and finished writers, the Gray, in this respect, of American literature. No library, or centre-table even, can be considered complete without Halleck's poems, and as the present is, on many accounts, altogether the most desirable edition of them, we predict for it a large and permanently increasing sale.

Austria in 1848-49. By W. H. Stiles. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work, having been the American Charge at Vienna during the Hungarian revolution, is peculiarly competent to speak of the men and incidents of that striking event. He has executed his task, we believe, with impartiality, and the result is a history, not merely of temporary, but also of permanent value. No person should undertake to discuss the Hungarian war without first having studied these volumes. The Harpers have issued the work in a very handsome style.

The Two Families. By the author of "Rose Douglas." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We always read the works of this author with pleasure. Not only are her descriptions of character excellent, but the moral purity of her stories is above all praise. In an age like this, when so much harm is done by improper fictions, a writer like this should be welcomed to every fire-side, and receive the thanks of every parent. "The Two Families" is a tale of deep interest.

The Knights of England, France, and Scotland. By H. W. Herbert. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—In this neat volume we have a series of tales, illustrating the life, manners and history of the Norman Conquerors. Mr. Herbert always writes well, but never better than when his theme is the romance of chivalry, and this, therefore, is one of his very best works. We cordially commend the book to our fair readers.

Ivar; or, the Skjuts-Boy. By Miss Carlen. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this Swedish novel is considered, in her own country, not inferior to Miss Bremer. We have perused the present fiction with so much pleasure, that we incline to join in the opinion. If any of our readers want a good novel, to while away a sultry hour, we recommend the present one to their notice.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. No. 24.—This admirable book approaches its conclusion. No person should lose a moment in subscribing for it, if he has not done so already, for the price will be raised when the work is completed.

The Gipsy's Daughter. By Mrs. Gray. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Always an agreeable writer, Mrs. Gray, in the present novel, has surpassed herself. We know no better fiction, for summer reading, to recommend.

Life and Works of Robert Burns. By W. Chambers. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In a former number, we spoke of this as the best biography of Burns which had yet appeared; and we now pronounce it, unqualifiedly, the best that could possibly be written. To the most untiring industry, and intimate knowledge of his subject, Chambers unites a true and lofty appreciation of Scotland's greatest poet. The work is, therefore, a labor of love. No admirer of Burns should be without this edition, which is published at a price to place it within the reach of all.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—BALL DRESS OF WHITE TARLETANE, skirt trimmed with five flounces—each flounce scalloped and edged with a straw braid, with a chain-work of straw above the scallops. Corsage low, made in the shawl berthe style, and finished like the skirt. Head-dress, a wreath of wild flowers.

FIG. II.—AN EVENING DRESS OF BLACK TULLE, made with two skirts—the lower one of which is trimmed with four flounces, and the upper one being plain, reaches to the top of the highest flounce. Corsage low, made in the shawl berthe style, the opening, which reaches to the waist, being filled with falls of rich white lace. Head-dress of Honiton lace and flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Most of the new dresses have the skirts woven in patterns a disposition, that is large bunches or wreaths of flowers around the bottom of the skirt, diminishing in size as they rise toward the waist, or plain skirts trimmed with flounces, woven expressly for the dress. The flounces vary in number from three to seven. In the former case they are quite deep, and we think give the figure a much more graceful appearance than the latter number. The skirt of a flounced dress should be much narrower than a plain one.

THERE is but little change in the way of making corsages, except that all now have a slight fulness at the waist, confined by a belt or sash. No change is observable in the sleeves, except for travelling dresses, which are usually made on a wristband in the shirt style. White muslin and jaconet bodies are much worn with colored skirts.

A NEW style of neckhandkerchief has lately appeared called the *fichu Charlotte Corday*. This is made of clear muslin, crossed over the bosom, and tied behind. The dress with which this is worn should be low in the neck, with long sleeves, although short sleeves are worn as taste or convenience may dictate. This handkerchief improves the figure very much, giving the bust a full, round appearance, and diminishing the apparent size of the waist.

SCARFS of black or white lace are much worn in evening costume. They are generally small, however, the ends seldom descending much below the waist.

FOR INDOOR DRESS, a beautiful addition is the slipper of grey taffeta, lined with blue or pink silk, and trimmed with a quilling of ribbon of a corresponding color.

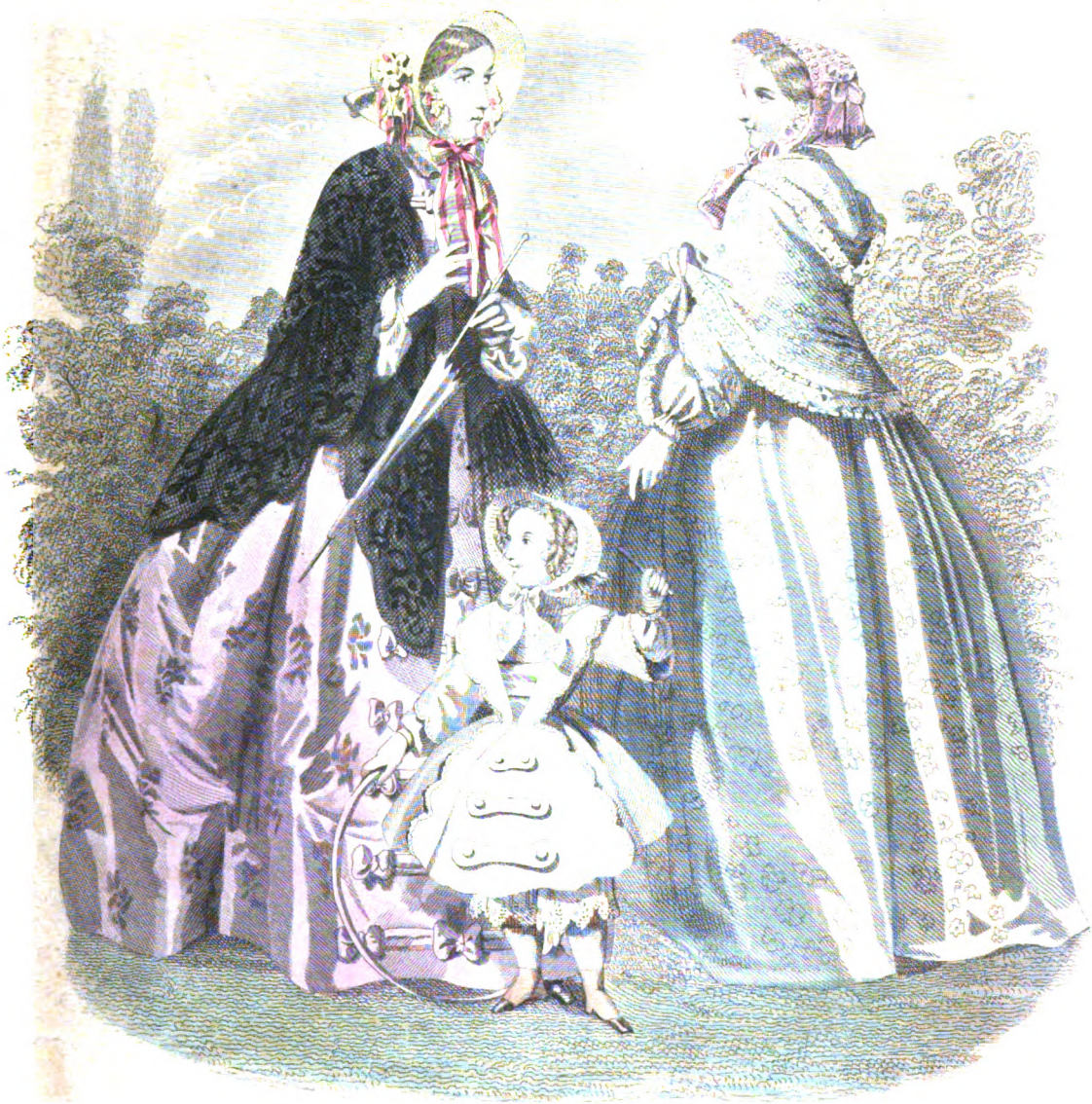


HUNTING THE NEST.

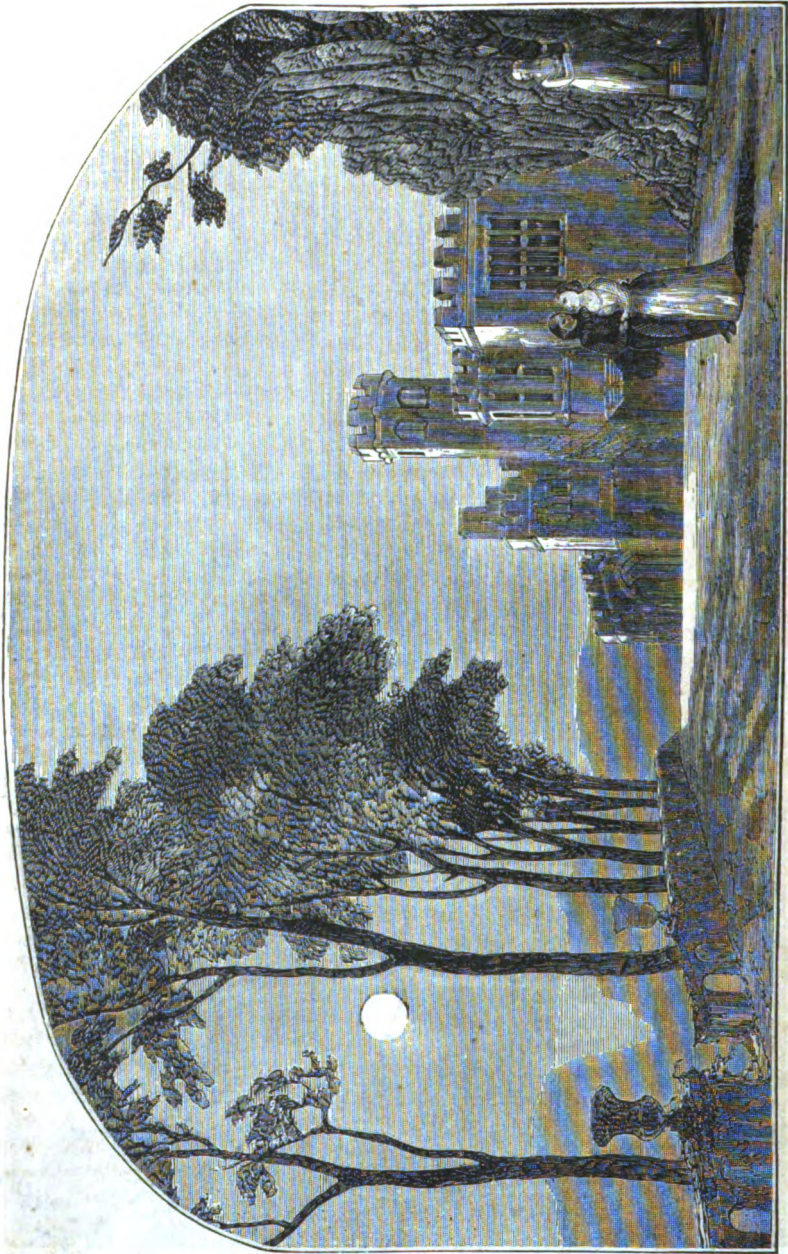


THE DEPARTURE OF HAGAR.

Engraved expressly for the *Illustrations*. Digitized by Google



THE MODELS OF FASHION



THE MOONLIGHT RAMBLE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1852.

No. 3.

NIAGARA AND THE LAKES.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE loveliest daughter of the West is Cleveland. She sits by the lake shore, robed in white, and garlanded with green, the destined bride of imperial traffic, watching impatiently for the coming of her lord. Beautiful as she is, her virgin charms have not yet rounded to their full luxuriance, nor her child-like guilelessness entirely departed, for she still slumbers at sultry noon under the cool shadows of her native forests, or at evening, beneath the silver moon, laves her feet in the waters of Erie.

I came to Cleveland in the cars. The day had been chilly, with a brisk north wind, which, as the hours wore, deepened to a gale. Late in the afternoon, as I looked wearily from the window, I saw across the sandy hillocks what at first appeared a long, low mountain range. Suddenly my companion cried, "the lake, the lake!" It was, indeed, Lake Erie, as a second, and more careful look convinced me; Erie, with its dark blue waters stretching away till lost in the horizon, like a vision of shadow-land. And now the train whirling around a corner, we found ourselves running along the very edge of the waters, which lashed by the gale, came tumbling in with the roar and foam of the Atlantic. The huge breakers, hurling themselves against the barrier of piles erected to protect the bank, often threw the spray clear over the cars, while the very ground shook beneath their solid tramp, as under the tread of charging squadrons.

An hour afterward, I walked down to the beach, to see the sun set amid this wild commotion. Sheltering myself under the edge of the bank, I watched the gale upon the lake. Often the waves would fly, high above the break-water, like a milk-white water-spout, the spray leaping into the air, crackling and flashing, far over all. The level rays of the setting sun, striking through the cloud of mist that rose and fell above the surf, gave it the appearance of a

fountain of gold-dust, now shooting to the sky in millions of shining drops, and now sinking, like a dream, away. As the glittering illusion disappeared, it revealed the dark billows heaving slowly against the north-western sky, with here and there a schooner heading to the harbor, wing and wing, like some colossal sea-bird seeking its nest. Gradually the sun declined to the level of the horizon; the lake glowed far and near; and then, in an instant, out of sight rushed the brazen, burning orb. I waited in silence till grey twilight, like a mist from the land of Death, breathed its coldness and gloom over the prospect: and then turned to retrace my steps. But as I slowly ascended the bank, I often looked back, when the roar of some breaker, mightier than its fellows, gave warning of the coming death-agony; and at such moments the spectral surf, vaguely seen through the shades of night, seemed like sheeted ghosts flitting and wailing along the shore.

You go to Ontario by way of Niagara. Here, where Nature has erected her solemn sanctuary, Fashion has dedicated a rival shrine; and the roar of the Falls, that once appalled the traveler, is now drowned in the music of the dance. People look at each other there, but not at Niagara. There the beauty displays her marketable charms; the fortune-hunter exhibits his moustache; the matron, strutting and clucking, parades her brood of daughters; and the gourmand, groaning over the scanty fare and cold dishes of the Cataract House, sighs for Delmenico's, and meditates an immigration to the Clifton. And to the Clifton you will go, after a day's experience on the American side, if you love choice food and rare wines, would behold Niagara in all its majesty, or deprecate crossing continually the wettest and costliest of ferries. The dark-eyed Indian girls that sell bead-work on the bridge across the Rapids; the wild waters

that rush by, plunging and whirling toward the awful precipice; the sylvan beauties of Goat Island; and the picturesque American falls, like a cataract of snowy stalactites, will not win a second look, if you have once stood on Table Rock, when the wind is driving the spray from the face of the tumbling waters, so that you can look right into the centre of the Horse-Shoe. Catch your breath, and cling to the rock for support, for it is no longer a cataract you see, but five great oceans plunging together into the yawning earth, which opens to receive them. Behold them, green and glassy, gliding over the precipice, silent as Fate, measureless as Eternity! Endlessly descending, forever sinking out of sight, it is the Atlantic, bound, Ixion-like, upon a wheel, revolving, and revolving, and revolving. Below, no bottom through the seething mist. Above, everlastingly the polished waters rounding over against the sky. Sublime Niagara!

They have many ways to juggle money out of your pockets at the Falls. You stop to buy an ice-cream, and are asked to walk into a neighboring room, where some curious Indian relics may be seen; and entering unsuspecting at the invitation, incontinently you are mulcted of a quarter of a dollar. You are solicited, every time you visit Table Rock, to pass under the Falls, till at last, wearied out, you give your assent, and being forthwith dressed in villainous red-flannel, with oil-skin over-alls, and wet, clumsy shoes that blister your feet, you are led clattering down a broken staircase, and along the face of the precipice below, till you attain the edge of the fall, where you are told it is as far as you can go, though you have seen nothing as yet for blinding rain and slippery rocks: and for this you are generously charged a dollar. You hire a carriage to drive you to the whirlpool, pay your entrance fee, pant down and up another shocking pair of stairs, and see only a little sullen back-water, and are bored by a one-armed man with a telescope who follows you to extort a fee. You are taken to a sulphur spring, which an imp of a lad sets on fire, and for all this you pay a York shilling, and write yourself down a dunce. Beware of the thousand juggles, and the ten thousand jugglers of Niagara; they will eat you up, if you let them, as the lean kine of Pharaoh devoured the fat. If you visit Niagara, go only to Table Rock. A ten minutes look from that point suffices for most persons,

but you can sit there for hours, ay! for days, till earth and heaven appear to revolve together with that forever rolling wheel. Majestic Table Rock! Below, no bottom but a seething mist. Above, everlastingly the polished waters rounding over against the sky.

Ontario is the youngest daughter of the lakes, and the most beautiful of the bright sisterhood. Deep and clear her waters flow, and unruffled as a mirror. The snowy sails of two nations hover ever over her, like white doves of peace; and she stretches out her virgin arms to receive them, that they may nestle together on her bosom. The ardent sun woos her in vain. But to the chaste moon, which smiles sisterly upon her, she returns a modest greeting. She moves slow and graceful, as a swan gliding down still waters: and her brow is bound by a fillet of blue, gemmed with silver stars.

I saw the sun set from Ontario. The sky had seemed cloudless all the afternoon, but as the great luminary wheeled low toward the West, a bank of vapor began to loom up from the water, and extend, right and left, around the horizon. Already inflamed with rage, for no answering look had returned his ardent gaze all day, he reddened at the sight, and rushed to drive this insolent intruder from his pathway, blazing luridly as he went. As eagerly advanced the jealous darkness to meet him. Soon the rivals met in mid career. The conflict was not long. With a sable pall thrown over him, the hapless sun was hurried out of sight. For a moment his indignant face was seen again, looking through the black bars of his prison-house, for a last glance at his loved Ontario; but remorseless Night, coming to the aid of its satellite, the two bore him downward, struggling, to the black abodes of Dis. Yet, long after he had disappeared, his golden and purple robes, torn from him in the contest, floated cloud-like above the western horizon.

On, on, in the deep silence, and beneath the dim stars, our steamer kept her way. The shores faded out of sight. Nothing was left above but the fathomless sky, or around but the vague, unbounded expanse of water. Darkness followed behind, closing greedily after us; and parted reluctantly before as we advanced. And thus, like a pale ghost traversing the space between the two Eternities, our boat moved on through that still and moonless night.

THE DEPARTURE OF HAGAR.

God help thee, Hagar! Bondmaid as thou art,
Thou still hast woman's heritage, a heart;

} And to be thus, a lonely exile driven
} Hopeless from home and love, were losing Heaven.

C. A.

A L I C E V E R N O N .

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA AHERTON," &C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87.

MR. VERNON had banished his favorite daughter. But was he, therefore, happy?

How could he be happy, when everything reminded him of her. If the library door opened, he unconsciously looked up, expecting to see her cheerful smile. If he heard a step near the piano, he turned to ask Alice for a favorite air, before he could remember she was gone.

Though a stern man, he could not endure this. Suddenly it was announced, to the astonishment of all, that his magnificent establishment was to be brought to the hammer, as he intended to travel for several years.

Curiosity was on the alert to discover the reasons. The elopement of his younger daughter gradually became known, but the facts were frequently exaggerated, and the usual story painted the guilt of Alice in the darkest colors. So much was this the case, indeed, that Randolph found his professional prospects seriously injured, for most of the few patrons he had were members of the same circle as the Vernons, and thought that, in casting him off, they were avenging an outraged father.

Poor Alice! how crushed she was, how pale and humbled, under this accumulation of misfortunes. She had now awoke to a sense of her sinfulness. She wondered, indeed, how she could ever have erred, the violation of duty seemed to her so flagrant.

And yet she loved her husband as much as ever, ay! ten thousand times more. She took to herself all the blame of their hasty marriage. Nay, she went further, she secretly lamented that she had embarrassed, if not ruined Randolph. All this made her weep often when alone. But no sooner did her husband enter, than duty united with love to chase the tears from her face; she put on her brightest smiles: and a stranger, to have seen her then, would have thought that never was bride so happy.

They lived in small lodgings, in a second rate street, one room being occupied as Randolph's studio, while in the other they lived. A half grown Irish girl was cook, maid and servant of all work. Economy characterized every department of their little establishment, for except the

jewels which had been sent after Alice, and the remains of the last picture Randolph had sold, they had no resources.

Yet, poor as they were, poor at least compared to what Alice had once been, the natural taste of the young wife was seen in the many little beautiful articles, scattered about their solitary apartment. The costliest of these were wrecks of her former life, elegant work-boxes, cologne-bottles, ink-stands, or other pretty feminine trifles: but the chief charm of the room consisted in the number and variety of plants, most of which Alice had purchased in pots, in the market, and which kept the chamber filled with fragrance. There were tea-roses, daily-roses, verbena, heliotrope, mignonette, geraniums, an Egyptian lily, the towering yellow jessamine, and the bell-shaped, orange-colored arbutulum, all of which it was her daily task to water and tend.

Alice had made several attempts to see her father, but her letters, soliciting an interview, were invariably returned unopened. Randolph, whose high spirit had ill-brooked her perseverance under such indignities, at last interfered and positively forbade her to make any more efforts.

"Only once more, George," she said, pleadingly, the tears in her sweet eyes. "I have done very wrong, and pa has reason to be angry. But he may yet relent, you know. I can but try. It is my duty to try, is it not?"

"I don't feel sure of that, dearest," he said, putting his arm around her waist, drawing her to him, and kissing her. "It seems to me that your father's anger is disproportioned to the offence. I have never looked on your disobedience, moreover, as the crime you morbidly think it——"

But the wife, half playfully, yet half sadly still, putting her tiny hand on his mouth, stopped his words.

"Oh! George," she said: and gave him such a look.

"Well, well, dearest; I won't quarrel with you. But it chafes me, you don't know how it chafes me, to see you treated with such silent scorn."

"Ah! George, didn't I treat pa worse? I never said a word to him, you know, but went off and married you, as if I did not care whether he liked it or not."

"But if he had been told, he would have opposed us, and then you would have been driven into open disobedience. We talked all this over, at the time. At first I wished, as you remember, to go to Mr. Vernon——"

"You did, you did. But somehow," and she looked up with a bewildered air, "I thought the way we took would be the best, though how I could have fallen into such a delusion I cannot tell. It seems to me now that I did the very worst thing I could."

Strange that, even yet, she had never suspected Isabel. Perhaps her husband had, but if so he kept his own counsel: he did not wish to grieve Alice, who still, infatuated girl, loved and esteemed her sister. And it was rather Isabel's studied avoidance of them that made Randolph suspect what he did, than any positive facts which had come to his knowledge, for Isabel never visited them, and though, if she passed them on the street, as had once or twice been the case, she bowed, it was with a distance and coldness that precluded speaking. Simple, trusting Alice attributed this to the commands of her father, and felt certain that, in the end, Isabel would gain their pardon: but Randolph began at last to suspect the secret hostility of the elder sister, though as yet even he could not divine the cause.

"Well, its no use regretting what is past," resumed Randolph. "In truth, Elsie," he had pet names too for his darling, "you sometimes make me almost angry. One would think you did not love me."

She started up from his bosom, on which she had been leaning, her eyes dilating with astonishment.

"To be sure," he said, half laughing at her look. "Don't you always talk as if you regretted marrying me——"

"Oh! George, how can you?"

Her eyes filled with tears; the words choked in her throat.

He was cut to the heart. Taking her head between his hands, he stooped and kissed her tears away.

"Don't take my hasty words, little one, in earnest. I didn't mean that you don't love me." She began to smile again, though faintly and sadly. "But I really cannot see that you committed such a crime in marrying me. No parent has a right, I think, to separate two hearts that love, unless there are better reasons for a refusal than existed in our case."

"I know, I know. But still, dear George, it

is dreadful to feel that a parent, and an only parent too, is angry with you, especially when your own conscience tells you that you did wrong. You know we might still have loved each other, even if we had not married."

Randolph bent down, kissed her, and whispered,

"Yes! but not as now."

The beautiful cheek was dyed in blushes; the large eyes looked timidly at his for a moment; and then the face was buried in his bosom, while the small hand closed tightly on his own.

"Forgive me, George," she murmured, after a moment. "Don't think I prize your love too little. Oh!" and again the face was lifted radiantly to his own, "how often I reproach myself that, by marrying you when I did, I deprived you of so many comforts, by compelling you to share your narrow income with one so extravagant as I am."

"Hush, pet bird, not a syllable of that. I feel prouder this hour," and he looked proud enough to be sure, as he glanced around, "to hold my little wife in my arms, and to know that she is here to soothe my cares with her sweet smiles, than if I owned a kingdom without her."

"Ah, flatterer!" And she tried to free herself, blushing and smiling, and playfully continuing, "but some of these days, when pa relents, for indeed I can't believe he will always be angry with me, I'll pay you, oh, with what elegant things! for all these nice compliments. You shall have such a superb dressing-gown, instead of this poor, faded old thing; and such exquisite Turkish slippers, pa has just the pattern; and a studio fit for Raphael; and the handsomest horse that can be bought: for you are a dear, nice old fellow, after all," and she threw her arms around his neck suddenly, like a spoiled child, and kissed him, "and have really earned a whole ship load of gifts for being so forbearing to poor little me."

A blessed thing is wedded love. Blessed even in poverty and sorrow. Blessed in its little, innocent blandishments, as in its deeper sympathies and consolations. God knows this would be but a poor, miserable world without it.

Meanwhile Mr. Vernon was hurrying from one capital in Europe to another, in hopes, by constant change of scene, to forget Alice. For he loved that daughter, notwithstanding his severity toward her, with a feeling that mingled the fervor of youth with the memories of age. To him she was not only the favorite child, but a continual reminiscence of his lost wife, for he could never think of the face of the one without recalling that of the other. His very cruelty toward her had been increased by the depth of these feelings. Natures like his, are angry at disobedience in

proportion to the extent of the affection they have entertained.

He found he could not live without her. Yet his will struggled continually against his tenderness, so that the more he suffered, the more resolute he strove to be. But his physical system gradually gave way in this conflict. After an absence of two years, he suddenly told Isabel that he should return to America, and in less than a week they were actually on the broad Atlantic.

When he reached his native city, his old friends scarcely recognized him. The once vigorous frame was bowed, the cheek sunken, the eye dim: he was but the wreck of his former self.

He returned, as he well knew, to die. "A young oak may recover from a lightning stroke," he said, "but not an old and worn-out trunk." But oh, how he yearned, before he died, to see his Alice once more. And had she, at that time, fallen at his feet, implored his pardon, and presented her little daughter, the very image of herself, he would have forgiven all. But he was too proud to send for her, much as he suffered. Oh! that pride.

Isabel, who could not but see the workings of his mind, was resolved that whatever else might happen, his sister should never have an interview with their father. Mr. Vernon, before he left for Europe, had executed a will, in which Isabel was made his sole heir. Her revenge would be foiled if this will should be revoked, and that it would be cancelled, if her sister gained their father's presence, she felt certain.

Fearing that Alice might seek an interview, she left the most strict injunctions with the servants, that no one should be admitted to his presence without she was at home. In all his rides abroad she accompanied him also. But accident had nearly frustrated her precautions, and that by means entirely unexpected.

The married life of Randolph and Alice had been blessed with one child, a daughter, who was one of those rare and angelic beings that sometimes are seen on earth. Lily Randolph was less of mortal mould than a visitant from another sphere. From her earliest infancy, she had been as sweet-tempered as she was lovely, and with her delicate complexion, sunny hair, and winning smile she was the loveliest of children. She never went into the street that strangers did not stop her to caress and kiss her. There seemed to linger, on the memory of this angel-child, visions of the celestial world. Everything that was beautiful, from a violet to a star, she adored with a fervor and earnestness that was wonderful in one so young. The first thing she had noticed particularly had been a flower in her mother's chamber, and from that hour up she

had passionately admired those fair and fragile things. Her little heart was all affection. Even those persons who were generally indifferent to children—and, strange to say, there are such—were won by her beautiful smile, by her loving eyes, by the very way in which she stood silently at their knees. To those who were dear to her, her thousand innocent modes of caressing, all so graceful, yet so varied, rendered her, day by day, more and more their idol. To her parents she had become as necessary as life itself. She had grown, indeed, a part of themselves. This was especially the case with respect to the mother, who was her almost constant companion. Between these two a strange bond had sprung up, for in many things this child was above her years. When Randolph was busy in his studio, they were sole and nearly constant companions. Rarely was Lily taken for a walk unless by her mother. Living thus ever together, with no other interests to distract their attention, their affection had the depth of that between adults, but oh! with how much more purity and heavenliness. Lily seemed always instinctively to divine her mother's mood, prattling and smiling when it was joyful, and nestling to her condolingly when it was sad.

One day the faithful Irish nurse, who had served Alice during the first year of Lily's life, and who often came to see her darling, and obtain the honor of taking her out for a walk, had the little girl in one of the public squares. The child, who had been confined to the house, unavoidably, for some days, was in a state of the highest excitement. The beautiful, sparkling fountain, the waving trees, the butterflies, but most of all the flowers scattered about, rendered her almost wild with delight. Her bright eyes, heightened color, and golden curls waving as she ran to and fro, attracted every one's attention. They particularly riveted the gaze of an invalid old man, who had tottered into the square, attended by a man-servant, and now sat on one of the benches. For a long time he watched the child's motions, quick and graceful as those of a bird; and, at last, when she came near, he called her to him.

The little girl stopped pantingly and looked to see who spoke. The sad countenance and decrepid figure of the old man touched her heart. Leaving the beautiful butterfly, which she had been chasing, she came and stood by the invalid's knee, looking up sympathizingly into his face.

"What is your name, my dear?" said the old man, in a kindly voice, taking her hand.

"Lily," she said, frankly, tossing back the bright curls from her sunny face.

"Do you like playing here?"

"Oh! yes, for everything is so beautiful," she

answered, enthusiastically. "There are such pretty flowers, and, in the morning, such dear little birds: you don't know how sweetly they sing; you should come and hear them." And she smiled up in his face, as if she had known him for years.

The old man's heart yearned strangely to that child. In other years he had been blessed with a daughter of whom this little girl continually reminded him. It seemed to him, indeed, as if his darling looked at him again from those very eyes. There was emotion in his voice, therefore, as he continued,

"And do you like the fountain?"

"Oh! yes," was the rapturous answer, "so much. And isn't it pretty this afternoon? Sometimes it goes, straight up, you know, to the sky, and falls plump down. But I like it better when, as to-day, it curls over at top, just like a flower."

"You are a little poet, my dear," said Mr. Vernon, for our readers have divined that it was he. "Did your ma never tell you so?"

She scarcely understood what he meant. So she looked inquiringly at him, and then replied, in her sweet, innocent way,

"Mamma tells me to be a good girl, and pray to God; and I do, every night too; for papa, and mamma, and nurse, and grandfather, and aunt——"

"Grandfather!" interrupted Mr. Vernon, a strange suspicion flashing across him: and he drew the child yet closer, and gazed eagerly into her face. "Have you a grandfather?"

"Yes, but I never saw him, though mamma says I will some day. He is gone away, oh! ever so far."

"Then you expect to see him when he returns?"

"Mamma says she hopes so. But she cries when she says it. Do grandfathers always make mammas cry?"

As she spoke, she looked up into Mr. Vernon's face, with an earnest, inquiring, serious gaze, as if her little heart was troubled deeply with this mystery. The old man could bear it no longer. The tears rushed to his dim eyes, and he said, falteringly,

"What is your father's name, my dear?"

The blue eyes of the child distended with surprise, and then immediately a sad, sympathizing expression stole to her face. She drew nearer to the invalid as she answered in a low and less eager voice,

"Pa's name is Mr. Randolph. You should know papa, he paints such beautiful pictures."

But the strain on Mr. Vernon's feelings was too great: he did not hear Lily conclude her sentence; for, at the mention of her father, and

the confirmation of his suspicions, he groaned, and fell back as if lifeless.

All was now confusion. The child, terrified and concerned, burst into tears and even shrieks; while the footman, who had stood at a respectful distance, rushed up to his master's assistance. Lily was overthrown, and would have been trampled under in the press, if her nurse had not flown to her assistance, and carried her off, plentifully abusing the footman for having, as she said, "been nearly the death of her darlint, the impudent baste of a man."

Mr. Vernon was taken home, and continued, for some time, insensible. His first question, when he finally came to, was after his grandchild. Isabel thought, at first, he was raving, but when she was told that he had really been conversing with a little girl in the park, at the time he was seized, she divined the truth. But she would not admit it to others. She told the servant sharply that Mr. Vernon had no grandchild, and that only delirium, or dotage could explain his asking for one.

From that day the invalid never rose from his bed. Isabel was now constantly with him, almost entirely excluding assistance: her concern, she said, would not allow her to leave him.

Alice, meantime, had heard from both the nurse and Lily, of the latter's adventure; but little did she suspect who the invalid was. By accident, however, she learned her father's sinking condition, and obtained her husband's consent to make a last effort to see him. "If he should die," she said, "and I unforgiven, I could never again be happy."

Accordingly, with a palpitating heart, almost a week after the meeting of Lily and Mr. Vernon, the discarded daughter rung the bell at her father's magnificent portal.

A strange servant came to the door, which he held only half open, standing carefully in the aperture.

"Can I see Mr. Vernon?" said Alice.

Her voice was tremulous as she spoke, and she was so faint that she clung to the door-frame.

The servant eyed her with astonishment. Ignorant alike of her person, and of the family history, he could not account for this agitation.

"Mr. Vernon is sick and can see no one," he said, and without moving from his position.

But Alice, roused to mortal terror at these words, which implied that her father was dying, found all her strength returning, and with a boldness that, at any other time, she would have been incapable of, she pushed by the footman, entered the hall, and laid her hand on the parlor door.

"Is he dying? Does he keep his bed?" she asked, hurriedly, as the servant, bowing and deprecating, followed her.

The man would have repeated in words, what his manner had already said, but there was something in Alice that awed and prevented him. He felt that he would rather receive the rebuke of his mistress, for disobedience, than tell this poor, agitated creature that his orders were, on no account, to admit anybody.

"Is he dying? tell me—oh! don't keep me in suspense," cried Alice, stopping, with her hand on the door, as she saw the servant's irresolution, which she mistakenly attributed to another cause.

"He is not considered in immediate danger, ma'am," replied the man, opening the door for her. "But Miss Vernon's orders are that nobody should see him. The doctors say he must be kept quiet. Will you take a seat?" And he offered her a chair.

Alice sank gratefully to the seat, for a reaction had come, and she was again trembling all over. For some moments her mind was in a whirl of confused ideas, her only clear perception being that what she had heard of her father's illness fell short of the truth.

Meantime the footman gazed at her in respectful silence, for there is something in real emotion to touch even the rudest heart. At last Alice looked up, and said,

"Can I see Isabel?"

The servant stared. Long as he had been in that house, he had never heard his mistress called anything but Miss Vernon. Who could this stranger be, he asked himself, who spoke familiarly of the haughty heiress?

Alice, even in her great grief and suspense, noticed his astonishment, and hastened to correct herself.

"I mean Miss Vernon," she said.

The servant bowed, and answered, "your card, ma'am, if you please."

But Alice answered, "never mind, tell her it is a friend, an old schoolmate."

Still, however, the footman hesitated, bowing, and looking the request he could not repeat.

"Say it is on urgent business," added Alice, eagerly, noticing this. "I know she will come if you tell her that."

The servant departed, though with reluctant steps, and Alice was left alone to prepare for the interview with her sister. Her sister, whom she had not seen for so long, and whom an instinctive feeling, now experienced for the first time, warned her was not, perhaps, her friend.

More than a quarter of an hour elapsed before Isabel made her appearance. Had the room been the one in which she had formerly spent so many happy hours; had it been furnished with the old, familiar articles, Alice would have given way, under the tide of recollections thus forced

on her: but the house was a new one, and the furniture was new also, so that she managed to preserve, in a great degree, the fortitude so necessary to her.

At last the door opened and Isabel entered.

She had grown thinner and haughtier since Alice had last seen her. The lines of her face were sharp, the eyes sunken, the brow contracted into a slight frown. Peevishness and hauteur were the prevailing expressions of the countenance. Had Alice met her in the street, she would scarcely have recognized her.

But, at first, Alice did not notice these changes. She knew, almost before she looked, that it was Isabel entering. With the first motion of the door she had sprung to her feet, all the old sisterly love gushing in her bosom, and rapidly advanced, with extended arms.

But Isabel, cold, repellant, disdainful, drew back rigidly. For an instant, indeed, she had started; but it was only for an instant; and immediately she was as immovable as marble. Poor Alice, checked in mid career, turned scarlet, her extended arms sinking to her sides; while the elder sister, without uttering a word, continued, for some time, to regard her with haughty scorn and anger. At last Isabel spoke.

"To what, Mrs. Randolph, are we indebted for this visit?"

But Alice could not answer. It was impossible for her, all at once, to realize that this was Isabel, the playmate of her childhood, her only and darling sister. With her large, soft eyes dilated with wonder; her lips parted; and every vestige of color gone from her cheeks, she stood, for a full minute, gazing at Isabel.

A civil sneer crept to the lips of the latter, as she saw this, and with cold hauteur she repeated.

"To what are we indebted, Mrs. Randolph, for this visit?"

And now, at last, Alice spoke. Heaving a deep sigh, she looked reproachfully at her sister, and said, "oh! Isabel."

The tone and glance would have melted any heart but one steeled against all pity. They produced no impression on Isabel, however, for she saw in Alice, not the sister, but only the hated bride of Randolph. The sneer deepened on her thin lips as she answered,

"My time is precious, madam, and you will oblige me by stating your business."

The color rushed back to the cheek of Alice at these cruel words, and indignation, such indignation as her gentle heart could feel, gave her strength to say. "I have come to see my father. I hear he is dangerously ill——"

She would have said more, but the elder sister interrupted her.

"To see your father," she answered. "Do

you wish to insult him? After having, by your disobedience, brought him to what will prove, perhaps, a bed of death, can you so wantonly outrage his feelings as to seek to force yourself upon him?"

Alice gazed at her sister in fresh amazement at these words. Was this the confidant, who had persuaded her to disobedience, and who now, not only disavowed all participation in that crime, but actually reproached her? Indignation, however, came again to her aid.

"Force myself upon him, after bringing him to a bed of death, oh! Isabel, how dare you, how can you use such language? Was it I only that was guilty? Did you not almost advise all that I did? Did you not promise to reconcile papa to me? And now to talk so! Isabel, sister Isabel," she cried, all other feelings subsiding into the agony of unutterable grief, "oh! don't look and talk so cruelly, but get pa to receive me, or my heart," and she placed her hands passionately on it, "my poor heart will break."

And did not even this move Isabel? Perhaps it did. Perhaps she had already been moved to her innermost soul, notwithstanding that cold, haughty, contemptuous look. But if so, pride and revenge had triumphed over all softer emotions. None are utterly wicked, and Isabel was far from being so. In charity to her we must suppose that even her harshness had been exaggerated, from a fear that, if she was less cruel, the part she had resolved to play could not be kept up. She had doubtless dreaded the effect of Alice's voice and look on her heart, and hoped, by a distant and haughty air, at once to repel the suppliant; and now, as she found herself deceived, as she saw Alice grow more earnest, she steeled herself with new barbarities.

"This interview is equally unwise and painful," she said, in a cold voice, yet one that was husky notwithstanding her efforts to make it seem natural. "I will not reproach you, madam, as you have reproached me, though, if you consult your memory, you will recollect that I gave no advice, and assumed no responsibility. And when I see what your disobedience has brought your father to, you must excuse me if I say that, in everything, I coincide with papa——"

"Oh! Isabel, oh! Isabel——"

"Pray don't interrupt me, madam," sharply continued the speaker. "I coincide, I say, entirely with pa. His health, already shattered by your misconduct, must not be endangered by an interview, which could be only painful to him, and which, I should think, none but base motives on your part could have suggested."

Infamous taunt! And from a sister too! What lost spirit, burning with hate and revenge, could have formed such bitter words for those lips?

Alice made no answer. This last insinuation deprived her even of the strength which indignation had given her. She burst into tears. Covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud, shaking convulsively as if body and spirit were parting.

Minute after minute passed, yet still that passion of overstrained emotions continued. At last, however, she grew composed. The thought of her father, dying overhead, and dying without forgiving her, gradually banished all other feelings, and she looked up, intending to make a final effort to move Isabel.

But Isabel was gone. Taking advantage of Alice's convulsive grief, the elder sister had stolen noiselessly from the room.

A new flood of tears rushed to the eyes of Alice as she saw this. She felt that the decree was irrevocable, which separated her from her father; and her gentle nature sank under it. But, after a while, the realities of her situation began to impress themselves on her. What if one of the servants should appear, and see her weeping? Or what if Isabel should despatch a footman to thrust her from the house, for any thing was possible from Isabel after the cruel words of the late interview?

She rose, therefore, from the chair where she had sunk, gathered her shawl about her, and left the parlor. In the hall she encountered the servant who had admitted her, and who had apparently been waiting, under instructions, until she should appear. He stepped briskly to the door, opened it, and stood bowing low, as if for her to pass. And thus Alice went forth, for the second and last time, expelled from her father's house.

Alice never recollected how she got home on that day. From the moment she left her father's portal, till she entered her own, all was a chaos.

But when the door of her boarding-house was opened at her well-known ring, there came bounding toward her a vision of beauty that would have shed sunshine into a heart even more desolate than hers. It was her little daughter!

Lily saw, immediately, that her mother was grieved at something, so the boisterous gladness of her welcome ceased, and taking the offered hand in her own tiny one, she looked up silently into that dear face, and went quietly, almost demurely on to their room.

But as soon as the door was opened, the exuberant gaiety of her pure young heart returned again, for she recollected, all at once, what she had intended to tell her mother the first thing, but which she had forgotten in the tumult of the welcome.

"Oh! mamma," she cried, eagerly, dragging her parent across the chamber, "do come and see. Such a beautiful moss-rose bud as I have

found, and you were looking on the bush for one in vain only yesterday, you know. Isn't it pretty?"

It was indeed exquisite, as delicate, pure and fresh as thyself, loveliest of daughters! And the mother said so mentally, as first gazing at the bud a moment, she stooped and kissed her darling.

The little girl followed her parent, talking pleasantly to her, as the latter crossed the room to put away her bonnet and shawl. She told how she had spent the early part of the morning dressing her doll and putting it to sleep; and all this she did so earnestly that one would have thought it the most serious of affairs. Then she told how, after this, she had thought it time to listen for her mamma's ring, and how, when it came, she knew it at once. But her voice, though cheerful, was not gay. She seemed to feel that gaiety would be out of place. Her mother, as much from the consciousness of this, as from the memory of the late interview, began silently to cry; but aware of the weakness of this, tried first to check her tears, and, failing, to hide them from her child.

But the latter soon detected them. Drawing her mother gently to a seat, and looking affectionately up, she said,

"Don't cry, mamma."

Don't cry! Oh! if ever you have, in your deep trouble, heard those touching words from the lips of a little daughter, her eyes bent on yours full of sympathy, and her lips quivering with sorrow because of your sorrow, then you know how it was that Alice suddenly clasped her child to her bosom, kissed her passionately again and again, and wept almost aloud. But if you have never had such a daughter, no words of mine can describe the scene.

At last Alice buried her face on her little one's shoulders. The child waited a while, and then quietly began, with her tiny hands, to turn her mother's head, saying, tenderly, "you ain't crying any more, are you, mamma? Don't cry, dear mamma."

And then there were fresh tears and renewed caresses, till gradually smiles returned to both faces. When Randolph came in to dinner, he found mother and daughter sitting lovingly together, the last nursing her doll quietly on her knee, and eagerly listening, with her little countenance full of concern, to her parent reading the ballad of the "Children in the Wood."

Let us turn from this innocent scene to one which was enacting, at that very hour, in the mansion of Mr. Vernon.

We are in the chamber of death. The carpet is the finest Axminster; the bed is gorgeous with hangings: but these cannot keep out death.

"Isabel," said a feeble voice, "are you there?"

"Yes, papa," and she came forward to the bedside.

"Raise me up."

She placed one arm under the pillow of the feeble old man, and, with her disengaged hand, put a second pillow beneath him, so that he could recline in a half sitting posture.

"I think I could sleep a little now, if you were to fan me. The air is very close. Lying down benumbs me."

A shade of concern passed over Isabel's face, for she knew the dread meaning of these signs; and though long expecting her father's death, it was a shock, come when it might.

Her first impulse was to call the servants. But her parent dropping almost immediately into a calm sleep, her present fears were relieved.

For some time the invalid slumbered quietly. But gradually he grew restless, murmuring low words which Isabel could not make out. Finally, his excitement increased, and he spoke louder.

"Alice," he said, "Alice, where are you? You prayed for me, did you, and I never prayed for you." He was evidently mingling his interview with Lily, with recollections of the childhood of Alice. "How much you look like your mother. And she, too, loved flowers. Ah! don't frown on me, angel, up in the clouds of heaven. Don't, don't leave me." The perspiration started from the brow of the sleeper. In a moment he cried, agonizingly, "she has passed into the gate of glory, and the avenging angel, with his flaming sword, warns me back."

A pang shot across the sharp features of Isabel, as if a poisoned arrow had been driven into her heart. She hesitated an instant, and then shook the sleeper.

"Father, father," she cried.

With a groan the old man opened his eyes, and met her wild look, though with vague and wandering gaze.

"Off, off," he gasped, "I do not know you. You are the fiend, I see your shape——"

"Father, father," almost shrieked Isabel, shaking him more violently.

This time he was more fully roused. He drew a deep breath and half moved a hand to his brow.

"Ah! I remember. You are one of my daughters. It is Alice, isn't it?"

The lips of Isabel were compressed till the blood almost started from them, and her face became, for an instant, perfectly livid. But the emotion, by whatever caused, soon passed off.

"It is I, Isabel: surely you know me."

"Oh!—ah!—yes——" He spoke slowly and vaguely, pausing between each word, and looking half doubtfully at her. "It is Isabel's voice. But you have made the room very dark. Why

don't they bring candles? And where is Alice? Ah! now I recollect, Alice isn't here—she is gone, gone, gone."

He spoke the last words despairingly, with a listless, dejected air; and, for a while, was silent. Isabel was torn by conflicting emotions. Thirst for revenge, and hatred to Alice warred within her against the remains of holier feelings; and alas! alas! they triumphed.

Very soon the invalid, who had closed his eyes languidly, opened them with a quick start. Grasping Isabel's arm, and speaking in a rapid voice, he said,

"Ring for a servant. Send for Alice and her child. I am dying and have not forgiven them: oh! what a sinner of sinners I have been. And send also for the lawyer to alter my will. I know now the meaning of the flaming sword, and the sad face of my angel-wife: how can I expect to be forgiven, if I forgive not."

But Isabel never moved. Her face grew almost black, with the conflict within, as when storms

darken a mountain: but she neither answered, nor obeyed.

The old man gazed at her, at first in astonishment, and finally in horror. A terrible suspicion seized him, though not the true one. Desperately he clutched her arm, tighter than ever, and made a violent effort to draw her face down close to his.

"Oh! God," he cried, in a voice thick with terror, "she does not hear me, she does not understand my words. The dying, they say, often try to speak, and cannot. Isabel, Isabel," he shouted, "can't you hear me? Stoop down lower!"

She obeyed him, but shook her head, as if his words were inarticulate.

"I am dying, it is too late," he cried, dropping her hand, "all is in vain. Oh! my God."

No words can describe the despairing accent of this appeal. Gradually his voice sank into indistinct mutterings: there was a convulsive shudder; and then a corpse lay stark and livid on the bed before Isabel. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SWING.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

'NEATH the cool and verdant shade,
On the old oak's giant limb,
We secure the cords have made,
All is safe, the balance trim;
Swing—swing
To and fro,
On the wing—
High—low—
Here—there—
Undulating through the air.
Beauty on the cheek will glow,
Kisses sweet from balmy air,
Where the swing waves to and fro,
Let us to its joys repair;
Swing—swing—

To and fro—
On the wing—
High—low—
Here—there—
Springing through the yielding air.
'Tis delightful thus to go,
Gently gliding here and there,
Hither—thither—to and fro—
Floating, like a bird, in air;
Swing—swing—
To and fro—
On the wing—
High—low—
Here—there—
Up—and down—'tis pleasure rare!

SPIRIT VOICES.

BY G. L. PARSONS.

Holy spirits still are striving
At the altar of the heart,
Whispering words of deepest meaning,
"Go and choose the better part."
Do we give them proper heeding,
When they gently bid us come,
Where the Saviour's interceding
For each poor unworthy one?

Ah, I fear we sometimes banish
Words that should be cherished dear:
And we let those spirits vanish
From us each succeeding year.
They will not thus always linger,
When we turn a deafening ear
To the teachings of our Saviour,
That we should with reverence hear.

THE MOONLIGHT RAMBLE.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

THE moon shone full and beautiful on terrace and tower, as two figures, coming from the gardens of Alleyne Castle, emerged into her midnight radiance. One was a manly, handsome form, attired in the guise of a cavalier. His companion was a maiden, apparently in the first blush of womanhood, whose costly garments, as well as the taste with which they were worn, bespoke her of noble blood and refined culture. It was evident, from the first glance, that the two were lovers. A conversation, begun in the garden walk, was being continued.

"Dear Roland," said the lady, looking up tenderly into his face, "ask me not, I beseech you, to meet you in this stolen way again. I fear something will happen to me, or to you, for my weakness in yielding this once. Not for worlds would I have any of the retainers about the castle to see me now. I have promised to be yours, and I will keep my troth, so help me heaven, though all earth and the powers below strive against you. But I cannot openly disobey my dear father by an elopement. When you return, covered with glory from the wars, as I know well that you will, he will consent to our union; and then we shall both be happier for having followed the right, instead of obeying the temptation to do wrong."

"Your will is my law," said her companion, reverently kissing her hand. "Forgive me for having asked you to fly with me. I see that you are right in this as in all things else. Let me but win honor and lands, and even your proud father, the earl, must acknowledge that I am a fitting match for his child; for my blood is as noble as his own."

"I feel sure that you will succeed," said the sweet girl, looking fondly at him. "Who is braver than you?"

Her companion would have replied, but at that instant there rose, on the profound silence, what seemed the faint and distant sound of arms. Such a noise was unusual, even in those troubled times.

"Ha!" cried he. "There is trouble ahead. Hear you not those sounds?"

"I do hear them, Roland. But surely you are not going? You have no armor on."

"I have my sword," was the proud reply. "If there is a fight, one of the parties must be

for Edward of York, and even my poor blade may be needed in his behalf. Fortunately my steed is tied at the edge of the wood below. So farewell, dearest. To-morrow I hope to send you good news of your knight." And with a last fond embrace on his part, and some natural feminine tears on hers, he was gone.

It took but few minutes for Roland to gain his steed, to vault into the saddle, and to gallop in the direction of the sound of battle. As he hurried along, the clash of arms grew louder, and was mixed with shouts, among which he discovered the Lancastrian war-cry, and more faintly that of Edward of York. These latter finally ceased altogether, and then the others also were heard no more.

"It goes poorly with the king's men," said Roland, "but, perhaps, my arm can turn the battle: so on, good steed, on."

The period was that of the wars of the Roses, when the son of the murdered duke of York, had just ascended the English throne, under the title of Edward the Fourth. The realm was still filled with the disaffected, however, and pitched battles between the two parties were not unfrequent, while skirmishes were of almost weekly occurrence.

On reaching an open glade, in the midst of a forest, Roland came suddenly in view of the scene of strife. But the struggle appeared to be over. Four men-at-arms, wearing the badges of York, lay dead on the ground, and a fifth, though living, was prostrate. A huge knight, in dark armor stood over the latter, with his sword at the throat of the fallen man, while several followers, grim and bloody from the late fight, crowded behind.

"Yield thee, sir knight, or die the death," cried the dark warrior, shortening his blade to give the fatal blow.

"Edward never yields to traitors," cried the fallen man, "do your will, rebel that thou art."

"Then perish, upstart king," cried the dark warrior.

But the sword, though thrust angrily at the throat of the fallen monarch—for it was Edward the Fourth, beset on the return from one of his gay appointments, that lay there—never reached its destination. Shouting "a Roland, a Roland," our hero had dashed spurs into his horse, and

now rode down the dark warrior; while as the rebel fell, with one blow of his stout blade, he clove his skull in twain.

"Up, up, my liege," he cried, turning for an instant to the king. "I will keep the varlets in play till you have recovered a sword. I saw two lying beside your dead retainers." And then, dashing into the midst of the surprised rebels, who had not even yet recovered their presence of mind, he hewed down first one, and then another, wheeling his horse with almost miraculous rapidity, so as both to escape blows himself and to deal them to others: all the time shouting, as if he had an army at his back, "a Roland, a Roland, to the rescue."

The monarch, ever as brave in arms as he was successful in love, was not long in availing himself of Roland's advice, and soon appeared to the assistance of the latter. But, short as the time had been, the field was already clear. Consternation had done much, and the good sword of Roland more. Already four had fallen under that tenchant blade, when the four that remained, seeing the king coming to the aid of this terrible knight, and not knowing how many retainers might be hurrying through the woods, took to sudden flight.

"By my crown and realm," said the king, "you have done what no other knight, in all England, could have achieved so quickly. There is nothing left for me to do."

"My liege," said Roland, leaping from his horse, and sinking on his knee, "I have only done what any man, had he seen his king in peril, could have done as well; for when the safety of these broad realms is at stake, by the life of their rightful monarch being in danger, even a woman's arm would have a giant's strength."

"Well said, young sir," said Edward. "But rise, rise! Or stay," he added, suddenly, seeing that Roland wore no knightly spurs, "are you not yet a son of chivalry?"

"I have yet to win my spurs," replied Roland.

"Then, by all the saints, knight you shall be before you rise, for never did squire win spurs more nobly than you have done to-night. Your name."

"Roland Bohem."

"What, the heir of the old line? Rise, Sir Roland Bohem," and he struck him on the shoulder as he spoke. "And as I trow, from what I know of your family history, that you are not over-rich in this world's goods, having lost all in my father's cause, it shall be my duty to hunt you out certain rich manors to pay you for this night's work. But now, tell me, how came you here."

In a few words Roland explained that, having

heard the sound of arms, he had hurried to the scene. He would have stopped here, but the good-natured monarch, who had observed the speaker's embarrassment, suspected that all was not told; and so cross-questioned our hero, with such mingled authority, adroitness and kindness, that Roland was fain, at last, to reveal the whole.

"Ha, sits the wind in that quarter?" said the royal Edward. "You shall not repent making me your confidant. I know the good earl well. He has been rather luke-warm, but now seeks to make his peace with me, and will not miss a good opportunity, such as my suit in your behalf will offer. I will hie to his castle to-night, for I must sleep somewhere, and am too tired to return to court. You shall accompany me, and, to-morrow, hear more."

All was uproar in the castle of Earl Dalton, when it became known that the king had been beset, in the neighboring forest, had barely escaped with his life, and had come to demand a night's lodging, and that litters should be sent out to bring in the dead bodies of his henchmen. The earl himself rose trembling from bed, and came to welcome his royal master, fearful that suspicion might fall on him, since the attack had happened in his woods. Roland, at the monarch's request, did not appear at this interview, but sought the old chamber he had occupied when a page, for it was in that capacity, and in the Dalton Castle, as the reader may have guessed ere this, that he had won the Lady Elizabeth's heart.

The next day the castle was thronged with anxious courtiers, who having heard of Edward's peril, had ridden down from London to congratulate the king on his escape. But it was not until the sun was high in heaven that the monarch appeared, for he had slept long after his fatigue, and had subsequently been closeted, in secret, with his host. At last, however, he entered the great hall, amid the acclamations of his subjects, who crowded around to testify their loyalty.

"All excellently well," jestingly said the king, "glad to see your king safe, I have no doubt, though he owes nothing to your good swords for being so. But make way, lords and gentlemen, for here comes the Lady Elizabeth, queen of hearts and beauty, whose espousals you are happily present to witness."

As he spoke, the earl's daughter entered the hall, richly attired, and attended by a long train of maidens. Never had she looked so lovely. It was apparent that she was, at least, no unwilling bride, for never could a lustre so sweet fill the eyes, nor smile so happy wreath the lips of one forced to the altar.

"My Lord of Dalton," said the king, turning to her father, a proud, but timid nobleman, whose

whole life had been consumed in accumulating wealth and trimming between York and Lancaster, "it is with your free consent, I believe, that you give your daughter away to the good earl, in whose favor I have asked her hand, I vouching that his lineage is noble in all respects, and that his broad acres equal your daughter's dowry."

"It is, my liege," said he, bowing low. "Your majesty had but to name the boon, and I accorded it at once, being eager to testify my love to your house and my loyalty to the throne."

"Stand forth then, Roland, Earl of Langleat," said the king, advancing, and laying his hand on the shoulder of our hero, who, hitherto had stood in the background. "Receive your bride," and with the words, he placed the hand of the Lady Elizabeth in that of Roland. "Now both of ye kneel to my Lord of Dalton, and ask his paternal blessing."

From the start of the old earl it was evident that he had been kept in ignorance of the fact, that it was his former page who was to wed his daughter. In truth the monarch, who ever loved a jest, had purposely concealed this.

"But, my liege," at last stammered the old earl, still drawing back, and gazing in amazement from the pair to the monarch, and then from the monarch to the pair. "This is my own page, who left me not a twelvemonth ago: no knight, much less belted earl."

"Knight and belted earl both," said the monarch, laughing, "and holding of me, by my free gift, broad manors that once were his ancestors, and which I have confiscated from the Lancastrian thieves who dispossessed the old Bohems, whose name and blood he inherits. Nay, sir earl, put a good grace on the affair, and bless them: don't you see the Lady Elizabeth is nothing loath. Remember, I have your promise. All the conditions are fulfilled on my part."

Thus pressed, the old noble blessed the youthful couple, though with a dubious and concerned

look, as if he fancied there was some trick about it; for he could not, as yet, realize the sudden change which had occurred in Roland's fortunes. But the next words of the king revealed all to his bewildered mind.

"And now, lords and gentlemen," said the monarch, taking the youthful pair in either hand, and advancing to the front of the dais, "let me introduce you to the Lady Elizabeth Dalton, loveliest of her sex, and to her espoused husband, Sir Roland Bohem, Earl of Langleat, peerless knight, and true liegeman, but for whose arm your king would, last night, have died under the sword of an assassin."

He had scarcely finished when a shout went up from the spectators, that made even the spacious hall of the castle shake and shake again: and when this had died away, a hundred hands were extended to grasp that of Roland, while a hundred voices congratulated him on his courage and his good fortune.

A year from that day saw the young earl married to his lovely Elizabeth. History records how King Edward gave the bride away; how there were jousts and tournaments for days in succession; and how the bridegroom was the handsomest knight, as his bride was the loveliest lady at all these entertainments. But one little incident, which history has overlooked, we must narrate before we finish.

"Ah! did I not tell you," said the bride, when alone with her husband, "that, if we trusted in heaven, all would go right."

"You did, dearest, and were a true prophet," said Roland, fondly kissing her. But he added, archly, "and yet, after all, and in spite of your prognostications of evil, we owe not a little to that moonlight ramble."

On that subject they differed to their dying day. They never quarrelled about anything else, however, but lived as happily as they lived long. Therefore, good reader, do not let us quarrel even on that subject.

LINES.

BY JULIA DAY.

WHEN pleasures shall have flown
Like bloom from blossoms bright,
Let not the breast disown
Remembrance of delight.
When bitter tears shall cease,
In smarting anguish shed
Let not the heart at peace
Forget that it hath bled.

Let hope fade as the rose,
Love like the violet die,
A thousand joys and woes
Together buried lie;
But let there not be gloom
As though they ne'er had been,
Let ivy crown the tomb,
"Lord keep my memory green."

ON THE HARMONY OF COLORS,
IN ITS APPLICATION TO LADIES' DRESS.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108.

LET us note the colors on the dresses of the first six ladies we meet. What do we see first? a fancy straw bonnet, lined and trimmed with rose color, an orange shawl, and a lilac muslin dress. The next wears a blue bonnet, lilac visite, and a pink dress. A third has a violet bonnet, pink bows inside, sky-blue strings, and a green veil. Now we follow a lady in a cool green muslin dress, a white shawl chequered with peach blossom and green, the bonnet peach blossom, trimmed simply with ruches of narrow tulle. Here, our companion exclaimed, is an exception to your rule, it is impossible that two colors could be better contrasted or harmonized. Stay, we replied, let us see the lady's face, and ascertain whether the same harmony is preserved throughout the costume. We accordingly quickened our pace, passed the lady, looked in her face, and saw—bright amber colored bows inside her lilac bonnet, and broad strings of yellow ribbons with a red stripe! The very thought of such a combination of color sets one's teeth on edge.* Who comes next? a Quaker lady, with her close and prim drab silk bonnet lined with white, which is thrown into shadow by the close form of the bonnet, and is separated from her fine complexion by her smooth bands of hair, and the neat ruche of gauze; she wears a drab silk dress, and a plain white shawl, over which is turned a collar of the whitest and most transparent lawn. It is positively a relief to the eye to rest on the quiet dress of this lady, after the shock it has received from the inharmonious contrasts we have just described. Formal and

* The reason why the contrast of red, lilac or peach blossom with yellow is not harmonious, is because both colors are warm, now warm colors are always opposed to cold ones, consequently the nearer the yellow approaches to orange, the colder should be the violet or purple to which it is contrasted, and as the arrangement in the present instance was light red or warm purple, with yellow, which from the red stripe on the ribbon appeared orange, it will be seen that the rule to which we have referred was violated. In addition to the inharmonious contrast of color, there was also a discordancy in the *tone* of the colors. The yellow was too powerful for the light tint of purple to which it was opposed. Had the latter been dark—of the hue of the heartsease, for instance, the impression on the eye would have been less unpleasant, and the want of harmony in the colors less perceptible.

stiff as the bonnet worn by the ladies belonging to the sect of Friends, is in shape, we cannot for a moment hesitate which is the most lady-like and the most becoming dress; indeed, it is somewhat difficult to imagine that Quaker ladies, who have the use of their eyes, have never, between the days of George Fox and our own times, made the important discovery that the semi neutral colors which they so generally adopt, are very becoming to the complexion. If this were not the fact, why should Titian, Vandyck, and other great painters introduce a drab colored scarf or veil around the bust of single figures, and in contact with the skin? and why should this contrivance be adopted by modern painters also? It is known that the effect of the drab scarf is to make the flesh tints look brighter by contrast.

In the same manner the large ruffs—we do not, of course, allude to those which were stiffened with yellow starch—that were worn formerly, produced by the shadow of their numerous folds, the effect of grey, which received by contrast a tinge of the complementary color of the carnations, and so produced harmony. The ruff had also the advantage of separating, by its broad shadow, the carnation tints from the decided colors of the dress.

When speaking of the use of grey as a harmonizing color, the subject of grey hair naturally suggests itself. We are pleased to see that the disingenuous and idle custom of concealing the encroachments of time, by the substitution of false hair, is fast passing away. To those who wear hair to which they have no claim but that of purchase, and who still feel disposed to hide their grey hair with borrowed locks of more youthful appearance, we would suggest that when, as Camoens says,

"Time's transmuting hand shall turn
Thy locks of gold to silvery wires,
Those starry lamps shall cease to burn
As now with more than mortal fires;
Thy ripened cheek no longer wear
The ruddy bloom of rising dawn,
And ev'ry tiny dimple there
In wrinkled lines be roughly drawn,"

the face, as well as the hair, will bear unmis-
takeable traces of the lapse of years. The chest-
nut or raven hair of youth, never harmonizes

with the face and lineaments of fifty; but, by wearing the natural grey hair, the whole countenance acquires a general harmony which, when accompanied by an expression of intelligence and goodness, compensates in some degree for the loss of the bloom of youth.

Although we cannot see any beauty in hair when its color is in that state of transition, which Butler attributes to the tawny beard of Hudi-bras—

“The upper part whereof was whey.
The nether orange, mixed with grey:”

we do think hair which is white, or nearly so, greatly improves the complexion when the latter is not of too deep a color. That this effect is totally independent of any associations connected with age, is, we think, fully proved by the former prevalence of the almost universal fashion of using hair-powder. We have already alluded to the good effect of white and of grey—produced by a *ruche* of tulle—round the face, and we cannot but think that the custom of wearing hair-powder, although it may have originated in the desire of some votary of fashion to conceal the inroads of age, was rendered popular by the discovery that it improved the complexion. White veils, lace, and gauze, approximate, by means of their folds, to grey; and are useful in softening and harmonizing.

But we are wandering from our subject, namely, the consideration of the adoption of different colors at the same time, as articles of dress. We should strongly recommend that, if different colors are worn at the same time, that they should be such as contrast, or harmonize, exactly with each other, and in such proportions as to produce the most agreeable effect on the eye. In general the broken and semi-neutral colors are productive of an excellent effect in dress; these may be enlivened by a little positive color, the accessories should be quiet and unassuming, and the contrasting color, which should always be chosen in accordance with the foregoing principles, should in general bear but a small proportion to the mass of principal color. A blue bonnet and dress, for instance, may, when contrast is desired, be worn with an orange colored shawl; but, as orange is a very powerful color, the blue, in order to balance it, must be of a very deep tone. In the same manner, a pink bonnet may be worn with a green dress—and a green bonnet with a pink dress, but the hue of each should be carefully assorted, according to exact contrast, as shown by the diagram. In some cases not only two, but three colors may be worn simultaneously, without incurring the imputation of gaudiness. This will, however, depend upon the skill with which the proportions,

and the different hues of color are adjusted. An instance of the unison of the three colors occurs in a favorite trimming for the exterior of summer bonnets, namely, a wreath of red poppies and blue corn flowers, mixed with yellow ears of ripe corn; the colors of which are *sometimes* very agreeably contrasted. Colored shawls, again, are instances in which a great variety of colors may be arranged with harmonious and rich effect; but to set these off to the greatest advantage, they should be worn over plain colored dresses. The variety of colors in shawls is frequently so great, and they are so broken and intermixed, that, at a small distance, they cease to be distinct, and must be considered rather as hues than as colors. It is always a rule that, if one part of the dress is highly ornamented, or consists of various colors, a portion should be plain, in order to give repose to the eye. For the same reason, figured dresses should be accompanied by plain colored shawls or cloaks. It is to this principle of contrast, without gaudiness, that the popularity of black scarfs, and cloaks, is to be attributed.

If it is necessary that the colors of the different articles of dress, should contrast agreeably or harmonize with each other, it is equally important that the same harmony should be preserved in the colors employed on a single piece of silk or stuff. In these and other textile fabrics we find too frequently that the fancy of the manufacturer has been the only rule for the arrangement of the colors, and the laws of the harmony and contrast of colors are set at defiance. The French manufacturers pay greater attention to the subject, and the good effects of this study are visible in the productions of the French looms. We trust that the influence of the schools of design, and the dissemination among all ranks of a knowledge of the laws regulating the contrasts of colors, will develop a more correct taste in this country, both among the producers and the consumers.

A certain amount of information, which appears rather to have been derived from tradition, than science, certainly prevails, with regard to this subject; and the bad use that has been made of it, proves the truth of the old adage, “a little learning is a dangerous thing.” We cannot illustrate this better than by referring to the class of textile fabrics in which the warp and woof are of different colors, and which are familiarly called “glace” or “shot” silks or stuffs. It is commonly understood that red contrasts well with green, blue with orange, lilac with green, and purple with yellow, and an impression appears generally to prevail that if any two of these contrasting colors are united in one piece of goods; if, for instance, the warp is green and the woof red;

that the finished piece will present a rich and harmonious contrast of colors. If, however, all our manufacturers had been possessed of a more extensive knowledge of the principles of the harmony of colors, they would have been aware of the fact that red and green when mixed neutralize each other, producing, according to the proportions in which they unite, a semi-neutral tint, which, carried to the extreme, produces blackness. A very slight degree of observation on the dresses of this nature which one meets with in the street, will be sufficient to convince us that this effect is produced by the union of the colors above-mentioned, but the cause does not appear to have been understood. The effect

of such mixtures is heavy and sombre. Changeable and "shot" draperies are not a modern invention; they have always been favorites with the Italian painters, who have introduced them into their pictures with the happiest effects, and they were in use as early as the time of Cennini. Whence comes it then that draperies of this description are pleasing in pictures, while many of those which we see daily are displeasing to the cultivated eye? It is because the old Italian masters combined their colors according to the principles of harmony. And if we would produce the rich effects that they did, we must first investigate the principles by which they were guided, and then act upon them.

P E A C E .

BY GEORGE HART.

BURN the tapers round the bed
Where a woman lieth dead:
Kneels the mother, praying humbly;
Kneels the husband, grieving dumbly.
Slipping gradual from his hold,
Sleeps a child with locks of gold,
Breathing sweetly on the bed,
Where a woman lieth dead.

All the years since she was wed,
Wept the woman lying dead:
With her grief and God alone,
Secret prayer and secret moan:
That the darling spouse and mother,
Loving her, should hate each other—
With a hate the years but fed,
Wept the woman lying dead.

In their hearts the last word said,
By the woman lying dead.
Awful as a distant sea
Breaks and breaks continually;
Till the husband and the mother
Turn, and sob, and clasp each other
Without speaking, by the bed,
Where the woman lieth dead.

Sleeps the child with golden head,
By the woman lying dead,
Sleep the taper-flames around,
And God's dove without a sound,
Casts her pinions o'er the place
Where the reconciled embrace:
It is "Peace," the last word said,
By the woman lying dead.

A H O M E F O R M E .

BY C. CHANDLER.

On, a home for me,
O'er the deep blue sea,
On a gem from the waters riven:
Some fairy green isle,
Where the sun's bright smile
Seems a glance direct from Heaven.

I'm weary of life,
Its passions, its strife,
Its false bubbles tossing in air:
Wealth, honor, and fame,
E'en friendship's a name,
And love's but a meteor's glare.

To my islet home
Grief never should come,
Nor can, that would tempt me to roam:
The wind spirits sigh
My dirge when I die,
As they shroud 'me in Ocean's foam.

Then a home for me,
O'er the deep blue sea,
On an isle from the waters riven,
Where the soul's unrest
Finds quiet and blest,
Repose that would lead it to Heaven.

THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

BY SYBIL HASTINGS.

CHAPTER I.

AN impulsive, buoyant, never-drooping spirit had Mary Rayson, or Mollie, as she was called by most of her numerous friends; and they comprised nearly all the inhabitants of Peacedale, the village where she was born and reared to girlhood. We wish we could describe her bright heart smile; her dark, fathomless eyes of hazel; her tall, reed-like figure with its willowy grace; the girlish abandon with which she yields herself to thrilling music; or sunny beam upon the lip, born of gushing merriment. But language is too weak to picture all this. They who knew Mary Rayson as the world only knows woman, knew her but as the idle gazer knows the sea, with the frail bubbles floating bright upon its surface, utterly unconscious of the jewels slumbering fathoms down below.

On the morning from which we date as the commencement of our story, clear and loud echoed the bell from the belfry of the old meeting-house. Just as the fall of footsteps, and the creaking of pew doors died away with the tolling of the bell, the tall figure of the minister rose erect in the pulpit. He prayed with simple eloquence for his Father's children gathered there beneath his spiritual guidance, and for all earth's wanderers. While he prayed, a shadow fell on the sunlit floor, and a tall stranger, in fashionable attire, stood just within the entrance. He had paused directly beneath the orchestra, and stood there till the hymn was given out, but when a sweet, bird-like voice, requiring cultivation but wondrously musical, mingled with the peal from the organ, swelling through the old meeting-house, and rising clear above all other voices, he passed, with a quick, firm tread, up the aisle, and entered the pew of Dr. Allen, raising his eyes half wonderingly, half questioningly to the singers.

A face, a figure girlish in the extreme met his glance, but a face so fair, so innocent as to rivet his attention at once. The dark brown tresses were clustered in rich curls over brow and bosom; the glow was deep and warm upon that youthful cheek; while the parted lips half smiled as the soft notes gushed forth. There was nothing rustic in the young girl's attire; it was neat, almost elegant in its simplicity, and a doubt flashed over the mind of William Richmond as to her being

a resident of Peacedale. But it was quickly dispelled, when the services of the morning being terminated, he beheld a tall, deep-chested man, with toil browned hands, but dark, deep-set eyes, and a certain proud bearing that involuntarily inspired respect, approach to conduct her home. Eager to learn who she was, the young collegian, as soon as the congregation dispersed, asked her name of his relative, Dr. Allen; and learnt that she was Mary Rayson, the only child of David Rayson, the blacksmith of the village.

With all those false ideas of society which can see no nobility in those whose necessities require labor, William Richmond smiled in derision at himself to think that a humble artisan's daughter had nearly beguiled him into admiration. But, as time wore away, and day after day he saw Mary Rayson in the street, an intense desire, irresistible with all his pride and worldliness, to know her better, stole over him. But several weeks passed ere the opportunity was his, for there was no intercourse between the Allens and the Raysons, the former holding themselves somewhat aloof from most of the villagers. At length an accident occurred to assist him beyond his most sanguine expectations.

There had been the report of a dog in a rabid state seen in the woods not far distant; but little credence was given to the tale. One morning, however, William Richmond, with his gun and game-bag, entered the woods at an early hour. He had been out some time, and was walking leisurely forward in the direction of the village, when a wild, despairing cry for help rang through the woods from the opening a few rods beyond, and was echoed by a more distant voice. Richmond bounded forward in its direction; other cries following. He soon gained the opening, where he saw a young lady sinking fainting upon the green sward; while a mad dog, covered with foam, was dashing toward her. The young man immediately raised his piece: one loud report, and then another, in swift succession, arrested the ferocious creature in his progress, and laid him dead upon the field.

A smile of triumph and of joy lit up the gazer's features as he looked down upon the face of the insensible girl, for he recognized in her Mary Rayson.

Barely three weeks went by, ere one soft

summer evening, as he sat within the little parlor, with Mary Rayson by his side, and told his love. He spoke with all the impassioned eloquence of youth: pleading for a return upon her part: and it was accorded to him. Perchance then, in that witching hour of evening, with the sweet face raised to his, he was guiltless of insincerity.

With fervent gratitude and cordial hospitality the father had welcomed to his home the preserver of his motherless girl; and in that home William Richmond had met no ignorance to mortify, no vulgarity to shock the most fastidious taste: all there was simple and plain, but not to barrenness, for the hand of Mary filled the rooms with flowers, and the father's liberality placed choice and valuable books upon the table, and ministered with no sparing care to the culture of his child's intellect.

An intelligent, honorable man was David Rayson, owning no superior but his God, bowing in reverence to virtue alone. His only inheritance to his daughter was a name, untarnished by the faintest shadow of dishonor. He passed as proudly to his forge as the great statesman to the hall of legislature. He was one who recognized no degradation, but in false word or base deed. And this was the man whom Richmond presumed to look upon as *his* inferior. This was the man, whose profession, as the weak, young collegian thought, rendered Mary Rayson, the beautiful and good, too lowly for a rich man's bride.

But she knew it not, dreamed it not, until weeks of sweet hopes and glad joyousness had passed. Then, when an imperative summons reached Richmond from home, where his attentions to Mary Rayson had become known: then, when worldliness conquered what he dared to desecrate as love, by giving its name to mere sensual passion; then, when with a burst of selfish sorrow he told Mary Rayson, that loving her he must leave her to return no more, and besought her not to put his memory from her heart as one unworthy, but still to love him in absence and hopelessness; then the veil was lifted, and in his arrogance, his utter selfishness and littleness, he stood revealed to her. The first cloud of life had stolen over her, and the storm raged fierce and wild in that young bosom; but soon all the pride of womanhood stirred within her spirit, and hushed the wild, despairing cry which rose agonizingly in her heart.

She looked upon him without bitterness. He had given her life when a terrible death yawned before her; and for that she was his debtor. She neither hated him nor scorned him, but *she* pitied him, and told him so. He saw it was not pride which dictated her words, that it was simple truth; and his very brow burnt with the

consciousness; but still he dared to beseech her yet to love him; and once more she spoke; and again there was no doubting her: she had ceased to love him. She had loved an ideal of her own creation, not him. And thus they parted, he with his pride humbled, but loving her more sincerely than heretofore; she pitying him, but utterly indifferently.

Long she remained by the window where he left her, but her glance followed him not as he passed down the garden walk for the last time, and no tears fell upon her white cheek. Weeks passed on, and William Richmond's name was never mentioned. Mary had told her father that he had proved to be unworthy of affection; and though the old man had a faint suspicion of the truth, he did not question her. The father saw that his child sorrowed as one who had been grievously disappointed, but that all love was over for William Richmond, and that Mary strove earnestly to forget the past. She succeeded at length; but she no longer possessed that girlish joyousness, that child like freedom from all care, which had previously marked her character, she grew more womanly, more thoughtful. The shadow of life had passed over her, making her more serious, more gentle, and she was lovelier than ever. And now to the father's affection for his daughter was added more reverence and confidence. He had not looked for such firmness in the indulged, sometimes wayward, but ever loving child.

Late in the autumn, Mr. Rayson received a letter from a younger sister of his lost wife, who had been separated much since her marriage from her own family, and who in consequence had not seen Mary since her early childhood, inviting her niece to spend the winter with herself and daughter in New York and Boston. It cost him no slight sacrifice of his own feelings to bring himself to part with his daughter, and Mary herself at first refused to leave him; but when he urged it upon her, and something in her own heart whispered her it would be better for her to do so, she finally consented; and the first of November was decided upon as the period of leaving Peacedale.

Mr. Rayson's means were not ample, but still sufficient to equip his daughter neatly, and genteelly, if not elegantly, for her visit to the city. But Mrs. Foster's loving care and pride, on receiving to her home the beautiful child of her lost sister, soon supplied all deficiencies, and Mary Rayson, with her grace and loveliness, won many hearts on her first appearance in the brilliant drawing-room of her beloved aunt.

Life now began to recover its joyousness and sunshine to Mary Rayson; and her long letters home were filled with glowing accounts of the

festive scenes in which she moved, and the kindness of Mrs. Foster and her daughter Alice. Once more she was happy. But still troubled thoughts would occasionally come to mar the present, and the beautiful lip would quiver in the crowded saloon. Often as she was receiving homage and brilliant adulation, she would question herself sorrowfully if it would be thus, were her position known.

One morning about six weeks after her arrival in New York, she went out to walk alone, immediately after breakfast. The air was clear and keen, and she drew her mantle very close about her. She had not proceeded far, before a poor, miserable-looking child of seven or eight years, standing upon the pavement, shivering with the cold, attracted her attention; and she paused as it stretched forth its half frozen hand, and placed a small sum within it. It was no ostentatious charity in Mary Rayson; there was apparently not a soul besides in the street; it was but the warm impulse of a generous heart. But she was not unobserved. Before a print window, seemingly gazing in upon its contents, stood a gentleman, whose attention nevertheless had been attracted by the sweet, low voice. His glance wandered to her fair face, and painted it in fadeless colors upon his memory. Days, weeks, months went by; and in solitude those low tones lingered on his ear, that sweet face smiled upon Clifton Hall.

A dim hope of meeting her, a vague presentiment that with the destiny of the young stranger his own was linked, haunted him, and would not disappear. But still time passed on, and she crossed not his path. He had long lost every hope of seeing her, when until one morning in the following spring, at an early hour he was crossing Boston Common. Suddenly his attention was riveted to the figure of a woman a few rods before him. She was walking leisurely forward in the same direction as himself, and apparently enjoying the beauty of the morning hour. She was dressed in a simple gingham morning dress, and wore a straw hat trimmed with white ribbon. When she gained the opposite entrance to the common, she turned to retrace her steps, and once more the soft, dark eyes of the vision of his dreams beamed full and clear upon Clifton Hall.

CHAPTER II.

THE rays of a lighted astral diffused a soft, mellow light through the spacious back drawing-room of Mrs. Charles Hall; while the contents of a fine conservatory beyond filled the apartment with fragrance. It was no home of today's inhabitance—its inmates were no people

of yesterday. The same fine paintings which adorned the walls, hung there, had hung there for years. A graceful man, of some five and twenty years, sat by the centre-table, with his deep-set eyes of blue, bent upon an open volume, which he held in his hands. His thoughts were, however, wandering far away from the page before him. While he remained thus buried in thought, there stole a sweet voice to his ear, breaking in upon his reveries, as a light figure came bounding through hall, calling upon her brother's name; then the door opened, and a pretty young creature, in a white evening dress, came dancing in to his side, heedless of the affectionate embrace crushing the soft folds of her dress, as he wound his arm lovingly about her.

"What were you dreaming of, Cliff? for dreaming you were I know by that quiet, subdued expression, and half smile upon your lip."

"Of one as bright as yourself, sweetheart."

"Caught at last! in love at length, Cliff! Who is it? Do I know her? Does she live in Boston? May I—"

"Hush! not so fast quite, sweetheart. To the two first exclamations I answer yes, to the three or four last inquiries I can answer with no degree of certainty, having put to myself more than once these very same questions, and received yet no satisfactory answer."

Kate Hall's countenance displayed much skepticism, if not actual doubt of her brother's words as he spoke, and with a merry smile she went on.

"Then, Cliff, you would have one to understand that you have fallen in love with one whom you neither know, nor have seen; some paragon of excellence, my dear brother, is it not, who is indefatigable in ministering to the whims of our respected maiden Cousin Deborah, or our bachelor Uncle Jonathan, and who in return does her the kindness to extoll her as a pattern young maiden to a model young gentleman like yourself?"

"Again you are in error, *chere* Kate. We have met, or the memory of a face of exquisite loveliness, a voice sweet and low-toned were not now lingering on mine ear; but twice only have we met; and yet, Kate, had I the power to do so, I would marry this woman without one fear for the future. Meeting her not until before the altar, I stand ready to pledge to her vows as faithful as ever passed the lips of manhood."

"And you do not even know her name, Cliff?" questioned Kate, in deep surprise, her merriment for the moment subdued by her companion's earnestness.

"No, nor where she lives, nor whence she came, but don't imagine, Kate, it is bright eyes or sweet smile alone which has captivated me."

"And what in heaven's name if, I may ask,

then is it, which has conquered this impenetrable fortress?" continued his laughing companion, holding up her white hands in feigned amazement.

"An act very trivial, but speaking much to myself, more than a thousand words breathed aloud could have done. The first time I beheld her was when I visited New York, during the winter. One morning, as I stood looking into a window filled with prints, a very sweet and low voice near by attracted my attention. A young lady had paused to speak to a poor, miserable-looking child, standing upon the *pave*, shivering with the cold. With the same tenderness with which I have beheld fond mothers do the same thing, I perceived her tie her own handkerchief about the child's throat to shield it from the cold. I will not say that had she been devoid of grace and beauty, I could have loved her for that deed, but however plain I should have revered her memory. I see, dear Kate, your bright eyes are eloquent now with interest."

But it was growing late; the carriage had been long in waiting for them; for there was a brilliant party that night at their friend Mrs. Francis'; and Clifton Hall paused only at Kate's request to gather her a bouquet from the conservatory. Was it a presentiment of the call which he would have for a certain exquisite white bud, blooming alone on a tall rose-tree, the last of the season, that compelled him to cull it and place it in his bosom, though scarce conscious at the moment of the act?

The music of the band was swelling through the spacious apartments of their hostess, and dancing had already commenced, as Clifton Hall, with his sister on his arm, approached Mrs. Francis to offer their salutations. The next moment Kate had relinquished his arm for that of another gentleman, who led her forward amid the dancers, and he himself was free to select a partner. He had half crossed the apartment for the purpose, when the voice of a gentleman by his side questioned eagerly,

"Can you tell me, Hall, who that divine creature is, dancing so bewitchingly with Vernon?"

There was a sudden thrill in the heart of Clifton Hall, and he forgot to answer his interrogator, as nearer and yet nearer floated the light figure of Mary Rayson, until the white folds of her dress brushed to and fro against him, as the fairy foot fell in measure to the thrilling music, in the half coquettish, half careless abandon of the *schottische*.

Half an hour afterward he himself was floating down that brilliant saloon, with the same little hand captive in his own, whose careless deeds weeks previous had captivated him beyond the passing hour. More than once he danced with

Mary Rayson, more than once he found himself by Mrs. Foster's side, who accompanied Mary, conversing with herself and niece as though they were old acquaintances. He soon learnt that Mary had been spending the winter with Mrs. Foster in New York, and was then accompanying her to her home, with the intention of leaving Boston the succeeding evening. He had danced the last polka; waltzed the last waltz with Mary; caught the last envious glance from Brown Vernon; and now stood in the small room where sherberts and iced lemonade during the evening had refreshed the votaries of the dance. His companion was growing weary of the bright lights. The air was fresher, the music came in softer tones to her there, as she leaned carelessly back in her chair shaking thoughtfully the ice in her half emptied goblet, with her dark eyes bent earnestly upon him as he spoke. But suddenly the fair cheek, which had slightly paled with fatigue, glowed with a deep, warm blush. She arose hastily, and with proud dignity stood erect, her clear, dark eyes bent in earnest scrutiny upon him. They drooped not beneath her gaze. Still his lip retained its serene smile, its sincere, truthful expression.

He had been speaking to her apparently of another, of her who had won his reverence and his affection, to her the brief acquaintance of an evening, and the conviction of the identity of herself, with her of whom he was speaking, rushed over her.

The long lashes drooped over the gazing eyes, the young head bowed lower, a fainter color was upon her cheek, a sweet, blissful hope was waking in her heart. If she was loved at length for something less perishable than the affection born of her mere beauty, was it not a love which would prove itself superior to idle prejudices? Would it not be brave where another's had wanted courage? She glanced up to see that it was no mockery, and still the same serene, truthful gaze was upon her.

Speaking no word, Clifton Hall took the white bud from his vest, and offered it to Mary Rayson. She placed it, timidly and blushing the while, amid the soft folds of her berth. Then together they passed on to the drawing-room. His hand handed her to the carriage, and as she took her seat therein, he said, loud enough for the ear of her aunt, "I shall call upon you in the morning, Miss Rayson."

"Was I not too premature in my conclusion, at least in betraying it to Mr. Hall?" questioned the beautiful girl, with a sudden emotion of timidity and humiliation. But the memory of those earnest tones, that eloquent glance, fell like dew upon the passing pang of pride; while a tranquil sensation of happiness settle down

upon her heart, filling her dreams through the night with sunshine.

The first object that her eyes rested upon, in the light of morning, was the white bud unfolding into a rose, in the glass of water in which she had placed it, upon her dressing-table, the previous night.

She did not take that morning her accustomed walk; she felt in spite of herself too much agitated to go out, in the prospect of her approaching interview with Clifton Hall. The last words which he had uttered had been so significant. Still she tried to bring herself to anticipate his visit, with the same unconcern which she would have experienced in receiving any other gentleman; and she fancied that she had succeeded. But the color which deepened and faded alternately upon her cheek, as the servant announced his presence in the parlor, and her aunt desired her to make her excuses to Mr. Hall, as she was suffering from a severe headache, betrayed the slight fluttering of her girlish heart. Yet Clifton Hall read no token of the embarrassment of Mary Rayson, as she greeted him with quiet courtesey, and he drew a seat to her side.

For a brief space he conversed with her as a mere ordinary acquaintance, then he paused abruptly, and there was a moment's embarrassing silence, which Mary herself was on the point of dispelling, when he anticipated her by commencing abruptly,

"You will perchance think me very rash, very presuming to address you, Miss Rayson, as I am about to do. Still I trust that you will have the courage to forget that an avowal so premature is not in accordance with the customary rules of society; the goodness to overlook the seeming presumption of one a comparative stranger to you, thus boldly offering for your acceptance his love. Think it not but a boyish passion; that my mere fancy is taken captive, Miss Rayson, by the charm of your presence; but a deep, abiding sentiment born of something more stable than imagination, based on principle, springing from a deed holy in its impulse. I will not ask for a return of the love which I now offer to you, but permission to visit you at your own home, with a faint hope that honor and love may win you hereafter to regard me as something dearer than father or brother. And oh, Mary," he continued, bending nearer in his earnestness, and for the first time taking one white hand prisoner within his own, "with the thought of you I have woven so many bright, fair hopes, unconscious of my boldness until you have come before me, the realization of all that I have dreamed of as fairest and best in womanhood. Could you know, could you form any conception, Mary, of the holy pictures in which I have dared, in the might of

my love to paint you as my own idolized wife, you would not refuse me. But if there is any one reason why you may never love me I conjure you now to tell it to me." A sharp, sudden pang shot through his listener's heart, rousing her from the exquisite happiness which she had for the moment felt in hearing him. The hand which had been warm within his own grew cold with his last words, and she shivered slightly. The ice which had once before frozen in her heart, with tones which thrilled her spirit with their tenderness, seemed again to gather cold and chill therein. She felt her momentary dream of joy was over; but she was firm; she did not shrink from the trial; for with the vision of the father, even then toiling at his forge, came also a flood of tenderness for him. Could she desire a love that would droop because he, the dear, good, old man, called her child? Was it not unworthy her? But still the tenderness of womanly affection made the sweet voice lower, more tremulous than its wont as she spoke.

"There are two reasons why I may not yet accept the affection which you proffer. The first is, that you meet me here in a different position from what I am accustomed to occupy in my own home; here fashion and wealth surround me; there I have neither. My home is a lowly, but a happy one; my father a generous, honorable man, but a poor one; one who for his own and his child's support is not ashamed to labor with his own hands; who sees no degradation in honest toil;—a blacksmith. Others have seen disgrace in my father's calling: if it is thus with you also, do not shrink from acknowledging it. I shall not look upon you with bitterness, but as another victim to society."

He heard her all through patiently to the last word, and his answer was a kiss; so holy, so reverentially placed upon the honest lips, which had grown paler with each passing word, that she made no effort to resent it.

"If the remaining reason is so trivial, do not do me the injustice to name it," he said, gently. But now there was a doubt in his companion's heart, whether it would not be of far more importance to him than the previous. And it required a stronger effort to reveal. Once indeed there flashed over her a doubt as to its necessity. Many women, situated as she then was, would not have hesitated to conceal it; but not so with Mary Rayson. She repelled instantly the voice of the tempter, but her cheek grew whiter than it had ever been before, and she waited many moments for that firmness which came lingeringly to her assistance.

Clifton Hall marked the struggle, and turned aside his face, that she might not perceive any anguish that her words might inflict. It was

well that he did so, for a spasm of acute pain shot over his countenance, as she told him, in a voice so low, so clear that its faintest whisper was distinct, of a period when she had loved another. But as truth conquered pride, and word after word welled forth so sadly earnest, that he felt every hidden thought was gradually revealed to him, he became convinced that the first, fresh affection of girlhood's heart was not with her a wasted treasure, that it had not been given to mortal man, although she herself had deemed it so, but to an ideal of her own creation, and gathered back into her own heart when the illusion was over, to be kept there bright and undimmed for the realization of that ideal.

The first anguish passed, with irresistible eloquence he convinced her that to him her love would be still precious. Thus Mary Rayson became the promised bride of Clifton Hall, without one shadow of falsehood to lay dark and chill between them.

The white roses were budding in Peacedale, when a travelling carriage, with Clifton Hall and his sister Kate seated therein, drove rapidly through the village street, and drew up before the home of Mary Rayson. Kate marked a bright smile steal over her brother's lip, as they passed a certain brown old building, a few rods from the cottage. Ere it faded he was greeting his affianced wife, and receiving the almost tearful blessing of the old man. Even the heart of the gay Kate was touched by the murmured "God bless you," over her noble brother, bending his stately head to that tremulous benediction. But all awe soon passed in the bewildering excitement of bridal preparations, as half wild with joy and excitement, she chattered of the beautiful flowers which should grace her hair on the morrow, as bride's-maid to Mary.

And that morrow came, as clear and bright a day as ever dawned upon earth, since its creation. The bell from the old belfry rang a merry peal, and kind wishes were showered on the head of the fair young bride, as she passed down the broad aisle of the old meeting-house, with the bridal roses in her hair; most beautiful in her joyousness and hope, leaning upon the arm which she had chosen through life to be her support, in sorrow and in joy.

But the flowers which she laid aside with her bridal roses, as sacred relics of that day, was the withered bud, the first token of her husband's love, and a sprig of honeysuckle from the vine creeping over the small, time-worn blacksmith's shop.

CHAPTER III.

THREE years have passed since the marriage of Mary Rayson. It is evening, and she is seated

in a handsome library, writing at the same table with her still young and handsome husband. Time has but touched to beautify the fair features; and the promise of her early girlhood, of graceful womanhood is well fulfilled. There is all the ease of one accustomed to society in her every movement, all the winning artlessness of a pure, true heart, radiating from her face. The dark, soft hair no longer falls in ringlets about her brow, but in satin like bands is wound about her little head; the color is not quite so deep upon her cheek; there is a softer light in her large eyes; and ever and anon her lip quivers with feeling, or parts with a glad smile. She does not know that her husband is gazing upon her, for he has a book within his hand, but his thoughts are busied with her alone. They have wandered back to the winter morning when first they met, to the hour when the old minister who had christened her in infancy gave her the holy name of wife: and through intervening years always the same loving, gentle spirit. He called her an angel as he gazed upon her; he prayed his "God to bless her;" his heart thrilled with a fear lest she should be taken from him as one too worthy of him. He longed to rise and throw his arms about her, and murmur as he had done a thousand times, "my Mary;" but he did not like to disturb her then.

And Mary was writing to Kate, who had been recently married, and lived in a neighboring city. It was too long a letter for us to give here, but we would quote one passage, to show the great secret of the unruffled serenity of her wedded life.

"You write me, darling Kate, of your desire to keep from your husband's knowledge, the trifling affair of which you and myself are alone cognizant, and which, having occurred before marriage, you do not think concerns him; but still you feel that it would annoy him. Kate, be brave! have more confidence in your husband, even though at first it may pain him; be sure he will love you better, respect you more than ever. By any unforeseen accident, should it become revealed to him, he would fancy that you have concealed it from motives more unworthy than mere cowardice; and an incident in reality of no moment would become serious. Do not think, love, that I am only exhibiting the penchant, married women have for moralizing with young wives; but through an affection for you, darling sister, that will not be repressed. You have spoken with enthusiasm of the holy serenity of the love existing between your brother and myself. Kate, it is born of mutual trust; there can be no pure, no abiding love without it."

The young wife had written thus far when a letter was brought in to her husband. He

appeared somewhat disturbed, and laid it down with a troubled expression. Mary arose instantly and approached him, not to question him, she never did, for she felt that of his own accord he would tell her all that it was well for her to know; but to part the soft, brown hair caressingly back from his intellectual brow, speaking in those sweet, low tones peculiar to her, and so winning in all women.

"Have you been busy to-day, dear Cliff? You look wearied to-night."

"Somewhat annoyed, darling. The father of the young man, who has been arrested for the forgery of a heavy draft upon Wilkinson, has been to me this afternoon, urging upon me the defence of his son: he was very urgent, but I refused his solicitations, and now he again writes to importune me."

"But why do you refuse him? It is not your wont, my husband, to refuse those who look to you for aid."

"Because, *chere wife*, I utterly despise the whole character of the prisoner, which has been, since boyhood, one long career of reckless, unprincipled conduct." He said no more, for the face of Mary had grown strangely pallid, and the open letter which she held within her hand rattled with the shudder which passed over her.

"Are you ill, my Mary! my darling!" he cried.

But she answered, "no, not ill, Clifton," and bowed her face down upon the table before him and wept, not passionately or bitterly, but sorrowfully for a few brief moments. Then she raised her face, no longer pallid but full of pleading hopefulness to him, laid her finger upon the prisoner's name, at the conclusion of the letter before her, saying, fearlessly and earnestly,

"This was he whom I once fancied I loved, he who once saved my life. My husband, will you not plead for him? Rescue him if it be in man's power from infamy."

For a moment's space he looked upon her steadily, but the lashes drooped not over those starry eyes, and his own glance went down amid their fathomless depths, until all the glorious sunshine of the spirit, warm and bright, streamed over his own. His tongue was mute, it had no power to express the love, the reverence for her, sweeping in one resistless tide of tenderness over his heart. But he answered firmly,

"I will, my Mary."

And again she went back to her letter to Kate: again she wrote.

"I had written the above, when there came to my own spirit, yet more vividly from an incident which has this moment occurred, the necessity of that truth which I would urge upon you, Kate, in your husband. Once I myself was sorely tempted to deceive; had I yielded to the voice

of the tempter, oh! my sister, this hour had witnessed bitter remorse, wild, terrible despair. I could not have pleaded for his aid to rescue from dishonor worse than death, one to whom I am indebted, next to God, for the life once fearfully threatened."

Something over three weeks after the above was written, one very cold, stormy night, old Mr. Rayson, in a large, easy-chair wheeled, near the grate filled with glowing anthracite, was seated reading the evening papers, in the drawing-room of his son-in-law in Boston. It was a large, luxurious apartment, and the whole arrangement of the furniture, the paintings and flowers, which adorned the room, gave evidence of the presiding taste of an elegant woman. In a dress of soft crimson cashmere, buttoned close to the slender throat, with its small collar of delicate lace, and the same rich material half shading the small hands, wandering over the keys of the piano, was Mary, singing to her husband one of the sweet old English ballads he loved so well. He was looking uncommonly animated, with a certain air of proud triumph, as though a great object had been achieved; and well he might; for the power of his eloquence had that day cleared the darkened name of William Richmond.

While the young wife sang to him, the hall bell rang, and the next moment he was summoned to the library to meet a gentleman there awaiting him. It was just back of the drawing-room, from whence a large bay window, then closed and half shrouded by a curtain, opened into it.

As Mr. Hall left the room, the old gentleman by the fire arose, and approached his daughter, requesting her to sing to him a song which she had been wont to do in her own home. She did so, and the notes which echoed around floated on to the library, falling, like half forgotten music, upon the ear of the rescued man, who had come in his gratitude to thank his preserver. Clifton Hall listened silently and gravely to his words of eloquent gratitude, and when he had ended, answered quietly,

"It is not to me that your gratitude is due. Would you behold one at whose urgent solicitations I undertook your defence?"

His companion bowed in assent, and he went out, but just as the door closed upon him, William Richmond started up, listening eagerly. He was sure he knew that voice: more and more certain as it swelled upon his ear. He caught a glimpse of the partially veiled window, sprang forward, lifted a fold of the curtain, and gazed in upon the three there. He saw that Clifton Hall was waiting only the last word upon the singer's lips, to bring her to him; and that singer, oh! it was Mary Rayson, the forsaken, but only loved woman whom he had ever met.

But how came she there? And the old, despised blacksmith in that luxurious drawing-room? What had she to do with Clifton Hall, the great lawyer?

But he had no time to question himself farther, for she arose, she was coming to him, ah, and alone! Did she know who she was to meet? No, or she had not been so calm, so serene.

In the centre of the apartment, directly beneath the shaded light, he stood when she entered; but he had bowed his face within his hands. He had no courage to look up; he dared not until the sweet voice questioned timidly, "did you desire to see me, sir?" Then he sprang forward, knelt down at her feet, and raised his worn, haggard face to hers, murmuring passionately, "is it thus, oh, Mary Rayson, that we meet?" She half shrank from him as she recognized him, but the next moment, with the same calm, pitying look which he had last beheld, years previous, she gazed upon him. He was wild with joy that at length they had met; he prayed her despairingly

to pardon and forget the past; he questioned her almost angrily as to what she did there: and then it was very painful to perceive how cold and rigid he grew with suffering, when she told him that she was a wife, not triumphantly, not exultingly, but gently and quietly. She was not one to exult over any one, much less the fallen. But oh! she plead with him like an angel from heaven to reform, and strove to comfort him. He knew then that it was her, who he had wronged, that had saved him from dishonor; and all the buried goodness of his being awoke within him. No longer with wild words he wrung the pitying spirit. With a mighty effort he subdued his anguish, blessed her, and turned to depart.

She stretched forth her hand to him, and he bowed his head low above it. When he relinquished it, it was damp with his tears; and her own rained upon the crimson carpet.

Her husband's voice roused her, his gentle caress soothed her. His wife's gratitude, and never changing love were his reward.

THE LESSONS OF A LIFE;

OR, THE LAST WORDS OF ABDERAMUS.

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

FULL fifty years and more, I ween!
Cordova's Caliph I have been,
Piles of silver and of gold
It was mine to have and hold,
All the gems that wealth could buy
Lay before my joyless eye,
Golden goblets woo'd my lip
Of their brimming tide to sip,
Moorish maids of beauty bright
Flitted by me day and night,
Rival Kings before me bowed
And with fear their fealty vowed,
Hosts of matchless cavaliers
Guarded me with swords and spears,
Santons lauded, poets sung,
Fairest flowers beneath me sprung,
Fountains played in marble halls,
Diamonds glittered on the walls,
Rivers flowed through lawn and glade,
And a soothing murmur made,
Music woo'd the charmed ear
With its bird-tones soft and clear;
Still my thoughts when backward cast
To the many days I've past
As Cordova's King, I ween!
Find the blissful days I've seen,
Count in number but fourteen.
It was written so for me

In the Book of Destiny,
Allah Achlear! God of Love!
Let me tread the halls above,
Let my spirit wander free
With the blest eternally,
Let the Houris' beauty bright
Flash upon my raptured sight,
Let me feel the deathless truth
Of their never-fading youth,
Far more beautiful to see
Than e'en Zarah's self can be;
Mortals heed Cordova's King—
Fades full soon our earthly Spring,
Greatness is a fading flow'r,
And its sum of life an hour!
And our lifes a fitful dream
Passing like the lightning's gleam;
Had we all that mortals prize
Underneath the starry skies,
Still would the undying soul
Seek its higher, brighter goal,
To the thinking of the Just
Earthly blessings are as dust;
I have ruled for fifty years,
And from out that time appears
That Cordova's King I've been,
All the blissful days I've seen,
Count them, they are but fourteen.

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, 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 105.

At a back door of the little Fonde, which stands within the enclosures of the Alhambra, sat a little old man, or if not absolutely old, so withered and shrunk up that it was impossible at a little distance not to think him aged. But at a close view you saw by the sharp black eyes, the thin, but unwrinkled lips, and a certain elasticity of movement, that he had scarcely passed the middle age of life. A coat of drab velvet, with short clothes of the same material, a red flush waistcoat, knee and shoe-buckles of gold, and black silk stockings, at once swept away all idea of his being a native of Grenada, and to an experienced eye proclaimed him the retainer of some old English family. Besides all this, was an air of rather peculiar nicety in his apparel. His cravat was richly ruffled with lace, and flowed down ostentatiously over the red waistcoat; his wristbands were of the same costly material, with here and there a slight fray or break, which gave suspicion of some previous and more exalted ownership.

He sat upon a little wooden bench, with the branches of a fine mulberry tree bending over and protecting him from the rising sun. Brushes and blacking lay near one end of the bench, and on a drooping branch of the mulberry tree hung a gentleman's coat nicely brushed and left to the air.

From the spotless purity of his dress you would have believed it impossible that this dainty-looking servant could have been performing the menial services which these objects would indicate, but at the very instant we present him to our readers, Turner had his left hand thrust up to the sole of a delicately shaped boot, and with the lightest and most graceful touch imaginable was polishing it. Now and then he paused, looked at himself in the glittering surface, and fell to work not quite satisfied that the beloved image was thrown back with sufficient distinctness. He did not sing at his work, Turner took everything quite too seriously for that, still he kept up a faint, broken hum to the sound of his brush when in motion, but sometimes paused all at once and fell into a reverie, holding the brush and boot in his hands, as if not entirely pleased with his ruminations.

At length the boot that he had been polishing seemed to be susceptible of no further brilliancy, and after holding it up to the sun and eyeing it with pleased satisfaction, he set it down, muttering, "now for the other!" He drew out from beneath his bench the tattered and soiled mate, and held it up with a disgustful shake of the head. "Alhambra dust—I'll swear to it—one, two, three—bah, it's no use counting. Every night up there—" Here he began to scatter the dust from his master's boot with angry vehemence.

"In search of the picturesque—fond of ruins—who believes it, I should like to know? One man don't, I'm sure of that, and his name is Turner, Thomas Turner, of Clare Hall, but perhaps his opinion don't amount to much, we shall see!"

Here Turner worked on, pressing his thin lips hard, and dashing away at the boot as if it had offended him.

"Out all night—the whole entire night—comes home at break of day, and steals through old Turner's room like a thief. Thought the old man asleep, as if Turner ever slept when things are going wrong with the boy."

Here the old man grew languid in his movements; his eyes took a sadder expression, and his touch upon the boot was like a caress.

"Fear—why who knows what won't come over him with these doings. His coat soaked with dew and stuck full of briars; his hair dripping with perspiration—everything at sixes and sevens; and instead of sleeping when he does get home, rolling about on his bed and trying to cheat the old man; lets him take away his clothes without saying a word; makes believe he's asleep, as if I didn't see that forehead working as it always does when things go wrong with him. He thinks to cheat old Turner—fudge!"

As the old man ceased, more and more earnest, his application to the boot became exciting enough; his elbow went to and fro like the play of a crank; his thin lips were gathered up into a knot, and he looked sternly around upon the coat and mulberry tree, as if challenging them to mortal combat.

That moment the little impish figure of an old

woman, with a red kerchief twisted over her mummy-like forehead, and a red skirt, came suddenly round a corner of the Fonde, and stood eyeing him with a glance sharp and vigilant, like that of a rattlesnake at rest.

Turner gave her a sidelong look over the instep of his boot as he held it up for inspection, but the wierd sharpness of her glance was too much even for his immovable *sang froid*. His eyes sunk, and he began to gather up the brushes as if in preparation for a retreat.

The old woman came close up and addressed him in Spanish. He understood the language well enough, but either from cunning, or that inveterate hatred of everything French or Spanish which we often find among English travelling servants, continued gathering up his property as if he did not comprehend a word.

After uttering a few sentences half cajoling, half imperative, the woman turned away, muttering discontentedly between her teeth, and was about entering the back door.

"Halloo, where are you going now?" cried Turner, satisfied that silence would no longer answer his purpose. "Where are you going, old witch, not into my lord's room, surely?" This was spoken in very respectable Spanish, though with a sort of rude snappishness that mingled his hatred of the language with every syllable.

"So you *can* speak," answered the woman, with an oath, that springs to a gipsy's lip naturally as flame leaps from burning wood.

"Yes, I can speak your lingo when I choose to demean myself particularly, and that isn't often," replied Turner, with considerable vexation, that he had unwarily been drawn into speaking the hated language. "But what do you want, old beauty, nothing of my lord, or old Turner, I hope?"

"I want the Busne."

"The what?" cried Turner, looking toward the door, and kicking the brushes on one side.

"The Busne."

"And who on earth is that, old rose-bud?"

The old woman answered by a gesture of sharp impatience, and moved toward the door.

"Stop that," cried Turner, placing himself on the narrow threshold, and brandishing the glossy boot with one hand. "No one passes in here till I know what his business is. Speak up now, my precious old beauty. What's your name? Who do you want? What on earth do you mean by coming here at all?"

The old woman stood on the threshold alone, eyeing him keenly, and glancing now and then with the cunning of her race on each side of his person, to measure the possibility of passing him. But Turner was equally vigilant, and manfully kept his post, boot in hand.

"Better come to terms at once: no one gets through here without giving a passport, I can tell you that," said Turner. "Is it me you come after?"

"You!" sneered the old woman, and her thin lip curled upward, revealing the sharp, hound-like teeth beneath. "You!"

"And why not she-wolf? It wouldn't be the first of womankind that has run after the gentleman before you."

"I want the young gentleman—the Busne who lodges here. Let me go by, for I will see him!"

"Easy, easy," persisted Turner, giving a semi-circular sweep with his boot. "There is but one lodger here, and that is my lord. You can't see him, because he is in bed."

"No matter: he must get up then!"

"Must get up—now I like that—my master will like it—do him good to hear the word *must*: hasn't known the sound since he was a creeping baby; still, and nevertheless, my sweet witch of Endor, not having a fancy to get my head broken for teaching forgotten lessons, I shan't step from this spot till you go back to the master who sent you, and just have the goodness to say from old Turner, that we have given up all dealings with him or his imps long ago."

"I *will* see the Busne," answered the Sibyl, clenching her hand till it looked like a gnarled oak knot. "Curses rest upon you—I will see him."

"And just add by way of private information," said Turner, as if her last speech had escaped him entirely, "that if he has a fancy to get us into mischief, there would be wisdom in sending a younger face. It is astonishing how strange a man's principles become, what a deal of energy is given to his conscience when temptation takes a shape like yours. The amount of morality that lies in the contemplation of a face like a withered prune, and a form like a good English faggot, is wonderful!"

My great grand-dame was very, very aged, you will believe it when I tell you that these jeers on her person had no effect whatever, she did not even feel that they were intended for her, but determined in her resolve to penetrate to the young Englishman. She interrupted Turner's philosophical soliloquy with an impatient dash of her person toward the space left open at his right hand. A slight scuffle ensued, in which the gipsy buried her claw-like nails deep into the flesh of her antagonist's right arm, while he dropped the boot and grasped her lean throat with a force that made the breath gurgle from her lips.

That instant the sound of a voice from within the Fonde arrested the combatants, and after giving a farewell twist to the old woman's neck,

and wrenching his arm from the grapple of her fingers, which fell away with a blood tinge on the nails, Turner flung her off and disappeared through a side door that opened near the entrance.

In a little sleeping room, whitewashed till the walls looked like a snow-drift, and carpeted with thick rush matting, he found Lord Clare sitting upon the side of a low camp bed, and looking hopelessly around for the garments which we have seen fluttering upon the mulberry boughs, and in the possession of Turner. A beautiful dressing-case, with its rich apparatus of gold lay open on a little table. Above it hung a very small and very uncertain mirror, which gave to the beholder's face the effect of a slight paralytic shock, sending one corner of the mouth shooting up toward the eyes, and another wandering off in search of the left shoulder. Lord Clare had evidently attempted to commence his own toilet, but one glance at the mirror which appalled him with the apparition of a maniac leering over a razor, which he was brandishing as if to cut his own throat, terminated his labors at the first stage.

"Turner, take that glass away," said the young lord, as his servant entered, "and bring me something that will throw back the features of a Christian. This makes me look like a fiend."

"I shouldn't wonder," muttered the servant, "everything is going crooked with us; and perhaps the looking-glass gives back the truth nearer than we calculate."

"What are you saying, Turner?" said the young lord, in that quiet, gentle tone with which very proud men are apt to address inferiors.

"A little private conversation between me and the looking-glass, my lord; nothing else."

"It must be a very distorted argument," said the master, smiling; "but, Turner, I heard voices at the door—what was it? You seemed to be disputing with some one."

"Nothing of the sort, my lord. I don't know any one in this pestilential country worth disputing with."

"But surely there was more than your voice; I heard another distinctly, and it seemed like that of a woman?"

"Of a fiend, my lord—an imp of darkness—an old she-wolf. Look, here are the marks of her claws on my arm, they bit through to the bone."

"A gipsy woman?" asked Lord Clare, turning pale; "an old wierd creature that looks like a child withered to the bone. Was that the person who assailed you?"

"Exactly, my lord, I couldn't have drawn her portrait better. You may hear her prowling about the door yet; but no fear, two bolts are drawn between us!"

"And what does she want?" asked Lord Clare, in a low and agitated voice.

"Your lordship, nothing less," replied Turner. "Is she alone?"

"Visibly, yes; but heaven only knows how many of her infernal sisterhood may swarm around her in the air."

"Does she seem excited—unusually so?"

"Here is an endorsement for that," replied Turner, stretching forth his arm, and touching the sleeve of his coat, through which a drop or two of blood had oozed.

"Bring my clothes here, and when I am dressed let her come in," said Lord Clare, abruptly; "I must see her—I must know what has been done," he added, in an under tone. "Thank heaven! the terrible suspense will be over."

Turner hesitated, he evidently had some dislike of encountering the Sibyl again, valiant as he was.

"If I open the door she will rush in—the old hyena."

"No, no, address her mildly," answered Clare; "say that I will receive her the moment my toilet is made. If she is restive, pacify her with a piece of gold; but go at once, I am impatient for this scene to be over."

Turner looked at his coat sleeve, shook his head, and cautiously undid the bolt. As he had expected, the Sibyl stood outside in the passage, her eyes blazing with fury, her whole frame quivering with impatient wrath.

"Not yet, my diamond of Golconda," said Turner, putting her back with his left hand, while he locked the door and drew forth the key. "Cultivate patience, darling, it is a Christian virtue very respectable and worth having; anybody's servant in England can tell you that."

"Your master, the Busne. Have you told him I am here?" inquired the Sibyl, subduing her evil nature into a vicious wheedle more repulsive than open malice.

"Yes, I have told him the honor intended."

"What did he say?"

"That you are to take this piece of gold to gloat over while he is dressing!"

"And then he will see me?" cried the old woman, tossing the gold away as if in contempt of a bribe. "Tell him I am the widow of a count!"

"He feels the honor, no doubt—I have had touching proofs." Turner glanced at his arm, and then at the old woman's throat; the dusky red which circled it like a collar satisfied him. He turned away chuckling, and went forth to collect his master's garments.

The moment he was gone the old gipsy turned her eyes upon the guinea that she had cast aside. Her fingers began to work; a cold, glowing light

came into her eyes, and creeping eagerly toward the gold as if it had been a serpent fascinating her, she clutched it eagerly, and buried it deep in her bosom.

When Turner came back he saw that the gold had disappeared, and, smiling grimly, entered his lord's chamber, satisfied that the Sibyl was quieted for a time at least.

A less keen observer than his old valet might have seen that Lord Clare was greatly agitated while his toilet was in progress. He moved restlessly; his cheeks blazed and faded by turns; his voice grew sharp and imperative, a thing which Turner scarcely ever remembered to have witnessed before. He seemed greatly annoyed by the valet's rather stubborn desire to elaborate his dress, and finally ordered Turner to bring in the Sibyl and leave him.

This injunction was anything but satisfactory to the old man. Both in manner and substance it was annoying. He felt that the key to all the mysterious movements of his master, during the last month, lay in the Sibyl, who so peremptorily claimed audience to his master. Turner was greatly puzzled and highly displeased. He felt as if his master and the gipsy were depriving him of his just rights and natural perquisites in thus securing a private interview. He went forth muttering his discontent. The old woman's inflamed throat gave him a gleam of comfort, and satisfying himself more and more that she was a dangerous person to be left alone with his master, he stationed himself very close to the door after she entered, so close that a suspicious person might have supposed him listening, especially as he had left the door very slightly ajar.

But my great grand-dame outmatched him over and over again in this sort of cunning. Before advancing into the room where the Englishman sat waiting for her, she closed the door and drew a bolt inside, at which Turner flung indignantly away, and took his seat on a bench beneath his lord's window which was open, and the muslin curtain flowing softly over it.

But scarcely had he seated himself when the window was shut down with a crash, and the curtains drawn close. Then Turner fell back against the side of the house and struggled with the Sibyl no longer, satisfied, as most men are who essay the experiment, that in a fair struggle of wit, tact, or management, few men ever come out successfully against a woman, young or old, fair or otherwise.

Meantime the old gipsy stood face to face with the Englishman, who regarded her with an appearance of calmness which an anxious gleam of the eyes contradicted.

"One word," he said, breaking through all restraints as she was about to address him—

"one word before you speak of other things. Is Aurora safe? Is it to tell me this, or ask her at my hands that you come?"

The Sibyl was pleased with his agitation and his eagerness. It promised well for her mission.

"Aurora is safe!" she answered, and it was wonderful how the usual fierce tones of her voice were modulated; nothing could be more respectful, nay, winning, than her every look and tone. "Aurora is safe as yet—but our people have arisen; they will not be satisfied till her blood reddens the valley of stones."

"But you—you—oh, heavens—you cannot see this done. She, poor child, she is innocent as a flower."

"They do not believe it!"

"But you believe it—her grand-dame—you will be our friend."

"There is but one way—only one in the world, I have come to say this. You alone can save her from the fury of our tribe!"

"How can I save her? Point out the way, and if it is to purchase her life with my own, speak, and I will do it."

"You must leave Grenada, to-night, and take my grandchild with you!"

The young man's eyes fell, and the rich color burned, like fire, in his cheeks; but he remembered the scene that had passed that night in the Alhambra, and shook his head.

"She will not go! I could not persuade her to save her life on these terms," he said.

"No, not on the terms you are thinking of she will not, and I would see her torn limb from limb before my eyes; yea, help to rend her to death rather than see her live the shame of her people; but there is another way! Sometimes the rich men of our people have married among the gentiles. If our men take that privilege, it belongs to our women also. Make Aurora your wife according to the marriage rites of our people, and take her privately to your own country—leave the old woman gold enough to keep her from starving, and she will be content."

"But would this appease your tribe? Would they again receive Aurora?" questioned the young man.

"No; they believe her a castaway; marriage would be no atonement. I know that she is not the thing they deem her—but it would be of no use attempting to convince them. Do what I wish and they will believe her dead. They cannot take from me the right of a count's widow to punish those of her own blood with her own hands, privately or not as she wills. They will think that I have given her of the drao, and that she lies in the bottom of the Darrow."

The young man was greatly agitated: he paced

the room to and fro; then he sat down, veiling his eyes with his hand, and fell into labored thought. At length he lifted his eyes to the old woman, who had been regarding him all the time in anxious and vigilant silence.

"Will Aurora consent to this?"

"Will the ring-dove fly to her nest when she sees the fowler's gun pointed to her breast?"

"Last night she left me in anger!"

"Since last night the poor child has felt what would have withered common hearts to a cinder," replied the Sibyl. "At sunset she was a child! The morning light found her a woman. Like an earthquake, terror and suffering have turned all the fresh soil of her nature uppermost. She is of the pure blood, and that is old and strong as wine that has been forgotten centuries in a vault."

"But if I consent to your plan—which certainly promises safety to the poor child—it will be but the very thing in fact that I myself proposed last night. No marriage ceremony which you recognize would be held binding among my people."

"What have we to do with your people? What do we care if they recognize our marriage rites or not?" answered the Sibyl, haughtily. "It is not their opinion that we regard, but our own. If I am content—I, her nearest relative—who shall dare to cast scorn upon my child, because she defies all laws but those of her own people?"

For a moment the young man's eyes flashed; but the excitement was momentary. His face became grave and stern; his heart grew heavy, and he shrank within himself as a proud nature always must when it feels in possession of a wrong wish.

"Understand me perfectly," he said. "If I submit to this ceremony, whatever it may be, it will never be considered a marriage among my countrymen. Aurora will never be received as my wife, have no claim on my property save that which I may, of my own free will, bestow, and in all things her position must depend on my will, my sense of honor. She will not even be looked on with respect; I can give her home, shelter, gold, affection, care, but my wife she cannot be."

"What Gitana ever was respected by the Busne: we are not fools enough to expect it?" said the old woman, bitterly. "As for your laws we despise them—your gold, surely no woman of our people expects more than her husband chooses to give; your whole nation—what is it to us but a curse and a thing to be abhorred? Could my poor Aurora go back to her tribe in safety, you should not have her for a ton's weight of the yellowest gold ever lifted from the Darrow. Now I ask that ceremony which we hold binding,

nothing more, save that I may not be left to starve, and Aurora is yours."

"But I shall be free by the law to marry another," said the young man, forcing himself to lay all the painful points of the case before the Sibyl, and thus relieving the clamors of his conscience.

"You *dare* not marry another, law or no law: Aurora is of my blood," answered the Sibyl, and the blaze of her fiery heart broke over her face. "A strong will makes its own laws and defends its own rights. You dare not marry another, she will not permit the treason."

"Heaven forbid that my sweet Gitanilla should ever inherit the fierce nature of her grand-dame, or my chances of happiness were small indeed," said the Englishman, inly. Then addressing the Sibyl, he added, almost solemnly, "no man should answer for himself in the future. I have no power to answer for my conduct to your grand-child beyond the present feelings of my heart, the present promptings of my conscience. It seems to me now impossible that I should ever wrong the trust you both place in me—impossible that any other should ever step between her heart and mine. God only knows what is in the future," he continued, with mournful sadness, "or how the past may break in and color it."

He seemed about sinking into a reverie, one of those to which he had been accustomed, and which gave a serious cast to a character naturally ardent and impulsive. But the old gipsy grew impatient, and broke in with something of her native asperity, which had been kept in abeyance during the entire conversation.

"It is getting late—have you decided, Busne?" she said, without once removing her eyes, which had been reading him to the soul; doubts, struggles, hesitation, all that went to make up the flood of contending feelings that raged beneath his calm, almost sad exterior.

"I *have* decided," answered the young man, in a firm, but very sad voice, "God knows I would have saved her otherwise if possible! When and where must this ceremony take place? Not in presence of the tribe, that I cannot submit to."

The gipsy uttered one of her sharp, bitter laughs.

"They would kill her and you. No, no, they will think her dead. Before dawn we went out together, I shall go home *alone*—they will understand that. It is not the first time that old Papita has done that, and always after, those who sought have found traces of her work—I shall leave them now. Fragments of Aurora's dress are clinging to the brambles where the Darrow runs deepest. They will find footsteps

there ground into the soil, and tangles of black hair—they know Aurora's hair by the purple glow."

"But she, Aurora, tell me what you have done with her?" inquired the young man, half terrified by these details.

"She is safe. When the night comes, be ready, and I will take you where she is."

"At what hour?"

"Close to midnight, when you see the fires go out along the Barranco, expect me."

"I will."

"Have mules in readiness, and a disguise for the Gitanilla; something that our people may not fathom readily."

"It will be easy," said Clare, after a moment's thought; "my page died on the coast, Turner must have his garments somewhere among my luggage, I will speak with him."

"Gold will be wanted," said the gipsy, fixing her hungry glance on the young man with a meaning he could not possibly misunderstand. He stepped to a desk that lay in its leather case in a corner of the room, and took out several rolls of English guineas, enough to fill one hand.

"When you want more, here is an address, ask freely. Would to God all else were as easy as this," he said, muttering the latter words in his own language, and placing a strip of paper, on which he had hastily written, in her hand.

The Sibyl's eyes gleamed, and for the first time he saw a smile of genuine satisfaction flash over her face.

"Oh! this is something like: the Busne is magnificent," she exclaimed, eagerly concealing the gold in her dress. "Now they cannot starve old Papita like a sick hound in its kennel—this is power, and she can defy them. Let them question her if they dare—let them revile her if they have the courage, and say her grandchild had the death of disgrace. What does Papita care while she has gold and the drao secret."

The young man smiled faintly. He could not comprehend this fierce passion for gain in a creature like that, left tottering upon the brink of her grave so long, with all her bad passions still retaining their keen edge. He, to whom wealth came freely as the air, could little understand how want and penury, from which in this world gold alone can save us, grinds down the most generous nature. He despised the old gipsy woman in his soul: but had he suffered as she had done, in what might he have been superior? It is easy to scorn the sin to which we have no temptation. Eager to count over her gold—more than satisfied with her morning's success, my great grand-dame left the Fonde chuckling to herself, and hugging her treasure

with both arms fondly as a mother caresses her child. On her way down the hill she met Turner, who eyed her like an angry mastiff, and muttered to himself in English something that she did not understand. He stood looking after her as she disappeared among the trees, but she was busy with her gold, and cared nothing for his scrutiny.

"Turner," said Lord Clare, as that functionary entered the Fonde.

"My lord!" was the terse reply, and by the very tone in which it was uttered Clare saw that the moment was unpropitious for his orders, but still he gave them, but with a faint blush and some hesitation.

"Turner, you will settle with the people here; pack up the luggage, and be ready to start at a moment's notice."

"Which way, my lord?" When Turner was out of sorts his words were very few, and those few come forth with jerks, as if he plucked them up one by one from the depths of his bosom.

"I—I have not quite determined. Back to Seville, perhaps."

"Humph!"

"This does not seem to please you, Turner."

"What right has a servant to be pleased, I should like to know?" was the gruff rejoinder.

"When an old servant is a faithful friend too, we like to see him satisfied," said Clare, in a voice that no woman could have resisted. But Turner felt his advantage, he saw that his master kept something back which he hesitated to speak out, and so resolved not to soften his embarrassment in the least.

"We shall require three saddle mules, the best that can be found in Grenada," said the master, at length.

"Three! humph!" ejaculated Turner again.

"And others for the luggage," persisted the young man, more decidedly.

Turner bowed stiffly. He understood this change in his master's tone, and did not like to brave him beyond a certain point. After a moment Clare spoke again.

"You have the clothes that the boy William left, I suppose?" he said, but without looking his old serving man in the face as usual.

"Yes, I have them, my lord."

"Very well—leave them out—they will be wanted. I take a new page with me from hence."

Turner did not speak now, but his features fell, and with a grave air, perfectly respectful, but full of reproof, he stood looking at his young master.

"Have you a wish to discharge old Turner?" said the servant, at length, choking back the emotions that seemed forcing the words from out his throat.

“Discharge you, Turner; why you wouldn’t go if I did,” cried the young lord, forcing a laugh. it will be visa versa, who knows.” The blood rushed into Lord Clare’s face, but before he could speak Turner left the room.

“Humph!” groaned the old man; “perhaps (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPRING WANDERINGS.

BY EDWARD D. HOWARD.

Down the hill-side, green and pleasant,
Where clear waters lave the shore,
Where the breeze comes stilly sliding
Glassy ripples surface o’er,
Stray’d I with such happy feeling,
I could stray forevermore.

Spring was in the skies above me,
Breathing of their genial blue,
And ’t was sweet to look upon them
Warming to such matchless hue,
That my spirit soaring upward
Into light and beauty grew.

Spring was in all earth and Heaven
Like a quickening delight,
Weaving in the woof of Nature,
Flower-blooms lovely to the sight,
Bursting forth in life and gladness
Wheresoever fell the light.

And as up the slope I wander’d
Where a grey old oak there stood,
Like a hoary-headed warden
At the portals of the wood,
In my heart I sang most sweetly,
Such was my entranced mood.

With a soft, delightful murmur
Moved the branches o’er my head:
And the red leaves of last Summer
Rustled underneath my tread,
Thickly parted in the sunlight
With small blossoms, white and red.

Onward where the brook flows brightly
Found I violets of blue,
Sometimes interspersed with others
Of a white and golden hue,
And they stirred sweet thoughts within me,
Sweetest thoughts I ever knew.

Is it not a wondrous beauty
That a little simple flower,
Such as in the early Spring-time
Warms to being in an hour,
Can awake such Heavenly feeling
As forever shall endure?

Flowers are pure, most pure and holy,
Thus it is and well may be,
When along the paths of Nature
Fairest flowers of earth we see,
Then we feel new-born within us,
Deathless love and purity.

Thus I walk’d, and thought, and ponder’d
’Mid the gladness of the Spring,
Till my soul grew bright and thankful
Such sweet pleasure life could bring,
Unto me so full of music
That I could not choose but sing.

And when on my pathway homeward,
By the aged oak I went,
To its boughs it seemed some greenness
Those few genial hours had lent,
And unto my heart such beauty
That I deem’d them not mis-spent.

SONG.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

THE shadowy wings of night
Are brooding o’er land and sea;
But yet my soul is bright
With the pleasant thoughts of thee.

They come as the sunlight streams
Into a dungeon dim,
Till the weary prisoner dreams
That he hears the lark’s loud hymn.

No sound the deep gloom cheers;
The musical breeze is still;

But a voice from vanished years
Doth my heart’s lone chambers fill.

The shroud-like dark conceals
All forms that the day makes fair;
But memory now reveals
A beauty to me more rare.

No star shines out above,
Where the dismal clouds slow roll;
But thou, sweet star of love,
Dost ever illumine my soul.

THE STOLEN MARRIAGE.

BY MISS JANE STRICKLAND.

A CLANDESTINE marriage generally is a mysterious matter, without bridemaids and bridemen, cake, wedding favors, bouquets, smiles, jests, and other legitimate sources of mirthfulness, usually supposed to attend upon bridals where relative and friends meet together to witness the spousal rite. The union, unblessed by parents, is never joyous; it has often its misgivings, sometimes tears, and always after-repentance. The stolen marriage of John Brandon and Patty Bloomfield differed in some respects from clandestine marriages in general; it was celebrated in the face of the whole congregation immediately before the commencement of the morning service, to the infinite delight of matron and maid, aye, and of the children, too. Bachelors, young and old, alike seemed interested in the rite that made the timid, shrinking bride the wedded wife of the manly, fine, independent-looking fellow who had, in a voice that echoed along the only aisle of our parish church, vowed to "take her for better and worse, until death should them part." Patty seemed to feel her responsibility far more than her tall, upright partner; her vow was almost inaudible; her small, slight figure drooped, and a tear fell on the ring the lover fixed on her finger. The final blessing was scarcely spoken, before the bridegroom nodded and smiled upon the bride, as much as to remind her that, in spite of all obstacles, he had made good his promise of taking her, and her only, for his wedded wife. She looked up with a smile which gleamed like a sunbeam in the midst of her tears and blushes, signed her maiden name for the last time, took her tall bridegroom's arms, and vanished like a vision from the church, so sudden and stealthy was her departure. The whole affair resembled in nothing a stolen marriage, if the absence of relatives, and the choice of the clerk as the person to give away the bride, had not suggested something of the sort to the congregation. The surmise was quite correct; the union solemnized between John Brandon, cabinet-maker, and Martha Bloomfield, was quite against the wishes of their respective families, the parents of the parties having formed higher views for their children. The objection seems too ridiculous, but the reader must bear in mind that this is a true story, and a real stolen marriage, and that the working classes have their follies as well as their betters. The parents of John wanted a woman with a few hundred pounds, to set him up in business; and those of Patty preferred the suit of an ugly, crooked farmer, whose farm-servants they were, and whom they very erroneously considered a gentleman. Now, John had a choice of damsels, upon whom, in consideration of their dowry, his father and mother would willingly have bestowed the parental benediction. They were well to do in the world, and therefore ought not to have been so mercenary, while the Bloomfields, with no means but hard labor, had a large family to bring up, and the marriage of their pretty daughter to their ugly master did hold out advantages that had inclined them to sacrifice one for the good of their other children. In fact, they lived rent free in Mr. Seely's own house; the woman, in consideration of her undertaking for the little crooked bachelor the services of a housekeeper, becoming the lawful possessor of the broken victuals left by that worthy, who, smitten by the charms of Patty Bloomfield, did not exact too rigorous an account of his housekeeping expenses. Now, Patty, *petite* in figure and round faced, had little personal beauty; but her skin was clear, her eyes large, dark, and expressive, besides a foot which would have rendered her a successful candidate for the glass slipper. Our little sempstress, too, was the neatest dresser in the world, carrying the simplicity of her attire almost to prudery; and her peculiar style gave her a gentility of appearance not often seen in persons of her calling. Her accomplishments were few, and confined to a sweet voice, modulated by a fine ear and the art of arranging flowers; and the ladies for whom she worked generally received with their muslin dresses a nosegay arranged in the prettiest manner in the world. Quite conscious of her influence over the mind of the farmer, Patty made free with his prize carnations and choice roses for these occasions, returning his courteous permission by placing on his side-table every Sunday a bouquet arranged in her own faultless style. She read well, had her own way of mental arithmetic, and wrote out her bills in a self-taught hand, till Mr. John Brandon undertook the task of reforming her "pot-hooks and hangers." Their acquaintance had commenced by her making a gown for his mother. She stayed late to finish the garment; he saw her safe to her home in the next parish. Her style of fitting pleased his mother, who saw no danger in thus associating

the young people together, because her son contradicted everything the little woman said, and found fault with everything she did. His cousin, Miss Juliana Maria Tipkins, from London, a ward of Chancery, with a sophisticated face and a thousand pounds, discovered the rudiments of a flirtation; and she was right. His seeming rudeness was Mr. John Brandon's style of courtship. After a time he became so eloquently tender with his eyes, that his mother called him a fool, and Patty Bloomfield a designing jade, and chose another dress-maker. Miss Juliana abused Patty; her cousin defended her; and after two years of courtship, fallings out, and alternative fits of jealousy and tenderness, the whole affair had terminated by a marriage on this lovely June morning, by licence, too, at our parish church.

The circumstances that had compelled Patty to live under the same roof as the ugly, crooked farmer, had led to many ill-natured reflections and surmises, so that her character was roughly handled in those circles where the uneducated usually waste their time in managing their neighbors' matters. Mrs. Brandon and her one maid also made Patty and her agricultural admirer a subject of conversation, and Miss Juliana Maria often put in a few comments, by way of improvement, till John's parents were fully persuaded that to the fault of poverty their future daughter-in-law added those of duplicity and unchastity.

Patty and her bridegroom had found, unexpectedly, in the farmer, an advocate to soften the displeasure of her parents; for to her own home John had conducted her immediately after their marriage, shrewdly suspecting that the farm-laborer and his wife would soon be reconciled to such an eligible match as himself. Nor was he mistaken. Dame Bloomfield remembered that his father was in better circumstances than most of his neighbors; and when her master generously was pleased to overlook the loss of her daughter, she and her goodman were not very unwilling to receive their tall, handsome son-in-law. After all, the crooked farmer had not a bad heart, nor any want of moral rectitude; the girl had never encouraged him, and she was now nothing more to him than the fair wife of another man; so he invited them both to dinner, and got up a bottle of port to drink their health, kindly telling John to bring his father and mother, with Miss Juliana Maria Tipkins, to dine with them, advising him to tell them at once that he had got married that morning.

Our bridegroom took his advice, and departed. Straightforward, bold, and, rather blunt—and, moreover, relying upon his being the sole object of their affections—he entered the little parlor, and after delivering the invitation, added, “you

will find there a bride and bridegroom; so you had better put on your green silk gown, mother, and Juliana her fal-lals and flounces.”

“What, then, that girl is married? I am truly glad of it!” replied his mother.

“It was quite time, I think,” responded Miss Juliana Maria, very pointedly.

“She is, then, married to the farmer?”

“No, mother, to me.”

He was prepared for anger, astonishment, scoldings, and vituperations, but not for the tears, the look of concern, the pathetic lamentation of his mother, and the melancholy shake of his father's head, accompanied with the grave remark—“son, if she had but been a good girl, I should have considered her as my daughter; but, seeing she is what she is, I will never think her otherwise than as an artful wanton, who has taken in an inconsiderate and disobedient young man.”

“Come, father, remember that you are speaking of my wife—a good, virtuous, industrious girl as any in the country. Some of the old ladies who drink tea with mother have talked freely of her, I know, and with no cause so to do. Why, Farmer Seely cares very little about her, after all, for he is going to give us the wedding dinner, which is more than you have even thought about yet.”

“If all is true that is said of him and her, a wedding dinner is a cheap way of getting rid of the girl,” replied his father, angrily.

“Oh, John, John! you have done the worst day's work you ever did in your life,” said his mother, in a tone of deep maternal tenderness. “In course, if she had been worth having, Seely would have been bitterly vexed. Don't tell me of a fellow giving a dinner to a man what's stolen his sweetheart from him! Seely he is by name, but not so silly by nature as to do that, without some good reason for his liberality.”

“Now, dear Cousin John, do you think you could have done so?” demanded Miss Juliana Maria, coaxingly.

His start told that the dart had found an aim. His jealous temperament, constancy of affection, and sullen pride repelled the idea of such complaisance with scorn. His mother, too, was not violent; she wept, but she neither screamed with passion, nor abused the woman he had rashly made his wife. He turned pale, then red, and his powerful figure seemed to lose its strength. He sank into a chair, and rested his hot brow upon his trembling hand.

“If you had but consulted your best friends, John, before you were so headstrong as to marry her, you would not have made yourself miserable for life. What had we ever done to deserve such contempt on your part?” His mother rose, put

her arms about his neck—those arms that had carried him in his infancy—and wept like a child.

"Tell me all you know," he said, "dear mother. If I have any cause to doubt, why the matter will stand just as it did yesterday, and Mr. Seely may keep her for me."

Then there was a general outpouring of all the scandal, gossip, and envious surmises, which the conquest of the rich farmer and handsome mechanic had excited in the female part of their community.

"Well, I am rightly served for my disobedience to my good parents," said he; and then added, "Farmer Seely may eat his roast beef and plum pudding with my bride, if he likes, but without either my friends or me. I shall see her no more. I only cared for her while I thought her a good girl." He brushed away a tear, dined with his parents, and went to his own parish church, where he stared everybody out of countenance who ventured to scrutinize him.

The poor slandered bride, how did the day pass with her? For the first two hours, a feeling of tumultuous happiness swelled her breast, and glowed on her clear cheek. Her parents had forgiven her, and she had put on an apron, and made an immense plum pudding—"Sister Patty's grand wedding pudding," as her little brothers called it—and gave her aid in sundry housekeeping matters to her mother; then she set the dinner-table, readjusted her own dress, hoped that the prolonged absence of her husband would be productive of good results; and, finally, went into her chamber, to read the Morning Service, for she was a pious girl, and seldom spent her Sabbath in making plum puddings—but, to be sure, getting married would only happen once in her life. She had said "Monday;" but dear John had said, "the better the day, the better the deed," and she had given way. In the church, too, she had promised a power of things, and, among the rest, to obey him. She was sure he would keep her to her word; but to obey and serve the man she loved would be easy enough, she "fancied."

While the newly-wedded bride was picturing a happy future to herself, time stole on, and no bridegroom, no father and mother-in-law, no Miss Juliana Maria Tipkins appeared. The farmer wanted his dinner, the children cried for the plum pudding; and at last, when all the good things were spoiled, the party sat down to their late and comfortless meal. The bride became miserably anxious, wept, walked up and down the green lane leading from her native village to the post-town where he lived, and passed in tears and restless anxiety her cheerless wedding-day. Her eldest brother went out in

the evening, by her desire, to learn the cause of the bridegroom's unaccountable absence; but all he brought back was, the report that John Brandon had repented of his marriage, and was off to London by that night's coach. Patty dropped on the floor in a swoon, and was carried to bed in a state of insensibility. She kept her room for a week, and when she rejoined the home circle looked as if a deadly blight had fallen on her young blooming years. She went about the house with a step slow and uncertain, ceased to work, and passed her whole time in recalling her happy hours, and contrasted them with her present misery. Few stolen marriages, I know, are happy ones; but her misery had immediately followed her disobedience. To her grief for losing her bridegroom's affections was added the sense of shame. Her fair fame had been slandered; her unhappy marriage was the subject of jest, pity, or contempt. He believed her guilty, too. She could not get over it, and she began to prepare herself for that world whither her breaking heart was fast conducting her. She read and prayed much every day; and employed her hours in writing a sort of journal of her thoughts and feelings, to be given to him when she should be no more. His address had been kept a profound secret, but some busybody had told her mother that he was only waiting for his wife's death to marry Miss Juliana Maria Tipkins, and the poor girl was afraid it was only too true. She was never seen anywhere but at her own parish church; but after this report, she showed signs of consumption, and increasing languor kept her entirely at home.

How did the bridegroom conduct himself while the poor bride was breaking her heart for him? Why, he never mentioned her name, and worked fiercely at his business; but he could not forget her; no other girl attracted his eyes; and as for Miss Juliana Maria Tipkins—poop! he never thought once of her. He was, however, obliged to come home, for his father had hurt his hand, and he was engaged to do some work at the Hall, and his son must supply his place. Now, it happened that John had an aunt and godmother in a village where the stage stopped—a kind, good Christian, whom he valued very much; so he wished to chat with Aunt Mary, and came in just to speak to her, and, among other matters, to ask for some intelligence of his forsaken bride. "I suppose my wife is nearly married again by this time?" said he, in a careless tone, after the first greetings were over.

"Some girls would have married, I believe, after five months' neglect, as such a marriage is not a binding one, I fancy," replied his aunt, gravely; "but I hear she is breaking her heart!" "That may be her pride, you know," replied

he, and he laughed—that is, he pretended to laugh. “Hearts are tough timbers: mine is not broken, at least.”

“You have neither been slandered nor forsaken, John, by the object of your affections,” returned his aunt. Then, after a pause, she said—“indeed, John, you have been very cruel to that poor girl, whose mortification and disappointment are bringing her to an early grave.”

“Well, ought she not to feel shame for her misconduct? To wrong and take in a fine young fellow like me, for that thing whose head might serve me for a walking-stick—and I loved her so dearly, so fondly, too! But why should we mention the girl's name? The only name she deserves, you know, I must not mention to you.”

“I believe Patty Brandon to be a good, a very good, deserving, modest girl, and an injured one, too. Had she been otherwise, after the solemn promises you made before God, you ought not to have perjured yourself by forsaken her in an hour whom you had vowed to cleave unto till death dissolved the covenant. Pray, nephew, did you ever read the marriage ceremony through, till you so rashly plighted, and sinfully, I must say, broke your troth-plight?”

“Why yes, aunt, you may be sure I did, just to see what my wife was to do for me. I am sure she was to love, honor, serve, and obey me. As for what I promised, I am not so clear about that, as I was thinking just then what the old folks would say when I brought home my wife.”

The aunt took a small pocket prayer-book from a shelf, opened it, and folding down a leaf, remarked, “that he would have time to consider his matrimonial obligation during ten miles' drive home.”

He took it with a smile; a long-vanished feeling of cheerfulness stole into his heart. His aunt thought Patty innocent and injured—and Aunt Mary, too, who was so good, pious, virtuous, and thoroughly respectable herself. “What, then, would you have me do about Patty, aunt?” at length said he.

“Go, ask her pardon, and promise to dismiss all jealous thoughts from your mind, forever, nephew.”

“Good-bye, dear Aunt Mary,” cried the young mechanic; “I am afraid I shall lose the coach.” And he was off like an arrow from a bow.

He was an outside passenger, and the winter was a cold one; yet he read and re-read that beautiful office of the church by which he had bound himself to Martha Bloomfield only to destroy her fame and peace of mind. He thought the journey would never come to an end. One of his father's apprentices came to carry his travelling-bag—a piece of state his mother had imposed upon him, to impress the villagers with

a proper idea of her son's consequence. “Tom, how do you do?” said he. “Are father and mother well?” And then, in an under tone—“I say, have you heard anything lately about my wife?”

“Yes, Master John; I heard that she was thought to be dying last night.”

The husband of Patty grew pale; *still* he could not be, for he rushed impetuously into his own house, sat down, and, leaning his arms on the table, wept and sobbed till his tears fell in a shower. It was a terrible sight to see a man weep in that feminine manner; and so his mother thought.

“John, what is the matter—my son, my John?”

“It is all about Patty Bloomfield,” whispered the apprentice.

Once—and once only—his mother had seen her son weep, and that was on the day, long years ago, when his little sister had been accidentally drowned; for his temperament was not tearful, but a little sullen, and these bitter drops seemed wrung from his very soul. What anguish is like the anguish of remorse; and what grief is so moving to a woman as that which wrings the heart of her sterner partner, man? Mrs. Brannon felt this, both as a woman and a mother. The agony of her son had touched, too, a jarring chord in her own bosom; the condition of the fine young creature her evil report had occasioned him to forsake, had awakened both regret and sympathy for poor Patty Bloomfield.

“What is the matter with our John, mistress?” asked the old carpenter, who came in and regarded his son's grief with marked anxiety.

The young mechanic raised his head, and replied himself to the question. “The matter is, father, that you have loved and cherished your wife, and I have murdered mine.”

“Dear, dear John, you shall bring her home this very night,” replied his father, “only pray don't take on so.”

“Mother, mother! why did you fill my head with suspicion, and my heart with jealousy?” said the young man to his repentant mother. “You did not ought to have done so, mother?”

“My dear John, I only said what people told me. Pray, forgive me!” And she threw her arms round his neck, and wept bitterly.

“Will she see me?—will she, can she forgive me?—must she die?”—and he disengaged himself from his mother's arms. “Mother, I must go to see her!” and he rushed forth into the street with the speed of a madman.

Patty, supported by pillows, pale and emaciated, the shadow of what she had been, the large, dark eyes surrounded with the deep shade of care, sat listening to the word of God which one of her little sisters was reading to her, when

a man burst into the cottage, and flung himself prostrate on the ground at her feet, crying out, "my wife, my Patty, you are dying, and I am come to die with you." The poor forsaken girl wrapt her arms about him, leant over him with forgiving fondness for a moment, and then sank down lifeless into his arms. Did she really die? No, she did not, as the good-for-nothing fellow really deserved she should; but the long and death-like swoon into which she fell did so nearly resemble death, that everybody but the doctor thought she was gone forever. It was months before Patty was able to take possession of the pretty cottage on the village green, with its porch covered with honeysuckle and roses, which the penitent parents of her repentant husband had taken for her. John made all the furniture in the best style of his own neat workmanship, and the little crooked farmer presented the young couple with a cow and a pig. Aunt Mary, the author of the reconciliation, bestowed her own large family Bible upon them, and on the fly-leaf was written, "Those whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder." John makes an excellent husband and father, for he thinks he can never make sufficient amendment to his wife for the sufferings he occasioned her by his cruel desertion.

Aunt Mary and the little farmer stood for their lovely boy, born nearly a twelvemonth after their reunion, on which occasion his behaviour was so friendly, that after his departure honest John proclaimed him "to be a good honest fellow."

"So he is," replied his wife, "yet not exactly the sort of a person that a fine young man like you ought to have been jealous of." John grinned; it was the first and last time he ever heard his wife allude to their unhappy separation. "You say nothing about Miss Juliana Maria Tipkins, then, and your bad opinion of my taste?"

Patty did not smile; she knew that the report of his engagement to Miss Juliana had nearly killed her, but she wondered "how she could ever have credited the thing herself."

During her illness John had found and read her letter or journal, and had shed bitter tears over the record of her feelings respecting her abandonment. One sentence alone need be quoted here, and that because it is a just commentary upon stolen marriages in general: "Our minister has convinced me that I was wrong to marry as I did without consulting my best friends, my own parents; and that John was wrong too. He says that neither of us revered the third commandment as we ought to have done. I see it now myself. 'What I have sown, that have I reaped;' yet there are times when 'my punishment seems greater than I can bear.' My days will be short in the land, and then my husband will be free. I pray that like me he may not suffer for his disobedience." How often had John Brandon wept over this simple transcript of his wife's feelings; and his first decided religious impressions took their rise from her convictions. He became a wiser man, and his stolen union with Patty turned out better than such marriages generally do—that is, he and his partner suffered only a few months' misery, instead of the life long wretchedness that usually follows such hasty adoption of solemn and binding vows.

It is pleasant to witness, however, the domestic happiness of the young couple, now that years of peace have succeeded to those months of misery. The piety of the young wife has softened and subdued the impetuosity of the husband's temper, and when she comes to our parish church with her pretty children, the youngest carried by John, her small, delicate figure, supported by the arm of her tall, powerful partner, I sometimes remember the morning when I saw them plight their faith at the altar in the face of our morning congregation, and the interest we felt in the bride, whose desertion had followed within an hour of her stolen wedding. She was always a favorite of mine; and I can truly say that I sympathized with her sufferings, and rejoiced at the happy termination of the little romance in real life of which she was the lowly heroine.

E P I C E D I U M .

BY CHARLES H. STEWART.

Of them who wrapped in earth are cold—
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

Why travel thus the tracks of Time,
The lichen-dotted tomb explore,
With pain each crumbling ruin climb,
And o'er the doubtful sculpture pore?

Why seek we, wearied and alone,
Through death's dim aisles to urge our way,
Remark the moss-grown tablet stone,
And lead oblivion into day?

'Tis spirit nature prompts the heart
To breast the flow of Lethe's wave;
And to forgotten friends impart
A fresh memorial o'er the grave.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. IX.

STOPPING AND BACKING.—The lady must learn how to perform the perfect stop in all the paces. The perfect stop in the walk, is a cessation of all action in the animal, produced instantaneously by the rider, without any previous intimation being given by her to the horse. The slovenly stop is gradual and uncertain. The incorrect stop is a momentary and violent check on the action in the middle, instead of the conclusion, of the cadence, while the fore legs are coming to the ground. The proper movements should be performed, by the rider, so that the stop may conclude correctly with the cadence. The firmness of the hand should be increased, the body be thrown back, the reins drawn to the body, and the horse's haunches pressed forward by the leg and whip, so that he may be brought to bear on the bit.

The stop in the trot is performed as in the walk: the rider should operate when the ad-

vanced limbs of the animal, before and behind, respectively, have come to the ground, so that the stop may be perfected when the other fore leg and hind leg advance and complete the cadence.

The stop in the canter is performed by the rider in a similar manner: the time should be at the instant when the horse's fore feet are descending;—the hind feet will immediately follow, and at once conclude the cadence. In an extended canter, it is advisable to reduce the horse to a short trot, prior to stopping him, or to perform the stop by a *double arret*;—that is, in two cadences instead of one.

It is necessary that the lady should learn how to make a horse *back*, in walking: to do this, the reins must be drawn equally and steadily toward the body, and the croup of the horse kept in a proper direction by means of the leg and whip.

SUMMER FANCIES.

BY FRANK LEE.

The Summer rain is falling fast,
And singing to the ground,
And musically on the ear
Is borne the pleasant sound.
The drooping flow'rets ope their eyes
And laugh as if in play;
And I sit here and idly dream
These Summer hours away.

I hold a book upon my knee,
But the dancing rain-drops light,
The white clouds shining in the sun
Are dearer to my sight.
I, what are works that man hath wrought
To things that God hath given;
And so I watch the bright rain fall,
Like angels' tears, from Heaven.

And as I mark the changing clouds
I give my thoughts their wings,
And listen to the pleasant song
That joyous fancy sings.
I love a quiet tune like this,
I love to sit alone,
For I have fram'd for dreaming hours
A bright world of my own.

A world of peace, and joy, and light,
Throng'd with its dwellers fair;
I hasten from my earthly cares,
And long to linger there.
They say that I'm an idle wight,
And may be it is so,
But 'tis a kind of idleness
But very few can know!

I love my joys, my books, my thoughts,
I love my dreamings lone,
And better far than man I love
That bright world of my own.
I love the rain-drops falling fast,
They bid my heart rejoice,
And turn my thoughts from earthly things
By their soft, angel voice.

Let worldlings sneer at joys like mine,
Their praise—I ask it not,
Still from their breath my soul shall keep
One pure, undarken'd spot.
They say that I'm an idle wight,
And may be it is so,
Though 'tis a kind of idleness
But very few can know.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.—The garden now requires all our attention. Not a day should pass without the removal of all that has done its work, whether stems, leaves, or flowers. Many persons become careless now, and leave the withering vegetation to mingle with that which is full of life, until some general "clearing up" takes place late in the autumn. This is a policy we cannot too much condemn.

After being thoroughly cleaned, glazed, and painted, the greenhouse must receive its inhabitants, now fully prepared to flower in their seasons by the robust growth they have obtained by out-door exposure during the summer. The pits and frames must also be prepared to shelter the tender and half-hardy productions which are to be preserved for next season. Very slight erections will be of great service in this way, for thousands of pots containing roses, fuchsias, verbenas, and even more tender plants, are kept in perfect health in many gardens in pits whose sides are made of turf, and whose covering is a hurdle thatched with reeds or straw. Always remember that *damp* is more to be apprehended in winter than *frost*; for we have often known collections lost from the inroads of the former, which no cold had injured. When plants are struck and reserved for next season, the grand object should be to keep them alive, but not to promote their growth. Comparative dryness, therefore, will be highly favorable to this end, and if such pits are kept from heavy rains, a little shelter will prevent their being injured by the hardest frosts.

Toward the end of the month, such plants as are worth preserving may be taken up, potted, and consigned to a pit or frame during the winter, if they are of a kind to *rough* it in that manner; if not, they must have a place in the back parts of the greenhouse. In potting these some discretion must be used, so as to bring them into a small compass; and as a general rule, instead of taking them up with a ball of earth and forcing that into a pot, it will be best to shake out the roots, to prune them and the upper foliage, and then to pot them in well-drained soil. Supposing, for example, you wish to preserve a fine verbena, which has been flowering during the summer; you may cut off all the creeping branches within a few inches of the stem, and then treat it in the above manner. Pelargoniums or geraniums of every kind submit well to this process, and make far better plants when cut in close than when left with their summer growth upon them. It may be well to mention, that *scarlet* pelargoniums must not be trusted to pits or frames unless damp is excluded. They will bear a great deal of frost if kept dry, but moisture is fatal to them in the winter.

Bulbs must receive attention this month, and, if

possible, they should be in the ground before the close of it. It is the practice of many gardeners of the old school to plant tulips, &c., in December, and as instances of this folly have come under our notice recently, it may be useful to say a word on the subject. If hyacinths and tulips are examined now, it will be found that they are already obeying the laws of their nature, and exhibiting the vitality within them by the evolution of the budding leaf and the emission of incipient roots. Now this is a clear proof that planting them cannot safely be delayed, for the bulbs will be injured by performing a process in the light which ought to go on beneath the ground. As soon, therefore, as the bed can be cleared of their summer crops, they should be prepared for the reception of the bulbs, by being dug up, and by the introduction of a little sand and decayed leaf-mould. At all events, every lover of a garden should now determine to what extent he will cultivate spring bulbs, and procure the stock required as early as possible.

♦ A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.—A sprightly letter from Louisiana, enclosing a sketch, entitled "Ellen Cameron's Fourth of July," dwells thus on authorship amid mosquitoes and melting heats.

"Did you ever attempt to prepare an article for the press in July, beneath our Southern sky; especially on the banks of the great fathers of waters? If so, you can imagine the difficulties that clog the wings of my aspiring genius. Very poetical and romantic are the sunny South, and the majestic Mississippi, to dream of in a colder clime, where mosquitoes are unknown, and the sun's rays not quite so powerful; but when one sits melting in the shade, or darting about in a very astonishing manner to avoid the slow torture of the annoying little insects, both of these poetic names lose their elevating influences, and appear very prosaic affairs. One more confidence and I have done. From my earliest efforts at school composition, one desire has followed me everywhere:—a longing to become an author, and a belief that I have within me the crude elements, from which might be wrought out forms of beauty, and thoughts to be remembered. Once I aspired to poetry, and was crowned the laureate of our dormitory at school; but I might as well 'choose some particular star and think to wed it.' Lower, and beautifully less has sunk my ambition, till I confess it would almost surprise me to find the creations of my brain appear occasionally on some spare page of your Magazine.

"Heigh-ho, I thought to pen you a sprightly epistle, but my heart flutters so sensibly, that I feel more in the lachrymose vein, and there is a whirling in my brain painfully reminding me of the fearful authority of an editor. Dear Mr. Peterson, I have always regarded you as the most amiable of men, and the patron of faltering geniuses, like the one before you: do not deprive me of that pleasing hope, derived from a careful perusal of the 'National' for years. Surely you can make room for my humble offering. Then let me hear something favorable from the next editor's table."

Who could resist such an appeal? Not we, at any rate. Besides, the sketch is a good one, and worthy, on its own account, of insertion. So, fair Agnes, the story shall appear.

GIVE US CREDIT.—We scarcely ever pick up an exchange paper, without finding some article, copied from our Magazine, *but without credit*. Is this fair? We have not, be it remembered, followed the example of our cotemporaries, who have nearly altogether abandoned the publication of original stories. We are, therefore, honestly entitled to credit for the tales we publish; and we ought to have it; especially in a crisis like this, when we are almost alone in offering original articles to the American public.

"AH! YES I REMEMBER."—This is the title of a very beautiful lyric, by Sidney Dyer, which has been set to music by Henri Vaseover, and published by G. W. Brainard & Co., Louisville, Ky. It is intended as Ben Bolt's reply to the popular song by Dr. English, and is dedicated to the memory of "Little Alice."

OUR PREMIUM PLATES.—If any person, entitled to a premium plate, has failed to receive it, we should be glad to know; for sometimes such things miscarry in the mail. We have given this notice once before, and now repeat it, as we do not wish a single one of our friends to be disappointed.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Dollars and Cents. By Amy Lathrop. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam.—It is impossible for our old friend, the author of "The Wide, Wide World," to conceal herself by assuming this new disguise. No other living writer but Miss Warner could have composed the volumes before us. Not only is the entire handling of the story the same as in her two former fictions, not only do the characters exhibit similar peculiarities, not only is the general tone strikingly like, but the scenery, though placed in Pennsylvania, instead of being that of the Keystone state, is really that of eastern New York, where Miss Warner lives. The neighborhood around Glen-luna is a New York rural neighborhood, which is as distinct from a Pennsylvania one, as Broadway is from Chesnut street. Ezra Barrington is a New York Yankee, in dress, habits, conversation, everything; one might search Pennsylvania over, and not find a farmer to talk as he does. In short, Miss Warner, and nobody else, wrote this novel. And will she permit us to say that she has done herself an injustice by publishing it anonymously? In the first place, it does not sell as well, for hundreds who would buy a book by the author of "Queechy," do not purchase this, simply because they think it the work of a different hand, and, until they buy and read, they cannot discover their mistake, nor always even then. In the second place, "Dollars and Cents," taken as a whole, is a better book than even "Queechy," though a few of the earlier chapters

of this latter fiction are better than anything in "Dollars and Cents." The publisher has issued the work in a handsome style.

The Blithedale Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Co.—We do not consider this fiction equal either to "The Scarlet Letter," or to "The House of Seven Gables." Nevertheless the work is one of decided genius, and brimful of Hawthorne's best peculiarities. The characters of Zenobia and Priscilla are well contrasted and powerfully drawn; and we almost recognize in the former a real portrait, so like is it to an eminent American authoress. But the great charm of the work is the under current of poetry which runs through it. Some of the descriptions of scenery are full of the loftiest ideality, and yet are graphic: they have, as it were, a double aspect; they paint the actual thing, and they suggest much that is beyond. The frame-work of the story is constructed around a communist community, the original having been that of Brook Farm, where, many years ago, Hawthorne spent a short period, in company with Channing and others. But the book has nothing of a political aspect. As far as can be judged from incidental passages, however, Hawthorne is no great friend of modern Socialism: perhaps the experiment at Brook Farm cured him of such speculations. The volume is elegantly printed, as, indeed, are all the publications of Ticknor.

The Romance of the Revolution. Edited by Oliver B. Bunce. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—This is a book so truly and thoroughly American, so rich in American genius, both of the pen and pencil, that no patriotic head of a family should be without it. Mr. Bunce is a man of fine talent, and capable, as this book proves, of bringing it to direct account; and he has here gathered up the fading traditions of our Revolution, facts that are more wonderful than fancies, deeds of devotion, heroic achievements, and wild adventures, that make one ashamed of knowing so little of what our liberty cost, to those who bled, and died, and suffered for it. The work is beautifully got up; the illustrations are full of character, and rich in artistic execution. The book itself is a casket of gems, which we cannot praise too highly.

Supernal Theology. By Owen G. Warren. 1 vol. New York: Soule & Wells.—We know the author of this book well—know him as a gentleman of the purest talent and undoubted honor. Marvelous as the things he records may appear, one thing we can answer for, he is satisfied of their truth: and however difficult it may be for us to draw the conclusions that he makes, from the same facts—however little we can follow him in our faith or belief, his convictions we must respect. The book is beautifully written, and has all the interest of a romance.

Courtesy, Manners, and Habits. By George W. Hervey. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Under a rather deceptive title, we have, in this book, a great amount of fine original thought, and a great deal of beautiful common sense. It is more interesting than one could well imagine from the subject, and well worth preserving in the library.

Fancies of a Whimsical Man. By the author of "Musings of an Invalid." 1 vol. New York: John S. Taylor.—Mr. Taylor always gets up his books beautifully, and never publishes one that is not well worth reading. Our opinion of the "Mutterings and Musings of an Invalid," hold good for this book also, which is something in the same strain, abating nothing in its interest or originality. We regret that severe illness has made our notice of this and other books later than we could have desired.

The Two Fathers. 1 vol. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—An unpublished Spanish work, translated into English by the author, and Henry Edgar. There is a sort of wild fascination in this first volume, which reminds one of the French modern school, without partaking of its worst faults. It is impossible to go through the first volume, all that is now presented, without an impatient desire for the second, which is promised soon.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This glorious book is drawing near to its completion; two more numbers and you will have a national work that the artist, the patriot, and the literary man may point to with pride. Next to our Pictorial History of England, nay, before it—for it is American body and soul—we hold this as the choice book on our shelves. It is indeed beautiful.

White Friars. A Romance. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—The superior manner in which this noble fiction is placed before the public, for twenty-five cents, strikes us as a peculiar recommendation, even were the contents less interesting.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF ASH COLORED DAMASK SILK, figured skirt, made long and full. Corsage high, and open in front. Mantelet of black lace. Leghorn bonnet, trimmed at the side with hollyhocks and ribbon.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF WHITE AND ROSE COLORED CHENE SILK, figured. Skirt full and very long. Corsage high and plain. Mantilla of the same material as the dress, made with a hood, and trimmed with a quilling of ribbon. Bonnet of pink silk, quite deep on the top, and trimmed with loops and ends of ribbon.

FIG. III.—CHILD'S DRESS OF WHITE CASHMERE, made *en tablier*, with the pieces which are set on at the side scalloped and worked in button-hole stitch. Three bands of cashmere, graduated, and fastened with large buttons, are placed on the front, between the side pieces. Corsage high, and made to correspond with the skirt. Loose sleeves, with cambric under-sleeves confined with a band. Drawn bonnet of white silk. Pantalets short, and finished with embroidered ruffles. Cinnamon colored gaiter boots.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new Albanian robes, having flounces edged with colored stripes, are now manufactured in very elegant style in barege. We have seen some dresses of dark colored barege, as, for example, maroon, purple, or dark green, the

flounces of which have plaided edges in gay and showy tints; in fact many have borders of decided clan tartans. Dresses, of drab or brown, have flounces edged with stripes in shades of blue or green. Silk dresses are also woven in the same style. Some with satin stripes of the same color as the silk, others in strongly contrasted colors, whilst black silks are sometimes woven in plaided patterns of very bright tints. The cashmeres are very gay, and where they are not woven in patterns, are usually of dark grounds, with huge bouquets of the richest colors running over them. Some are covered with large plaids. Many of the merinos and plain cashmeres are embroidered up the front, or around the skirt.

Our readers will find a decided improvement in these flounced dresses if they will make the petticoat quite narrow at the top, and put one or two deep ruffles on the bottom.

THERE appears to be a decided tendency to modify the width of sleeves—we mean the loose under-sleeves. Besides those in the style called pagodas, under-sleeves are now sometimes made to close on one side by a row of buttons. These have very little width at the wrist, and some are even shaped to the elbow, like the sleeves of dresses worn some years ago. The ends are trimmed with rows of lace set on nearly plain. For morning dresses of any colored material, under-sleeves of white jaconnet are made in this new style, and they are finished at the ends either by a plain hem or by a hem surmounted by a few tucks.

THERE is no change to record as yet in the shape of Bonnets.

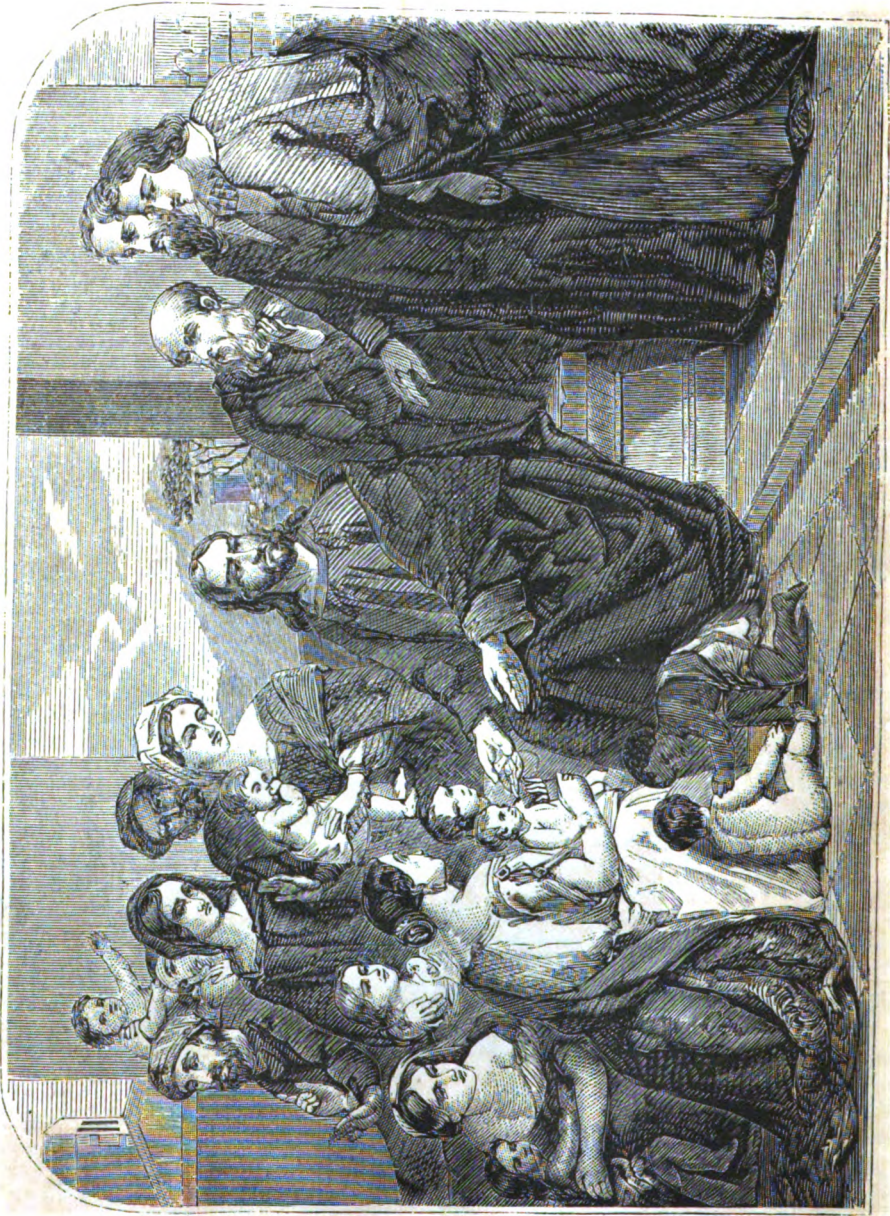
SHAWLS OF BAREGE, printed in beautiful cashmere designs, still continue as fashionable as they were last year. Some elegant square shawls of grenadine have made their appearance. They have satin stripes in various shades. The shawls of rich damask silk, which a few seasons ago were highly fashionable, are likely, during the present autumn, to recover the favor they formerly enjoyed.

BLACK is decidedly more fashionable than colored silk for mantelets; and glace is the favorite material. The newest form is that of the scarf mantelet; but the shawl mantelet, of very small size, seems to be most generally adopted. For ordinary walking dress, a black mantelet may be trimmed in a very plain style; a few narrow frills, either pinked or simply hemmed at the edges, being sufficient. For a superior style of dress the mantelet may be ornamented with braid stitched on in rich and fanciful designs, rivalling the most elaborate embroidery; and, in addition to this braiding, the edge may be trimmed with fringe or lace. A single row of rather broad black lace, surmounted by several rows of braid, set on quite plain, form a very elegant trimming for a mantelet of black glace. Hoods are still fashionable. If the mantelet be trimmed with lace, the hood should also be of that material. If braided and edged with fringe, the hood should be trimmed to correspond, and, if trimmed with silk frills, whether pinked or simply hemmed, the hood should be in the same style.



WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE.

Illustration by the artist of the same name.



CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

LOOK AT YOURSELF NOW.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

DAME GRETCHEN'S little daughter Louise was certainly the prettiest, as well as the most spoiled child in the village. She was already an embryo coquette, and pouted if the freshest flower or the largest apple was not given to her, or if she was not allowed to be the first to spring into the circles of the turning rope.

The mothers of all the ugly girls in Rhinefel shook their heads, at every fresh outbreak of Louise's temper, and whispered of the heart aches she would yet cause poor Gretchen, whose easy disposition was never fretted, and who saw in her child nothing but the natural petulance of girlhood.

To the poor widow, this fair-haired, blue-eyed representative of her dead husband seemed to be the connecting link between his grave and heaven. For this daughter, no toil was too wearisome, that she might increase the small sum already laid by for her marriage dowry; for this purpose the white curd was broken, and pressed into golden cheese; for this the little wheel hummed musically and drowsily beneath the vines on the bright summer days; for this, the delicate lace was woven, in the long winter evenings, that was to grace some haughty countess.

None complained so loudly of Louise, as Gretchen's nearest neighbor, the bustling, systematic, managing Liza Schwartz. Her three plain, hard-working daughters never questioned her will, though their little brother Carl was nearly as rebellious as Louise herself; but as Dame Liza often said, "he was a boy, and that made a difference."

Carl was an independent, sturdy little fellow, who would gather more grapes, fight more battles for the smaller children, and win oftener at ball, than any boy in the village.

This same Carl had a perfect contempt for everything feminine, his mother's authority not

excepted. He was the torment of Louise's life. He called her "cry-baby" and "whey face;" set his ugly brown dog, Wolf, on her pet tortoiseshell cat, and usually managed to soil her clean dresses; or knock a particularly nice piece of bread and butter out of her hand.

'Tis true that he would allow no one else to tease her in this way, but to indemnify himself for his mercy he called her "only a girl," with such an exceedingly expressive voice and pantomime, that Louise felt herself as much aggrieved as if a bodily assault had been made upon her.

One cool autumn morning, Dame Gretchen's heavy sabots clattered over the cottage floor with unusual vigor. A party of village gossips were to spend the afternoon with her. She had drawn off a glass of sweet, home-brewed beer to test its quality, and found it perfect. It was as yellow as amber, as clear as crystal, and the rich creamy froth rose to the top most temptingly. But the great business of the day was yet to be accomplished, the making of the bread and cake, which was to exceed in lightness and flavor any bread or cake ever yet made.

Little Louise was delightfully busy. She greased the pans, handed the sugar, played in the flour, and made herself as useful as girls twelve years of age usually do at such times. She was making cakes, too, on her own responsibility, which was none of the least pleasant part of the business.

At length a savory perfume spread itself over the cottage kitchen. Gretchen had scrubbed, and swept, and dusted, and peeped into the oven times innumerable—and whilst the finishing touch of brown was being given to her cakes, and the bread was rising the last hundredth part of an inch, she clattered away to make her toilet.

In a short time she reappeared in her whitest linen cap, with her black silk kerchief reserved

for Sundays and holydays, and a string of heavy amber beads on her neck. Her short-gown was of unspotted whiteness, and the blue of her gown and petticoat contrasted well with the big scarlet pin-cushion, which hung at her side.

On the entrance of her mother, Louise became clamorous for the big cake which was baking especially for herself, and when it was given to her she carried it over near the door, and seated herself in her little oaken chair to await its cooling.

Presently she heard Carl's well known voice talking to his dog, and she instinctively put the plate in her lap, and covered it with her apron. Too late, however, for Carl had detected the movement, and his eyes danced with delight at so good an opportunity of teasing Louise.

"Hurrah," exclaimed he, "what have you got there, whey face? another kitten for Wolf to tree? Come, let's see! lift up that dish-cloth you call an apron! A cake, by Frederic! whew! it smells nice though—I guess I'll have a piece!" and, suiting the action to the word, the cake was broken in half.

Louise put the plate in her chair, and with tears and screams attempted to wrest her property from Carl. Dame Gretchen, who had been giving the finishing fold to her kerchief, before

the little kitchen glass, suddenly took it down, pattered across the room and held it before her child.

Carl was delighted. He went on munching his cake, and between each mouthful crying out, "You're a beauty, ain't you? I never saw such a pretty face! Look at yourself now! Oh, *what a beauty!*"

Louise for a moment took her apron from her face, and caught its expression in the glass, then cried more lustily than before.

The mirror had been replaced, and Carl smacked his lips, saying, "that cake is very good, Dame Gretchen. I guess I'll take some more. I think Wolf likes it too—don't you, Wolf?"

Louise suddenly stopped crying, turned and saw the dog gazing wistfully at her cake between the slats of her chair, then seized her plate and ran up stairs, from whence she did not make her appearance till her mother's guests had all assembled.

Eight years after, Louise became Carl's wife. Her husband knew she prided herself on her beauty, so he always had a remedy for sullenness and frowns, for he would take down her mother's little old mirror from the kitchen wall, and say, laughingly, "Look at Yourself Now."

THE PICTURE.

BY RICHARD COE.

"I HAVE a picture, dearest mine,"

A gentle husband said,
Unto the partner of his joys,
His sorrows and his bed:
"A picture of a lady fair,
So beautiful and bright,
That gazing on it fills my soul
With exquisite delight!"

"I've placed it in a casket rare,
To keep it safe from harm;
In dreams I often cover it
With kisses fond and warm:
And when I wake the first fond glance
That greets my op'ning eyes,
Is of that pictured loveliness
That by my pillow lies!"

"Who may this wondrous beauty be?"
His tender partner said,
As half in jest and half in pique
She tossed her lovely head:
The time was when my husband dear
Within mine own sweet face,
Saw with an eye of tenderness
Such loveliness and grace—

That other forms, however fair,
No beauty had for him;
And other eyes compared with mine
Were lustreless and dim:
But now, alas! I mourn that he,
Unto my bosom dear,
Should thus requite me for a love,
So earnest and sincere!"

"Nay, weep not, dearest Beatrice,
But listen unto me,
The picture of that lovely one
The image is of thee:
The which the angel memory,
With all her magic art,
Has graven on that sacred place—
The tablet of my heart!"

Enclasping her within his arms,
In all a lover's bliss,
He printed on her forehead fair
A fond and fervent kiss:
A sight so pure methinks were meet
For angel eyes above,
A youthful and a happy pair
Enjoying wedded love!

TWO DAYS IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

A DAY'S journey south of Louisville, in the heart of the wild Kentucky hills, you will find the Mammoth Cave.

You know nothing of darkness until you have traversed its subterranean recesses. It is a labyrinth groping blindly through primeval gloom, for hundreds of miles under ground: and the darkness that fills it is palpable, enveloping you like black waters. Night, in our upper world, is never so profound but it has something of day remaining. A nebulous radiance, as of faint rays infinitely diluted, may be seen even in the murkiest hour: wandering gleams from sun, or moon, or star, penetrating the clouds, and vaguely diffused through the abyss of space. But in those silent depths night reigns eternal and supreme. No sun, nor moon, nor star has ever shone across that awful obscurity. There darkness sits devouring his prey from everlasting to everlasting.

The entrance to the Cave is scarcely a hundred yards from the hotel. Winding down a rural road, that you suppose leads to some secluded dell, you find yourself, on turning a sudden angle, in presence of the grim portal. Huge and vague it yawns before you, like the mouth of some great dragon. A spring breaks out from the mountain side just above the entrance, and the water solemnly dripping down across it, seems to warn sacrilegious feet against profaning the mysteries beyond. In vain your eye attempts, for a while, to penetrate the darkness. The shadowy gloom makes you draw back instinctively, with a momentary sensation of horror. For the deep night within is not all! Forever, forth from the monster's gaping throat, issues a chill, unearthly breath. With a single step you have passed from a July atmosphere to one that seems as icy as December. But while you still hesitate, oppressed with vague emotions, the guide approaches, and handing you one of several torches, leads the way downward. You follow, with a last look at the blue sky, muttering unconsciously, "*facilis descensus Avernus*."

A narrow passage soon brings you to an open gateway, where the quick blast of air nearly extinguishes your lamps. So far the light of day has attended you, though waxing fainter and feebler at each step. But now you are alone with night and silence, twin daughters of eternal chaos; and you pause, for a moment, to recover courage. At first you see nothing but the thick

darkness. All around is vagueness and unutterable loneliness, giving the idea of infinite void and space. The black rocks do not reflect your light, but devour it; and so, for a while, the battle goes on, a strife of life and death. Gradually, however, the pupil of your eye dilates. Gradually also the torches begin to melt away the gloom. You now see that you are in a vast, but rudely fashioned rotunda, whose walls of solid limestone rise dizzily above until lost in lofty shadows overhead. Slowly the light, radiating upward into the black darkness, reveals a gigantic dome resting on oval ribs of rock, ring within ring, narrowing to the top. You gaze in wonder and delight; it seems as if you could never gaze enough. For, in those profound recesses, the obscurity ever keeps the imagination on the stretch, and if a life-time was spent there, something would still be left to stimulate curiosity. At last you move forward, but without a word. Your sensations, in reality, are too profound for language. And still, ever as you go, the night hangs, like a sullen cloud, before you, parting reluctantly to admit your passage, and greedily closing up behind.

You now enter an avenue, lofty as the nave of St. Peter's, with huge, jutting platforms of dark, grey rock on either side, like colossal cornices. Gradually this avenue emerges into another, and even vaster hall, with galleries on galleries circling above, wheeling and ever wheeling around the dusky ceiling. Here, in former times, the Methodists were accustomed to hold occasional meetings; and the effect of the congregation, with its countless torches, is said to have been very striking. To give you an idea of the magnitude of the room, the guide ascends to one of the galleries, where he seems a pigmy, so great is the distance, so massive the ledge on which he stands. Leaving this immense amphitheatre, you enter what appears a Gothic Minster, the high and vaulted avenue stretching on until it fades into remote obscurity. And ever as you go the darkness continues to envelope you like black waters, reluctantly parting before, and ravenously closing up behind.

Suddenly you see before you a huge sarco-phagus, apparently hewn from the solid rock. It is of a size to suggest thoughts of the Titans who warred against Saturn, or of those mysterious giants who are said to have lived before

the flood. You pause with strange awe before it. It stands there on its lofty pedestal, so grey, so grim, so weird, that the unlettered slave as he hurries by, glances fearfully at it in secret dread. Nor is it he alone that feels its influence. The breath comes thick as you gaze, for imagination whispers that, within this mighty tomb, reposes perhaps some wizard of colossal race, whom enchantment has laid to sleep, and preserved through untold centuries, to guard these sacred recesses; and who, if light jest, or desecrating touch should profane the spot, would burst his cerements of stone, and amid the rocking of earthquakes and the crumbling of the mountain overhead, drag you down to darkness and death. So you pass by with noiseless feet, gazing askance on this grim relic of the Pre-Adamite world.

Continuing your progress, you enter an avenue through which an army might march, nor shake, with its tramp, the adamant walls. For a while the passage runs straight as an arrow. Then it turns majestically, almost at a right angle, the opposite side wheeling grandly around like a dusky Colosseum. All at once the groined nave overhead disappears. You seem to have passed out into the open air; but, if so, it is day no longer: the midnight vault of heaven hangs above you; mountains as black as doom sweep away before. High aloft an enormous rock, arch-like, springs from the precipice, but stops, shattered through its midst, as if by a convulsion that has shaken the world. Looking past that broken, massive edge, and away into the illimitable space beyond, you see a star faintly shining in the far, fathomless depths. You gaze in amazement. But now another and another begins to glisten; whole constellations follow; and soon the entire firmament sparkles with myriads of glittering lights. You are still looking, bewildered and enraptured, when all suddenly becomes black, as if the curtain of doom had been let fall upon the scene. Darker and yet darker it grows. You cannot see the companion you touch. The gloom of Egypt's fateful night could have been nothing, you think, compared to this. At last, in the remote distance, you discern a faint gleam. Slowly it brightens to a ball of fire. Then, as you look in wonder, all at once there streams toward you, spanning the gulf of darkness, a bridge of light, as when, in Milton's sublime poem, the gates of hell are flung open on the fathomless abyss of chaos. You cannot, for a moment, comprehend that all this is an illusion. But the cause is soon revealed. The guide comes up, and explains that the seeming stars were the glimmer of the torches on the crystals of the roof; while the sudden darkness resulted from his disappearing, with the lanterns, into a lower cave. The gush

of light, that shot athwart the gloom, had been caused by his emerging suddenly, he tells you, at a distant point, above the line of vision. And you say to yourself, "stupendous Cave, that could allow of such an illusion."

And now, retracing your steps in part, and ever attended by the darkness, like black waters enveloping you, you pass into a narrow lateral avenue. Winding through a labyrinth of passages, now broad and high, now cramped and low, here straight, there spiral, but ever descending downward, you enter, at last, what seems the crypt of an ancient Saxon cathedral, the stalactites and stalagmites meeting to compose the rude and massive pillars. The guide now distributes the torches of the party so as to illuminate the cavern to the best advantage. Amazement, for a while, keeps you dumb. Never, you mentally exclaim, did artist conceive such wonderful effects of light and shade. The broad glare immediately around each torch is the brighter for the profound gloom in the mysterious recesses. The columns, that stand out in bold relief, are the more distinct because so many darken into shapeless masses in the distance. The river of golden radiance, that pours down the long arcade before you, has a glory all the more effulgent, in contrast with the rippled gleams that dance, in alternate brilliancy and blackness, along the broken vista stretching to your right. Rembrandt, could he have seen that spectacle, would have broken his pallet in despair.

We traversed many miles, that first day in the Cave, and yet were only making a preliminary excursion, as it were. The grand tour, requiring a walk of twenty miles, we left until the morrow. To visit every part of the Cave would involve the labor of weeks, for the aggregate length of the avenues is computed at three hundred miles: hence few persons spend more than one, or at most two days in it, as a complete exploration is practically impossible, and these are sufficient for the most striking portions. The Cave is, in reality, a vast labyrinth, honey-combing the mountain limestone of Kentucky, occasionally expanding, as we have described, into halls of almost fabulous magnitude, and sometimes narrowing into avenues scarcely ten feet wide, and proportionally low in altitude. In various places the passage comes apparently to an end, a yawning, well-like gulf debarring further progress. But when you look down the chasm, a ladder appears; the guide bids you descend; and arriving at the bottom you find a new and probably spacious avenue opening before you. Not unfrequently these pits are crossed by wooden bridges, that hang dizzily over the stupendous gulf. Or they gape close at your side, black as a night of murder, fathomless as space itself. As you

gaze fearfully down them, they recall the awful chasms, which, in that grand prose-poem, the Pilgrim's Progress, appaled Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. In vain a torch is hung over the edge, no bottom is ever seen. A bit of oiled paper, cast blazing down, fails equally to reveal the secrets of those mysterious recesses. A stone, dropped over the brink, falls and falls, seemingly forever, endlessly reverberating until the brain reels with the iteration. And ever, as you gaze, you hear water, far out of sight below, dropping further down into the awful abyss, and still dropping, dropping, dropping, through everlasting silence and gloom.

We started, on the second day, immediately after breakfast, our guide carrying our dinner nicely stored in a basket, while over his back was slung a canteen of oil, from which to replenish our lights during the long journey before us. And to do justice to Stephen, he is as great a wonder almost as the Cave. The handsomest, sprightliest and most obliging of mulattos, I still see in fancy his brilliant dark eyes, his well trimmed moustache and his light graceful figure. He has picked up something of Latin, and possesses a smattering of Greek; while his geological knowledge quite astonishes his unscientific visitors. But he is most remarkable for his readiness at repartee and his amplitude of words. I shall not soon forget him, as flinging himself on the ground, at a pause in the gothic chamber, he descanted on the formation of stalagmites, with the knowing air of a savan and the careless ease of a spoiled child. He has been, for seventeen years, acting as guide through the Cave. Many of the most beautiful parts of it were, indeed, first explored by himself. His old master, but lately deceased, in gratitude emancipated him; and Stephen now talks of bidding the Cave farewell forever, and emigrating to Liberia. Should he carry out this intention the world will hear more of him. But there is a wife in the way, who is somewhat loath to go, and prefers to live and die among the green hills of Kentucky. Woman, the world over, clings to her home. Woman is your true conservative. The most astonishing thing in the Puritan emigration was that so many females accompanied it: and if we eulogized the Puritan fathers less, and the mothers more, we should do greater justice.

We turned to the right, just back of the giant's coffin, and entering a lateral avenue pushed briskly on. The way was occasionally rugged, but oftener comparatively level. Now the passage narrowed to a width of scarcely ten feet, now it widened again: and now the groined vault soared in air, gloomy and grand as in some sepulchral cathedral. Frequently jutting

galleries of rock, running along either side, nearly met on high; and often, through the narrow opening thus left, other galleries were seen above; sometimes three or four rising, tier above tier, before the vaulted ceiling was reached. These vast recesses, which the torches only dimly revealed, floated in a sea of obscurity, as if just emerging from chaos on the morning of Creation.

About two miles from the entrance, the guide bade us stop. Pointing to a small aperture in the side of the Cave, less than a yard square, he told us to wait a few moments and then look in. With these words he disappeared. Directly, through this opening, a vivid light shone forth, while simultaneously we heard his voice shouting aloud. Gazing through this natural window, we saw a vast pit, sinking downward further than the eye could penetrate, and rising overhead till lost in obscurity. This tremendous chasm was not circular, however, but shaped like the letter S, and wild and vague beyond conception. The vivid light, which Stephen had left us to ignite, could not, with all its intense brilliancy, entirely dissipate the horrible gloom. As if bored out of the solid mountain, by gigantic augurs, the chasm sunk beneath, or soared dizzily aloft, the smooth surface of the yellowish rock reflecting the glare of the torches, for a space above and below, and then the night swallowing all the rest, like a black, insatiate monster. This was Gorin's dome. As we gazed down into the awful gulf, we mechanically held fast, for it seemed that if we should tumble through, we should fall and fall forever through illimitable depths of space. Fall and fall forever, from darkness to darkness more profound, through infinite eternities of distance and despair.

A walk of another mile, past yawning pits and over hideous chasms, brought us to a low, narrow avenue, several hundred feet long, where we were compelled to proceed in a stooping posture. The Cave continuing to grow more circumscribed, we finally found ourselves traversing a serpentine path, worn through the rock by the action of water in countless ages, but so confined that a corpulent person would have found it impossible to pass. We had scarcely recovered from the fatigue of this cramped journey, when suddenly we came to a vast and lofty amphitheatre, with a sandy beach in its centre, in front of which lay a pool of black waters, like a lake of polished jet. All further progress appeared hopelessly out off. On every hand the steep and rugged sides rose impassably, melting, without apparent break, or even seam, into the lofty dome overhead. While we were scanning the wild walls for some hidden outlet high up the dizzy acclivities, the guide called our attention to a boat,

drawn up on the beach, and bade us enter, smiling at our bewilderment. We took seats, but wondered the more. And now, with a dexterous turn of the paddle, he whirled the light skiff across the pool, and right against the face of the rock, to where a small horizontal fissure offered invitingly a sheltered nook for the still waters to slumber in. Telling us to stoop quickly, he shot under this low portal. For a short distance the roof continued to impend threateningly overhead; but gradually it began to rise, to expand, to swell into magnificent proportions. A few more strokes of the paddle, and we were in a vast tunnel, arching far away above, and winding onward beyond the range of vision: while filling it from side to side, flowed the subterranean tide on which we floated, a dark, and voiceless current, dwelling forever in aboriginal gloom.

It was the famous Echo river. For three quarters of a mile we navigated this mysterious stream, till suddenly it vanished out of sight as unexpectedly as it had appeared. I can find no words to express my sensations during that voyage. It was like sailing over a shadowy ocean, such as I had sometimes seen in dreams. It was like passing down dim shores, from which blew, chill and damp, breezes out of the land of death. As we glided along, the lights, which were ranged in the prow of the boat, projected vague figures on the wall, that followed us menacingly like silent, eager ghosts. The dip of the paddle, disturbing the quiet waters, sent a faint ripple lapping against the rocky side of the tunnel; and the sound of this, repeated in low echoes, indefinitely prolonged, seemed like the sobbings of disembodied spirits, lamenting and dying in the distance. And yet no feeling of horror accompanied all this. It was like one of those vague, yet sadly sweet dreams, which often visit us in childhood, when we seem to float, in the wide sea of space, close to unseen coasts, from which ascend the sighs of widows and orphans, though all the void elsewhere is full of whispers from angels encouraging us to proceed. Blessed visions, that, while they conceal not the gulf of sorrow which ever surges below this mortal life, reveal glimpses of the shining bliss beyond, and assure us of the presence of heavenly messengers, who wait to bear us thither.

Allowing these emotions to have their period, our guide sought finally to divert them, by showing the effect of singing on the river. He broke, at first, into a wild and plaintive air. The echoes that followed seemed endless. Nor did they run into each other, as is usual even in the finest repetitions of this kind, but each syllable was distinct and clear, as if sad voices answered to

sad voices down the whole vast length of the silent stream. A gayer strain ensued, that was prolonged, in a similar manner, like the musical laughter of maidens at play along the shores. And so, whiling away the time with merry interludes, we voyaged along. But gradually the melancholy of our feelings returned, and lapsing into quiet we floated once more dreamily on. Again we seemed to be sailing down a sea of shadows. Again breezes from the land of death were wafted chill and damp across us. Again the dip of our paddle woke the sobbings of unseen phantoms, that flitted lamenting before, and followed wailing behind.

By rugged ways, and through continually winding avenues, we reached, at last, the great series of caverns known as Cleveland's Cabinet, seven miles from the entrance. Here bountiful Nature has exhausted her munificent genius in the number, variety and beauty of her crystallizations. In one place, the rock is covered with a botryoidal formation, resembling bunches of grapes, perfect in both color and shape. In another the crystallizations seem enormous snowballs, flung carelessly against the ceiling, and there adhering, whiter than whitest awan's-down. In still another, they imitate rosettes, carved in Carrara marble, and affixed, by some subtle cement, to the grey limestone wall. In yet others, the crystallizations assume the form of hanging moss; or of drooping lilies; or of other delicate, lovely plants: all white as the robe of spotless innocence. A small niche, opening from the main avenue, like a side altar in a cathedral, is called the Maiden's Bower; and is hung with similar snowy draperies of Nature's handiwork.

At last we drew near to a mountain of boulders, piled one above another in inextricable confusion, and rising to the very summit of the Cave. We were about to pause here, believing that further progress was impossible. But Stephen bade us push forward. These were, he said, the Rocky Mountains, which it was necessary to surmount before we could reach the end of our journey. We struggled up the difficult path, the roof of the cavern rising with us. Having attained an elevation, which our guide told us was nearly a hundred and fifty feet, but which appeared incalculably greater, we paused panting on the summit, and looked down into the gulf beneath. Involuntarily I caught my breath as the scene burst upon me. Would I could adequately describe that dark and dismal abyss. So wild was the descent, and so shadowy the obscurity below that the hill seemed to plunge downward to the very bowels of the earth. The effect was magnified infinitely by a vast dome, which soared above, savage and vague, increasing the apparent height and depth, and

exaggerating the awfulness of all. As I gazed into the void below, where the black darkness surged and heaved, under the flare of the torches, like the ebon sea that washes the shores of hell, and then turned above to the seemingly fathomless firmament, there rose, vividly, to my imagination Milton's sublime lines: and unconsciously I repeated them to myself.

"A dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
height,
And time and space are lost: where eldest Night,
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy."

It was a fit conclusion to our journey. The delight, amazement, and awe, which had succeeded each other all day, terminated here; and for one I wished to see nothing further, lest it might mar the image of that tremendous abyss. It was with relief, consequently, that I heard the guide declare there was nothing to be seen beyond, except some curious stalagmites, a lady's bower, and another bottomless pit, at the distance of a few hundred yards. Should other avenues ever be discovered in advance of this point, the effect will be to dim the impression of that gulf of horror. But now the spectator comes away, haunted by his glimpse into that wild abyss, whose recollection lingers in his memory, and recurs forever in his dreams.

On our way back, we dined at a spring, about two miles from the extremity. It would have kindled the dull blood even of an anchorite, to have seen us discuss the cold chicken and ham which Stephen had provided. Our drink was the cool, clear water from a neighboring spring. These springs are frequent in the Cave, some of them being impregnated with sulphur, and others with lime. The one we patronized was of the latter description. Around us were numerous empty bottles, relics of former parties, who not having the fear of the Maine Law before their eyes, had refreshed the inner man with Scotch ale, London stout, claret or *eau de vie*.

While my companions lingered behind to re-examine some crystallizations, I pushed forward alone, the solitude and sombre shadows of the Cave having for me a greater charm. To abandon your party in this way, requires a certain degree of courage. At first there is something exhilarating in the consciousness that you are out of sight of your friends, and that, when you shout to them, however loudly, only the echo of your voice comes back, through the long and lonely halls. But soon the sense of solitariness becomes painful. The gloomy walls closing in on every side; the narrow circle of light that radiates from your lamp; and the utter, utter desertion around, that encloses you as in a solid body, fill

you with vague fear. And now dreadful doubts creep in upon you. What if you have missed the true path, by unconsciously entering some lateral avenue? Perhaps already your companions have passed the spot where you turned off, and, if so, they will continue to pursue their way, believing you still leading in advance. It will not be until they approach the entrance, probably not until they reach the hotel, that your loss will be discovered. Then, too late, they will retrace their steps. Vain search! Of the hundred and more lateral avenues, that branch off from the main route, in the seven miles between you and the mouth, who can tell which to take? To explore all would require months. You see these things in fancy, and your nerves begin to give way. You imagine yourself having made, through long, long hours, vain attempts to recover the trace, and having sunk down exhausted. You have shouted, too, until your voice has failed you. You are agonized with thirst. Days appear to pass. You are starving to death. If, as you have heard, men lost not far from the entrance, have not been found for forty hours, what hope is there for you? Your lamp has long ago gone out, and you have no note of time. Only you know that death is approaching. Despair seizes upon you. You look dumbly on the sombre walls, now your prison, soon to be your grave. You recollect that you will be deprived even of Christian burial. For the search after you, though long persevered in, will finally be abandoned. Gradually the horror of your disappearance will fade from the minds of all, even your wife and children coming to regard you, in time, only as a dim dream. Perhaps, years hence, some adventurous traveller may stray into this avenue, and finding your bleached bones, may recall a tragedy he remembers to have heard in childhood. He will gather the relics together, and lay them in a corner. But that will be all.

So vividly do you imagine these things that when, at last, a faint gleam appears in the distance, you fancy, for a moment, that it is Stephen coming to your rescue after days of search. But in reality it is your companions leisurely following you. At first you see only a speck of light, like a fire balloon in a black firmament. But soon others appear; the dark and distant ceiling glows; and a gush of light dances toward you, revealing the welcome figures in the background. In a moment you are laughing at your late fears, and have resumed your journey, as gay and merry as the best. You walk on, and on, and on, until mile after mile is passed. Your great peril now is that of stumbling, for your eyes are on the rocky draperies overhead, when they should be picking out the rugged way

beneath. Almost every square foot of ceiling, cornice and wall is curtained, or festooned in stone, as if Nature, to mock at human genius, had decorated these silent, buried chambers. By one sweep of her graceful arm, by a single bold arrangement of her tapestry, she continually produces effects that artists could have attained only by severe study and long trials. She is equally at home in gay and fanciful hangings, such as those belonging to the Bride's Bower, as in the sombre masses, like impending thunder-clouds, that darken with horror her more giant chambers.

In returning, Stephen called our attention to a river, in which fish without eyes are caught. We did not stop, however, to secure any. Stephen had spent a night, just before we arrived, in catching several, so that he had a stock on hand. These fish are rather longer and larger than a man's finger, with something of the shape of a

cat fish, and of a greenish white color. They have no eye. Why should they, living, as they do, in eternal night? But it is to be presumed that Nature, which ever wisely adopts the means to the end, has given them a keener sense of touch. Besides these blind fishes, there is no living thing found in the Cave, except a species of cricket.

Though we walked briskly, it was four hours before we reached the entrance, so that, deducting for the delay at dinner, the time consumed proves the distance to be quite nine miles. The first view of daylight, as we approached the mouth, was indescribably beautiful. To see that cool, white brightness, which language is too weak to describe, is worth alone a journey to the Cave. It is a new thing in your experience: a glory and a loveliness beyond imagination.

And thus we left the land of shadows; and came forth again to the day!

I AM SITTING SAD AND LONELY.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

I AM sitting sad and lonely
Where oft I've sat before,
And thinking of the bright, bright days
That will return no more;
Oh! days of childhood, days of youth!
In mercy were ye given,
To shadow forth that better life,
That knows no change in Heaven.

Long years have pass'd since those bright days,
And still I love to trace
E'en though it be in mem'ry's glass,
Each well remember'd face;
And though the world seems chang'd to me,
And gloom is o'er me cast,
I still can catch some ray of light
In thinking of the past.

'Tis true my step is not as light,
My face is not as fair,
And silver threads are mingl'd with
What once was dark brown hair;
But yet, the change of face or form
Could not such grief impart:
The worm lies hid among the leaves,
The canker at the heart.

I am sitting sad and lonely
Where oft I've sat before,
And thinking of the bright, bright days
That will return no more;
A mist is gath'ring o'er my eyes,
A shadow o'er my heart,
For the fairy visions of my youth
Like twilight dews depart.

LINES.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

ROLL on, oh, river, to thy goal,
The far, illimitable main;
Gladdening the earth, thy waters roll
Through vale and fertile plain;
Oh, mighty joy! had it been given,
Majestic river, unto me,
Blessing and blessed of earth and Heaven,
To run my course like thee.

Yet, soul, content thee with thy powers,
The lowly powers to thee assigned;
The brook that winds through meadow flowers,
In that thy likeness find;
Scarce seen its course, and yet no less
That scarce seen course it loves to run,
Rejoicing its few fields to bless,
And gurgle 'neath the sun.

THE PAIN IN THE CHEST.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"HERE is a shirt bosom I wish you to stitch, Emma," said Mrs. Harvey to her daughter, "it is for your father, and as he is in a hurry for his shirts, I must get you to help me."

"Oh! mother," said Emma, reluctantly taking the piece of linen, "you know sewing always gives me such a pain in the chest."

"But, my daughter, this is a case of necessity. Your father has to go South, next week, on business, and these shirts must be finished for him to take. I really cannot do them myself by that time."

Emma said no more. Ruefully sitting down, she began to stitch the shirt-bosom; and, for a while, worked with something like real industry. But this did not continue long. Soon she began to fidget; then to glance at the windows; and finally she laid down her task, under pretence of wanting some water. It took her a full quarter of an hour to satisfy her thirst; at least it was that period before she returned to her work. Several times, during the afternoon, she repeated this behavior. At tea she sat stooping over her plate, and when her father asked her what was the matter, she complained of a pain in the chest.

"What have you been doing?" he said.

"Oh! I thought I would stitch one of your new shirt-bosoms," replied Emma, hastening to answer before her mother could speak. "But it has made me quite sick."

"Never mind the shirt-bosoms," replied the fond father, with a look of concern. "I am sure I am as much obliged to you for trying, as if you had stitched me a dozen. You always were delicate, my dear."

The mother gave a glance of silent reproof to Emma, and said, "I am afraid, unless Emma can assist me, I shall have to hire a seamstress; for I cannot, without help, finish the shirts by next week."

"Oh! then get a seamstress, by all means. I declare Emma looks quite pale. Poor thing, she can't stand what you can, my love."

Mrs. Harvey was on the point of saying, in reply, that Emma could stand as much, if she would; but, on second thought, concluded to be silent. Yet she sighed, as many a mother has, to think how the inconsiderate fondness of the father was spoiling the daughter.

Mrs. Harvey sent for a seamstress that evening, and accordingly, the next day, Emma had nothing

to do. In the morning she made calls, and then came home to read a novel, over which she stooped until dinner time. In the afternoon, having finished the novel, she had recourse to her worsted work, over which she stooped until it was too dark to see. All this time she made no complaint of the pain in the chest, though she had stooped for a period twice as long as on the preceding day. Her mother, who watched her with a meaning look, for some time, at last said,

"Emma, how long have you been engaged on that bit of work, my dear?"

"About six months, isn't it?" replied Emma, looking up for a second only, and resuming the counting of her threads. "One, two, three; it was just after New Years' I began it; one, two; wasn't it?"

"And what do you expect to do with it?"

"Make a chair cover of it to be sure. Why you know that, mamma."

"But we have no chairs to cover."

"Oh! it will come in use sometime, or, if it don't, I can give it away, you know."

"How much do you suppose your worsteds have cost?"

"Three dollars. I believe that was it. But you know as well as I do, ma, for you were with me when I bought them."

"I had forgotten," said Mrs. Harvey. And she mentally added, "ah! I have more important things to remember."

There was silence for a short period, when the mother quietly said,

"Don't it sometimes give you a pain in the breast, my dear, to stoop, hour after hour, over this sort of work?"

Emma looked up, crimson with shame. She was a sensible girl, and felt the home-thrust. Dropping her work, she said,

"Give me a shirt-bosom, mamma, and I'll stitch it, indeed I will. I was wrong, last night, to say what I did."

"Oh! no," said Mrs. Harvey, with a slight irony in her tone, for she wished to make Emma thoroughly ashamed. "You had better go on with your worsted-work; for there is no hurry for that. And besides it is not for your father, nor even, it seems, for yourself, but for somebody, you don't exactly know who, or perhaps for nobody at all. No, my dear, I could not

think of taking you away from your useful employment, and putting you to one so worthless as assisting to stitch shirt-bosoms for your father."

"Now, mamma," said Emma, with the tears in her eyes, "don't, please don't. I have been very foolish. Oh! do let me help on pa's shirt-bosoms."

"No, my dear," replied her mother, gently, but firmly, and dropping her tone of irony. "I have hired Susan for the week, and if you should help us now, there will not be enough for her. And I'm afraid, my child, that you would soon tire of this sort of work."

"You don't mean so, ma," humbly said Emma; "now do you?"

"Indeed I do, my daughter. I have noticed, ever since you came home from boarding-school, that you like no work which is real work, though you will labor all day at some trifle more pretty than useful. Now, while I don't mean to say that making worsted patterns is always a waste of time, I do say it is so when things more immediately useful claim our attention. Moreover. Habits of industry and self-denial are to be acquired in youth, if ever; and if girls do only such work as they please, these habits they will never get. Young ladies don't like to do plain sewing, but are ready to stitch forever at fancy work; yet when they become wives, they will find that they must do more or less of the former, unless they happen to marry very rich men. And so work becomes a real trial, because they are unused to it. For a husband to find that he has a wife, good for nothing except to spend money, one who can't even sew without having a pain in the chest, is one of the most disheartening things he can experience; and will go very much further than what would seem, at first, more important things, to undermine his love."

Emma was now fairly subdued. She had never thought of the subject seriously before. Just

from school, and as yet undisciplined in household affairs, she had unintentionally allowed her indisposition to useful work to lead her into her late folly. She saw that her pain in the chest was mere fancy, and not reality, else it would have attacked her also when stooping over her novel, or her worsted. She felt that it was a willing mind she wanted, instead of bodily strength, of which she had enough.

Her mother continued inexorable. The shirts were made without her help, much as she desired to assist on them. Her worsted-work had now really grown distasteful to her; but her mother would not permit her to be idle; and so she had to persevere until it was finished.

The lesson was not over yet, however. One day Emma wished a new ribbon. It was not absolutely necessary for her to have, though it would have been a gratification. But her mother gravely refused to allow the expenditure.

"No, my dear, you must go without the ribbon. I paid Susan, for helping me make those shirts, just what this will cost; and as your folly inflicted that expense on your father, I think it but right you should make reparation. Here is an opportunity where, by a little self-denial, you can do so. You know, my child, I have no faith in repentance without works."

"You are right, mamma, as you ever are," said Emma. "You don't know how ashamed I am of myself. But please don't say any more about it, and you shall have no cause to complain of me hereafter."

Were all daughters as sensible as Emma, and all mothers as judiciously severe as Mrs. Harvey, the world would have fewer idle young ladies and thriftless wives to show.

But alas! when there is anything useful to be done, anything that is real work, a great many females, married as well as unmarried, have A PAIN IN THE CHEST.

STILL ASLEEP.

BY ERNESTINE FITZGERALD.

Still asleep! while the birds are singing,
Calling my pet with the silvery ringing
Of their musical matin bills!
Still asleep! come rouse thee, my darling!
Up and mimic thine own dear starling,
That of morn so joyously tells!

Still asleep! how the kind words will linger,
When Time shall point a far-away finger
To these innocent baby-hours!

Still asleep! when the world wants working,
So many a weed in its garden lurking,
That calls for a woman's powers!

Still asleep! when sly age is creeping,
And here is no longer a chamber for sleeping—
But ruining, crumbling decay
Points to the dust toward which dust is bending,
While Faith awakens to life unending,
And the light of a perfect day.

HOW TO MANAGE AN OLD BACHELOR.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

ABEL ARNFIELD was the neatest man that ever lived. This may, at first, sound like eulogy, but it comprises a catalogue of small crimes that sting with tenfold force, like mosquitoes, gnats, and other insects, discovering joints in the armor where larger ones would utterly fail. Abel, then, was fearfully neat. Neatness was with him a besetting vice, a sort of dark influence that overshadowed everything, and robbed life of half its enjoyments. *Half* did I say? He scarcely knew a moment's peace. Every cup was poisoned, for at the bottom Abel's far-seeing eyes were sure to discover some speck of dirt, that seemed, like the sword of Damocles, a never-failing torment, haunting every moment.

Abel was a bachelor. Not but that he had had his love-scrapes, but experience taught him that going down on one's knees was detrimental to white inexpressibles, and violent emotion took the stiffening out of a shirt-collar. Then, besides, Abel's views of womenkind in general all tended toward a life of single blessedness. His version of the poet would doubtless have been:

"Oh, woman! thy name is carelessness?" and he kept as clear of the sex as though fearful of contamination.

If his fellow brethren lacked in his eyes the essential principles of neatness, the sisterhood seemed absolutely wedded to dirt and slovenliness. Many a time had he contemplated a pair of beaming eyes with pleasurable feelings, and then sighed because some thread of that tasteful attire was, perhaps, the fiftieth part of an inch out of the way. For Abel, in summing up a case of neatness, did not, like the children with their arithmetic, say, "never mind the mills"—no, indeed! he quite agreed with the man who said, "take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves;" and entertained the opinion that trifles make up the sum of earthly things.

Nor did Abel fail to put his theory in practice. He would have considered himself insulted had any one said that "he looked as though he had just stepped out of a band-box;" for, belonging rather to the gigantic order, it would have been impossible to find such an article capable of accommodating him at all to his satisfaction. And, indeed, I quite agree with Abel that people who step out of band-boxes must have rather a tumbled look.

Somewhere between six and seven feet in height, straight as a poplar, handsome and intellectual-looking, Abel deserved something better than the commendation bestowed upon him by an old lady, who, after surveying him through her spectacles, pronounced him "a very personable man." When I add to this description that he was one of the most eloquent members of the bar, and possessor of a handsome property, it is no wonder that his fearful neatness was the subject of sighs and groans innumerable.

Dirt seemed to glance off obliquely from those immaculate collars and wristbands—dust found no resting-place on that impenetrable coat of shining black—and mud dwindled down to low tide when Abel Arnfield crossed the street. His neatness encompassed him like a suit of armor; and he was held up as a pattern to slovenly husbands and careless sons, until they wished that fate would bestow upon him some of the grease-spots, mud, and dirt with which they were so liberally favored. But Abel still pursued the even tenor of his way, undisturbed, save by some chance arrows that Cupid let fly at him, merely *pour passer le tems*. These only stuck in the flesh and caused a slight irritation, without inflicting any deeper wound.

At one time, however, Abel certainly came very near falling a victim; and this circumstance was hailed with delight by the whole circle of his friends and relatives. They flattered themselves that a wife to keep in order might divert him from the contemplation of their short-comings.

Pretty Olive Mithers! She with the large, sloping eyes, and snowy eyelids, that gave such a Madonna-like air of purity to her face. You seemed to see her but through those eyelids; they took the attention at first sight; and as Daniel Webster went by the name of "all eyes" in his early career as a schoolmaster, it would not have been inappropriate to call Olive Mithers "all eyelids."

Abel was first "taken" in church. The premonitory symptoms were constant gazing at those wonderful eyelids, so sweetly cast down over her prayer-book—guilty looks when detected in the act—and a constant restlessness and uneasiness during the whole service. And Olive peeped slyly out from those white blinds, and laughed in her sleeve at the desperate struggles of the poor fish on the end of her line. Deceitful little

Quakeress! She *looked* an incarnation of purity and devotion—she *was* as mischievous a flirt as ever tormented an unfortunate man. But to do her justice, she was really in earnest with respect to Abel Arnfield. Yes, she had fully made up her mind that if the man proposed she would really take him, and enjoy the pleasure of tormenting him for the whole term of his natural life.

But, alas! poor Olive! you found by sad experience upon how slight a thing will turn our whole future fate. There was a picnic excursion, to which Abel and Olive were both invited. Already people looked upon them as engaged lovers, and significant glances followed their movements.

But Olive, in scrambling up a ledge of rock, disarranged the neat attire which had hitherto charmed the exacting lover. One or two tumbles by no means improved her appearance; and when they rejoined the party Abel's love had banished into thin air. Her dress was torn, her hair disarranged, and—

“A single spot of *mud*—that light, but guilty streak, Had banished all the beauty from her cheek.”

In vain the figure of Olive prettily dressed, with those lids so meekly cast down, was placed before him, after this; the charm was broken, and something whispered to Olive that Abel Arnfield was lost to her forever.

Then there was Bessie Carson—whose face was a perfect sunbeam, whose conduct was like no one else's, and whose manner was fascination. She took Abel entirely by storm—he was obliged to surrender whether he would or not; and for some time he persuaded himself that the *appearance* of a soiled collar, which had lately haunted him in Bessie's presence, was merely the shadow glancing upon it.

But one day our bachelor, on entering the hall at rather an unexpected hour, beheld a pair of slipshod shoes, which he immediately appropriated to Bessie. She never acknowledged the possession, not having been interrogated; but Abel Arnfield had a sort of feeling in his bones, and again he “roamed in maiden meditation fancy free.” These disappointments rather soured him, and he began to look upon women with a cynical eye.

Abel had an only sister, who might be considered a fortunate woman, or might not, as persons chose to fancy; at any rate, she was the mother of nine children. Her description may have been a little exaggerated, but she always insisted that when Abel entered the door he drew his skirts carefully around him, and appeared from his manner of walking to be threading a labyrinth of live coals. He was not fond of

having the children's arms around his neck—objected to their wiping their hands upon his clothes—and altogether frowned upon other endearing little ways peculiar to childhood.

In spite of this, however, his sister urged, with tears in her eyes, that he would take up his abode with her; but Abel only shook his head in a very decided manner, and went back to his boarding-house. His landlady had learned all his peculiarities; and the good woman would as soon have thought of cutting off her own head as of abating one iota of the exquisite neatness that always distinguished his room.

But Adam was discontented even in Paradise; and one day Abel took it into his head that it was quite time for him to see something of the world. People wondered what should induce him to travel. The dust in the cars, the doubtful beds, the thousand inconveniences to which travellers are subjected, seemed like so many dragon-heads to deter him from the venture. But Abel cut them all down at one stroke, and went forth to meet his fate.

Description would utterly fail in attempting to paint the horrors with which he found himself at the hotel with a soiled collar and dusty coat, and a face very much disarranged by the sparks, and other light craft, that sail so impudently in at the car windows; but after a careful examination of the damage he had sustained, he gave himself a thorough scouring, and went forth to seek his fortune. He found himself in one of the loveliest villages of northern New York; every residence was a miniature Paradise, and he sauntered leisurely along, admiring the principles of neatness which seemed to pervade the very trees, for every leaf shot forth in a uniform manner.

He had come to a full stop before an alluring cottage, almost smothered in a thicket of trees, and stood leaning on the paling, and looking over at the prospect. In the distance a Virginia fence hemmed off a piece of woods that seemed approaching too closely; and between that and the house was a beautifully cultivated garden.

Abel stood ruminating—thinking how happy life might be passed in such a place—when a slight rustling disturbed his thoughts, and he awoke to the consciousness of a young lady with a watering-pot in her hand. Abel! Abel! incorrigible cynic! thine eyes survey the graceful figure, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, not with the lover's generous blindness to all defects, but with the critic's insatiable thirst for something to find fault with.

Mary Ellesmore was not a regular beauty, but she possessed that exquisite neatness which throws a charm over the plainest features. Not that Mary was exactly plain, either; her face

was capable of looking pretty, but when it did assume that expression, it seemed to be a matter of congratulation as though the circumstance were an unusual one. She had one of those faces that light up with any passing emotion; thus seeming to contradict the extreme regularity of her dress.

Well, Abel, what is the result of your investigation? Your eyes have travelled up and your eyes have travelled down, and at length you have come to the conclusion that the young lady with the watering-pot in her hand is the nearest approach to your beau-ideal of female loveliness that you have seen in sometime. The smooth, shining sheet of bright brown hair, that descended so prettily over her ears, with a half-blown rose in the richly twisted knot—the pink muslin dress, so faultless in every fold—the well-dressed foot, first peeping out from the hem—and the snowy collar—all these were perfections that sent an electric thrill to the heart of Abel Arnfield.

But all this time Mary has been represented as standing still to be looked at—making a picture of herself, in short, although she was totally unconscious of the presence of a spectator. When, therefore, on raising her eyes, she beheld a gentleman, who, if not very young, was certainly very fine-looking, gazing intently upon her, she blushed, of course, as any properly regulated young lady would do; and as the gazer seemed fairly nailed to the spot, she soon took her departure for the house, watering-pot and all.

This roused Abel from his lethargy; and extremely provoked at himself, he became conscious that he had been guilty of rather rude behavior, and quite in a brown study, he pursued his way to the house of the only acquaintance he had in the place. This friend Abel determined to sound with respect to the unknown young lady; but, like a prudent man, he confined his raptures exclusively to the house and grounds, and carefully concealed the fact of his having seen any live stock about the place.

"It was probably Mr. Hillier's," observed his friend, "but I advise you to spare your enthusiasm until you have gained the entree of the house—there is something inside much more worth seeing."

Here followed a long eulogy on Mary Ellesmore; during which Abel learned that she was the orphan niece of Mr. and Mrs. Hillier, who, having no children of their own, were completely wrapt up in her; and that Mr. Hillier was a perfect enthusiast upon the subject of farming—a prejudice which Abel was advised to humor.

In the course of the next day Mr. Arnfield was formally introduced at the cottage; apparently as much to the inmates' satisfaction as his own.

His absence from home was so much protracted, in consequence, that various affectionate missives were despatched to him, soliciting some account of his wanderings. He felt rather confused on reading these letters; but then he proudly reflected that he was his own master, and had an undoubted right to do as he pleased.

Mr. Hillier entered the parlor one afternoon, as his wife was delivering quite a panegyric upon their new acquaintance, and interrupted her somewhat angrily, as he exclaimed,

"The fellow has no more soul than you could put in a thimble!"

"No soul, uncle?" repeated Mary, in surprise, "when he talks so beautifully!"

"Talking and acting are two very different things," said Mr. Hillier, wrathfully, "I have just been showing him the beauties of the farm, and, in passing through the cow-yard, he remarked that 'farming was very dirty business.' Faugh! How I do detest those everlastingly clean collars of his, and that careful step, as though he were walking on egg-shells! He is not the man for *my* money."

Mrs. Hillier prudently directed her husband's attention to Mary's burning cheeks; which her uncle surveyed with a look partly of surprise, partly commiseration. Her attention quite taken up with some things in the garden, the niece soon withdrew and left the couple to themselves.

"Why, Mary," said Mr. Hillier, that same evening, "you don't mean to say that the man has really proposed, and that you have accepted him?"

Mary *said* nothing; but her eyes were very eloquent.

"What possessed you?" continued her uncle. Something that sounded very much like "love" fell from Mary's lips; but her uncle recognized no such word in his vocabulary.

"Were I a girl," continued Mr. Hillier, "I should as soon think of falling in love with a tailor's walking advertisement as of 'bestowing my affections' (that is the term, I believe,) upon one whose whole energies are concentrated in preserving himself from the least spot of contamination. Why, child, you will have no peace of your life. You are neat enough, I should think, to suit the most fastidious, but this man is a regular fidget."

"Oh, but," said Mary, very quietly, while a sly gleam in her eye betokened some hidden fun, "I intend to cure him. Thinking it a pity that so many noble and interesting qualities should be obscured by this small weakness, I have concluded to take him in hand."

Now Mary, be it known, had the reputation of being a young lady of considerable energy and determination, all in her own quiet way; she was

one, also, who never made an assertion unless she had good grounds for doing so; when, therefore, she expressed her intention in this calm manner, Uncle and Aunt Hillier, though entertaining a few natural misgivings as to the wisdom of such a proceeding, gave their consent to the marriage, and the old lady was soon immersed in all the bustle of preparation.

Abel, having secured his prize, soon returned home; the happy day was appointed, and the bridegroom was to make his appearance on the evening before the ceremony. In the course of a few days an elegant box arrived for Mary; it contained a set of pearls, and a most affectionate letter from Abel's sister. People said that Mary was a fortunate girl; but the uncle and aunt shook their heads, as though the Ides of March were come but not gone.

The wedding eve arrived; the whistle of the last train of cars had died away in the distance, but still no Abel. Mournfully did Mary pace up and down the shaded walk to catch the first glimpse of her truant lover; but no approaching figure darkened the opening, and the shades of evening were fast gathering around. The bride-elect betook herself to a sleepless pillow, and ominous shakes of the head passed around the circle.

The bridal morning dawned fair and beautiful; and as Mary stood before the glass in her own apartment, a very pardonable feeling of satisfaction flushed her cheek, while wreathing the pearls in her shining braids. The bridesmaids were clustered in a knot together—the bride was dressed, to the last hair-pin; the clergyman, in his white robes, was filling the pleasant parlor with a peculiar air of solemnity—everything was ready but the bridegroom.

Low whispers were passing around, and glances of commiseration bent upon Mary; when, at the very last moment, up drove a carriage, and Abel rushed hastily into the house. Something about "unforeseen circumstances" was heard; but the clergyman, indignant at having been kept waiting, would allow no explanation, and in the course of a very short time the two were made one. Guests lingered in hopes of hearing something, but in vain; it was not until their departure that, urged by the questioning looks of Mr. and Mrs. Hillier, Abel proceeded to give some account of himself.

"You cannot imagine, dearest," said he, addressing himself to Mary, "how unhappy I felt at being obliged to delay our meeting; but yesterday morning, when my clothes were sent home, I observed that the tailor had actually sent me a coat of dark, bottle green, instead of the plain black that I ordered—and the washer-woman, in her hurry, had ironed my shirt-bosoms

the wrong way. Believe me, that no other circumstance should have retarded my coming."

Mr. and Mrs. Hillier looked just upon the point of exploding; but a beseeching glance from Mary arrested their indignation half way. The young bride said nothing; but her foot tapped the ground in an impatient manner, as though internals and externals were somewhat at variance.

It was with a reluctant feeling that the worthy couple consigned the child of their adoption to the care of her new guardian; but then, as they remembered Mary's strength of character, the burden of disquietude was somewhat lightened. The two immediately set forth upon the usual wedding tour; and then Mary found herself settled in the heart of a bustling city, in lieu of the quiet country scenes to which she had been accustomed from childhood.

Sometime after his marriage, Abel Arnfield was passing through his usual haunts, when a hearty slap on the back almost staggered even him; but a rough grasp on his arm quite prevented any thoughts of losing his balance. He turned shortly around to meet the face of an old acquaintance.

"Why, Abel, how are you?" shouted a hearty voice, "haven't seen you this age—been getting married, eh?"

At this salutation Abel looked rather sheepish, which on a person of his size was exquisitely absurd.

"But what do I see?" continued the speaker, after a more minute investigation, "don't you remember that we always used to call you the new bank bill? And now, I declare, one of your wristbands has a diminutive wrinkle in the left corner, and I positively see a spot of mud on the heel of your boot—in short, you begin to look like other people. Poor fellow! I always prophesied that you would get a slovenly wife. I suppose that her carelessness has broken your spirit."

"Indeed," replied Abel, somewhat sadly, "you are very much mistaken; my wife is neatness itself—*too* neat entirely. I would ask you to dine with us, but the fact is she never likes my bringing any one home to dinner. She is so afraid of her drawing-room."

"But I am determined that she *shall* like me," exclaimed his friend, who was quite anxious to witness the system of tactics by which any woman had obtained the upper hand of Abel Arnfield, with respect to such a point as neatness. "Therefore, you may consider me engaged for to-morrow, unless there is something in particular to prevent."

Very doubtful as to the effect of the communication at home, Abel was obliged to second the proposal as joyfully as possible; but it was done

in a manner that caused the waggish Mr. Larkton no little amusement. Abel, rather surprised himself at the change that had come over him, pursued his way homeward—meditating as he went.

In the drawing-room sat Mary, looking very pretty, and so exquisitely neat that one would have been almost afraid to touch her. She tried to evade her husband's kiss; and then smoothed her collar, and shook out the folds of her dress in a manner that quite provoked Abel. Indeed, during the year of their marriage she had contrived to torment him with her exquisite neatness in every possible way. The very day afterward she quietly informed him that she was disappointed in him.

"In what respect?" asked Abel.

"Why," replied Mary, "when we knelt down to pray, during the ceremony, I happened to glance at your glove, the one nearest to me, and I actually detected a small rip between the thumb and the fore finger!"

Poor Abel! This was the reward of his over-neatness. At the last moment he had drawn them on in the greatest possible hurry, without bestowing a thought upon the small chasm that so shocked his bride.

"I did think," continued Mary, "that you were neat—I have such an aversion to slovenly men—but the sex seem naturally inclined to be careless."

All this was gall and wormwood to Abel, and he found the tables turned in a most unexpected manner. Instead of having a wife to correct and admonish, he appeared to be undergoing a thorough system of training.

His domestic arrangements suffered not a little from his wife's troublesome neatness. Scarcely a servant could be found to stay with them, and the very neat ones had been detected in the act of taking liberties with the master's comb and brush; while they often considered the wardrobe of either master or mistress as quite a public concern. There was constant changing and dissatisfaction; sometimes an excellent cook would be dismissed in consequence of Mrs. Arnfield's unexpected visits of investigation to the kitchen—in the course of which she often discovered private proceedings that were altogether at variance with her shrinking delicacy. Her husband's observation that it was best to shut her eyes to these things, only caused them to open still wider in apparent horror and surprise.

Abel had long felt inclined to remonstrate against this state of things, but Larkton's visit fairly capped the climax. Mary received the visitor with a most uneasy glance at his boots; and a visible shade of annoyance passed over her face as the sofa creaked beneath the sudden plunge which Mr. Larkton made into its capacious

depths. He, apparently quite attracted by her sweet face and lady-like appearance, told his most amusing stories; but Mrs. Arnfield's smiles were very frigid ones, and she evidently regarded him with no friendly eye. Larkton, to be sure, had upset a small vase of flowers, thereby spilling the water over the drawing-room carpet; and while Abel assured him that it was not of the slightest consequence, his hostess' eyes seemed to tell a different story.

Dinner was announced; and after the first excitement of getting seated, a dead silence pervaded the circle. Abel, rather embarrassed at the state of affairs, helped the soup with a trembling hand, and in consequence of his agitation, several drops were spilled upon the exquisite table-cloth.

"Thomas," said Mrs. Arnfield, with perfect coolness, "remove the cloth, and bring a clean one."

Abel remonstrated, but in vain; the guest played with his bread during the discussion; and Thomas, one of those neat pokes who seem created for no earthly purpose but to torment one, crawled off with the various things in regular succession. Mr. Larkton thought of the play-bills that say, "an interval of five years is supposed to elapse between the acts"—Mrs. Arnfield looked satisfied—and Mr. Arnfield at boiling heat.

After a long interval of endurance a clean table-cloth was spread; the plates were brought back to their places; and a tureen of cold soup deposited before Mrs. Arnfield. It was removed almost untouched; and, in consequence of the delay, the second course was in very much the same condition. The ice-cream seemed, as the Yankee said of it on a former occasion, "a *teille* tetched with frost;" and on rising from the table the two gentlemen were anything but satisfied with their repast.

On returning to the drawing-room Mr. Larkton saw, with some annoyance, that a servant was employed in removing the prints of his boots from the spotless carpet; and Abel really envied the fate of Jonah. Even the spirits of an inveterate wag are sometimes depressed; and, after a very short evening, Mr. Larkton took his departure.

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed Abel, exploding at the first convenient moment, "how could you do so? You have mortified me beyond measure."

"I have only to repeat," returned his wife, with perfect serenity, "that I am disappointed in you."

"And I in you," groaned Abel, "little did I think that it would be such perfect misery to have a neat wife!"

There was a sly twinkle in Mary's eye as she

asked, "then you really think that a person can be *too neat*?"

"I think," returned Abel, with considerable energy, "that I would give half my fortune if you were only a sloven—yes, an *actual sloven*!"

To his great surprise, Mary had thrown one arm around his neck, and was laughing uncontrollably.

"How I have been watching for this avowal!" said she, "I had almost given you up as incorrigible—you bore all sorts of torments so stoically—but human endurance, it seems, could go no farther. Do you know, *cher ami*, that on our wedding day, in a feeling of pique at your considering the color of your coat of more consequence than an evening's *tele a-tele* with me, I planned this line of conduct, and determined to

carry it through? I think that now, having your eyes fully opened to the horrors of inordinate neatness, you will scarcely inflict upon me what you have suffered during the last twelvemonths."

Abel, being a sensible man, said very little, but actually kissed his tormentor in a sort of frantic delight.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillier soon after made them a visit, and observed, with some surprise, that, although Abel was still neat enough to escape an imputation of slovenliness, he no longer made neatness a ruling passion, or suffered it to interfere with his enjoyments. Mary, in reply to their surprised looks, referred them by a glance to her husband; but Abel was apparently surveying very curious things at the bottom of his cup.

ALICE IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

How beautiful is the evening's close,
When twilight draweth nigh,
And gorgeously the mellow rays
Adorn the pensive sky;
It is an hour for holy thought,
But I! I love the even,
For 'tis the hour our darling one,
Our Alice went to Heaven!

We looked upon her angel brow,
Death's touch had made more fair,
Into those gently closing eyes,
The light of Heaven was there!
One fading smile—one look of love—
And life's last tie was riven,
And with the day's departing beam,
Our Alice went to Heaven!

The gloom of night spreads o'er the earth,
A night with starless skies,
But on our sad and riven hearts
A deeper darkness lies;

The dearest light of home is quenched,
Whose rays such joy had given;
It set to rise no more on earth,
When Alice went to Heaven!

We listen for her cherub voice,
Her merry sylph-like tread,
We watch to see her beaming smile,
Then comes the thought—she's dead!
We murmur not; all, all is well;
Yet each returning even,
Sad thoughts will come, for 'tis the hour
When Alice went to Heaven!

But when such thoughts lie on the soul,
And tears suffuse the eyes,
When murmurs tremble on the lips
That thus the heart He tries,
We think of Him who hath the life
And Resurrection given,
And joy that we shall meet again,
Our Alice, now in Heaven!

THE BEE AND THE MAIDEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLEIM.

Once a little Bee there flew
Busily about, and drew
Sweets from every blooming flower.
"Little Bee," the maiden cried,
Who was busy there at work,

"Oft therein doth poison lurk,
And thou sipp'st from every flower."
"Yes," said the Bee, "the sweets I sup,
And leave the poison in the cup."

ELLEN CAMERON'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY AGNES LINWOOD.

"HEIGH-HO! how lonesome and dull a day is this for me," complained poor Ellen Cameron, as she sat at a front parlor window, watching wistfully the cloudless sky.

Poor Ellen sighed very often, as visions of former days, where she had moved queen of the dance, rose to mind; and she almost wished it would rain, just a little, to reconcile her to this imprisonment. Along the principal street of the village was hurrying a brilliant throng of passengers, all tending in one direction, all actuated by one impulse, to celebrate the anniversary of a nation's freedom. The mode of commemoration for the day was a pic-nic, the place a cool, shady grove on the outskirts of the village. Can we wonder then that Ellen, fair Ellen, a village belle and beauty, was pining to be with them; that she longed to be dancing on the pic-nic green, or beneath the cool magnolia shade, bandying the gay jest, or witty repartee? But she had promised her father to devote one gala day to higher purposes, and sweet Ellen was not one to hold to the letter, yet break the spirit of a vow.

While we have been speaking of Ellen, the crowd, even to the last pedestrian, has passed out of sight, each and every one intent to enjoy enough of dancing, dining, and speaking, to last them for a twelvemonth.

We have spoken of Ellen's beauty. It was the beauty of intellect and genius linked with the most generous sympathies, pure and elevated sentiments: the light of a glorious soul radiating round her, and flooding home with its sunshine. Yet in society she was gay, and often trifling, as if she scorned to let the world know how deep and holy were her feelings: an often fatal error with the young and lovely.

Emerging from the nun-like seclusion of a country home, and the watchful care of a governess a few months since, Ellen Cameron had assumed the charge of her father's house in town, and plunged at once into the whirlpool of fashionable society. Smile not, exclusive city belle, at the pretensions of a village, for our Southern towns afford as many facilities for thus wasting time, and have as haughty an aristocracy as the more enlarged though not superior circles of the east. Simple in habit, unconscious of her charms, fascinated, bewildered, Ellen yielded to the current, and but for

occasional glimpses of a higher purpose, would have been passed unnoticed by the few men in her set, who rose superior to, and disdained, the butterfly crowd. Her easy grace of manner, joyous ringing laugh, and unceasing flow of bright, sparkling thoughts, brought to her feet a host of lovers; but Ellen was difficult to please; and her cultivated mind sought a spirit-mate. Yet there was one who occasionally appeared in her train of adorers, among them, but not of them. Ellen was, to a certain extent, the embodiment of his early dreams; and he would have deemed her the perfection of loveliness in mind, as in person, if her ready laugh had not rung forth so joyously for every puerile witticism of the crowd: if she had not loved the world quite so passionately; if she had only given more of her sunlight at home. Often he repeated to himself that Ellen was a dear, winsome creature, and a desirable partner in the ball-room, but not the mate for life. "She, the star of her little world, could never bound her ambition to the domestic domain." Thus he often reasoned. But again and again her image returned to its shrine in his heart; and just now, as he wended his way to the grove, was uppermost in his thoughts.

While we have been reading the inner life of those two beings, Ellen had been dreaming of him. Her keen perceptions understood that lofty soul; her own was a kindred spirit, and she knew it; knew that he alone could make her happy; and feeling in the depths of her soul this truth, she shuddered at the strong probability that he would wed her rival. Often she had marked how carelessly he turned from her. While she thus pondered, the rapid trotting of horses aroused her, and glancing down the street, she saw the object of her thoughts approaching in his faultless equipage. The little heart fluttered as she thought how her rival would triumph to-day; but in an instant the envious feeling was crushed as she answered his greeting.

"What, Miss Cameron!" he said, pausing at the window, "are you not going to the pic-nic?"

"No," she replied, "pa is not here, and I could not go."

"Will you take a seat with me? It will give me pleasure to attend you."

"No," answered Ellen, decisively, "you are very kind, but I have promised not to go. Good morning, Mr. Merton."

He bowed and rolled on. Poor Ellen heaved one regretful sigh, and then rose resolutely from her seat, determined to spend the day pleasantly, and keep her thoughts at home. Here and there about the house, things out of joint caught her eye. Visions of their once faultless household rose from the store-house of old memories. Thoughts of her father's indulgent kindness, and the memory of his often half-suppressed sighs, came treading in the footsteps of these visions: then more shadows from the long-forgotten past—the loved mother, meek and gentle, the lessons learned in childhood from the now sealed lips: the olden time, with its lofty dreams, its generous aspirings, the holy purpose with which she entered on her duties, and the long vista of follies and frivolities which had followed; all these and more, came crowding on her brain, peopling its chambers with regrets, and new resolves, and bringing tears for the wasted hours, which had borne with them to oblivion no record, save of duties unfulfilled. The false lights which had led her on stood revealed in that hour of heart communing. She now appreciated the influence which an unceasing pursuit of pleasure exercised over a mind constituted like her own; and thankfully turned from the precipice of heartless and guilty selfishness on which she had trembled. The old purposes resumed their throne, and with a chastened spirit she resolved to begin again her career as a useful being, hoping thus to cheer the old age of her father.

While thus resolving and repenting, there came a knock at the door, which she hastened to open. There stood Mr. Merton, looking as if he had never thought of the pic-nic. His fine eyes beamed upon her with a kindly interest, but no more; and quietly he explained the cause of his return.

"I thought you must be very lonely and sad, Miss Cameron; and out there in the noisy crowd, the remembrance of your cool, shady parlor, and sweet music, had such an influence that I am here, begging you to tolerate my society, and bestow on me that music I love so well."

Ellen had grown very calm before he came, and she talked to him quietly now, as if he was a friend, and nothing more: as if his was not the power to stir her heart's depths, and call forth its sweetest or most thrilling tones. But self-possessed as she appeared, he held the key to her soul, and bending those deep, kindly eyes upon her, drew forth gradually, imperceptibly, the occupation of the morning. The recital over, he took his favorite arm-chair, and buried in its soft cushions, listened as her music, first grand and solemn, pealed forth, waking the sleeping echoes; then gay and joyous, like her own bird-like tones, seemed warbling around him; then changing to another strain, slow and soothing,

stole upon his ear, like her own sweet spirit dawning in its newer, gentle light. There was a clear, holy effulgence in those deep violet eyes, which was new and refreshing; a purity about the fair, delicate face, a calmness resting over all, which he found it difficult to account for, until she explained those morning reflections. And now he felt that he could love Ellen at last, that he had always done her injustice. He said to himself, "what an inestimable treasure, what a priceless gem would be her heart to him who won it; how heavenly the light she would shed round his path on earth."

Impelled by these feelings, he rose and took her little hands from the keys; then drawing her to the recess of a large window opening on a bed of flowers, he said:—"Ellen, Miss Cameron, for long months I have struggled against my love for you, thinking you too frivolous; but to-day I have seen that I misjudged you. Will you, can you pardon the error? Forgive me, Ellen! And oh, if it is possible, let me hope that you will be the guiding star of my destiny, the ministering spirit to interpose between my wavering heart and earth's allurements: my comforter, my consolator here, my soul's mate in eternity. Ellen, you are the arbiter of my fate! My life belongs to God; therefore if you reject me, I should not dare to fling it away, or to sully my soul's purity. No, I make no such threats. But the heart within, the sweet spring of hope, and happiness, from whose founts flow the joys of life—that will be crushed, withered, my life this side the tomb, hopeless!"

Ellen had stood listening to his words, pale, trembling, her hand prisoned between his, her head drooping. She was frightened at this sudden avowal. It was as if it brought wretchedness and misery, instead of granting the utmost desire of her heart. Her tears flowed: at first violently; then more gently as a calming influence stole over her; and soon her head sank upon his shoulder with a heartfelt love and trust, telling him better than words the story of those long months of uncertainty. Who can doubt her answer? But we draw a veil over those two hearts; for such scenes are sacred.

And Ellen and her lover were married. Not for them were the puerile pursuits of fashion: higher aims were theirs; nobler joys were before them. It was in domestic life that they sought happiness. The world, with its carking care and heartless ambitions, was shut out from their door. They lived for each other, and with each other, not for the vain applause of society. To the husband, each returning evening brought back home's sweet content, the peace of a satisfied heart. And when storms of sorrow came, his sympathy sustained Ellen in turn, his love repaid

all pangs of bitterness. When it was he that bowed before the storm, her hand still pointed upward, her sweet voice murmured, "trust in God."

Oh! woman, knowest thou thy glorious mission? If so, why strive for distinctions which bring but shame and sorrow? Ye restless ones, who have never tasted home joys, and go seeking after empty honors, know that woman's sphere is home, and her influence there one of the highest trusts Providence has placed in mortal hands. Standing on the threshold of her door she meets the wanderer, and encircling him in her arms, shuts out the world with its falsehood and disappointments. To soothe the over-wrought brain and calm the shattered nerves; to make the social hearth a charmed circle, impenetrable to care, and brightened by affection's smile: this is woman's lot in life! To lead man from wordly temptation, to win him on to loving the wise and beneficent Creator: to sympathize with his aspirings, glory

in his triumphs, and brighten disappointment by the touch of love; is not this enough for woman? Let us leave to man the toiling for fame, the buffeting with the world. Let us cherish no higher ambition than banishing frowns from his brow, and smoothing the rugged pathway of life.

Is this sphere too contracted? Are thy energies too cramped here? Go forth into the world then—but go to the sufferer; this also is thy province; seek the indigent and sick, be to them a ministering angel: give of thy bounty to the starving, and thou wilt be an angel upon earth. Go to those who have never heard of a ruling Providence, of a God over all; and rest assured, while thy lips speak of pardon and peace to the miserable outcast, peace will enter thy own soul and still its discontent forever!

Let the lives of Ellen and Merton read you the lesson, and your own hearts find the moral which my pen is too feeble to point.

LEAD ME NOT THERE!

BY FRANK LEE.

LEAD me not there! Lead me not there!
I could not look again
Upon that glad stream rushing free
Like a brightly woven chain.
Lead me not there! Lead me not there!
I could not bear to rest
Upon the daisies, 'neath that tree,
With the sunlight on their breast.
I know the dingle is fair to see,
The copse beyond is sweet,
I've often trod its dusky depths
With childhood's lightsome feet.
I know the brook is ringing clear,
I seem to hear it now,
And I can almost feel the drops
Come splashing o'er my brow.

Lead me not there! Lead me not there!
'Twas on a Summer day
I sat beside that gushing stream—
How fast it flew away!
That Summer day is ended now,
Its sunlight hours are o'er;
Those singing waves would seem to speak
The whisperings of yore.

I know the path o'er th' wooded hill
Where the wild-birds weave their nest,
And the purple blossoms grow, but there
I could not brook to rest!
I've wander'd far from that laughing stream,
My hopes are like trampled flowers,
And I could not bear to look again
In that haunt of early hours.

SONNET.

BY E. K. SMITH.

Thou dost not know—how he, the worshipper
Of his soul's idol from its earliest years,
Can draw a language from his hopes and fears,
And make a converse of his thoughts with her.
Thou dost not know—how oft amid the storm,
Remembrance of thee hath been gladly woo'd;
And even when Nature smiled in gentle mood,

I have forsaken her, to catch thy form;
And lingering nightly by the desert shore,
With none to see me but the silent moon,
Have dream'd of thee, in such delicious swoon,
So painfully pleasing like a dream of yore,
That Heav'n and earth, and moon, and that still sea,
Seem'd all discoursing with one voice of thee!

ALICE VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," & C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122.

A FEW days subsequent to the funeral of Mr. Vernon, Alice, taking Lily with her, visited the grave.

It was in one of those rural cemeteries, now so common, but then less frequent; a lovely and picturesque locality, a few miles out of town. The grave was in, perhaps, the sweetest spot of the whole place, a wooded bluff, overhanging the river, and commanding a beautiful prospect, up and down the sinuous stream.

Lily had never been at a funeral, so that the cemetery was a new thing to her. At first she regarded it only as a pretty garden. She was full of gaiety as they proceeded up the gravelled road, exclaiming with delight at the abundant flowers. But when she saw that tears were silently running down her mother's cheeks, her exuberant spirits vanished immediately, and she walked gravely along, holding her mother's hand, wondering much, yet saying nothing. As they entered deeper into the cemetery, and the white monuments began to appear, Lily's wonder increased, for she could not understand why any one should be sad in so beautiful a place. Once or twice she was on the point of asking her mother what these pretty monuments meant, but, with an instinct above her years, restrained herself, for she felt that it might increase her parent's sorrow. At last they reached the fresh grave of Mr. Vernon, where the tears of Alice became sobs, loud and violent.

Lily stood in silence, for some time, looking from the grave to her mother, and from her mother to the grave, and wearing an expression of mingled concern, awe and wonder. She could not understand why, but the child felt strangely, and could not speak, at least for a while.

"Mamma," she said, at last, nestling timidly to her mother's side, "why do you cry?"

Alice had, for some time, been unconscious of the presence of her daughter, so deep and engrossing had been her grief. She now looked down at the dear, affectionate child with something of compunction, yet uncertain, for a moment, what to answer. For how should she explain to that young intellect this great mystery of death!

"Because," she finally replied, "your grandpa is dead, and lies buried here."

Dead! What was that, reflected the child. It was something solemn, yet mournful too; and a vague instinct of its terrors froze her young heart.

She stood quietly for some time, gazing earnestly on the grave; then said, looking up, and speaking very low,

"Is grandpa, that you used to tell me of, down under the ground there? Is that what it is to be dead?"

"That is part of it, my love."

The child shuddered.

"And can't he speak, or hear?" she continued, her large eyes dilated with solemn awe. "How cold it must be down there!"

"Your grandpa is not there: it is only his body; his soul has gone to heaven," said Alice, chokingly, her tears raining on the uplifted face of the child.

The countenance of the little questioner brightened, though the solemnity remained.

"He has gone to God then, where good people go. He is not shut up in that dark, wet place down there, all alone of nights. If I thought he was, mamma, I should want to get him out, and take him home, poor grandpapa: wouldn't you?"

"Yes, my child." And the tears continued to pour down. "But, thank heaven, he is not there. He is with bright angels, my love. Perhaps even now he looks down on us, and forgives your mother."

"Mamma," said Lily, her attention being so aroused, by what went before, that she did not heed the last part of the sentence, and she dropped her voice still lower, "do you think grandpa sees us? How I should like to see him. If he was only like that dear, nice old gentleman I met in the square, I know I should love him. Shall I never see him?"

"No, my dear, not in this world. But be a good girl, and you shall meet him in heaven."

"And must I, too, die, mamma, before I can get to heaven?"

"Yes, my child."

"And be buried?"

"Yes, love."

"But I shan't stay here, shall I? I shall go right up to heaven, where the angels are."

"Yes, dear."

"And will you and pa go too?"

"I hope so."

"Then, mamma," and she drew nearer to her mother, with a gesture of indescribable tenderness, "I think I should like to go to heaven, for there I should have grandpapa as well as you and pa. Heaven is beautiful, isn't it? You used to tell me it was full of flowers, and fountains, and birds, and woods, and everything lovely; and that little children played there, dressed all in white, while the angels made music to them. Oh! I should like to go to heaven."

"Perhaps you will, only too soon for us," cried the mother, in a passion of alarmed love, clasping the child to her arms. "You are too good for this world."

After that, Alice and Lily often went to the grave, until the idea of death became a familiar thing with the child. It had a strange effect upon her. It did not terrify her, as it does most children. But it filled her with a calm seriousness, that was not without a certain joy. So spiritual were the perceptions of the child that the unsightly grave was nothing in her eyes, while heaven was everything.

Meantime the revenge, for which Isabel had plotted, was being worked out. Poverty, pinching poverty was overtaking the Randolphs.

No sooner had the contents of Mr. Vernon's will become publicly known, than the creditors of Randolph began to besiege him in a body. With all his merit, not having yet made a name to lead the ignorant rich to patronize him, he had found very few persons to purchase his pictures; and hence had fallen deeply into debt. But so long as his wife's father lived, his creditors were content to wait; for Alice had the reputation of being an heiress, and it was supposed that when Mr. Vernon died, he would make provision for her, notwithstanding her elopement.

But now that the truth was made public, now that it was known she was penniless, every creditor presented his account. Randolph had nothing, however, with which to satisfy them. This year had been particularly unfortunate. His best pieces remained unsold, and he had not the heart to paint others, while this was the case. For his physical health was giving way, through the wear and tear on his nervous system, which his anxiety caused him. Sometimes he was tempted to think he had mistaken his vocation, and almost envied the street pavier, who, though working for a paltry pittance, had yet a certainty.

"Heaven knows," he said, one night, when he

had been harrassed more than usual, "heaven knows the beggar in the streets need not envy me. A place on the floor, a cold bone, and a bit of bread will satisfy his wants; but I have a delicately nurtured wife, and an angel of a child depending on me. Oh! that I had never seen a pencil; that I had been anything but an artist.

At this moment the door opened gently, and Alice stole into the studio. She had caught these last words.

"Say not so, George," she replied. "If no one else admires your pictures I do," and she stole her arm around him, and laying her head lovingly on his shoulder, looked up into his face. "Nor is it a mere wife's admiration for a husband's work. I feel, to my inmost soul—and in the soul alone is true art to be appreciated—that you are no common artist, and that, in time, the world will acknowledge this. Remember, dearest, how the old masters were slighted, at first."

"What advantage will it be to me," gloomily replied Randolph, "to be recognized as a great artist after we have been starved to death? Alice, look at this," and he drew a coin from his pocket, "it is my last dollar, and when that is gone I do not know where to get another."

Even the countenance of Alice fell.

"It is no longer a question of economy," he resumed, bitterly, "it is one of actual want. If I do not sell a picture we shall soon be without food."

"Surely it is not so bad as that," said Alice, trying to speak cheerfully. "The baker will trust us——"

"Not for a penny," said Randolph, almost savagely. "He has been twice to see me to-day, and, the last time, called me a cheat because I could not pay him. I even told him I would paint his portrait, if he would consent to wait, and serve us a little while longer. He only laughed at me for a fool; those were his very words."

There was a minute's silence. Then Alice said: it was her sole remaining comfort.

"God will find a way to help us. Do not let us despond entirely!"

But Randolph shook his head. His unceasing ill-fortune had utterly broken him down, at least for the time; and he had lost faith—as men will, though not women—in the protecting Providence of the Almighty.

"I wish, Alice, I had your child-like trust," he said, sadly. "But when I see unprincipled speculators, knavish attorneys, and griping usurers rolling in riches, while we have to struggle on, in this life and death way, it shakes my old belief in Providential interferences. No, the Almighty does not trouble himself about such poor worms

as I, but leaves us to the operation of known laws; and one of those laws is that the artist, who attempts anything above mere portrait painting, at least in America, if poor, must starve."

"Oh! George, this is worse than all," cried Alice, bursting into tears. "Don't look, and talk so."

His heart was softened at once. He pressed her to his bosom, and said, repentantly, "I forgot myself, Alice. May God forgive me! But if you knew how I have been harrassed to-day. Sometimes I have felt like a wild beast, as if I could turn on the world and rend it."

"I know it is dreadful. But, dear, dear George, don't blaspheme the goodness of the Almighty again. He is punishing us for our sins, and, instead of submitting meekly, and becoming chastened in spirit, you rise up in rebellion."

"I will try not to let such thoughts master me again. There, dry those tears, Alice: to see you weeping is more than I can bear."

Alice stopped weeping, at these words, and, looking up with a smile, said,

"Have you seen Mr. Netherly? He was struck, you know, with your picture, when he was here. Didn't you go to him to-day?"

"Yes, but he seemed to have forgotten all about it," replied Randolph. "He told me he thought it a sin to waste money on pictures; that he gave whatever he had to spare to the poor; and that consequently he never purchased paintings. If I had been a beggar, perhaps, and asked him outright for money," he said, with bitter vehemence, "he might have given me an alm."

Alice sighed.

"Then I went to the exhibition," continued Randolph, "to see if any person had bid for a picture there. But no one had. Several, however, had greatly admired them, I was told." He spoke with a sneer.

Alice sighed again; but immediately brightened up, and strove to reassure her husband. "It is the darkest hour, they say, just before the dawn," she replied. "Perhaps Isabel has relented, and will do something for us."

"If Isabel saw you starving at her door, Alice," said Randolph, "she would not send you a crust, or allow a servant to bear you a cup of water." Randolph had, by carefully putting things together, at last divined the cause of Isabel's conduct. "She hates you, Alice, as women only can hate, and would rejoice to see you dead before her. Nay, do not stop me, for I speak God's truth. It was she that set your father against you, that kept his anger from relenting, that guarded his death-bed chamber lest you should have an interview with the old man, and that made the will which has beggared you."

He had spoken this with so much vehemence that Alice, though she had tried, could not check him. But now she replied,

"No, no, George? Isabel does not love me any longer, but she is not, she could not be as bad as that."

"Then why don't she give you your share of the inheritance? If she will only do this," he added, mournfully, "and keep you from starving, I will take a vow never to see you again."

"George, George, don't talk that way. Pray don't. You know I would never leave you. Isabel don't give me my share of the estate, because she knows that such generosity would be in violation of pa's wishes."

"Poor fool," said Randolph, holding her off from him, and looking at her pityingly. "You believe all this."

Alice was again in tears. "I don't know what has come over you, George," she said, sobbing. "You talk and look so queer. As if, sometimes, you were half insane."

"And I am," he answered, abruptly. "That is just the truth, sometimes I am half insane. Alice, I used to think myself a strong-minded man; but I am merely a weak child; I can't bear up against this incessant anxiety; it is wearing my life away. And I despise myself for it."

She was now weeping more violently than ever.

"Day and night, asleep or awoke, it is still the same. I am haunted by this approaching starvation, which I see coming nearer and nearer, but which I cannot avert. I never told you before, Alice, but I have tried, within the last month, to get something else to do, I did not care what, anything that would preserve a house over your head, and buy bread for Lily. But I have failed. I know no mechanical pursuit, I never studied book-keeping, I am incompetent for a salesman, and if I solicited a porter's place, I believe, as I believe in eternity, that I should be told I was too weak. You see how my pride has fallen. I do not wonder that men, in straits like these, have committed suicide."

"Oh! George, oh! George." It was all the weeping wife could say.

"Men, I mean, who had no wife, nor child," he resumed, less bitterly. "God is my judge, Alice, I never harbored such a thought of myself." She clung to him convulsively. "No, while I live, and you live, I will fight on, though I die in the battle. There, forgive me for all this; it has increased your own sorrow. From this time forth, dearest, you shall never hear me complain again."

"It is not that which makes me weep," said Alice, drying her tears. "I have been foolish, that is all. I would rather, far rather hear you

speak as you have done, for then I know all that is in your heart; and then I can sympathize with, and soothe you, that is if you will let me," and she gazed up into his face, with a look of tenderness inexpressible.

"Will you?"

"Ah! Alice," replied the husband, his sterner mood giving way to one inexpressibly sweet, for the nature of Randolph combined the bitterness of manhood with the softness of a child, and hence his aptitude for his art. "Ah! Alice, you make me forget all my sorrows. What would have become of me without you?"

"You would have had none of these cares." And she sighed, as she added, "it is I that am the mill-stone which drags you down. But for me, you would have gone to Europe, and there you could have easily supported yourself, even though you sold but one picture a year."

"Alice," he said, seriously, "I can say truly that, with all our troubles, I have never regretted marrying you; and had I to live my life over, knowing all I do, I would take you again, and thank heaven for the gift."

Alice answered only by clinging closer to her husband, and shedding some glad tears secretly on his bosom.

"And now let us look for Lily," said Randolph, at last. "Where is she?"

"I left her in the other room, telling her to wait till I returned. I will go to her."

"We will both go," said Randolph, his heart full of gratitude for two such treasures as Alice and that child.

But what had become of Isabel? Now that she had obtained her revenge, was she happy? Happy! was ever sin yet happy, from that first great crime, when the first son slew the first brother, through all the ages of human depravity since?

Scarcely was her father dead when remorse awoke in Isabel's bosom. It was not that remorse which leads to repentance, and reparation; for her pride, if nothing else, would have forbidden this. But it was the remorse, which consists in a never-ceasing conflict between the relentless determination to have vengeance, and the struggles of a conscience not yet entirely seared. Night and day, asleep and awake, in her heart raged this terrible strife:—fit type of the torments of the world to come.

She could not remain in the house where her father died. His unseen presence appeared to fill it everywhere, oppressing her with an awfulness and horror indescribable. If, by chance, she entered his death-chamber, as she did once or twice thoughtlessly, she could scarcely shake off the feeling that he was lying on the bed in the agonies of dissolution. That despairing look

seemed to rise up before her. She heard in imagination, but as vividly as in reality, the words, rattling with the final breath, "it is too late—all is in vain, oh! my God."

Think not, ye who violate eternal justice, that the memory even of a single act will ever be annihilated! A deed once done exists undying. It may pass from the recollection; subsequent events may bury it, fathom-deep, under them; a long lapse of years, and a soul grown callous at last may seem to have utterly destroyed it. But it lives, and will live immortally. It will wake, at the hour of death, if it never wakes before. It will follow you into eternity. Forever and forever will it haunt you, with ten thousand, thousand similar spectres, a brood that never give you peace. Ah! if there could but be annihilation for the guilty.

Isabel chose a distant city for her residence. It was a fair, sweet town, on the banks of a lovely river. Its size was such as to secure for the inhabitants the luxuries and refinements, without the utter heartlessness of a great city. A mass of white buildings, buried among green trees, with snowy steeples soaring heavenward, it seemed a fit retreat for a wearied heart, seeking, imploring rest. But to Isabel it brought not this blessed consolation. At first, indeed, the change of scene gave her a momentary respite, and ever afterward she escaped the haunting horrors of that death-chamber; but perfect peace was not for one like her, who still hugged her revenge, still persisted in wrong doing.

She hired a companion, set up an equipage, and furnished her house with all that luxury and taste could suggest, or wealth supply. Her dwelling was one of the handsomest in the place, and commanded, from its drawing-room windows, a prospect of hill, meadow, wood and stream, which looked almost like fairy-land. Her beauty, style, accomplishments, and conversational powers made her universally courted. Old, retired *habitués* declared her the most charming woman of her time, "almost equal," they said, with a sigh, "to the belles of their earlier days." Many a fortune was laid at her feet, by those distinguished for fashion or otherwise. All the ladies of her gay, wealthy, luxurious, hollow, aristocratic set envied her.

Yet still she was not happy. Though surrounded by incense, it was yet not such as her better nature desired, and though smiling on it, she despised it all in her secret soul. For there is something in guilt that instinctively repels, as there is in innocence that attracts; a subtle essence indescribable, but which acts with resistless power: and hence, though occasionally there approached her, even in this empty society, those whose esteem she might have prized, they

soon shrank coldly from her, nor could she, with all her arts, win them to her side.

One such was Edward Mountjoy. He was of a nature that had Isabel met him, even in earlier and different days, she could not but have loved him. But now, with a heart scourged by incessant tempests of remorse and a still unsatiated thirst for revenge, a heart that yearned with an agony inexpressible for affection as for the only repose possible in this life, she would have sacrificed everything, fortune, almost character itself, for the esteem of this man. Long she tried, by every wile known to her, to secure his love. Yet, with a score of suitors sighing at her feet, all wealthier, and many as talented as Mountjoy, she could produce no impression on him. For he had a great, noble, expansive heart, and with unerring instinct, it warned him against her.

"Why, Mountjoy," said one of his acquaintances, "I never knew so blind a fool as you are. Don't you see that Miss Vernon is dying for love of you? Such a person, such a mind, and, egad, such a fortune too: there are a dozen men in town who would almost sell their souls to win her."

"You flatter me," said Mountjoy, coldly. "But I am no suitor for either Miss Vernon's hand, or fortune, and what is more, I never shall be."

"You are incomprehensible."

"Perhaps to you, Harry, I am," said Mountjoy, for he knew well his trifling, though good-natured acquaintance. "But there is something, in Miss Vernon, magnificent as she is, which makes me shudder. One can't see into her soul. To you, no doubt, her eyes seem brilliant?"

"By Jove, I never saw anything like them."

"To me they wear a haze, like that which one might fancy, rose from the tortured abyss of the damned——"

"Are you crazy? Why, man, you make out Miss Vernon to be an ogress at heart; for that's the plain meaning, I take it, of your splendid trope."

"I don't say anything such thing. I only say

that she produces that feeling in me. I never look at her, when her face is quiet for a moment, without being reminded of Lady Macbeth."

"I declare you are the queerest fellow I ever knew. The beautiful, happy, adored Miss Vernon a Lady Macbeth."

"You ask me why I didn't marry her, and that is my answer. One can't help his feelings, you know."

"But I'd marry her for her fortune, and for the *eclat* of the thing, if she was only half as sweet on me as she is on you."

"I have no doubt you would," said Mountjoy, smiling, half scornfully, half pityingly. "You're an excellent little fellow, Harry, but you can't comprehend everything."

Harry was used to such remarks from Mountjoy. He winced under them always, as he winced under this now, but he did not grow angry. As Boswell would receive rebuff on rebuff from Johnson, yet fawn on the hand that administered them, so Harry could not rebel against Mountjoy, the sense of inferiority, and his pride in having such an acquaintance preventing such a thing.

"Of course, Harry," said Mountjoy, observing the crest-fallen look of his admirer, and almost regretting what he had said, "you'll not repeat this conversation. I say things to you, about myself, that I don't say to other people."

This was true, for Harry kept confidence honorably, and to talk to him was, in more respects than one, like soliloquizing aloud. The humble friend was restored to his equanimity immediately.

"I'll never breathe a word of it. But, egad," he added, in his lively way, "I'll never see Miss Vernon again, without thinking of Lady Macbeth. And now I reflect on it, I do believe she could play the character magnificently, with that tall figure, and those dark eyes: and that's what you mean, no doubt."

But Mountjoy only smiled vaguely, and opened a law-book, which Harry knew was a signal that he wished to be left alone. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A D E L E .

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

SHE was a picture—such as poet's eyes
Delight to view, all gentleness, all beauty;
With strugglings soft between her will and duty,
Between Love's tenderness and filial ties.
Still through the day her mirthful song would rise,
Though many said they could perceive some sadness
Mar ev'n its liveliest notes of mimic gladness,

But through the night her song was made of sighs,
That with their sad and passionate melody, stole
Into the deep-thrill'd sense, until the ear
Became most tremblingly alive—like fear—
And sound became concentrate in the soul;
Then would you pity her—and weep that Fate
Had form'd a heart so kind, so desolate!

OUR WORK TABLE.

EMBROIDERED NOTE-CASE.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—A piece of fawn colored kid, eight inches by eighteen; a small quantity of fine gold bullion and thread; five shades of blue green, and the same number of yellow green embroidery silk, seven shades of crimson, and three of lilac ditto, with a very few steel beads No. 2.

The engraving gives the group of flowers the full size; the design may, therefore, be traced from it, prepared, and marked on the kid. The note-case is about six inches long, and four wide, the outside of the pockets being made of the same piece as the backs. Both the backs are embroidered in simple patterns. They may be done alike, or otherwise, as may be preferred.

Line the kid with fine new linen, before placing it in a frame to be worked. This is to prevent the needle from tearing the leather, as it is apt to do when the stitches are very close to each other. The embroidery of this pattern is extremely simple. All the leaves are composed of two shades of green; some of the large ones have three, and the variety of tint is produced by selecting different shades for the leaves which are nearest to each other. A large light leaf may be worked with the three lightest yellow greens, having the darkest of those greens for the veining. Close to this leaf, another might be made of the three darkest shades of blue green, the veining being gold. A third leaf of the same group could be worked in the darkest yellow greens. Invariably the lower part of a leaf, and that nearest the stem are the darkest;

but there should be no abrupt transitions. The stitches should be blended by taking those of one shade irregularly—short and long alternately, and then working in those of the next shade with them. The veinings are either in the darkest silks or in gold. The small leaves are not veined, and the stitches are taken parallel and close together. The stems are done in half polka stitch. The tendrils are done in gold cord, laid on and sewed over, the ends only being drawn through the kid. The larger flower is a dahlia, worked in shades of crimson; as in Nature, the outer leaves are the darkest. The stitches are all taken radiating from the centre of the flower. Care must be taken, in working every part, to preserve the edges as clear and perfect as possible. The eye of the flower is made of loops of gold bullion—each about a quarter of an inch long, threaded on a needle full of silk. After threading each piece, the needle must be drawn down in the same place it was brought up, the bullion thus forming a little loop. Six of these with a steel bead in the centre, form the eye of the flower. The buds are made by forming a circle of gold bullion, and placing a steel bead in the centre of each.

The other flower is worked in lilac silks, and has a single bead in the centre.

These note-cases may be made up at a book-binder's; but the process is so simple, a little ingenuity will enable anybody to do it at home. Line the kid with scarlet silk, having previously

cut it to exactly the size required, allowing a quarter of an inch every way for turning in. Cut two slits nearly at the edge of each pocket, to place loops of leather for the pencil. On one side a slit must be made about half an inch from the top, three quarters of an inch long. Leave rather more than an inch, and cut another. On the other side the slits must be made where the leather is uncut in this one. Pieces of leather, large enough to allow a pencil to slip in, are secured in those slits by means of gum. Gum

in slips of leather for the sides of the pockets, and fold over the turnings. A few sheets of paper, cut the proper size, with an outside one covered with silk like the lining, are held in the book by a bit of white ribbon fastened to the back.

Any book-binder with whom you may be in the habit of dealing, would stamp the outlines of the cover and pocket. This should be done before making up, but it may be dispensed with.

OUR WILLIE.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

THERE'S a shadow around us resting,
At the morning hour of prayer,
Though our Father's glorious sunshine
Still lingers and gleams in our hair—
Or when with the blissful gloaming,
The daylight has gone to sleep,
And falleth the dew as if angels
Were bowing their heads to weep—
Like a cloud about us resting
Come memories olden and dim,
Till our voices seem to tremble
A singing the night-fall hymn—
For the one whose murmur was sweetest
In the psalms of the household band,
Is blending its tone with the singers
That chaunt in the better land.

But we miss him still at the dew fall,
Or when morning, all golden, and fair,
Gleams down on the earth as it used to,
When it shone in the curls of his hair:
And the zephyrs go singing sadly
A dirge for the vanished years,
And our eyes cannot see the future
For the mists of the blinding tears.

Time was when the sun shone gently,
And the earth in its love-light smiled,
And the wind to the stars sang softly,
Like a prayer tone low and mild;
And there seemed a gleaming of glory
To brighten around the way,
That was leading us home through the darkness
To the regions of endless day.

But there came a ray to our Willie,
From the smiling sunset land—
Amid clouds all rosy, and golden,
The wave of a beckoning hand—
And angels sang sadly at dew fall,
And wild winds went breathing a wail,
When we knelt by his bed-side and kissed him,
On his forehead so coldly and pale—
And he wandered away with the angels,
And left but the sweet smile's glow,
That played round his lips like the moonshine
A kissing the fresh fallen snow.
But his memory lingereth ever,
And we dream sometimes that his eyes
Beam soft on our hearts like a blessing,
From the Father in Paradise.

A SUNBEAM AND A SHADOW.

BY J. R. BROWN.

I HEAR a shout of merriment,
A laughing boy I see;
Two little feet the carpet press,
And bring the child to me.
Two little arms are round my neck,
Two feet upon my knee;
How fall the kisses on my cheek!
How sweet they are to me;

That merry shout no more I hear,
No laughing child I see;
No little arms are round my neck,
Nor feet upon my knee.
No kisses drop upon my cheek,
Those lips are sealed to me;
Dear Lord, how could I give him up,
To any but to Thee?

THE CROWN PRINCESS.

BY MISS JANE STRICKLAND.

"Above all things, I wish my future daughter-in law to possess a Swedish heart," remarked the great King of Sweden, Gustavus Vasa, to his relative the Governor of West Gothland. "My son has talents, but his temper is volatile and unsteady. The influence of a beautiful and patriotic female may kindle high and heroic feelings in a breast at present cold to everything but pleasure. This is my reason for selecting his consort from among my own kindred and people."

"The crown prince is young, and with maturer years will cherish higher aims, your majesty," replied the governor, overjoyed at the prospect a marriage with the heir of Sweden opened for his daughter.

"At his age *I was in the mines of Dalecarlia*," replied the king, with a sigh.

"It is not in the power of every man to be the saviour of his country," remarked the future father-in-law of the handsome crown prince. "There does not live a second Gustavus Vasa; nor will a second rise for many an age; at least, so says my daughter, by which token your majesty will know that she has a genuine Swedish heart."

"I shall be happy if she possesses the loyal affection of my kinsman, and old companion in arms, Abraham Ericson," said the king, warmly pressing the governor's hand. "If worth be hereditary, Margaret must be worthy."

"She is your majesty's kinswoman," added the governor; "and, albeit, she is my daughter—my only one. I do not know a maid so fair, so wise, and so discreet at her years—aye, and so pious withal. She knoweth your majesty's exploits by heart; and well she studies the Bible as lately put forth in her mother tongue by your majesty's commands, and often pondereth the same. Her conduct, too, she shapeth thereby; and though the girl is motherless, she guideth well the household, and is right modest in behaviour and discreet of speech."

"So dutiful a daughter will make, no doubt, an excellent spouse," replied the king, "for the crown prince. She must come to Stockholm without delay. I will send a suitable escort for her; but thou must tarry at Gottenburgh to keep a watchful eye upon the discontented Papists. Bid Margaret assume the style of crown princess without delay. My heart is set upon this marriage."

The conversation then turned upon state affairs of more importance to the crown of Sweden than to Margaret Ericson, whose fate this brief interview had just decided.

Two days afterward, a flourish of trumpets announced the return of the governor to his expecting daughter, who, unconscious of the high destiny that awaited her, was sitting among her maidens embroidering the royal arms upon a banner, whose loyal folds were intended to wave from the Castle of Stockholm. Her eyes, wandering from her work, fixed themselves upon a portrait opposite to them, and her thoughts were with the unknown original of that portrait, whose image was engraven upon her young heart, closing it to every feeling but devoted love to him. That original was Gustavus Vasa himself! What mattered it to the daughter of the governor that time had furrowed the brow, or dimmed that eye, or slightly bent that noble form, he was still the idol of her fancy, the dream of her enthusiastic youth; and love and loyalty mingling their pure streams in the bosom of Margaret, gave birth to a sentiment that absorbed her whole being in the delightful vision, romantic indeed, but such romance withal as belongs only to the great and good.

"He has looked upon him—he has heard him speak," thought Margaret, as she embraced her father, and breathlessly awaited his tidings.

The old veteran motioned to her damsels to depart; the old nurse lingered, but an impatient gesture forced her to leave the room, although, for any privacy desired by her lord, she might as well have remained, for Ursula lingered outside the door, and being quick of hearing was soon as well advised of the important matter as her young lady.

"To see you engrafted again upon the noble stem of Vasa, my child, has been the dearest wish of my heart," said the parent, fondly and proudly contemplating his daughter. "Margaret, you will one day be Queen of Sweden; the king prefers you for that high station before many royal ladies who would be honored by this alliance."

There was an ambiguity in this abrupt communication that deceived Margaret, and flushed her cheeks, her brow, her bosom, with love's own delightful hues. Her eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, and then softened with rapturous tears as she hid her face on the veteran's shoulder, and

replied—"I am unworthy, too unworthy, to be his queen; and, if his wife, only worthy to be his slave."

"Nay, my child, you are thinking of a grey-haired suitor. No, no, the great Gustavus is not seeking a young wife for himself, but for the crown prince, his son, who is the handsomest young man in Europe, and a very suitable match for thee; a little wild perhaps, but those faults of youth a beautiful and prudent spouse may cure."

It was well for Margaret that her face was concealed, for bitterer tears of disappointment never flowed from the eyes of woman, than now suffused hers. The flush of love and hope faded away, and she felt ready to sink with shame and confusion. Her father could not read the language of these tears—that sudden paleness. The veteran warrior knew little of the fine feelings of Margaret, the delicate sensibilities of the female heart were all blank to him. He imputed her agitation to timidity, and thought the best way to reassure her, would be to show her the portrait of her future spouse.

Margaret scarcely looked upon the beautiful features. Perhaps she was the only young female in the kingdom who would have coldly regarded the portrait of Eric Gustafson. Nature had been so bountiful to the crown prince in all outward gifts and graces, that most women would have envied Margaret the privilege of being his affianced bride. Another miniature was presented to her, it was from the father of her destined husband, and the enthusiastic Margaret gazed upon it till her eyes overflowed with loyalty and tenderness.

She dared not open her mind to her father—she dared not refuse the splendid match he had accepted for her; but she hid the portrait of her sovereign into her bosom, and pleading indisposition, hastily withdrew to her own apartment. Thither a letter from the king followed her. Nothing could be more paternal than the spirit it breathed; Gustavus confided to her all the hopes he had conceived of her virtues, obtaining a lasting influence over the mind of his son. "Sweden asks a future patriot king from your hands, my daughter," wrote the monarch; "and upon your conduct as a wife depends the happiness of unborn millions." This patriotic appeal was not lost upon Margaret, and she determined to be as a daughter to him to whom she could never be anything more endearing.

The novelty of her situation lent an unwonted gravity to her deportment, and seemed to banish forever the gay spirits of youth, and when she met her father in the morning he thought she looked and moved with all the majesty of royalty. Between pride and grief the old veteran was

well nigh beside himself. He thought like an ambitious man, but he felt like a parent; and when the royal escort appeared at the castle of Gottenburgh to conduct the crown princess to Stockholm, he found that the heart of the father clave to the child.

Long, long did Margaret gaze on the home of her childhood, and faster and faster streamed her tears, for no hope gilded the prospect before her. She knew that she loved the father, and that she was about to be married to the son. Again and again she read the royal letter, till a feeling of lofty resignation dried her tears, and bade her live alone for Sweden.

Gustavus Vasa, excepting in years, was still the Gustavus of former times. He was yet distinguished by the same ardent patriotism, the same noble contempt of self, the same unshrinking faith. He was the Swedish David, both in youth and age, and like him derived all his help from God. To this Christian king, Sweden owed her religious liberty, and it was he who bade the light of revelation arise upon the night of papacy, by setting forth the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue. Before the pure blaze of gospel illumination superstition began to fall slowly yet surely: thus he achieved greater liberty for his country—a liberty in which unborn ages were to rejoice—than even that he won with his sword.

French customs, French manners, had not then corrupted the manners of the Swedish court, which at this period took its coloring from its truly noble head. The national costume was highly picturesque, but it was unchanging; and when Margaret Ericson first appeared in the dress of her country, which greatly resembles that of Spain, her sovereign thought he had never looked upon anything half so lovely. Fair, yet less titless than her countrywomen, the brilliancy of her complexion was relieved by dark blue eyes, whose thoughtful depth expressed both talent and tenderness, while the high, expansive forehead was shadowed by ringlets, whose hues were chesnut in the shade till the glancing sunbeams changed them all to gold. The light, graceful form, the beautiful features, the sweet smile, seemed to ensure to their possessor a firm hold upon the affections of her future lord.

The king thought he saw a softened likeness in this fair creature to his son, and drew from this resemblance a favorable omen of their future happiness. Gently he raised her from her lowly position at his feet, and then, for the first time, she heard the sound of his voice. Seen him she had not, for a mist was over her eyes, nor till he raised her up with words of kindly greeting, did she venture to look up. He presented the crown prince to her as her future consort, and then, and

not till then, did the unfortunate bride collect her scattered senses. The prince seemed, indeed, as abstracted and as silent as herself. He was taken with her beauty, but chilled by her reserve, and left the dangerous task to his father of drawing forth from the shade the latent fire and enthusiasm of her character.

In a few hours, Margaret, no longer awe-struck, hung upon the words, the looks of her sovereign, with admiration that banished all fear. The rapt attention of his daughter-in-law was gratifying to the great Gustavus, who was very far from guessing the nature of the affection with which, even while personally unknown, he had inspired her. He did not perceive that whenever the crown prince addressed her, she was inattentive, abstracted, and, in short, appeared hardly conscious of his presence at all. Eric was mortified and displeased, but he was not of a nature to feel jealous. Had his affianced betrayed the slightest interest for him, he would have yielded his heart to the claims of love and beauty, but she was cold as ice and adamant, and he was determined to be beloved. Nor was he wrong; and while Margaret was yielding to the fascinations of her sovereign in public, and weeping over her evil destiny in private, the crown prince was resolved to break off a marriage that seemed fraught with bitter mortification and regret; but perhaps he would hardly have taken such a decided step if he had not obtained some information from the Countess Uglas Piper, first lady of the bed chamber to the young princess. That lady had discovered that Margaret watched and wept while others were sleeping; she knew that the portrait of the sovereign was treasured in her bosom, while that of the crown prince lay neglected on her toilet. To her son, the bosom friend of the prince, she had communicated these startling facts, and he made Eric the repository of the important secret.

"I knew this some weeks ago from my own observations; and what is stranger still, Charles, my father is wholly unacquainted with the lady's preference," replied the prince. "I must have the avowal from herself, or he will believe it is a subterfuge of my own to be rid of the marriage."

"Your highness will forestall the princess, who hopes to induce you to refuse her before the dreaded nuptial day arrives."

"That artifice shall not stand; I will not save her the pain of confession; I will enact the humble lover so well that she shall have no room to quarrel with me."

"Your highness loves her then?"

"No, I think her a fair, frigid creature, too faultless a piece of perfection to love me. To be loved is essential to my ideas of wedlock, not as the crown prince, but as a private individual."

"Her taste is too mature," replied the young count. "Will your highness like a step-mother?"

"I do not mind a young, pretty one, still in her teens; but I do not believe my father will marry her; however, she is unhappy, and, therefore, to be pitied. I ought, out of dutiful respect to his majesty, to forgive her."

In a few hours every soul in the palace was well acquainted with Margaret's passion for the elderly King of Sweden—Gustavus himself alone being ignorant of the fact; yet the young enthusiast thought the secret only known to herself, for how could her candid heart imagine the system of espionage that surrounded her. New to a court, she had still to learn, that the actions of the great are constantly watched by those about them, nor dreamed that the contents of her cabinet were as well known to the artful countess as to herself.

The crown prince revenged himself by assuming the air of a passionate lover. Her embarrassment, her uneasiness amused him, and at length he rallied her upon her evident coldness, which he imputed to the right source—a pre-occupied heart.

Though the insinuation was made in a tone so low that it only reached the ears of his affianced bride, it aroused her fainting courage, and made her address a few lines to her tormentor which effectually severed the tie between them.

The three Estates of Sweden met upon the morrow to grant the supplies for the marriage of the king's son, and the crown prince was summoned to attend the council before the states assembled.

To the surprise of all the members that composed it, the crown prince declared his determination never to ratify his marriage.

The concern—nay, the deep displeasure of the king, was manifest by his change of countenance. "Nay, this is childish, and unmanly in the extreme, to express reluctance to a marriage almost concluded," said he. "Prince, my honor is pledged, this matter must go forward; I will not have a princess of my own blood injured by my son. What objection can you make to such a beautiful and amiable lady?"

"The lady has put many slights upon me, and, to sum up all, has avowed her preference for another. Yes, sire, the affections of my affianced wife have been stolen from me since her arrival at Stockholm," replied the crown prince, with apparent rage.

"And who has dared to seduce them," exclaimed the sovereign, glancing his eyes sternly upon the younger members of the council.

The younger privy councillors simultaneously smiled and looked at each other, the elder remaining impenetrably grave.

"Your majesty is mistaken," remarked his son, very pointedly. "The Lady Margaret Ericson's taste is more mature."

The countenance of the sovereign still betrayed no consciousness. "Beware of deceiving me," he continued, sternly; "I feel certain that your own fickleness is the cause of this rapture."

"Say rather the lady's misplaced affections," cried the prince, drawing from his bosom a billet, which he put into his majesty's hand, who read as follows:

"Your highness has too well read my heart. My affections are not in my own power: to fulfil my engagements would be highly criminal. Permit me to retire from court, and forgive me if I have occasioned you any displeasure. I beseech you to inform his majesty of my determination, and be pleased to look upon me with pity rather than resentment."

"This is strange!" cried the king, much affected by this mysterious billet; "who can have stolen the affections of this young creature?"

"The criminal is too high for me to name," replied his son. "Go to Lady Margaret, bid her be candid, and surrender up the idol image she cherishes in her bosom, and tell her that the crown prince can be generous when she is open. She must then avow that of which no one is ignorant but your majesty."

The king was troubled; indeed his utter unconsciousness and perplexity highly amused his son. The sovereign remembered the hot temper of his kinsman of Gottenburgh, and felt himself delicately placed. Those of his own house had lately raised the standard of revolt in Dalecarlia, and old Abraham Ericson would hardly pass over an affront offered to his beloved and only child, for he still thought some pique given by his son must have alienated the affections of the young princess.

Full of anxiety he now sought out the agitated and unhappy Margaret.

She had been lately weeping, for the traces of tears were yet fresh upon her cheek, but she was not alone. Solitude, that luxury of grief, was not permitted to her, for her attendant ladies, and even the envious Countess Uglas Piper, still remained about her person.

The king bowed to the ladies as they curtsied, and withdrew. There was a sternness in his manner at first that awed poor Margaret, till he noticed her tears, when his voice softened, and kindly taking her hand, he said, "Margaret Ericson, do you really wish to cancel your engagement with the crown prince—with my son? Is this your hand and seal?" He held up her billet to her view.

She faltered out an acknowledgment.

"Has some youthful indiscretions of my son, some pique caused this change; or do you really love another? The daughter of Abraham Ericson is my daughter; but if she does not give me her confidence how can I right her wrongs!"

Margaret was silent for a moment—but for a moment—for she felt compelled to vindicate the crown prince.

"There is no wrong to redress—none, indeed, your majesty. I alone am to blame. The prince has acted honorably."

"Who then has robbed him of your affections, and blighted all my hopes? For whosoever that man may be I denounce him as a traitor to his country."

"Ah, no!" cried Margaret, with something of her former enthusiasm, "he is its pride and glory. Blame me only, not him—for my love is unreturned, nay, more, unknown to its object." Maidenly shame bowed down her head, and her tears fell fast from her eyes, veiled as they were by her hands.

The king was much touched. "Come, my daughter," said he, "you shall not find me severe nor scornful. If your love be well placed, fear not to own it. I will serve you to the utmost of my power, and cold must be that breast that can remain insensible to charms and worth like thine."

Margaret was silent, but her tears flowed faster than before. The king took her hand, and continued: "Why this reserve—nay, pardon me the word—this deception, when you wear the portrait of your lover about your neck? Remember, that the confidence I condescended to ask as a friend I now demand as your king."

Margaret, trembling and awe-struck, put the portrait into her sovereign's hand reversed, and sank at his feet overpowered with shame. The king hastily turned it, and as his own features met his view, suddenly remembered the looks of some of his councillors, and understood the inuendoes of his son. He smiled to himself; and then raising the weeping suppliant from her feet to his arms, said, "would you really rather marry me than my son?"

Margaret Ericson's answer was neither indistinct nor inaudible, for she neither did nor could make any at all.

That night an embassy was despatched by the king to England, to demand the hand of the Princess Elizabeth for the crown prince; and on the following morning his majesty led his beautiful and enamored bride to the altar, whose love and loyalty were destined to make the happiness of his honored age. And however highly amused the court might be then at the singularity of the young queen's preference, succeeding events proved that she was right; and if Margaret was

satisfied with her choice, her father was no less so than herself. To be the father-in-law of the liberator—the regenerator—of Sweden, was a point of ambition his thoughts had never reached.

Gustavus was not insensible to the triumph of valor, of patriotism, and worth, over the youth and splendid personal advantages of his son. His first marriage had been one of state; but the beautiful mother of Eric had been regarded by him, as the Queen of Sweden, the partner of his high destiny; but she had wanted the noble enthusiasm, the conjugal devotion of the fair young creature, whose almost idolatrous affection for him demanded a corresponding return. In Margaret of Gottenburgh, he found in his age, the wife his youthful thoughts had pictured—fond, fair, and faithful; full of those glorious

aspirations, those warm, tender feelings that form the real beauty of the spring of life. He blessed her for the artless preference that had gilded his declining years with the glory of her conjugal affection. And Margaret, who can describe her happiness? for in loving the great Gustavus, she loved patriotism, piety, honor, truth; and, in thus loving her truly royal consort, she felt all the affection of the wife to her husband, united with the loyalty of the devoted subject to the king, while the sweet enthusiastic feelings which had made her prefer the old grey-haired hero to the graceful and beautiful young prince, never quitted the bosom of the matron queen, but rendered her the happiest lady in that northern land the sword of her lord had formerly rescued from slavery.

THE DYING WIFE.

BY MISS E. ST. JOHN.

A FAIR young wife is dying now,
All wasted is her form;
The beating heart, it throbs no more,
With love so pure and warm.

A stricken one beside her stands,
Deep bow'd in manly grief;
A Summer's rose her life has been,
As fragrant and as brief.

And friends have dropt the last sad tear,
And bore her form away;
But in her home, that lonely home,
She'll never smile for aye.

Her vacant chair, alone it-stands,
Where oft at eve of day
She sat to watch her babes to sleep,
And soothe the all cares away.

Her love it seems to linger still
Around that hallow'd place,
As when in starlight's lonely hour,
She kiss'd each little face.

Methinks I feel her presence near,
And hear her softly tread;

From room to room the shadow flies,
And smooths the pillow'd head.

Mother! oh, that cherished name,
Who dares to breathe it now;
The solemn silence of the heart
Is warm upon each brow.

The flow'rs so sweet around the door,
Tell of her love and care;
The scented breeze in twilight's gloom
Wakes up her mem'ry there.

The past how quick it rushes by,
We scarcely note its tread;
Till from our midst, some lovely form
Is placed among the dead.

When evening's stars shine out so clear
An hour she dearly loved;
A mourning husband sits alone—
A broken chord is mov'd.

The cold sods of the valley lie
Upon her pulseless breast;
But in the realms of Paradise
He feels her soul has rest.

A THOUGHT ON THE WATER.

BY CHARLES H. STEWART.

SEE how, beneath the moonbeams smile,
Yon mimic billow rides,
Then having sparkled for a while,
Unmurmuring subsides.

Thus sparkles life, and for a day
Rides Time's eventful sea,
Then, having sparkled, melts away
Into Eternity.

ON THE HARMONY OF COLORS, IN ITS APPLICATION TO LADIES' DRESS.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 128.

THE secret of the success of the old Italian masters consists not in combining colors which contrast with each other, such as red and green, purple and yellow, which look well when placed side by side, but when united *neutralize* each other, but in combining colors which are *near* to each other in the prismatic scale, and which, when united, produce a clean color, a harmony of analogy, not of contrast. In the Consecration of St. Nicholas by Paul Veronese, the drapery of the first figure in the left hand has red shadows and yellow lights. Now these two colors, red and yellow, although not harmonious alone, make when united, orange, which is a clean color, and in the prismatic gradation is situated between, and is composed of the red and yellow. The effect of this combination of colors is bright and agreeable, and the discord or rather the suspended harmony of the two primitives is resolved by the formation of the intermediate color, orange. The drapery of the angel in the same picture has pink shades and light yellow lights; here also orange may be produced by the mixture of the two colors, and the effect will be equally pleasing with the last. In the Holy Family of Andrea *del Sarto*, the upper drapery of the Virgin is blue with deep or subdued yellow lights; now yellow and blue make when united, green; we, therefore, trace the same system of harmonious arrangement in this changeable drapery as in the others. Turning now to the portrait of Giulia Gonzaga, by Sebastian del Piombo, we find the colors still more nearly allied; the shadows of the drapery are green, the lights yellow, these, if mixed, would produce a yellow green, intermediate between the color of the lights and shades. In the Musical Party, by Titian, we find a figure whose drapery is green with yellow brown lights. The lining of the mantle of the Virgin in the picture by Vandyke has grey shades and pale yellow lights. We subjoin a few more examples from pictures on the continent for the sake of the combinations of colors, and to show how the principle of the harmony of analogy is carried out by the Italian masters. In a picture by Titian, at Brescia, there is a light blue drapery, with pale yellow

lights. Paolo Veronese introduces in one of his pictures in the Ducal Palace at Venice, a drapery with lake colored shadows and yellow lights, and in pictures of the Venetian School we often find the lights of draperies pink, and the shadows inclining to blue. Bernardino Luini was fond of introducing changeable dresses. Among other draperies in his pictures at Milan are the following: white lights with yellow shades; green shades with yellow lights; red shades with darker yellow lights; others with dark red shades and light red lights. From these examples, therefore, we may learn, that if changeable draperies are to produce brilliant and clean effects of colors, the lights and shades must be chosen from colors which approach each other in the prismatic scale, and that the contrasts of colors, with their complementaries, are to be avoided, unless it is wished to neutralize them and produce a sombre effect. Variations in the tone of the color, simply without changing the hue, are frequently sources of very agreeable combinations of color. Some of the most beautiful French figured silks are produced with two or three shades of the same color, with or without the addition of white. It is to be observed, that in these remarks, we allude only to the production of a pleasing and rich arrangement of color on the silk or stuff itself, without any reference to the effect on the complexion.

A few general observations connected with the subject of color, as applied to dress, occur to us. We shall mention the following:—

Black and dark dresses have the effect of making the persons wearing them appear smaller than they really are; for this reason they are suitable to stout persons. The same may be observed with respect to black shoes, which diminish the apparent size of the foot.

The contrary effect takes place with regard to white and light colored dresses, which make people look larger than they really are. Very stout persons should, therefore, dress in black and dark colors.

Large patterns make the figure look shorter, without diminishing its apparent size. The immense patterns which are now so much the fashion, are only fit for window or bed curtains,

or, at least, for a lady of gigantic proportions who wears a hoop.

Longitudinal stripes, in dress, if not too wide, are considered to add to the height of a figure, they may, therefore, be worn with good effect by persons of low stature. Horizontal stripes have a contrary effect, and are far from graceful.

Before dismissing the subject, it will be proper to advert to the effect of artificial light on the complexion and dress. The general effect produced by this light is to warm the complexion, which it does by increasing the orange tint, to strengthen and darken the shadows by the contrast of light and shade, and to increase the brilliancy of the eyes by the masses of shadow which it casts around them. The effect of artificial light on colored draperies is somewhat different. The light diffused being yellow, this color is rendered pale, and is frequently lost entirely. There are, probably, few persons who have not observed that primrose colored gloves appear white by candle-light. Orange and red become warmer by this light. Sky blue, seen by artificial light, acquires a green tint; indeed, it can scarcely be distinguished from green. Dark blue assumes a dark and heavy color, green nearly resemble blue, and purple becomes redder if it inclines to red, and darker if it inclines to blue. When, therefore, a dress is to be worn by artificial light, the color should be selected with a view to the modifications it will receive from this light.

The dress of gentlemen will not detain us long. Up to nearly the close of the last century, their dress was characterized by as many colors and extravagancies as that of ladies; but for the last fifty or sixty years, colors, as an appendage to male costume, and except as regards military or naval uniforms, are now, by common consent, almost entirely banished to the servants' hall. Here, however, the laws of the harmony of colors are as applicable as to ladies' dress. The colors of a livery suit should be as harmoniously contrasted as those of a court dress; and yet we frequently observe in the former inharmonious contrasts of color. It is hoped, however, that enough has been said on the general contrast and harmony of colors, to render any further remarks on this subject unnecessary.

We have thus endeavored to place before our readers an abstract of the laws which regulate the harmony of colors, and we have shown the application of these laws to the subject of ladies' dress. It may be considered by some persons that we have given the subject undue importance, and that the effect of our remarks will be to encourage vanity and frivolity, to awaken a taste for display, and to induce our fair readers to devote to the study of dress that valuable time, which might otherwise be occupied in the

improvement of the mind. Some also may object that the person who makes such a science of dress, will never apply to more severe studies. We shall endeavor to remove these objections. In the first place it has been said, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." Dress, therefore, being indispensable, it is incumbent on all persons to dress as well as they can, and to render their costume as becoming to themselves as possible, consistently, with a due regard to climate, convenience, and station in society. In the second place, quite as much time is consumed in dressing ill, as in dressing well. In fact, where there are no correct notions on the subject of dress, much time is unavoidably spent in the choice of the materials, when fancy or inclination is the only guide in their selection; article after article is turned over, and colors are admired or not, according to their beauty in the eyes of their purchaser, without reference to their harmonizing with the complexion, or with other articles of dress. The circumstance that Mrs. ——— had a dress of this satin, or Miss ——— one of that velvet, or the still greater recommendation that a dress or shawl was quite novel, that it was just received, will frequently be sufficient inducement to determine on the selection of an article, the color of which may be extremely unbecoming to the complexion. The article being purchased and worn, the purchaser disappointed in its effect; and if economy is no object, the dress is thrown aside, and another selected with as little judgment as the first. If, on the other hand, a lady, who is acquainted with the principles of the harmony of colors, has considered first whether she belongs to the class of blondes or of brunettes, and secondly, whether she is florid or pale, the difficulty of selection is in a great measure removed, and not only her own time, but that of the shopman, is saved by her naming the class of colors from which she means to select a dress, and which she knows is most suitable to her complexion. Having made this choice, the selection of other articles which harmonize with the color she has decided upon, is comparatively easy. When dress is selected with due regard to these two conditions, namely, harmony with the complexion, and harmony of contrast, it is worn with greater pleasure, the eye is satisfied with the arrangement, and the lady appears well dressed, because her dress is becoming to herself, and because one part of it harmonizes with the other. The dress of such a person will never appear remarkable; no violent or harsh contrasts of color will prevail in it, but it will exhibit such a proper mixture of positive colors with others of broken or quiet hues, or of black or white, as will produce an agreeable impression on the sight, and entitle the dress of

the wearer to the distinctive appellation of *lady-like*. It is our firm belief that such a knowledge as we have been endeavoring to inculcate of the principles which govern the selection of colors for ladies' dress, will, besides the advantages to which we have now alluded, be the means of economizing time, and thus of affording leisure for more valuable pursuits. With regard to the question of vanity and frivolity, we think that a person who will study the harmony of colors as applied to dress in the manner we have indicated, will, by the time the principles of harmonious coloring are thoroughly understood, have imbibed such a love for the study, that the mind, instead of being debased, may be led on, step by step, to investigate the beautiful phenomena of nature, and from the study of dress, may rise to the study of natural philosophy.

LINES,

PRESENTED WITH A SUPERB AZALIA, FEBRUARY 19th, 1852.

BY M. L. RUTENBUR.

It came to my dwelling, that beautiful flower,
To solace my heart in a lone, cheerless hour!
I had seen two kind friends from our circle depart,
For far California. And sad was my heart
As I mused on this life, with its sunshine and shade,
The meetings and partings of which it is made:
And I felt at that hour in my innermost soul,
How the partings have ever the deepest control!
And my yearning heart longed for the rapture on
high,
In that beautiful Land where we breathe not good
bye.
Then I turned to that sacred and delicate flower,
So cheerfully blooming in Winter's dark hour;
And it seemed, in its beauty, to breathe unto me,
Mourn not—"As thy day, shall thy strength ever
be!
I come as a type from the Father above,
To tell of a clime that is endless in love:

Where flowers ever bloom in its pastures of green,
And angels beside the still waters are seen!
Live the life of a Christian while thou art below;
Then, above, with thy loved ones, these joys shalt
thou know!
Thou shalt dwell where the song of the Paradise bird
'Mid the foliage of Heaven forever is heard!
Thou shalt gaze on the hues of its glorious breast,
As it floats o'er thy form in those regions of rest;
Thou shalt see not a tear, thou shalt clasp not a hand
Of parting—no dear one shall go from the band
That shall circle thee there in those scenes of delight,
Where the loved and the loving forever unite.
So, turn thee from earth, let it no more delude
Thy spirit! Be honest, be just, and be good!
Then trust thee to Heaven! and there shalt thou find
That peace in its bosom for which thou hast pined."
Thus comfort came to me with Heavenly power,
From the heart of that fragrant and beautiful flower.

LILLA'S FANCIES.

BY MARY C. DERWENT.

"CORAL bead!—Coral bead!
Never blush; but tell to me,
If a merry life they lead
In the chambers of the sea!
Where the dog-star cannot burn
The pale blossoms till they die;
And the waters in the urn
Never falter or run dry?"—
And the Coral answer'd me,
With a tiny melody—
"Love is lofty—Love is low!—
Deep as ocean, pure as air;
And wherever Love can go,
Music follows everywhere!—
Then sing—and ask no more."

"Feather bright!—Feather bright!—
Thou wast born in Indian bowers;
Hath the bee-bird much delight
In his rainbow house of flowers?
Free to sleep the noon away
Cradled in a golden bell,
Kirtled in that rich array
That the sapphire doth excel?"
And the Feather made reply,
Half with laughter, half with sigh—
"Love goes ever with the sun,
And behind, his shadow Care;
But if East or West thou run,
Music follows everywhere!—
Then sing—and ask no more!"

THE "SOPHIE WALTZ."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

STRAUSS was a second Orpheus, whose tender moving, spirit-stirring, rapturous music conquered the most inveterate enemy of Terpsichore; whose magic sounds soothes hearts, stilled sighs, dried tears, tamed wild beasts, and moved the stones themselves. Strauss composed waltzes that are more than many operas. In seven of his measures there is often more melody than in as many scores of other musicians. What a fulness of syren beauty, what a rich mine of poetry! What an inexhaustible fount of ever-gushing melody! and not the melody alone—the rhyme also, with magical influence, seizes the brain, and enters the heart. There are many waltz compositions as rich in melody, but few so rich in melting rhythm, as those of Strauss. By turns skipping, humming, warbling, gliding, dancing—so inviting, so irresistible, that no dancer can withstand their witching influence—he is the idol of woman. In every house—on every piano in Venice, lie Strauss's waltzes. He has written over two hundred; all are favorites, all are sung, and trilled, and played throughout Europe. Cobbler and dandy hum and pipe them. Orchestra and barrel organ play them. We hear them in the street, at the ball, in the garden, and at the theatre. The dancing Viennese shout—"Strauss forever."

This Strauss, this waltz hero, loved the daughter of a count. Sophie was her name. Her eye was bluer than Italy's heavens, and softer than the sweet light of the evening star. Grace and beauty were in every motion, and music in every tone. In a word, Sophie was beautiful. He would have given worlds to win but one glance of love; but she was cold and stern. Madness, indeed, for a poor musician, with nothing but his violin, to dare to love the high born Sophie, who had as many noble ancestors as he had waltzes! "Impertinent!" said Sophie; and when he came to give her brother a lesson on the violin, she scarcely deigned him a look. Shortly afterward Sophie was betrothed to Count Robert, Lord Chamberlain, who had, indeed, as many proud ancestors as Sophie, but beyond these and his titles, had nothing of which he could boast.

One day, when Strauss chanced to be alone with Sophie, he sank upon his knees before her, and with burning words, declared his love, and besought her to give him but one word or look of love ere he was driven to despair. But neither

tears nor protestations moved her. She was cold and unfeeling as marble. "I am an affianced bride," she said, haughtily, "and if I were not, think you I would become the wife of a poor musician?"

She turned scornfully away, and left him alone in his grief and despair.

The repentance which soon awoke in the heart of Sophie unhappily came too late. The bridegroom and her father hastened the marriage—in eight days she would be the wife of Count Robert. The ceremony was to be performed in the great saloon of the city, and the count called on Strauss to request him to lead the orchestra on that occasion, and also to honor his bride with the composition of a new waltz.

Strauss, the most miserable man in the world, promised him both. "He wishes to wound me yet more deeply," said the unhappy man to himself, "but I forgive him; and may she be happy—may she never repent her choice." He addressed himself earnestly to his work. This waltz should be the interpreter of his passion and his grief to Sophie. It should challenge, at least, her pity, if not her love. When all the great city slept, Strauss took his violin, opened the window, gazed out into the cold night, improvised, and moaned forth his sad tale of woe to the sweet stars above, that looked kindly down on the desolate and the heart-stricken musician.

The day of the wedding came at last. This fierce agony of soul had given him a waltz, every measure of which spoke a longing sorrow, a wailing woe. The hall glistened and shone with bright jewels and brighter eyes, but Sophie was more gloriously beautiful than all. The richest gems lent their charms and their lustre, the pure myrtle wreath bloomed in her golden hair, and the rare and costly bridal veil shaded her beautiful features from the full gaze of the adoring crowd. Strauss, a haggard, emaciated man, with brilliant, piercing black eyes, and sharp, strongly marked features, dressed in a suit of black—as though he had assumed this mourning livery for the bride now dead to him—stood sad and silent in the gallery above, directing the movements of the orchestra. Sophie danced now with one, now with another of the wedding guests, and as often as she paused after the giddy whirl of the dance, she turned her eyes toward the pale, grief-stricken Strauss, in his robes of sorrow and

mourning, and met his piercing look of despairing love. It was more than pity she felt—it was remorse—it was kindling love! A terrible pain awoke in her heart, like a swelling stream, growing ever wider and deeper, threatening to quite overwhelm and destroy her. Gladly she would have wept, but she dared not.

It sounded twelve o'clock, and Strauss gave the signal for the performance of the new waltz. The gay dancers stood up, Sophie hanging on the arm of the happy bridegroom—all stood spell-bound with the wondrous, witching power of those magic sounds.

They forgot to dance, they gazed wonderingly up at the pale man in black, whose grief-torn soul breathed out his woe, through the sounding strings of his instrument. His bow moved with

his heart—with his spirit. The bridegroom led off—they dance and dance—Strauss follows the flying pair with tearful eyes, and bleeding heart. They dance, and dance, and dance, without interruption. Strauss plays, and plays, and plays, with untiring energy, this wonderful waltz, which so fearfully affects both him and them. The dancers whirled around. He played, and played. Suddenly, the *E* of his violin snaps—and in that moment Sophie falls dead upon the floor.

Violin and bow fell from his trembling hands, and with a cry of horror he shrieked—"Sophie," and fell fainting on the ground.

Since Sophie's death, the waltz is called by her name. Strauss loved her until his death. He, too, now is dead; but his charming "Sophie Waltz" is imperishable as his fame.

I'M LONELY NOW.

BY IRA B. NORTHEOP.

My heart is sad and lonely, coz,
For thou art far away,
And there is none to cheer me now,
Or check me when I stray;
There's no sweet voice to cheer me now,
As when in days of yore,
Thy dulcet notes dispelled each fear
Which then my young heart bore.

There was a time when I felt gay,
Could mingle with the throng:
There was a time when I could while
An hour in sport and song.
There was a time when I could laugh
And chatter with the gay,
But oh! dear coz, I'm lonely now,
Those days have passed away.

Oh, little thought we once, sweet coz,
When wand'ring up and down
Old Peterboro's stately hills,
Or tripping through the town,

That in a few short years at most,
Such changes would be wrought,
That life to me, so pleasant then,
Would soon with care be fraught.

I often think of by-gone days,
Of days when you and I
Together raised our feeble voice
In prayer, to God on high—
I often turn my wand'ring thoughts
Back to those halcyon days,
When our dear mothers pointed out
The road to wisdom's ways.

That road our mothers pointed out,
I trust, will ever be
The aim in life to travel o'er
Of you, dear coz, and me;
And when at last we reach the end
Of life's eventful chain,
Oh, may we meet in Heaven above,
Where Christ, in love, doth reign.

NEVER GIVE UP.

BY CHARLES L. PORTER.

NEVER give up, though troubles surround thee,
Though thou hast drunk of bitterness' cup,
Though thou art destitute, homeless, forsaken,
Child of misfortune, never give up!

Dark tho' the clouds above thee are rolling,
And the sun hides his face in a mantle of care,
Still he is shining; cease thy repining,
"Nil desperandum"—never despair.

Never give up, industrious student,
Toil on—keep struggling—the victory's thine,
Though thou art harrassed with care and vexation,
Still bring thy jewels from learning's deep mine.

Though destiny on thee a burden imposes,
And thistles and thorns fill thy pathway with care,
Still pluck, on life's journey, the lilies and roses,
And list to Hope's whispering, "Never despair."

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. X.

DISMOUNTING.—The first operation, preparatory to dismounting, is to bring the horse to an easy, yet perfect, stop. If the lady be light and dexterous, she may dismount without assistance, from a middle-sized horse: but, it is better not to do so if the animal be high.

The right hand of the lady, when preparing to dismount, is to receive the reins, and be carried to the off crutch of the saddle. The reins should be held sufficiently tight to restrain the horse from advancing; and yet not so firm as to cause him to back or rear; nor uneven, lest it make him swerve.

The lady should next disengage her right leg, clearing the dress as she raises her knee; remove her right hand to the near crutch; and then take her foot from the stirrup.

Thus far the process is the same whether the lady dismount with or without assistance.

If the lady be assisted, the gentleman, or groom, may either lift her completely off the saddle to the ground; or, taking her left hand in his left hand, place his right hand on her waist, and, as she springs off, support her in her descent. She may also alight, if she be tolerably active, by placing her right hand in that of the gentleman, (who, in this case, must stand at the horse's shoulder) and descend without any other support. Should there be any objection to, or difficulty found in alighting by either of these modes, the gentleman, or groom, may place himself immediately in front of the lady, who is then to incline sufficiently forward for him to receive

her weight, by placing his hands under her arms, and thus easing her descent.

If the lady dismount without assistance, after the hand is carried from the off to the near crutch, she must turn round so as to be able to take, in her left hand, a lock of the horse's mane; by the aid of which, and by bearing her right hand on the crutch, she may alight without difficulty. In dismounting thus, without assistance, she must turn as she quits the saddle, so as to descend with her face toward the horse's side.

By whatever mode the lady dismounts, but especially if she do so without assistance, she should—to prevent any unpleasant shock on reaching the ground—bend her knees, suffer her body to be perfectly pliant, and alight on her toes, or the middle of her feet. She is neither to relinquish her hold, nor is the gentleman, or groom, if she make use of his ministry, to withdraw his hand, until she is perfectly safe on the ground.

In order to dismount with grace and facility, more practice is required than that of merely descending from the saddle after an exercise or a ride. It is advisable to mount and dismount, for some days, several times, successively, either before or after the ride;—commencing with the most simple modes, until a sufficient degree of confidence and experience is acquired to perform either of these operations in a proper manner, with the mere aid of the assistant's hand.

THE LONELY CHAMBER.

BY ROBERT H. BROWN.

BENEATH a row of stately larches,
Looking on a terrace green,
Stands the chamber's gothic arches,
Where no sun-rays come between.
All around the day shines brightly—
All about is mirth and bloom;
Only shadows, cold and nightly,
Fall within that silent room.

Oaken carvings, quaint and olden,
In the sickly light and dim,
From the roof and cornice golden
Look with faces stern and grim,

Ancient portraits none now cherish—
Forms and features in decay—
Seem to languish, fade, and perish
For the breath and light of day.

Mystery is in the chamber—
Fears, like shadows, fit and fall—
E'en the cloth of gold and amber
Seems to shudder on the wall.
Sad cold winds, in doleful striving,
Fill the weary space with dread;
Speak in whispers to the living
Of the long-forgotten dead!

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR COLORED FASHIONS.—Certain of the public journals have fallen into the habit, lately, of contemptuously alluding to what they call "milliner's magazines," that is magazines with fashion plates. The sapient editors in question, we have no doubt, are either crusty old bachelors, or conceited young fools. If they knew half as much as they pretend to, they would know that every "woman who is a woman," as Lamb says, desires to render her personal appearance engaging; and that, if she has not this instinct, she invariably degenerates into a sloven. Fashion plates are to the sex, therefore, what guide-posts are to a traveller; they teach ladies how to dress gracefully, and in unison with the customs of the day. The prettiest woman alive would look hideous if attired in the costume of the fourteenth century, simply because people are no longer accustomed to the horned caps and other attire of that day. A lady, dressed even as ladies dressed twenty years ago, would seem absurd, and for a similar reason. Every woman "follows the fashions," as a necessity of her sex. They may not dress, in the new style, the first year it comes out, but they do eventually. How much more sensible to adopt it at once! The new dress, or dresses of each season might just as well be made in that year's fashion, as in the preceding one's.

A favorite argument of these addle-headed critics is that fashion cramps the waist and injures the health. If they knew more about the subject, they would know that this is precisely what *fashion does not do*, and that those ladies, who persist in lacing to death, do not know what the true fashions are. Nobody ever read, in this Magazine, a word in favor of tight-lacing; but everybody who takes the "National" has read many an article on that absurd practice, *than which nothing so certainly destroys the grace of the female figure*. Ladies who wish to dress sensibly as well as elegantly will take a periodical that gives the fashions: ladies who wish to look like scare-crows will undertake to dress without such a guide, and will of course lace tightly and commit all other kinds of exploded absurdities.

We continue to give, for ten months of the year, colored fashion plates, though they are the costliest embellishments that are got up. For instance, the expense of our colored fashions, this month, is as great as the printing of thirty-two extra pages would have been. Some of our cotemporaries have dropped the fashion plates, and substituted heavy reading matter, and that not original, but selected. We could print as big a book, if we adopted the same plan; but we prefer to give the ladies, what we are sure they prefer, a lively Magazine, with one good mezzotint, a colored fashion plate, and as much original matter as can be afforded.

A COMPETENT JUDGE.—We copy the following from the "Lycoming Democrat," not for what it says of us personally, but for what it says of the Magazine. We are in receipt of scores of similar complimentary notices of our periodical. But, in this case, we happen to be acquainted with the writer—would we could say it of all!—and, therefore, *know* that he both says what he thinks, and is thoroughly competent to judge. It was our good fortune to visit Williamsport, where the "Democrat" is published, during a tour last May and June; and one of our brightest recollections is of a ride over the Bald Eagle Mountain, and a first view of that picturesque town as we whirled down the slope. Perhaps, in some early number, we may reduce into a word picture that May-day dream of apple-blossoms in the valley, blue mountains above, and the silver-smiling Susquehannah far below. But to the notice.

"We have before us the September number of this universally popular Magazine, and, as usual, rich in embellishments, attractive in contents, and with that air of indescribable refinement about the whole work which has rendered, and which will continue to render it, such a welcome visitor to the parlor. Mr. Charles J. Peterson, who is at the head of the 'Ladies' National,' we have long regarded, not merely as one of the best essayists in the country, but as a gentleman particularly qualified to cater for the intellectual wants of the newspaper and magazine reading public. His Magazine is the best evidence which could be adduced of his taste, tact, and talent. Mr. Peterson is assisted in the editorial department by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, probably the most popular lady writer in the country."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Literary Edition of the Waverly Novels. Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.—Of the many editions of Scott's novels, now competing for popular favor, this is, beyond all comparison, the cheapest and best. It is printed with large-sized type, having a neat *duodecimo* page, so that the eye is not strained in reading it, as in the case of all the other cheap editions. Each novel makes a separate volume, a convenience that cannot be too highly estimated. The illustrations are spirited and elegant. Even at double the price, this edition would be really the cheapest in the field; but it is afforded at even less, a volume, than its competitors. No intelligent family should be without the Waverly Novels, the best series of fictions, taken all in all, that we have in the language; and of the various editions, yet offered to the American public, this, we repeat, is altogether the most desirable. The first six of the series are now ready, and may be had in paper covers for mailing, or bound in ornamented cloth.

Hildreth's History of the United States. Second Series. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The present volume brings Mr. Hildreth's history down to 1820, and properly concludes the work, since to descend to a later era would introduce too many living characters upon the scene. The narrative is the most complete account of our annals yet written, and though not enlivened by such graces of style as we find in Prescott, nor by the comprehensive philosophy that distinguishes Bancroft, is clear, faithful, and generally impartial. Mr. Hildreth's sympathies are evidently with the old federal party, and his judgment of men and things are from that point of view. But no historian, who has discussed the events of his own nation, much less of his own times, has been without a political bias, from Hume down to Macaulay. The work is now complete in six large and elegant volumes.

Men of the Time; or, Sketches of Living Notabilities. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—President Filmore, in a note to the publisher of this work, thus expresses his opinion of it. "It affords precisely that kind of information, that every public and intelligent mind desires to see, especially in reference to the distinguished men of Europe, but which I have found it extremely difficult to obtain." And this is the estimate which every intelligent mind will have of the book. If you wish to know any thing of the life, character, or deeds of any living notability, in war, science, art, or other department, in Europe, Asia or America, you will find it here. The work consequently is indispensable to whoever would be well-informed. About nine hundred biographies are embraced in it. The price is low, one dollar and fifty cents in cloth.

Pierre; or, The Ambiguities. By Herman Melville. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The reader will vainly look, in this new novel, for either the freshness or the naturalness of "Typee." Mr. Melville appears to be the victim of his reputation, for, in trying to sustain, and, if possible, increase it, he strains after effect, and becomes affected, obscure, and sometimes almost absurd. In addition, the plot is eminently improbable. Yet there are many passages of striking power in the volume, proving that if the author had allowed himself to be more natural, and had labored less to be profound, he would have produced a far better book. As it now stands, "Pierre" reads like a novel, written by a man who was half crazy.

Mary Seaham. A Novel. By Mrs. Gray. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new novel, by this popular writer, is an event in the literary world. The American publisher has purchased the proof-sheets of "Mary Seaham," in London, and issues them here in advance. The novel is probably the best Mrs. Gray ever wrote.

Lotus-Eating. A Book of Summer Travel. By G. P. Curtis. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The most agreeable volume of the kind we ever read. The Catskill, Trenton Falls, Niagara, Saratoga, Lake George, Nahant and Newport are all brilliantly depicted.

Meyer's Universum. Illustrated with Engravings from drawings by the first artists. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. New York: Hermann J. Meyer, No. 164 William street.—This is a semi-monthly publication, each number containing four steel engravings, designed to illustrate the scenery of all parts of the world. Suitable letter-press descriptions accompany each plate. The price of the numbers is but twenty-five cents a piece. We can echo the praise of the Literary World, which says that "Meyer's Universum is the most elegant and cheapest work of its kind in the whole world. The presence of such publications on a lady's centre-table is the highest evidence she can afford of refinement, taste, and intellectuality."

The Clifford Family. A Tale of the Old Dominion. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here a pleasant story of life in Virginia. We commend the book to our readers as delightful reading, and hope to hear from the same agreeable author again. The Harpers have published the volume in excellent style.

Mysteries; or, Glimpses of the Supernatural. By C. W. Elliott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an excellent compilation, devoted to the Rochester Knockings and other kindred mysteries, in times past as well as present. It will command a large circle of readers.

Evelina. By Miss Burney. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new and cheap edition of one of the best fictions extant. "Evelina" should be read, not merely for the interest of the story, but for its pictures of London society a century ago.

The Master-Builder; or, Life at a Trade. By D. K. Lee. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—This fiction is excellent, both in design and in execution. It is by the author of "Life on a Farm." Mr. Redfield has issued it in his usual superior style.

Pequinillo. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—As usual with James' novels, this is extremely agreeable reading, though without any decided spirit or originality. It is copyrighted, and sold, therefore, for fifty cents.

Hunting the Romantic. 1 vol. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—Very original is this pretty volume, full of adventure, and the better for containing a fine wholesome moral, which our young readers would do well to read.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. 1.—A WALKING DRESS OF DARK BLUE AND BLACK SHOT SILK, woven in the style called a *disposition*. Skirt trimmed with three flounces, each one having three stripes of satin woven around the bottom. Corsage made with a basque, and nearly high at the back, and open square on the front, over a lace chemisette, and confined above the waist by three bands. Sleeves demi-long, and finished by woven satin stripes like the flounces and corsage. Crimson crape shawl. Bonnet of light green silk, puffed, and trimmed with one full ostrich feather. Under trimming of lace and pink flowers.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GAY PLAIDED SILK, skirt full and long. Small mantelets of black velvet, trimmed with two rows of very deep lace. Bonnet of white satin, puffed, and finished with a feather, and pink face trimming.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is but little change in the style of making dresses, except that round waists are gaining ground. Round waists must not be confounded with short waists: for the former, the dress-maker ought, on the contrary, to endeavor to make the sides as long as possible, and merely suppress the point in front. Flounces are still very much worn, but have but little fullness;—the general rule is, that where the skirt has five breadths, six are allowed for the flounces. Three and five are the usual number of flounces on a dress, though some go as far as ten or even more. There are but very few figures tall or slender enough to look well with these last number.

VELVET RIBBON will be very much used in trimming the skirts of dresses. It is put on in three or five rows around the skirt, then a space, and the trimming repeated thus several times.

CASHMERE are generally very gay, the colors being bright and varied, and the patterns large. Some even have designs of houses, bridges, pagodas, &c., on them. One pattern, called "*The Creation*," had nearly every flower that was ever known upon it. These are fantastic, rather than beautiful.

An elegant article for Walking Dresses is the Chambrade. The material is plain, and woven in dress patterns, with satin stripes around the skirt. It is too heavy for a house dress, being of worsted and thicker than a merino, and has a corded back, something like a poplin. The dark blue, maroon, and green ones are particularly rich.

ANOTHER handsome material, and not so heavy, is composed of worsted and silk, and is of a zig-zag pattern of white over colored grounds, such as brown, dove, &c. The patterns of brown have rich satin stripes in brown around the skirt, in bunches, that is in rows of five, three, &c., decreasing in number and width as they rise toward the waist. The dove colored ones have stripes of Mazarine blue in the same style.

SOME of the newest dresses of Cashmere have flounces with palm-leaf borders in elegant cashmere designs, like the shawls. On a cashmere having a ground of brown, dark green, tan or straw color, these palm-leaves in varied colors are exceedingly effective. Chequered or plaided borders are also very fashionable for the flounces of cashmere dresses. The cross stripes forming the chequers are large and woven in satin. The cashmeres flounced in this style have frequently a ground of stone color, or some neutral tint, covered with running flower patterns, or with fanciful Chinese designs in lilac.

THE SILK manufacturers have recently introduced a novelty which imparts to a silk dress all that variety of hue which was formerly confined to fancy materials. This novelty consists in flounces, with borderings in various patterns and colors. Some of the new taffety dresses, having flounces in this style, are remarkably elegant, and showy in effect. Several

of these dresses are intended for evening costume. They are of white taffety, with five flounces, slightly undulated and edged with a satin stripe, lilac, blue or green, according to the hue predominating in the wreath of flowers which surmounts the stripe. The same style of flounces is adapted to dresses of pink, sea green, or azure blue silk.

THERE is no decided change yet in Mantelets.

It is also too early for the winter style of Bonnets, those in our fashion plate being of the kind now worn. Many are, however, taking off the light vapory trimming of the spring and summer from their straws, and replacing it by the rich, heavy ribbons. The simpler straws are generally trimmed with a *fanchon* or very wide ribbon passing over the top, where it is spread at its whole width, and gathered in at the ears, passing under the cap, and tied in a large bow under the chin. Another mode consists in two ribbons, the one crossing the brim, not straight, but brought forward in a point nearly to the edge, where it is held by a loop of straw; the other further back, but taking the same form.

A WORD to our readers on gloves. These are one of those details of the toilet which confer a stamp of distinction on female dress. A lady should be both well gloved and well shod. The fit of gloves is a point of the greatest importance; if too loose they make the hands look large, if too small they are liable to tear. Great care should, therefore, be observed in selecting them. Their color should be in perfect harmony with the dress with which they are worn, light with a dress of printed muslin or of silk of light hue, and dark with a dark colored dress. Any broad contrast between the color of the gloves and that of the dress is objectionable. Harmony, even in the most simple points, is the test of good taste. With a robe of the simplest and plainest material, with neat shoes, well fitting, unsoiled gloves, and a becoming bonnet, a lady will look well dressed, and will even have an air of elegance not to be acquired by the most costly toilet without a due attention to the accessories referred to.

THE CHAUSSURE is also becoming quite an important part of dress. No lady can be elegantly dressed who has not on a neatly fitting shoe, or nice stocking. Stockings of thread or very fine cotton cloaked with embroidery, and slippers ornamented with bows made of ribbon and narrow black lace, are worn in the morning—whilst the finest silk thread or silk stockings with black satin slippers are used in evening wear. A new style of boot is worn in Paris of bronze leather, and of a soft, light color; the boots have usually low heels, and are fastened with enamel buttons of the same color as the material of the boot.

THE NEW HEAD DRESSES are made to pass over the front of the head, about half way between the crown and forehead. They are composed of velvet, plaided ribbon, &c. A very beautiful one is a bandeau of straw and black velvet, plaited together, made to pass across the head, just above the forehead, and after being turned around the torsade at the back of the head, finishes with two flowing ends of velvet.



F. T. Parriss

A. L. Dick

Julia



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

Engraved for Peterson's Magazine from a daguerreotype by Root.



THE EVENING WALK.



FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1852.

No. 5.

"JUDGE NOT."

BY JANE WEAVER.

"I DON'T like Mrs. Stewart at all," said Emma Huntley, as the door closed on two morning visitors. "She has such a loud voice and rude manner. How different from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Penrose!"

"Mrs. Penrose is certainly the most lady like," replied the mother, quietly. "But we must not always determine from appearances."

"You don't mean," answered the daughter, in some surprise, "that you prefer the rude Mrs. Stewart to the elegant Mrs. Penrose?"

"Not altogether," said Mrs. Huntley, smiling. "A fine manner is assuredly a great accomplishment: and of two ladies, equally meritorious in other respects, the one who is well-bred is undeniably the most deserving. But there is such a thing as a finished behavior being accompanied with a cold and selfish heart; as a rude exterior often conceals a noble and generous soul."

"And you think our visitors are of this description?"

"You are too hasty in your conclusion again," said the mother, with another smile. "All I wish to impress on you is charity, and to refrain from judging your neighbors. You pronounce against Mrs. Stewart because her manner is bad, and in favor of Mrs. Penrose for her graceful politeness. Now both these qualities are mere outward ones, so to speak, and though not without value, are less important than those of the heart. As yet you know neither of our neighbors well enough to tell accurately what these latter are. It was against your hasty judgment that I protested."

"You may be right, mamma, and I suppose you are, for you are older and better and wiser than I am," said Emma, fondly kissing her parent. "But if, as I have read, the qualities of the soul become imprinted in the face, and developed in the manner, then Mrs. Penrose must be, after all, the best of the two."

"I never knew general rules to apply to all cases," answered Mrs. Huntley. "And I doubt," she continued, "whether your principle is correct. It is certain that some of the worst people that ever lived have been the handsomest and most fascinating, while others, the very best of their kind, have been plain-looking."

Here the conversation stopped. But it was not long before an incident occurred, which developed the characters of the sisters-in-law in their true light.

Not far from the elegant residences of the Huntleys, Stewarts and Penroses, was a row of meaner houses, where day laborers, widows, and others of the poor lived. One day a little boy, about two years old, the only child of a bereaved wife, was run over by a careless carman and so seriously injured that he died that night.

The news of the accident spread immediately throughout the vicinity. Among the richer neighbors Mrs. Penrose heard it first. She listened to the tale, as told by an affrighted servant, but though she well knew the widow's poverty, and though the distance to the house of affliction was but a step, she contented herself with saying how unfortunate it was, and what a shocking affair, but did nothing.

Not so Mrs. Stewart. The moment she heard of the disaster, she flew to the side of the half frantic woman, who sat wringing her hands by the bed-side of the crushed child, while a dozen poor neighbors looked on. The first inquiry of Mrs. Stewart was if any one had gone after a physician, and, on receiving a reply in a negative, she sent for her man servant, and despatched him immediately for a surgeon. When the medical man came, it was Mrs. Stewart who filled the place, which the agonized mother could not: it was she who afterward watched by the little sufferer until he died; it was she who prepared him for the coffin, furnishing one of her children's

most elegantly worked frocks; and it was she who paid, out of her private purse, the undertaker's bill, and the charge at the cemetery. It was she, too, who consoled the almost heart-broken mother in this sudden and awful affliction.

In a word, Mrs. Stewart proved herself a kind-hearted and thoughtful neighbor, who allowed no differences in station to interfere with her human sympathies, but who felt as warmly and acted as energetically for this poor widow as for the wealthiest.

Mrs. Penrose, if the sufferer had been one of her intimate friends, or even a rich neighbor, would, perhaps, have gone to her assistance; but the indigent woman, in a back alley, could not enlist her sluggish heart.

When Mrs. Huntley heard of the accident, which was not until the next day, she heard also of the different conduct of the two sisters-in-law.

"Now, Emma," she said, "you see how wrong we should have been, if we had judged our new neighbors from their appearance."

"Ah! mamma, you are always right, and I am always wrong," said the daughter. "But who would have thought that Mrs. Stewart's awkward

manner could be united with so much benevolence of heart?"

"When you become older, my love," replied the mother, "you will learn that it is often those who have the kindest feelings, that possess the rudest exteriors. Such persons are so engrossed with the useful in life, that they fall into the error of neglecting the mere ornamental. Mrs. Stewart, I suspect, is one of this kind."

"But Mrs. Penrose. How can such a polite and elegant woman be so heartless? I almost detest her."

"Hush, my child. Let us hope that there has been some mistake here, and that, had she known all, she would have gone to relieve the sufferer too. You know we heard nothing of the accident till all was over."

"But Mrs. Penrose did. She was the very first to hear of it."

"Then, if we are certain on that point, silence is our best course. When you can't speak well of a person, Emma, say nothing. Remember, there may be always something behind, which you have not heard, and it is wisest and fairest in consequence to be charitable. In other words
JUDGE NOT."

EXCELSIOR.

BY W. LAFAYETTE HUBBELL.

List the ocean loudly swelling,
Proudly swelling,
As it breaks upon the ear,
Hark the notes so gladly breaking,
Madly breaking,
As they ring the vaulted sphere,
Higher, higher,
And yet higher,
Floats a strain from Nature's lyre,
"Excelsior."

Where the tempest's wrath is sleeping,
Calmly sleeping,
Nursing fury for the blast,
Where the Storm King erst reposes,
First reposes;
When the elemental war is past,
Higher, higher,
And yet higher,
Floats a strain from Nature's lyre,
"Excelsior."

Where the lightning's livid flashing,
Vivid flashing,
Lights the lurid hue of storm,
Where the thunderer's chariot rolling,
Trolling, rolling,

Mocks the elements with scorn,
Higher, higher,
And yet higher,
Floats a strain from Nature's lyre,
"Excelsior."

Where the god of day is lighted,
Daily lighted,
At the architectural shrine,
Where the stars are nightly burning,
Brightly burning,
In their circling march divine,
Higher, higher,
And yet higher,
Floats a strain from Nature's lyre,
"Excelsior."

"Upward—onward"—ceaseless winging,
Tireless winging,
Through the shoreless space of Time,
"Lofty—loftier"—light unceasing,
Flight unceasing,
As it wings the realms of Rhyme,
Higher, higher,
And yet higher,
Floats a strain from Nature's lyre,
"Excelsior."

THE ORPHAN'S GRATITUDE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE STARK.

It was on a dark and stormy evening, in February, that Dr. Mordaunt was disturbed from a short nap after the fatigues of the day, by a sharp ring at the bell.

"I do hope, my dear, that is not a call for you," said his wife, who was sewing near him. "After having been out all last night, and the greater part of this tempestuous day, you ought to take some rest."

"That depends, however, upon the urgency of the call, Ellen. When you consented, my dear wife, to marry a physician——"

The doctor was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant.

"A woman is in your study, doctor, and wants to see you."

Dr. Mordaunt left the room, and entering his office was somewhat surprised to see a respectable Irish woman, whose husband he had attended the preceding winter in his last illness.

"Why, Biddy, what on earth brings you out this terrible night?"

"Ah! doctor, well may you ask the question, sure its no slight matter would make me trouble you the night. But you see, I was doing a day's washing for Mrs. Barnard, as keeps the boarding-house in —— street, yesterday; ah, sure, she's the hard-hearted woman. Well, sir," she said, remarking the impatience expressed in the doctor's countenance, "a poor dying cratur of a woman, with a sweet, darling child of about three years of age, was fetched to her door from one of the foreign vessels. She is an honest cratur whoever she is, for she made Mrs. Barnard understand, in her lingo, that she had but little money and no friends, but want to take a cheap room for a short time. The mistress answered her as short as might be, saying, 'she did not keep house for vagabond foreigners,' and bid her be off wid herself. I was jist going home, sir, and the thoughts of the poor, lone cratur's being turned into the street at that hour of the night was jist too much for meself, so I told the coachman to drive to my place. Sure am I she is a lady; and her sweet, darling child, it would melt the heart of a stone to see her waiting and watching by the sick mother. The mother is very bad the night, so I left a neighbor wid her till I could see you, sir, about her."

"Well, Biddy," said the doctor, "I cannot but admire your humanity in taking in the poor woman—I will come and see her at once."

"God bless you, sir—I'll away home as speedy as possible—my mind misgives me the poor cratur will not last long."

The physician returned to his wife, who, on hearing that it was a call of charity, no longer opposed his going out.

On a low bed, in a small but clean room, lay the poor foreigner. She was apparently in the last stages of consumption. Her glassy black eyes rested despairingly on her child, who lay in its sleep the image of childish loveliness. One little arm was thrown around her mother's neck, the other pillowed her head, and as the physician gazed on the high brow, glossy curls and delicate features of the infant, he murmured,

"She has been nurtured in a far different scene from this—I wonder who they can be!"

His skill soon ascertained that the mother could not be saved, and she was so utterly prostrated as to be unable to make any communication as to her family or friends. The doctor prescribed a cooling drink and returned home.

The next day the worthy physician, now accompanied by his wife, who had been much interested by his account of the family, called again. The mother was dying, and strove in vain to make herself understood by the sympathizing couple. She took the hand of her child and placed it in that of the lady. The mute appeal was understood, and drawing the child to her bosom and kindly caressing it, the lady answered the appeal thus affectingly made. The mother's eye brightened for an instant, but a sudden spasm convulsed her features, and in a few moments she breathed her last.

The child, breaking from Mrs. Mordaunt's embrace, threw herself upon her mother's body, "*manman, chere manman,*" she said, pressing her lips to the cold mouth of the corpse. The sudden chill terrified her, and uttering a loud cry, she buried her head in the pillow.

Tears streamed down Mrs. Mordaunt's face, as raising the sobbing child from the pillow, she strove by her caresses to soothe her. Gradually the little one ceased her sobs, and addressed Mrs. Mordaunt in a sweet, childish voice. Neither Mrs. Mordaunt nor her husband understood French, but they endeavored to comfort and reassure the little girl.

A hasty consultation now took place between the worthy couple.

"I fear, my dear Ellen, you are undertaking a

serious charge, in thus assuming the care of this little foreigner. Your health is delicate, and our little Henry requires all your care."

"My dear William, what I could I do? The mother's appeal was not to be resisted. I thought of my own boy, and——"

"Well, well," said the doctor, "something may yet turn up that will not render it necessary. We may find something that can give us a clue to her birth. Both the mother and child bear the stamp of gentle blood."

But on examination of the trunk of the deceased no papers were found. The few articles of clothing were of fine and delicate texture, and a small box containing a bracelet was found among them. On examining it carefully, the doctor discovered a spring under the clasp, and on pressing it a miniature of a young and handsome man in regimentals was discovered. The dress was that of a French officer: but no name or initials were engraved on it. On showing it to the child, she exclaimed, "*mon papa, mon papa,*" and covered it with her kisses.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt now took the little girl to their own home. The child was at first frantic at being taken from her mother, but when introduced to Mrs. Mordaunt's nursery, she was soon soothed and pacified in the society of little Henry.

A week passed by. The little girl had made them understand that her name was Rosalie, but did not seem to know her surname.

The story soon spread among the doctor's acquaintance, and various surmises and much wonder was expressed "that a man who was far from being rich, and who had already a child to provide for, should be so imprudent as to burthen himself with a foreigner."

Among others a French lady of the name of De Courcy heard the tale. She had been married many years, but was childless, and on hearing of the French orphan, she resolved at once to visit it.

The child was delighted at hearing again her native language, but beyond expressions of love for her mother and wishes for her return, she could give no account of her origin or friends. Her beauty, grace, and winning manners greatly interested Mrs. De Courcy. She returned home, and soon persuaded her husband to allow her to take the child.

Mr. De Courcy was an intelligent, good tempered man, very fond of his pretty wife, but so much engrossed by his mercantile avocations as to have but little leisure to bestow upon her. He consented to her adopting the child, thinking that the education of the little one would serve to dissipate many hours of *ennui* of which his wife complained. The great responsibility of

undertaking this charge he never bestowed a thought upon.

The little girl was brought to her new home, and various costly toys and trinkets presented her, to win her love and reconcile her to being separated from her little playmate. Of a sweet, affectionate disposition, the little creature soon attached herself to her protectors. At first Mr. De Courcy had advertisements inserted in different foreign papers, describing the child and the miniature in her possession. But as months rolled away, and no claimant made their appearance, he at length resolved upon adopting her. Her winning, artless manners and affectionate disposition, joined to a most intelligent, fearless cast of mind, had not only won his love, but in a measure his respect. He was himself a strictly upright man in all his dealings, and on discovering in the child the germ of a noble, truthful disposition, that no fear of punishment or love of reward could swerve, he felt a deeper interest in her than mere personal grace or beauty could have inspired.

Years passed by, and the child had grown from a lovely infant into an intelligent, beautiful girl. She had been placed at one of the best schools, and every advantage that wealth or affection could bestow lavished upon her. Mrs. De Courcy loved her for her sweet disposition, her grace and beauty, and her pride was gratified by the admiration she excited. Then, too, her own vanity was soothed by the praise bestowed upon her exceeding kindness and generosity in having thus adopted one who had no claim upon her. But she did not appreciate the powerful mind that was gradually developing itself. Not so her husband. Every new trait of character in this gifted being was marked and appreciated; and when the lovely girl, her eyes sparkling with exultation, presented him the highest prize awarded by her school, we doubt whether any successful mercantile enterprize ever gave him half the real pleasure that he experienced at that moment.

Although much attached to his wife, he could not but feel that she was much his inferior in mind and ability. But Rosalie's talents were of a high order, and to his own surprise he found in her conversation a resource that he had not supposed it possible a woman could afford.

The happy days of her girlhood glided past, and the eighteenth anniversary of Rosalie's adoption by Mr. De Courcy was celebrated by a ball. Many were the lovely forms that graced that entertainment: but Rosalie's brilliant beauty bore the palm. She was encircled by a crowd of young men, all vying for a word or glance from the young heiress. An old gentleman stood conversing with a young man in one corner of the room.

"Mordaunt," he asked, "why are not you one of yonder group?"

"None can admire Miss De Courcy more than I do, sir, but I cannot compete with the gay flatterers around her. And then a poor physician would have little chance of winning the smiles of one, whose attractions might prove fatal to his own peace of mind."

The old gentleman gazed earnestly at his young friend, and saw that painful emotion was concealed under the appearance of indifference.

"Miss De Courcy's early obligations to your family," he said, "ought to ensure you a cordial reception. She has a most amiable as well as beautiful countenance; and I shall be sadly disappointed in her if the chance that has thrown fortune at her feet, should render her ungrateful to those who were the means of having her rescued from the most abject poverty."

"Do not attribute such unworthy feelings to Miss De Courcy," eagerly exclaimed the young man. "She has ever maintained the most friendly and cordial intercourse with my family. Since my father's death, my poor mother, ever delicate, has become a confirmed invalid, and the most devoted daughter could not have shown herself more attentive than has Rosalie De Courcy. I deeply regret, sir, that my manner should have given you a different impression. But the truth is," he said, with a forced smile, "that my pride is such that I could not bear to be thought a fortune hunter. I have my own way to make in the world, and hope to win a position by my efforts."

"I admire your spirit, my dear fellow," said his friend, "and hope to live long enough to see you one amongst our eminent physicians."

The young man smiled, and was about to reply, when his attention was claimed by a gay young friend, who insisted upon introducing him to his sister.

Rosalie, although by no means displeased with the admiration so freely offered her, was not spoiled by it. Her heart was as affectionate, her intellect and self-knowledge as strong as ever: and never did she turn away from the tale of sorrow or distress. She had conversed much with Mrs. Mordaunt about her unhappy mother; and never did she pass the sad, pale face of a poor beggar, or see the imploring looks of her young offspring, without recollecting that from such a fate she had been rescued; and her heart and purse were alike open to the call of humanity.

In many of her visits to the poor and suffering sick, she encountered Henry Mordaunt. In her plans for their relief she was aided by his judgment and advice; and no fulsome compliment or flattering speech from her gay admirers, ever gave her half the happiness afforded by his cordial

approval of her charity. But it was only by the bed-side of the suffering that he seemed to meet her with feelings of pleasure. In the gay ball-room, or still more dangerous atmosphere of his mother's house, Henry's manner was cold and reserved; and Rosalie, deeply hurt by his apparent indifference, endeavored to stifle the feelings of interest with which he inspired her.

Many were the splendid proposals of marriage that she received, but she gave a cold denial to all; and when Mr. De Courcy pressed her for a reason, she answered him by an affectionate caress, and declaring "that as he made her home so happy, why should she wish to leave him."

But a change came over the fair fortunes that had so long blessed her. Mr. De Courcy was deeply involved by the failure of a commercial house. He endeavored in vain to retrieve himself. He grew desperate, and losing his wonted judgment, he embarked his all in one speculation. The speculation failed, and he was a ruined man. He returned home late at night stunned by his misfortune. A heavy weight seemed pressing on his brain; and when Rosalie rushed into the parlor, where she was summoned by a terrified domestic, she found him senseless on a sofa. Medical advice was at once summoned; but all in vain. He lingered for a few hours, and then expired. Mrs. De Courcy sunk beneath so terrible and unexpected a blow. For weeks was she stretched on a bed of sickness, and it was owing to Rosalie's devoted care that she ever left it again.

Now it was that the true beauty of Rosalie's character displayed itself. She very soon learned the utter ruin of their fortune; and rousing herself with an effort from the anguish caused by the loss of her dear father, she exerted her energy in the support of his afflicted widow.

Now it was that she felt the value of Henry Mordaunt. No longer cold and indifferent, he was ever at her side. He encouraged and sustained her, and when moments of uncontrollable agitation would come, he soothed her by his heartfelt sympathy. He would have persuaded Mrs. De Courcy and herself to come at once to his mother's house. But Rosalie had already formed her plans. She removed into a small house, and arranged it as comfortably as possible, and then proceeded to put her project into execution. She went to her friends and announced her intention of opening a school. She met with much sympathy; and on her return home one day, announced to the astonished Mrs. De Courcy that she had secured twenty scholars.

Rosalie opened her school, and it required all the energy of her character to sustain her under her trials. Mrs. De Courcy's weak mind had

been soured by her misfortunes, and poor Rosalie, fagged by her day's labors, was met when evening came by the peevish complaints or unavailing reprimands of her companion. Mrs. Mordaunt was her best friend; and Henry had poured forth the passionate love no longer concealed by his pride.

Rosalie, touched by his devotion, pledged him her faith. But theirs must necessarily prove a long engagement, as Henry had still to secure a permanent support by his profession.

One afternoon, as Rosalie was resting from her labors, Henry walked in. His countenance was much agitated, and it was some moments before he could command himself.

"Rosalie," he said, "I have this afternoon received an offer which I hardly know whether to accept or reject. My friend, William Metcalf, has just returned from the West. He has purchased a large farm in the vicinity of a thriving town. His father owns nearly half the township, and they both declare that it is the very place for a young physician to establish himself. The prospect is flattering; but I cannot ask you, dearest Rosalie, to be mine upon the mere chance of success. And how can I leave you—you who have so much to sustain?"

"Go at once, my dear Henry," was Rosalie's prompt reply, "and do not let me have the additional burthen of feeling that I have marred your success in life. With God's blessing on our mutual exertions we will meet again, and believe me, our future life will be all the happier for having struggled through the clouds that now surround us."

Henry looked at her a moment in silence. "You are a noble creature, Rosalie, your courage is greater than mine. But I will take your advice, and trust to the future for my reward."

They parted. But Rosalie's heart sunk within her. She had been accustomed to look forward to his evening visits as her only source of happiness, and no wonder that her courage failed for a time when deprived of this happiness. But she felt that these feelings must not be indulged in. Her school was increasing in numbers, and she devoted herself to her scholars.

Much wonder was expressed by the gay world, at the firmness of character that the trials of life developed in a creature so delicately nurtured as Rosalie had been. Many were the daily mortifications she encountered. Capricious parents, requiring impossibilities to be effected for their children; and in others the purse proud arrogance that although lavish in display, deemed it not beneath them to try and beat down poor Rosalie's terms. Our heroine met the absurd requisitions of the capricious with a sweetness of temper that disarmed them, and the arrogance of wealth quailed before the dignity of her manner.

Five years of toil passed by. The school was now so large as to require a more spacious house. Mrs. De Courcy once more rejoiced in large rooms, and the luxury of a warm bath, which she had daily pined for, was again at her command. She could not but be sensible that it was entirely owing to Rosalie's exertions that she again enjoyed these comforts. Her health was very delicate, and she had not strength of mind sufficient to sustain the sacrifices that her loss of fortune had brought upon her. Her selfishness increased with her bodily weakness, and she had no compassion for anything but her own suffering.

But Rosalie's good-temper never failed. She devoted all her leisure hours to the invalid, and would listen to no remonstrance from her friends on the subject.

"Do I not owe her all and more than a child's affection?" was her indignant answer to one who ventured to hint at the utter selfishness Mrs. De Courcy displayed. "She gave me a mother's care and affection, and I would lay down my life in her service."

Her school flourished, and the best governesses and masters were now employed. Still her general superintendance was required, and her pale, grave, though still lovely face was ever welcome to her scholars.

Letters were frequently received from Henry. But they were not always cheerful. The first two years were spent in fruitless endeavors. But fortune ever smiles on those who are not daunted by trials; and "after the night the morning cometh." Mordaunt's skill gradually became known, and his spirits rose with the first gleam of sunshine. He went on steadily in his career, and patient after patient were added to his list. The town had now become a most flourishing one. It was situated on a navigable river, and not only the comforts, but many of the luxuries of the eastern cities were transported thither. The enterprize of its inhabitants showed itself in the steamboats that were seen passing to and from the busy wharf; and smiling faces, and open, happy countenances were proofs that prosperity was with them.

Two travellers were passing down the main street, accompanied by one of the inhabitants of the town.

"Whose house is that?" said one of them, pointing to a neat mansion of grey stone, around whose piazza flowering vines had been trained. "It is really the prettiest place your town can boast of."

"That is the residence of Dr. Mordaunt, a gentleman who formerly lived in your city. He has now gone East, and it is said intends bringing a bride back with him."

"I knew his father, but had lost sight of the son. Does he stand well here? His father was a most excellent man."

"He is the best physician we have in the place, and is very popular. There was some talk of sending him to Congress, but the doctor had sense enough to decline. He will make a fortune in time."

Henry had indeed left his Western home to claim Rosalie as his bride. He arrived in the city, and hastened to her residence. She was in great affliction. The grave had closed over Mrs. De Courcy, and Rosalie mourned for her with the truest affection.

Some months after Henry's return he stood before the altar, with Rosalie at his side. The solemn words were uttered, and they received the congratulations of the friends who had accompanied them to the church. They left at once for their Western home, accompanied by Mrs. Mordaunt. How happy that home was it is needless to say.

Two monuments bearing the names of Mr. and Mrs. De Courcy, attract the admiration of visitors to ——— Cemetery; and the tale of the orphan's gratitude is often repeated to strangers by those who knew and valued her.

TO THE RIVER CONNECTICUT.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

How long will thy murmur
With voices of Summer
Mingle as now?
While the green mossy shore
Bends like a shadow o'er
Thy shining brow!
Softly the fair sunlight
Over thy waters bright
Throws its white beam:
Meekly the sky above
Mirrors its eye of love
In the clear stream.

Through the long years ago
Hast thou been floating on,
Silent, serene,
With the same glance of light
Over thy wavelets bright—
Thy banks of green.
Sitting upon the shore,
Gazing thy waters o'er,
Musing and lone—
Canst thou not to my heart
Softly some tale impart
Of ages gone?

Ere the pale-face had come
From his far distant home,
Fearless and brave,
Or the fair blue-eyed girls
With their long waving curls,
Smiled o'er the wave;
Ere the proud father bore
To a lone stranger shore
Youth's unbent form,
That o'er the infant brow
Freedom's own breath might flow,
Joyous and warm;

Ere the fond mother gave
From the cold, cheerless wave,

One parting sigh,
For her fair girlhood's home,
Never again to roam
'Neath its blue sky;—
In the deep forest shade
Thy waters softly played,
With the pure light
Streaming with glance of love
Through wreathing boughs above,
Golden and bright.

Meek flowerets lulled to rest,
Rocked on thy heaving breast,
Closed thy blue eyes,
Dreaming all pleasant dreams,
Bathing in golden beams
From the fair skies.
And the dark Indian maid
Through the deep forest shade
Glided along,
Twining the blossoms fair
In her long flowing hair,
Trilling a song:

Over thy tiny waves of blue
Floated her frail canoe,
Graceful and light;
To the fair azure skies
Looked up her soft dark eyes,
Flashing and bright,
In the pure white-winged cloud,
In the Heaven's gloomy shroud,
Or the clear gem
Peeping with eye of love
'Mid the fair host above,
Night's diadem;—

In the meek wild flower's eye,
Or the wind's solemn sigh,
Wafting its breath—
In her deep, guileless heart

Where Love's own tones would start,
 Even till death;—
 Read the dear maiden there
 Of the Great Spirit's care,
 Saw she his face—
 Heard she his whisper low
 In the calm streamlet's flow,
 Blessing her race?

Ages with silent tread
 Onward their course have sped,
 Bearing the brave—
 Bearing the young and gay
 From thy fair shores away,
 To the lone grave.
 Long since the Indian maids
 Went from their forest shades,
 To a far home,
 No more with glances bright
 Over these waves of light
 Gaily to roam.

And the proud Chief—for him
 Grew the bright sun more dim—
 Life's beacon star—
 Palely he sank to sleep,
 Not one his fate to weep—
 Near, or afar.
 Now forms of light and grace,
 Now beauty's witching face,

Bend from thy shore:
 Tones musical and free
 Float in their mirth and glee,
 Thy waters o'er.

River—how long shall gleam
 'Neath the sun's golden beam,
 Thy waters fair?
 How long the flowerets stoop,
 And the pale lilies droop,
 In beauty here!
 Smile over the eyes that now
 Gaze on thy shining brow,
 Loveful and bright,
 Voices whose tones of mirth
 Tremble in music forth,
 Joyful and light—

Fair hands that twine the flowers
 Plucked from thy shady bowers,
 For love's warm breast—
 Feet that with tread of fawn
 At Summer's rosy dawn
 Thy turf have prest—
 All these shall pass away;
 Still will the sunlight play
 Warmly and bright;
 Still kiss thy wavelets stream,
 Smiling with silvery beam,
 And glance of light.

P L E A S U R E ' S Q U E E N .

BY FRANK LEE.

Why art thou here amid the gay,
 The wildest in the throng,
 Thine eyes as bright as night star's ray,
 Louder as speed the hours away
 Arise thy laugh and song.

Jewels are flashing o'er thy brow
 Like stars on a snowy cloud;
 A spell-touch'd group around thee now,
 Each whispering the glowing vow,
 He dare not breathe aloud.

There be many here to envy thee,
 Many a lady proud!
 There be fairy forms with long curls free,
 But none with thy grace and witchery
 Amid this mirthful crowd.

And yet amid this gleesome crowd
 Despite thy laughter's tone,
 Despite thine air and mien so proud,
 Despite thy song so gay and loud,
 Thy heart is sad and lone.

I knew thee in thine early hours,
 When life was not as now!
 Thou'rt mourning o'er its faded flow'rs,
 Thou'rt wand'ring in its trampled bowers
 Despite thy laughing brow.

And thou hast learned 'tis woman's lot
 To keep the love-faith long,
 To suffer grief, yet show it not,
 To love madly and be forgot,
 Yet hide thy bosom's wrong.

J U L I A .

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

LOVELY she is as a white moss-rose,
 That fresh in the dewy garden blows,
 Lovely and fair as a star-lit stream,
 Or the music heard in a happy dream.

Pure is her soul as the lakes so bright,
 That lie in the hills and kiss the light;
 In the lap of the hills so old and grand
 In the fastness-heart of her native land.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PRETTY Alice Carrington! how lovely she looked, as she sat and puzzled and pondered over the letter in her hand—alternately gazing out of the window, or beating time on the carpet with the tiniest of feet. A muslin morning dress of various light colors seemed just the thing to set off her pure skin of almost dazzling fairness; and it fitted admirably the faultless proportions of that sweet figure. Through the open window came the hum of youthful voices and peals of silvery laughter from the balcony below; for Ally Carrington sat in the large hotel of a gay watering-place, pondering over her dilemmas, and wondering if her puzzled ideas ever would arrange themselves in any definite form. Thus ran the letter:

"I have basked in the sunshine of your presence until, fairly dazzled by its rays, I could not lift my eyes to the happiness to which I have dared to aspire. When alone—free from that benumbing spell which seemed to chain my tongue, and paralyze every faculty—I have only remembered the sweet, angel-like nature that sympathizes ever with sorrow, and lost sight of that 'might and majesty of loveliness' that I have seen reprove, oh! so witheringly! the approaches of sin and guilt. Alice! 'twere folly to say that I love you: every glance has shown it—every word has breathed in broken numbers the one unending monotony, unceasing as the song of the ocean waves—every action has told the same old tale. Answer me, Alice, for I am weary with waiting—although willingly would I serve seven years for thee, my Rachel! and yet seven more. But let not these mild eyes gaze sternly back over the blotted record of the past—look to the future, Alice, and pardon, and *hope*."

Poor Ally! No wonder that she pondered; alone in the world, with no guardian or adviser but a married sister, she was seldom allowed to forget that she was the possessor, in her own right, of fifty thousand dollars—a sum magnified by rumor to at least three times the reality. Many had sought her for this golden charm, but Alice remained cold to their words of love; and suitors began to despair of ever sharing with her the wonderfully magnified fifty thousand.

People were somewhat afraid of her, too; notwithstanding that she had been brought up in the very atmosphere of fashion, by such a sister as the exclusive Mrs. Ravensham, Alice seemed

to walk among the gay triflers by whom she was surrounded with the cold purity of a vestal virgin—her snowy garments scarcely touching theirs as she passed. She was "the saint," and perhaps she rather liked to be thus looked up to and worshipped. In her the sweetest of natures was joined to firm religious principles; she had but little in common with the rest of the world—the gay world; and devoted to her poor, her church, and her prayer book, she seemed doomed, like many a lovely flower, to bloom her young life away unseen.

But lately there had been a change; the statue had smiled into life beneath the touch of that skilful sculptor, Love—and Alice came forth from her hermitage and mingled with the world. "Now," thought her sister, "she really will marry," and the match was all that could be desired. Handsome, intellectual and fascinating, Harvey Edwards seemed born to be a conqueror on any field that he chose to enter; and his known wealth and high position were with Mrs. Ravensham *sans reproche*.

Alas! for poor Alice; as people who have sharper eyes or finer smelling organs than their neighbors, are very apt to see and smell disagreeable things, so our young vestal began to make the discovery that her hero was not altogether a saint. Kind friends were particularly vigilant in opening her eyes to this unwelcome fact; and could she have believed all their statements, poor Harvey would have stood before her a monster of iniquity. They literally tore his character to threads; and when nothing more remained to be done, they employed themselves in tearing these threads into others still smaller.

No words of love had passed between them as yet; such a thing seemed almost as preposterous as it would seem to us Americans to be told that we were free. So that when Alice gave him cold words and colder looks, Harvey thought himself, at first, very ill-used; but after a while he grew more accustomed to it, and began to think it the natural consequence of her saintship. How could she, from the height of her immaculate goodness, look upon a poor sinner like himself with anything but contempt? If a stray ray of sunshine, in the shape of a smile, now and then played around him, he modestly thought it quite as much as he deserved, and humbly adored at the shrine of his patron deity.

With very little persuasion Alice had accompanied her to a gay watering-place, very much to her sister's surprise; and thither Harvey Edwards soon followed them. His feelings, however, could not always be restrained within just such a measure; and they had now boiled over into the letter that has so puzzled Alice. She sat there for a long time, finally, however, the little head gave an ominous shake, and she took out a gold pen and a dainty sheet of paper, and wrote a refusal as mildly as possible.

"I *dare* not marry you," she said, "I have not sufficient reliance on my own goodness to do it; and I can only pray that when you *do* marry, it will be one who, with greater strength of character, will love you as fondly as I do."

"Just as she had finished Mrs. Ravensham entered, leading a pretty child.

"I have brought Willie to see you," said she, as she glanced at her sister's burning cheek, "but I am afraid that we are both somewhat *de trop*."

"Oh, no," said Alice, faintly, "come in."

Mrs. Ravensham saw in a moment how matters stood.

"Now, Alice," said she, "there is no use in denying that you have had a proposal from Harvey Edwards—I only hope that you have not been foolish enough to refuse him?"

The silence that followed was answer enough.

"I do think," continued her sister, "that you are the most provoking girl! Here was family, fortune, intellect, appearance, everything! What more could you possibly want?"

"Goodness," said Alice, in a low tone.

"A saint, you mean," replied her sister, "and, let me tell you, *that* you will never find."

There was a silence for sometime, and then Mrs. Ravensham continued,

"I don't believe, Alice, that you ever will marry—you are entirely too fastidious."

"I hope," said Alice, smiling, "that you are not anxious to get rid of me."

To conceal her embarrassment she began to fondle Willie; but that unappreciating baby set up such a cry of distress that his mamma immediately bore him off to her own apartments.

Alice could plainly see that her sister was both disappointed and hurt; and very much disposed to consider herself miserable, she sat with her head bowed on her hands until tears slowly trickled through the slender fingers.

Miss Edwards, on entering her brother's room somewhat suddenly, found him in rather a deplorable condition. He was leaning on the table in a state of silent misery; and in the open letter beside him his sister recognized Alice's handwriting.

"Has that little witch then refused you?" she asked.

"Do not speak so, Kate," replied her brother, "I don't wonder at it, I'm sure."

"But *I* wonder at it," returned his sister, "I have no patience with people who set themselves up for saints, and frown at all who do not reach their standard of goodness! And for a Miss Alice Carrington to refuse Harvey Edwards is, let me tell you, a very impertinent thing."

"I am afraid, my dear sister," said her brother, with a sad kind of a smile, "that you will find a great many Peter Bells in the world who will see nothing more in me than a plain yellow primrose, in spite of your own flattering opinions."

"But what is the cause of her refusal?" continued his sister, "was there anything that she could possibly want which you have not?"

Her brother smiled as he told her to read the letter.

"*Dare* not marry you!" So then she considers you a sort of monster who wants taming, and she has not courage enough for the undertaking!"

"Don't fly in a passion, Kate," said Harvey, for his sister's eyes were flashing ominously, "Alice has probably heard of my former follies, and she is so pure and perfect that I can well imagine the horror with which she must regard one like me."

"But you have not touched a card in how long?" said his sister, "and you frequent no more clubs, and spend nearly every evening at home."

"Harvey," said Miss Edwards, after a short pause, "this girl really loves you, and if you are so foolish as to care anything about her you shall have her yet!"

"My dear Kate," said her brother, with an incredulous smile, "has Aladdin's old lamp been discovered among the kitchen rubbish? Or has the benevolent fairy taken another lease of life, and come to offer you three wishes? Don't you remember that, when we were both children, I wanted Mrs. Arming's India shawl for an awning to my boat, and you, perfectly unabashed, stepped up to that lady and requested the loan of it? Depend upon it, you will find this a much more difficult undertaking."

"Leave it all to me," said Kate; and with a knowing toss of the head, she went in search of Mrs. Ravensham.

Now there is so much in that peculiar way of saying "leave it all to me," that it inspires hope even when hope is gone. Harvey Edwards knew his sister's disposition of old, and he felt certain that she would do *something*.

Mrs. Ravensham was soon found; and being quite of the young lady's manner of thinking, the two soon came to an understanding. Here were a couple really attached to each other, and

actually rendered unhappy by Alice's absurd notions. It was concluded that an attempt to touch her feelings might possibly succeed; and under the auspices of Miss Edwards it was soon noised about in the house that some particularly magnificent tableaux were in preparation for the evening.

Then began a scene of preparation forthwith. Queens and princesses that were to be rushed through the house in a state of excitement, collecting all the jewelry that they could lay hands on for the royal crowns—flowers were in demand—and white dresses rose fifty per cent. But these festivities were confined entirely to the young people; and spinsters and dowagers resolved to criticise most unmercifully.

Alice was walking demurely through one of the shaded paths from the springs, her sun hat hanging to her arm by its blue ribbon strings, and her eyes bent pensively upon the ground, when a whole bevy of eager performers intercepted her walk.

"Oh, Alice!" exclaimed one of them, "you really must be an angel—there is not another in the house!"

"Be an angel?" repeated Alice, considerably perplexed.

"Yes," pursued her companion, "you are just the very one. We are to have some tableaux this evening, and the whole community have elected you for the character of an angel."

"I believe that you must excuse me," replied Alice, somewhat coldly, "I have no desire to mingle in these gayeties."

"Of course not," said one of the younger ones, in a disappointed tone, "Alice is always so proud that she spoils all our pleasure."

"Remember, Alice, that the heiress of fifty thousand dollars cannot always do as she pleases," whispered her sister in passing.

Alice reflected a moment, and then consented to do what was required of her.

"It is not much," said the one who had first spoken, "we will dress you, and all that you have to do is to stand where we place you, and look as we tell you."

"In other words, be a good child and do as I'm bid," said she, with a smile; but her mind was occupied with other things, and retiring to her own room, she gave scarcely a thought to the evening.

Eight o'clock was the time announced for the commencement of the wonders; and at that hour the drawing room was crowded with eager expectants on tip toe, who watched the curtain and declared that the time had long ago expired.

At length the thick screen, which every one recognized as a mammoth table-cover from the dining room, was drawn aside, and displayed the

beautiful scene from *Marmion* where Constance de Beverly is brought back to the convent to hear her doom. Over the curtain was written:

"——While on her doublet breast
She sought to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest."

The shrinking figure of Constance, as the monk lifts the page's cap from her head, and the rich curls fall over her shoulders, was so beautifully represented that peal after peal of applause resounded through the room, and visibly discomposed the performer—one of the youngest and prettiest debutantes in the house. The curtain went down, and the blaze of light was hid from view.

Next appeared a scene from *Pickwick*, which threw every one into convulsions of laughter; and then there seemed an almost endless pause.

When the curtain was again drawn aside every one was at first mute; and then followed whispers as to what it meant. "The Game of Life" was written over the curtain; and in the blaze of light they distinguished a small table, on one side of which sat an individual whose identity was at once recognized, but whose name is not usually mentioned to ears polite. Being represented by one of the greatest scamps in the house, the character was considered particularly appropriate. Opposite to him was seated Harvey Edwards, with care-worn face and anxious looks, about to commence the game of life.

Near by, surrounded by a perfect radiance from innumerable candles, stood "the good angel," with sweet, imploring face, and arms that seemed wooing him from that dark influence. No one had known that Alice Carrington was half so beautiful. A robe of gossamer white floated around her slight figure, and her lovely, light brown hair was falling down through the thin veil that seemed to envelope her like a mist. A pair of silver wings were fastened on either shoulder, and as those sweet eyes beamed tenderly upon the young gambler, she looked like some delicate creation of a poet's dream. Harvey Edwards was gazing intently upon her—apparently under the influence of that gentle spell; and the good angel seemed about to triumph.

The audience were in raptures; the performers neither moved nor breathed; and Alice Carrington's admirers felt their enthusiasm rekindled without once thinking of her fifty thousand dollars.

"I want you to take a part, to-night, Harvey," said Miss Edwards, to her brother.

"What part? that of the discarded suitor?" he asked, somewhat bitterly, "I have no heart for these things now, Kate—were Alice to act there might be some inducement."

"She will act," replied his sister, "and it is for that very reason that I wish you to join us."

In spite of his former assertion, Harvey now began to show signs of retreating, but his sister was firm; and it was entirely through her agency that the audience had the pleasure of seeing him about to play at stakes with the Evil One.

Alice was entirely dressed, silver wings and all, before she knew that she was to play the part of good angel to Harvey Edwards; but it was now too late to retreat, and as they had anticipated, the peculiar circumstances of the case brought an expression of softness and tenderness to her lovely face that was almost angelic. Harvey Edwards could have sat gazing upon her forever; but the scene had already been unusually long, and the curtain was now drawn over the performers.

A genuine outbreak of enthusiasm almost prevented them from seeing that the enchanted corner was again a blaze of light, and again the angel stood before them. But her beautiful head was drooped—her arms hanging beside her in a state of utter abandonment—and the silver of her wings seemed tarnished. The gambler no longer gazed toward her, but with eyes fixed upon the fatal cards, sat playing a desperate game with the prince of darkness—the stake his own soul. The expression of despairing sorrow on the sweet face of his good angel was unheeded; he played on, forgetful of her presence.

The last scene represented the good angel, with outstretched wings, just soaring away from the scene of despair; and in the last look upon the object of her care beamed forth a love and sorrow too great for mere stage acting.

Alice had been very much excited. It was the truthfulness of the positions they had assumed that brought forth all the finer points of her nature, and threw into the representation that life-like beauty which gave so much force to the coloring. She felt a tenderness toward Harvey Edwards that almost startled her; and frightened at the revealings of her own heart, she sought to quiet its tumultuous beatings in solitude.

Other tableaux followed; but none bore the

palm from "The Game of Life," and numerous were the inquiries for the missing angel, but she was not to be found.

In a far-off corner of the grounds, nearly concealed by the thick trees, among which her white dress gleamed like a web of light, sat Alice Carrington—her hand tightly clasped by one who had been bold enough to intrude himself upon her solitude. Yes, Harvey Edwards saw the advantage that he had gained, and determined to follow it up. Tenderly and respectfully he pleaded his cause, and the soft eyes of "the good angel" were not averted.

"Be my good angel through life, dear Alice!" he urged, "you alone can keep me from the temptings of my own heart—you alone are perfect."

"But you forget," said Alice, archly, "that the good angel has just failed—if I could not keep you from selling yourself to the Evil One, what success can I expect in less important things?"

"Ah, but that was only a story," he pleaded, "had it been reality, you know that I would have gone with you, dear Alice."

Alice shook her head doubtfully, but she did not withdraw her hand; and encouraged by this condescension, Harvey actually dared to kiss it. Even this caused no very violent explosion; and surprised and delighted to find his angel growing quite earthly, he declared his resolution of remaining upon his knees until she promised to take him under her surveillance for life. What could Alice do? She had refused him only that very morning, but there really seemed to be a fate in it; and so—she scarcely knew what she said, but the next moment the gentleman had left his knees, and seated himself beside her.

Mrs. Ravensham laughed at her—Kate Edwards laughed at her—and Alice drooped and blushed under their mischievous looks; but then Harvey would approach, and she forgot all about them.

People said that it was a good lesson for Harvey—showing him what would be the end of his career; however that might be, he was certainly an altered man, and Alice never had reason to regret "The Game of Life."

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

A PAINTER born, you see am I,
To limn the mouth, the nose, the eye,
It's your own portrait, sir, you see.
Had ever one such verity?

Daguerreotypists, hide your heads;
Artists, betake ye to your beds;
Ye profile-cutters, take to rout;
For none can "shine" when "I'm about."

THE SLIP-SHOD WIFE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

ONE evening, the fastidious Harry Wentworth, on coming home tired and depressed, found his wife in the tea-room, dressed in a soiled morning gown, and wearing a pair of slippers down at the heel. To increase his vexation, she was sitting in a rocking-chair, with one limb crossed over the other, reading a trashy novel.

"Why, Fanny," he exclaimed, in amazement, for they had been married only a few months, and hitherto he had thought her the pink of neatness.

"Well, what is it?" she answered, looking up. Then noticing the direction of his eyes, she assumed a more becoming position, and continued. "You don't like my dress, perhaps: but really I was too tired to change it."

"What have you been doing all day?"

"Oh! reading this." She colored as she held up the book, and added, "and then it has been so warm."

Now her husband had been hard at work, all through the sultry August day, and had, as was usual with him when hurried, dined down town. Yet his attire was neat, and even his hair newly brushed; for he had gone to his chamber to do this before coming to the tea-room. It may be supposed, therefore, that he was annoyed at the slovenliness of his wife, the more so, as, on looking at the novel, he found it quite a worthless affair. He said nothing, however, except,

"At least change your slippers, my dear. You don't know how I dislike to see a lady slip-shod."

"Do you! How odd," said his wife, with a silly laugh, stooping to pull up the heels of her shoes. "There, that will do, I guess. I really can't walk so far as the chamber, this hot afternoon. I wish you would ring the bell for tea, its just by you, and I want to finish this chapter."

Her husband sighed, but did as he was bid. The tea came up, and he took his seat, but the chapter was not yet concluded, and so he was compelled to wait. When, at last, Mrs. Wentworth came to the table, the tea was cold. The meal, under those circumstances, was a dull one, and the husband, after it was over, finding his wife absorbed in her book, lay down on the sofa and finally went to sleep.

Mrs. Wentworth had been the belle of the village before her marriage. Her sprightliness and beauty had been the theme of constant admiration. But these qualities would have

failed to have won Harry Wentworth's heart, if they had not been sustained by a most exquisite taste in dress. See Fanny when you would, she was always carefully attired. And as Wentworth was particularly fastidious on this point, he thought himself the happiest of men when Fanny, one bright summer evening, promised to be his.

But unfortunately the bride had no real habits of neatness, but only a love of admiration. It was vanity that had induced her, while single, to be careful of her dress; but now that she was married, she gradually gave way to her natural indolence. The first occasion on which she did this to any very glaring extent, was the evening on which our story opens; but it was soon followed up by other exhibitions of slovenliness.

"I do wish, Fanny, that you would dress more neatly," said Mr. Wentworth, in a vexed voice, some months later still. "Night after night I come home and find you in that atrocious wrapper."

"You used to think me pretty enough in any dress," said Mrs. Wentworth, testily.

"But I never saw you in one like that"

"To be sure not." And she laughed ironically. "I always dressed for company, and I do now."

What could Mr. Wentworth say? If his wife did not think it so necessary to be neat in his presence, did not consider him as worthy of pleasing as the comparative strangers whom she called company, it was useless to argue with her. So, after tea, the slip-shod heels still annoying him, with a perceptible hole in the stocking to increase that annoyance, he moodily took his hat and left the house.

At first he walked up and down the street, but, at last, fatigued with this, stepped into a fashionable reading-room and drinking-saloon. Here he met several acquaintances, and gradually falling into conversation, the evening passed rapidly away.

When he went home Mrs. Wentworth, looking very sleepy, and a little out of humor, accosted him with,

"Where in the world have you been? I finished my novel an hour ago, and have had nobody to talk to ever since. I am moped to death. There was a time," she added, poutingly, "when nothing in the world could have induced you to spend an evening away from me."

Her husband was on the point of replying, in a similar upbraiding style, but he recollected that he had expostulated too often and too vainly, and so he said nothing.

It was a week before Wentworth spent another evening out. He tried sincerely to stay at home, but his annoyance at his wife's slovenliness was too great, and, at last, he left her again to her novel and her slipshod heels.

Mr. Wentworth has now become a confirmed visitor of the reading-room, in connection with which a sort of club has been established, the members of which are chiefly married men: and if the full truth was known, it would appear, we believe, that most, if not all, have wives resembling Mrs. Wentworth. Sometimes there is an undue quantity of brandy drunk at these meetings, so that some members, and Mr. Wentworth among them, have been understood to have gone home inebriated.

It was on one of these occasions that an inti-

mate friend ventured to expostulate with Mr. Wentworth on his habits.

"It is easy for you to talk," was the bitter reply, "about the felicity of a man's fireside. Your home, I have no question, is a refuge for you, when you seek it, tired and dispirited, at night; for you have a wife, neatly dressed to receive you, a cleanly apartment to sit in, and cheerful conversation. But when I go home, it is to find my wife slipshod, the room unswept, and the children dirty. Were I to stay at home, what comfort could I find? No, the club-room is far pleasanter, and there I will go. If Mrs. Wentworth don't like it, she has no one to blame but herself."

Mrs. Wentworth does not like it, but complains loudly, at what she calls her husband's cruel neglect.

We leave it to the reader, who has heard both sides of the story, to pronounce who is most to blame.

SUNSET.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

How softly melts the day!
All is unchanged: each season rolls the same
As when for us the long-loved Summer came—
And quiet eve died slow as, hushed, we lay
And watched the slanting sun stream down along
The golden bay!

Then fell no midnight haze
To follow on the track of love's bright noon,
But one harmonious rounding of the moon!—
Then, lost were we alone in thought's sweet maze:—
Thou'rt fled!—and now my lonely foot finds out the
shaded ways.

New suns shall rise;—but thou—
When shall thy coming bring my day-spring back?
I stretch mine eyes like one upon the rack.

Life had a glorious Eastward once;—and now
To freeze beneath God's sunshine—for the ice is on
thy brow!

Death's touch hath frozen all!
Where once was Summer, now is Winter hoar.
We two shall take sweet counsel never more!
No more, like birds, the winged hours hear our call,
Dropping to earth from Heaven's cope, with a low
music fall.

My soul claves to the West;—
Beautiful sepulchre of lingering light,
Land of the dying beam and new-born night!
There, where fond dews may weep upon thy breast,
There, too, would I lie softly down where suns shall
take their rest.

THE IRIS.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

I BRING a message, reject it not,
Though it come from a simple flow'r,
'Tis one of love, may it ne'er be forgot
In thy happy or gloomiest hour.

As my golden cup receiveth the dew,
Yet shrinks from the heaviest show'r,

So may'st thou turn from the glitter of earth,
And wisdom receive from a flow'r.

Though my leaves are bright, I'm a fragile thing,
That must droop and die in an hour;
Thou too art of earth, then forget not Him
Who made both thee and the flow'r.

THE SONG OF ANTONIA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMAN.

BY C. S. MOWBRAY.

ONE evening the members of the joyous club of Serapion had met at an early hour at Theodore's. The winter's wind, blowing in long flaws, lashed with snow the windows as they shook in their leaden sashes. A large brasier shone from under the old chimney, its warm light playing with a thousand varying reflections over the dark tints of the furniture, whose antique appearance strongly contrasted with the lively gaiety of the inmates of the apartment. Soon the pipes were smoking. The seats were drawn up, in order of seniority, around the table where simmered the bowl filled with friendly punch. The assembly was complete, no one was wanting at the call of the chairman; the cups were filled and circulated; the conversation commenced, the time flew; the punch and anecdotes were renewed; imagination by degrees become exalted, and excitement gained its highest regions.

"Come now, my dear Theodore," cried suddenly one of these jovial fellows, "the conversation will soon flag if you do not gratify us with one of those stories which you relate so well; we want something odd and affecting, something fantastic and anti-narcotic."

"Let us drink!" said Theodore; "and I am at your service. I will, if it pleases you, relate a singular anecdote of the life of the Counsellor Krespel. This worthy person was indeed the most extraordinary man that I have ever met. When I arrived at the University of H—, to attend the course of philosophy, the whole town was busying itself with the counsellor, and they related of him most surprising particulars—M. Krespel, at this time, enjoyed the most distinguished reputation as a learned jurist and an experienced diplomatist. A petty German prince, whose pride was greater than his domains, invited him to his court, to entrust to him the drawing up of a memorial, intended to justify his rights to a certain territory, adjoining his principality, which he expected to reclaim before the imperial court. The issue of this affair was so satisfactory, that, in the excess of his joy, the prince swore that he would grant to his favorite, in recompense for the famous memorial, the most exorbitant wish that it might please him to demand. The honest Krespel, who had been complaining all his life, of not being able to find a

house to his taste, concluded that he would now construct one to suit his fancy at the cost of the prince. The grateful sovereign even proposed to purchase whatever land the counsellor might choose to select; but he contented himself with a little garden, which he already possessed in a picturesque situation near the town. He immediately set to work obtaining and bringing together all the materials for his future residence; and was seen, every day, attired in a most strange costume, which he had himself fabricated, mixing lime, sifting sand, and arranging stones in heaps.

"All these preparations were achieved without consulting any architect, and apparently without any plan. One fine morning, our friend came to the town of H—, and engaged a skilful master mason; he begged him to conduct, on the next morning, to his garden, the number of workmen necessary to complete his house. The mason, who, naturally enough, wished to discuss the price and plan of the undertaking, was quite astounded when Krespel gravely assured him that such a precaution was altogether useless, as he would himself arrange everything without dispute or trouble. Early the next day, when the master mason arrived at the appointed place with his laborer's, he found a trench already traced out in the form of a square. Krespel said to him:—'It is here that I wish you to dig the foundation of my house; after that, you can raise the four walls of the enclosure until I think them high enough.' 'Without windows or doors, and without partitions? what do you mean?' cried the mason, staring at Krespel, as if he were a madman. 'Do as I bid you, my good fellow,' coolly replied the counsellor, 'everything will come in its turn.'

"Only the certainty of being paid generously decided the master to undertake this construction, which appeared to him to be absurd. The workmen gaily set to work, cracking jokes with each other on the proprietor; they worked night and day, drinking and eating well at the cost of the counsellor, who never left them. The four walls mounted—mounted all the time; until one morning Krespel cried:—'It is enough!' Immediately the workmen stopped, like so many automats, and quitting their scaffoldings, came to

arrange themselves in a circle around Krespel; and with a roguish air each one seemed to say to him:—"Master, what are we to do next?" "Make room, make room," cried the counsellor, after two minutes reflection, and running to the end of the garden, he returned directly at a slow pace toward his walled square, then shaking his head in a discontented manner, he continued this pantomime on each side of the enclosure; until at last, as if struck with a sudden idea, he rushed headforemost against a portion of the wall, crying with all his might:—"Here, here, my fine fellows, take pickaxes and break me a door!" He marked with charcoal, at the same time, the exact dimensions of the entrance which he called for. It was done in an instant. Then entering the enclosure, he laughed and grimaced, as if delighted with his work, when the mason observed to him, that the four walls were of the right height for a two story house. Krespel marched around the space within, followed by the masons carrying hammers and pickaxes; he measured, calculated, ordered one by one; "here a window, six feet high, four wide; there a lesser opening, three feet high, two wide!" And the workmen followed his orders.

"Now, my friends, it was during the progress of this singular work, of which everybody talked, that I arrived at H—, and indeed nothing could be more amusing than to see the crowd of idlers, their noses flattened against the palings of M. Krespel's garden, uttering hurrahs, every time that a stone fell under the pickaxe, every time that a new window burst forth from the wall as if by enchantment. All the work on this much noised mansion was executed in the same manner, without any previous plan, all according to the spontaneous inspirations of M. Krespel's brain. The piquant originality of this enterprise, the persuasion that it would yet succeed beyond all their hopes, and above everything else the generosity of the counsellor, so stimulated the zeal of the workmen, that, thanks to their activity, the house was soon finished. Externally it presented the most odd irregularity that it is possible to imagine; for not one window resembled another, each detail was different; but examined from within, it was really a most comfortable dwelling; as I myself agreed when, after a short acquaintance, M. Krespel did me the honor to exhibit it.

"He crowned his work by a feast, to which alone were invited the masons, their companions and apprentices who carried out his plans. This superb entertainment must have offered a most original scene. The most *recherche* viands were devoured by mouths little calculated to appreciate such delicacies; and after the supper, the wives and daughters of these good people formed

a ball; at which Krespel, as he was not able to dance in person, his limbs beginning to fail him, armed himself with a violin and kept his guests capering until daybreak.

"The Tuesday following, I met M. Krespel at the house of Professor M—. Nothing could be more strange than the figure which he that evening presented. Each of his movements was impressed with such an abrupt awkwardness, that I trembled every moment, expecting to see him cause some accident; but they were doubtless accustomed to his whims; for the lady of the house did not seem in the least frightened at seeing him, so often toss himself about near the stand covered with porcelain, so often play with his legs opposite the pier-glass, or draw his long sleeve ruffles through the glass drops as he turned the candlesticks one after the other. At supper, the scene changed. From being odd, Krespel became loquacious; he rambled without ceasing from one idea to another, he spoke of everything with volubility, in a voice by turns, shrill or hoarse, quick or drawing. We conversed on music and a fashionable composer. Krespel laughed and muttered:—"I wish that a hundred thousand devils would carry those wretched notes to the bottom of hell!" Then he cried suddenly in a voice of thunder, 'it is a seraph in harmony! it is the genius of song!' And whilst saying this his eyes watered with furtive tears. It was necessary for one not to believe him more crazy than absent, to remember that, but an hour before, he had been talking with enthusiasm of a celebrated singer.

"A hare being placed upon the table, Krespel carefully put aside the bones, and called for the feet, which the daughter of the professor, a charming child five years old, joyfully carried to him. The children of the house appeared to have a great affection for the counsellor; and I was not long in learning the reason, for, after supper, I saw Krespel draw from his pocket a case containing a steel turning box, with which he commenced turning from the bones of the hare, a crowd of lilliputian playthings, which his little friends, ranged in a circle a few steps from him, divided with cries of pleasure.

"All at once the niece of Professor M— be-thought herself to say, 'what has become, dear Mr. Krespel, of our good Antonia?' The counsellor made a grimace like a gourmand who bites a sour orange; his countenance darkened, and his expression became very disagreeable as he replied between his teeth, 'our—our good Antonia!' The professor, who perceived the effect which this unlucky question had produced, cast upon his niece a reproachful look, and, as if to divert the bad humor of Krespel, 'how are your violins?' said he, taking in a friendly manner the

hand of his guest. Krespel immediately began to laugh:—"They sound better, dear professor, I have commenced taking to pieces the celebrated violin of Amati, which a lucky chance has thrown into my way; I hope that Antonia will have done the rest." "Antonia is an excellent girl," replied the professor. "Yes, certainly, she is an angel!" cried Krespel, sighing, and seizing quickly his hat and cane, he went out precipitately as if in trouble. Quite interested by this strangeness, I questioned the professor on the history of the counsellor.

"Ah!" said he to me, "he is a very singular man, and constructs violins as skilfully as he draws up memorials; when he finishes one of these instruments, he tries it for an hour or two, and it is delicious music to hear; then he hangs it up on the wall beside the others, and never touches it again. If he can procure the violin of a celebrated master, he buys it, plays upon it a single tune, takes it apart piece by piece, and throws the fragments into a great chest which is already full." "But who is this Antonia?" demanded I, impatiently. "It is a mystery!" gravely replied the professor. "The counsellor lived, some years ago, in a secluded house in ——— street, with an old housekeeper. The oddity of his manners excited the curiosity of the neighbors. He made some acquaintances, and occasionally showed himself at their soirees. He was so amiable that all loved him; they believed him to be a bachelor, as he never spoke of his family. After a while, he was absent for several months. In the evening of the day on which he returned home, it was remarked that his house was lighted up; presently an enchanting female voice mingled its sweet notes with those of a harpsichord which accompanied a violin powerfully animated under the bow. The passers by stopped in the street, and the neighbors listened from their windows in a silence full of charms. Toward midnight the singing ceased, the voice of the counsellor was heard harsh and menacing; the voice of another man seemed to be reproaching him, and from time to time the plaints of a young girl interrupted the discussion. Suddenly a piercing cry from the young girl terminated this crisis, then a noise, as if people were scuffling, was heard upon the staircase. A young man rushed weeping from the house, threw himself into a post-chaise which waited a few paces off, and all remained in a dead silence.

"Everybody sought the secret of this drama. On the morrow Krespel appeared calm and serious as usual; no one dared question him. But the old housekeeper could not resist the temptation of telling all those who wished to hear, that the counsellor had brought home with him a young girl whom he called Antonia; that a young man

desperately in love with her had followed them, and that nothing but the rage of the counsellor had driven him from the house. As to his relationship to Antonia, it was a secret to which the good woman possessed no clue. Only, she declared, that Master Krespel secluded her most shamefully, never let her quit his sight, or even to sing or amuse herself by accompaniment to the harpsichord. Thus the song of Antonia, which was heard but a single time, became the marvelous legend of the place; and to this day no singer can gain applause in our town—"there is no one," say they, "who can sing like Antonia!"

"All that the professor had told me, made so strong an impression on my mind—that I dreamt of it every night—I became foolishly in love, and thought of nothing else but the means of introducing myself, cost what it might, into the house of Krespel—to see the mysterious Antonia—to swear to her eternal love, and to protect her from her tyrant. Unfortunately for my romance, things took a very pacific turn; for I had scarcely met the counsellor two or three times and flattered his mania of talking on violins, when he himself, with great simplicity, begged me to visit him at his house. God knows how I felt then, I thought that heaven itself was opened to me. M. Krespel made me examine in detail all his violins, and certainly he had more than thirty! without introducing me to any one—one of them, of a very old structure, was suspended above the others, and adorned with a crown of flowers. Krespel informed me that it was the *chef d'œuvre* of an unknown master; and that the sounds which were drawn from it exercised an irresistible magnetism over the senses, the influence of which forced the sleeper to reveal all the secrets of his thoughts. 'I never had the courage,' said he to me, 'to disturb this instrument to study its structure. It seems to me as if there was in it a life of which I would be the murderer; I rarely play upon it, and only for my Antonia, who experiences whilst listening to it the most sweet sensations.' At the name of Antonia I started:—"My dear counsellor," said I to him, with the most insinuating accent, 'will you not do me the favor to play upon it before me for a single instant?' Krespel, with an ironic air and nasal voice, replied, emphasizing each syllable, 'no, my good Mr. Student.' His tone disconcerted me, I said nothing, and Krespel went on showing me the curiosities of his cabinet.

"Before we parted, he took from a drawer a folded paper which he handed to me, saying very gravely, 'young man, you love the arts, accept this as a precious souvenir.' Then without waiting for an answer, he gently pushed me from the door and shut it in my face. I opened the paper; it contained a small portion of a *quinte*, about an eighth of an inch long, with this

inscription:—‘A fragment of the *quinte* by which the divine Stamitz arranged his violin, when he performed at his last concert.’ Notwithstanding the odd leave with which the counsellor gratified me, I could not resist the desire of again calling upon him; and it was well that I did so, for on my second visit I found Antonia with him, occupied in arranging the pieces of a violin which he was taking apart. She was a young girl, extremely pale, a breath would cause her to blush, and the next instant she would become as white and cold as alabaster. I was astonished at finding in Krespel, this day, a kindness and cordiality very different from the jealous tyranny of which the professor had spoken. I talked freely before him, with Antonia, without his appearing in the least to mind it; my visits were followed up and were well received, a sweet and frank intimacy even became established between us, much to the surprise of the gossips, who did not fail to make it the town talk. The eccentricities of Krespel amused me often enough; but I avow that Antonia alone was the attraction which drew me to his house, and which made me endure that in his character which often appeared too pettish and whimsical. Every time that I led the conversation to the subject of music he seemed irritated as a tormented cat; but, in spite of himself, he always gave way, and lent me an attentive ear.

‘One evening I found him in a gay humor; he had taken to pieces an old Cremona violin, and discovered an important secret in the art. Profiting by his lively satisfaction, I began this time to talk on music; we criticised the pretensions of a crowd of *virtuoso*’s, whom the world admired. Krespel laughed at my sallies; Antonia fixed upon me her large eyes. ‘Do you not,’ said I to her, ‘either in song or accompaniment, do you not imitate the example of our pretended vanquishers of difficulties?’ The pale cheeks of the young girl lighted up with a sweet scarlet; and as if something electric had run through her frame, she threw herself before the harpsichord, opened the lids, and was about to sing—when Krespel, drawing her back, and at the same time pushing me by the shoulders, cried in a shrill tone—‘hold! hold! hold!’ Then renewing all at once his ceremonious manners of a former day, he added, ‘I am indeed too polite, dear Mr. Student, to pray the devil to strangle you, and I do not wish to throw you down the staircase. So then do me the favor to return home, and keep a good remembrance of your old friend, if—do you understand me?—by chance you should not find him again home.’ With these words, he seized me as at the former time and showed me out, without my being able to address Antonia by more than a sad and lingering look. The Professor M—— did not cease to laugh at me,

and to repeat that I was forever rased from the tablets of the counsellor. I left H—— with a wounded heart; but little by little, distance and absence softened my disappointment; the image of Antonia; the memory of that celestial song which it was not permitted me to hear, became dimmed, and insensibly veiled themselves in a mysterious sleep in the depths of my thoughts.

‘About two years later I was travelling through Germany. The town of H—— lay in my route; by degrees as I approached it, a sensation of anguish oppressed my breast; it was evening; the spires of the churches began to appear in the horizon amid the azure dusk which precedes the coming night; all at once my breath failed me; I was obliged to descend from the carriage and finish my journey on foot. From time to time this sensation became still more strange; I thought I heard in the air the modulations of a sweet and fantastic song; directly I discerned voices singing a hymn. ‘What is that? what is that?’ cried I, in bewildered accents, which startled a passer by. ‘Do you not see?’ said the man, ‘the cemetery at your left, it is a burial which they are about finishing.’ As he spoke, a turn in the road overlooked the cemetery, and I beheld them filling up a grave. My heart sank within me; it seemed to me as if they were closing up in that tomb the whole of a life of happiness and hope. A little distance from the town I met Professor M—— leaning on the arm of his niece; they were returning from this mournful ceremony, and passed by without recognizing me. The young girl was weeping.

‘I could not restrain the impatience which devoured me. Instead of entering the town, I sent my valet with the baggage to a *hotellerie*, then I hastened out of breath toward the little mansion of Krespel. On opening the garden gate I saw, under the walk of linden trees, the counsellor supported by two persons clothed in mourning, between whom he tottered like a man overwhelmed with grief. He wore his old grey coat which he had himself fashioned after so odd a pattern; there was no change in his appearance except the long crape which hung from his little three cornered hat. He had buckled around his waist a black belt, from which was suspended a violin bow instead of a sword. I shuddered at this sight. ‘He is mad,’ said I to myself.’ The men who accompanied him stopped at the door of the house. Krespel took leave of them in a troubled voice, then, as they retired, his glance fell upon me. ‘You are welcome, Mr. Student; do you understand me?’ And taking me by the hand, he conducted me to the cabinet where his violins were arranged. A piece of black crape covered them; but the violin of the unknown master was not there, a wreath of cypress

marked its place—I comprehended all. ‘Antonia! Antonia!’ cried I, wildly. Krespel stood before me, his eyes fixed and his arms crossed.

“‘When she expired,’ said he to me, with a voice which in vain endeavored to suppress his emotion, ‘the soul of the violin departed, and in leaving uttered a doleful sound, the table of harmony split with a groan. The old instrument which she loved so well could not survive her; I have enclosed it near her, in her bier.’ As he finished these words, the counsellor suddenly changed his expression; he began to chant in a hollow and cracked voice a buffo song; and it was frightful to see him leaping on one foot all around the chamber, whilst the crape floating from his hat shook all the violins as he passed, and even brushed my face. I could not restrain a piercing cry; he stopped immediately. ‘Stop, stop! why do you scream? Have you seen the angel of death? He always precedes the ceremony.’ Then coming to the middle of the room, and raising with both hands above his head the bow which he carried at his side, he broke it violently and throwing the fragments far from him. ‘Ah!’ cried he, ‘now I am free, free, free! I will make no more violins! no more violins!’ The unhappy Krespel howled these words in an unearthly cadence, and recommenced his course hopping round the apartment. Frozen with fright, I endeavored to fly; he stopped me with an eager arm. ‘Stay, Mr. Student, do not take my convulsions for madness; all this is inflicted on me, because that, some days ago, I had cut out a *robe de chambre*, in which I wished to resemble Fate, or the Deity!’ The unfortunate man then uttered a crowd of extravagancies, until at last, worn out by his excitement, he fell almost dead. His old housekeeper hastened at my cries; I left him in her arms.

“When I saw the Professor M——, I declared to him that the Counsellor Krespel had become a maniac. ‘I hope the contrary,’ replied he. ‘The fermentation of his feelings, which would destroy the mind of another man, will expend itself by action in our poor friend. His disordered agitation, by wearing out the excitement of his nervous system, will save him—the sudden death of Antonia has overcome him. But let one day pass, and, take my word for it, he will renew of his own accord his old habits, and his every day life.’ The prediction of the professor was realized. On the morrow Krespel was very calm, he repeated only that he would make no more violins, and that he would never again touch one in his life.

“All this did not satisfy me as to the connection which existed between Antonia and the Counsellor Krespel. The more I thought of it, the more, I know not what, instinct told me,

without ceasing, that there was between the two some mysterious secret. Antonia always appeared to my reveries in the light of a victim. I could not leave H—— without obtaining an explanation, which might perhaps reveal some fearful crime. I became more and more excited from time to time. At last I rushed like a thunderbolt into the cabinet of the counsellor. I found him calm and smiling as usual, he was seated near a little table turning tags for children. ‘Wretched man!’ cried I, ‘how can you enjoy a single moment of peace—when your conscience should gnaw your heart like a serpent?’ The counsellor regarded me with astonishment, and laying down his tools. ‘What is that you say? my dear sir, have the goodness to be seated.’ This sang froid irritated me the more, and I loudly accused him of the murder of Antonia, swearing that in my quality of an advocate, I would use all the means in my power to provoke a judicial inquiry on the causes of this misfortune. The counsellor listened all the while very tranquilly, when I finished:—‘Young blunderer!’ said he to me, in a voice whose solemn gravity confounded me. ‘Young man, what right have you to penetrate the secrets of a life to which you have always been a stranger? Antonia is no more!—what matters the rest?’ There was in the calmness of the man something profoundly sad—I felt that I had acted insanely. I implored his pardon, begging him to relate to me some details of the angel whom I deplored. He then took me by the hand, and leading me to the balcony which overlooked his garden, confided to me a history, of which my memory only retains that which related to Antonia.

“The Counsellor Krespel had, in his youth, a passion for acquiring at any price the violins of old masters. His researches led him into Italy, to Venice, where he heard, at the theatre of San Benedetto, the famous singer Angela ——. Her ravishing beauty made no less impression than her talent as a *virtuoso* on the heart of the counsellor. A secret marriage united them, but the beautiful songstress, an angel in the theatre, was the very devil in the household; Krespel, after a thousand and one stormy scenes, resolved to take refuge in the country, where he consoled himself as well as he could with an excellent Cremona violin. But the signora, jealous as are all Italians, came pitilessly to disturb him in his retreat. One day, she entered the saloon, where Krespel was improvising in a world of music. She placed her pretty head on the shoulder of her husband and regarded him with eyes full of love. The counsellor, lost in the regions of ideality, twirled his bow with so much ardor, that he grazed, without intending it, the satin neck of Angela. She sprang up furiously—‘*besta tedesca!*’ cried she,

and seizing in her rage the Cremona violin, she broke it in a thousand pieces on the marble table. The counsellor stood for a moment petrified, then with one of those nervous movements which cannot be described, he threw the beautiful cantatrice out of the window of her own house and fled to Germany. But, on the road, when he considered the strangeness of these events; for he had not acted with the least premeditation; he experienced the most bitter regret, as he remembered that the signora had indulged him in the sweet hope of becoming a father. Imagine then his surprise, when eight months afterward, he received, in the middle of Germany, a most tender letter, in which his dear wife, without alluding in any manner to the accident of the villa, announced to him the birth of a daughter, and begged him to return immediately to Venice. Krespel, fearing some plot, took pains to obtain information; he learnt that the beautiful Italian had fallen on a soft bed of flowers which preserved her from injury; and that the only result from the plight which this nightingale had taken from the window, was a happy change of character. The signora had no more caprices, no more storms, the conjugal remedy had done marvels. The good counsellor was so touched by this news that he at once ordered the horses to his carriage. But hardly was he in the carriage, when he began to consider:—'The devil!' said he to himself, 'if the lady is not radically cured, will it be necessary to throw her again from the window?' This question was difficult to resolve. Krespel turned back, wrote to his dear spouse a long letter, in which he congratulated her that his daughter had, like her, a mole behind her ear; then—he remained in Germany. Protestations of love, projects for the future, complaints, touching prayers flew, like turtle doves, from Venice to H—. At last Angela came to Germany and displayed to admiration her fine voice in the grand theatre of F—. Although she was not very young, she inflamed all, made some happy, and an infinity of victims. However, the little daughter of Krespel grew up, they called her Antonia, and her mother foresaw in her a singer of her own talents. Krespel, knowing that his wife was so near him, burned with eagerness to embrace his daughter; but the fear of the temper of the signora restrained him, and he remained at home amongst his violins—who never disturbed him. At this time, a young musician of great promise, became a suitor of Antonia's; Krespel was consulted, he was delighted that his daughter should espouse an artist who had no rival on the violin; and awaited from day to day the news of the marriage; when a letter, sealed in black and by a strange hand, came to apprise him that Angela had died with a

pleurisy, the evening before the intended nuptials of her daughter; the last prayer of the cantatrice was to beseech Krespel to come and seek the orphan:—he set out without losing a moment.

"The young betrothed, who had not quitted Antonia at a period so mournful, was present at the arrival of her father. In the evening, when they were together, as Krespel was thinking of the deceased, Antonia placed herself at the harpsichord and sung a melancholy air; they who heard it, say that the soul of the mother trembled in her voice. Krespel could not restrain himself; the sobs choked his utterance; he rose, took the young girl in his arms and embracing her tenderly:—'Oh!' cried he, 'if you love me, sing no more! It will break my heart!' Antonia regarded her father with a long look, and in that look there was that which made him fear that his dream of happiness was about to vanish. Her black locks waved, in ebon curls over her snowy shoulders; her slender figure inclined toward him like a lily which is about to break; Krespel wept at seeing her so beautiful; for a fatal instinct revealed to him the future. Antonia became more pale, and in her countenance the counsellor detected a sign of death. He contemplated with terror this germ which every hour might develop.

"'No, no, my friend!' said, a little while afterward, the counsellor to Dr. R—, a celebrated physician, 'no, these spots of bright scarlet which color, when she sings, her cheeks, are not from animation! No, it is that which I fear!' 'Ah, then!' replied the doctor, 'I can no longer conceal my own uneasiness; whether it is that the young girl has made premature efforts in singing, or that nature has left some organic defect in a work so beautiful, I fear that the sonorous depth of her voice, which surpasses the faculties of her age, is an indication of danger, and I cannot promise her more than six months to live if you permit her to sing.'

"The counsellor stared at this warning, it seemed to him as if he saw a beautiful shrub, just blooming with its first flowers, which a pitiless hand was about to cut down at the very root. His resolution was instant. He opened to Antonia the two routes for the future, the one leading by marriage to the seductive life of the artist, which would in a few days plunge her into the abyss of the tomb; the other would preserve to her old father the life of a cherished child, his only joy, his last hope. Antonia comprehended the sacrifice which her father implored of her. She threw herself into his arms without a word. Krespel dismissed her betrothed, and two days after he arrived at H—, with his daughter, his treasure. But the young man could not thus renounce the felicity which had been promised to him. He set out on the track of Krespel and

overtook him at the door of his house. The counsellor repulsed him harshly. 'Oh!' cried the poor Antonia, 'let me see him, let me hear him once more, and I am ready to die!' 'Die! die!' repeated the counsellor, wildly; 'to see thee die! oh, my child, you are the only thing which attaches me to the world! Ah, well! let it be as you wish; and if you die, do not curse your unhappy father!'

"The sacrifice was decided upon. The young musician took his place at the harpsichord. Antonia sung; Krespel took his violin and played, his eye fixed upon his daughter, until he saw the purple spots appear upon her pale cheeks. Then he violently interrupted the concert, and motioned to the musician to retire. Antonia, seeing him leave, uttered a heart-rending cry and fainted.

"'I thought for a moment,' said Krespel, on finishing this sad recital, 'that my poor child was dead. I seized the cursed *fance* by the shoulders—away,' cried I to him, 'away quickly! for my daughter is so pale, that I know not what hinders me from plunging a knife into your heart, to rekindle and color those cheeks with your blood!' I had, doubtless, in uttering these words, so terrible an aspect, that the wretched man threw himself like a madman down the stairs, and I have never seen him since.

"When the counsellor raised his daughter, she opened her eyes and closed them again almost immediately. The physician, who soon arrived, said that the accident, although severe, would probably leave no serious consequences. Some days afterward, she seemed even to have almost recovered. Her love for her father offered the most touching picture, she devoted herself, with the most admirable resignation, to his whims and caprices; she aided him with an angelic patience to take to pieces the old violins which he bought, and to construct new ones. 'No, my dear father,' she would often say to him, with a melancholy smile, 'I will sing no more, since its afflicts you; I wish only to live and breathe for you!' And Krespel, hearing her speak thus, felt happy.

"When he had made the purchase of the famous violin, which he enclosed in the tomb of Antonia, the young girl, seeing that he was about to take it to pieces, regarded it sadly:—'What! this one too?' said she. Krespel, at the same time, felt within him a feeling which induced him to spare and even to try this instrument. Hardly had he commenced, when his daughter cried, clapping her hands—'it is my voice, it is my voice! I sing again!' It was true; the pearly notes of the marvellous violin seemed to fall from heaven. Krespel was astonished, the bow, under his fingers, created prodigies. Often Antonia would say to him, with a sweet smile, 'father, I should like to sing.' And Krespel would take the violin, and each time he drew from it delicious variations.

"A few days before my second visit to H—, the counsellor fancied that he heard, during a calm night, the harpsichord sounding in the next chamber; he thought that he could hear the fingers of the betrothed of Antonia running rapidly over the ivory keys. He endeavored to rise, but a hand of iron seemed to chain him down. Then it seemed to him that the voice of his daughter was feebly murmuring, as if afar off; little by little the undulations become distinct, it was a fantastic *crescendo*, each vibration of which pierced his heart like an arrow. Suddenly a bluish flash crossed the darkness at the end of the chamber; he saw Antonia and her betrothed, who sustained her in his arms. Their lips were touching, and all the while the celestial song continued. Overcome by a supernatural terror, the Counsellor Krespel remained, until daybreak, in a state of undefinable anguish. A leaden torpor paralyzed his feelings.

"When the first rays of morning shone with rosy tints under the curtains of his couch, he rose as if from a painful dream, and hastened to the chamber of Antonia. She was extended on the sofa, her eyes closed, her hands clasped; a sweet but fixed smile curled her pale lips. She resembled the virgin angel asleep. Her soul had returned to God!"

HEART-ECHOES.

BY R. K. SMITH.

In life's bright morn, or mid-day hour,
When clouds of care a while depart,
Hath Nature's poesy a power
To rouse an echo in the heart.

Now breathes it low; now stronger swells—
As if the soul for freedom sighs:
It comes—that angel-tone—and tells
Where richer melodies arise.

What though the world, with sound of strife,
The spirit-spell shall harshly break,
And we to scenes of sadder life
From all our day-dreams thus awake;

That music's memories linger yet,
To soothe the throbbing pulse of pain—
To bid the heart its grief forget
Till Eden's tones the earth regain!

ALICE VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," & C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176.

ANOTHER year had passed over the Randolphs. How they had managed to live through it, sometimes amazed themselves on a retrospect.

Nothing, indeed, but the management of Alice had kept them from starving. She had sold her few jewels, one after another, and had economized the proceeds as if her heart's blood. Her husband had occasionally earned something, and once had succeeded in selling a picture.

Throughout those protracted months Alice, however, was the chief support of the family. Not directly perhaps, but indirectly, for her husband's earnings were still the greatest. But it was her cheerful spirit, which, by sustaining his drooping ones, led to his incessant efforts. He had now resumed the pencil, and was continually painting; "I may strike off something," he said, "which may find a purchaser, and will try at least. Yes! try while life lasts."

This cheerfulness of Alice did not come alone from a naturally happy disposition. It was more the fruit of her trust in God. Whenever she felt despondent she had recourse to prayer. She remembered that ravens had fed Elijah. She recalled the text:—"I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." And thus, fortified by the promises, and cheered by the presence of her Heavenly Father, she had a pleasant smile and an encouraging word even in the darkest hours of pecuniary distress.

There was a sad contrast between her and her husband in this respect. With all his noble and generous qualities Randolph had not "the one thing needful." Intellectually he admitted the truths of revelation. But still he was not a Christian. He trusted in himself, when he should have trusted in God; and hence, when beset by the Apollyon of poverty, his arm was weak, and his heart faint. Oh! there is nothing like faith in the hour of trouble. It is the chain, dropped down from heaven, to which we cling for safety, when otherwise the dark waters would go over us.

But Randolph's want of faith has been apparent from the first, or we have failed altogether to convey a true idea of him. It was the defect of his character.

"Oh! mamma," said Lily, one day, "let me hold brother a while. Do, dear mamma. I will take *such* care of him."

The little brother was not yet a year old. But Lily already was a most careful nurse. The greatest pleasure that could be bestowed on her was to be allowed to hold the infant.

"Well, if you will be very careful," said Alice, "you may hold him while I do a bit of ironing."

"Oh! thank you, dear mamma," joyfully cried Lily, clapping her hands with glee. "See, I am all ready."

She seated herself on the floor as she spoke, spread out her tiny lap, and with eager, expectant countenance waited till the babe was deposited in her arms. When she had received her brother, with what gravity she sang and talked to him, repeating her mother's pet phrases, till Alice, glancing aside occasionally to look at them, could not repress a smile.

"Now you mustn't do that, baby," said Lily, sagely, as the infant tried to pull at her dress. "Hush, hush, little dear," she continued, as the child, crossed in this purpose, began to fret. "You're not to cry, for that's naughty. Now be a good baby, and I'll sing you a pretty story."

With the words she began to sing a nursery rhyme, which she had caught by listening to her mother; and again Alice turned aside, and held her flat-iron poised for a moment, smiling happily. Ah! even in the bitterest poverty, a mother can be made happy by sights like these. Yet you, reader, perhaps, may smile at the whole thing as childish. God grant the day may never come when your desolate heart, recalling such scenes in memory, will yearn to give all you are worth to have the innocent little prattler back at your side!

Sometimes Lily and the infant would become quite boisterous together. But this was only when he lay in his mother's lap. When Lily held him herself, or even when she was deputed to amuse him as he sat tied in his chair, the responsibility of her office sobered her too much for this. But when, the day's work being over, or a pause happening in it, the infant lay awake, how Lily would play with him, holding some

bright object for him to catch, then laughingly snatching it away, now excitedly shaking and kissing him, and now running to hide herself from his sight behind mamma's back. How baby would crow at all this, evidently enjoying it quite as much as either Alice or Lily, if not more.

But often the noise would annoy Randolph. He would frequently return at night, worn down with care, and with his head aching as if it would part; and, at such times, the noisy merriment would seem almost as much as he could bear.

"Do be still," he said, pettishly, one night. "You want to kill me, don't you?"

With what a look of surprise Lily glanced up. Alice, too, gazed at her husband. But it was with tears shining through the mild reproof of her eyes. Randolph's heart smote him. Yet he could not bring himself, in his nervous, irritable mood, altogether to acknowledge this.

"You are so boisterous, Lily, sometimes," he said, with a sort of lame apology, his eyes falling beneath those of Alice, and turning to those of the child. "I can't bear it."

Poor Lily! Her long lashes were wetted on the instant. Her little heart felt almost breaking, and rose in her throat chokingly. For a moment she tried to conquer her emotion; but the effort was in vain; and rushing to her mother's side, she buried her face there, and burst into a passion of tears.

How Randolph's heart smote him, especially when Alice, with another glance of mild reproach, said, "oh! George, you shouldn't talk so, for she's such an affectionate little thing, and can't bear it:—what if she was to be taken from us!" How repentantly he took the dear child up, and soothed her with kind words and caresses. It was long before her sobs wholly ceased, however, though she tried hard to check them, when she saw that they pained her father. For Lily bore no anger, but kissed and caressed her parent, even while sobbing. Sweet angel! Verily of such are "the kingdom of heaven."

You see, reader, we extenuate nothing in describing Randolph. Yet, with all this, he was one of the noblest and best of men. But none are perfect, unless indeed through God's grace; and Randolph still walked, or tried to walk in the strength of his own nature.

At last winter came. For years there had not been one so severe. Even in November snow began to fall, and fell frequent and heavily until April. Who does not remember that terrible winter for the poor?

The Randolphs struggled bravely, but to no purpose, and had finally to begin disposing of their little stock of household furniture, piece by piece, in order to buy food and fuel. For the husband and father had not sold a picture for

months, and could get no other employment, though he tried daily. Every avenue to work was crowded, all through that pitiless season, by hundreds of hungry applicants, accustomed to manual labor, so that a person like Randolph had no chance whatever.

There were, it is true, benevolent institutions, which, if applied to, would have assisted the unfortunate family. But beggary is a resource the possibility of which men like Randolph never contemplate; for to them death appears more endurable, nay! better. The honest poor seek alms but rarely, and even accept them with shame. But a proud man, who has been rich formerly, thinks the grave preferable to receiving pauper's aid: and pride is the last weed that the trials, or even sorrows of life eradicate from human nature.

"George, dear," said Alice, one day. "Will you take this cameo and sell it?"

"Not that," said her husband, quickly. "Any thing else, Alice." For he knew it was a gift from her father, a few days before she left her early home, and that she valued it, on that account, above everything but her wedding ring.

"No, take it," she said, with composure. "I can do without it better than the children can without the bed; and one or the other must go, you know, for there is nothing else."

Randolph looked gloomily around the room. But one solitary chair was left. Not only every thing in the shape of ornament had disappeared, but the bureau, wash-stand, and even crib were there no longer. There was not a yard of carpet either left upon the floor. The stove, though the day was intensely cold, had just enough fuel in it to preserve the family from actually freezing; while all the coal they had was in the scuttle, and there was not sufficient to replenish the fire.

Randolph beheld all this. He noticed also that Lily was blue with cold, though her mother had wrapped her in her own shawl. A wild temptation came over him, like that suggested to Job, "to curse God and die." But, at that moment, his eye met the mild look of resignation and trust in Alice's. He felt conscience-struck, and silently taking the ring, departed.

Many similar scenes occurred during that winter. Piece by piece they parted with almost everything, Alice's street dress, Lily's bonnet, finally even the bed on which they slept. Nothing was left but the hard, coarse, straw mattress, on which the other had lain. None of them had more than a single change of garment now. Often Lily lay abed, while her mother, the delicately nurtured heiress, washed, in those cold, winter days, the clothes the little one had taken off.

But all this was borne by Alice with comparative resignation, until Randolph's health began

to fail. Eager to earn something he went out daily, even in the stormiest weather, and this though he had only one pair of boots, and those summer ones, now cracked and leaky. His feet consequently were always wet. A succession of violent colds, caught one after another, was the result.

At last his illness became so serious that prudence would have dictated his remaining altogether in the house; and, for a time, Alice insisted on his doing so. But when she noticed his restless anxiety, the result of being thus kept in-doors, she insisted on it no longer. While out, his mind being occupied, was prevented from preying upon itself; but at home he had nothing to divert his thoughts, and the low, nervous fever, which had seized on him, became worse.

Now was made evident the difference between the eloquent man and the trusting woman. Had there been peril to face, Alice would probably have shrunk back, in true feminine terror, while Randolph would have sprung forward, like a second Richard, to meet it half way. But when patience, and hope, and faith were the virtues demanded, oh! how immeasurably the man of intellect fell behind his wife. Ah! the world is not always right in according superiority to what are called the more masculine qualities. The Saviour was "meek and lowly of heart," "long suffering," and went uncomplaining "like a lamb to the slaughter." Can we be nobler than to imitate him?

Ye mild daughters from womanhood, who guide others by the silken bands of love, and seek no part in the stormier paths of life, to you is it given to represent on earth, as nearly as mortals can, the gentle divinity of Jesus of Nazareth. Let your more ambitious sisters aspire to take lead in public councils, to mingle in the noisy strife of the streets, and gradually thus imbibe the selfishness, heartlessness, and other characteristics of man. But keep ye your hands unsoiled, and your hearts untainted, preserving, in your innocent homes, a type of heaven on earth. Be ye meek and lowly of heart, and when reviled revile not again; so shall ye imitate the most glorious image of humanity that ever lived, and so, believe us, shall ye obtain and keep more influence than if ye paid back neglect with neglect, or scorn for scorn. The province of the heart is that of your sex. Your sceptre is the affections. If death has ever entered your household, you know that it is love alone which survives the grave. Will ye, therefore, surrender this glorious heritage of woman, this better part of the divinity within us, for the coarser attributes of man? Will ye give up your holier mission for one more showy, but less heavenly! *Lucifer fell through the intellect, but the world was redeemed by Love.*

"Dearest," said Alice, one day, as Randolph, after being racked for nearly an hour with a terrible cough, prepared, on its temporary cessation, to go out, "do remain at home, to-day. You are not near so well as usual, and it is storming slightly."

But Randolph shook his head.

"No, love, I must go."

"Surely there is no such pressing necessity. Wait at least till toward noon, by which time it may clear up."

"But, indeed, I must, and now. I did not intend to tell you, Alice," he said, "till I was certain of success; but yesterday I heard of a place where I can probably get some writing to do. It is to copy papers for a great lawyer. An old college acquaintance, whom I had not seen for years, stopped me yesterday in the street, and as I saw he seemed surprised at my dress, I could not, when he asked how I was getting along, deny my destitution. So he thought a moment, and told me of this place. He is leaving town, to-day, for he does not reside here, but he promised to speak to his friend, last night. For me not to be punctual, therefore, would not do. It might create a prejudice against me at once."

Alice, after this explanation, made no further opposition; and accordingly Randolph set forth.

It took some time for him to reach the office of the great lawyer. The streets were slippery with a drizzling rain that froze as it fell, and he was weaker than he had supposed.

He entered modestly. The glowing fire in the grate diffused such genial warmth throughout the room, that new vigor entered into his chilled limbs, even before he had closed the door behind him.

The great lawyer looked up. But seeing only an emaciated, care worn man dressed in a thread-bare suit, and whose hat and garments were wet with rain, he supposed naturally that a beggar stood before him.

"There's nothing here for you," he said, gruffly, resuming his reading.

Randolph's first feeling was to leave the room. But he remembered the little ones at home, and conquering his pride, he said,

"I came about the writing, sir."

The great lawyer looked up with a stare of surprise. But Randolph courageously continued, "The copying, sir, of which my friend, Mr. Mountjoy, spoke to you in my favor. I am thought to have a legible hand. Would you wish to see me write?"

The astonished stare of the great lawyer changed gradually to one of polite incredulity as Randolph spoke. When the latter had concluded, he said,

"That won't do here, so you'd better take yourself off. I never heard Mr. Mountjoy speak of you—"

But Randolph, who felt like a man whose very life hung in the balance, for he saw no way, if he lost this opportunity, of supporting his family, interrupted.

"Surely, sir, you remember. I saw him only yesterday. He must have mentioned me. Randolph is my name."

The great lawyer might have seen, from the earnestness of the speaker, that there was no attempt at deception. Perhaps he did. But he had known so much of poverty, in the way of his profession, that it had made him callous to it. Besides he happened, on this particular morning, to be occupied in studying an important case, and he was one of those men, not rare in the intellectual profession, who become irritable on being interrupted at such times.

So he answered tartly,

"Take yourself off, I say; and the sooner, the better; or I'll send for a police-officer, to arrest you as a vagrant. You can't play the imposter here."

To this had Randolph come. He, a really better man than the great lawyer, was to be thus insulted, merely because he wore a thread-bare suit.

He turned away. He felt, at that moment, as no words can describe. Shame, mortification, disappointment and despair all crowded, together, upon his mind. A temporary blindness seized him. Yet he succeeded in staggering toward the door, opening it, and gaining the street, choking down his emotions by a violent effort.

As he looked up to the pitiless sky, that yet seemed less pitiless than his brother men, his mental agony proved too great for his weak frame, and a stream of warm blood rushed up to his lips. In his agitation he had broken a blood-vessel.

"God help Alice and the little ones now," he murmured from the depths of his broken heart, for he looked on this as his death-warrant.

There was a grocery store close by, and toward this he moved, like one in a dream, and asking for some salt, he put it into his mouth to absorb the blood. Then he turned homeward.

All the way back one thought possessed him, to the exclusion of every other:—it was what would become of Alice and the little ones, when he should be no more.

And almost for the first time in his life, he prayed earnestly, and not in mere form of words, that God would show pity to "the widow and the fatherless."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

A U T U M N .

BY IRENE NORWOOD.

MAIDEN, thou comest laden
With sheaves of golden grain,
Mellow fruits and juicy grape,
To glad the festal train.

The trees have doffed their verdant hue
For richer garbs of gold.
The rainbow thou hast taken
To dress thy limbs of old.

But with all thy glad display
Thou tell'st us Winter's near;
By thy bright and changing hue,
By every leaf so sere.

Methinks I hear thee whisper,
"As bright Summer passeth,
As old Winter draweth near,
As all of beauty fadeth,

"So shall thy life's Summer be,
So shall thy Winter come,
So thy stay on earth be o'er,
So shall thy life be done.

"As the leaf sinks to the ground
And is buried in clay;
So within death's chilly arms
This feeble dust shall lay."

But must all of life end here?
Have we no brighter token?
Is the future a period
Of annihilation?

No! thanks to the Triune God,
We have a home above;
Eternal in the Heavens
The trophy of his love.

A glittering, priceless gem
This clay no more shall hold.
The spirit shall soar away
To streets of shining gold.

This mortality shall put
On immortality,
And this corruption shall rise
In glory to the sky.

MY COUSIN'S VISIT.

BY JOHN R. WHITE.

ONE beautiful morning in June I received the following letter:

NEW YORK, June 20th, 18—.

"MY DEAR COUSIN—I will be with you on the 25th inst. I come by the cars to Auburn. It is so very warm here that we can do nothing but start for the country. Give my love to aunt and Cousin Lucy, and I remain, dear cousin,

Yours truly,
JOSEPH DANES."

I hastened home and handed this letter to my mother. As she was reading it, my Sister Lucy entered, and listened eagerly.

"Cousin Joseph coming," exclaimed Lucy, gaily waltzing round the room, for Joseph was a great favorite of hers, "how rejoiced I am. Oh, Fred, are you not glad?"

"I am glad that it gives you so much pleasure," I answered, and turning round walked off, much to the annoyance of my sister.

Before going further it is necessary to give a few words of explanation about who Cousin Joseph was. Joseph was an only son of my mother's brother. He was born in the city, was educated there, and now lived there. He was said to be handsome by those who had seen him, and amongst them was my sister; I had never myself met him. I was, however, much pleased at the prospect of having a young companion; for although a couple of years younger than him, I knew we would soon become friends. My family lived on the shores of Owasco Lake, about six miles from Auburn, one of the loveliest spots in the state. Fish of all sorts were to be had in the lake in abundance, and game near the shore and in the woods. Our neighbors were hospitable, friendly people, and kept up a close intimacy with our family.

Everything was in readiness for my cousin's reception, and as I prepared to start to Auburn with the carriage, my sister said in confidence,

"There will be several young ladies here this evening, and I expect you will be pleased and surprised when you see some of them." I wondered as I drove off what she meant, for I had not been at home long enough to know many of the young ladies who lived near, and I knew of only one whom I would be glad to see, but I was sure *she* would not be there. I had become acquainted with her but lately, on my returning home from college. The train had stopped at

Utica, when the conductor entered the car, and asked,

"Is there a gentleman in this car going to Auburn?"

I immediately answered that I was: and he said,

"Will you take this young lady in charge, and leave her at the Mansion House?"

I replied that I would be most happy to do so. She was soon seated, and the cars again under way. I found my companion a very beautiful young lady who was going to visit some friends. She said they lived a short distance from Auburn, but they would be expecting her, and she had no doubt they were there even then awaiting her. Her name I did not ask; and she, I suppose, forgot to tell it. The distance between Utica and Auburn seemed short; and I felt a pang at parting with her that I had never felt before. The adventure was altogether so strange and romantic that I did not mention anything about it when I got home. That I loved her I felt sure, but how I was ever going to find out who she was, I could not tell. I determined, however, on calling at the Mansion House, and learning there all they knew about her. I accordingly went to the hotel, and ascertained that a carriage had come for her shortly after I left. But where it had gone, no one could say.

Meantime the train arrived, and with it my Cousin Joseph. He was all he had been represented, a gay, frank, handsome young fellow; and in a few moments we were friends, feeling as if we had known each other a whole life-time.

"I have brought guns and fishing tackle," said he, "all you will have to supply is the dog. I expect from what you say to have some glorious sport. I hope my aunt and Cousin Lucy are well."

In this way he rattled on during our drive home; one moment telling me some anecdote of the city, and at another bursting into raptures of delight at the beautiful scenery. The lake, he said, was lovely; and would be a splendid place for a sail occasionally. He asked if there were many ladies living near; and when I told him I did not know, he looked surprised.

"Have any ladies arrived in the neighborhood lately?" said he, with considerable interest in his manner.

"I really cannot say," I replied. "I do not

visit much. My sister is continually going to some party or pic-nic, and she really had the conscience to ask me to a pic-nic last week."

"And you did not go?" said he.

"Certainly not," said I, "I had other things to look to, that day: besides it is always so dull at those pic-nics."

"I think the contrary," said he, "for I always enjoy myself when I am sitting under some fine shady old trees, where all around is fresh and delicious. It is not like the burning, hot sidewalks of our cities. I tell you, cousin, you can never enjoy the country, unless you have lived in one of our largest cities, where all is bustle and confusion. To me, who have always lived in town, it is quite a treat to have even an excursion in the country. But there is the old house," he exclaimed, as we came in full view of my home, "it looks as usual, and I declare I can see aunt ready to welcome me, and Cousin Lucy too. But I say, cousin, who are those other young ladies?"

I expressed my entire ignorance of who they were. I noticed, as we drew up at the door, that Joseph gave a look of surprise and pleasure at one of the windows; but before I could catch a glimpse of the person, who was gazing from it, she had vanished. My mother welcomed Joseph warmly, and kissed him as she would myself. Lucy welcomed him, but did not kiss him, although he looked as if he could undergo that penance from all present.

I was now introduced to the ladies, but did not look half of them in the face; and therefore could not tell one from the other afterward. Supper was soon announced. I conducted the only young lady I knew, Miss Isabella Graham, to the table.

As we withdrew to the parlor, she said,

"What do you think of Miss Gertrude Walton?"

"Which lady do you mean?" I replied, "I am not interested enough, to know one from the other."

"Well, really, Mr. Leonard," said she, "I ought not to tell you; but I will take compassion on you. Mr. Danes is now talking to her."

I looked in the direction indicated, and imagine my surprise, when I beheld the lady I had escorted from Utica to Auburn. I fear Isabella found me a very dull companion from that moment, for I scarcely knew what I said or did, until some person proposed a walk on the lake shore.

All felt the beauty of the scene sink into their souls; for though when they first came out, they were talking and laughing, now they were silent, and walked along each one deep in their own

thoughts. At length we arrived at a lovely grove which was near the lake.

"What a lovely spot," exclaimed Danes, as we entered. And truly it seemed as if the wand of a magician had been at work to beautify the scene, for the moon now rose in all its splendor, casting a silvery light over every object far or near. The lake seemed to dance in its rays, and objects before indistinct were now seen almost as clearly as by day, only the light was purer and more heavenly. The hall was in view from where we stood, and it was bathed in a flood of moonlight. It never looked so beautiful. I turned to Gertrude, and saw her and Danes looking in one direction on the lake. They seemed to have thoughts in common, for whenever he would point out some spot more beautiful than the rest, her eyes lit up, and she would gaze on it evidently with more pleasure, than if any one else had directed her attention to it. It caused me a good many pangs to witness this, but I could not withdraw my eyes from the pair. I almost cursed Danes for his good fortune.

The evening soon passed, and we returned to the hall. In a short time all who were going home left, not, however, before they had arranged for a pic-nic in the grove. It was to take place the day following the next; and after it—in the evening—we were going to ride on the lake. Gertrude went home with her Cousin Isabella. The next day Danes and I went shooting, and on our way to the woods passed the beautiful grove, we had been in the night previous.

"It is not quite so beautiful now," said he, "as it was last night. I never yet saw anything more lovely than it was then."

We shot on till near two o'clock, and then sat down beneath the shade of a fine old tree, to discuss the good things we had with us. We were both tired and hungry, and did full justice to the viands, while for drink we had pure water that ran from a spring near us. As we lay, after our repast, Danes said,

"Fred, I am going to get married."

I started. I know not why, but I felt a chill run through my frame; and I knew that his words were of more import to me than they should warrant.

"You seem surprised," he continued, "but it is so, and the lady is Gertrude Walton."

I started then in reality, and Danes, observing it, said,

"I feared, Fred, from your conduct, last night, that you were smitten. She told me she travelled from Utica to Auburn with you; and she seemed surprised at your not recognizing her. I would not have told you so soon, but I feared it might get to be something serious on your part. We were engaged six months ago, and it was decided

that I should come here and meet her. I hope, I hope I have done right in telling you all," said he, as he concluded.

I pressed his hand, and rose from the ground. I could not trust my lips to speak, and therefore turned away.

"You are not angry, Fred," said Danes, kindly.

I now found time to calm my agitation, and answered,

"No, Joseph. I am glad you told me before it went further. You were right in your conjecture, for I thought I loved her, and in a short time would have done so, if you had not told me all. But now I will be able to withdraw my thoughts from her." He pressed my hand in silence, and we resumed our seats. He told me all, how they loved for years ere her father would consent to their union. He intended that she should wed his ward, and would have made her do so, if his ward had loved her, but he fortunately preferred another, and her father had at length consented.

"She was," he said, by way of explanation, "a cousin of Isabella Graham. You will be considered in the light of a very dear friend, Fred, by Gertrude; and, you know, I think as much of you as if you were my brother. I would it were otherwise, but we must do our best to make you happy."

The day of our pic-nic came round, and at twelve o'clock all were in the grove, making preparations to pass the afternoon as pleasantly as possible. Wreaths of evergreens hung from the trees, and flowers were interwoven with them, making them appear as a vast vine in full bloom.

Flowers were also strewd in abundance around, so that the air was fragrant with their sweet odor. All were happy, all were gay, and among such a party it was impossible for me to be sad. Isabella was my companion, and I forgot all about Gertrude, as I listened to the silvery tones of her voice. We conversed on all topics. The afternoon wore away, and evening approached, but still I could have listened on for hours longer. The moonlight ride was yet to take place, and all agreed it would be the best way to end the day's pleasure. We were to go in pairs, a gentleman and lady in each boat; and of course I went with Isabella. It was a calm, lovely night. Not a breath of wind disturbed the lake, which seemed like one vast mirror, in which houses and trees were reflected as clearly as by day.

There was one glad shout from all as we left the shore, which was caught up by the hills and echoed all round. It seemed to welcome us forth. Never did a gayer party set out for pleasure. Moonlight and such scenery are dangerous: and so I found it.

I am now the happy husband of Isabella; and Joseph Danes and lady are with us on a visit. It is night, and the moon is as bright as it was, the night Isabella first won her way to my heart. We talk over the ride in the cars and our meeting afterward.

"I came near stealing him from you, Isabella," said Gertrude.

I kissed my wife and answered,

"I only *thought* I loved Gertrude; but I *know* that I love you."

THE HOUSATONIC.

BY S. E. JUDSON.

'Tis a bright little river that winds on its way
Through many a landscape smiling and gay;
But here where the rocks rise rugged and steep
Its channel is narrow; and silent but deep
The waters move on 'neath the gloomy shade
By the grey old rocks, and the fir-trees made,
Till round the base of the mountain they glide,
Then the silvery sheet spreads bright and wide,
And the blue sky above is mirrored below,
The waving trees and the sunset glow;
While far down its course the clear waves dash
Swift o'er the rocks, and sparkle and flash
Out in the sunshine like ripples of gold,
Or like glittering gems of value untold,
Till winding away 'tis lost 'mid the trees

That so gracefully bend to the evening breeze.
And watching this scene so lovely, yet wild,
Many a long weary hour I've beguiled
Of its weight of care; but soon the rich light
Will fade, and from the stream its coloring bright,
And the scene will be gloomy, when like a pall
The darkness of night settles down over all:
So now ere the shadows of twilight come,
I'll leave it all brightness and seek my home.
Is not life e'en like the restless stream
That out in sunny brightness will gleam,
Or lie dark with the shadows over it cast,
Moving through light and shade, till at last
The tiny rush of its waters will be
Lost in the roar of the boundless sea?

MRS. ELLIS' BABY.

BY FANNY SMITH.

THERE certainly was never such a baby born as Mrs. Ellis'. The maternal grandmother dandled it, and rocked it on her knees, and covered up its tiny red hands in its blanket, in all the pride of grandmotherhood; whilst the Grandmamma Ellis put on her spectacles, and peered at it, declaring it was the image of its father, and had his nose precisely. The Ellis nose, by the way, was considered as distinctive a feature in the family, as if they were the only people in the world who had noses.

Mr. Ellis, the father, did not seem quite so enthusiastic about the beauty of the baby, as the mother and grandmother, but he was an unobservant man, and it was not to be expected; and terribly awkward withal, for when he took the "little treasure," as Mrs. Ellis, senior, called it, it was generally upon outstretched arms, holding it from him the greatest distance possible, and stooping over it; handling it in fact very much as an uncouth, overgrown school boy might be expected to handle his sister's doll.

Then as to the likeness, when the resemblance to all the Ellis' in general and himself in particular, was commented upon, he said, "yes, it was wonderful—he saw it very plainly," but in his secret soul, he only thought it was a little thing, that should be handled like fine china, with cotton around it, and that it was very much like other babies after all.

But as we said before, he was very unobservant, poor fellow.

As to Mrs. Ellis, junior, she was a strong-minded woman, and was already revolving such plans in her own mind, for the education, both mental and physical of the child, as would make him a Soloman, a Crichton, and a Hercules combined.

In pursuance of this admirable resolution, as the baby was too young for her to effect much in mental training, she commenced with its bodily wants.

The poor little thing was unwrapped from blankets and flannels innumerable, and plunged up to its neck in water nearly at the freezing point, till it started and kicked like something galvanized, and its little quivering voice came through its blue quivering lips in gasps, as it caught its breath; and then when it was perfectly purple with cold, it was taken out and laid shivering on its mother's lap, till the tedious operation of dressing was completed.

And Mrs. Ellis had a most mathematical head too. She was determined her baby should be hungry by rule, and fed by rule, and as the "three hour system" was a favorite one of hers, the poor little soul sometimes cried for nearly an hour of sheer hunger, and when the white china bowl was brought, which it knew contained its pap, and as its cries stopped, its little eyes sparkled, and its feet twitched from excitement as it thought it was to be fed—the Spartan mother sat composedly till the hour for its meal should strike, for not five minutes would she vary it.

As to all the old fashioned comforts for infancy, she utterly discarded them.

That luxury, the cradle, which soothed the cries of our grandmother's babyhood, was pronounced as highly injurious to the brain, from its constant motion; and the representative of the Ellis' was laid in its crib open-eyed, to cry itself to sleep.

Heaven only knows that our grandmother's brain seems as sound as ours any day, and if there has been any change made by the banishment of the cradle at all, we have suffered rather than gained by it.

But the poor young mother was really to be pitied after all. What with the cold baths and the "three hours' system," to say nothing of the colic, the child cried so much that Mrs. Ellis sometimes thought it must be the worst baby living, or it would certainly thrive under her care.

One morning, a sister of Mr. Ellis' called, whilst the child's screams filled the house.

"Poor little dear," said she, "it must be hungry, Charlotte."

"Oh, no, not at all," was the reply, with a despairing sigh, "he was fed but little more than two hours ago."

"Two hours ago! goodness gracious! well then I *know* he is hungry."

But Mrs. Ellis averred that she never fed him more than once in three hours, and *she knew* that was not what ailed him.

"Well then, maby a pin sticks him," replied the sister-in-law, who was the happy, good-natured mother of seven happy, good-natured children.

But a flush of surprise and indignation passed over Mrs. Ellis' face, as she replied with some *hauteur*,

"Impossible, Margaret, I dressed him myself."

But Margaret had not raised seven healthy children, not to know that a pin might stick them sometimes, even though she did dress them herself, so she stooped down, and passing her hand down the baby's back, felt her fingers slightly pricked.

"If you will put your hand there, Charlotte, you will find that if you do dress your baby yourself, it may be pricked sometimes as well as other folks," said she, angrily.

And then Grandma Ellis' cap fairly shook with indignation when she found that "William's baby" had the colic, and nothing was given to cure it.

"Do give it some of Dewees' Carminative," suggested she, one day, to her daughter-in-law, but Mrs. Ellis shook her head.

"I'd as soon give it poison," replied she.

"Well then," said the old lady, "give it some Homœopathic medicine. Mrs. Price says it acts like a charm with her baby."

"Cold water will do as much good," was the angry response.

"Well, my dear, give it some gin then; some pure Holland gin; it can't hurt him," continued the indefatigable grandmother.

"Yes, and make a drunkard of him from his cradle," said the mother, shortly.

"Why, I never heard of a man who loved liquor, because he took gin for colic when he was a baby," replied the old lady, simply, but she found her daughter in law would not permit

the slightest interference in the nursery, so she saw the poor baby suffer in silence.

At a certain hour, too, every day, the infant was capped and cloaked for a walk, through wind and cold. There was no waiting for an hour or so, to see if the wind would not die away, or the sun would not gleam out again, nor was it sent out half an hour earlier, because there was a probability of the air growing more raw and cold; oh, no, that was a thing beyond the comprehension of Mrs. Ellis' mathematical mind.

In all weathers except a decided rain, the little thing had its airing.

Now none can deprecate small, over-heated, illy ventilated nurseries, more than ourselves, none more fully believe in the panacea of bathing, plenty of fresh air, and exercise more than we do, but we think mothers make great mistake in sending little infants from a hot nursery into the cold winter air, on raw, chilly days; and some make equal mistake by keeping their rooms too cold, with the little necks and arms of the children bare, forgetting that what may be comfortable for them covered to the throat and wrists with merino, is a low temperature for infants having no exercise, and clothed in cambric, with sleeves looped up to the width of a tape string.

But Mrs. Ellis, like ourselves, had a plan of her own for raising children, and the image of his father is now struggling through a sickly babyhood, because his mother is a strong minded woman.

OLD FEELINGS.

BY E. R. DOWEN.

ONCE in my childish days I heard
A woman's voice that slowly read,
How 'twixt two shadowy mountains sped
Four colored steeds, four chariots whirr'd.

I watched until she laid the book
On the white casement ledge again;
My heart beat high with joyful pain
On that strange oracle to look.

Day after day I would ascend
The staircase in that large old house,
And still and timorous as a mouse
I sat and made that book my friend.

I saw the birth of seas and skies,
The first sweet woman, first brave man;
I saw how morning light began,
How faded—over Paradise.

I stood with the first Arab boy;
I saw the mother and the child,
Of Oriental vision wild,
Laugh by the well for utter joy.

I saw a youth go forth at morn,
A traveller to the Syrian land,
And in the lonely evening stand
An exile weary and forlorn.

I saw him by the road-side lay
His sunken head upon a stone,
And while he slumbered, still and lone,
A dream fell on him, fair as day.

I saw a golden ladder reach
From earth to Heaven among the stars,
And up and down its gleaming bars
Trod stately angels, without speech.

What wonders did I not behold!
Dark gorgeous women, turbaned men,
White tents, like ships, in plain and glen,
Slaves, palm trees, camels, pearls, and gold.

Ah! many an hour I sat and read,
And God seemed with me all day long;
Joy murmured a sweet under-song,
I talkt with angels, with them fed.

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, 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 143.

"TURNER!"

"My lord!"

"Have you prepared the dress I spoke of?"

"It is ready; what shall I do with it, my master?"

"Leave it in my room. The preparations, are they all made?"

"All."

"And you will be ready to start at a moment's warning, night or day?"

"The mules are saddled now; everything packed!"

"It is well; I shall not want you again for some hours. As we leave Grenada so soon, you may have some friend to part with, something to purchase, so go into the city if you desire."

"Thank you, my lord!" replied Turner, with more than ordinary meekness; "I am much obliged by the permission."

The young earl looked up suddenly. There was a dryness in Turner's voice that he did not like, but the immovable face of the old man revealed nothing. He touched his hat with military brevity and moved away, measuring his long strides down the avenue with a slow regularity that marked all his movements.

Lord Clare looked after him anxiously, and muttering to himself, "well, well, we must manage him somehow," entered the Fonde, and spent some hours alone in his room walking to and fro, and tortured with those thousand wild dreams that haunt an imaginative person so like demons when the great epochs of life are close at hand. The sunset paled around him, and night came more darkly than is usual in that climate. Still he ordered no lights, but placing the bundle of page's garments on the table near his elbow, sat down and waited in sombre silence. To reveal all the thoughts that flowed through his mind, one must have known all his previous life, and of that even to this day I am not informed. Nay, who is ever informed of those acts which give the well-springs of thought in any human being? Men and women live together under the same roof, sit at the same board, and talk of knowing each other's hearts, feelings, lives. At the day of Judgment when all hearts will be read, fold

by fold, like the leaves of a book, how will these persons be astonished at the unspoken feelings, the unimagined acts that have marked the lives, and buried themselves upon the hearts with which they have believed themselves so familiar.

Lord Clare sat motionless now, for he was waiting with that intense anxiety which makes one's own breath an annoyance, because it disturbs the stillness with which we desire to surround ourselves when listening. At length he heard a step, soft and cat-like, stealing through the passage. Then the door of his room opened, and in the darkness he saw two eyes glancing in upon him like those of a tiger, when the rest of its body is concealed among the dusky limbs of a forest tree.

"Come," said the voice of old Papita, "it is time." Lord Clare started up and moved toward the door. "The clothes, give me the disguise," whispered the Sibyl; "where is it?" Without waiting for a reply she put forth her claw-like hands, felt her way to the table, and grasped the bundle. "Come, come this way," she whispered, seizing Lord Clare by the hand.

It seemed to him as if his fingers were grasped by the claw of a demon, so hard, dry and hot were those fingers as they clutched his; and as he stooped that she might whisper in his ear, the hot breath that passed over his cheek made him shudder. She led him out back of the Fonde amid broken timbers, loose rocks and rubbish of every description: she scrambled, dragging him after her, till they stood by a small wooden door opening, as it seemed, into the embankment behind the Fonde.

Papita pushed at this door, and it gave way, revealing the mouth of a subterranean passage choked up with darkness.

"Come quickly, or some one may be on the watch," whispered the Sibyl, for Lord Clare had hesitated at this forbidding entrance. He was a brave man, but at this instant many stories of gipsy vengeance flashed through his mind, and his companion was not one to reconcile these doubts. There was something too impish and unearthly in her for that.

"Do you fear: the Busne is brave," said the

Sibyl, scornfully—for even interest could not always keep down her malice—“like a gipsy baby, afraid of the dark!”

“Peace, woman. It is not fear; but I go into this place only when I am certain what it contains, and where it ends,” replied the earl, firmly.

“It contains Aurora, and it ends in the palace of the Alhambra,” answered the Sibyl, promptly. “It was through this passage that the last Moorish King, Boabdil, left the Alhambra forever; you stand upon the very earth where he came forth to the day which he had learned to curse.”

A deeper gloom fell upon Lord Clare. He looked upward. The black, rugged towers of the Alhambra loomed between him and the sky. Clouds hung low upon them, and the dim trees were thick and pall like, blacking the night below him.

The unfortunate Moorish King seemed standing near by: never, perhaps, had history pressed so close upon a human heart. Lord Clare for a moment forgot his own position, the Sibyl, Aurora, everything in his intense realization of the past.

“In, in,” exclaimed the Sibyl. “I see a man creeping round yon corner of the Fonde; we have no time. If you fear still stay behind: the men of our people know how to avenge themselves in the day time as well as in the dark.”

“Have done—have done,” exclaimed the earl, sharply, “how can you judge of my thoughts? I trust you in nothing, but am sure of myself; if you play me false I will shoot you like a dog, woman or no woman: so move on and only speak when you have something to say.”

He entered the passage speaking, and the next moment was engulfed with his wierd companion in the thick darkness.

“Truly, Thomas Turner, my estimable friend, you have got a sad fool for a master, that is a dead certainty!” muttered old Turner, for it was his figure the sharp eye of the Sibyl had discovered—“to trust himself now with an old vagrant like that—to plunge headforemost into that black pit with the imp of Satan for a guide. Its enough to make one's heart leap into his mouth and freeze there. But of course its the bounden duty of a good servant to follow his master. Thomas Turner you are a good servant, every lady admits that. Therefore, Thomas, my friend, follow—follow like a brave fellow as you are!”

With these words, Turner, who was in truth a brave fellow, drew his travelling pistol, settled the lock, and holding it in his right hand, stole cautiously into the passage.

Nothing could have been better calculated to daunt even a brave man than the profound stillness—the palpable blackness of this subterranean passage. Turner had proceeded only a few paces when he felt that like a cavern it had its compartments and its intricate windings—steps to

ascend and descend. There to his dismay he found that it branched off into vaults, and what appeared to be dungeons or secret chambers for concealment. He paused and listened. Nothing was heard, not even the sweet gush of waters that in Grenada are ever present like the sunshine or the breeze. All was profound stillness. No footstep, no voice. The deep midnight and solid stone walls surrounded him alone. He groped about, advancing he knew not whither, tempted every moment to call aloud, though certain that this rash act must defeat his own object. At last, completely bewildered, he held forth his pistol, and with a finger on the trigger was about to fire, that at least he might have the benefit of a flash to guide his course. But that moment a faint sound reached his ear. He dropped his hand, listened, and moved on. Yes, it was a light, the faintest possible gleam breaking over the rugged corner of a wall, but it burned steadily, proving enough to guide him onward.

He moved cautiously, for now the faint hum of voices came stealing through the vaulted passage, and he knew that the slightest mistake might expose his presence. Obtaining an angle of the wall, he crept into its shadow and held his breath. Before him was a small chamber, or it might be merely an enlargement of the passage. A large house lamp, rust-ent and moist with mould, hung from the ceiling, evidently trimmed for the first time in years, for the flame was half buried in clouds of smoke; and drops of the olive oil, with which it had just been filled, rolled down the chased sides, leaving a green path in the rust.

In this strange, murky light a group of persons was standing around a mass of black marble, in which Turner, with difficulty, traced the outlines of some very ancient sculpture, like that which in his travels he had seen an Egyptian idol. Two other persons beside the Sibyl were present, both in strange garments, and unlike the class of persons he had yet seen in any province of Spain. But Turner scarcely gave them a thought, his attention was too eagerly fixed on Lord Clare, who stood before the platform on which the idol had been lifted, holding a young girl undoubtedly of gipsy blood by the hand.

From their attitude they must have just risen from a kneeling posture, and some ceremony seemed just concluded. What that ceremony could be which had brought his master, the wierd Sibyl, those strange men, and that wildly beautiful girl around that mutilated form of black marble, Turner could not even conjecture. But the whole scene was wierd and wild enough for the wildest conjecture. The Sibyl stood forward directly under the lamp. The smoke wreathed in clouds around the fiery red folds of her turban. Her saya was edged knee deep with the richest

gold lace, bright in broad flashes, then tarnished to a green hue, but still of unique splendor; her ear-rings glowing over those mummy-like shoulders like drops of congealed blood. The wild, exulting brightness of her eyes were absolutely terrific in their effect. She looked so like an evil spirit that poor Turner absolutely believed her to be one, who had cast some infernal charm upon his master.

He shrunk away crowding himself hard against the wall, but still with his eyes fixed on the group. Lord Clare was very pale, and the grim light made this pallor and the glitter of his eyes almost unearthly. A look of weariness and painful disgust was on his features, like that of a man who loathes the thing he has forced himself to do. Once he dropped the Gitanilla's hand, looking wearily around as if for something to sit down upon.

Then for the first time Turner saw the eyes of my mother, those wonderful, glorious eyes, fiery as a star, soft as the dew in a flower. They were lifted to Clare's face, fondly, wonderingly, as if she marveled that he could thus break the delicious joy that thrilled from the fingers that enlinked his. There was something of lingering terror yet in her face, but so blended with the wild, deep passion of her love, that it kindled upon her features like lightning. The old woman was regarding her not with tenderness, that was impossible: if she had any, it lay so deep in that rocky old heart that no ripple of it ever disturbed the hardness of her features.

The Gitanilla drew toward her, took her rigid fingers, and pressed them to her lips and forehead. She uttered a few words in a tongue unknown to Turner, and tears crowded one after another into her great bright eyes. They must have been full of passionate feeling, for the hard, keen eyes of the Sibyl grew strangely dim, and with her hand she put back the jetty waves from my mother's forehead, making the sign of some strange writing upon its bloodless surface.

They stood together thus, the bright red flounces of their sayas mingling in waves of gold lace and heavy crimson; the blue bodice of the girl pressed to the jet black velvet that clung to the form of the Sibyl like the fragment of some funereal pall. There was something terrible in their appearance. The old woman's arms clung around that lithe form with serpent-like folds. Her turban blended like waves of fire with those raven tresses. It seemed like the embrace of a dream. For the lamp whirled and flared overhead, swinging to some concealed current of wind, and the smoke flung around them a dusky veil, now of heavy grey, now threaded with fire by the unsteady flame of the lamp. Besides the contrast of her rich youth with that

terrible thing, a wicked old age. No wonder Turner shrunk against the wall and grew chilly without knowing why—no wonder Lord Clare was aroused from all the feelings that had enchained him till now! He started forward and would have taken my mother from the embrace of her last and only relative. But the old woman thrust him aside, and spoke eagerly with the granddaughter in the Romanny tongue: and in this tongue my mother answered her.

Shall I tell you what she was saying? My mother left me a record in the fragments of her journal. The Sibyl first urged her to win the Busne to the sending of more and more gold; then she extorted a promise, a fearful promise, which the poor girl kept but too well. Sometime I will tell you what the promise was, but not now.

When the Sibyl relinquished my mother from her embrace, the poor child staggered and fell away from her arms like a crushed lily. Her rich lips were violet color; her face more than colorless. She seemed to be dying.

Lord Clare took her in his arms and laid her face upon his bosom. It was beautiful to see the warm flood of life come back to the mysterious influence of his touch. Directly the rich peachy bloom stole to her cheek; her lips grew bright as strawberries; and the free surging tears that rolled from her half closed eyes glowed upon the velvety surface of her skin like dew upon ripe fruit. You could see her tremble from head to foot, so deep, so passionate were the feelings that flooded her young being with their delicious joy.

The Sibyl looked on with grim satisfaction, but the two strange men seemed to expostulate with her, or to ask some directions. She answered them haughtily, and touching the ruby ear-rings with her finger, pointed down the passage.

They obeyed her at once, each bending his head submissively as they passed the old woman. I do not know how far those ruby ear-rings were symbols of authority, but my great grand-dame had some mysterious claim of obedience from the descendants of those few of her people who had aided her ancestress in the betrayal of Mariá de Padilla, and the two men were all of our tribe, who could boast of the treacherous blood that had persuaded that heroic woman to her terrible death. They believed that obedience unto death was due the last descendant of the arch sorceress, who had most effectually worked out their national hate against the whites. To them the ruby ear-rings were a symbol of absolute power. Had my great grand-dame commanded them to leap into the Darrow without a struggle for life, they would have done it. She only imposed secrecy craft, and unscrupulous falsehood, and those things came so naturally that it required little authority to enforce them.

These men passed Turner without seeing him. He did not heed them, but still kept his eyes bent upon the persons who remained standing near the Egyptian idol.

The Sibyl stood directly before Lord Clare, who still half supported her grand-daughter. Now her manner was imposing, her energy sublime, the sorceress blood seemed to glow and burn in her veins as she spoke. It was to Lord Clare she addressed herself, not to the girl. The whispered words that had withered her cheek and lip, were all the farewell admonition she had to give her: but that which she said to Clare had the same effect. Aurora shook with terror as her relative uttered her last—it might almost be called malediction.

"Go," she said—"go, and with you take the last flower from the door step—the last drop of my blood that burns in a human heart. Take her—keep faith with her, nor dream that this marriage is less binding than if all the high priests of Spain and of your land, wherever it may be, had celebrated it in the great cathedral down yonder, with the high altar in a blaze of light, and the tomb of Queen Isabella giving sanctity to the spot. Look at your wife, how her eyes dwell upon you—how full of hope and trust they are—how wildly she wishes to be free from this dim vault, alone with you, and away from her last of kin. The blossoms that live half in sunshine, half in snow on the Sierra Nevada are not more stainless than this child. The hot sun that ripens the orange on the Guadelquiver is not more fervent than her passionate nature—more burning than her pride. Be just to the child, or beware of the woman. She is in your hands, make of her what you will, a gazelle or a tiger, the thing you call an angel, or the thing you fear as a fiend. That which you make her she will be, a blessing or a curse, that will cling to you forever and ever. Free to act, free to marry, these were your words twelve hours ago. This you believed, and I, the old gipsy, smiled at your folly.

"In England, you say, and here with us marriages are alike binding unto death—death and nothing but death can separate you from this child. You have sworn it before my god: she has sworn it before her god: and I have sworn by all the eternal powers that exist, high or low. Hope not to shake off Papita's oath, your own here. Your laws!—all the laws of this nation or yours are but shadows against the stern will of a woman whom nature has made strong and treason has made desperate.

"I looked for the stars to-night, they were troubled, buried in clouds pale and flashing in vapor, as the Darrow flings them back when it is turbid and muddy. So it always is when

I would read her fate and yours. That be-speaks—"

"Stay!" said the earl, sternly, "you are killing her—see how white she is—how she trembles. Why torture her in this way, it can do no good?"

"I declare to you again I feel it in my soul, and read it in the stars, nothing but death shall separate you from this, my grand daughter. Swear it again!"

She spoke to Aurora, who either from weakness or obeying the Sibyl's gesture, laid her hand on the forehead of the Egyptian idol, and her white lips moved as if uttering some inward vow. Turner saw this, but Lord Clare mistook the sudden recoil as an evidence of exhaustion, and with a flushed cheek sought to protect her from further persecution.

"This has gone too far," he said; "I will submit no longer. Make what preparations you will, but in haste, for the night is wearing on."

"It is enough," answered the Sibyl. "I have said my say, and the oath is sworn."

"Be in haste," answered the earl, impatiently, drawing forth his watch. "It is now past midnight."

The old woman drew aside, and by the smoky light Turner saw that she was searching for something in the folds of her dress.

"Here," she said, coming forth, "this trinket may be worth something to you. Our people would have crushed it up for the gold, but I would not let them."

She held it in her hand, so that the light fell directly upon an exquisite little miniature formed like a shell, which the reader will remember as a portion of the plunder, which Chaleco brought from his expedition to Seville. That side of the case was open which held the female face, and on that a flash of light fell with peculiar brightness upon the features.

As Lord Clare saw it he recoiled a pace, drew a sharp breath, and the sudden paleness that crept over his face was terrible.

"This, and in your hands," he said, in a husky voice, fixing his enlarged eyes on the Sibyl. "How dare you, fiend—how dare you?"

The old woman gave a low hiss with her tongue, and looking hard at Aurora, said in a clear, sharp manner, "remember the oath; you will have need; remember this face too."

Lord Clare snatched the miniature from her hand with a violence that made the case shut with a snap, that seemed like the click of a pistol before it goes off. But my mother had seen the face, and though it made little impression at the time when everything seemed like a dream, she remembered it in after years.

"Now," said the earl, more fiercely than he

had spoken before that night. "Prepare her at once, I will remain here no longer."

The old woman withdrew, leading my mother with her. They went into some side passage, and Turner lost sight of them, for he was too deeply interested in the movements of Lord Clare to leave his position.

The earl watched till they were out of sight, then sat down with his back against the idol, opened the miniature, gave one glance, shut it again, and bent his forehead upon the hand in which it was clenched. Thus he remained motionless till a sound of footsteps aroused him; then he sprang up, thrust the miniature in his bosom, and stood calm and immovable as a statue ready to receive his wife. I call her his wife, and never, never while there is a spark of life in my soul will I, her child, his child, admit that she was not. Are not our laws as sacred as those of England?

My mother came forward clad in the pretty attire of an English page, and so disguised, so full of that beautiful, shrinking modesty which true women always feel when presented in a

doubtful position before a beloved object, that it could not fail to arouse Lord Clare from the strange stupor that had fallen upon him. He smiled faintly as she came forward, and drawing her arm through his, followed the Sibyl down the subterranean passage, guided by a small lamp that had stood before the Egyptian idol. They came out into the fresh air, on the very spot where the Moorish King gave up the splendor of his life. Lord Clare thought of this, and his heart grew heavy again.

Turner followed with long measured and noiseless strides, and gliding behind the Fonde like a shadow, stood by the mules that had been drawn up beneath the thick trees ready to receive the party.

An hour after my poor mother was looking back to obtain one more last glimpse of Grenada, and the gipsy Sibyl sat alone in her cave with a heap of gold in her lap, counting it over and over by the dim light that struggled down from a niche in the smoky wall.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE EVENING WALK.

BY MARY POWERS.

THANK God for memory! This is the green dell;
I hear the rill with music's ripples flowing;
The scents of flowers recall my childhood well;
I feel the sun of new-born Summer glowing,
And in my spirit's view I see the stream,
And the bright fish that through the waters gleam.

Thank God for music!—for the pleasant voices
Of boughs and winds and waters as they meet;
For every bird that in the wood rejoices;

For every note in Nature's concert sweet;
To me the lark's clear carolling on high
Reveals the whole wide, blue, bright Summer's sky.

Thank God for hope! that after life's short night,
Cheered fair dreams and memories, I shall rise
To fields with never-failing verdure bright;
Unfailing fountains, pure, unclouded skies;
And see the world which will not pass away,
In the full sunshine of perpetual day!

A STORM IN AUTUMN.

BY ROBERT KNOWLES.

As leaves upon the Autumnal blast,
At random hurled, are hurrying past,
So swift along misfortune's track,
My weary speed may not slack.
And fate my spirit grieves,
As winds do Autumn leaves.

How brightly green, when Spring was here,
Those leaves bedecked the early year!
So bright with many-tinted rays

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Did hope adorn youth's halcyon days.
But then came Autumn's guest,
And leaves and hopes laid in the dust!

Green leaves again the earth will cheer;
Green leaves adorn another year;
But flattering hopes and visions gay
No more shall cheer life's dreary way.
And Autumn's faded leaf
Well typifies my grief.

HOW TO WRITE FASHIONABLY.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jones to me, one evening. "I want to go to writing school."

I looked up from the evening paper, which I was perusing, and answered in astonishment.

"To writing school! Surely, my love, you are jesting. You, who write so beautifully, want to go to writing school?"

I saw, in fancy, as I spoke, the exquisite chirography, which had made the letters of Mrs. Jones, before we were married, such treasures to me: and involuntarily I rubbed my eyes, to see if I was not asleep and dreaming.

But Mrs. Jones replied somewhat tartly,

"Indeed I don't write beautifully. I've an ugly, vulgar round hand, just like that of a school mistress; and you don't call that beautiful, do you?"

At hearing this I pinched myself to be assured again that I was not dozing. Finding that I had never been more thoroughly awake in my life, and seeing the eyes of Mrs. Jones bent on me as if indignant at my silence, I stammered out a reply.

"My dear creature," I said, "I don't—really—understand you. You are not serious—in saying that you don't write well——"

But she interrupted me at this point.

"I didn't say anything about writing well," she replied, pettishly. "I said I wrote a vulgar, round hand. And I now say," she added, emphatically, "that I want to go to writing school to learn to write the fashionable hand. I'm positively ashamed of my present style of writing."

"It seems to me," I answered, still bewildered and amazed, "that it couldn't be more elegant. The hair strokes are so delicate, and the thick strokes taper off so beautifully, that it really looks like the finest engraving——"

"You men never understand anything," said Mrs. Jones, interrupting me, with a contemptuous toss of the head. "To think that there is any style in hair strokes!"

"Your hand is so legible——" But again I was cut short.

"The more vulgar for being so. Legibility is a merit in the hand-writing of a clerk, but not in that of a gentleman, much less a lady."

"You don't mean to assert," I retorted, beginning to think my wife crazy, "that you want to learn to write illegibly?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Jones, decidedly, "that I

won't write my round, school girl hand any longer; and that if I can't learn the fashionable hand I won't write at all. I have to blush for my ignorance every time I receive a note from Mrs. Brown, or Mrs. White, because I can't reply in the same stylish hand-writing."

"Ahem!" I said, beginning to comprehend the mystery, for both these ladies were the very quintessence of fashion. "Pray," I asked, "who teaches this new hand?"

"Miss Sharp."

"Ah! a lady. I thought, perhaps, it was some famous writing master."

"A writing master! As if they didn't all alike teach the same vulgar, common-place, copy-book hands." And Mrs. Jones spoke with extreme contempt. "No, Miss Sharp is an English lady, who has moved in the first circles abroad, where this hand is used exclusively."

Light was beginning to break in, more and more, on my bewildered mind. I did not speak yet, however, but waited for further developments. My excellent wife went on.

"The Duchess of Sutherland employs no other hand, and the Queen herself writes it always, except when signing state papers——"

But now I interrupted in turn. If the queen wrote the hand, I knew it was useless to hold out, so I determined to surrender with a good grace.

"Say no more, my love," I cried. "You should have told me this at once. Go, by all means, and learn this new hand: it cannot but be both *distingue* and elegant."

The conversation ceased at this point. Important affairs of business, moreover, drove the subject from my mind, though occasionally I could not avoid noticing how much my wife appeared absorbed in correspondence. She was always now writing, or receiving little, perfumed notes, such as ladies are continually sending to each other.

At last, one evening, she interrupted my reveries about stocks, the money market, and other subjects of masculine interest, by handing me what seemed a bill. I say what seemed, for the writing was totally illegible, so that I could judge only from the general appearance of the slip of paper. I turned it first one way, then another, and held it in a dozen different lights, but I could see nothing except a few lines of strokes, as we

used to call them at school. These strokes were at such a decided angle that they looked like rows of bricks in process of tumbling, arranged, by some mischievous urchin, to knock each other down indefinitely.

"What, in the name of sense, is it?" I cried, at last. "Chinese writing, or what?"

As I spoke, I looked up, and was quite amazed to see Mrs. Jones very red in the face. Before I could say a word more she snatched the paper from me.

"Chinese writing indeed!" And, truth compels me to say she answered in quite a huff. "You know very well what it is, Smith, only you think you'll make fun of me. But I won't submit to any such vulgarity, let me tell you. So give me the twenty dollars at once, for teachers like Miss Sharp, who have had the Duchesse of Sutherland for a pupil, are not accustomed to waiting."

The scales fell from my eyes. I gave a prolonged whistle. I well knew my wife would consider me a low fellow for doing it, but I could not have helped it to save my life, my amazement was so great.

"That's the new style of writing then," I exclaimed, when I recovered breath. "You've to

pay twenty dollars for learning to scrawl in that fashion——"

But here I stopped suddenly. There was a warning flash in the eyes of Mrs. Jones that arrested my words. I knew how nervous the dear creature was, and that therefore it would not do to excite her. I had already, I reflected, gone too far. So I meekly drew forth my pocket-book, and taking out a twenty dollar bill, gave it to my wife.

There was little said during the remainder of the evening. Indeed several days passed before Mrs. Jones became entirely affable. Nor to this day is she convinced that I was not trifling with her sensibilities on that occasion; for, whenever I venture to recur to the subject, she becomes frigid to a degree that precludes all amicable discussion.

I have since discovered that Miss Sharp was once a maid servant, in some English nobleman's family; but it is extremely doubtful whether she ever saw her mistress write, much less the Queen. However she has managed to become the rage, or rather her angular hieroglyphics have, and I had the pleasure of paying an additional twenty dollars, to-day, in order that my daughter also might learn to WRITE FASHIONABLY.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

HAVE the troubles of this life,
Bereft thy soul of rest?
Doth thy spirit grieve in longing
For the regions of the blest?
Oh, thy tenement of clay
Is not so vile as thou'dst believe,
And life hath many pleasures,
Which the world cannot perceive.

God hath reserved within thy breast,
A place wherein to dwell,
And where He makes his residence,
The charms of Heav'n excel.
Then give thy heart to Him,
And ever holy be,
And Heaven with its blessedness
And joy will come to thee!

FOR MUSIC.

BY HENRY SYMMES.

Go, go! thou must leave me:
I would thou wert gone:
I never can love thee
As once I have done.
Take, take this love token
I valued before,
For proofs of vows broken
I value no more!

The gay, flattering crowd
Shall win thy young heart,
By proclaiming aloud,
Oh, not what thou art!
Go, seek them, and leave me,
Thou cold-hearted one;
They never can love thee
As once I have done!

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It is part of the purpose of this Magazine, as our readers well know, to discuss all matters pertaining to the sex, whether useful or ornamental. We cannot, therefore, pass by a work which has lately appeared, from the press of Putnam, entitled, "The Laws of Life, with Special Reference to the Physical Education of Girls," especially as the author is a woman, and one of those who have, in pursuance with the advancing spirit of the age, studied medicine for the purpose of practising among females.

The volume contains the substance of a series of lectures, delivered by the author, Mrs. Elizabeth Blackwell, to a class of the most intelligent and refined ladies of New York. The great object of the work is to inculcate the necessity of physical, as well as intellectual and moral culture. The author's ideal of what woman should be, and would be under proper education, is an exalted one, and must commend itself to every candid mind. For Mrs. Blackwell, while she contends for proper physical training, does not forget that inner spiritual culture, without which the most healthy and beautiful woman is but a Cleopatra or Aspasia. The great truth of the *double nature* of the human being is kept continually before the reader.

Like every other correct observer, however, Mrs. Blackwell pronounces the evil of modern civilization to be, especially as regards woman, a *low condition of physical health*. She contrasts the females of former ages with those of the present, and says truly that "the breakfast feasts of Good Queen Bess and her maids, on rounds of beef and mugs of ale, seem incredible in our poor dyspeptic days." She mentions the well-attested fact of the comparative ease of child birth among races of healthy women. She dilates, in powerful terms, on the alarming increase of nervous disorders. And, especially, she calls attention to the fact that all these evils are perpetuated, in the very nature of things, so that each successive generation must be inferior to the preceding, unless means can be found to avert the deterioration, and restore the bodily well-being of the sex. Hence she confines herself exclusively to considering the physical education of

girls. This purpose is thus stated at the close of her introductory chapter.

"My object in the present course, is to call your attention to the importance of this subject—the physical education of the young—and to urge upon you the means by which our present degeneracy may be checked, and a steady progress made in the improvement of the condition of the race. To do this, I shall, in the first place, point out the great principles which govern existence, and according to which the material life of our bodies is carried on. I shall show the way in which these wonderful bodies of ours grow, and what they require for perfect growth. I shall indicate what *nature* has to do, and what *we* have to do in the grand work of growth—and by an examination of our present habits of life, I shall search out the causes of evil—the way in which we defeat the designs of nature, and produce our present condition of suffering. In the course of my remarks, I shall notice some of the important functions of our economy, and state the conditions of their normal action, dwelling on such points of physiology and hygiene as bear directly upon our subject. And lastly, I shall consider what changes we may accomplish in the arrangements of practical life, by means of which the truth we have gained may become a living fact, moulding our lives for good. And I trust that our efforts may have the influence of all earnest endeavor, in hastening that grand future when man shall attain to the harmonious action of all his powers, and bear once more the image of the Creator!"

The great principles which govern existence, Mrs. Blackwell declares are threefold:—the necessity of exercise, that such exercise has a proper order, and that there must be for healthy development, a balance of exercise. The necessity of exercise no one will dispute. What she means by the order of exercise is indicated, in a measure, by the fact that such exercise as is suitable for an infant, whose muscles have not hardened, is not suitable for an adult; and she would wisely push this analogy throughout our every day conduct, and thus secure, for all times, the proper exercise; giving, during the first twenty years of life, the largest attention to exercise of the body, and afterward to that of the mind, and always, whatever the period, apportioning that which

* The Laws of Life, with Special Reference to the Physical Education of Girls. By Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D. 1 vol. 180 pp. New York: George P. Putnam.

was fit to the season and occasion. Under the phrase, balance of exercise, she seeks to convey the important truth that, at no epoch of human life, should we attempt to separate body and soul, but that both should be cultivated together, and the wants of the whole nature be satisfied: a self-evident proposition, it might be thought, yet one that is continually violated, as we may observe in the one-sided women and men about us, some with large brains and sickly bodies, others with vigorous health but small intellects, some with brilliant mental yet low moral qualities, and only a few, alas! how few, with equally balanced bodies, minds, hearts and souls. Most eloquently does she speak of that class of these one-sided beings, who live aimless lives, and do nothing.

"We would now speak of the *aimless existence*—that strange anomaly in creation, a human being with nothing to do. Most miserable, worthy of most profound pity, is such a being. The most insignificant object in nature becomes a source of envy; the birds warble on every spray, in ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of full happiness; the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonic work. Oh, plant! oh! stream! worthy of admiration, of worship, to the wretched idler! Here are powers ye never dreamed of, faculties divine, eternal; a head to think, but nothing to concentrate the thoughts; a heart to love, but no object to bathe with the living tide of affection; a hand to do, but no work to be done; talents unexercised, capacities undeveloped; a human life thrown away, wasted as water poured forth in the desert. Oh, birds and flowers, ye are gods to such a mockery of life! Who can describe the fearful void of such an existence, the yearning for an object, the self-reproach for wasted powers, the weariness of daily life, the loathing of pleasure, of frivolity, and the fearful consciousness of deadening life—of a spiritual paralysis, which hinders all response to human interests—when enthusiasm ceases to arouse, and noble deeds no longer call forth the tear of joy—when the world becomes a blank, humanity a far-off sound, and no life is left but the heavy, benumbing weight of personal helplessness and desolation.

"Oh! happier far is the toiling drudge who coins body and soul into the few poor shillings that can only keep his family in a long starvation; he has a hope unceasingly to light him, a duty to perform, a spark of love within that cannot die; and wretched, weary, unhuman as his life may be, it is of royal worth—it is separated

by the immeasurable distance of life and death from the poor, perhaps pampered wretch, who is cursed by having no work to do.

"Noble work! Welcome struggle, suffering, torture, if that be our path—it is bliss, it is angels' food, if so we may accomplish our destiny—if so we may fulfil a divine use!"

Mrs. Blackwell next proceeds to discuss the *laws of organic life*, or those by which we simply exist; and, under this head, she furnishes various excellent hints in regard to the management of infants. She next proceeds to what she calls the *related life*, which she explains thus: we quote her own language, for it would be impossible to state the idea more tersely.

"The true life of man, the life of the soul, only proves itself by its manifestations, by speech, expressed thought, by action, by social and national relations, and all those various forms of incarnated soul which we call art, science, religion. All this external life is simply the *relation* of the inner life, the soul, to man, to nature, to God, and the only way in which this inner life can so express itself, is by employing the body as a medium. But if we could take from man the power of speech and movement, the electric glance of the eye, the language of touch—could we even paralyze the greater portion of the brain, and thus deprive him of every possible method of displaying the life of the soul, the individual would still live on, the stomach would continue to digest, the liver would still carry on its complicated processes of vital chemistry, the lungs would breathe in the purifying air, the heart would distribute fresh blood to every part of the body, and the warm living tint of the skin would indicate the continued existence of organic bodily health.

"Here, then, we have at once a broad distinction between the *organic* life of the body, which is self-supporting and independent of individual will, and the *related* life of the body, which is the necessary instrument of the mind, directly under its control, and capable of immense development. The *organic* life has a fixed type of its own, we cannot educate it, each organ has its special peculiar use, to which any action of ours would be an impertinent interference, but the *related* life has our highest interests as its object, our interference is *essential* to its growth, it is capable of a wonderful education. The reason of this striking difference is evident from the order of movement which we have already observed. The lowest and coarsest forms of being always appear before the higher. The body is first in the order of development, it has to prepare for the mind, every function is fully and permanently established before the intelligent will make its

appearance; the body must therefore necessarily have its own independent laws in the child, and it remains through life independent of the experiments, the mistakes, and the long-continued efforts by which alone man can acquire knowledge—a fixed point, without which we could make no exertion; a broad, firm foundation stone, on which we may build the beautiful edifice of a noble life.

“By the organic or involuntary life of the body, we mean the active life of those parts of our material frame-work which would be necessary to keep the body alive if we had no souls; thus the action of the heart, lungs, stomach, skin, &c., belongs to the *organic* life, while by the related or voluntary life we indicate those parts of our physical organization which are the direct instruments of our intelligent will, the brain, senses, and muscular system.”

To exhibit this *related life* properly in connection with the physical education of girls, Mrs. Blackwell discusses the muscles, the organs of sense, and the brain, and shows how each should be treated by a judicious parent, or teacher. She points out how muscular exercise aids the circulation of the blood, keeps every part of the system into working order, promotes animal heat and electricity, assists the healthy action of the nervous system, and, in a word, maintains the tone of the whole body. This is the great object to be studied in educating the child. We must give Mrs. Blackwell's remarks, at some length, in order to do justice to her.

“We need muscles that are strong and prompt to do our will, that can run and walk in doors and out of doors, and convey us from place to place, as duty or pleasure calls us, not only without fatigue, but with the feeling of cheerful energy; we need strong arms that can cradle a healthy child, and toss it crowing in the air, and backs that will not break under the burden of household cares, a frame that is not exhausted and weakened by the round of daily duties. We want faces that can smile and light up with every noble sentiment, and not be rigidly set to vacancy, or wrinkled by care, faces that will greet the stranger with a welcome that he can feel; that will *show* to the loved ones the rich affections of the heart; that can lighten with indignation, or glow with honest approbation: we need faces that know how to move and express true feelings, instead of remaining like an icy barrier, through which the warm feelings of the heart strive in vain to break. We need developed muscles that shall make the human body really a divine image, a perfect form rendering all dress graceful, and not requiring to be patched and filled up and weighed down with clumsy con-

trivances for hiding its deformities. Bodies that can move in dignity, in grace, in airy lightness, or conscious strength, bodies erect and firm, energetic and active—bodies that are truly sovereign in their presence, the expressions of a sovereign nature. Such are the bodies that we need, prompt to do and to feel, truly our own. And such nature intends us to have. In order to give us so perfect and beautiful an instrument, the muscular frame was constructed, so rich in every way, so obedient to the mind. Exercise, then, the means by which the muscular system may be developed, assumes its true position, as of primary importance during the period of youth. It is the grand necessity which everything else should aid.”

After stating that, in the earliest years of life, the child may be left to itself for exercise, and only requires watching, so that it may not injure itself, she proceeds thus:

“But the child grows on. With the period of second dentition the mind has assumed a different character. The irrational pursuits of early childhood no longer attract—it is impossible to absorb the attention for hours with the position of a few sticks and pebbles, or the manufacture of dirt pies. Exercise must now have a meaning, an object; it must be rational exercise in order to attract, and a book will be far more inviting than a game of play, if there is no mind in the game. The instincts of the body are no longer imperative as with the infant; they are not the same trustworthy guides. The child has now been for a long time under the influence of social habits moulded to the wants of adult life, and nature no longer speaks through it, in the same clear voice; the intelligent will is awaking, and the demands of the body are henceforth made in an humbler tone. But does exercise really become less important to the well-being of the child at this age? Most emphatically not! Every part of the body is in active growth, and exercise is essential to the perfect nutrition of active growth. The bones have not attained their due solidity, they will yield to the pressure of long continued or constrained position; the textures are soft and incomplete; the muscular system is growing, not *grown*, and demands imperatively its *condition* of growth—exercise. The nervous system is so extremely susceptible, that muscular exercise is absolutely needed, to balance its activity, and save it from morbid irritability; and the most important physical changes are preparing in the system, the crowning work of the body, whose effects are of vital consequence to the well-being of adult life—the age of puberty, viz:—which demands the most favorable material conditions, that it may be accomplished in that slow and

complete manner, which can only be the result of perfect muscular development.

"Most evidently then the freest and fullest exercise is required, until the period of puberty is fully established and its functions consolidated. It is only then when the bodily growth is healthily completed, that the physical discipline may relax, that our object may change, or rather receive its completion in the full development of the mind. Until that period of perfected physical growth is reached, all neglect is dangerous; the evils to which I have alluded, will inevitably arise, and imperfection or disease through the whole of life will be the result.

"Our *special* duties to the muscular system commence, when the earliest childhood is past; it is then that our intelligence is absolutely needed, to make physical exercise intellectual, and thus suit it to the wants of the growing child, and it is at this period that we may be said for the first time, truly, to *educate* the body. We have to provide the object, as well as the method of obtaining it. This object is the exercise of the mind through the body; it is the expression of ideas by means of the muscles: spiritualized physical exercise is the demand of this second stage of youthful life.

"The method by which this object may be attained is, first, the subjection of the muscular system to the supremacy of the will, by obtaining a perfect control over all the muscles of our body, and a knowledge of the combinations of which they are capable; second, the application of the power so obtained to the overcoming passive resistances, as in climbing, running, throwing, &c.; to the overcoming active resistances, as in fencing, wrestling, &c.; to the expression of sentiment, as in pantomime and national dances; and to special adaptations of the muscles, as to the eye in archery, to the ear in singing, to the touch in swimming. But it is not my purpose here to enlarge upon this subject."

Mrs. Blackwell's remarks on the next branch of her subject are few, for which she gives two reasons. The first is that the senses have not the same powerful influence on the *material health* as have the muscles. The other reason is that the present means of educating the senses are very limited, and that where little is certainly known, it is best always to wait for experience. This is true, however, only to a certain extent. More attention might be devoted to this subject, we grant; but still we do not think Mrs. Blackwell has done it that justice which she might. Through the medium of the fine arts, cleanly homes, tasteful attire, the study of Nature, and other similar means the senses can be cultivated far more than they are, and with a certainty of adding to our happiness. It is, perhaps, a fault of American life that the senses, as distinguished from the purely intellectual faculties, receive too little culture. There is a common, but mistaken notion, that the senses are something base and low, which it is well to ignore, and which are never called into exercise without impropriety; and hence not only are we less of a musical people than most Southern races, and have less taste—but we also have less physical beauty, and appreciate life itself with less zest. Perhaps even the lazzaroni of Naples are *happier* than the richest and most intellectual Americans; and, if so, it is almost entirely because they cultivate the senses more.

The final branch of her subject, the brain, is discussed at considerable length. No less than two chapters are devoted to this alone. Many excellent suggestions are made in relation to the intellectual training of girls, and much severe, but deserved censure passed on systems of fashionable education. It would give us pleasure, if we had space, to present our readers with some of these remarks. But our article has already reached the limits proper for one of this class.

A U T U M N .

BY I. WARNER.

AUTUMN comes across the hill-top,
Down into the quiet dale;
And the warm air mourns its coming,
With a melancholy wail.

Dry the yellow leaves are rustling,
Underneath my wandering feet;
And the woodland paths have vanished,
Which in Summer time they beat.

All the flowers in the meadow
Stately blooming sweet and fair,

I have hunted until weary,
But I cannot find them there.

Oh! a plaintive sadness lingers
On the air and in the wood,
But 't is sweeter far than gladness,
For its memories are good.

And I sorrow as I wander
In the yellow dying day,
That its brightness e'er should perish,
Or its sunlight pass away.

OUR WORK TABLE.

LADIES' CARRIAGE-BAG IN BERLIN WOOL.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—No. 16 French Cotton Canvas, 15 inches wide, by 26 long: 4 ozs. of Claret Berlin wool: 1 hank of large steel beads, 4 ozs. of chalk white, 4 ozs. of turquoise blue, and 2 ozs. of black; all these beads are of a size considerably larger than seed beads.

The pattern is formed entirely in beads. It consists of wide and narrow stripes alternately; the former contains an elegant pair, bending first to the left and then to the right, the ground being filled in entirely with Berlin wool. The narrow stripes consist of beads only.

Those who select the materials for themselves, must be particularly careful so to assort the canvas with the beads, that each one of the latter may just cover two threads of canvas in each direction, equivalent to a cross stitch. If the canvas be too fine, the beads will look crowded, and the effect will be spoilt; if it be coarser than it ought to be, they will not cover the threads.

Divide the canvas in half, for the two sides of the bag, and herringbone all the edges of each.

For the narrow stripe, being the border, up the sides, beginning at the lowest left hand corner.

1st row.—One blue, one black, two white, two blue.

2nd row.—One blue, two black, one white, two blue.

3rd row.—Two blue, two black, two blue.

4th row.—Two blue, one white, two black, one blue.

5th row.—Two blue, two white, one black, one blue. Repeat these five rows up the sides and between every two broad stripes.

BROAD STRIPE.—*1st row.*—Wool only, twenty-three cross stitches.

2nd row.—Eleven wool, one blue, eleven wool.

3rd row.—Eight wool, one blue, one wool, three blue, one wool, one blue, eight wool.

4th row.—Seven wool, four blue, one black, four blue, seven wool.

5th row.—Four wool, four blue, one white, one blue, three black, one blue, one white, four blue, four wool.

6th row.—Four wool, one blue, two black, one blue, two white, one blue, one black, one blue, two white, one blue, two black, one blue, four wool.

7th row.—Four wool, one blue, two black, one

blue, three white, one blue, three white, one blue, two black, one blue, four wool.

8th row.—Four wool, four blue, three white, one blue, three white, four blue, four wool.

9th row.—Two wool, two blue, four white, one blue, five white, one blue, four white, two blue, two wool.

10th row.—Three wool, two blue, four white, one blue, one white, one steel, one white, one blue, four white, two blue, three wool.

11th row.—Two wool, two blue, one black, one blue, four white, three steel, four white, one blue, one black, two blue, two wool.

12th row.—One wool, two blue, three black, two blue, one white, five steel, one white, two blue, three black, two blue, one wool.

13th row.—Like eleventh.

14th row.—Like tenth.

15th row.—Like ninth.

16th row.—Like eighth.

17th row.—Four wool, one blue, two black, one blue, three white, one blue, three white, one blue, two black, three blue, two wool.

18th row.—Four wool, one blue, two black, one blue, two white, one blue, one black, one blue, two white, one blue, two black, one blue, one white, two blue, one wool.

19th row.—Four wool, four blue, one white, two blue, one black, two blue, one white, four blue, two white, one blue, one wool.

20th row.—Six wool, five blue, one black, one white, five blue, three white, one blue, one wool.

21st row.—Six wool, one blue, one white, two blue, two white, one black, eight white, one blue, one wool.

22nd row.—Six wool, one blue, five white, one black, seven white, two blue, one wool.

23rd row.—Six wool, one blue, five white, two black, five white, three blue, one wool.

24th row.—Six wool, one blue, four white, two blue, two black, six white, one blue, one wool.

25th row.—Six wool, two blue, two white, two blue, two white, one black, one blue, four white, two blue, one wool.

26th row.—Seven wool, four blue, three white, one black, seven blue, one wool.

27th row.—Nine wool, one blue, four white, one black, one white, four blue, three wool.

28th row.—Three wool, three blue, three wool, one blue, three white, one blue, one black, four white, two blue, two wool.

29th row.—Two wool, two blue, one white, one blue, two wool, two blue, two white, two blue, one black, five white, one blue, two wool.

30th row.—Two wool, one blue, one white, two blue, three wool, four blue, one white, one black, one blue, four white, one blue, two wool.

31st row.—Two wool, one blue, one white, one blue, four wool, three blue, two white, one black, two blue, two white, two blue, two wool.

32nd row.—Two wool, one blue, one white, two blue, three white, one blue, three white, one black, two white, four blue, three wool.

33rd row.—Two wool, one blue, two white, five blue, two white, one blue, one black, three white, one blue, five wool.

34th row.—Two wool, two blue, five white, three blue, one black, one blue, three white, one blue, five wool.

35th row.—Three wool, one blue, six white, two black, one white, one blue, two white, two blue, five wool.

36th row.—Three wool, two blue, four white, one blue, three white, four blue, six wool.

37th row.—Four wool, six blue, three white, one blue, nine wool.

38th row.—Nine wool, five blue, nine wool.

For the next pine, work from the first to the sixteenth row (inclusive of both) exactly like those already given; the remaining rows must be worked backward, beginning at the end of each, and working to the commencement.

The third pine is worked like the first.

When both sides are done, the bag should either be mounted at a carpet-bag manufacturer's or by the worker. The sides are usually of leather. We have given a size which we think generally useful; but it may be made larger or smaller according to fancy. Done on fine canvas, with seed beads, it is very pretty for a hand reticule.

THE BUTTERFLY'S DEATH.

BY HORACE JOHNSON.

A BUTTERFLY lit on a lady's lip,

To seek for the flow'r whence the odor came
That had drawn it thither, wishing to sip

The nectar that Love exhaled from his flame.

It trembled in ecstasy's ardent thrill,

Such bliss was the warmth of the lady's breath,

That no fear of danger was felt, until

A sigh of despair brought the chill of death.

No ruffle was seen on its azure plume,

But the blight of the lady's love was there;

And the butterflies dread the strange perfume,

That, burdened with bliss, may create despair.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.—We congratulate our readers, and the public generally, on the new Post-Office Law, by which the postage has been so materially reduced, that hereafter the legal charge on ordinary numbers of this Magazine, like the present, will be only half a cent. On double numbers, which we occasionally give, and which are double numbers, it should be remembered in plates as well as in pages—for no other Magazine ever gives double numbers of that kind—the postage will, of course, be heavier. But the ordinary charge cannot legally exceed half a cent, where you pay quarterly in advance: and we advise you, to save trouble, to pay for the entire year ahead. The postage for this periodical, double numbers and all, for 1853, will not exceed eight or ten cents. Remember that, lady-fair! For about a dollar and thirty-one cents, all told, you can procure for the ensuing year, the most elegantly embellished and most readable of the monthlies: the only one that will give colored fashions, or that can be relied on, at all, in matters of taste, or novelty in dress. Who will not subscribe under these circumstances? If we do not have a hundred thousand patrons, before the first of March, 1853, and you, fair reader, with all your friends, among the number, we shall conclude that it is scarcely worth while to publish an original, elegant and lively Magazine, or to have the postage at half a cent a number.

NOW FOR CLUBS.—You cannot begin too early to get up clubs for 1853. Are you the only subscriber at your post-office? Procure two others, and get your copy for \$1,66, or seven others, and obtain it for \$1,25. Is there a club already in your place? Double it for next year, if for no other reason, at least to patronize the only original Magazine left. We promise you twice the worth of your money, once in plates, and again in first-rate American stories. Remit early. Your names will be faithfully entered, and the January number sent as soon as it is out, which will be by the first of December. Remember that this Magazine has been ten years in existence, has always faithfully fulfilled its pledges, and that it is perfectly safe to send money to it, which cannot be said of the new mushroom affairs of the day.

COLORED FASHION PLATES.—We give our subscribers, this month, a fashion plate like those usually published by our cotemporaries, only our styles are the very latest. Who would not prefer an exquisitely engraved and colored plate such as we published last month? Our friends will, hereafter, be better able to appreciate how superior our fashions are to others. As we have not wished,

however, to save money off our friends, we have inserted an extra plate, besides extra pages. Next month we shall again publish a superb steel fashion plate colored *a la mode*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Philosophers and Actresses. By Arsene Houssaye. 2 vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—Whoever has read that most fascinating of all fascinating works, "Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century," will lose no time in procuring these companion volumes by the same author. The work sparkles with wit, yet is full of poetical feeling, a rare combination of qualities, but one most successfully effected in the present instance. No book equally agreeable has ever been written on the same subject. The biographies here collected have been winnowed, in fact, from whole libraries of memoirs. But the volumes have a merit higher than even this. They present a picture of France, in the Eighteenth Century, as truthful as it is brilliant, and which no reflecting mind can contemplate without comprehending, more thoroughly than ever before, the horrors of the Revolution, which, in 1793, put an end to that gilded comedy of real life, known as the old regime. Houssaye has, in truth, recalled the Regency and the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, with a vividness that is appalling. In reading his pages, we feel that, notwithstanding the outward beauty of the age he depicts, the poison lurks beneath: under the flowers we hear the rattle of the deadly snake. Mr. Redfield has issued the volumes, we are glad to see, in a style commensurate with their merits. Two exquisitely engraved portraits of Voltaire and Madame Parabere adorn the title-pages.

Heroic Women of History. By Henry C. Watson. 1 vol. Philada: J. & J. L. Gihon.—In this large and elegantly printed octavo, we have one of the handsomest as well as most agreeable and useful books of the season. The principal examples of female courage, disinterestedness, and self-sacrifice, which history has afforded, have been collected with industry and set forth with eloquence, so that the volume is, as it were, a monument of the heroic virtues of woman in all times. A work equally fascinating, even in fiction, it would be impossible to find. Here we may read how Joan of Arc saved France, how Marie Stewart died, how the Quakeress Dye endured martyrdom uncomplainingly, and how others, less known, bore the greatest trials meekly, or shed their blood to give testimony to the truth. Every lady in the land should have the work. We could not recommend a more suitable gift for the approaching holiday season, for the book is both beautifully bound and handsomely illustrated.

Mary Seaham. By Mrs. Grey. 1 vol. T. B. Peterson.—Mrs. Grey has attained the foremost rank in that list of distinguished female novelists, who have so conspicuously stamped the impress of their genius upon the literature of the nineteenth century. This last production of the gifted authoress is unquestionably one of the best, if not the best of her efforts. It is marked with all that delicate perception of the varied phases of woman's character, in which Mrs. Grey so eminently excels in depicting and laying bare. The struggles of the heroine, in loving not wisely, yet too well; and the gradual yet natural transfer of her affections to a nobler object; are all colored with that rare tact and fidelity of narration, which only the most consummate knowledge of a woman's heart could have achieved. The general tone of this novel is of a higher cast than many of the previous productions of this lady's pen. There is a thrilling intensity in many of the incidents, a bolder development of individual character, and a more artistic handling of her subject, which in our estimation places Mary Seaham as indisputably the most powerfully written novel Mrs. Grey has hitherto produced.

Library Edition of the Waverly Novels. Vols. VII, VIII and IX. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.—The novels of Scott need not be interdicted, even to the youngest persons. They give no false views of life, and are full of genius. In truth if every family would keep a set of Scott's novels in the house, so that the children might freely read them, it would prevent the secret perusal of much vile trash. The imagination, especially in youth, craves food, and will not be denied; and if good reading of this character is not at hand, bad may supply its place. We repeat what we said last month, that of the many editions of Scott now competing for public favor, this is the only one that we can honestly commend; for it is the sole one printed in type sufficiently large, yet in volumes convenient for reading. The twenty-eight romances are to be published in twenty-five volumes, of nearly uniform size, handsomely bound, and illustrated with elegant embellishments. When completed they will form the most beautiful library edition ever issued on this side of the Atlantic. T. B. Peterson is the Philadelphia agent of the work.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. With Numerous Illustrations. 1 vol. Philada: J. & J. L. Gihon.—This is altogether the best popular edition of the famous "Thousand and One Nights" which has yet appeared in the United States. Costlier ones have been published, indeed, but none superior in the elements of lasting success. The volume contains over five hundred pages, closely, yet neatly printed; and is profusely embellished, and bound with great taste.

Chambers' Life and Works of Burns. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This volume fully sustains our former commendations of the work, as being altogether the best biography of Burns ever published, or that probably ever will be published.

Hagar. A Story of To-Day. By Alice Carey. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—We always receive Redfield's books with pleasure, they are so fastidiously got up by the publisher. The present volume charms one by its niceties of printing and binding, for instance, before one has read a word. To sit down, with such a book in hand, is, in fact, a positive pleasure. Nor does the perusal of "Hagar" alter one's opinion. Without being particularly artistic, or without leaving any decidedly happy results behind it, this fiction is yet one of power, and remarkable for its subtle delineation of character. Among the rising authors of the land, Miss Carey holds a prominent place, which, if we mistake not, will become even more commanding, as study and practice mature her genius. Writing from the great West, too, where all is so fresh, she deserves, more perhaps than any cotemporary, the encouragement of the public, and especially of her sex.

New Book of Cookery. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brother.—Mrs. Hale, it has often been said, never undertakes anything which she does not do well; and the present volume affords a fresh example of the truth of this remark. Of the many excellent books on Cookery which have come before us, whether editorially or otherwise, we are inclined to think this the best. It is not only fitted for the epicure's kitchen, but is admirable in a small family. We had marked several new receipts, which we intended to copy as specimens of the book, but find that our space compels us, for the present at least, to omit them. Meantime we advise every housewife, and we hope all our fair readers are such, in theoretical knowledge at least, to purchase the treatise without delay. It is published in quite a neat style by the Messrs. Long.

Scenes at Home. By Mrs. Anna Bache. 1 vol. Philada: J. & J. L. Gihon.—Under a pleasant story of the adventures of a fire-screen, Mrs. Bache teaches, in this volume, lessons of practical wisdom, to which every young lady would do well to take heed. The book is a most charming one, and, when once taken up, will not be laid aside till its reading is finished. The publishers have issued it in a neat style, and with several pretty illustrations.

The Personal Adventures of "Our Correspondent" in Italy. By M. B. Honan. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a racy book, written by the Italian correspondent of the London Times, during the eventful year 1848. It has been well characterized as a gay, rollicking description of political, military and social scenes, full of wit, and sure always to raise a laugh. It is not a reprint of letters, as has been said.

The School for Fathers. By T. Gwynne. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An excellent story, in which the folly of attempting to place a son in a sphere for which he is unfitted, is forcibly pointed out. We must say that a novel, without an instructive moral of some kind, appears to us a sad misapplication of talents.

Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The American public is really indebted to the Messrs. Harpers for so convenient an edition of this great work. Nobody can remain a skeptic, after perusing this book, unless his mind is utterly deficient in candor and comprehensiveness. It ought to be placed in the hands of every young person as soon as he or she is old enough.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.—Dress of rich brown gros de Naples; the skirt made perfectly plain. Cloak of black velvet, trimmed with a broad row of sable at the bottom. The mantle has a cape, the front part of which covers the arm-hole, forming at once a substitute for a sleeve, and producing the appearance of a double mantle. The cape is edged with a row of sable, about half the breadth of that which trims the bottom of the mantle. The fronts are edged with sable, which widens toward the throat, and at the back of the neck is shaped like a victorine. A small sable muff. A drawn bonnet of brown satin, lined with pink satin in drawings. Under trimming of small pink flowers. On one side a brown ostrich feather twisted spirally.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF POMONA GREEN SATIN, the skirt very full and long. The front of the skirt is ornamented by two rows of losenge trimming formed of green velvet, the losenges graduating in width from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. Each of these velvet losenges is edged round with narrow black lace. Up the front of the corsage there is a single row of velvet trimming, the same as that on the skirt. The sleeves, which are demi-long, and of very moderate width, are ornamented on the inside of the arm with losenge trimming. The under-sleeves are trimmed with two rows of Brussels lace. Drawn bonnet of white satin, with a fronce of white satin round the edge of the front, and continued along the bavolet at the back. The under-trimming of the bonnet consists of bouquets of scarlet geranium blossoms, made in velvet. On one side a white ostrich feather. A cloak of maroon colored velvet, trimmed with ermine, and lined with white quilted satin.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The straight corsage is now universally worn by the best dressed people, in place of the pointed corsage, which was so long the fashion. The greatest change, however, which has taken place is in the sleeves. The tendency to modification is decidedly observable in sleeves of lace or needlework, those, in short, which rank in the category of *lingerie*. The reign of pagoda sleeves seems to be drawing to a close. They have become a general fashion, and all general fashions approach more or less to the vulgar and common. One of our principal dress-makers has introduced a very pretty style of sleeves for silk dresses. They have two seams, one on the inside and the other on the outside of the arm, and in general effect they are not very unlike the tight sleeves worn some years ago. They are not, how-

ever, cut exactly in the same manner. They have a seam in the inside of the arm, shaped so as to obviate folds at the bend; but the outside seam extends only from the elbow downward, so as to follow the shape of the lower arm. This sleeve is adapted only to dresses of silk, or materials not thin or transparent. It should not descend to the wrist, but only about two-thirds down the lower arm, thereby affording room for an under-sleeve, consisting of a puff of muslin or net, fastened at the wrist by a band. A sleeve of the form here described is frequently worn under pagodas, when it is wished to cover the arm.

ANOTHER form of under-sleeves consists of a single puff of the usual width. The wristband, which is about three inches wide, is trimmed with two rows of needlework or lace, falling downward. This style of sleeve is worn under wide sleeves.

But there is no doubt that for out door dresses, as the autumn advances, a close kind of sleeve will be found desirable, for the arm is readily sensible to the effects of either cold or heat. Many silk dresses have lately been made with sleeves nearly as close at the lower arm as from the shoulder to the elbow. These sleeves are just sufficiently short to show a small white under-sleeve. It may be mentioned that even when the sleeves are not diminished in width, the under-sleeves are much less full than those hitherto worn. Other sleeves resemble those worn by our grandmothers—that is, tight to a little below the bend of the elbow, and finishing there with one or two ruffles with a heading.

THICK COLLARS AND SLEEVES are also beginning to reappear: the latter are generally *a la chevaliere*; that is to say, with rather deep cuffs, turned back, widening at each side, where they meet into a point, and fastened by double sleeve buttons in gold or enamel. This style goes remarkably well with the vest and *gilet*, and is better suited for the ensuing season than the thin muslin and lace sleeves, which for summer were so light and cool, and whose open shape allowed the air free access.

FLOUNCES are, if possible, more worn than ever; the single flounce, with a heading, is much in favor, and very graceful; it is better suited for young ladies than the number of ruffles adopted by the married ones, while at the same time it can be worn by ladies whose *embonpoint* renders a more ample trimming objectionable. Great care should be taken, however, where there is but one flounce, to have it sufficiently deep, or it cuts the figure in two.

BANDS OR FOLDS OF MOIRE are beginning to be employed for out door costume. On a dress of grey or black silk, moire folds of dark blue or violet have a very pretty effect. They are also employed for edging flounces, for the basquines of jacket corsages, and for the front trimmings of high dresses.

BONNETS.—It is said that as the season advances the bonnets, which now merely perch on the back of the head, (that is according to the actual fashion, though none of good taste have never adopted the extreme) will completely change their form, and be worn as round and close as they are now open. The bonnet strings are longer and wider than ever.

1850.



FLIGHT OF TIME.

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No. 6.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

A GOLDEN autumn day was drawing to a close, when the chariot of the great leader of the Gileadites, attended by the triumphant hosts of Israel, approached the dwelling of Jephthah. The Ammonites, who had so long struck terror into his people, had been reduced, by the mighty leader, to sue for peace; and he, who had once been an outcast from his native land, was now returning, its acknowledged chief, followed by acclamations along his entire route.

"Ah!" said he, to one of his chosen warriors, a bosom friend, "the vow, which I made as we went forth against the Ammonites, is heavy at my heart. I swore unto the Lord that if He would deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, I would dedicate to Him whatsoever came forth from my house to meet me, on my return. I mistrust that, when I thus vowed, I thought secretly more of my own personal advancement than of the glory of Jehovah; and I tremble lest He should take vengeance, by sending forth to meet me some one whom I love."

"Alas! it was a rash vow," said his friend. "Even for high and holy purposes we should not make such."

The great hero sighed, but made no reply, for, at this moment, his chariot reached the top of an acclivity, from which might be seen a lovely valley, between a range of hills, the sun setting in the distance, and in the foreground a stately mansion almost embowered in trees. It was the home of Jephthah, and giving the reins to his steeds, the chariot thundered down the hill.

The shouts of the warriors, however, had preceded him, and when he was yet some space off, the doors of the house flew open, and there came forth, with a timbrel, dancing, a graceful maiden, in all the first glorious beauty of womanhood.

The great hero, who had faced the shock of battle unflinching, staggered back, the reins dropping from his hands.

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"Alas! my daughter," he cried, and rent his clothes, "thou hast brought me very low. I have opened my mouth to the Lord, I have vowed a vow respecting thee, and I cannot go back."

His steeds, unbidden, had stopped in front of the portal, and his child, for such was the dancer, had heard these words. She became deadly pale. But she answered dutifully as a Jewish daughter should, bending her lovely head before him.

"Father, here I am, do thou with me according to thy vow; for the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, the children of Ammon."

The face of the father fell into his hands; and a hero though he was, he groaned aloud: for the speaker was his only child, the idol of his heart, dearer to him than all things beside.

"My daughter, oh! my daughter," he cried, in agony of soul; for he could, as yet, say no more.

"What is this vow, which makes my father so sad?" asked the beautiful girl, looking anxiously upon the attendant warriors. But turning to her parent, before they could reply, she knelt before Jephthah, and cried, "father, father, tell me yourself: it is something dreadful, I know; and it will come sweetest from your own lips."

And then the parent, with countenance of ashy whiteness, told his child of the rash vow he had made. She heard it in stony silence, and, for a space, answered not. Her father, with poignant grief, said at this,

"Alas! my child, have you no word of forgiveness for me? Pity me, who suffer almost as much as you, my child."

She looked up finally at these words, that glorious young girl, and answered,

"Father, I do forgive you: it is the Lord's will, let it be done. Pardon my momentary shock. It does, I confess, seem terrible for one so happy and so young to leave this bright

world, and henceforth be as nothing to it; but better a weak girl should thus be sacrificed to the Lord, than that Gilead should have fallen before the children of Ammon. Give me but two months that, with my maidens, I may go up and down the mountains, bewailing my fate, and I will, without a murmur, yield myself to the fulfilment of the vow."

And it was done. The sacred pages tell how, at the end of her respite, the daughter of Jephthah returned to her father, who, in the emphatic words of Scripture, "did with her according to his vow which he had vowed." That this vow only dedicated her, as a vestal, to the service of Israel's God, but did not, as is popularly believed, make a human sacrifice of her, we would fain

believe; for it is certainly more probable that the calling her "a burnt offering" is merely figurative, than that Jephthah should have considered the murder of his child would be acceptable to Jehovah.

He never saw her more, however, for that was the substance of his vow. From that hour the sunshine of her smile went out in his home; and henceforth he was a lonely, childless man, whom neither power nor grandeur could make happy. The dedication of his daughter to heaven was a burnt offering, not merely of her, but of his own heart.

And to all time his woe is perpetuated, and his example held up, on the Sacred page, as a warning against rash vows.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

ONE Christmas night, an orphan child
Walked trembling through the snow;
With sighs he marked the hurrying guests
Pass gaily to and fro.
With sighs he marked the many lights
Outshining far and nigh;
The night was dark, and over all
There arched a starless sky.

He heard the sound of dancing feet—
He heard the music's strain;
He saw the shadows flitting by
On many a window-pane;
And presently the tapers beamed
From many a Christmas Tree—
"I wish," the child in anguish cried,
"A bough were dressed for me!"

So passed he up and down the street
Till guests began to part:
Poor boy! Each kindly word they spoke
Breathed sorrow to his heart.
Each echo of their festal mirth
Called forth his tears like rain—
"I'll go," said he, "to yonder wood,
And pray to God again!"

He laid him down upon the snow—
The snow so soft and white—
And scarcely were his eyelids closed
When visions of delight,
Like sundawn beamed upon his soul—
"Dear child," an angel cries,
"Come quick with me, thy Christmas Tree
Is blooming in the skies!"

NEVER ALONE.

BY H. W. PAYSON.

NEVER alone—for around us are gliding
Immortal, unchanging, ethereal forms,
Invisible pilots our destiny guiding
Through life's rugged ocean of tempests and storms.

Never alone—holy beings are round us
Commission'd by Heaven to watch o'er us here,
To duty to prompt and with hope to enliven,
The hope of a blessed eternity near.

Never alone—for as silently treading
Around us are demons of poisoning breath,

Temptors to evil, yet charming, inviting,
Beckoning onward to ruin and death.

Never alone—for within the heart's temple
Is placed a deviner of each spirit's aim,
Approving the good and denouncing the evil,
Warning us ever of danger and shame.

Never alone—yet more potent than ever,
Angels or demons, good counsel or ill,
Free in its choosing, and free in refusing,
But yet to account for its course is the will.

LILIAN FLOYD'S CHRISTMAS VISIT.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

"Mr dear," said Mr. Luke Floyd to his wife, "we never hear anything of poor Tom's widow and child. I really think we must write and invite them here. These family ties ought to be kept up, and Tom was the only brother I had;" and Mr. Floyd scraped the back bone of the turkey on his plate with renewed vigor.

Mrs. Floyd settled herself in her chair, filled the crumbs off her napkin with her delicate ring-covered fingers, and said,

"I am sure, my dear, I have no objection, but had we not better leave it for a while? Christmas is so near, and I suppose, poor soul, she would feel out of place during so much gaiety."

Mr. Floyd held up his glass of generous old port to the light, and gazed lovingly with half closed eyes at its ruby oiliness, as he replied,

"I don't think Mrs. Tom will feel herself at all out of place, my dear, for she is a very respectable lady, and has some money of her own"—a sure sign with Mr. Luke Floyd that a person was respectable.

And so it was that the letter was written, that put Lillian Floyd in such a state of excitement.

Mrs. Tom, as her brother-in-law designated her, declined the invitation for herself, but accepted it for Lilly, who with the unsubdued spirits of seventeen, danced about the house in delight.

"Isn't it a good thing, mamma, that I didn't get a new bonnet and cloak last winter?" asked she. "Mine are as fresh now as can be, and my garnet-colored cashmere I have only worn two or three times—it is as good as new;"—and so Lillian talked on, making the best of her small wardrobe.

To Mrs. Floyd's greater experience, however, her daughter's outfit, looked very slender, but then her income was inconveniently small.

And now, such altering and fitting, such making up of new things, and doing up of old, the little cottage had never before witnessed.

First, there was the new dark blue silk, and the French chintz dresses to be made. Then there was the white mull, which had been bought for the last winter's cotillion party, and had done church service during the summer, to be washed by old Mattie, and ironed by Mrs. Floyd's own careful hands; and the short sleeves were to have new thread edging and blue ribbons, on them;—and the white silk stockings were to

receive a new flesh-tint, from a dipping in cochineal water;—and the one pair of white kid gloves (we are ashamed to confess it, dear reader, but Lillian never had but one pair,) had to be cleaned with flannel, and new milk, and white soap;—and her colored ones had to be rubbed with stale bread-crumbs and India-rubber:—oh, altogether, Lillian never recollected so pleasant and busy a time.

She had no misgivings to mar the pleasure of these preparations. She looked upon her uncle Luke as a modern Aladdin, who possessed a magic lamp, that made him master of countless riches, and on her Aunt Floyd as the most lady-like, fascinating personage in the world; and on her Cousin Harriet, as the perfect embodiment of fine young ladyism, as lovely as laces and silk could make her.

The warmth of her reception no way disenchanted Lillian. She was unusually pretty, lady-like, and well educated; and her relations were too thoroughly bred to have expressed any disappointment, had she not been so; while she was of too healthy a moral nature to imagine slights where none existed.

The whirl, the gaiety, and the splendor of the city perfectly bewildered her. Magnificent furniture, superbly bound books, gay silks, rich embroideries, jewelry piled in the windows in splendid confusion, which she in her innocent little heart thought must be worth a king's ransom, made the store windows one long line of enchantment, till she almost fancied that the glories of the "Arabian Nights" were not fabulous; that alabaster sofas overlaid with gold, and floors inlaid with precious stones, must be common things.

Lillian had never been dissatisfied with any thing in her life before, but it must be confessed that now she was in danger of thinking her little village home rather a dull affair.

And so several weeks passed, but Lilly Floyd was beginning to be just the least bit in the world disenchanted. She had been accustomed to all the honors of belle-ship in an humble way; the first to be invited to parties, pic nics and sleighing excursions; the first in the dance, and the last at home after the revel; but here, after the novelty of crowded rooms, innumerable lights, stirring music, gay dresses, and expensively set tables had worn off, Lillian discovered that she

had little share in the scene, except as a looker on. She was too quiet and unobtrusive among so many strangers to be at all noticed, and though some "fast" young gentlemen would pronounce her, "a pretty specimen of still life," or "a beautiful wall flower." They vowed she must be a fool, for she could not talk at all; in truth, the pure-hearted girl had no sympathies in common with them, so they went off to flatter and flirt with her more brilliant cousin.

The plain or middle-aged gentlemen to be sure were most polite in asking her to dance, when no more fashionable partners were to be had; but Lilly sometimes saw that she was a *dernier resort*, and often refused with a quiet, "excuse me, sir, if you please," when her feet were fairly twitching to be off, keeping time to the gay music.

But Arthur Thornton, her cousin's admirer, or lover as she thought him, formed an exception, for he was neither plain, nor middle-aged, but young, eminently handsome and very wealthy. He good naturedly sent Lilian bouquets, danced with her, and handed her out to supper, because he saw how lonely she sometimes seemed; and Harriet looked on, rather well pleased, for she feared no rivalry from her cousin, and it kept the gentleman's attentions from other quarters.

One morning, as the girls were preparing for a shopping excursion and promenade, Mr. Thornton came in.

"Just going out?" asked he, "well, I'll not detain you. I only called to see if you would not go with me to-morrow night to hear Parodi, in Lucrezia Borgia?"

Lilian's eyes fairly sparkled with delight. *Brindisi*, and the other gems of the opera were familiar to her; but to see Parodi in the whole drama, was what she had not dared to hope for. She was passionately fond of music, had a correct ear, and exquisite taste, which her mother, who was a proficient herself in the art, had most carefully cultivated.

It was not only the music, but the acting which had enchanted her. Her uncle had taken her to see several of the best opera's, and here was now a chance for "Lucrezia." She almost held her breath from excitement, till Harriet answered,

"To-morrow night! Why you know we are engaged to Mrs. Lane. I hear the party is to be a most brilliant one."

Lilian's countenance fell in a moment. She was so disappointed, that tears almost forced their way into her eyes. Mr. Thornton noticed this, and said,

"Are you going to Mrs. Lane's too, Miss Lilian?"

"Yes, I expect I must," was the half petulant reply.

"Well, if you do not care too much about the

party, suppose you accompany me to the opera, I do so dislike going alone, and you are so very fond of music, that I think you will enjoy it."

Lilian's spirits rose again.

"Oh, thank you," said she, "I want to hear Parodi so much, in Lucrezia, and if I can convince myself that Mrs. Lane will not be miserable at my absence, I will send her a regret," continued she, laughingly.

"Come, ladies," said Thornton, when they had reached the hall door, "do let me accompany you on your shopping expedition, I am somewhat curious to know how expensive a luxury a wife is going to be."

And as store after store was entered, he watched with some amusement the indifference with which the brilliant Miss Floyd turned over the gay goods, and the astonishment with which Lilian heard the prices.

"Well, ladies, I am almost frightened at the thought of matrimony, after all these extravagances. Suppose we have a promenade now, as the day is fine."

But the walk in the direction which they were taking was suddenly stopped by falling bricks, dry mortar and dust, from an old building which was being torn down, so they turned into a crowded but less fashionable street.

In passing a toy-shop, they saw looking eagerly in at the window, three bright faced, happy-looking little girls, very commonly dressed, with their school satchels on their arms, each with a loud voice, pointing out to the others what she would buy if she only had the money.

"I'd have that bureau," said one.

"Oh! that ain't pretty, I'd take that box with chairs and sofas in," answered the second.

"I wouldn't," said the third; "if I had money enough, I'd buy that doll with curly hair, for Anne, because she's lame, you know."

Mr. Thornton and the cousins had been walking very slowly, and Lilian had heard the children's conversation. Their sparkling eager little eyes affected her powerfully. Oh! how she longed for just a little more money, that she might feel justified in gratifying them, and when the little lame Anne was mentioned, she thought to herself, "well, I'll do without that pair of gloves, then I can afford to give them the money, it will yield them so much pleasure;" and as Thornton and Harriet were eagerly debating the merits of some acquaintance, she stepped back to the little group at the window, and handing each a piece of silver, said,

"Run in, now, and buy what you want with it;" and turning to the last speaker, she said, "do you get the doll if you can for Anne." With these words she again joined her cousin.

The children looked at each other, and then at

the retreating figure in amazement. The luxury of fairy tales was unknown to them; but they were nevertheless inclined to believe that there was something supernatural in the lady who had just left them.

The little girl with the lame sister was the first to recover speech. She ran after Lilian, and taking hold of her dress, said,

"I am very much obliged to you, good lady, indeed I am."

"So am I," and "so am I," reiterated the others.

"Why Lilian, what is the matter? have you been playing the Lady Bountiful to those little monkeys?" asked Harriet.

"Oh, no, only I heard one of them say she wanted to buy something for a lame sister, and I gave her a little money," was the reply, "I love so to see children happy."

After impatiently counting the long hours, the time for the opera at last arrived. Lilian had been dressed since the middle of the afternoon; her hood, cloak, fan, and her cousin's opera glass were all lying on the bed in readiness; she was giving the *last* touch, for the fiftieth time, to her collar and the black velvet on her wrists, when Mr. Thornton was announced; and throwing on her cloak and hood in haste, she went down stairs. At the parlor door she met her aunt, who exclaimed, "why, where are your gloves, Lilly?"

"I was going to wear my black lace mitts, aunt, will they not do?"

"Why no, child, people always go the opera in full dress, you know."

"Well, I am very sorry. I hope Mr. Thornton will not be ashamed of me, for really I have no white gloves fit to wear, and I shall not put on soiled ones."

"But I thought you bought a pair yesterday," said Mrs. Floyd.

"No, I was too poor," replied Lilian, laughing; "this living in the city, and going to parties and the opera, I take to be rather expensive."

Now Mrs. Floyd was a very good-natured woman, but she would not have violated the proprieties of the opera, by going without white kid gloves, or an elegant head-dress, for the world; and she really felt annoyed, fearing the elegant Arthur Thoruton would be equally so.

Poor Lilly entered the drawing-room with all the happy expectation banished from her face, for this trifling *contretemps* had suddenly dashed all her pleasure.

Mr. Thornton had heard the whole conversation through the open door, and shrewdly suspecting that Lilian could have afforded to have bought a pair of new gloves, if the little lame

Anne had gone without a doll, he said, as Lilly proceeded to draw on her mitts.

"In how much better taste those black lace mitts are than white gloves, at least, for young ladies." Lilian's face brightened in a moment.

"I am glad," said she, "that you are not ashamed of me, I did not know how strict opera etiquette was here, till Aunt Floyd told me. However, I suppose the music will sound just as well with these," continued she, holding up her round white arm, looking whiter than ever, from the contrast with the black lace.

She reached the opera house in high spirits, and once there, her annoyances were all forgotten. She listened with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, and her warm breath came pantingly, till the last scene, where the mother acknowledges herself to her son, and at the terrible "*si son quella*," heightened by Parodi's inimitable acting, she sprang from her seat, and would have shrieked from excitement, had not Mr. Thornton, who had been watching her, laid his hand on her arm to recall her to herself.

Thornton was amused, as well as interested; he had never seen quite such a natural young lady, and seldom as pretty one. In truth, to the fashionable man, Lilly Floyd was delightfully refreshing and piquant.

And now the day before Christmas had arrived. The display in the store windows was so tempting, that the purse clasps of the veriest miser flew open as if by magic.

Lilian and her cousin were going home from a walk that afternoon, and Lily almost returned to her belief in the reality of the riches of the Arabian Nights; jewelry, splendidly finished work boxes, writing desks, books in all the gorgeousness of green and crimson, blue, purple and gold bindings, fairly bewildered her. The fathers of families were hurrying home with well filled baskets, where plump turkeys, and crimson cranberries, and crisp celery, and rosy-cheeked apples lay in most tempting confusion. The mothers were bending under huge dolls, prancing horses, whole menageries of animals, and locomotives which never went except by gravitation; laughing, half grown school girls, had their muffs filled with pretty toys, and inviting bon-bons for younger brothers and sisters, so delighted with the pleasure they anticipated giving, that they could scarcely keep their own secret; and little boys stood gazing into the shop windows, with their hands in their pockets, and their chins in their comforters, debating in their own minds which of the articles before them they would coax papa to buy.

It was a perfect carnival of mirth and happiness. Crowds of happy-looking children, and as happy-looking parents filled the street; the

very dogs frisked and jumped about, and run between your feet, as if Christmas time was a matter of importance even to them; the middle of the streets were filled with light sleighs, which skimmed along like bright colored birds; the excited horses dancing and prancing to the voice of the driver, and to the silvery music of the tinkling bells.

Twilight had arrived, and the stars came out, and yet still the crowd did not diminish. Parlors were beginning to be brilliantly illuminated, and through the undrawn curtains could be seen gay pictures in gorgeous frames, and large mirrors giving back light for light to the heavy chandelier. In some, festoons of evergreen, from which gleamed the crimson of the holly berry, were gracefully drooping on the walls, and the happy faces of dear little children were pressed against the window panes, peering at the gay groups in the street.

As Lilian and her cousin were ascending the steps of their own house, a little boy about nine years of age accosted them. There was something so wan and sad in his pale face and sunken eyes, that Lilian stopped, though she had been much laughed at by her uncle's family, on account of her sympathies for street beggars.

Harriet entered the door, saying,

"Come, Lilian, he is an impostor, you may be sure."

But her cousin was listening to the child, who said, in an imploring voice,

"Oh! won't you please give me something, Miss?"

"Do you want some money for Christmas?" was Lilian's smiling answer.

"No, Miss, but my mother's very ill, and my little sister died to-day, and I ain't used to begging, Miss." As he spoke this, he burst into tears.

"Do you live far from here?" questioned Lilian.

"No, Miss, only a little way around the corner, up Gray's court."

"Come, then, I'll go with you;" and forgetting the late hour in the impulse of the moment, off she started.

When Harriet entered the parlor alone, and Mrs. Floyd asked for her cousin, she replied,

"Oh! she is at the door, talking to some beggar. Her Quixotism is perfectly absurd. She is not as used to impostors as we are," continued she, on seeing Mr. Thornton seated on the sofa.

"Well, the hall door must be closed, at least, partially, for too much cold air comes in," said Mrs. Floyd.

"Permit me to do it for you, madam," said Thornton, as he arose and went to the door.

But Lilian was not at the steps. "She should

not be out by herself, at this time of night," thought the gentleman, and straining his eyes as he looked up and down the street, he thought he recognized her figure, as she passed under a gas light some distance ahead.

To go back in the hall, snatch his hat from the table and pursue her, was the work of an instant.

As she turned the corner, he hastened his pace, fearing to lose sight of her. He beheld her now enter a dark, dirty-looking court, lighted by one lamp, with two coal heavers plodding sullenly along, and a drunken man staggering home over the hard trodden snow that crunched under his feet; the whole presenting as strong a contrast as possible to the street which he had just left. The place looked as if the Christmas festival had never been instituted for its inhabitants, as if the great event which the next day was to commemorate brought no amelioration, no glad tidings to them.

The only sign of the happy jubilee was a group of children standing under the light, examining with eager, almost envious eyes, a small drum and a clumsy pocket knife, exhibited by two of their triumphant companions.

Just as Lilian and her little guide reached the door, they were joined by Mr. Thornton, who said,

"You are very imprudent, Miss Lilian, to go out at so late an hour; I had to come after you."

"Oh, I didn't think about it, Mr. Thornton; and I suppose I am; but there is a poor woman very ill here, and her baby is dead."

The boy opened the door, and they entered a room, tolerably clean to be sure, but with none of the comforts, and scarce any of the necessities of life. A tallow candle, running in huge gutters, standing on the rude mantle shelf, threw a dim, worrying kind of light through the room; the floor was bare, and the furniture consisted of a broken stove, two dilapidated chairs, a deal table, and a camp bedstead, with a most scanty supply of clothing.

Lilian was far from rich herself, but she had never seen anything to equal this. None, except those living in large cities, have an idea of the extreme poverty of some of the poor there.

On the bed lay the living mother and the dead infant together. A coarse, hard featured woman was at work on the piece of white muslin, that was to robe the little form for its last resting-place; and the poor mother wept as she thought of the bright Christmas day that would pass so happily to so many little children, and to so many fond mothers, and of the cold winter storms that would howl around the grave of her child; and of the white winding sheet of snow that would cover it; and of the violets and birds that would be there in the spring-time. She wept,

too, as "one without hope," for the poor human love of the mother could not yet look up with the eye of faith, and see her babe with the white winged band around the Great Throne.

Arthur Thornton stood by the door in silence. He had never witnessed a scene like this either. A new phase of life was revealed to him.

He knew that there were such poor, such very poor people, but a fortunate life had never before brought him in contact with them. He was not a selfish or unfeeling man, only a prosperous and thoughtless one; but as Lilian Floyd bent over the bed, and with the sympathetic tenderness of a truly kind heart, talked to the woman, as if she had been used to the haunts of poverty all her life, he silently vowed that, hereafter, the talent committed to his care should not lie unproductive.

Lilian, in the meanwhile, was gathering the history of the sick woman.

"I am a widow, and used to sew, Miss, for the shops," said she, "till I got a cold in the fall, carrying some work home in the rain; then I was laid up, and it came dreadful hard on us; for I didn't get enough money to put any by, and Philip only got a dollar a week, for being errand boy in a grocery store. And his money, Miss, I had to take for rent."

"Was the baby sick long?" asked Lilian.

"Yes, Miss, about two months. She took the fever from want of food and fire; it was that that killed her," and the mother burst into a passion of tears.

"And the doctors didn't care, Miss," continued she, "to come to see us poor people, when there ain't much chance of their being paid. They tell us to go to the dispensary physician, but when we get too ill to go to them, we generally go to the grave next."

"But have you had no help, all this time?" again asked Lilian, almost appalled.

"The neighbors have been very kind, and give us all they could, but they are most as poor as us," was the reply.

Thornton, during this conversation, had sent the boy for a physician for the mother, and taking a bill from his pocket-book, had ordered him to procure whatever was wanted from the grocers.

After slipping some money into the hand of the sick woman, Lilian arose to go, promising to call the next morning.

"Isn't it horrible," said she, when they got into the street, to her companion, who seemed buried in thought, "isn't it horrible to think that a little child should die from want in such a great city?"

"I never before realized it myself," replied Thornton, "I have always wrapped myself up as in my own comforts, that the cold winds of poverty could not pierce them."

As he spoke, he again fell into thought, for Lilian Floyd had unconsciously, by her benevolence that night, sown seeds that were hereafter to bring forth fruits for the great harvest of eternity.

Mrs. Floyd scolded her niece in a lady-like way for running home with all the beggars who might choose to impose upon her, and after hearing Lilian's story, said that she would order the housekeeper to put up some wine and other things, and send them by a servant, but that it was not proper for her to go there again. Harriet laughed contemptuously and somewhat spitefully, and said it was a new way to create an interest in the heart of a fashionable gentleman.

Notwithstanding these insinuations, Lilian was early with the bereaved mother on that bright Christmas morning. She now thought the coarse, hard-featured woman, whom she had seen the night before, absolutely beautiful, when she discovered that the little grave dress had been purchased from her own hard earnings, and saw her place the stiffened form of the dead child in the coffin with such motherly tenderness, and drop great tears on the waxen fingers when she crossed the little hands.

Oh! death, and poverty, and sorrow, that come in such terrible guises, how little do we know, when we tremble at your presence, that we "are entertaining angels unawares."

The little coffin had been born away, and the poor mother lay on the bed in all the agony of inconsolable grief.

An old worn Bible was on the mantle shelf, and Lilian, who had determined to stay till the neighbor should return, took it down and commenced reading.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And then she turned to the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians. Gradually the sobs from the bed became less frequent and loud, while in a low reverential tone, that gradually rose to one of exulting, Lilian read on—

"So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory. Oh, death where is thy sting? Oh, grave where is thy victory?"

Unnoticed by the young reader, Thornton had entered and stood with bowed head, such tears filling his eyes as he had not shed since he stood by the grave of his mother, and there seemed to come over him the same child-like peace there used to, when he knelt by her knee when a little boy and prayed, "God bless me, and make me good."

A few days after this, Lilian took her departure for her village home, but not till Mr. Thornton had told her that he had procured more comfortable lodgings for her *protege*, and a more lucrative situation for her son.

The glorious summer weather had come again, and the meadows were green, and the waters sparkled, and the young leaves rustled around Lilian's home.

She returned from a walk one day, when her mother said,

"A friend from the city was here whilst you were out, Lilly."

"A friend of mine from the city! who was it, mamma?"

"The Mr. Thornton, whom you used to write so much about, as being so polite to you."

"Mr. Thornton," exclaimed Lilian, in surprise,

"why who does he know here? What did he come for?"

"To fish, he says," responded the mother.

"To fish!" But Lilian made no other comment.

The hotel keeper, with whom Mr. Thornton boarded, said it was strange that he always went down the street to go fishing, for he had told him several times that the trout streams were in quite a different direction; but when, in the next autumn, a handsome travelling carriage whirled off with Mrs. Tom Floyd and Arthur Thornton, and little Lilian as a bride, to the city, the good man nodded his head, and laughed one of his full, mellow laughs, as he said to a neighbor,

"This comes of trout fishing, and Miss Lilly's Christmas Visit."

"I LOVED THEE."

BY CLARENCE MAY.

I lov'd thee dearly—but, 'tis past;
Time cannot change the fate,
That sever'd all those heart-warm ties,
And left us desolate:
Yet oh! my thoughts will wander back
To those soul-cherish'd hours,
When love stole softly o'er our dreams,
As Summer dew on flow'rs.

And oh! when I am lone and sad,
And life a weary thing,
My spirit soars to thee, dear one,
And rests its drooping wing;
And stars ne'er smile from Heaven above,
Nor moonbeams kiss the sea,
But mem'ry chaunts a softer lay,
And brings thee back to me!

And when I dream of some bright isle,
Amidst the blue South Sea,
The love of other years will come,
And link that thought with thee;
Or when among the gay and proud,
I hear a voice like thine,
I think of all those burning words,
That woke a love like mine!

And when the dear lov'd hours steal on,
That bring the weary rest,
And flowers are bending low in tears,
Upon the green earth's breast;
I gaze upon the soft sweet star,
That gems the brow of even,
And think—tho' parted here, dear one,
We yet may meet in Heaven!

WINTER.

BY FRANK WALTERS.

The songsters of the bower have gone,
Whose carols whiled the time away—
Where Summer skies, a brighter dawn—
Presage the king of day.

Stern Winter with his chilling breath,
Has wrecked the charms of yesterday;
And flowers o'er the fragrant beath—
Are rudely swept away.

How marked we late the roseate gleam—
The Summer's gentle presence gave—

Now fetters bind the tiny stream—
As multitude of wave.

No more come out, with song and shout
As late the king-god of the day—
And stars in fleecy folds look out—
That brighten up our way.

Yet welcome Winter with thy train,
For Spring shall break the icy sway;
Affections warm and brighten still—
And we are blest alway.

COUSIN MERCY'S CURL.
AN EXTRACT FROM "LES LARMES."

BY ELLA RODMAN.

AND why should not I have "*Les Larmes*" as well as Miss Blanche Amory, of Pendennis memory? Although mine are not "bound in blue velvet, with a gilt lock," but only in plain calf skin, with memory for a clasp, they more truly merit the title than all those fictitious woes that were so liberally poured forth upon Laura Bell—for they are the real, genuine article. But alas! where am I to begin? For

"They gather—
See! how fast they gather."

I have it! Childhood is proverbially a privileged period; so, shade of Cousin Mercy! remember that "you'd scarce expect one of my age"—that is, the age I claimed then—to find out Master Cupid when he chose to wander so far from his proper orbit.

So, some years ago, when I was a little imp of a girl, it was my unlucky fate to come between, not exactly two lovers, but two who might have been such but for my untimely interference. Miserable child that I was! thus to extinguish the faint blue flame that was just struggling into life! How tenderly I *now* would fan it into a blaze—how anxiously watch it as it wreathed slowly but surely upward!

And yet I clumsily destroyed all the frostwork of that dawning love passage, just as a bear might be supposed to entangle himself in a silken network—little knowing, and perhaps little heeding, the mischief I accomplished. Had it been any one else—one whose youth was some foundation for the assurance that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught"—but Cousin Mercy, who was like a summer flower in autumn time, felt the cruel blow most keenly.

It is not much wonder, either, that the idea of placing "Brother Brittles" in the light of a suitor never once entered my head, and that when they told me he came to see Aunt Starr I should implicitly believe them; for Cousin Mercy had various little endearing peculiarities that stamped her as an old maid.

I one night shared her couch; (the first and the last time, by the way) and during the enjoyment of this felicity, I watched her performances with considerable interest. The first change in her appearance that struck me particularly was the total disappearance of some very rich-

looking curls, and the substitution of a very singular night-cap, securely tied on the top of her head.

Being of rather a tender age, I puzzled over the curls with a troubled spirit; but every conclusion at which I arrived failed to satisfy me. At first, I thought that she might have burned them off in the candle; but then her remaining hair did not look singed—so I gave *that* up. She might have brushed them out and put them up in papers—but no papers were visible; and I remained very much puzzled, with eyes very wide open for the next occurrence.

Cousin Mercy now deliberately took out a whole row of false teeth, and laid them before her on the toilet-table. I conceived, at first, that I must be dreaming, and closed my eyes to open them again; but there were the teeth—not exactly "a *living* evidence," to be sure—but the next thing to it. Yes, the fact was not to be denied; and now, quite prepared for the shedding of a set of limbs, intended to come apart and fit together, like the puzzling maps, I watched in a state of benumbing astonishment. Her next performance, however, was quite an innocent little piece of old maidism; it was merely to place a pitcher of water and a tumbler by her side of the bed, to be ready for an emergency.

Horrified at what I had seen, I fairly trembled when Cousin Mercy climbed into the couch; and retreating, as she advanced, I shrank off to the farther side. The bed, unfortunately, was in the middle of the room; and not being protected by a barricade of wall, I slid entirely out of it, and, to Cousin Mercy's great annoyance, fell upon the floor. She decided that I was too troublesome a bedfellow; and having been banished from her apartment, which seemed to me almost like Blue-Beard's blue chamber, I was kindly picked up by Aunt Starr, who always took compassion upon stragglers. I found this a very pleasant exchange—except that the old lady had a habit of snoring, which often kept me awake; and then I pondered upon the curious metamorphosis that I had witnessed in Cousin Mercy.

"Brother Brittles" was an innocent, unwordly-minded minister, of the Baptist denomination, who was distinguished by the peculiarity of a red cotton umbrella. Winter and summer this sanguinary-looking article kept company with

"Brother Britties;" in stormy weather it sheltered him from rain and snow—on pleasant days it kept off the sun—and when not on active duty it was shouldered like a musket, and answered the purpose of a flag warning. Far off the red symbol gave notice of his approach; and prevented any flutterings that might have arisen from his unexpected appearance.

I had seen him at church, and passed him in our walks; but I had never yet been actually face to face with him. My first acquaintance with "Brother Britties" was on this wise:

At Aunt Starr's I always heard a great deal about "going to bed with lambs" and "rising with larks;" and I was there persuaded that bread and milk was the only supper that could be partaken of with any degree of innocence. Sometimes, to be sure, I did suspect Aunt Starr and Cousin Mercy of taking something a little more hearty after I had retired to bed; and once I glided down and caught them in the very act; but, upon the whole, I was pretty credulous; and could, without much trouble, be persuaded that black was white.

Aunt Starr's farm was rather retired, and I saw very few visitors; therefore, I disliked to miss any that did come—not much caring how my object was accomplished. I had retired, one evening, in lamb-like fashion; but, not feeling very sleepily inclined, I kept my ears wide open to listen to any unusual signs below.

Before a great while I distinctly heard the front door open and shut, and a man's step in the hall. An actual visitor, and I in bed! The sound of voices was absolutely galling; and without troubling myself about the consequences, I glided down stairs in my night-dress, and placed myself close beside the parlor door.

This happened to be open; and as the weather was very warm, it was only lighted by the swinging hall lamp. It was not my intention to listen—I only wished to see; but that being denied me, my attention was soon wholly engrossed by some very unwelcome companions. Shoals of snapping bugs had flown in through the open doors and windows, attracted by the light, and these were now buzzing about my ears in a manner that was anything but agreeable.

Two or three of the largest and blackest fairly settled themselves on my white drapery; and startled out of all prudence, I sent forth a shriek that drew Aunt Starr, "Brother Britties," and Cousin Mercy to the scene of action. The good-natured clergyman took the little, trembling, white-robed figure in his arms, and brushed off the bugs; while the others overwhelmed me with questions. "Brother Britties" seemed resolved to believe that I had been walking in my sleep; but Cousin Mercy smilingly shook her head.

She did not wish to contradict the visitor; but she looked very incredulous, notwithstanding.

That evening was one of unalloyed enjoyment. Poor "Brother Britties!" Naturally good-natured, and doubtless supposing that he was thus establishing himself in the good graces of his "ladye-love," he placed me on his lap, where I sat enthroned like a little queen, and received his homage with infinite zest. From what I can remember of Cousin Mercy's manner on that particular evening, I have good reasons for supposing that she wished me back again in my nest; but I was too busy in repeating long poems to "Brother Britties" to heed her "nods and becks."

Misery loves company; and with all the sufferings, "both of *body* and *mind*," attendant upon the acquisition of that knowledge, still fresh in my remembrance, I imparted to "Brother Britties" all my stores of geography, philosophy, and history. I was deep in the siege of Troy when the clock struck ten; and, much to my dismay, Aunt Starr insisted upon my returning to bed. What did I care if the lambs were tired of waiting for me, and had gone to sleep long ago? Young as I was, I had experienced an excitement in finding, in a lonely country place, something in a hat and coat to talk to; and the enjoyment had not yet palled upon my senses.

As I left the room, I had the satisfaction of hearing the visitor say, "that is really a wonderful child!" An idea probably echoed by Cousin Mercy, but with the addition that there are various ways of being wonderful.

About once a week "Brother Britties" came to take tea; and although I have reason to think that he was one of those innocent minded men who would go on visiting in this way for five years and a half, and then, on being asked "what his intentions were," be fairly shocked into an abrupt departure—Aunt Starr and Cousin Mercy had come to the conclusion that "Brother Britties" attentions were very particular.

"I really don't know what to think of 'Brother Britties,'" said Cousin Mercy, one day, when I sat on a very high stool, hemming a very interminable handkerchief, "every time I take a walk with him, I'm afraid that he'll propose."

Aunt Starr pushed up her spectacles and gazed at her daughter with infinite astonishment, as well she might—for was not "Brother Britties" the straw sent by kind fate to prevent Cousin Mercy from drowning in the Lethe of single blessedness? And did not that perverse maiden actually hint at a feeling of indecision with respect to grasping said straw? So Aunt Starr looked, and finally came out with:

"Don't be too hasty, Mercy—you remember how Doctor Kilworthy——"

But here Cousin Mercy pointed to me, with the wise observation that "little pitchers have large ears," and thus cut short a most interesting communication.

Well, time passed on, as the novelists say; and one evening Cousin Mercy came in from the garden, where she had been taking a moonlight walk with "Brother Brittles," wearing a most perturbed air. She carefully avoided the light, and remained seated in a shaded corner of the apartment—quite unheeding the mysterious signs that were directed toward her by her parent.

Aunt Starr perfectly delighted in a courtship; and she could never be persuaded that two single people, who were brought together with reasonable opportunities, would not eventually turn out a pair of lovers. She smiled benignly upon "Brother Brittles"—she made signs to her daughter that she was ready to evacuate the apartment if desired; but the evening passed, and nothing came of it.

After the visitor's departure, Aunt Starr was evidently preparing herself for a blushing confession, or a whispered entreaty of: "mother? give me your blessing!" but Cousin Mercy merely unburdened her heart with the announcement that one of her side curls was missing!

"Depend upon it," said Aunt Starr, in a knowing way, "that the poor man has captured it when you were not looking. Quite romantic, I declare! He'll be rather surprised," she added, more soberly, "to find it fastened on a comb."

Cousin Mercy groaned in spirit, and searched the house and garden through in vain. A conviction that "Brother Brittles" *must* have taken it forced itself upon her mind; but, as a sort of forlorn hope, she enlisted me in the search, and promised me two shillings if I succeeded in bringing to light the missing curl.

Pieces of silver were in those days very much like angels' visits with me; and I resolved that, if human exertion could win it, the prize should be mine. Oh! how I searched through that garden, and how endless seemed its extent! How I trampled down Aunt Starr's favorite plants in the vain expectation of seizing the treasure, when it invariably turned out to be something else! How I laid awake o' nights spending that two shillings!—very much as Mrs. Caudle laid out the five pounds her husband had lent—and how I arose in the morning and went at the search with renewed vigor!

Days passed, and still no curl; and what was also puzzling, no "Brother Brittles." Blessings brighten as they leave us; and now that the worthy clergyman seemed only to have crossed her path like a bright meteor, I am convinced that Cousin Mercy discovered a thousand perfections in him that had hitherto lain concealed.

One afternoon I was digging away in my own little garden—having almost given up the curl as a hopeless search—when, happening to lift my eyes toward a lilac bush, that grew most provokingly in the centre of my plot, I saw—jointed dolls, and wooden tea-sets! what *did* I see? I thought of Absalom's fate as I unhitched the devoted curl, and wondered if he wore side combs?

With my prize clutched in one hand—with eyes fixed on a shining two-shilling piece—heedless of all intervening obstacles—I rushed into the very midst.

As I entered the parlor, there sat "Brother Brittles," and there sat Cousin Mercy; and in a transport of rapture I called out,

"Cousin Mercy! here's your curl! I found it in the lilac bush!"

Had so many pounds of lead been dropped into their midst it could not have produced a greater heaviness than the silence which followed my unlucky advent. I had restored Cousin Mercy's curl, to be sure—but how? Very much as the bear chased flies from the face of his friend.

"Brother Brittles" was so extremely innocent and unworldly that he would doubtless have believed you had you told him that baked apples grew on trees, and that fried fish were the ready tribute of some particular ponds—but here was proof positive that hair didn't always grow on heads; and with a troubled spirit, that worthy man took his departure. Cousin Mercy felt that the last link was broken; and "Brother Brittles" concluded that it would never do for a missionary's wife to wear false curls. That red umbrella is now flourishing about somewhere among the savages of the Feeji Islands.

I received my two shillings and my walking ticket very much at the same time; my delightful company had failed to give satisfaction. With the wisdom of riper years I have often in solitude mourned that little *faux pas* of my inexperienced youth; but alas! to Cousin Mercy I might cry "peccavi" in vain, and repeat the question, "what's in a name?"

A HINT TO THE FAIR SEX.

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;

Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all.

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, 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 229.

CLARE HALL is the first bright picture upon my memory, like the rich tints in a cloud: there is in my mind a background of gorgeous and hazy confusion, indistinct and mellow as a sunset cloud. Then comes a misty outline of distant mountains melting into the more clearly defined middle distance, and in the foreground a beautiful stream sleeping beneath the old trees sparkling through the hollows, and spreading out like a lake in the green meadows. A lawn rose softly upward from the banks of this river, broad and green as emerald: if you parted the soft grass, an undergrowth of the finest moss met your view like velvet beneath a wreath of embroidery. Clumps of trees shaded the lawn here and there, and on either hand, so far as the eye could reach, a park of magnificent old chestnuts, with a fine admixture of oaks, filled the eye with the vast wealth of their foliage.

A dozen avenues led through this park, some of them miles in length, and almost all of them commanded some view of the old hall; one revealed a gable cutting picturesquely against the sky, another commanded the back entrance, with the massive stonework of the entrance burdened with heavy armorial bearings, heaped with quarterings till the Herald office itself would have been puzzled to unravel them; a third opened upon the east wing, which with its broad bay windows curving into old stone balconies covered with ponderous sculpture, its antique casements filled with single sheets of plate glass shining through the ivy-like flashes of a river between the trees that fringe it, blended all that is gay and cheerful in our times with the sombre magnificence of the long ago, beautifully as we find the sunshine at times pouring its glory into the dark bosom of a forest.

This view I remember best, for it was the first object that ever fastened itself upon my memory. A waste of flower beds, clumps of rich trees, and what was called the wilderness; a tract of land in which all the wildness of nature was carefully preserved, lay between the little antique cottage that I was born in and the hall.

Lord Clare had his own apartments in that wing of the building, and a footpath bordered

with wild blossoms, rich ferns, and creeping ivy wound from a flight of stone steps, well concealed by the honeysuckles and white roses that draped the balconies around the circular flower beds, and through the wilderness to the jessamine porch of our dwelling. It was a well trodden path when I first remember it: and no foot ever passed down its entire length but that of Lord Clare. Even the gardeners felt that to be in that portion of the grounds, after the master left his apartments, was an intrusion. Turner, dear, good old Turner, came to see us every day, but he always came down the chestnut avenue. No other servant from the hall ever visited us.

An old Spanish woman who never learned a word of English, was all the domestic we had. Lord Clare had brought her from Malaga, and if she had spoken English, her knowledge of his history or that of my mother was so limited, that the most prying curiosity itself could have gained no information regarding them from her.

Our cottage was the loveliest little dwelling on earth, white roses, rich golden multifloras, and the most fragrant of honeysuckles covered it to the roof. You had to put back a sheet of blossoms with each hand like a drapery every time you opened a casement. The stone porch was sheeted over and fringed down with white jessamine: and the garden that surrounded it was a perfect labyrinth of blossoms, crimson fuchsias, purple and white petunias, verbenas of every tint, roses of every clime made the earth joyous, and the air soft with fragrance.

The peaked roof shot up among the branches of a noble elm tree, and when there was a high wind you would have loved to watch the old rook's nest sway to and fro above the chimney tops, while the birds wheeled and cowered among the branches like widowers at a funeral.

The interior of the house was like a cabinet. Pictures collected from abroad, each a gem that might have been piled an inch deep with gold and its value not yet obtained, hung upon the walls. Little antique cabinets of tortoise shell and gold, lighted up with precious stones, stood in the principal room; soft, easy chairs glowing with crimson velvet; tables of Sevres china, in-

which beds of flowers and masses of fruit glowed, as if just heaped together by some child that had overburdened its little arms in the garden; others of that fine mosaic only to be found in Italy; carpets from Persia, from Turkey, and one from the royal manufactories of France, rendered that cottage one nest of elegance. Every thing was in proportion, everything selected with the most discriminating taste. Small as the building was compared to the hall, it did not seem overloaded; there was garnered up every thing that Lord Clare held most precious. It was well for us, for he could not have lived away from the beautiful. His taste, his luxurious habits, his sensuous enjoyment of material things might be sharpened by brief contrasts of the hard and the coarse. Thus it was often said that no man endured privation or the toil of travel better than he did. He not only endured but enjoyed it. The contrast sharpened his appetite for the luxurious and the beautiful. In his whole life Lord Clare was an epicure. Heart and soul he was an epicure.

Perhaps he had some motive beyond his own convenience in thus surrounding my mother with objects a queen might have envied. Perhaps he wished to overwhelm her remembrance of the miserable gipsy cave in the ravine at Granada by this superb contrast. I do not know, probably it was only a caprice, a natural desire to surround her and himself with things that enrich the intellect and charm the sense. My mother thought it a proof of affection, but she was a child. I am wiser. We often heap material benefits on a being who has a right to our devotion as an atonement for the deeper feeling which we cannot render. The heart that truly loves requires no stimulant from without. It is always surrounded by the beautiful.

Another might have feared that this sudden change of condition would have set awkwardly on a creature so untutored as my mother—for remember she was a mere child, not more than sixteen when I was born—but genius adopts itself to everything; and if ever a woman of genius lived, that woman was the gipsy wife of Lord Clare. His wife, I say—his wife—his wife! I will repeat it while I have breath; she was his wife. What had the laws of England to do with a contract made in Spain? What—but I will not go on. My blood burns the wild Romanny blood of my mother: it has turned his blood into fire that burns, but will not consume. There are times when I hate myself for the English half of life that he gave me. Yet I cannot think of him, so kind, so gentle, so full of intellectual refinement, without a glow of admiration. It is his people—his nation—his laws that I hate, not him—not his memory. Indeed, at times, I feel the

tears crowd into my eyes when I think of him. My hate is a bitter abstraction after all. It glides from him like rain from the plumage of an eagle.

You should have seen my mother in that beautiful home back of the wilderness at Clare Hall. The moist climate of England refreshed her beauty like dew; her little figure had become rounded into that graceful fulness which we find in the antique statues of Greece, still the deer-like elasticity, the wild freedom remained. She was more gentle, more quiet, almost sleepily tranquil, because the fulness of her content arose from perfect love and perfect trust. She had left nothing in Spain to regret; and every hope that she held in existence was centred at Clare Hall. Never did there exist a creature so isolated. She had no being, no thought save in the heart of her husband. In the wide world he was her only friend, her sole acquaintance even.

I do not think that she left the park once during her whole stay in England. The noble little Arabian that she rode knew every avenue and footpath in the enclosure, but never went beyond. She did not seem to feel that there was a world beyond the shadow of those old trees. She felt not the thralls of society, or cared for its mandates no more than she had done in the barranco at Grenada; but a delicious and broad sense of freedom—an outgushing of her better nature made this, her new existence, perfect heaven compared to that.

All this her intellect had started into vigorous life. Time, a teacher so beloved, with perceptions quick as lightning, had kindled up the rich ore of her nature, and you could see the flash of awakened genius in every change of her countenance. Still the world remained a dream to her; she never thought of human beings except as they were presented to her in books—and Lord Clare selected every volume that she read. He was not likely to present knowledge of conventional life to a mind so acute and so richly vivid. No, no, it was the lore of past ages that she studied. Those noble old authors of Greece and Rome whom Clare understood so well, became familiar to her as his own voice. Without having the least idea of it, she was deeply imbued not only with classical knowledge, but with the lofty feelings that inspired those ancient authors, who seldom find themselves echoed with full tone in the mind of woman.

Think what a character this must have been, with all this grand poetry grafted into the wild gipsy nature.

Still my mother was not perfectly happy, a vague want haunted even her tranquil and luxurious existence. It was a feeling, not a thought, the shadowy longing of a heart loving to the

centre, which finds half the soul that should have answered it clothed in mystery. She could not account for this hungry feeling. It was not suspicion—it was not a doubt, but something deeper and intangible. The love which fills a heart like hers always flings its own shadow, for love is the sunshine of genius, and shadows ever follow the pathway of the sun.

Still her life was very happy, not the less so, perhaps, for these wandering heart-mists. Then came my birth, and it seems to me that no woman thoroughly sounds the depths of her soul till she becomes a mother. I have read her journal at this period, and every sentence is a rich, wild gush of poetry; you can almost feel a torrent of blissful sighs, such as a mother feels when the first born sleeps upon her bosom, warming the paper.

And now I have an existence, I am a human soul growing like a flower in the warmth of that young bosom, flitting through the house and haunting my mother's lap like a bird. The first memory that I have is like a starbeam, as quick and vivid. My mother sat in a little room somewhere in an angle of the building just at sunset. Her hair was down; the Spanish woman had unbraided the long tresses and shook them apart in dark wavy masses. They fell over the crimson cushions of her chair to the ground. The sash doors were open into a stone balcony choked up with clematis. The sunset came through in golden flashes, kindling up those black waves till they glowed with purple light. Her dress was crimson, of camel's hair, I think, with a violet tinge, and flowing down her person in soft folds, that glowed in the light like pomegranites on the bough. Half over her shoulders and half upon the chair, was a cashmere shawl of that superb palm leaf pattern which looks so quiet, but is so richly gorgeous; a profusion of black lace fell around her arms and neck, lighting the golden brown of her complexion. Her eyes—I never saw such eyes in my life—so large, so radiant, and yet so soft; the lashes were black as jet, and curled upward.

It is useless. I can remember but not describe her, that pearl-like bloom, those soft lips so full, so richly red. I have no idea where I was at the time, only that I saw her sitting there so much like a picture, and felt that she was my mother.

She was looking into the garden with an expression of tranquil expectation on her face. I remember watching the shadows from her eyelashes as they lay so dreamily on her cheeks, for though she evidently expected some one, it was not with doubt; she was quiet as the sunbeams that fell around her, now and then turning her head a little as the Spanish woman gathered up a fresh handful of her hair, but still

with her half shut eyes fixed upon the footpath that led through the wilderness.

I sat down upon some cushions that had been left in the balcony, and watched her through the open sash till the heavy folds of hair were braided like a coronet over her head, and her look became a little anxious. Then I too began to gaze across the intervening flower beds upon the footpath, as if a share in the watchfulness belonged to me.

At last, as the golden sunset was turning to violet, and one felt the unseen dew as it fell, I saw, through the purple mist, a man walking slowly along the footpath. My heart leaped, I uttered a little shout, and clasping my hands, looked up to my mother. Her lips were parted, and her eyes flashed like diamonds.

"It is the Busne—the Busne," I said.

She took me in her arms, and smothering me with glad kisses, murmured, "my Busne, mine, mine!"

I answered back. "No, no, mine," holding my hand to her mouth, and still shouting "mine!"

Her beautiful face grew cloudy. My words made her restive: she would not have her entire right questioned even in play by her own child. She placed me upon the cushions, and turning away entered the room again.

My father came across the flower garden with a quicker pace. He held a light basket in his hand which I saw with a shout, and made a desperate effort to clamber over the old stone balustrade, which was at least ten feet from the ground. He held up his hand, reprovingly, called for me to go back, and turning a corner of the house, was in the room with my mother before I could disentangle my hands and clothes from the multiflora and clematis vines into which I had plunged.

This too was the first time that the person of my father fixed itself definitely on my remembrance. He stood leaning over my mother's chair, holding her head back with a soft pressure of the hand upon her hair, and gazing down into her upturned eyes with a smile that would have been playful, but for a certain undercurrent of sadness that could not escape the sharp perception of a child like me. Yet even this added to the singular beauty of his face, a strange type of beauty that combined the most delicate physical organization with a high order of mental strength. His forehead, square and high, without being absolutely massive, was white as an infant's, and in moments of rest as smooth. But a painful thought or a disturbing event would ripple over its delicate surface like the wind over a snow-drift. The brows grew heavy; two faint lines marked themselves lengthwise upon the forehead just between the eyes; a peculiarity that I have

never seen save in persons of high talent, I might almost say of genius, for it is very difficult to trace the point that separates one from the other. The contrast between him and my mother was almost startling, he, so fair, so refined, so slender, with a reservation as if he concealed half. She, dark, vivid, resplendent in highness both of body and soul, with every impulse sparkling in her eye before it reached her lip; wild as a bird—uncalculating as a child, but with passion and energy that matched his. When two such spirits move on harmoniously it is heaven, for the great elements of character are alike in each: but when they clash, alas! when they clash!

I cannot tell what feelings actuated my parents, or if anything had happened to disturb them, but they grew sad, gazing into each others eyes. With a faint smile he dropped his hand from her head, saying, "am I late, Aurora!"

She answered him, and rising with a bright smile, drew the shawl around her. He sat down in her chair, and she sunk noiselessly as a woman of the orient down to the cushions.

I was completely overlooked, but if they were forgetful, I was not; the little basket stood upon the floor where my father had placed it. I crept that way softly, took up a layer of fragrant blossoms, and there interspersed with vine leaves I discovered some of the most delicious hothouse grapes, purple and amber-hued, with peaches that seemed to have been bathed in the sunset.

In my delight, I uttered an exclamation. My father looked round.

"Come hither, mischief," he said, threatening me with his finger! "Come hither with the fruit. It is for your mother."

She half started from her cushion, and held out both hands, as I came tottering across the carpet, with the basket in my arms. It was for her, and he brought it. That was enough to render anything precious; besides, the fruit was very fine, and the hothouses at Clare Hall had produced none that season. Her eyes sparkled as she received the basket in her lap.

"There," she said, filling my greedy hands with a peach and a bunch of grapes; "go away, little ungrateful, to forget papa's kiss in searching after plunder, sit down and be quiet."

I sat down, and while devouring my fruit watched and listened as children will.

"How beautifully they are arranged," said my mother, placing and replacing the peaches with her hand, for she had the eye and taste of an artist; "and the fragrance—how rich, all the exquisite delicacy of a spring blossom with a fruity ripeness. One can almost taste the fragrance in a peach, at least, I fancy so."

"Your fancy would almost create a reality!" said my father, smiling.

"How beautiful, how kind in you to devote so much time and so much taste all for us," continued my mother, lifting her radiant eyes to his; "for I know who did all this, not the old gardener, nor dear good Turner, they could no more have blended these leaves than you would have ripened the grapes, it is so like you."

"Nay, nay," answered Lord Clare, over whose lips a mischievous smile had been playing, "do not fling away so much thankfulness, neither the gardener, Turner, or myself had anything to do with it. The fruit came from some kind neighbor, I fancy, who wishes to break my gardener's heart, for not a peach or grape has ripened as yet under his supervision. I found the basket on the table in my room, and as it was very prettily arranged and looked deliciously ripe, I brought it over for you and the child."

A shade came over the superb eyes of my mother, but she smiled and murmured, "very well, you brought them, that is real at least."

"Yes, yes, I brought them sure enough," he answered, laughing, as he watched me crowding one grape after another into my mouth, while I devoured the basket with my eyes. "See, is it not one of Murillo's children eating grapes? You remember the picture in Munich?"

"Yes, oh, it is very like! What eyes the creature has! how greedily she eats, she is the picture itself," and my mother laughed also, the last thoroughly mellow gleeful laugh that I ever heard from her lips.

I did not trouble myself about the Murillo, but the fruit was delicious, that was quite enough for me, so I shook my head and would have laughed too had that been possible with so many grapes in my mouth.

"Ah, what is this?" exclaimed my mother, holding up a rose colored note which she had found among the cape jessamines that lay in a wreath between the basket and the fruit.

"This will explain who has sent the gift I fancy," answered my father, taking the note, "I searched for something of the kind at first, but could find nothing."

He unfolded the paper carelessly as he spoke, she was looking up, and I had stopped eating, curious to know all about it. I shall never forget the change that came over my father, as the writing struck his eye. His face even to the lips whitened, he felt her gaze upon him and crushed the note in his hand, while flashes of red came and went across his forehead.

She turned pale as death also, and without asking a question stood up, swaying as if a current of air swept a chill over her. Some magnetic influence must have linked us three together. Surely the pulse in my father's heart reached some string in ours by those subtle affinities that

no wisdom has yet explained. I felt a chill creeping over me, the fruit lay neglected in my lap, I cast it aside upon the carpet, and creeping to my mother, clung to her hand half burying myself in the folds of her robe.

My father still held the note, gazing upon it in silence, and buried in thought. His face had regained its pallid composure, he seemed to have forgotten our presence—at length he looked up, but not at us, and with a forced smile broke the seal. He glanced at the contents, then held it forth to my mother with the same forced air and smile, but his hand shook, and even I could see that something very painful had come over him.

“The Greenhurst.” This with a date was all the note contained. She read it over and over again. It explained nothing. It was but a single sentence. The name of a place of which she had never heard, but she looked in his face and remained pale as before. The intuition of a heart like hers is stronger than reason.

A constraint fell upon us, I crept away among my cushions, and felt the twilight darken around us. Then I fell into a heavy-hearted sleep, for my parents were both silent, and I was soon forgotten.

When I awoke, the windows were still open, and the room seemed empty. The moonbeams lay white and full upon the clematis vines, and then blossoms stirred beneath them like masses of snow. Children always turn to the light. Darkness seems unnatural to them. I crept out into the balcony, and clambering up the old balustrade, looked out on the garden. Close by the wilderness where the shadows lay deep, I saw a man walking to and fro like a ghost; once he came out into the moonlight, and I knew that it was my father.

A narrow flight of steps choked up with creeping vines ran down from the balcony. I scrambled down them on my hands and knees, tearing my way through the clematis like a wild animal, and leaving great fragments of my dress behind. I ran through the flower beds trampling down their sweet growth, and pausing on the verge of the shadow—for I was afraid of the dark—called out.

My father came up hurriedly with an exclamation of surprise, and evidently alarmed. His hat was off, and his beautiful brown hair, damp and heavy with night dew, but his hands were hot as he lifted me up, and when I clung to his neck and laid my cheek to his it was like fire. Moonlight gives almost superabundant brilliancy to the human eye, his glittered like stars.

“My child, my poor child,” he said, “what is the matter? how came you abroad? Your little feet are wet with dew, wet, wet clothes and all;

what has come over us, my pet, my darling, how cold it is!”

He took out his watch and looked at it in the moonlight; it was twelve o'clock; holding me close to his bosom, he strode across the garden and up the broken steps, crushing the vines beneath his feet. There was no light in the chamber, but upon the cushion which she had occupied at his feet sat my mother; the moon had mounted higher, and its light fell like a great silver flag through the casement; she sat in the centre motionless and drooping like a Magdalene, with light streaming over her from the background, as we sometimes but rarely see in a picture.

At the sound of my father's footstep, she started up, and came forth with a wild, wondering look.

“How is this, Aurora,” he said, in a voice of mild reproof, “I left you with the child hours ago, and now when I thought you both at rest, she is wandering away in the night, wet through and shivering with cold.”

“I did not know it. When you went out a strange numbness fell upon me, it seemed as if I were in the caves at Grenada again, and that all our people were preparing to take me to the valley of stones. I was so passive, so still!”

“Aurora!” said my father, in a tone of bitter reproof, “you know how I loathe that subject—never mention it again—never think of it!”

“I never have thought of it till to-night,” she answered, abstractedly, “why should I?”

“And why to-night?”

“I do not know. My life has two sides, one all blackness,” here she shuddered—“the other all light. The barranca at Grenada, and this house, my grandmother and you.” Her face became radiant with affection, as she lifted it to his in the moonlight. “Why should she come between us even in my thought? You are here, you, my child, my home. What has cast this heavy burden on my soul; it is the gipsy blood beginning to burn again: surely nothing has happened.”

She questioned him closely with her eyes, as if longing to have him silence the vague doubts that haunted him, and he answered faintly,

“Nothing, child, nothing has happened.”

She drew a deep breath, and gave forth a faint laugh.

“Ah, how strangely I have felt. It must have been the cold night air. This England is so chilly, and you, how damp your clothes seem; why your hair is saturated! Come in, Clare, come in, my poor child, my bird of Paradise, she will perish!”

Lord Clare bore me into the chamber; lights were obtained, and my wet garments were exchanged for a night robe of delicate linen.

“See if I do not take care of him,” said my mother, folding the cashmere shawl around me,

while great tears crowded to her eyes, and she looked timidly into his face.

"I do not doubt it," he answered, kindly, "she is warm now and getting drowsy upon your bosom."

"Go to rest, both need it. Do you know it is after midnight?"

He touched her forehead with his lips, and kissing me, prepared to go. She looked after him, and her great eyes said a thousand times more than she would have dared to speak.

He hesitated, said something about the necessity of being early at the hall, and then, as if restraint had become irksome beyond endurance, laid his hand on the stone balustrade, and leaped over.

My mother drew me closer and closer to her bosom, as his footsteps died on the still air. Then I remember no more, only that in the morning I awoke in her arms with the shawl folded around me. She had not been in bed all night.

After that night I never remember to have seen that rich, fruity smile upon my mother's lips again. Remember, there had been no quarrel between her and Lord Clare; not even a hard word; but she loved him so deeply, so fatally—she who had no world, no thought, no existence that did not partake of him, and her trust in him was like the faith of a devotee. All at once she felt that he had secrets, that thoughts, memories, many things long buried in his heart, of which she had no knowledge. She had gathered it only from a look, but if all the angels of heaven had written it out in fire before her eyes the revelation would not have been more perfect.

And now the proud tranquillity of her life, the rich contentment of her love departed forever, the gipsy blood fired up again, she was restless as a wild bird. Her care of me relaxed, I ran about the park recklessly, like the deer that inhabited it. She rode out frequently alone, and always at full speed. I saw her often conversing with old Turner, and observed that he looked anxious and distressed after their conversations.

She was a proud creature, that young gipsy mother, but it was a pride of the soul, that which blends with genius as platina strengthens and beautifies gold. All the sweet trusting fondness of manner which had made her love, while it confided, so luxurious and dreamy, changed to gentle sadness. She met Lord Clare meekly and with a certain degree of grateful submission, but without warmth. It was the humility which springs from excess of pride. In the whole range of human feelings there is not a sensation that approaches so near to meekness as the pride of a woman who feels a wrong but gives it no utterance.

Lord Clare saw and felt this. You could see

it in his air, in his slow step as he approached the house; in the anxious look with which he always regarded my mother on their first meetings. He grew more tender, more solicitous to divine her wishes, but never asked an explanation of the change that had come over her. What was the reason of this? Why did Lord Clare remain silent on a subject that filled both their thoughts? Those who know the human heart well can best answer.

Lord Clare had reached that point in life when we shrink from new sources of excitement. I have said that he was young only in years. The romance of suffering had long since passed away—he was only capable of feeling the pain.

Close by Lord Clare's estate, and visible through the trees in winter, when no foliage intervened, was an old mansion that had once been castellated, but modern art had transformed it into a noble dwelling, leaving the old keep and some prominent towers merely for their picturesque effect. A large estate surrounded it, sweeping down, on the north, to that of Lord Clare's, and extending so far as the eye could reach toward the mountain ridges that terminated the view.

The estate had belonged to a wealthy banker of London, one of those city men who sometimes by their energies sweep the possessions of the peerage into their coffers with a sort of ruthless magic. This man had married a distant relative of Lord Clare—a lady who at one time had been an inmate of his father's family. She had married the banker suddenly, most people supposed for his wealth, for she carried nothing but high birth and connections to her city bridegroom. The dwelling, of which I speak, had been purchased before the marriage, as a surprise for the lady. Close to the estate of her young relative, almost regal in its splendor, what gift could be more acceptable to the bride. It was purchased, renovated, furnished and settled upon her. On her bridal morning only she became aware of the fact. Those who were by, saw that the bride turned pale, and that a strange look came into her face as she acknowledged the magnificent kindness of her bridegroom, but one brief visit was all that she made to the estate, and it became a matter of comment that Lord Clare should have started on his foreign travels the day before the bridal party arrived in the neighborhood.

Now Mr. Moreton was dead, and about this time his widow, Lady Jane, came down to live at the castle. Turner informed us of this, but there was something in his manner that did not please me. His precise language, and that sort of solemn drollery that made him so unique and to us so loveable abandoned him as he told this

news. His dear, honest eyes wavered, and there was something wrong in his whole appearance that day, I shall never forget it.

Another piece of news he brought us after this. Lord Clare's sister, a lady some years older than himself, arrived at Clare Hall, and more company was expected. This lady was twice related to her brother, for she had married a first cousin, and if Lord Clare died without male heirs her son—for she too was a widow—was heir at law to the title and entailed estates. All this I learned in after years. My poor mother knew nothing of all this; how should she? The laws, and even customs of England were a sealed book to her. She only knew that strangers were intruding into her paradise, and the shadows around her home grew deeper and deeper.

I fancy all this gossip was brought to us by Lord Clare's direction—for he never mentioned it himself, and poor old Turner certainly did not seem to find much pleasure in imparting it. With all his eccentricities, he was a discreet and feeling man.

I have said that I ran wild about the grounds, like a little witch or fairy. This made me bold and reckless, I put no limits to my rambles, but trampled through flower-beds, wooded rivulets, and made myself acquainted with everything I met without fear. Up to this time I had never entered the hall, nor met any of the servants without avoiding them. Perhaps I had been directed to do this. I cannot remember if it was the command of my mother or an intuition. But now I ventured into the garden, the grape-ries and at length into the house itself.

I had not seen Lord Clare in several days, and it was possibly a longing for his presence that gave me courage to steal up the broad, oaken staircase and along the sumptuous rooms that lay beyond.

The magnificence did not astonish me, for it was only on a broader scale than the exquisite arrangement of my own pretty home, but the stillness, the vast breadth and depth of the apartments filled me with a sort of awe, and I crept on, half afraid, half curious, to see what would come next.

At length I found myself in a little cabinet. The walls were hung with small pictures; the carpet was like wood-moss gleaming through flowers; two or three crimson easy-chairs stood around. On a table lay some curious books in bindings of discolored vellum, some glowing with purple and gold, the ancient and modern in strong contrast. An ebony desk sculptured an inch deep and set with precious stones stood also upon it; some papers lay upon the leaf, and a small drawer was half out, in which were other papers folded and emitting a delicious perfume.

Child-like, I clambered up the chair that stood before this desk and began tossing the papers about; something flashed up from the drawer like a ray of light; I plunged my hand in again and drew forth a golden shell, frosted over with ridges of ancient pearls and edged with diamonds. I clasped it between my hands and sprang down with a glad little shout, resolved to examine it at my leisure. Either the leap or the pressure of my hands opened the spring, and when I sat down on the carpet and unclosed my hands, the shell flew open and I saw the face of Lord Clare. I had not seen him in some days, and as if the portrait had been himself, I fell to kissing it, murmuring over the endearing names that his presence always prompted. After a little, my eyes fell on the opposite half of the shell, and the face that met my gaze checked my joy; it was not beautiful, but singular fascination hung about the broad forehead and the clear, greyish blue eyes. The power embodied there enthralled me more than beauty could have done. My murmurs ceased; my heart stopped its gleeful beating; I looked on the pair with a sort of terror, and yet could not remove my eyes.

All at once I heard steps in the next room. Huddling the miniature up with the folds of my scarlet dress, I sat upon the floor, breathless and full of wild curiosity, but not afraid. The door opened and Lord Clare came in. He did not observe me, for a cloud of lace from one of the windows fell between us, and he sat down by the desk wearily leaning his forehead in the palm of one hand. I heard him sigh and observed that he moved his hand rapidly across his forehead two or three times, as if to assuage the pain of some harrassing thought.

Still with the miniature and some folds of my dress huddled together, I got up, and moving toward the desk clambered softly up the chair on which he sat. Putting one arm around his neck, I laid my head close to his cheek and murmured, after the fashion of my gipsy mother, "oh, my Buene, my Buene!"

He started violently; my weight drew back the chair, and I fell heavily to the carpet.

"Child, child, how came you here?" cried Lord Clare, looking down upon me, pale as death, and excited beyond anything I had ever witnessed, "surely, surely," he added, "your mother cannot have brought you—tell me, was it Turner—was it——"

"No, no," I answered, forcing back the tears of pain that sprung to my eyes, "it was myself, not Turner, not mamma, only myself—my own self; I came alone; I will go alone—I and the pretty Buene in my dress. That will not throw me down—that will not strike my head, and fill my eyes with sparks of fire. It is the good

Busne, mamma, and I loved—it will make her glad again. Let me go out—me and the good Busne.”

I still lay upon the floor, for the blow against my head made it reel when I attempted to move; but my hand clung to the miniature, and a fierce spirit of rage, hitherto unknown, possessed me. He stooped over me with his old, gentle manner, and attempted to lift me in his arms, but in my rage I shrunk away.

“You don't love me—you don't love mamma,” I cried, fighting him back with one hand. “She knows it—I know it, and so does good Turner. You go away one, two, four days, and all that time she sits this way, looking on the floor.”

I struggled to a sitting posture and sunk into the abstracted manner that had become habitual to my mother. I do not know what chord of feelings was struck by this position, but tears crowded into his eyes, and dropping on one knee by my side, he laid one hand on my head. I sprang up so violently that the miniature fell to my feet, glittering and open.

“Child, gipsy, where did you get this?” he cried, white with agitation, and seizing my arm. “There!” I answered, stamping my foot, and pointing with my clenched hand to the desk.

“Who told you—how dare you?”

“No one told me—dare, what is that?” I answered, meeting his pale anger with a feeling of fire in my heart and eyes.

“Contaminated again by this gipsy gang,” he muttered, gazing upon the female face. “Jane, Jane, to what degradation you have driven me.”

I listened greedily. The name of that woman was Jane; how from that hour I hated the sound.

“Go!” he said to me, sternly, “go, and never enter this room again. Tell your mother that this mad life must have an end. You shall not run through the estate like a gip—like a wild animal.”

Every word sunk like a drop of gall into my heart—the bitterness—the scorn—the angry mention of my mother's name—I left the miniature in his hand, and, with my infant teeth scarcely larger than pearls clenched hard, turned away, burning with futile wrath. He called me back, but I kept on. Again he called, and his voice trembled. It only filled my little heart with scorn that a man should not hold his anger more firmly. In order to avoid him, I ran like a deer, through the spacious apartments, ignorant of what direction I ought to take, but determined to run anywhere rather than speak to him again.

He followed me, for I was his child, and a mere infant, and he had not the heart to leave

me uncared to make my way out of that great house. But I sprang forward like a hunted animal, through ante-rooms, chambers, halls and galleries; at last I stood panting and wild as an uncaged bird, in what seemed a little summer parlor, opening upon the most blooming nook of a flower garden; broad sash windows led to the ground, flooding the room with cheerful light. If I remember rightly, for nothing but a dizzy sense of luxurious elegance reached me at the time, the apartment was filled with rich, old-fashioned furniture, which required the graceful relief of embroidered cushions, and a lavish supply of flowers to make it so cheerful as it seemed.

All the doors in that house opened without noise, and, though I rushed in madly enough, the carpets were too thick for any sound of my tumultuous approach to precede me. A lady sat in one of the low windows reading. I started and held my breath—not from fear, that from my infancy has been a sentiment unknown to me—but a terrible sensation, which even now I can neither explain or describe, seized upon me. The face of that woman was the one I had seen in the miniature. The same grandeur of forehead, the same eyes—not beautiful in repose, but full of all the latent elements of beauty. The same blended strength and sweetness in the mouth and chin was there. She was in deep mourning; a crape bonnet and veil lay on the couch by her side, and her golden hair contrasted finely with the sweeping sable of her bombazine dress. She was neither handsome nor young, yet the strange mesmeric influence that surrounded that woman had a thousand times more power over those who could feel it, than youth or the most perfect loveliness of form and features could have secured. Her influence over me was a sort of enchantment; I held my breath, and I remember feeling a deep sentiment of pity for my mother. I had no reason for this, and was a mere child in all things, but the moment my eyes fell on that woman they filled with tears of compassion for my mother.

She was reading and did not know of my intrusion; but after a moment Lord Clare came hastily forward in pursuit of me, and though his footsteps gave forth no sound, and his motions were less rapid than mine, I could see that she felt his approach; for her pale cheek grew scarlet, and I saw the book tremble like a leaf in her hand. He had passed me, for I stood close to the wall, and entered the room before she looked up. Then their eyes met, and hers, oh, how warmly they sparkled beneath the drooping lids after that first glance.

Lord Clare checked his footsteps, stood a moment irresolute, and then advanced toward her.

She rose, and I saw that both trembled, and their voices were so broken that some murmured words passed between them which escaped me. The first sentence that reached me was from the lady.

"I thought that your sister had arrived, and so drove over notwithstanding your uncousinly neglect of my note."

"She is expected every moment," answered Lord Clare, in a gentle but firm voice, for his self-possession had returned.

He sat down as one who must prepare to do the honors of his house, and made some cold inquiries after the lady's health, but without looking at her. The lady was greatly agitated, I could see that plainly enough; her color came and went, and if she attempted to speak her lips trembled and uttered no sound. Her eyes were fixed upon Lord Clare, and, in my whole life, I have never seen anything so full of the soul's grandeur as those eyes while they slowly filled with tears. They had not uttered a word for some moments, then with a quiver not only of the lips, but of all her features, she uttered his name.

"Clarence."

He looked up shivering like a leaf to the sound, and well he might, for never did a proud woman's soul go more eloquently forth in a single word.

"What would you with me, Lady Jane?" he said, with that measured firmness which often precedes the breaking down of a man's stern will.

"I would say," answered Lady Jane, and the tears rolled one by one down her burning cheeks as she spoke, "I would say that my pride, my stubbornness has wronged you."

"It has indeed," was the still cold reply.

"I would make atonement: speak of my regret."

"What can regret avail? What, lady, tell me if you can—what can atone for years of wasted youth—affections trampled to the dust, a life disturbed?"

"Ah, Clarence."

How strangely the name sounded: I had never heard it in my life before, and I am sure my poor mother was ignorant that he was called Clarence. This among the rest he had hoarded from her.

"Oh, Clarence, I feel—I have felt long how cruel, how ungrateful, how miserably proud I was—but I, I, do you think I have not suffered?"

Lord Clare looked at her suddenly, an expression of painful surprise came over his pale features.

"Why should you have suffered?" he questioned, almost sternly, "because you pitied the man you had scorned?"

"Because I loved him!" The words seemed wrung from the very depths of her heart. She

was pale as death: her face fell forward, and she buried its shame in her hands.

Lord Clare sprang to his feet, a glow of such joy as I have never seen on a human face before or since, transfigured him. His eyes absolutely blazed; and a smile, oh, the glory of that smile poured its sunshine over his features. It lasted but a moment, the next that beautiful joy went out. Some sharp memory convulsed his features, and he dropped back in his seat again. His eyes had fallen upon me.

She looked up and only saw the last miserable expression of his face. A faint groan burst from her lips, and you could see her noble form shrink with a sense of humiliation.

"I see—I see," she cried, clasping her hands, and making a strong effort to subdue the anguish of disappointment that seized upon her—"my cruelty has done its work—even the poor privileges of friendship cannot be ours."

"It is too late—too late," said Lord Clare, turning his eyes almost fiercely upon my little form where it crouched by the wall.

"Still," said Lady Jane, with more firmness, "I must not be condemned as heartless and unprincipled where my motives were all good, and my judgment only in fault; that which was self-sacrifice must not rest in your heart as perfidy. I was proud, unreasonably, but as I live all this was from a solemn conviction of right. I believed that the love you expressed for me—"

"Expressed!" said Lord Clare, in a tone of bitter reproach.

"Felt for me then—for I am satisfied that you did love me once."

Here Lady Jane's assumed strength gave way when we speak of love as a thing that has been. What woman's heart is there which does not swell with regret.

"I did love you," said Lord Clare, turning his eyes away from the sight of her tears.

"And do so no longer?" was the earnest, almost supplicating reply. How full of soul that woman was—what strange fascination lay about her!

"It is too late—I cannot." He met the expression of her eyes, those pleading, wonderful eyes, and added, "I dare not!"

She understood him. She felt that her empire in that heart was there still, though it might be in ruins. Still she struggled hard to suppress the exhibition of this wild delight, but it broke through her tears like lightning among rain-drops. It dimpled her mouth—oh, she *was* beautiful then! She strove to conceal this, and kept her eyes upon the floor, but the lids glowed like rose-leaves, and flashes as if from great diamonds came through her dark lashes. Yes—yes, she was beautiful then! One moment of beauty like

that is worth a life-time of that symmetrical prettiness that common-place men admire in common-place women. With the sweet conviction of his continued affection Lany Jane recovered much of her composure. Her manner unconsciously, perhaps to herself, become gentle, pleading, almost tender. If she wept, smiles brightened through her tears. Now and then her voice was almost playful, and once as she lifted her eyes fully to his, there was a faint reflection of her mood upon Lord Clare's face. Alas! my poor mother!

"We may never mention this subject again," she said, with sweet meekness, "and now let me say all that is truth in my own exculpation. We were inmates of the same family—you and I—you full of youth in its first bright vigor—I your elder by more than ten years. It was a safe companionship—our families never dreamed of danger. I, full of worldly wisdom, strong in the untaxed strength of a heart that had never truly loved, but fancied itself tried to the utmost—would have smiled in scorn had any one predicted that which followed. You loved me notwithstanding my years, my want of beauty, my poverty, you loved me—and, and I loved you—oh, heavens! how completely, how fatally!"

"Go on," said Lord Clare, who listened breathlessly.

"You," continued Lady Jane, "brave, noble, generous, had no dread, no false shame—you would have made me lady of this mansion, the partaker of your bright young life. You gloried in the passion that won forgetfulness of all disparity between us, believing that it would secure happiness to us both. You offered me a hand which the proudest lady of England would have gloried in accepting. Listen to me, Clarence, I would at that moment have given up all my after existence, could I have been your wife one year, certain that the love you expressed would have endured—that you would never regret the sacrifice you had made for me. Still I refused you—nay, refused to listen to professions of affection that were the sweetest, dearest sounds that ever filled my ear. You were young—I no longer so. You were rich—I a poor dependant on your father's bounty. I was a coward, I had no courage to brave the whispers which would say that, treacherous to the hospitality of my relative, mercenary, grasping, I had used my experience to entrap the young heir of an earldom into an unsuitable marriage. I could not endure that the disparity of our years and my poverty should become subjects of common gossip."

"How little I cared for that!" said Lord Clare, with a constrained smile.

"I know it—but this very generosity, this self-abnegation frightened me, I could not believe in

its permanency. It seemed to me more the thanklessness of youth than a stern, settled purpose. You had forbearance for my maturity, but I—ungrateful that I was—had no faith in your youth."

"Did you deem love a thing of years?"

"Not now, but then I did! My own feelings shocked and terrified me; they seemed unnatural, I could not forgive my heart that they had found lodgement there. So much more absorbing than anything I had ever known, they seemed like a hallucination. I distrusted myself, the sweet madness that possessed me, and by one rash, wicked act sought to wrench our souls apart, thinking all the time that your happiness required the effort. I left your father's house—I—I placed an unloved man between you and me. I was mad, wicked. In one month after, when your father died, and I had not his scorn to dread, I would have given the world—but no matter what or how I have suffered—you are avenged—I was punished."

"Why should we revert to this?" said Lord Clare, gently. "The past is the past!"

"I have wounded your pride to save mine!" exclaimed Lady Jane, and her eyes sparkled with tears again. "It is your turn now, but if you knew—if you knew all, this bitter humiliation should be some atonement."

"I would not soothe my wounded pride at your expense, Lady Jane, still I thank you. It is something to know that a passion which cost me so much was not altogether scorned."

She was about to answer with some eagerness, but the sound of a carriage sweeping round the broad gravel walk to the front entrance interrupted her. They both listened, looking earnestly at each other. Then she reached forth her hand, and said, smiling through her tears, "Cousin Clarence, we cannot be enemies, that is too unnatural——"

He wrung her hand with a sort of passion, dropped it, and rushed from the room. She stood a moment thankfully and weeping, then her mouth brightened and curved into a smile, and with a proud air she swept by me, darkening the sunshine with her long, black garments. I followed her with my eyes, creeping on my hands and knees across the threshold that I might see her again, and be sure it was no fairy play that I had witnessed. Then I sat down on the carpet, buried my face in the embroidery of my scarlet frock, and began to cry.

After a time, I could not tell how much, for my little soul was overflowing with emotions, I felt a hand laid gently on my head. I started, shook the long curls back from my face, and there was my father bending over me. His face was so pale and stern that I shrunk away, but

he lifted me up by the arm, and grasping my hand till it pained me, led me forth.

As we approached the hall, I saw servants passing to and fro carrying packages, lap dogs, and cushions from a travelling carriage at the door. A waiting-maid stood in the entrance, chatting directions in French and broken English, with a pretty King Charles held close to her bosom, which was amusing himself with the pink ribbons of her cap.

"Where is Tip? Will no one bring up Tip?" cried a voice from the staircase, and directly I saw a tall, spare woman, with the faintest pink in her cheeks, and the faintest blue in her eyes, coming down the steps. She had drawn off her gloves and untied her travelling bonnet; a few long, flaxen curls streamed down her shoulders with the purple ribbons, and one helpless, sickly white hand glided down the ebony balustrade.

"Bring up Tip, I cannot do anything without Tip," she continued to say, leaning forward and reaching out her arms for the dog which the maid obediently brought to her.

I had a full view of this woman as she mounted the staircase fondling her dog, and from that moment loathed her from my soul. It was Lord Clare's sister.

My father paused, and drew me suddenly back as his sister appeared on the stairs. The moment she was gone we moved rapidly through the hall, took a back entrance, and entered the grounds. He walked on with long, stern strides, clasping my hand, but unconscious that I was almost leaping to hold my pace even with his. We entered the wilderness, and then, for the first time, my father spoke.

"Zana," he said, "look at me here, in my eyes."

I lifted my gaze to his steadily. His eyes were inflamed and full of trouble; they fell before mine, and left my little heart burning with strange triumph.

"Zana, you saw the lady."

"Yes!"

"And heard all that she was saying?"

"Yes!"

"What was she talking about? Can you tell me?"

"I can tell you what she said, and what you answered."

"Word for word?" question my father, anxiously.

"Yes, sir, word for word."

"And you will repeat this to—to your mother?"

"No, I will not."

"Indeed," said Lord Clare, and I saw that his eye brightened with a look of relief, "and why not?"

"Because I will not. She would hate that dark

lady as I do—she would cry more and more—she would know all about it!"

"About what?"

"About." I hesitated, no words came to express the ideas that were fixed upon my mind so firmly. I knew as well as he did that he loved that lady, and that my mother was a burden, but how could the infant words at my command express all this? My father seemed relieved by my hesitation, and saying more gently,

"Well, well, go home, tell your mother that I have company at the hall—my sister, you will remember—and that I may not be able to see her this evening."

"She can wait!" I answered, swelling with indignation. He led me to the verge of our garden, pointed along the path I should take, and turned back without kissing me. I was glad of this, though he had never done it before. My little soul was up in arms against him.

I did not go home, but wandered about the wilderness searching for birds' nests, not because I enjoyed it, but a dread of seeing my mother for the first time kept me in the woods.

Her life was more quiet than ever after this, but you would not have known her for the same being, her eyes grew larger and so wild. Her figure became lithe and tall again; all the luxuriance of her beauty fled. She suffered greatly, even a child could see that.

Now the Hall was filled with company, and we seldom saw Lord Clare. Turner came to us every day, but he too seemed changed, the rich, dry humor so long a part of his nature forsook him; his visits were short, and he said little. Thus the season wore on, and I suffered with the rest. How many hours did I remain at the foot of some great oak or chestnut, thinking of that proud lady and her interview with my father. I kept my secret, not once had I alluded to that strange visit to the hall. It weighed upon me—at times it almost choked me, but I felt that it must remain my own burden.

I had never seen a hunt in my life, for though Lord Clare kept horses and hounds, they had never been called out since the old earl's death. But now, when company crowded the hall, we often heard the sweep of horses and the baying of dogs from the distant hills.

One day, I wandered off lured by this novel sound, and lost myself in a pretty valley. I am not sure if it was not beyond the verge of our park, for I exhausted myself with the fatigue of running after the sound, and fell breathless upon the moss beneath a clump of trees. While I lay bewildered and panting with fatigue, a group of horsemen rushed down the valley in full chase. Their red coats flashed between the leaves, and I saw hound after hound leaping through the

brushwood. They disappeared like a flash of lightning. Then came the swift leap of other horses, and a lady appeared among the trees. Her black hunter was on the full run, shooting like a thunderbolt through thickets, and over the broken ground with foam flashing from his nostrils, and blood dropping from his mouth where the curb had been ground into it. The lady had lost all control of her hunter; she reeled in the saddle, and nothing but her desperate hold upon the rein kept her from falling.

I knew her, notwithstanding the masculine hat and cravat, the black skirt sweeping behind her like a thunder cloud, and the deathly paleness of her face. I knew her the first moment, and shrunk back into the undergrowth, not with fear but loathing—oh, how I did hate that woman. Some persons think children cannot hate. They never studied a child like me. She came on pale as marble, reeling with exhaustion, but with a strong will firing her eyes till they gleamed like stars beneath her hat. On she came, the horse veered. A gulley lay before him; he stretched out his limbs and plunged forward. She saw death in the next instant, shrieked, flung up her arms, and the horse leaped from under her.

I did not move, but looked on holding my breath, and waiting to see if she would stir. I had no idea of death, but as I saw her pale face lifted to the sky, her black garments sweeping like a pall down the bank, and her lifeless hand lying so still in the grass—a fierce interest seized me. It was not joy, nor pity, nor hate, but I thought of my mother, and hoped that the stillness would last forever.

Another horse came tearing his way down the valley; a scarlet coat flashed before my eyes and made me dizzy. Some one dismounted, a horse stood panting beneath his empty saddle. The fiery glow of crimson mingled confusedly with those black garments on the grass—then my sight cleared, and there was my father holding that woman in his arms—pressing her frantically to his bosom—raining kisses upon her great marble forehead and her white eyelids. He held her back with his arms, looked into her face, uttered wild, sweet words that made my heart burn—tears flashed down his cheeks, and fell like great diamonds in the blackness of her dress, his grief made him more of a child than I was.

He strained her to his bosom, pressed his lips to hers as if his own soul were pouring itself into her bosom. "Jane, Jane, my love, my angel, my wife, listen to me, open your eyes! you are not dead—not gone—lost without knowing how much I love you. Oh, open those eyes—draw one breath, and I am your slave forever." She did not move, but lay cold and still in his arms: I was glad of it!

He laid her upon the grass with a groan that made even me start, and looked despairingly around. "Will no one come?—must she die?—oh, my God, what can I do?"

He stood a moment, mute and still, looking, oh, how steadily, how mournfully down upon her. Then speaking aloud, and with a solemnity that made me tremble, he said, "I have avoided her—struggled, suffered, tried to crush the great love that is within me, and this is the end! What is left to me?" I saw a shudder pass over him, and knew that he was thinking of us—me and my mother.

Again his voice reached me, not loud, but deep and solemnly impressive. His mournful eyes were bent upon her, and he slowly sunk to her side. "Let her live—only live," he said, "and so help me heaven, her own will shall dispose of me! Let all else perish, so she but breathe again!"

I rose from the ground and stood before my father, my little hand was clenched, and my frame shook with passion seldom known to my tender years.

He started as if a serpent had sprung up from the bosom of that beloved one; he gazed in my eyes an instant, and then put me sternly back with his hand. "Go," he said, with a sharp breath, as if every word were a pain—"go, wicred child, I ask not what evil thing brings you to search my soul with those unnatural eyes—but go and tell your mother all that you can understand of this. Tell her that if this lady lives, in a few days she will be my wife—if not, I leave England forever. Tell her all!"

"I will tell her!" I said, looking fiercely into his eyes. "You shall never see her again, never, never, never!" Such passion must have been terrible in a little child. He looked on me with a sort of terror.

"Tell you mother I will write, and send Turner to her," he said, more gently.

"I will say that you hate her and love this one!" was my fierce reply. "That is enough!—she will drop down like stone as this one has!"

My eyes fell upon Lady Jane as I spoke; her broad eyelids quivered, and a faint motion disturbed the deathly white of her lips; these signs of life filled me with rage. I saw a breath struggling to free itself, and, lifting my tiny foot, stamped it down upon her bosom, looking into her face like an infant fiend to see if I had trampled the coming life away. Her eyes slowly opened as if it were to the pressure of my foot, and then I flew reeling back against the bank, *my father had struck me*. I rose and went away, but without shedding a tear, without looking back. I have been told that my face was very pale when I reached home, but that I was smiling

steadily till the teeth gleamed between my lips, a thing that never happened to me before or since.

It was nearly dark when I returned home. My mother was in the little room that I have described lying upon a couch, with her large, sleepless eyes wide open, and gazing upon the wall.

"Get up, mother," I said, seizing the cashmere shawl that lay over her, and casting it in a gorgeous heap on the floor—"get up, I want to tell you something."

She rose with a wild look, for my voice was sharp, and my face so strangely unnatural that it had the force of command.

"Come out into the garden—into the woods, mother." She followed me passively. I led her down the balcony steps, across the flower beds, and into the wilderness. It was gloomy there, shadows lay thick among the trees, and a leaden sky bent overhead. I liked it. In the broad sunshine I could not have told her. The anguish in her face frightened me even as it was.

She heard me through without uttering a word, but the gleam of her eyes and the whiteness of her face was more heart-rending than the most eloquent complaints. She held my hand all the time, and as I told her of the scene I had just witnessed, of his caresses, of the blow, her grip on my fingers became like a vice. But I did not wince, her own gipsy blood was burning hot in my veins. I did not sleep that night, but lay upon the carpet in my mother's room, resolved not to be taken away till she was in bed.

Turner had been there in the evening, and they conversed together, alone, for more than an hour. The old man went away with tears in his eyes. I heard my mother say to him in her low, sad way, for she was always sad now. "Do not fail me, my good friend, I shall never ask another favor of you, so grant me this."

"Poh, poh!" was his answer, "you will ask five thousand; and I shall perform every one, trust old Turner for that!"

But there were tears in the old man's voice, I was sure of that. After his departure my mother had been greatly disturbed, walking the room wringing her hands, and convulsed with the tearless grief that rends one's heart-strings so silently. When it drew toward midnight, and she saw me, to all appearance, sleeping tranquilly on the floor, I heard a movement in the room as if she were preparing to go out—I opened my eyes and watched.

She took up the cashmere shawl and folded it over her head and person, leaving only the face exposed after the fashion of a Spanish mantilla. Her face looked thin, but very beautiful, surrounded by these gorgeous colors, for her cheeks were of a peachy scarlet; and her eyes—in my life I have never seen an expression like them—

so moist, so bright. It was like the reflection of a star in deep waters. She stole out through the balcony; I heard her descend to the garden, and then followed, actuated, I think, more by a vague dread that she was about to leave me forever.

She threaded the wilderness with a quick step, and kept her way through the grounds cut up into thickets and flower beds that lay around the hall. I do not think that she had ever been there before in her life, but she seemed to find the way by intuition. I followed close, but unseen, and to my surprise saw her pass into the hall by the back entrance, through which Lord Clare had led me. The door was not entirely closed after her, and I crept through. The hall was dark, but she moved noiselessly on, gliding like a shadow up the broad staircase.

Now I was guided only by the faint ripple of her garments, for the upper halls were in perfect darkness, and she was more in advance.

I saw by the glow of light that came into the hall, that a door had been softly opened in which a lamp was burning, and moved along the wall till I stood in view of a bed chamber lighted as with moonbeams, for a lamp had been placed within an alabaster vase evidently for this subduing purpose. I saw nothing, distinctly, in the room, but have a vague remembrance of a cloud of azure silk and rich lace brooding in one corner of the chamber—a couch underneath white as mountain snow, and on it *that woman*.

Asleep, and my mother gazing upon her. The sleeper scarcely seemed to breathe, a narcotic influence was evidently upon her, which had been used to still some previous pain; but all traces of this anguish had departed from her forehead, from which the bright hair had been swept back, giving its broad, massive grandeur to the light. She was not handsome, but a halo of happiness lay upon her face that made your breath come quick; the wealth of a great soul seemed breaking over her noble features as she slept. The eyes underneath, those broad lids were swimming in joy, that broke through like perfume from the white leaves of a rose. The atmosphere that hung about her seemed warm and rich, like that of an Indian summer in North America. There stood her contrast, my gipsy mother, with all the blood of her race burning in her eyes, her forehead, and that now firm mouth. I looked in her face, and thought she was about to spring upon her prey—for the passions burning there grew fierce as death. She bent down and scrutinized the sleeper, and then felt in her hair and looked sharply around the room, I thought for some weapon. "My oath, my oath!" she muttered, casting her great eyes around, "nothing but death can separate us; why not *her* death!"

I sprang forward wild with terror and caught hold of her dress. "Mamma, oh, mamma, come away, come away," I pleaded, in a whisper.

She yielded to me, and walked slowly from the chamber, like one moving in a dream.

"Hush," she said, as we stood in the hall, "I thought it had been *his* room. Where is it, child, you know?"

"Oh, come away—come away!" I whispered, still keeping a firm grasp on her dress. "It is dark, I do not know."

She broke from me and I lost her. The faint sound of a foot reached me once, but I had no courage to follow, and cowered down in the hall shivering and noiseless. It seemed to me that I remained a year in that black stillness. I could endure it no longer, but groped my way to the staircase, and so out into the open air.

The moon was up, but overwhelmed by an ocean of clouds. Now and then a leaden gleam broke out, and this gave me courage to wait and watch.

She came forth at last, and when I sprang toward her caught me firmly by the hand.

"Come!" she said, "the oath lies with us; the gipsy blood will not fail me when it is only us."

"What do you mean, mamma? Have you seen him, the Busne?"

"Yes!"

"Was he awake, mamma?"

"Awake!" and her laugh was fearful. "Child, do you think he could sleep?—can ever sleep again?"

"Did he say anything kind? Was he sorry for striking me?"

"Hush!" said my mother, sharply, "he has struck us both, the lady for my child—the heart for me!"

"Did you strike him back, mother?"

"No, but I will. The stone that crushes me shall fall on his soul."

Now I recognized my gipsy mother. She turned to me, and a straggling moonbeam struck her face. "Zana, do you know what an oath is?"

"Yes, mamma, I heard you mention the word in your sleep, and so asked Turner."

"I have sworn an oath, Zana. Will you help me keep it?"

"I will help you, mamma."

"Let me make you strong with my kisses, Zana, you are no child."

I clung to her, answering back that wild caress, for my heart was burning with a sense of her wrongs.

"I was a child once, mother, but that has all gone by; I am something else now, not a woman like you, but sharper, like a little dagger with

bright stones on the hilt, that you sometimes fasten up your hair with. The handle is so pretty; but the point, isn't that sharp?"

"It was well I left it behind to-night, Zana."

"You could not leave *me* behind, I *would* go!"

"Are you tired, Zana?"

"No."

"Walk fast then, for we must be a long way from this before morning."

"Where are you going, mother?"

"To keep my oath!"

We entered the cottage for the last time. My mother must have anticipated what was to happen, for she took me into her room, tore off my pretty scarlet dress, and replaced it with the garments of a little boy. Her own dress she changed also, and we left the house together, both clad in male garments, and each carrying a little bundle in our hands.

Where we went first, I do not know. The events of that day and night were buried upon my memory, but after that I had only a vague idea of travelling constantly, of broad, stormy seas, a river that ran with waves of dull gold, orange groves, wild hills, and at last a city in the midst of beautiful plains, filled with antique houses, and with snow-capped mountains looming against the sky. The grim towers of a ruin fixed itself on my memory, frowning between the city and those mountain tops, and when I asked my mother what was the name of this city and the ruin she answered, briefly, "Grenada, the Alhambra," nothing more.

I was not surprised at this, for since we left Clare Hall she had scarcely uttered a longer sentence.

It was sunset when we came in sight of Grenada. She paused in a recess of the hills, and opening our bundles, changed her dress and mine, casting away the male attire. I remember gazing at her with wonder as she stood before me in her strange dress. The blue bodice, the short crimson skirt, flowered and heavy with tarnished gold, the gorgeous kerchief knotted under her chin, this dress had been the contents of her bundle; mine was more simple, a frock of azure colored stuff brodered with purple—my feet and ankles were bare to the knees.

My mother bent down and kissed me.

"Are you a child now, Zana?"

"No, I am what you are."

"Come."

We descended into the Vega and passed through Grenada long after dark. I was very tired and faint, but kept up with my mother, determined to hold firm to my promise. During our whole journey I had not once complained. We left the city and entered a deep, gloomy ravine, lighted up by a host of internal fires,

that seemed to burn in the bosom of the hill. Wending along the dusty road, I saw that all the embankment was cut up into holes, from which the light came, and that these were swarming with human beings.

We walked on, speaking to no one, till my mother paused before one of these caves to which the door was shut. She paused, and for one instant I felt her tremble, but the emotion was gone in a breath, and pushing the door open, she went in.

A little, old woman sat in one end of the cave, rocking to and fro on a wooden stool, beneath the beams of a smoky lamp that stood in a niche over her head. The creature arose as we entered, passed one skeleton hand over her eyes, and muttered "who comes—who dares open my door, when I once shut it for the night?"

"One who fears nothing now, not even you, grand-dame," said my mother, advancing firmly up the cave.

The old woman kept her hand shading those gleaming eyes, and pored keenly over the haggard face before her.

"Why have you come back?" she said, fiercely.

"To keep my oath, grand-dame!"

"Your oath. Is he dead then? Is it his blood that makes your face so white?"

"No, he is safe—it may be, happy," answered my mother, and for the first time since we left England, I heard her voice falter. "That was no marriage, grand-dame, he loves another."

"And you let him live!"

"I love him—it is useless, grand-dame—these frowns, the locking of those sharp teeth. The desperate have no fear; I have disgraced my people, and am ready to redeem my oath."

"And what is this?" said Papita, touching me with her finger, with a loathing scowl.

"My child, and his," was the answer, and I felt her fingers close tight on my hand.

"Oh, you did well to bring her. There is yet a drop of the old blood left; I see it in her face."

The weird creature drew nearer and kissed me. I bore it without a shudder. "Can it be to-morrow?" said my mother, calmly, as if she had been speaking of a fine festival.

"Yes," was the savage reply. "The people will not wait, Chaleco most of all."

"Let him be sent for."

"No," said the Sybil, with a touch of feeling, "he shall not gloat over your shame more than the rest. Go in yonder—you have broken one half the oath, for the rest—"

"I am ready—I am ready, only let it be soon," said my mother—"at daylight."

"In yonder! daylight will soon come," answered the Sybil, pointing to the inner room. "I

will go and prepare the people. They thought you dead. How they will stare when old Papita tells them of her trick. They think her old, worn out, dull—she who can throw sand in the eyes of a whole tribe."

She went out, muttering thus to herself, and as we cowered together in that close hole, a great tumult arose from without—the tramp of feet, the hooting of voices, and wild murmurs drew near and nearer. My mother did not tremble, but when the door flew open, she stood out in the cave, holding me in her arms. The light from a dozen torches fell redly over; a hundred fierce eyes glared in, and the door was blocked with grim, shaggy human heads, all waving and shaking in ferocious astonishment.

She stood before them, like a dusky statue, her heavy, raven hair falling in masses down her temples, and her pale hands locked around me so tightly that I breathed with pain. As the torch-light fell upon her dress, some one in the crowd recognized it as the wedding array that had been purchased for her marriage with Chaleco, and a low howl ran through the crowd.

"She mocks us, she mocks us with her shame—take her forth at once. It is a long way to the mountains, and by daylight the authorities may be upon us," cried a stern voice. It was that of the gipsy Count Chaleco.

"To the mountains—to the mountains!" ran through the throng, and then one or two from the crowd rushed in and would have seized my mother. But the old Sibyl placed herself in their way, confronting them with fierce wrath.

"Her father was a count, and her father's father. It is of her own free will she comes. Let her walk forth alone. Think you that the grandchild of Papita is not strong enough to die?"

The crowd fell back, forming a wall from each side the door up the ravine. Through this lane of fierce, human blood hounds my mother walked firmly, holding me still in her arms. By her side went the old Sibyl, regarding the tribe with a look of keen triumph. She exulted in the desperate strength that nerved their victim. She gazed on the unearthly brilliancy of her countenance, as the torch-light fell upon it, and cried out with fierce delight, "see, it is my soul in her eyes—my blood in her cheeks. Thus would old Papita go forth had she tarnished the honor of her people."

On we went, crowding upward through the mountain passes till the snow became thick beneath our feet, and Grenada lay like a child's toy in the distance. The dawn found us in a hollow of the mountains, with snow peaks all around, and half choking up the little valley. Nothing was seen but rocks protruding through

the virgin snow, and a group of stone cairns peering through the drifts in the bottom of the valley. The rosy sunrise broke over the peaks as we entered this gloomy pass, but it did not penetrate to us. My mother lifted her eyes to the illuminated snow, a faint quiver ran through her form, and I felt the arms that supported me tremble. I threw myself upon her neck, and clung there, weeping. She shivered in my embrace; I felt her limbs giving way, and shrieked aloud. She answered me with a long, long kiss, that froze itself into my heart, for I knew that it was the last. Then she lifted up her face and said, in a clear, sad voice, "who will take my child?"

"Give her to me, Aurora!" The voice was full of compassion, and a wild, haggard man, in the remnants of what had been a picturesque costume, came forward with his arms extended. His fierce heart had yielded at last. There was relenting in his gesture and voice.

My mother turned her eyes mournfully upon him, "I have wronged you, Chaleco, but you were wronged long since, and now—she turned her eyes steadily toward the cairns, and added, "all will be atoned for."

"I want no atonement—I am sick of revenge," was the impetuous answer. "Give me your child."

"Chaleco, one promise—take her back to England. You will find plenty of gold sewed up in her dress. I was out of my mind—mad to bring her here. Take her back; she is bright beyond her years, and will tell him all better than any one else—will you promise this, Chaleco, for the sake of old times?" She smiled a pale, miserable smile, as she made the request.

"Give me your child, I will take her to England!" answered Chaleco, in a hoarse voice.

"That is all," answered my mother, gently, "I am ready now."

She turned away her face, and forcing my arms from her neck, held me toward the gipsy chief.

I shrieked, and struggled to get back, but he folded my face to his bosom, and thus smothering my cries, walked rapidly away.

Notwithstanding the close pressure of his arms, I heard a sharp shriek, and then the sound of dull, heavy blows, as if stone or iron were falling against some yielding substance. A groan burst from Chaleco, he shuddered from head to foot, and throwing himself forward, forced my face down into the snow, and buried his own there, also, moaning and trembling.

The blows grew duller, heavier, and a soft, plashing noise mingled with them; no other sound was in the glen, not a hum, not a footfall, nothing but these muffled blows, and the groans

of Chaleco. Then a hush, like that of midnight, fell over us. Chaleco held his breath, and I struggled no longer; it seemed as if the cold snow had struck to my heart.

At last Chaleco arose, trembling with weakness, and taking me in his arms again, staggered through the snow down the glen. The tribe stood in a great circle round a cairn that had not existed when we entered the "Valley of Stones." The stillness appalled me. I broke from Chaleco's feeble hold, and rushed forward, calling for my mother. The old Sibyl seized me by the arm, pointed to the cairn, and answered, "she is there!" I looked fearfully upon the stony pyramid, but saw nothing, till my eyes fell downward to the snow at its base—it was crimson with blood. Then I knew what death was, and what her oath meant. I grew sick, turned, and staggering toward the gipsy chief, fell at his feet.

I remember, dimly, being in the cave once more, and seeing that old Sibyl counting heaps of gold into her lap. I remember, also, that Chaleco was there, and she said to him, pointing to me, "no, she will not die, half the oath only is accomplished, she must do the rest." Then the cairn, with its reddened base, came before me, and I fell away again. Months must have been oblivion to me, for my next clear idea was in England. I lay in a canvass tent pitched by the wayside, half-way between Clare Hall and the village on his estate. Chaleco and the Sibyl were with me, dressed after the vagrant fashion of those broken tribes of our people who infest England. I was in rags, and seated on the ground, wondering how this change had been made—Chaleco stood by the entrance of the tent watching; the old woman kept in a remote corner, and while I was pondering over the meaning of it all, a merry chime of bells swept across the fields, that made my heart leap; I broke into a soft laugh, and crept toward the entrance of the tent, enticed by the sunlight that sparkled on the sward.

I had placed myself at Chaleco's feet, when the sound of an advancing cavalcade came from toward the village. Chaleco shaded his eyes, and I saw them glow like coals beneath his hand. First came a troop of children with baskets and aprons full of blossoms, scattering them thick in the highway. Then followed a carriage, with four black horses, streaming with rosettes and white ribbon, followed by others decorated after the same fashion, and filled with richly dressed people. The children halted, and gathered around the first carriage, tossing showers of roses over its occupants. In the midst of this blooming storm, I saw my father and *that woman*. The gleam of her silver brocade, the snowy soft-

ness of that rich bridal veil made me sick again. The snow drifts in the mountains of Spain, encrimsoned and trampled, swept before my dizzy senses. As I saw my father half enveloped by the waves of those glittering bridal garments, but still pale and looking so anxious, it seemed to me as if those soft drifts had been shoveled over him in mockery of my mother's death.

I asked no questions, but gathered from my companions, who conversed in cautious tones, that Lord Clare and his bride would rest some days at the hall before entering upon their wedding tour. I had no strength, no spirit then; instead of becoming angry, I was faint, and lay down in the tent, weeping fully as another child of my years might have done in its illness.

I remember hearing shouts, and seeing flashes of fireworks that went off in the village that night, and I saw old Papita and Chaleco holding up a small vial between them and the lamp, filled with a purple liquid—then, as in a dream, they passed away from the tent.

It was deep in the night, when I started from my sleep, Papita was shaking me by the shoulder, her face was close to mine, and it looked like a death's head.

"Awake!" she said, reeling on her feet, as if intoxicated. "It is over—Papita has kept her word—her work is done. Get up, last of my race, and see how a woman of Egypt can die."

The terrible light of her eyes fired me with strength; I stood up, and asked what she had done—why she talked of dying.

"I have left the bride stiff and stark on her silken couch up yonder. A drop of this—only one drop—in the water which sparkled on her toilet was enough. I stood by her bed when the bridegroom came—*she* was smiling on her pillow. The drao, that I distil, always leaves smiles behind it. He saw me, old Papita, whose blood he has shamed, whose wrath he has braved, and while he stood frozen into a statue, I glided away, away, away forever!"

She croned over these last words in a low mutter, and sunk slowly down to the earth.

Chaleco bent over her, "Mother Papita," he said, "how is this? you have not drank of the drao."

The old woman gave a cough that rattled in her throat.

"There was no need, my count. Did you think the old frame would not give out when its work was done? I knew it—I knew it. Come hither child, and take 'the gipsy's legacy,' hate, hate, hate to the Busne, the enemies of our people."

She struggled to a sitting posture, and tore the great ruby rings from her ears.

"Your dagger, Chaleco. Quick, quick," she said. Chaleco took a tiny poinard from his bosom, the Sibyl seized it, and thrust the sharp point through each of my ears, then she locked the rubies into the wounds, while the blood trickled down their antique settings.

"It is your mother's blood baptises them, remember that." As she muttered this, the Sibyl fell back. "Give her the papers," she gasped, "then leave her to work out her destiny and theirs, free and alone. I ask no pledge, no vow, the stars have told me all—the stars, the stars." Her limbs fell together, and she lay in a heap, like a skeleton, when its wires give way.

Before morning Chaleco buried her in the hollow where our encampment had been made. I heard the gratings of his shovel a long time in the darkness, and that was all. He never come back to the tent, and I was left with my fearful legacy, sick and alone.

Thus far my life was blended with that of my poor mother, and her destiny sent an iron thread through the rest of my existence. After the funeral of Lady Clare, my father became a wanderer in Egypt and the Holy Land, an old man still in his youth.

THE END.

TAM O'SHANTER,

AN EXTRACT FROM BURNS' FAMOUS POEM.

(WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.)

"But to our tale: Ae market night
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finchy
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, sauter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drowthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks the gither.

The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH WEST,*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE romance of the South West has yet to be written, but whenever this shall occur, it will be found to be as thrilling as the border legendary lore of Scotland. Indeed, in many respects, it will closely resemble that, which Sir Walter Scott has rendered immortal, in prose and verse alike; for the chief actors in both our own South West and that of Scotland, were frontier men, full of rough, heroic qualities, spending their lives in feats by field and flood.

The whole soil of this section of our country was won, in fact, amid dangers innumerable. The wars with the Creek Indians made Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, for a long time, a battle-field, where every man, as it were, slept on his arms: while Texas has been the scene of some of the most daring exploits ever recorded in history, as well as of sufferings nearly beyond imagination. We repeat, that was similar genius to be devoted to illustrating the traditions of this region, which has been bestowed on the border legends of Scotland, the results would not fail to be a series of historical fictions not less interesting than the Waverly novels. Some day, indeed, an American Scott will arise, and this vein of traditional lore be worked.

Whenever that day arrives, authentic anecdotes respecting Crockett, and frontier-men of a similar characteristic description, will be eagerly sought, and enthusiastically employed. The work which led to these remarks, and which is now in press, though not published, will then be prized almost beyond its weight in gold, on account of the rich material it will furnish. It is full of striking events, and even of scenes of humor, showing that Shakspeare only imitated real life, when he made comedy tread close on the heels of tragedy. We have selected two incidents, the one sad, the other mirthful, as proofs of this; and have illustrated them, for the benefit of our readers, with original designs, drawn by Stephens, and engraved by Beeler.

The first is a story of love and war. It is a tale not uncommon to the wild frontiers, but one which could never occur in civilized cities. A young man, liberally educated, and heir to a large fortune, having been disowned by his

father, for sharing in a tragical occurrence, though unwittingly and innocently, took to the roving life of a bee hunter, in the then unsettled province of Texas. Here he remained for several years, until at last his father, discovering the injustice which he had done the exile, had him sought out in the wilderness to which he had fled, and offered to restore him to wealth and civilization. But the free, exulting life of nature had so won on the son that he would have hesitated, even if a stronger tie had not bound him to the life of the border. That tie was love. Banished, an outcast, he had sought that sympathy, under a humble roof, which had been denied him in prouder places: he had imbibed an affection for a rustic beauty of Nagidoches, had married her, and had settled down as a frontier farmer. Here, in the midst of domestic bliss, the summons of his father found him. But though rejoicing to be reconciled to his parent, he could not abandon her, who had loved him when friendless, and hence he remained in Texas, declining all overtures to return to civilized life.

War came, however, to dissipate this dream of happiness, and convert his smiling household into a desolated hearth. The struggle between Texas and Mexico broke out. With the abstract questions of national right at stake the young husband troubled himself but little; but he saw that an invading army approached, that his lands were threatened with confiscation, and that perhaps even the life and honor of his bride were in peril. He armed and marched against the foe. His wife, when the hour of parting came, for a moment repented that she had given her consent, and urged him to return; but, though his heart almost broke, for he had a presentiment he should never see her more, he persisted in his original resolution. When he had, at last, torn himself from her, and mounted his horse, he strove to conceal his emotion, by carelessly singing,

“Saddled and bridled, and booted rode he,
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee.”

But the wife, who, though originally unlettered, had, since their marriage, learned to share his tastes, tremulously answered him, by quoting the next two lines of the song, and then bursting into tears,

* The Life and Adventures of Crockett, with Legends and Traditions of the South West. 1 vol. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 1853.

"But toom cam' the saddle, all bluidy to see,
And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he."

Alas! the prophecy was too true. The husband fell in battle, and the wife died broken-hearted.

The second incident is of a mirthful character. During Crockett's last and fatal journey, he travelled for some time with a professional thimble rigger, whom he met on the way, and who with the effrontery of his class, forced himself on the colonel's party. This petty gambler was a bit of a dandy, wearing a broad Panama hat, and sporting a suit of thread-bare black, the coat of which was generally buttoned up to his throat. He stuck to the travellers for several days, and was the occasion of much mirth. Among other things he was quite a braggadocia. He would tell tales, by the hour, of his prowess, but especially of fights in which he had engaged the savages at odds. He was incessantly practising his petty game, betting that the pea was not under this cup, and then that it was not under that, and of course dexterously shifting it, by sleight of hand, at the critical moment.

At last the travellers, to their relief, succeeded in shaking him off. Time passed. The party had fallen in with some friendly Indians, when, one day, a thin smoke was seen curling above the distant tree-tops: and, as it might betoken an enemy lurking near, they stole nearer, and then, extending their line, surrounded the clump

of trees from which it came. Crockett led the advance, and soon discovered, in the distance, a solitary man seated near the fire, but so intent on some pursuit that he did not hear the approaching footsteps. A second glance assured Crockett that it was the doughty thimble-rigger practising his game of thimbles on the crown of his Panama. Suddenly, at Crockett's whispered direction, the chief shouted the war-whoop, and the warriors rushed in, from all sides, yelling, and brandishing their weapons. The absorbed gambler sprang to his feet, and with horror depicted in every lineament of his face, stood shaking like one who sees a ghost, until Crockett, almost dying with laughter, stepped forward, and made himself known. But the thimble-rigger was never heard afterward to boast of his prowess, at least in the colonel's presence. In proper hands, this scene might be made as laughable as Bailie Nicol Jarvis's poker-fight, in the little Highland inn.

The volume to which we are thus indebted, will be published, we are informed, in the course of the winter, and will be illustrated by no less than twelve of Stephen's most spirited designs. We take this occasion to bear testimony to the merits of this rising young artist, merits which no one will question who has seen his "Comic Natural History of Man," or others of his pencil-sketches. He is thoroughly original and American, and no imitator of any man, or school.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

Ho, artizans! lengthen ye out the wire,
And plant the pole deep in the ground,
For a highway on which the electric fire
May traverse the earth around:
On the rocky bed of the troubled sea,
O'er the smiling fruitful land,
By the crowded mart and the lonely tree
Place the slight but potent band.

The lightning which blazed in the ebon sky
Was deemed as the hand of God,
And the trembling world at its sight would lie
In dread of the chastening rod:
The hand of God now rests on the wire,
And wields it as 't were a pen,
Tracing in words of mystic fire
A lesson of Truth to men;

Razing the laws which say that man
Is a serf to his brother clay;
Telling, in spite of the tyrant's ban,
Of the dawn of a better day;

Scorching like slender threads of flax
The fetters that bind men down,
Melting away like simmering wax
The despots' throne and crown.

Back, superstition, the flashing light
Will injure thy owl-like eyes;
Hence, ignorance, hence, thy clouds of night
Must away now the lightning flies.
Despot, beware, nor trust thy power,
Though firm as the mountain oak,
The gun crowned wall and the massy tower
Must fall 'neath the lightning stroke.

Then plant the pole and stretch the wire
Till a belt goes round the earth,
And the record be traced in electric fire
Of a free world's glorious birth;
Treaties a while may kingdoms bind,
And war join clan to clan,
But the wire shall twine round the human mind,
Joining man to his brother man.

CAROLINE LESLIE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"COME, Nora, dearest, congratulate me!" exclaimed a merry voice, as two brilliant eyes were raised from a miniature, set in diamonds, on which they had been intently gazing.

"Congratulate you, Carry! on what? Has Mr. Claymore returned?"

"Claymore, pshaw! Your thoughts are always wandering across the Atlantic. Pray, may one never receive proposals from one nearer home?"

Nora looked earnestly at her companion for a few moments ere she replied, "I will not believe it, Caroline. Wild, thoughtless, aye, ever coquetish, as some say you are, I will not so wrong you as to believe that you have seriously encouraged the addresses of any suitor save him, to whom you so long ago plighted your vows of love."

"Well, believe it or not, as you please, my most ungracious confidant; I assure you, with all due gravity, that I have within the past hour plighted my vows anew; and for proof, behold this." And she suddenly held up the miniature.

"And Claymore," interrupted her companion, reproachfully; "poor, deceived Claymore!"

"Pshaw," said Caroline, "Claymore sinks into insignificance compared with Mr. Ellsworth." And she gazed, with proud admiration, at the likeness, which indeed portrayed features whose noble beauty justified her praise.

"Mr. Ellsworth is certainly not deficient in any attractions, whether personal or mental," was the quiet reply. "Whatever may be said as to your motives, all will admit that your choice is in no way unworthy of you: but, with all the beauty and elegance of his face, form and manners; his acknowledged talents and splendid genius; there is yet *one* thing wanting to make him equal to the one he has supplanted—one essential which all his brilliant attractions cannot supply, yet which is worth them all."

"And pray, what may be this wonderful requisite, my little mentor?"

"A *heart*, Caroline! a warm, generous, affectionate heart—which you once deemed indispensable in a partner for life. Grafton Ellsworth may win admiring glances from the proud and beautiful. He may be the envy of his fellow men, while yet his position in society makes them eagerly court his favor: and he may even be worthy of all the compliments so lavishly showered upon him: but trust me he is not the man to render you happy. How much more conducive

to the felicity of domestic life would be the gentle kindness of Claymore—his unwearying thoughtfulness and affection, than all the brilliant gifts of his favored rival!"

"But you look only on one side of the picture, Nora, and do not regard the charms which the reverse presents. Ellsworth has wealth unbounded—while Claymore, through the eccentricity of a foolish, miserly old father, can only obtain, annually, a sum sufficient to support him in good style. Then remember, too, that Ellsworth is an *M. C.* Heigho! How delightful 't will be to spend my winters in the gay metropolis of the nation—to have my husband pointed out as one of the most prominent members of the National Council—to see the House crowded when he is to speak, and all hanging with breathless attention on his words."

"Proud you may be; but happiness you will, perhaps, by sad experience learn, is not the necessary lot of the wives of our distinguished men. Yet, if you are really decided, as you say, I hope your future, Caroline, may be all that you desire."

"Thank you, dear Nora! I knew you would not long be angry with your poor Carry; but come, let us prepare for a walk," and the two girls with their arms fondly entwined left the parlor together.

Bright lights were flashing from costly chandeliers over the gay crowds that filled the spacious rooms of a large mansion; music gave forth its most melodious strains; there were brilliant eyes and witching smiles; gay dresses and flashing jewelry; all indeed that could give lustre to an evening party was collected within Mrs. Russell's drawing-rooms. It was the beginning of November; too early for the gaieties of the season: but the party was given in honor of a fair bride, who was shortly to leave her native land with him to whose destinies she had linked her own; and very few of the fashionables invited had thought proper to absent themselves. Conspicuous among the crowd appeared the noble-looking Ellsworth, with the brilliant Caroline Leslie leaning on his arm. Scarce two weeks had passed since their betrothment, and already there were rumors afloat that the bridal day had been named for an early period; and not a few ill-natured remarks were whispered by some of the company who were acquainted with her previous engagement to

Claymore, as Caroline moved gracefully along, her exquisite beauty more fascinating than ever; gratified pride and ambition lending a brighter lustre to her large hazel eyes, and a more expressive smile to her beautiful lips; her beaming glance, ever and anon turning to him who was the cynosure of all eyes—for whose admiration so many fair ones had sighed in vain.

Suddenly there was a bustle at one end of the apartment as some one entered, and several gentlemen eagerly advanced to greet the new comer. He was of small and rather slight figure; his countenance, though not decidedly handsome, was yet rendered striking by its singularly intellectual expression; his manners, gentle, easy, and unassuming, marking the perfect gentleman, and evincing in every look and tone of voice one of those warm-hearted, generous natures, which so insensibly attract the good-will of all with whom they come in contact. Ellsworth and his companion had observed the momentary confusion, but were ignorant of its cause, till a lady near them remarked to another that it was Mr. Claymore, who had just returned from Europe, turning at the same time to observe the effect of the announcement on Caroline. A crimson flush mantled Miss Leslie's very temples, but the next instant she became pale and motionless, while her eyes were intently fixed upon the group that had first arrested her attention. A sudden movement amongst them revealed the form of him she most dreaded to see. There stood her forsaken lover, whom she had flattered herself would not reach home before her union with his rival—yes, there he stood, courteously and kindly replying to those who thronged around him, though the earnest, inquiring glance that roved over the fair forms near him, showed that his thoughts were of one alone—and that one—how should she meet him? Her first impulse to retire into the adjoining room, and thus delay as long as possible the dreaded moment, was abandoned as she saw curious eyes fixed upon her; and she instantly decided to remain where she was, calling the pride of her nature to nerve her to meet him with an air of cool indifference. She turned to Ellsworth and began a trifling conversation; but the next moment Claymore stood before her, breathing her name in soft, low accents, while he pressed her hand fervently within his own. She did not withdraw it, and her eyes for a moment only met his, as coldly and without embarrassment, she returned his greeting. At the same instant, to her great relief, the music sounded for a favorite waltz, and Ellsworth led her forward. Surprised and disappointed, Claymore retired to a recess shaded by a rich drapery, where he observed with painful interest his betrothed: nor was it without

vexation that he saw her regarding her companion with the same glances that had formerly been bestowed on him alone. A suspicion of the truth, however, never entered his mind. He saw that all seemed to regard Ellsworth with respect and admiration, and could not wonder why Caroline should willingly receive his attentions; nor that he should so sedulously devote himself to one whom to see was to admire:—yet he still felt dissatisfied. While absorbed in these unpleasant musings, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and turning he beheld his friend Vernon. The latter had heard from Leonora, to whom he was engaged, of the change in Caroline's feelings, and now drawing Claymore aside, told him, in a few, sad words, the truth.

But Claymore could not, would not credit such treachery. "You are mistaken, you are indeed, my friend," he said, "it is owing to the instinctive delicacy of her nature that Caroline acts so strangely to-night. I did not reflect, until too late, on the singular impropriety of my causing our first meeting to take place in the midst of a curious, gaping crowd. I only arrived at night-fall, and hastening as soon as possible to Mr. Leslie's, learned that his daughter was at Mrs. Russell's party; and, presuming on my acquaintance with that lady, I immediately repaired to her house, forgetting in my eagerness to see Caroline the embarrassment I should cause her—I have been rightly punished."

There was another interval of silence. "You do not speak, Hal—come, now, acknowledge that your suspicions are not well founded!"

"You are deceiving yourself, my dear friend," replied Vernon, earnestly. "You labor to persuade yourself into the belief of what you would fain have true. I can sympathize in your feelings, but cannot aid in your attempts at self-deception. Should I even do so, what could it avail, since the truth, how painful soever it be, must be revealed to you at last?"

Claymore, fixing his eyes upon his friend, as if he would search into his very soul, asked what grounds he had for speaking in this manner?

Thus adjured, Vernon proceeded to relate all that Nora had told him of the conversation between herself and Caroline, on the day that the latter received Ellsworth's miniature. Claymore listened in silence, and made no remark for some time. But at last turning to Vernon, and revealing a face of death like paleness, he grasped his hand warmly, exclaiming in a hoarse whisper, "farewell, my friend! I have detained you too long. To-morrow come and see me." And without further delay, he was gone.

At an early hour on the following morning, Caroline, having summoned Nora to her assistance, sat beside a sofa-table in the front parlor,

selecting from various annuals, magazines, &c., the different parts of a bridal toilette, which she resolved should surpass anything of the kind she had ever seen, when the servant announced Mr. Claymore, who at the same instant entered. He approached Caroline, and with a graceful bow extended his hand; without hesitation she gave him hers, but instantly withdrew it on perceiving that he was about to raise it to his lips. With some embarrassment he took a seat beside her, while Nora rose to retire. "Wait, Nora, dear, I have not yet released you," said Caroline, sportively, "you must not run away without leave." Nora, with a glance of silent reproof, retreated to the back parlor, leaving the two alone. The lover was evidently at a loss how to commence a conversation. During the long, sleepless night, he had revolved in his mind all that Vernon had said, and which his own observations tended to confirm; but balancing against these the love and devotedness which Caroline had ever manifested for him, he came to the conclusion that his friend and himself had wronged her by their suspicions. With this conviction, he had impatiently awaited the earliest hour when he could with propriety visit her. Yet now her demeanor overthrew all his reasonings, and he was again at fault. Caroline spoke first, and with as much nonchalance as if addressing a casual acquaintance who was paying her a morning call. "You have but lately returned from Europe, I believe, Mr. Claymore?"

"But lately indeed, Miss Leslie: yet I fear too soon; since my absence, long as it seemed to me, procured me this welcome from one whom I had expected would meet me rather differently!"

"Expectations are foolish things," was the careless reply. "And I wonder that a calm philosopher like Mr. Claymore should indulge them."

"Why this bantering, Caroline?" exclaimed her visitor, as if by a strong effort. "You did not always reply to my words thus. There was a time——"

"Oh, I pray you not to speak of the times that were! The present has sufficient claims on my attention. Or if you will exercise your memory, do tell me of foreign lands—recall some spirit-stirring adventure—some hair-breadth escape."

"Again I must beg of you, Caroline, to drop this trifling strain; some other time I will respond to it, but not now. Let us speak of ourselves, my beloved one! Surely a year's separation has not so changed our hearts, that you should seek to conceal your feelings under the guise of these frivolous discourses."

"I have no feelings to conceal from you, Mr. Claymore—and why are you displeased?"

"We are spending the time most unprofitably,

dearest," persisted her lover. "Let us change the subject to one more precious; we will speak of the past—the beautiful past."

"I have already said that I wish not to speak of it."

"And is it then so valueless to you? That past rendered dear and precious to me by your love."

"I will not hear of love, sir, or anything connected with it. This must forever be an interdicted subject between us."

"Caroline! Caroline!" exclaimed her lover, forcibly seizing her hand, "recall these words—say you spoke them in jest—say anything—but retract these cruel words!"

"I will give no other meaning to my words than that they plainly bear. Release my hand, sir!"

"Not till you tell me the cause of this change, so overwhelming to me."

"I will give you no explanation of my words nor actions, Mr. Claymore," replied Caroline, proudly. "And permit me to say that I am astonished at your presuming to ask it."

"This from *you*, Caroline," said the lover, in a tone of sadness, while he slowly relinquished her hand. "This from you, whose vows of love were whispered so soft, so fondly to me. From you, whose image I had enshrined in my heart as the representative of all that is pure, and holy, and exalted in woman—from you, whose tearful farewell was treasured as the most precious sounds I should hear till the same voice breathed a welcome home."

He was interrupted by a deep drawn sigh from Caroline, perhaps his words had touched an answering chord—perhaps—no matter what so that it was favorable to his hopes, and the bright light of joy beamed in his fine eyes as he inquired tenderly if it was so.

"A sigh, Mr. Claymore, may as often be the expression of weariness as of regret: have the goodness to impute mine to the former cause, and——"

"'Tis enough, madam!" replied her suitor, rising with an air cold and stately as her own. "I will, at least, spare you the necessity of further words, and relieve you at once of my disagreeable presence:" and with a bow haughty and formal he disappeared. Yet scarcely had he reached the street door, when he stopped to debate with himself whether he should not return and make another effort to recall the strayed affections of his "lady love." She was his first, his only love, and he could not thus leave her. As he entered the room he had just left, he heard the soft voice of Leonora in the back parlor, and looking in saw that his recreant "queen of all hearts" had joined her. They were standing near

the window, so that neither observed his entrance, and the light, careless laugh of Caroline as she replied to her friend, sounded the death knell of the hopes he still strove to cherish.

"Nora, you are a provoking creature; yet there is something very amusing to me in your looks when you would lecture me about this same Claymore. But take heed how you trifle with me on this point. You would not have me prove false to my affianced husband, now that the very day of our union is fixed?"

"You prove false! How should I suspect you of fickleness, after the beautiful example you have given of constancy!" was the sarcastic reply.

"Now that is almost too much for my patience, Nora: but I will not be angry whatever you say, for I cannot dispense with your tasteful assistance just now. I must look my best, you know, beside the handsome groom."

Claymore had stood, meanwhile, as if rooted to the floor; but these words recalled his bewildered senses; and he rushed from the house. In a state of almost desperation he paced the streets until, without knowing how he had reached it, he found himself near his hotel.

Several days passed. Caroline busied herself with the preparations for her wedding, saw no more of her rejected suitor; while he, as if suddenly bereft of the lofty energy of his nature, spent hour after hour in his room indulging idle reveries—dwelling on the bright and glowing hopes of the past so soon overshadowed, and fancying naught in the future for him but cheerlessness and gloom. Of all his friends, Vernon was the only one admitted to his presence. He felt deeply for his friend's disappointment, and strove with kindly efforts to rouse him from his dejection. One evening, when he had been striving in vain to call up a smile to the sad countenance of his companion, he suddenly exclaimed in a tone of apparent anger,

"Really, Claymore, you must rouse yourself. The girl is not worth regret. Why not return to Europe?"

"I have been thinking, to-day," replied Claymore, with something of returning animation, "not indeed of returning to Europe, but of my folly in quitting it without visiting Greece, which to my imagination always presented the charms of fairy-land. To Europe then I will go, that I may see Greece."

And so it was decided. The same paper that announced the departure of the steamer, in which Claymore sailed, contained also the notice of the marriage between the Hon. Grafton Ellsworth, member of Congress from the state of —, and Caroline Louisa, only daughter of Philip Leslie, Esq.

Caroline was supremely happy. United to a man whose name had resounded through the Union in the trumpet-tones of fame—whose immense wealth would place within her reach all the appliances of grandeur and luxury—her splendid bridal the theme of discussion in fashionable coteries for days succeeding—her trossseau such as a princess might envy—yes, Caroline was now, indeed, a proud, a happy woman. Her husband, gratified by the admiration her appearance everywhere elicited, led her proudly from one scene of amusement to another; and Caroline, her young head almost bewildered by the constant whirl of excitement—her foolish heart fluttering with the mingled sensations of joy, happiness and pride, had happily no time for serious thought—else the image of the betrayed one might, perchance, have risen to her mental vision, causing a thrill of uneasiness or remorse in her bosom.

On their arrival in Washington, her triumph and gratification were complete. As the bride of Grafton Ellsworth she could not fail of receiving attention in every circle; and her own peerless charms, varied accomplishments, and elegant manners rendered the charm complete. In every pageant—and the season was one of unusual gayety—she moved the reigning spirit, the acknowledged queen of beauty; and her vanity, constantly receiving a new impetus, was as constantly administered to by murmurs of admiration which always followed her appearance.

Meantime Claymore had reached France, on his way to Greece, when, one afternoon, as he sauntered through the streets of Paris, he heard his name pronounced. He looked up and saw a dashing equipage.

"What, de Valeurs!" he exclaimed.

"Claymore! The last person I expected to see."

At the same moment two others bowed from the carriage window: one the matronly Madame de Valeurs, the other her beautiful and blushing daughter.

"Come with us," said de Valeurs, who was leaving a jeweler's shop, where he had been giving some orders for the ladies. "You see there is a spare seat. You can't imagine how glad I am to see you."

Madame de Valeurs joined her entreaties to those of her son. The daughter said nothing, but her eyes were more eloquent than words would have been, and Claymore finally consented. While the carriage is driving to the superb villa of the de Valeurs family, go back with us, reader, and we will acquaint you how Claymore came to be so valued by them.

While sojourning in France before, it had been his good fortune to rescue from imminent peril,

perhaps from a fearful death, the only son of Madame de Valeurs. The young man's horse had become affrighted, and was ungovernable, making for a high bank on one side, just as Claymore approached. One glance sufficed to show him the danger. He had scarcely time to spring from the saddle, and grasp the unfortunate rider as he was thrown from his horse on the very edge of the precipice. The young man profusely thanked Claymore, and made him promise to visit him.

Claymore had almost forgotten this promise, when, one night at a ball, his attention was arrested by a young lady near him, in whose countenance there seemed something strangely familiar, though he was confident he had never beheld her till then. She was attended by a gentleman to whom Claymore had been previously presented, and who, on perceiving him, led his fair companion forward, remarking in a voice which though low was sufficiently distinct for Claymore to understand. "You are so partial to Americans, my fair cousin, that I must add another of them to the list of your friends. Mr. Claymore will."

"Americans—Mr. Claymore," repeated the young girl, eagerly, adding gracefully, "a sister needs no formal introduction to the preserver of her brother's life."

Our hero, as he looked at the lovely, animated being beside him, wondered that the striking likeness between the brother and sister had not recalled the circumstance immediately to his memory. They were the same in feature and expression, with the same soft, eloquent eyes—and, he soon discovered, alike in their frank simplicity and confiding ingenuousness.

From that night Claymore was a frequent and always a welcome visitor at M. de Valeur's. The time he had limited for his stay in France expired; yet he still lingered: appointing different periods for his departure, yet as often deferring it. We will not pause to discuss the probability of the fair inhabitant of the Villa having some connection with this delay. He had certainly become deeply fascinated by the artless playfulness and utter want of guile which characterized the lovely Adrienne; and in her presence it was no unusual thing for him to become deaf and blind to every one else: in short, had his heart been free, there is but little doubt that he would soon have acknowledged her conquest: but his faith, as our readers are aware, was pledged to one across the broad Atlantic wave; and were his love for his betrothed not sufficient to bind him to his vow, the strict integrity and unbending honor of his character would alone prevent its violation. But whatever might be his feelings, it was evident to many that the gentle Adrienne

entertained warmer sentiments than those of friendship and gratitude toward the handsome American. Her brother's account of the stranger who had so promptly and kindly come to his rescue, had strongly prepossessed her in his favor: and certainly there was nothing in his appearance, conversation, or manners calculated to lessen the feeling. But her feelings were never suspected by the object of her preference; and at length he left for America, still ignorant that she loved him.

But now, on again meeting her, he could no longer remain blind to the real feelings of Adrienne. His journey to Greece was forgotten. He found a delicious pleasure in being with her. Yet he hesitated to offer his bruised and bleeding heart, in return for her virgin love. At last, one delicious evening, they sat together in the spacious garden of the Villa, engaged as they had for some time past been wont to be—Frederic culling from books, or the rich stores of his memory the choicest gems of the poets of his own language, in the study of which Adrienne had of late made considerable progress; while she listened eagerly to every tone of that loved voice, striving to imprint on her heart the very accents with which he repeated the words. But as the setting sun robbed the airy clouds in gorgeous regal dyes, and the deepening shadows made a quiet, spiritual beauty around, the sounds had died away, and the lovers sat in silent reverie. Almost unconsciously their hands met; and Adrienne turning cast a timid glance at her companion. He answered it with one of undisguised affection, and breaking off a few of the orange flowers which grew in fragrant beauty beside him, he hastily wove them together, and presenting the 'garland to Adrienne, continued his quotations from the poets, in the words of Miss Landon.

"Once, only once that wreath is worn—once only
may she wear
The wreath of orange blossoms within her shining
hair."

His voice was low and tremulous, but he knew his meaning was understood, for the little hand he held trembled in his fervent clasp, like the gentle flowers in the breeze they love—and the moistened eyes that the moment before were raised to his, as quickly fell beneath the deep-fringed lids—and the bright twilight floating around her revealed the rich crimson that tinged the clear olive of her cheeks as he drew her closer to him. The poets were forgotten; but the watchful sentinels of night had one by one taken their places in the clear, blue vault above, ere the two lovers sought the shelter of the house—and when soon after, Claymore trod the shores of Greece, his tour was far from a lonely one. A

congenial spirit was with him—a heart glowing with love and happiness responded to every thrill of his own; and Claymore often repeated the lines of the favorite poet of young and loving hearts:

“——How the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.”

When the journey to Greece was finally made, it was with Adrienne as his bride. But we do not design to follow the young couple on their travels. We will suppose them established, at last, in their quiet, elegant home in America, the tranquil pleasures of which both were so well fitted to appreciate and enjoy.

When Caroline Leslie, boasting of Ellsworth's countless riches, spoke of Claymore having only sufficient to support him in good style, she little dreamed he was at that very time the possessor of wealth probably equal to his who had supplanted him. Yet such was the real case. A rich old bachelor uncle in England, who had refused for years to hold any correspondence with his trans-atlantic connexions, became at first sight strangely prepossessed in favor of our hero, insisting that he should be an inmate of his old ancestral home during his stay in England: and when during his sojourn in France, Frederic heard of the old gentleman's decease, he was astonished to learn that with the exception of a few trifling legacies, he was the sole heir to his uncle's immense possessions. The wealth thus suddenly and unexpectedly acquired had few charms to a man of Claymore's simple tastes, for the gratification of which his own means had always sufficed. But in one respect it was welcome, as enabling him to gratify one of the noblest wishes of his heart, in lending a helping hand to young, aspiring genius, especially of his own land: and the first use he made of his new acquisition was in favor of many of his young countrymen he found in France and Italy laboring and struggling for distinction and fame, while often at a loss for their daily bread. Hence his house, if, as some thought, somewhat deficient in the luxurious adornments of fashionable mansions, was beautified with some of the highest efforts of genius, purchased at prices which even the gifted artists had not dreamed of obtaining: while his example in this respect incited several of his friends to make the same noble use of a portion of their wealth. A man of leisure, he gradually turned his attention to affairs of state, and, some years after his return, was appointed to the United States Senate, when, having purchased a commodious residence in the National Metropolis, he continued to enjoy all the comforts of home during the sessions of Congress. He soon became one of the most energetic and efficient members; and his native state had no

cause to regret the confidence she had placed in him.

But where is our other friend, Caroline Ellsworth, all this time? We parted her company amid the scenes of fashionable life, and amid its enchantments we must again seek her. She is still very beautiful, but the bright blush of careless gayety and health has vanished; and though when arrayed in rich attire she moves through the festal hall with a step graceful and stately as ever, there is but too often a faint cloud of satiety and weariness upon the jeweled brow; and he must be a superficial observer indeed who does not notice the listless attraction with which she mingles in the gay, thoughtless crowd. She is weary of the constant excitement; yet is it unfortunately her only means to pass away the time that else would drag so heavily. Poor Caroline has made a sad, a fatal mistake! The promptings of a foolish ambition are no more; and her heart awakened from its feverish dream refuses to be satisfied with the semblance of happiness which is its portion.

The thoughts and feelings of her early years, ere the syren voice of flattery and adulation had charmed with its deceitful accents a heart naturally warm in its affections, and disposed to value love above all other earthly things:—have resumed their sway in her bosom; and she sits lonely and miserable in her stately home; or robes herself in satin or velvet folds, and braids the flashing jewels around her aching head, and mingles again with the mirth-seeking throng: but the impatience and disgust with which on returning, she throws aside her costly attire and gorgeous gems which perhaps have excited the envy of all, show how futile is such an attempt to still the workings of uneasy thought. She is pining for a look, a word of sympathy and affection; and her heart constantly thrown back upon itself by disappointment weeps tears—bitter tears of sorrow and despair. Not that her husband is in any way harsh or unkind to her. Oh, no! Mr. Ellsworth is by far too perfect a gentleman in all respects to use harsh or unbecoming language to a woman: but the wife looks in vain for a token of the kind, earnest, thoughtful love which would open a new world to her vision, and make her life really as happy and enviable as her admiring friends now imagined it to be.

Mr. Ellsworth was by no means an unamiable or selfish man, but he was just as far from being an affectionate or warm-hearted one. He could not bear the sight of distress, and his purse was always open to relieve the poor and unfortunate; but he never dreamed that a few kind or encouraging words accompanying his bounty, would often prove more grateful to the sinking heart of its recipient, than the pecuniary aid he so

promptly bestowed. And in the same manner he acted in his domestic relations. He would purchase for his beautiful wife the costliest article of dress or jewelry that attracted his admiration; but the careless manner in which it was presented produced a corresponding coldness on the part of Caroline; and his brilliant gifts awoke no pleasurable emotion, and were disregarded save for their own inherent value.

Thus also, if during the sessions of Congress, Caroline wished to accompany him to Washington, put up at the most fashionable hotel, and mingle in all the gayeties of the season, she was perfectly welcome to do so: but if she preferred remaining in her distant home, her husband left her with perhaps an expression of surprise at such an absurd choice, never troubling himself to persuade her to a more rational one.

It had been the misfortune of Mr. Ellsworth to be brought up in a home, the inmates of which had but little time to spare from the requirements of custom and society to cultivate these quiet, gentle virtues which throw a halo and a charm around family intercourse. When the father is continually called abroad by the duties and excitement of public life, and the mother is as frequently summoned away by the calls of fashion; thus leaving to servants the almost exclusive charge of the younger members, it is but seldom indeed that they grow up otherwise than selfish and unfeeling.

It was several years after Mr. Claymore's last return from Europe, before he and the object of his early love met again: and then, as on a former occasion, the remembrance of which rushed simultaneously to their minds, the meeting took place before strangers. The recognition was somewhat constrained and formal on both sides; Caroline's manner was even more stately than at Mrs. Russell's party, but now it was only assumed to hide the sudden pang which she feared those around would observe. The flood-gates of bitter self-reproach were thrown open, never to be entirely closed again; for long before she had become conscious of her mistake, and one glance at her former suitor and his happy, joyous wife, recalled to her mind the happiness that might have been hers, but which she had voluntarily cast from her. Oh, how often after that ever-to-be-remembered night, did she vainly strive to banish the regrets which would arise! She knew that Claymore's wife could not but be happy, and how could she avoid contrasting the happiness which might have been her own, and her present joyless lot? Sadly and forcibly was it impressed upon her, when at length the buoyant health which had supported her through many a lonely hour of sorrow, gave way. Confined to the wearisome bed of sickness, she passed many painful

days alone, save the attendance of her nurse—her husband absent as usual, busied with his political projects: for he had declined a re-election to Congress, and was now a candidate for the Gubernatorial chair of his state. And while he was thus engaged, and his friends were making every street re-echo their shouts, and even his enemies gave reluctant testimony to his brilliant qualifications, his wife was suffering the double agony of severe illness of body, and total prostration of spirits; and thus her recovery was for a long time extremely doubtful. Often when her nurse imagined her in a quiet slumber from which the happiest results might be anticipated, she was secretly giving way to her depressed feelings, and dwelling with bitter tears on the neglect and loneliness, so sad, so heart-sickening in seasons of affliction and trial. When at length the doctor pronounced her convalescent, how little of pleasure did the words convey to her? but yielding to his advice she arose, and suffering her maid to envelope her attenuated form in a morning-wrapper, she took her seat near the window, pretending to be interested in what was passing beneath, while in fact her eyes and thoughts were at variance. Her husband was absent, and would not return for several days: and the remembrance of how little he had seemed to regard her sickness, banished the pleasurable feeling with which she would otherwise anticipate his surprise. When, however, he returned, his joy at finding her able to sit up gave her a brief sensation of happiness, for she well knew it was not feigned; and the feeling greatly accelerated her permanent cure. But all the expostulations of the physician could not induce her to ride out in the invigorating air; she refused to leave the house, and made no effort to overcome the debility occasioned by her long and severe indisposition.

One evening, Ellsworth hastily entered her room and found her reclining in an attitude of profound dejection on a sofa. She had felt unusually languid that day, her nervous system was almost prostrated; and Ellsworth was certainly correct in saying that it was the consequence of the want of fresh air, company, and some excitement. He stepped to the dressing-bureau, and adjusted his glossy hair and whiskers, while Caroline, with all her languor, could not but look admiringly on his noble features and commanding form.

Suddenly Ellsworth turned from the mirror, and drew a chair beside the sofa, and told Caroline that Mrs. Young expected to see her at her ball that night. She only shook her head.

"Come, Caroline, indeed you must not yield to these feelings, you will become gloomy and dispirited, and entirely lose your health."

"I cannot go," she persisted, in a low tone. "And how can you ask me, Grafton—do I look like one to mingle in a festive crowd?" and she glanced at the opposite mirror, and smiled sadly as she saw imaged there her pale cheeks and dim, lustreless eyes.

"You will look different in full dress; besides, this delicate appearance will best become you after your long illness. You must go; see, here is something that will throw a glow around your features," and he opened a handsome filagree case, in the white velvet lining of which, a set of magnificent rubies lay gleaming like drops of light.

"These will look better to night than pearls or diamonds; come, prepare—I will give you plenty time to make your toilet," and ringing the bell for her maid, he left the house. Caroline looked admiringly on the rich gems. "I am unjust to him," she murmured. "He is thinking of me even while I am accusing him of indifference;" and determined, if possible, to gratify him, she gave the astonished girl orders to prepare her for the ball. Several times was she obliged to rest, while Florine was arranging her magnificent hair, and her fingers trembled with weakness as she arranged the gorgeous bandean around her head; but something of her olden vanity and love of display was reawakened by the appearance of it, and she persevered. And now a robe of rich chameleon silk falls in graceful folds around her, but her cheek has been growing all the time paler and whiter, and as Florine clasps the bracelet upon the extended arm, the forced strength gives way, and she falls back fainting in her chair. When her husband returned he found her again occupying the sofa, her beautiful dress still shrouding her trembling form, the radiant gems gleaming as if in mockery above her death-like brow. He saw at a glance that she was unequal to the exertions she had used; but, still he would fain persuade her that as she was now dressed, she had better try to descend to the carriage—that the ride would reanimate her, and she should soon return. But she declined, sadly, but firmly; and he left her, telling her that he would bear her regrets to Mrs. Young for her non-attendance at her ball. Poor Caroline! It never occurred to her husband that she would miss *his* company more than the gay scenes in which he wished her again to bear a conspicuous part: he never dreamed that his remaining at home with her that evening, would, perchance, have a more beneficial effect upon her drooping spirits than the excitement of a public assemblage. Yet, no sooner had he gone than Caroline, gaining strength from the bitterness of her disappointment, snatched off her useless decorations, and called Florine to put them

away; and when this was done, she dismissed the girl, and falling back in the chair, gave vent to her long repressed feelings in a burst of tears, mingled with reproaches on her husband's cruelty, but far more on herself. She imagined him joining with the mirthful crowd, attracting the smiles and admiration of all, while she sat there a poor, neglected thing, on whom he would never bestow a thought, unless he was for a moment reminded of her by the inquiry of some friend respecting her health; "but I deserve it all," was the next thought. "Oh, Claymore, how sadly am I atoning for my fault."

Could the neglected wife, on that sad evening, have looked into the far distant home of Frederic Claymore, into the private parlor which was his favorite room in the winter season, how would the scene that she would there witness have sent a pang of deeper loneliness to her sorrowful heart. A beautiful home-look had that spacious apartment, with its rich draperies of embossed green silk hanging in heavy folds over the large windows; chairs, ottomans, and sofas, with cushions of the same material, giving a rich, but not gaudy, appearance to the room; no large mirrors flashed back the bright light from the glowing coal fire; but the few fine paintings that adorned the wall, the little groups of sculptured marble that filled each recess, and the fragrant flowers in beautiful vases on the mantel, evinced the refinement and good taste that had presided over the arrangement of the room. Silver candlebras, supporting waxen tapers, stood on the centre-table, beside which sat Mr. Claymore, examining, by the soft, yet luminous rays, various letters and papers brought in by the evening mail. Opposite to him sat his wife, blooming and joyous as in her girlhood's day, sometimes listening to her husband with an attention which told how dear to her was every tone of that manly voice, as he read aloud whatever items he thought would interest her; sometimes bending with the smile of maternal love and pride, over the fairy-like little girl that sat on her lap, with the dark, proud eyes of her father, and her mother's glossy, raven hair and beautiful features, as with the sportive gayety of a happy, petted child, she looked at the engravings on the table, which she had seen a thousand times before, but which had always a fresh charm to her dawning mind. How clear and joyous was the burst of silvery laughter that ever and anon parted her rosy lips as mamma pointed some object that had escaped her notice—how often the eyes of the fond father wandered from his reading to dwell on the sunny face of his darling Helen.

"Do you still wish to visit B— this year, Adrienne?" he suddenly asked, looking up from the letter he held, "if you do we will go at an

early day, so that I can accept this invitation." And he read aloud the letter, which was from some of his political friends in B——, asking the favor of his presence at an approaching celebration. "If we go at all this winter, my dear, we may as well go now." The beautiful face of Mrs. Claymore was lighted up by a proud smile as she listened to the highly flattering letter, but when he paused awaiting her reply, she hesitated, and looked down, anxiously, on the blooming creature that nestled in her bosom. "I should like very much to go, Frederic; but would it not expose Helen too much at this time? I could not go without her, and the distance is so great."

"True, I did not think of that, we will postpone our visit till the spring. Perhaps, also, Eugene will be here to accompany us:" and Claymore took up his pen to decline the invitation."

"But *you, mon ami*," she said, "why cannot you go?"

"Would you prefer my absence?" he asked, with a pleasant smile.

"Yes, for Helen and I are not selfish, and we would not deprive papa of any pleasure."

"Papa can defer the pleasure; can he not, pet?" said he, as the sweet child leaned over the table to show him one of the pictures which so much interested her. And having duly admired the picture, and given the little pet a slight tap with his pen on her dimpled shoulder, which

caused a fresh burst of childish glee, he resumed his letter.

Often was he interrupted by the coaxing whisper, "do, papa, look at this," or "oh, pa, see here;" as the eager child in the excitement of her pleasure would forget her mother's gentle admonition "not to interrupt papa:" but the father's feelings were not absorbed in the politician's; and the lisping entreaty fell not on an unheeding ear. The requisite attention was cheerfully given; and then he would turn again, with unabated serenity to his writing; his own face illumined by something of the same feelings that marked the sparkling, joyous features of the happy child.

How little thought the gay party, who a few weeks afterward listened to the reading of that letter, which bore testimony in its earnest, eloquent language of the writer's devotion to the principles which they professed, and his sincere participation in their rejoicings—how little they imagined that the letter was indebted for its warm, thrilling eloquence to the quiet, happy feelings with which it was penned. Yet how many, very many, in that gay assemblage might perchance, have taken a needful lesson from the private life of him, whose public services and zeal in the good cause were lauded in complimentary toasts, and aptly pourtrayed in many a beautiful sentence, heard with shouts of applause and enthusiastic admiration.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

I stood, one stormy Christmas Eve,
Before the fire toasting;
Most orthodoxly turning round,
Like turkeys that are roasting.
Wild roared the Wintry gale without,
The grate blazed up like rosin;
'Till finally I scorched, which broke
The reverie I was in.
I tried, in silence, Christian-like,
To bear the pain, but couldn't.
"Confound the fire," I cried, enraged,
(What blister'd victim wouldn't?)
At last I drew the sofa up,
And at full length reposing,
I watched the glowing, gen'rous grate,
Until I fell a-dozing.
I dreamed I saw an ancient hall,
Where fairy forms were glancing,
And giddy music reeled around,
And giddier girls were dancing.

And by the chimney, blazing red,
There sat the grandeire hoary,
While round him laughed the merry crowd—
Ah! I was in my glory.
Then in my dream, such things will be,
I saw (the hall surrounding)
A crowd of cherub, laughing imps
A smoking punch compounding.
One brought the flask of Glenlivet,
And one the lime was squeezing,
"With such a set," I said, "a chap
Would stand no chance of freezing."
Just then I felt my ears impinged,
A stinging pain shot o'er me.
I woke, and there, in dress *de nuit*,
Stood Mrs. Jones before me.
"What's this," she cried, "how dare you, sir,
Thus dream when I am waiting?"
I meekly rose, and went to bed,
To save a sound berating.

HOW ANNE DARNED STOCKINGS.

BY FANNY SMITH.

REALLY my friend Anne Woodruff was to be pitied. I called to see her a few months after her marriage, and found her nearly crying over a pair of her husband's stockings, which she was darning.

"Why, Anne," said I, "I thought you were never going to mend a pair of stockings after you were married."

"Isn't it too bad?" replied she, laughingly. "I used to say I would never marry a man without he was rich enough to keep a seamstress for me, to do all my sewing, mending, darning stockings and all, and here I am poking over these things," and she gave them a contemptuous toss.

"But," and she laughed again, "Frank would make me marry him, you know, and I forgot to make an arrangement about a seamstress."

Poor Anne! I believe there never was a woman in the world who did not hate darning thread and needles, but Anne's dislike to the articles nearly amounted to a mania.

Before a girl can scarcely pull a stocking on, she dreads the time when she will have to darn it. Many a Miss in her teens suddenly remembers a lesson which she had forgotten to learn, if a prudent, thrifty mamma suggests that she is old enough now, and has a little spare time, and she ought to darn her own stockings.

In truth, the girl sees that her mother shirks the work if possible; that superannuated grand-mamas, and maiden aunts, and poor cousins, take the stocking basket, as naturally as if all the contents were their own; and as they always have the most unpleasant part of the sewing to do, she is sure in her own mind that she shall not like it.

So it had been with Anne. It was even whispered at boarding-school, that she did not always look at her stockings which had come from the wash, before putting them in her trunk; and after she left school, she made a contract with her grandmother, who resided with them, that if the old lady would darn her stockings, she in return would quill her cap borders.

I have known many a woman who would do all the fancy work of the family, hem, stitch, crochet, embroider slippers, suspenders, chair-covers, &c., without a murmur, but I never knew one who did not consider darning stockings an outrage on her genius.

Anne had been married about three years, when I called one day again. Taking up my little name-sake from the floor, I exclaimed,

"Why don't you put short clothes on this child, Anne? She will never learn to walk with a yard of muslin and flannel under her feet."

A strange expression passed over my friend's laughing face. For a moment it puzzled me. Then I said,

"My gracious, Anne, you don't keep long clothes and socks on the child for fear of having its stockings to mend?"

"Something like it, to be sure."

"Why, you unnatural mother! it will outgrow its stockings for the next two years, before it will outwear them."

But as time passed on, and Anne's family increased, her cares increased with it.

The huge family patch basket was appalling. The poor soul thought the labors of Hercules trifling compared with her own.

"Nothing but patch and darn, and darn and patch," said she to me, one day, when I went in and found her as busy as usual with her basket. Indeed the much-talked-of and much-written-of horrors of washing day, were play to her, compared with the troubles of Wednesday, when shutting herself up in the nursery, she denied herself to all visitors, except myself, and sat down with one foot on the rocker of the cradle, and a lap full of stockings which she was to assort.

Well she was to be pitied. One of the children was certain to have the toothache, or a burned finger, or a cold in the head, just as certain as Wednesday came around.

On one of these fatal days, when I happened to be there, I pitied her terribly. The whole brood of little ones was at home. Some of the children in the school had the measles, and she thought it wiser not to let her own go.

Another baby in long clothes and socks, had just been bathed and rocked to sleep. The weather was too cold for the children to be out of doors; so after repeated commands to them to keep quiet, Anne took up the dreaded stocking basket.

First, out came a pair of her own hose. A sigh of relief escaped her, as she run her hand in and found no rent; and then they were rolled up and placed away. A second pair passed under

a like review, but only a thread had given way, and that was soon repaired.

Mr. Woodruff's stockings came next. Anne directed a glance of despair at me.

"What queer kind of feet he must have," said she, petulently, "here are two pair of new stockings without a darn in them, and now look at this!—look what immense holes in the toes!"

"They are too short, I suspect, Anne," replied I.

"Well, I'll take care to get them long enough the next time. I shall mend them this once, and if they break so again, I will throw them aside and buy new ones. Stockings are cheap enough, dear only knows, without slaving one's life out in mending them."

I was dressing a doll for my little name-sake, and again Anne darning proceeded quietly for a while.

But presently I heard her exclaim,

"Jenny, for mercy's sake give me those scissors."

And I looked up to see Miss Jenny sitting on the floor, screwing her little face around with every turn of the scissors, cutting out paper babies, and Lilliputian frocks and aprons.

After a few moments silence, interrupted only by the creaking of the cradle, I heard Anne say again,

"Tom! do look now, what you are doing. I declare, making the hole in that stocking twice as large as it was by putting your marbles through it!—and there was Master Tom, holding one of

the unmented stockings up at full length, dropping marbles through one by one, studying the laws of gravitation.

Little Carry, who seemed to have none of her mother's dislike for stocking mending, was as busy as a bee sewing all the tops together, and darning the toes fast to the middle of the legs.

"Carry, do hand me the darning cotton—how you plague me; and goodness gracious! see what the child has done. It will take half an hour to rip all that out."

But Carry looked up wonderingly at her mother, for she was fully convinced that her work was admirable, and said,

"Indeed, mamma, I haven't got the cotton."

"Why, where can it be then?"

But happening to look on the lounge, she saw George drawing out strand after strand, tyeing the ends together, and as busy in weaving cat cradles with it, as his sister had been in darning.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the nearly distracted mother, "what grand times Eve must have had with no stockings to mend; I declare I almost wish I was a Hottentot."

A few months ago, Anne came to me to know if I could find her a good seamstress.

"Thank fortune" said she, "Frank's business is very prosperous, and I feel as if I could keep a girl to do my sewing without being too extravagant. Only think, Carry! no more stockings to darn! can you believe it?"

Since that time Anne Woodruff has been a perfectly happy wife and mother.

WHAT A SWEET SPOT IS EARTH.

BY LUCY WHARTON.

What a sweet spot is earth, with her trees and her flowers,

Her grass-woven plains, and her rose trellised bowers;

Her sun-lighted day-beams, her star-spangled sky,
Her soft voice of welcome, when Summer is nigh.

What a sweet spot is earth, when the faint ray of morn

Steals forth like Woe smiling on Pleasure's return;
When the trembling young leaves wave a tuneful salute,

And the least bird of Nature no longer is mute.

What a sweet spot is earth, when the noontide of day

Bursts forth in the pride of its golden array;
When the blue flag of gladness floats beaming on high,

High Hope when the light spirit laughs in her eye.

What a sweet spot is earth, when the still evening hour

Brings rest to the weary, and dew to the flower;

When the bird fleeth home to his moss-covered nest,

As the Christians, in sorrow, seeks Faith for his rest.

What a sweet spot is earth, in all seasons and times,
In the South's sunny glow, of the North's frozen climes;

Whether childishly playful, or fearfully great,
Her beauty is perfect, her grandeur complete.

What a sweet spot is earth—but a fairer is found,
Where the Winter snows chill not, where Spring leaves abound,

Where the bolt of affliction no longer is hurl'd—
He hath told us who said, "Ye are not of the world."

ELLEN LINDSAY.

BY A LADY OF KENTUCKY.

It was a bright morn in May, when the bending bough and springing verdure were glittering with the sparkling dew drops, and the merry songsters were carolling thanks to the Dispenser of all good, when Ellen Lindsay, a fair-haired girl of seventeen, stepped from the portico of a New England cottage with a sad and anxious expression of face, for she had promised George Raymond that this morning he might ask her hand of her father.

But she had heard her father on the evening previous say to an old acquaintance, who had dropped in socially to tea, that he deeply sympathized with his friend, William Raymond, for he thought his only child George would prove a curse to his parents, and wring from their dim and aged eyes the tears of anguish.

Oh! how those words penetrated the very soul of Ellen. She looked upon her father as a model of all that was good. Having been left motherless at a tender age, he had well supplied the place of both parents. He had cheerfully given up all society, save the family of his friend William Raymond, that he might unremittingly devote himself to the moral and intellectual education of his daughter, who was to him the polar star of his existence. To hear that father speak in such terms of George, her playmate in childhood, her guide in her girlish strolls when looking for the first sweet flowers of spring; who had taught her to know the note of each bird, whose clear, ringing voice was music to the ear, and to whom she had but yesterday plighted her troth, was anguish deep and bitter. Why Mr. Lindsay entertained so harsh an opinion of young Raymond, it is necessary, reader, that you should review the last four years of that young man's life. He had just returned from college, where he had remained four years, and graduated with difficulty, not that he wanted intelligence, for each feature and expression bore the stamp of intellect. But he had madly yielded to dissipation, he had gambled deep.

Ellen had known nought of this. Although his father frequently had spoken to Mr. Lindsay of his fears and apprehensions for his son. Yet she had listened to that being, who of all others will cling latest to the last remnant of hope, his mother, who still seemed confident that all would be well, for had she not watched over him in his youth, and she knew there were manly and noble

qualities deeply implanted within the bosom of her son.

It would be only to mention some generous sentiment or act she would speak of him to Ellen. When he left for college at sixteen, he had only said to her you will not forget me, will you? And she, with the innocence of thirteen, replied, "no, George, I will think of you every day, and pray for you at night."

How frequently in his night revels at college had the thought crossed his half inebriated brain, that even then her prayers for him might be ascending to the most high. His better feelings would rush upon him; and resolves, alas! only to be broken were made that henceforth he would struggle to be worthy of her. And even now, after four years dissipation, there was still a green spot in his heart, around which might yet cluster and grow all the noble qualities that belong to that being who is created in the image of his Maker.

The morning after his arrival he hastened to see his acquaintances, Mr. Lindsay and his daughter. Ellen had seen him coming, she advanced readily to meet him with a cordial greeting, but with the effort there was the embarrassment of the woman that loves, she could not meet him as in days of yore. She had dwelt upon his memory till the fondness of childhood had assumed a deeper and more lasting form. When George took the hand that was extended in greeting, he felt let others think of me as they will, I am the same to her: she, like my mother, will think kindly of my faults. This pleasant reflection was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Lindsay, in whose face could be traced the feeling of disapprobation, and who seemed to lay some stress upon his congratulations on his return to his parental roof. There certainly was constraint in his manner foreign to his custom. Ellen observed it, but being ignorant of all cause for such reserve, she was inclined to think it accidental; but she perceived first a blush and then a sad smile flit over the countenance of Raymond.

He remained with them about an hour, then rising to leave he crossed the room to where Ellen was sitting, and asked if she would be ready to renew some of their old strolls if he called in the evening, to which she assented. During the day Mr. Lindsay thought he would tell his daughter why he would wish her to shun

the society of her old playmate, but she seemed so happy and cheerful that he felt a disinclination to mar her enjoyment for the day, and satisfied himself by saying to-morrow will do as well.

At length evening came, and with it Raymond. Ellen, with bonnet in hand, was ready, they started, both were happy in relating little incidents of the past. Each spot seemed to be the register of some sport in youth. They wandered on, till coming to the shade of an elm that appeared to be the patriarch of the forest. They stopped and were silent. At length George turned to the fair being by his side, and said,

"Ellen, do you remember the pledge you gave me on your tenth birth day under this tree—we were playing, and you remarked you did not know what you would do should I ever leave you? I laughed and told you, you must be my wife: and did you not promise it? And now, Ellen, in riper years, in the same place, do I ask you to be mine. Be the good angel that will lead me on to honor and renown. You little know how I need your guileless innocence, your firm and holy belief in the justice and mercy of heaven. You know not the strong temptations that assail youth on entering the busy, calculating world. But with you by my side I feel as though I could pass through any ordeal. Answer me, Ellen, will you be my bride?"

She raised her eyes to his full of the deep feeling that was overflowing her heart, and said,

"I have always loved you, George, and will be to you all you ask. I make but one condition, and that is we have my father's consent. Never will I wed without that."

"Well, Ellen, I will have that consent to-morrow, or be rejected, for I cannot bear suspense." She was glad such was his determination, for she wished her father to know all. Neither did she fear the result.

They returned home. He parted from her at the door. She was directly called to officiate at the tea-board, for her father and his neighbor. Then it was she first listened to the recital of the faults and crimes of him she had promised to love.

Although sorrow in her sojourn upon earth had passed lightly by the happy Ellen. Yet in this her first visit, however unaccustomed it found her to disappointment, she had too much womanly instinct to let it be seen how harrowing to her feelings had been her father's words.

That night sleep forsook her pillow. She rose in the morning with the intention of dissuading Raymond from mentioning their engagement to her father. It was accordingly to meet him we have seen her stepping from the portico. What a contrast between that fair girl's anxious heart, and radiant nature clothed in her robe of smiles!

Ellen advanced to an Otahirte bush to cull some of its crimson blooms studded with the morning diamonds, then walked down the avenue till she came within view of the gate, and there saw Raymond standing apparently in deep thought. She had nearly reached him when he turned and saw her. "Why are you abroad so early, Ellen?" he said. "I thought it was too soon to partake of your hospitable board, and concluded to remain for a while at the old gate, with which is connected many agreeable recollections of the past."

"George, speak not of the past, it unnerves me for the execution of my resolve. I have sought you to prevent your seeing my father, and to say perhaps it would be well if you would not mention our yesterday's conversation."

He took her hand. "Ellen, why this change? have you too learned to look harshly upon my faults? Has one night so turned the current of your feelings? I can bear all but this. Tell me, can it be?"

"Last night, George, for the first time I heard a true account of the manner in which your last years have been spent: but you little know the heart of woman if you suppose she can withdraw her love for the first wrongs. No, she loves on hoping all things. And to me, Raymond,

"There is not a breeze but whispers of thy name;
There is not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,
But in its fragrance tells a tale of thee."

"Then my own one, with that sweet confession ringing through my brain, and almost intoxicated by the draught you have just administered, I feel nervous for all opposition, dearest: remain till I come." Without a moment's hesitation, with firmness evinced even in his step, he walked to the cottage, called for Mr. Lindsay. He was ushered into the little library, where the old man was reading the word of God. He kindly took Raymond by the hand, and motioned him to be seated.

"A beautiful morning, George."

"Yes, sir, and my heart too is happy, for Ellen has promised to be my bride if you consent." To his infinite surprise a tear gathered in the old man's eye, when he said,

"It cannot be, George. It is with deep regret I pronounce the words, for I would not for all I possess have found it my duty to cross my child in this. But it cannot be."

Raymond, with his whole frame trembling, untouched by anger, for he could only feel reverence for the father who was anxious to guard his child from grief, replied, "why do you so firmly and fully deny me?"

"Review your life, George, for a few years, and see if you can wonder at my denial. It is with pain I recall to you your years of dissipation, for

I have loved you almost as a child. Nay, more, often have I watched you and Ellen when children playing around me, and thought with pleasure upon the possibility of one day claiming you for the son of my old age, the husband of my daughter, but that dream you have dispelled."

"Say not dispelled, recall that word, grant my prayer, give me Ellen, I can, I will be worthy of her."

"No, Raymond, I cannot trust her happiness to the frail promise of reform." Saying this, he rose and left the room.

Who can describe the feelings of George? He knew there was none to blame for this blow but himself. He hurried out to Ellen, who was again waiting the result. She saw it all from his manner, for his was not the disposition that can conceal the emotions.

George, my father, as I feared, has refused."

"Yes, dearest, I am not deemed worthy the guardianship of so fair a flower. I cannot reproach Mr. Lindsay for his rejection of my suit. I have been madly wild, and I should have told you before I won from you the sweet promise to be mine, but I could not nerve myself to risk a refusal from thee. But you shall not be fettered by that pledge. One request will I prefer, one boon will I ask, and then will bid adieu to these familiar scenes, and not return till I have wiped out the errors of the past. The request is this, you will not wed another for three years; and the boon I ask is your miniature, the promise shall urge me on to honor; thy miniature shall sanctify my pleasures. Will you grant them, Ellen?"

"All, all will I grant, nay, even more, though I hold no sacrifice too great to make for my father, yet never will I wed another. But when will you go?"

"I will sail on the Essex, which is soon to start for the Mediterranean to punish the piratical Turks; and remember, Ellen, you shall hear from me in the front of the battle, and your image shall be the talisman that will guard me in the hour of danger. And now, farewell."

And thus they parted for years to come. He took his way home, and disclosed to his parents his intention to volunteer his services to his country. He met with strong opposition at first, but his father, an old revolutionary soldier, could not long withstand the patriotic pictures drawn by his son.

Was it not the promise of future greatness that America, then the youngest nation on the globe, with her navy but in its infancy, should refuse to pay tribute, when even proud England was numbered among the nations that were content to buy of the Barbary States ingress to Southern Europe.

Young Raymond, having overcome the objections of his parents, forthwith took his departure to join the crew of the Essex.

It becomes necessary there should be something in particular said of the nature of the naval expedition of 1803. In 1800 the American ship George Washington while before Tripoli, had been forced by her situation into carrying presents from the Dey of Tripoli to the Ottoman Porte. There were some threats made by the Dey on that occasion that our Congress and executive could illy brook, consequently there was a squadron sent to the Mediterranean, under Commodore Dale, which served to convoy and protect our commerce, and blockade the Straits of Gibraltar against the Tripolitan cruisers. Some prizes were taken but not retained; at the expiration of the year Dale returned home, leaving two of his vessels for convoys. The Tripolitan war may be said to have lasted five years, from 1800 to 1805, yet no severe or hazardous engagement took place until after the fall of 1803, when the command was transferred to Commodore Preble.

We will now follow one commander in particular, who was in Preble's squadron, and whose very name sends a thrill of pride through every true American—that name is Decatur. It was with him as a friend George Raymond had sailed in the Essex, which reached the Mediterranean in November, 1803, where it met the Enterprize, commanded by Hull; according to arrangements Decatur was transferred to the Enterprize.

Not long after Preble reached his station, he ascertained the loss he had sustained in the stranding and capturing of the Philadelphia and her officers, among whom were men that illy could be spared at such a time.

Then it was Decatur promised to achieve the daring act that will ever be looked upon as a deed to immortalize. It was just of a nature to suit his ardent temperament.

When he mustered the roll of his ship, and proclaimed to his men he was going to destroy that American vessel, whose appearance in the enemy's harbor seemed to throw a shade upon our little navy. He now asked who would follow. At the tap of the drum every man and youth in the vessel pressed forward to offer their services to their respected commander. But all could not go. He selected a sufficient number of those most competent to the duty, among them was Raymond burning to achieve something worthy of his country and his love.

On the night of the fifteenth of February, 1804, the Intrepid, a captured ketch, commenced her perilous entrance into the bay of Tripoli. Decatur's directions to his followers were to entirely conceal themselves with the exception of some ten or twelve, a number that would excite no

alarm, while with Raymond at his side stood by the pilot to give necessary orders.

When within hailing distance the Turks from the Philadelphia hailed, they were answered the Intrepid was a Maltese trader, and the captain wished to ride by the frigate for the night. The Intrepid had nearly reached the desired spot, when a puff of wind struck her and wafted her directly under the broadside of the Philadelphia, where for some moments she lay becalmed.

That was a moment to try nerve and soul, but not one move or accent betrayed the throbbing of every heart; even in that critical moment perfect discipline was not forgot, and that night discipline wrought much.

In a short time, they were towed by ropes to the right position. Just as they were ready to board the frigate, the Turks perceived their grappling irons; and the cry of Americans rung from every point. Delay was now death to Decatur and his men. Without a moment's hesitation, each man was at the post assigned him, with his weapon in one hand, and combustibles in the other.

The Turks were now fast disappearing over the sides of the vessel. One Musselman alone, a fine athletic-looking man, strained every nerve to drive back the brave few; he soon saw the effort would be vain; then singling out Decatur, he rushed upon him with his scimeter raised to smote, if possible, the leader of the band; but just as it was descending upon the captain's head, Raymond sprang forward and threw his arm before the uplifted weapon, which saved Decatur, but left a horrid cut on Raymond's arm. The Turk, failing in this attempt, felt it to be folly to make another, springing to the side of the ship he plunged into the water shouting back, "Americans, I will meet thee again."

Decatur seized the hand of Raymond with a grateful emotion, but said not a word, for this was not a time for further expressions of gratitude, there were too many lives dependent upon the rapid accomplishment of his undertaking. Now having filled the Philadelphia of her captors, the burning of the noble ship they could not rescue was briskly commenced. And now to escape the flames, they sprang into the Intrepid, where, amidst the showering balls that fell from near a thousand pieces of artillery, night being their shield. The heretofore silent crew arose as with one impulse, and gave three cheers to victory and their country.

Safely they reached the outlet of the bay, where anxious friends were on the look out for their companions who performed the daring deed. With bright and exulting hearts they made sail to join Commodore Preble, and inform him of the success of their attempt. The officers of the

squadron hastened to congratulate Decatur and his valiant band. When the Intrepid left for the burning of the frigate, there were but few of the seamen of the other vessels that ever expected to behold again one of the actors of this enterprise. There was the sound of rejoicing heard from every vessel before Tripoli and the Mediterranean, more than three thousand miles from our shores, was made the scene of an American illumination. An express was sent to Congress, and that body passed a vote of thanks to Decatur and his men, particularizing the commander and Raymond, who had not only performed well his part, but had saved the life of his officer. The wound Raymond had received, though not dangerous, was yet exceedingly painful, it threw him into fever which confined him to his bed. Then Decatur evinced his gratitude to him by remaining with and tending him every hour he could snatch from the imperative duties of his command.

One evening, while enjoying a refreshing slumber, Raymond uttered some expressions of love and disappointment, which aroused a wish in Decatur to hear all, with a desire and hope that he might effect something for his friend in this matter. When Raymond woke, Decatur remarked, "George, tell me what it is that weighs so heavily upon your spirits; your physician says there is more than this wound exciting your system, and causing fever, perhaps I can assist you; I entreat you make no reservation, for to me you shall ever be as a brother, and gladly would I, as far as is in my power, serve you."

Raymond replied, "I am thankful for and appreciate your kind offer, but I cannot bare the secrets of my heart to any one. Suffice it to say, I have, through my own conduct dispelled a sweet dream of happiness. I will not speak of the circumstances, nor will I mention the name of that being who is purity itself. There is one kindness I will ask of you, it is this. Should death, through any untoward circumstance overtake me, you will find around my neck the miniature of her I love, and in my writing-desk you will see papers and letters with directions that will give you all necessary information."

The subject was then dropped, and they conversed upon the situation of our blockading force. Decatur mentioned the attack meditated by Commodore Preble upon the enemy's boats and galleys that had come outside of the rocks of the harbor. Raymond asked eagerly when it was thought the attack would be made, and was answered, they were only waiting the return of a frigate that had been despatched toward Gibraltar, which could not be longer than a week or ten days at furthest. When Raymond heard this, he was resolved, if possible, to banish the

thoughts of Ellen, which kept him feverish, and and try to rouse himself for action. Accordingly next morning, with the assistance of his friends, he was enabled to reach the deck and inhale the pure air, so refreshing to the invalid, and particularly so in "the land of the cypress and myrtle." How beautiful seemed all to the eyes of Raymond, he listened to the low murmuring of the sea, and the soft sighing breezes as they gently swelled the sails.

"T was musical but sadly sweet.
Such as when the winds and harp strings meet."

It was a proud sight to see the stars and stripes of our brave, free and happy land fluttering nobly to the winds. Manned by gallant officers and hardy tars, who were destined to make old England, the mistress of the ocean, haul down her colors when she came in conflict with men who knew no sovereign but their Maker, no title but defender of their country, and their country's honor.

"Glory like the eagle builds among the stars."

In a few days, Raymond felt almost restored, and was resolved to accompany his commander in the proposed attack upon the enemy.

In a short time all was ready for the engagement. The Constitution, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Preble, accompanied with the other vessels forming the squadron, bore down within reach of the long guns. Then was sent out two divisions of gun boats, three in each division—one was commanded by Decatur, the other by the lamented Somers. It were vain to attempt to describe the wonders performed by our men. They had attacked the enemy in a manner the Turks believed themselves invincible where strength of arm was the weapon. Notwithstanding our men were greatly outnumbered, the bold and daring Americans came off conquerors, capturing many of the Tripolitan vessels. It was in this engagement Decatur was severely wounded; again had he been singled out by the captain of the Turkish boat, who was strong and grappled with the strength of the tiger. It was a terrible moment to Decatur's men, they could not relieve him, for each one had foes to face and contend with. In his extreme peril, Decatur, with singular dexterity and presence of mind, extricated one arm from the grasp of his powerful antagonist, drew a pistol from his belt, and shot him through the body. The Turk gave one expiring gasp, and sunk dead upon the deck of his vessel. His fall seemed to be the signal for his men to desist, all further attempt at resistance were relinquished; he plunged overboard and swam to the next boat. Raymond rushed to Decatur, eager to render him any assistance. He found him badly wounded, yet bravely bear-

ing up, giving his men all necessary directions. He felt not his wound, for amidst the conflict around, he had witnessed the fall of his Brother James Decatur, and his grief for him had swallowed up any sensations of pain from his wound.

Soon after this successful undertaking, it was resolved in a council of officers, an attempt should be made to destroy by fire the entire naval armament of Tripoli.

The fatal and sad result of this expedition will forever remain wrapt in mystery; we only know the noble Somers and his men returned no more. Shortly after this, Commodore Barrow succeeded Preble in the command of the squadron. The siege was still continued by sea, and occasionally a land attack was made. In September, 1805, Commodore Rogers having succeeded to the command, concluded peace with the Dey of Tripoli, and Decatur was despatched to Washington City, to inform the administration of the termination of hostilities. His countrymen everywhere received him with demonstrations of gratitude and love, and felt

"He was skilled alike to conquer and to please."

Most eagerly had Ellen Lindsay read and listened to the tidings that reached our shores from the far-off squadron of our infant navy, where the heroism and valor of the immortal Decatur was attracting even the admiration of the man who held the destinies of Europe in his mighty grasp. A few days after, Congress had passed resolutions, lauding the daring and successful achievement of Decatur, and also making honorable mention of Raymond for the personal risk and suffering he had incurred to preserve the life of his noble officer. Ellen received a paper from the hands of her father containing these resolutions, saying, at the same time, "perhaps, all may yet be as you wish. Heaven grant it, my child, for I feel the infirmities of age creeping upon me, and my head is already showing the frosts of many winters, and thankfully would I see my Ellen happy." The bewildered Ellen hardly understood his allusions, for he had never mentioned the subject of her engagement since the sad morning of Raymond's departure. Tremblingly she sought the silence of her chamber, and then with a feeling of exultation, read the flattering account of him she loved. With a heart full of freshness and sincerity, joined with the buoyancy of youth, she looked alone upon the bright side, feeling assured her love and judgment had not been misplaced. Another reason for her assurance of hope was from his letters to his mother, who had read them to Ellen, and in all he had expressed a high determination to conquer the evils of his life, and

return worthy the blessing of his mother, and the love of Ellen.

Months had now passed since Ellen knew her father would listen favorably to the suit of Raymond; and she was again the light-hearted girl of sixteen, her cheek was fresh with the tint of health, and her step had regained the elasticity of former days, for although she had tried to rally her drooping spirits after George had taken leave of her, and did calmly and cheerfully perform all the duties of a child, yet with anxiety had her father watched the gradual change in his daughter. We will now leave Ellen for a while, and follow the footsteps of her lover as he traces his way home.

Raymond had returned with Decatur to the United States, who was very desirous he should proceed with him to Washington, that he might present him to the President, with recommendations for further advancement, but Raymond had but one thought, which was to visit his home where were clustered the beings he best loved.

It was a charming evening, the gorgeous sunset was throwing a thousand gilded lines and tints upon the light clouds, and everything seemed brightly to welcome the wanderer home. He was just rising the little eminence in front of his father's cottage. He felt happy, all his sad forebodings had given place to a hope springing

from a consciousness of his reformation and worth.

He now urged on his steed at a more rapid pace, having seen his aged mother advance to the door, looking earnestly, as though her fond eyes had already discovered who he was. In a few moments, he had received the embraces of his parents, it was a joy unruffled by one anxious thought. And now, kind reader, having followed me thus far, I pray you proceed with me again to the vine clad cottage of Mr. Lindsay. The old gentleman and Ellen had just risen from their evening repast, and were sitting in the portico admiring the beauty of the night. The moon was shedding a flood of silvery light.

Soon their reverie was interrupted by approaching footsteps. Why did Ellen's heart beat with a secret presentiment of coming joy? She had no reason to expect him she loved. Gentle reader it was Raymond, and their meeting was far different from their parting, everything now smiled propitiously upon their fond hopes.

In a few weeks Raymond led Ellen to the altar. Among the guests upon that occasion was Decatur, who had not been regardless of the merits of his friend, and immediately after the performance of the ceremony, he placed in the hands of Raymond a commission from the President, appointing him to a lucrative post.

CHILD AND MOTHER.

CHILD.

"Oh! why does Brother William sleep
So long upon his little bed?
And why, dear mother, do you weep?"

MOTHER.

Your Brother William's dead.

CHILD.

I thought, when dead, my mother dear,
That angels bore us through the sky?
But Brother William still is here?

MOTHER.

No: he now dwells on high.

CHILD.

I stroke his hair, his hand I hold,

Oh, William do get up and play:
Why is your hand so very cold?

MOTHER.

He hears not what you say!

CHILD.

And will he never wake again,
Nor spread his playthings on the floor,
Nor walk with us down the green lane?

MOTHER.

No, never—never more!
The little body that lies here
Will rest beneath the church-yard sod:
His soul the angel back did bear
Unto the hands of God."

AUTUMN'S LAST FLOWERS.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

AUTUMN'S Last Flowers are falling one by one—
Those sickly children of the fading year,
With scanty retinue of leaflets sere,
And, though companion'd, seeming each one lone:
The gracious Summer-time its part hath done;
A slanting sunray struggles feebly near,
Too chill to kiss from them the frosty tear,

That shines as jewels have on death-brows shone.
Poor scentless blossoms—waking pity's sighs,
But unbelov'd of bee or bird, or bright
Wing'd revellers, gay-coated butterflies!
The heart has emblems, in its dreary night,
Of these pale flowers: like life in death they rise,
The faint-hued shadows of bright memories!

ALICE VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &C.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 219.

It was a brilliant party, and crowds of lovely women were present, yet Isabel Vernon shone the most imperial beauty there.

Suddenly, while she was talking animatedly to a group of gentlemen, Mountjoy stood before her. Practised as she was in the ways of society, she could not prevent a blush flashing over her face, for his presence at the entertainment was entirely unexpected to her, it having been told her by the hostess that he was absent in a distant city.

"I thought you were away," she stammered, at last, speaking in order to hide her confusion. "Mrs. Howe will regard this as an unexpected pleasure. Only half an hour ago she was deploring to me your absence."

Much to Isabel's astonishment, Mountjoy, instead of passing on, after a few casual remarks, as usual with him, lingered by her side. Her heart began to beat fast. What could it mean? Had he, at last, begun to love her?

Gradually the other gentlemen dropped off, one by one, and Mountjoy, finding himself alone with Isabel, proposed a tour through the rooms. The lady assented with secret joy. Her face was so radiant with happiness, as she hung upon the arm of her companion, that more than one looker on came to the conclusion that Mountjoy had offered her his hand.

After a while Mountjoy turned aside into the conservatory. Isabel, at this, began to tremble with assured happiness, for though no word of love had been uttered by her companion, she felt convinced that he could only thus seek a *tele-atele* for one purpose.

The first words of Mountjoy assisted to confirm her delusion.

"I am about to take a great liberty, Miss Vernon," he said, and then paused in some embarrassment.

Isabel plucked a flower, and began to pull it to pieces.

"A liberty," she said, in a low tone, like that of a girl of sixteen who hears the voice of admiration for the first time, "oh! Mr. Mountjoy, you know you may always speak frankly to me."

Her companion paused a moment and then went on.

"I have been in — lately," he said, "and

seen there what I think you ought to know." For Mountjoy sincerely believed that Isabel was ignorant of her sister's destitution. "I met there an old classmate, whom I was shocked to find in a most reduced condition——"

Isabel, at the mention of her native city, had become very pale, but these words appeared to afford her relief, and looking up with a bright smile, she interrupted him,

"And you wish to interest me in assisting him?" she said. "You ought to know, Mr. Mountjoy, that my poor purse is always open to deserving persons, especially when recommended by a friend."

"He is, indeed, a most deserving object of sympathy," resumed her companion, animatedly, for, notwithstanding his belief in Isabel's ignorance of her sister's poverty, a vague fear had embarrassed him, as we have seen, in introducing the subject. "A man of more genius, in the true sense of the word, I never knew. But, like too many men of genius, he has little practical knowledge of life, and perhaps even less tact, so that, with every other element of success, he has hitherto failed to earn even a subsistence. I promised to get him some temporary employment, but, I take shame to say, forgot my promise in the hurry of departure. However I wrote, by the return mail."

"Has he a family?"

"That is the hardest feature of the case. He is married. A wife, and two little ones, depend on him for bread."

"You interest me profoundly. What can I do? Say, my friend, and it shall be done."

And Isabel, as she spoke, laid her other hand also on Mountjoy's arm, and looked up into his face with eyes full of pity.

"Your own heart will tell you, Miss Isabel," said her companion, "for it is of your brother-in-law I speak. By what means you and your sister have become so estranged I do not know, and it would be presumptuous in me, a stranger, to inquire; but it has led to your not being aware of the terrible destitution of Mr. Randolph and his family. Your sisterly heart, I repeat, will best dictate what to be done——"

But, at this point, the speaker suddenly

stopped. The countenance of Isabel, which had been turned away from him, after his first words, now again faced him: and its expression checked him instantly.

The reader, possessing the clue to Isabel's heart, can understand that look better than Mountjoy, who, as yet, was ignorant, to a great degree, of the secrets of that dark, passionate, haughty soul.

Imagine the whole truth. She had entered the conservatory, believing that her companion was about to offer her his hand, at last; and she had persuaded herself, when he began to talk of his classmate, that he first desired to test her generosity. But now on finding that he did not contemplate any such offer, and that he came only as a suitor for the hated Randolphs, what wonder that disappointment, mortified pride, anger and revenge alternately lashed her soul, and darkened her face.

So utterly was she a victim to these unholy passions that her self-control, which rarely before had deserted her, now abandoned her. She struggled, for a time, with averted face, to conceal the hurricane in her bosom; but the attempt was useless; and finally she turned on Mountjoy with the look of an enraged tigress.

For, like most persons detected in wrong, she fancied that her companion knew more than he did; and that he had sought her out, and introduced this subject only to taunt her.

"Sir," she said, rising to her full height, her eyes flashing fire, her lips white with passion, "have you brought me here only to insult me? Were I a man you would not dared it."

She said no more, but swept from the conservatory, leaving Mountjoy amazed and speechless. Ignorant of her antecedents, he could not comprehend this whirlwind of emotion; but he saw that, for some reason, Isabel hated her sister with mortal hatred.

"I have heard," he said, mentally, as he followed her finally to the crowded rooms, "that she induced her father to disinherit her sister, and I begin now to believe it, for she looked like a demon. Could she have loved Randolph? What a gulf of rage and hate must that heart of hers be! She makes me shudder. There is a mystery here that I cannot comprehend."

When Mountjoy re-entered the ball-room, he saw Isabel, every trace of her late emotion lost, standing up in a quadrille and gaily conversing with her partner.

Her wonderful self command astonished Mountjoy. "What a woman," he continued, mentally. "Who shall read the depths of her heart?"

During the remainder of the evening, Isabel was the gayest of the gay. No one could have suspected, from her manner, the scene in the

conservatory. Mountjoy could not, however, imitate her self-collectedness. He felt, as she crossed and recrossed his path, as if some evil spirit, in the guise of a woman, was present. Her unrelenting hatred to her sister had transformed her, in his eyes, so that she seemed no longer beautiful; but, even amid her smiles, she appeared to his excited imagination, like Lady Macbeth after the murder of Duncan.

At last, unable to endure the spectacle of that face, thus continually recurring in that gay throng, like a death's head amid flowers, he left the ball and sought his own apartments.

But the self command, which Isabel had maintained, deserted her as soon as she found herself alone. No sooner had she reached her own apartment, on her return from the ball, than she dismissed her maid servant for the night. And now the emotions, pent up for so many hours, found vent at last. Again a tempest of shame, rage and hatred swept her soul. Again her face darkened with evil passions until she looked like some fiend given over to undying evil. Her excitement was the greater from the restraint she had been compelled to place upon herself. Up and down the room, like an angry lioness in her den, she walked, now clenching her hand, now knitting her brow, now muttering imprecations on Randolph, Mountjoy and even Alice.

"Am I to be baffled forever by him?" she cried, alluding to Randolph. "His story pursues me, as if in vengeance, and disgraces me even here, ay! here in the presence of Mountjoy himself. I see that I am despised by the latter. Well, at any rate, I have my revenge," and she smiled bitterly. "They are starving—starving—starving!" And repeating the word, with savage exultation, she burst finally into a wild laugh.

Oh! could the mother that bore her, and who had died when Isabel was an innocent girl, have seen her daughter now, how she would have shuddered at the change. Yet this terrible transformation had been the result of but one false step in the beginning. On that fatal morning, when Alice had first revealed her happy love, if Isabel had only banished envy and hatred from her heart, all would have been well. But she listened to the Tempter. And now, notwithstanding her wealth, she was not happy. The retribution of Eternity had begun already; and her own bosom was the Gehenna.

At last, exhausted by her emotions, and warned, by her trembling limbs and palpitating heart, that nature could be exhausted in the strife of passions, she sat down. She felt a strange sensation, which she could not explain. But, instead of passing off, as she expected, it increased in violence, and, before she could persuade herself to summon assistance, she lost consciousness.

The next morning, as usual, her maid entered to call her. What was the girl's astonishment to find her mistress sitting in a fauteuil, with her head slightly fallen to one side. The servant touched her to rouse her, but started, with a scream, from the icy contact. Life was utterly extinct. The brows were knitted, and the hands clenched, as if she had died in a spasm of rage and hatred.

The screams of the maid brought the whole household to the apartment. A physician was sent for immediately, though he could be of no service, except to tell of what Isabel had died. He was not long in arriving at a conclusion.

"It was a disease of the heart, no doubt organic," was his decision. "Life is not secure, for a moment, when that is the case. Nor can death usually be foreseen in this disorder. A person may be talking to you, apparently in full health, one moment; and the next, may fall a corpse to the ground."

The news of this tragical occurrence soon spread throughout the town. Mountjoy was one of the first to hear it. With others, he little imagined the real cause of Isabel's death. So completely had she deceived him, that he had no idea of the tempest of emotion which had brought on her end: and, indeed, as we have seen, he knew nothing of the cause of that emotion.

"She has gone to the last Judge of all," he said, when the first stunning effect of the news was over. "Pray God, in his infinite mercy, deal gently with her soul."

Musing a while, he exclaimed, suddenly starting up,

"But I had forgot. I must leave town immediately. The decease of Miss Vernon makes her sister sole heir to all her wealth: and what a blessing that will be!"

We must now return to Randolph, whom we left staggering home, after having burst a blood-vessel.

Alice and Lily were anxiously watching for him, so that, as soon as he appeared, the latter had opened the door. At the first sight of his face the wife saw what had occurred. A shriek rose to her lips, but was suppressed immediately, and darting forward, she threw her arms around Randolph, and drew him in.

His eyes thanked her, and he would have spoken, but she put her finger up.

"Not a word, dearest," she said, breathlessly, but with heroic courage and composure. "Your life may depend on it. Lily, Lily, do you think you could find a doctor?" she said, eagerly, turning to her daughter. "There is one in the next square."

"I remember, ma. I am sure I can find him." And the child was almost as composed as her

mother, though she well knew that some great peril threatened her father. "Shall I go?"

"Yes, run, darling. I will get your papa to lie down. There, my love," and she turned again to Randolph, as little Lily flew on her errand, "don't, don't speak. I know what you would say, but a doctor you must have, and God will send means to pay him."

The physician for whom Lily went was fortunately a kind-hearted man. He had, moreover, often observed the little girl in the street, before the weather had become so severe, and been struck by her almost angelic beauty. To crown all, he happened to be in. On seeing the breathless child, and learning her errand, he put on his hat immediately, and, as her little feet had only the thinnest of old shoes to protect them from the sleety pavements, he took her in his arms and actually carried her home.

Randolph had just been got to bed, by Alice, when the doctor came in. At a single glance around him the physician understood all, for experience had made him more or less familiar with such scenes: the former opulence of the family, the exhausting career of poverty, and finally the hæmorrhage brought on by mental excitement. His first duty, he saw, was to speak cheerfully; for Alice, in spite of her efforts, could not keep down her tears: so, after he had heard her story, he said,

"Ah! only this. You don't know how glad I am to find things no worse. Your little daughter quite frightened me," and he turned, smiling, to Alice, "but all you unprofessional people get easily alarmed at sight of blood. With a little care we shall bring your husband round."

Thus speaking, he set to work, and, under his skilful management, the bleeding, which had already been partially checked, was stopped entirely. When satisfied that there was no immediate danger of a return of the hæmorrhage, he said,

"Now, madam, if you will keep your husband in that position, and not allow him to move, nor even talk, until I remove the prohibition, I think I can promise a speedy recovery. His case is more alarming in appearance than in reality. Meantime," he added, with delicate tact, for he had noticed that his patient had no bed under him, and knew from this circumstance how destitute the family must be, "as you cannot leave Mr. Randolph, I will take the liberty of sending in what might be wanted for him."

Alice made no answer in words, but her eyes were eloquent with thanks. There was no false pride left now, for her husband's life, she was aware, trembled in the balance. The physician, without waiting for her gratitude to find language, smiled and hurried from the room.

"How little," he soliloquized, "one knows of his nearest neighbors. Here have I, for months, known that this family lived but half a square from me, yet never imagined to what straits of poverty they were reduced. A man, evidently born to affluence, lying on a bolster, because there is only that left to place between him and the slats of the bedstead: and the room almost icy cold, clearly because a fire cannot be afforded. Alas! what shall I say of myself, and others who have a sufficiency, when such extremities of misery can exist, yet we know nothing of it! Ah! if we, the rich, did our duty; if we sought out those in distress, as we should, there would be none of this."

That afternoon, a cart drew up at the door of the Randolphs, and one comfort after another was handed from it, beginning with an adequate supply of coal, until even Alice almost felt ashamed to be under such obligations to a stranger; for though the carman refused to tell who had sent him, she felt convinced it must have been the physician, whose kind face had haunted her ever since his visit. But when the doctor appeared, his well-acted start of surprise, though it did not deceive her, taught her that their benefactor expected her to say nothing. She did not thank the physician, therefore; but she silently prayed for the blessing of heaven on him: the words of the Saviour coming forcibly up to her memory, "inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

The doctor, on this occasion, had no need to speak more encouragingly than he felt, for Randolph was perceptibly in a fair way to recover, if no accident occurred.

"Let me congratulate you," said the doctor, addressing Alice, but looking at the invalid, for whom his words were intended as much as the wife. "Your husband has improved astonishingly. Only keep him quiet, and think of nothing, either of you, but getting him well." And turning to Lily, he patted her on the cheek, he said pleasantly, "you must see, my dear, that mamma doesn't go out, at all, not even for a minute. You'll not let her do it, I know."

His kind tone and winning smile brought an answering smile to Lily's face; and looking at her mother, who smiled too, she said, archly,

"I'll watch her, sir. Oh! she shan't leave pa a moment. Whatever's to be done, I'll do, for I'm quite a large girl now. Ain't I?"

"That you are," answered the doctor, lifting her up and kissing her; and, addressing her mother, he added, with a sigh. "Ah! Mrs. Randolph, what would I not give for such a treasure as that."

With these words, he hurriedly departed. As the door closed on him, the eyes of the husband

and wife met. They both recollected, at the same moment, having heard, the preceding summer, that the physician had just lost his only child, a daughter of about the same age as Lily, and they knew all the unutterable woe which was embodied in that sigh and wish. Alice, as she tucked the quilt in afresh, whispered in her husband's ears,

"Ah! George, how thankful we ought to be. Poverty, and even sickness are nothing, nothing to death."

He pressed her hand in assent, for since he had been lying there, new thoughts had entered into his soul. He had been thinking, indeed, on this very subject. Reflecting on the possibility of his own decease, and of the anguish it would cause his wife, for, even with all her womanly self-control, Alice could not prevent the quivering lip and eyes filling unconsciously, he saw, as he had never seen before, that, terrible as destitution was, it was nothing compared to death. "Once restored to health," he soliloquized, "and I can, at least, struggle through my difficulties: but if lost to Alice and Lily, what will not be their grief." He thought, it will be seen, more of them than of himself.

Lying there in silence, and thus meditating, Randolph had approached nearer, in spirit, to his Creator than he had ever done in his whole life. He knew that he was hanging on the verge of the grave; that a feather's weight might precipitate him into eternity; and the consciousness of this made him, as it always does, understand himself thoroughly for the first time. He beheld suddenly revealed the great defect of his character, that want of trust in Providence, which had made him so often despond, and which, like an impassible wall, had kept the sunshine of heaven from his soul.

Already he had become an altered man. Already many a silent prayer had ascended to his Maker for forgiveness, and for aid in the reformation he had secretly vowed, in case he should recover. He shuddered in spirit, indeed, to think of the want of faith, which he had exhibited throughout his entire life: it seemed so like a silent, but daily, practical denial of the goodness of God, and His interest in His creatures. It appeared to him as if he had been living, year after year, in a virtual infidelity, when such texts as this rose to his memory, "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the fields, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you. Oh, ye of little faith!"

He answered Alice by a look, which echoed her words fully. He felt that, if he were to recover, and either she or Lily be taken, all the wealth in the world would be nothing compara-

tively: and his heart went forth in gratitude to heaven, that they had been spared to him, and not ravished away like the only child of the physician.

From that hour, it may be said, Randolph was a Christian. Never again did he call in question the wisdom of the dealings of Providence, or say, in his heart, as he so often had before, "what have I done to merit this treatment." From that moment he believed, not only intellectually, but with his whole being, in the mercy of the Almighty, and was ready to acknowledge, even in hours of the deepest trouble, the kindly love of the All Protecting Father, who, by such chastisements, disciplines his children for the life everlasting.

When Mountjoy arrived, with the intelligence of Isabel's death, and heard of Randolph's illness, he hesitated, for a moment, whether to tell Alice or not. She had received him in the outer room, and now stood awaiting his pleasure, secretly wondering what he had to impart, which could render his seeing her husband as important as he had declared it to be.

At last Mountjoy looked up from his momentary hesitation.

"I am addressing Mrs. Randolph, I presume," he said.

Alice nodded assent.

"You can bear trouble, I hope, madam," he continued, "for I am the bearer of mournful intelligence."

Alice looked at him with a sad smile, as she answered,

"Sorrow and I are old acquaintances, sir. Speak to me freely. Mr. Randolph's health forbids his being disturbed on such an errand."

"You had a sister, I believe——"

In a moment the truth flashed on Alice. Much as Isabel had wronged her, she still loved her sister, and at the bare idea of her death, she trembled violently.

"Is she ill?" cried Alice, interrupting him, eagerly. The mournful aspect of his countenance told her that it was more than mere illness. She clasped her hands, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "oh! she is dead. I know it by your looks."

In that moment, all the injuries Isabel had done her passed from her remembrance, and Alice recollected her only as the playmate of childhood, as the adviser of her later years. For a while she wept uncontrollably, covering her face with her hands, Mountjoy sitting in respectful silence.

At last, recovering some composure, she asked her visitor for details of the sad bereavement. These Mountjoy gave, softening all the harsher incidents, and leaving Alice to suppose that

Isabel had died calmly, though suddenly: indeed, the more terrible circumstances connected with her decease were, as we have seen, unknown to Mountjoy himself.

Alice listened, the tears silently stealing down her cheeks, until the melancholy tale was finished. Then, finding she still did not speak, her visitor ventured to say,

"You must be aware, my dear madam, that you are the nearest representative of the deceased," Alice started, "and as such the only person entitled to dictate what the arrangements for the interment shall be. You are, of course, Miss Vernon's heir; for her attorney says she had no will."

For the first time, a thought of the great change, which the death of Isabel would produce in their worldly circumstances, rushed across Alice's mind. She reflected that now her husband would be able to have all the little delicacies, which his situation imperatively demanded, but which poverty had prevented her getting for him. She reflected also that Lily would suffer no more, dear, patient child, from cold and hunger. What wonder that she burst again into tears, and that now they were almost hysterical in their violence.

In all this there had not been a thought of self. It was of others she considered. Noble, generous woman, would that more resembled thee!

But Alice recovered her composure quickly; and now, addressing Mountjoy, she said,

"As you are a friend of Mr. Randolph, I may make bold, I hope, to ask you to attend to the—" her voice faltered, but recovering herself, she went on, "the necessary arrangements. He is too ill to undertake a journey himself, or to permit my leaving him. We have no near relatives to whom we can apply."

"Most thankfully will I accept the commission," said Mountjoy, admiring the ready composure of mind, as he had before admired the sisterly affection of the speaker, "whatever I believe you or your husband would wish, I shall see executed; and I think I can divine what those wishes would be."

With a few more words their interview closed. As Mountjoy departed, however, he said,

"In a few days, I will return. Meantime, perhaps, Mr. Randolph had better be kept in ignorance, lest the information should agitate him too much."

Alice thanked him, by a look, for the delicacy of the first allusion, as well as for the kind interest exhibited by the last: and then they parted.

It was no easy task, however, to keep her own counsel. A dozen times, during the day, she felt as if she could no longer restrain the tears,

which the thought of Isabel lying cold and lifeless summoned up. She was afraid also lest her husband, noticing the numerous little luxuries she had purchased for him, for Mountjoy had considerably left a pocket-book on the table when he departed, would insist on knowing where her resources came from. But fortunately she escaped suspicion.

At last, however, and by degrees, she broke the truth to her husband. Randolph, chastened by sickness, had already been softened toward Isabel; and the information of her death entirely subdued him; so that he saw, without wonder, the tears of his wife, and could even join with her, to some extent, in her regrets. Often, that day, he repeated to himself "forgive our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Our story draws near its end. The restoration of Randolph was soon complete. To this his altered fortunes, the tender care of his wife, and the skill of his physician all now contributed. When Mountjoy made his appearance again, the invalid was able to see him, to thank him for his kindness, and to converse of old times with him.

As soon as Randolph could bear it, which was about this time, he was removed from his humble lodgings to others more suitable to his improved fortunes. One of his first visits, on going out, was to a handsome house, which Alice wished to purchase, and which they subsequently bought. It was a commodious mansion, in one of the pleasantest parts of the city, where they immediately established themselves.

Prior to moving into it, however, Alice fitted up an apartment in it for a studio; and thither she caused her husband's easel to be secretly removed. For, as Randolph was still much of an invalid, he could take no part in arranging the furniture, but had to leave everything to his wife, who managed her little plot so well as entirely to surprise him, when at last they moved into the house. The Turkish dressing-gown and slippers, which Alice had once jocosely promised him, if ever she became rich, were not forgotten.

Here it was the delight of Randolph to work. For now that pecuniary cares were strangers to him, he seemed to enjoy a greater facility than ever with his pencil: his genius assumed a boldness and originality it had never known before; and his execution improved not less decidedly. At least this was the unanimous verdict of the public. But as he was now a rich man, he was courted where formerly he had been neglected, and many a votary of Mammon purchased his pictures in consequence, who, had he still been struggling for bread, would have turned from them with a sneer.

That studio became the favorite resort for

Alice also. There she would sit and sew, while Lily sat at her feet reading, the nurse occasionally bringing in the baby to share in their household bliss. Now and then Alice would pause from her feminine labor, and gaze silently on her husband, as, with kindling eye, he worked away with his pencil: and now Randolph would himself stop, catch her look, smile at her, and, perhaps, desire her to approach the canvass that he might ask her advice. Oh! how happy they were. Loving and loved, husband, wife and child, what a Paradise on earth they made. Surely, if there is a heaven below, it exists in an affectionate family circle.

But the Randolphs did not selfishly confine their happiness to themselves. Having once been poor themselves, they knew how to sympathize with the needy: with the Carthaginian queen they could say, "*non ignara malis miseris succurrere disco.*" Nor did they, like so many of the compassionate rich, delegate to others the task of seeking proper objects of their bounty. They went in person, on the contrary, to the abodes of suffering, and even to the haunts of vice; and when they gave alms, they gave also sympathy, without which, mere pecuniary aid is frequently in vain. In all their pursuits, they recognized as a solemn duty, to which everything else had to give way, the relief of the poor. They never forgot that the Great Teacher, when on earth, proved his divine mission, by saying that the sick were healed, the lame made to walk, and the gospel preached to the poor.

One shadow clouded the otherwise perfectly happy life of Alice. It was the recollection of her disobedience to her father, on that fatal day when Isabel betrayed her into eloping with Randolph. To it, indeed, she attributed all the misfortunes of her life. Her own experience was a proof, she said, that even in this world, God sometimes visits retribution on the offender. To her dying hour, she will retain, in her heart, the sorrowful recollection that her father died without forgiving her.

Alice never learned the extent of Isabel's treachery toward her, nor the awful manner of her sudden death. It is well that she is ignorant of it. She can still regard her sister with regret and even love.

Lily is fast growing up to womanhood, and promises to be as lovely as even Alice was. Her goodness is on every tongue. She never omits an opportunity to accompany her mother in visits of mercy, and her sweet face is known and welcomed, in hundreds of humble homes, as that of an angel. Thus, already she has begun, on earth, the heavenly ministry which is her destiny.

In the halls of nobles, in the palaces of princes,

in the galleries of, great nations the name of affliction, and he is now not less esteemed in Randolph, the artist, is a familiar thing. His public than loved at home. His pictures sell sometimes, it is said, for their weight in gold. But, though thus renowned, he Alas! it is not every one whom experience can thus teach. Reader, has life made you better, is one of the most unassuming of men. What or have its lessons failed? faults he had, disappeared in the furnace of Oh! whatever else you do, live not in vain.

WAYSIDE MUSINGS.

BY H. W. PAYSON.

I AM walking by the wayside,
And my path is long I know;
All alone 'tis mine to travel,
Yet I sigh not as I go.
It is morning, and the sunbeams
Scarce have sipped their dewy meal;
Softest breezes round me whisper
Grateful things I can but feel.

On my right there rolls a river,
Slowly, silently it flows,
The same course with me pursuing
To its ocean home it goes,
Lovely stream! how like thou seemest,
To a nobly gifted soul
In the path of peace and duty
Swerveless, as thy waters roll!

Lofty trees their shades are lending,
Grassy mounds invite my stay,
Winding rills entice me sweetly,
Tinny cascades coaxing play.
Can it be thou all art soulless,
And my heart can love ye so?
Round ye may there not be lingering,
Dear ones once 'twas mine to know?

But the sun while I am musing,
Reaches his meridian bound,
And the laborers homeward turning,
At their ample board are found.

I will sit beside this fountain,
Where I play'd a careless child,
'Neath this old familiar willow,
'Mong the hazels rough and wild.

From this leaf I'll form a goblet;
"Bye-gone hours" I drink to thee!
When I sang to hear responded,
Words these rocks return'd to me.
Now my walk at last is ended,
And my childhood's home I see
Memory brings with deep emotion
Buried forms and joys to me.

Life thou art a dusty pathway,
But embower'd with smiling green,
And a stream of peace and plenty,
Ever by thy side is seen.
Blooming flowers and vocal streamlets,
Ever join to charm the eye,
Shall we pass them all unheeded,
Plodding, murmuring till we die?

Let us ever looking round us,
Do whate'er 'tis ours to do,
And enjoy whate'er is given,
Of the beautiful and true.
Loving all and Him adoring,
Who is leading us along
To that home amid the angels,
Where the beautiful belong.

NO MORE.

BY G. L. PARSONS.

No more that gentle form of thine
Will pass before my sight,
As oft it did in days ago,
In beauty and delight.

No more I'll hear that footstep light,
Come tripping o'er the floor;
Or see that smiling face again,
Alas! those days are o'er.

My heart has lost its joyousness,
And brightest hopes are dead;
A gloom is on my spirit's core,
And happiness hath fled.

But memory oft-times sheds a gleam
Of sunshine through my breast:
And banishes the gloominess
With which I am oppress'd.

OUR WORK TABLE.

GENTLEMAN'S TRAVELLING CAP.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—Three ounces of double brown Berlin wool, three quarters of a yard of brown silk, one yard of brown ribbon, one quarter of an ounce of brown silk, and leather peak pins No. 14. Cast on fifty loops, and knit two rows.

3rd row.—Knit three, *a*, thread forward, knit two together; repeat to two stitches of the end of row; leave these unknitted on the pin.

4th row.—Thread forward, knit two together; repeat, finishing the row with knit three; repeat these two rows five times more, increasing the number of stitches which are left unknitted in the alternate rows. Thus, in the fifth row leave four; seventh row, six; ninth row, six; eleventh row, ten stitches, unknitted; thirteenth row,

plain, knitting every stitch; fourteenth row, plain, every stitch.

One division of the cap is now worked. Commence again at third row, and repeat, till four divisions are completed; after which cast off twelve stitches at the bottom of the cap; knit four more divisions (in all eight) on the remaining stitches, and cast off. Join the two sides together, leaving twelve stitches to correspond with the twelve which were cast off. After the fourth division this piece forms a cape. Line with silk; make a tassel with the sewing silk, and attach to the centre of the crown; sew on the peak, and the strings at the corner of the cap.

EPITAPH ON AN INFIDEL.

FROM THE LATIN.

BENEATH this stone the mould'ring relics lie
Of one to whom Religion spoke in vain;

He lived as though he never were to die,
And died as though he ne'er should live again.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR VOLUME FOR 1853.—If we were to speak as most of our cotemporaries do, we should say that this is the last time we shall address many of our readers. But it is the peculiarity of our Magazine, and has been from its commencement, that very few of those who begin to take it, ever give it up. Our subscription books exhibit the same names renewing, year after year. Once introduced into a post-town, our periodical makes good its position, and increases the number of its patrons there annually. While others are complaining of a change in the public taste, and of a decrease in their list, and are altering the character of their Magazines every six months in hopes to hit popularity at last, this one remains the same in plan as ever, only, by increasing in merit, it steadily increases its friends. Ours is, indeed, the only monthly periodical in the United States which has never declined in circulation, but always advanced.

For 1853 we intend to do "greater things" than ever. What these are, the Prospectus will explain in part, but not wholly. But we shall not be more explicit here. We intend to take the public by surprise, and when we say this, those who know us know it will be done. Be on the look out therefore. We issue the present number, altogether the most elegant and costly December number we have ever published, as an earnest of what we intend; and we have the pride to boast that there is not a story in it, which is not original, a fact that cannot be said of any other monthly. In truth, we have lately read, in several of our cotemporaries, articles that we saw in the newspapers months ago. Those who do not want stale reading must, therefore, take this Magazine for 1853.

The cash system, to which we strictly adhere, enables us to spend more, pro rata, on our Magazine than any cotemporary. None of our subscribers have to help pay for those who don't pay, which all, who take a Magazine doing a credit business, have to do. We, therefore, can afford to publish a cheaper periodical, considering the lower price, than any cotemporary: and the newspaper press unites to say that we do so, in proof of which we call attention to the notices on another page.

All who wish the cheapest, best, and only original Magazine; all who wish accurate fashions, engraved on steel, and colored; all who wish a series of mezzotints worth, for a scrap-book alone, the price of subscription:—all such, we say, should have this Magazine for 1853. The postage is now a mere trifle. Every lady can afford two dollars, much less one dollar and a quarter, which is the price where eight club together. Among twenty-five millions of inhabitants, surely there are one hundred thousand

ladies, intelligent enough, and public-spirited enough, to support a thoroughly American Magazine like this.

IS YOUR CLUB READY.—We hope our fair readers have not forgotten what we said, in our last number, about each one getting up a club for us in 1853. If any one has neglected it, and feels mortified at her forgetfulness, let her go to work at once, for it is not yet too late. We make it a personal matter, this year, between ourselves and our fair subscribers, in order to see if the ladies of the United States are disposed to sustain an original Magazine of art, literature and fashion, as it should be sustained. Nothing less than one hundred thousand subscribers for 1853 will satisfy our ambition. If every fair patron will help us, by procuring a club, or at least another subscriber, the hundred thousand will be ours.

SUPERIORITY OF OUR FASHIONS.—In Godey's Lady's Book, for last month, appeared a fashion plate, one of the figures of which we gave a year ago, in the December number for 1851. Godey's plate is a wood-cut, but ours was engraved on steel and magnificently colored. But things like this are continually occurring, to prove that our fashions, as we assert in the Prospectus, are published in advance of every cotemporary.

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready by the first of December. Our friends will just have time, therefore, to inspect this number, before forwarding their money for 1853. Those whose names come in first will receive the earliest and consequently best impressions from the plates, which are truly magnificent, unsurpassed indeed by any ever before published. Our patrons cannot remit too soon.

OUR PROMISES FOR 1852.—We promised, a year ago, to make our Magazine for 1852 far better than for 1851. Examine for yourselves, and you will see that while we have not decreased the number of embellishments, we have greatly increased the quantity of pages.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Comparative Physiognomy; or, Resemblances between Man and Animals. By James W. Redfield, M. D. Illustrated by Three Hundred Engravings. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—This is really one of the most curious books that has appeared in our editorial career. It is an attempt to bring back into fashion the study of physiognomy, which the author places above phrenology in practical usefulness, if not in real value. Dr. Redfield writes with much

force, and occasionally with considerable humor. He compares, by means of engravings, different human faces with the faces of different animals, showing how one description of man looks like a lion, another like a calf, a third like a vulture, and so through some hundred examples. Wherever there is a similarity between a human face and that of an animal, the author contends that a resemblance exists also in character. The work is amusing, if it is no more: though, for ourselves, we confess to being half a convert to the doctor's odd theory. Like all Redfield's publications the volume is handsomely got up. W. B. Zeiber is the Philadelphia agent.

Ancient Egypt Under the Pharaohs. By John Kenrick, M. A. 2 vols. New York: J. S. Redfield.—Within the last fifty years, a series of the most astonishing discoveries have been made, respecting the ancient history, arts, laws and customs of the Egyptians. The interpretation of the hieroglyphics; the travels of Belzoni, Leipsius and others; and the writings of Wilkinson, Young and Vyse have made scholars almost as familiar with the ancient inhabitants of the valley of the Nile, as we are with their descendants in the present day. But there has been no popular work, containing a condensed account of these researches, until the present one by Mr. Kenrick. In his volumes, however, we have a synopsis of all that has been written, in every language, on this subject. Redfield has published the work very tastefully.

Northwood; or, Life North and South. By Sarah J. Hale. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brothers.—This gracefully written novel created no little sensation, twenty-five years ago, when it first appeared. No higher proof of its acceptability could be adduced, perhaps, than that it can now be republished, and, as we understand, with eminent success. A work of fiction which is popular, a whole generation after it first came out, may be regarded as a classic. The volume is neatly printed, and handsomely illustrated.

Library Edition of the Waverly Novels. Vols. X, XI, XII. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.—We repeat, what we have said frequently before, that everybody should have this edition of Scott's novels. The large type alone renders it superior to all other editions, even without the handsome style of the binding, and the spirit of the illustrations. The work will be complete in twenty-seven volumes, but if each volume is purchased as it comes out, the cost will scarcely be felt.

Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. No. VIII. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We are not among those who consider this one of the master-pieces of Dickens. On the contrary, we think the serial grows worse, as it proceeds, though here and there fine passages appear, which are full of the author's genius. The edition is handsomely printed.

Meyer's Universum. Parts VII, VIII, IX. New York: H. J. Meyer.—The interest of this series is well sustained. It is, indeed, a world's gallery of engravings.

Parisian Sights and French Principle, as seen through American Spectacles. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A racy volume, for which we predict a great sale. Though so much has been written about Paris, this author proves, like Sir Francis Head in his "Faggot of French Sticks," that a great deal has been left unsaid. The book is full of spirited engravings. In other respects also the publishers have done themselves credit by their style of issuing it.

The Cabin and Parlor. By J. Thornton Randolph. 1 vol. T. B. Peterson.—We have two editions of this work on our table: one in cheap form for fifty cents, the other on fine paper, bound in cloth, and gilt, for one dollar. The latter is as handsome a volume as has been issued this year. For the character and merits of the work we refer to the advertisement on our cover. Twenty thousand copies, we learn, have been sold in about a month.

The Forest. By the author of "Lady Alice." 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—There is no resisting the charm of Huntington's style, however silly one may consider some of his incidents. The present novel is a sequel to Alban, and is of a semi-religious character. The scene is laid among the Adirondack mountains. The volume is quite elegantly got up.

Reuben Medicott. By the author of "My Uncle the Curate." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is by one of our favorite authors, a man who always writes with spirit, and whose pages are full of common sense. His present work is intended to show that talents, without perseverance, only lead to ruin.

Romance of American History. By Joseph Banvard. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This is another charming volume, by the author of "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," which we cordially recommend to every family. The book is full of spirited illustrations.

Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book. Nos. 26, 27 and 28. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The scenes of these numbers lie in the South. The illustrations are as fine as ever, and being mostly from drawings by Mr. Lossing, are of original historical value.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—MORNING DRESS OF BLUE CASHMERE, corsage high and close, and lined with canary colored silk. A sacque of the same material as the dress, with the sleeves faced with quilted silk, is exceedingly appropriate for the cold weather. An under skirt of white muslin richly worked is worn with this dress. Cap of rich lace, trimmed with blue and canary colored ribbon.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF RICH SLATE COLORED SILK.—Skirt long and very full. Cloak of black velvet trimmed with sable fur. Sleeves very wide at the hand, and finished like the body of the cloak. Bonnet of straw colored uncut velvet, puffed, and lined with pink silk. A long, light plume and pink face trimming, completes this beautiful bonnet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is no novelty in the

style of making dresses; the open corsage still continues to be worn, but the long points before and at the back are entirely discarded. A fashion which was very prevalent a few years ago has of late been partially revived. We allude to dresses having one broad flounce extending more than half way up the skirt. We have seen a dress of Pomona green glace made in this style. The edge of the flounce was ornamented with narrow *mignonette* ribbon, stitched on in the same manner as braid. This ribbon was of various shades of green, and it was disposed in a wreath pattern, presenting the rich effect of embossing without its heaviness. The same design formed a heading to the flounce, the ribbon being stitched on the dress itself. Small bows of ribbon were fixed to each end of the three traverses, which confined the fronts of the open corsage, within which was to be worn a chemisette of lace or of gouffered organdi. The sleeves were slit open from the elbow to the lower edge; and the opening was confined by three traverses or bands, finished by rosettes of ribbon with flowing ends.

IN Paris, another style of under-sleeve, called the *Manche Louis XIII.*, has just been introduced, and received with marked favor. It is very showy in its effect. It has three large puffings, separated one from the other by small puffings. Within the latter are inserted ribbons, which are fastened in large bows on the outside of the arm. This style of sleeve, in net or in worked mulin, is exceedingly graceful and elegant with a dress of colored silk. It need scarcely be mentioned that the color of the ribbons should correspond with that of the dress.

BONNETS.—Some of the newest bonnets present a curious combination of heavy and light materials, as for example satin and gauze, velvet and tulle, &c. We think the shape rather closer, for velvet bonnets particularly, than has been worn heretofore. Linings of a different color, but in harmony with the outside of the bonnet, are much in favor. Drawn bonnets, as in our fashion plate, are the most fashionable, though some frame ones have been made up. Lace is very much used in trimming, particularly around the front of the bonnet, where it is inserted, giving a lightness of effect to even the heaviest velvets.

CLOAKS.—The circular shape so much in favor last winter is still retained, some with the hood, and others without, and some having in addition the large hanging sleeves in the Venetian style. The material most in use for cloaks is a cloth, of a soft, light kind, now employed almost exclusively for that purpose. Cloth cloaks will be generally worn this winter. Those of black cloth are most fashionable, and next to black very dark brown, grey, and drab are favorite hues. These plain cloaks are usually trimmed with braid, or narrow black velvet. The braid may be either broad or narrow; if broad, one or two rows are set on straight; if narrow, it may be set on in a pattern. The narrow velvet is usually set on in a Greek design. Velvet cloaks of the round form are made of smaller size than those of cloth; they are, however, usually made with sleeves, and are trimmed with fringe of that massive kind which the French call *Sevillian fringes*.

We will describe a few of those most remarkable for novelty in shape and style of trimming, designating them by the names they have received from the Parisian makers.

ONE, called the *Richelieu*, is of black velvet. It has a neck-piece, round which the fulness is disposed in large plaits. This neck-piece is concealed by a turning-over collar of guipure. The cloak has long hanging Venetian sleeves, gathered up and fastened by an ornament of *passementerie*, with cords and tassels. A similar ornament serves as an *attache* at the throat.

ANOTHER cloak, bearing the name of *la Seigliere*, is of grey cloth, with trimmings of violet colored velvet. It is of the round form behind, and very full. This cloak has a large cape, which falls over the back only, and ends at the seam on the shoulder; for it must be observed that this cloak is seamed at each side. A broad band of violet colored velvet edges both the cloak and the pelerine; the latter is also edged with two rows of fringe; one row grey and the other violet. The arm-hole of the cloak is concealed by the pelerine, the rounded ends of which present in front the effect of Venetian sleeves. The neck is finished by a small turning-over collar of violet colored velvet, ornamented with braid.

THE GENNARO CLOAK is of very ample dimensions. It is of a drab colored cloth, and has a flat hood, ornamented with braid of a peculiarly beautiful kind, partly velvet, partly silk, and of two colors, morone and black. The same braid, together with a rich morone fringe. The sleeves are exceedingly long—so long as to descend to the bottom of the cloak, if not supported by the arms.

THE SULLY MANTELET is of rich puce colored velvet. It is of the shawl form at the back, and is trimmed with a braid figured with jet, forming a heading to a row of guipure. A row of the same lace is run on the mantelet, thus presenting the effect of a pelerine descending to the waist.

SEVERAL of our country subscribers having applied to us for information respecting the most fashionable style of dressing the hair, we offer the following remarks:—The back hair, whether arranged in plaits, torsades, or bows, is still worn very low; and a portion of it is brought round to the front of the head, where, either in a plait or twist, it forms, as it were, a coronet above the bandeaux of the front hair; or it may unite with the front bandeaux, which are then *liées* in the lower part and plaited above. For blonde hair, very full waved bandeaux are the most becoming style of arrangement. For dark hair, the bandeaux should be less thick, and divided by the plait or twist in the coronet style above-mentioned. For separating the bandeaux a ribbon is sometimes employed instead of a tress of the back hair. This ribbon should be of two different shades, and after dividing the bandeaux it forms two coques, one behind each ear. Young ladies frequently wear a band of velvet, green, blue, or cerise, which, after being simply passed through the bandeaux, is fastened just above the nape of the neck, in a bow with flowing ends.