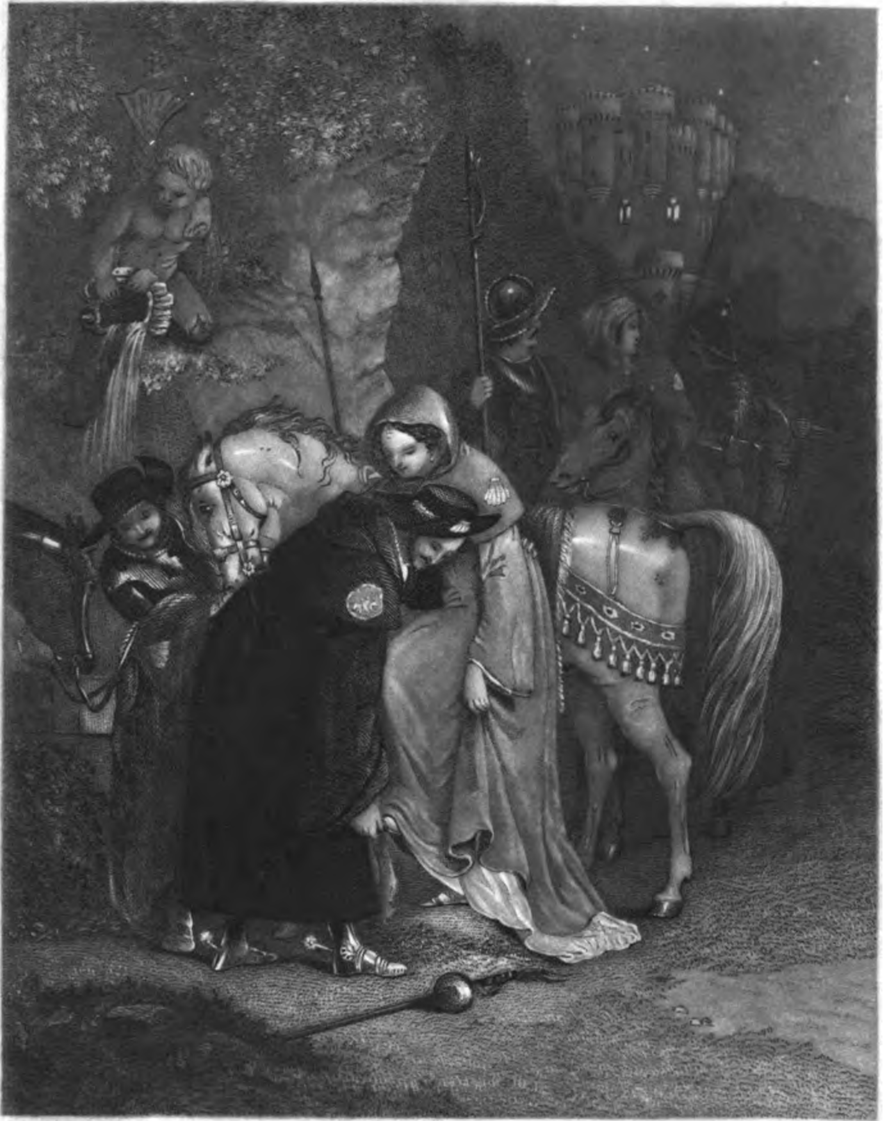


Digitized by Google

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

1853.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

OF THE

TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1853, INCLUSIVE.

"All Is Not Gold That Glitters"—By Jane Weaver, - - - - - - - - 25
A Chat About Diamonds—By Henry J. Vernon, 117
An Umbrella Story—By Ella Rodman, - - 243
A Day At Olympus—By the author of "Susy L——'s Diary," - - - - - - - 290
A "Thorough-Bred Revenge"—By Kate Harkaway, - - - - - - - - 333
Bob Houston's Experience in the Polka—By Fanny Smith, - - - - - - 252
Bertha—By Mary V. Penrose, - - - 266
Bride-Maids and Bride-Cake—By Mrs. E. R. Bowen, - - - - - - - - 305
Cottage and Village Architecture, (*Illustrated,*) 96, 156
Canary Birds—By Henry Wilson, - - - 205
Crossing the Brook—By Carry Stanley, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - 279
Doing Evil That Good May Come—By Miss Alice Gray, - - - - - - - 32
"Diamond Cut Diamond"—By Carry Stanley, 67
Dreams and Realities—By Sallie A. Clarence, 91
Editors' Table, - - 98, 158, 224, 272, 318, 364
Earthly Hopes—By Mary L. Meany, - - 178
Fashions for January, (*Illustrated,*) - - 101
Fashions for February, (*Illustrated,*) - - 162
Fashions for March, (*Illustrated,*) - - - 226
"Faithful Unto Death"—By J. Thornton Randolph, author of "The Cabin and Parlor," - 248
Fashions for April, (*Illustrated,*) - - - 274
Fashions for May, (*Illustrated,*) - - - 321
Fashions for June, (*Illustrated,*) - - - 367
Grace Evergreen—By Edgar Wayne, - - 119
Grace Leslie; or, Wealth Against Worth—By Alice Montalou, - - - - - - - 146
General Invitations—By Mary V. Penrose, - 207
"Heart-Broken"—By Sara H. Browne, - - 181
Hannah More and Her Works—By Rev. James Stevens, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - 275
How I Fell In Love and What Came of It—By Paul Periwinkle, - - - - - - 341
Indoor Horticulture, (*Illustrated,*) - - - 251
Lillian Elsinger; or, The Poor Relations—By Mary L. Meany, - - - - - - 41
Love and Fame—By E. W. Dewees, - - 105
Love Dreams—By E. W. Dewees, - - - 281
May Among the Mountains—By Charles J. Peterson. - - - - - - - - 21
Maud Garrison—By author of "Susy L——'s Diary," - - - - - - - - 122
"Mysterious Knockings"—By Ella Rodman, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - 169
Our New Year's Calls; or, The Confession of a Novice—By Ella Rodman, - - - - 12
Our Work Table—By Mlle. Defour, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - 155, 271, 316, 363
Papier-Mache—By Mrs. Ella Wharton, - - 151
Procrastination—By J. H. A. Bone, - - 331
Rambles In Author Land—By Mrs. E. H. Putnam, - - - - - - - - - - - 74
Review of New Books, - 99, 159, 225, 272, 319, 365
Stays and Stay-Making—By E. J. Tilt, M. D., 343
The Flight—By James H. Dana, (*Illustrated,*) 9
The Pic-Nic—By Rev. H. Hastings Weld, - 27
The Honiton Collar—By Ellen Ashton, - - 39
Transparent Illuminated, or Enameled Painting—By Mrs. Dubois, (*Illustrated,*) - - 54
The Mortgagor's Daughter—By the author of "The Valley Farm," "Dora Atherton," &c., 57, 137, 210, 255, 299, 345
The New Year's Gift—By J. H. A. Bone, - 89
The Mother of Doddridge—By Rev. James Stevens, (*Illustrated.*) - - - - - - 103
Tom Harris' Second Wife—By Carry Stanley, 113
The Black Raven—A Hungarian Tradition—By M. J. Smith, - - - - - - - 153
The Avalanche—By Charles J. Peterson, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 167
The Coquette—By E. W. Dewees, - - - 174
The Red Riband—By H. J. Beyerle, M. D., - 183
The Tolling Bell—A Sabbath Morning Tale—By J. T. Trowbridge, - - - - - - 202
The First Love Letter—By Carry Stanley, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - 231
The Birth of the Snow-Drop—By Jane Saunders, - - - - - - - - - - 264
The Grand Duke's Jasmine—By A. L. Otis, - 285
The Organ Player—By Ellen Ashton, - - 297
The Fairy Wife—By Mrs. H. Jermyn, - - 315
The Lily of Lorn—By E. W. Dewees, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 327
The Husband's Sister—By Mrs. Annie Rendrick, - - - - - - - - - - 352
The Bridal Dress—By A. H. Bowen, - - 360
Useful Receipts, - - - - - - 320, 366
Wisdom and Pleasure—By Irene Norwood, - 135
"Ye Pay Tithe of Mint"—By J. Thornton Randolph, author of "The Cabin and Parlor," - 108
Zana. The Autobiography of a Gipsey Girl—By Ann S. Stephens, - 83, 217, 285, 307, 355

Digitized by Google

POETRY.

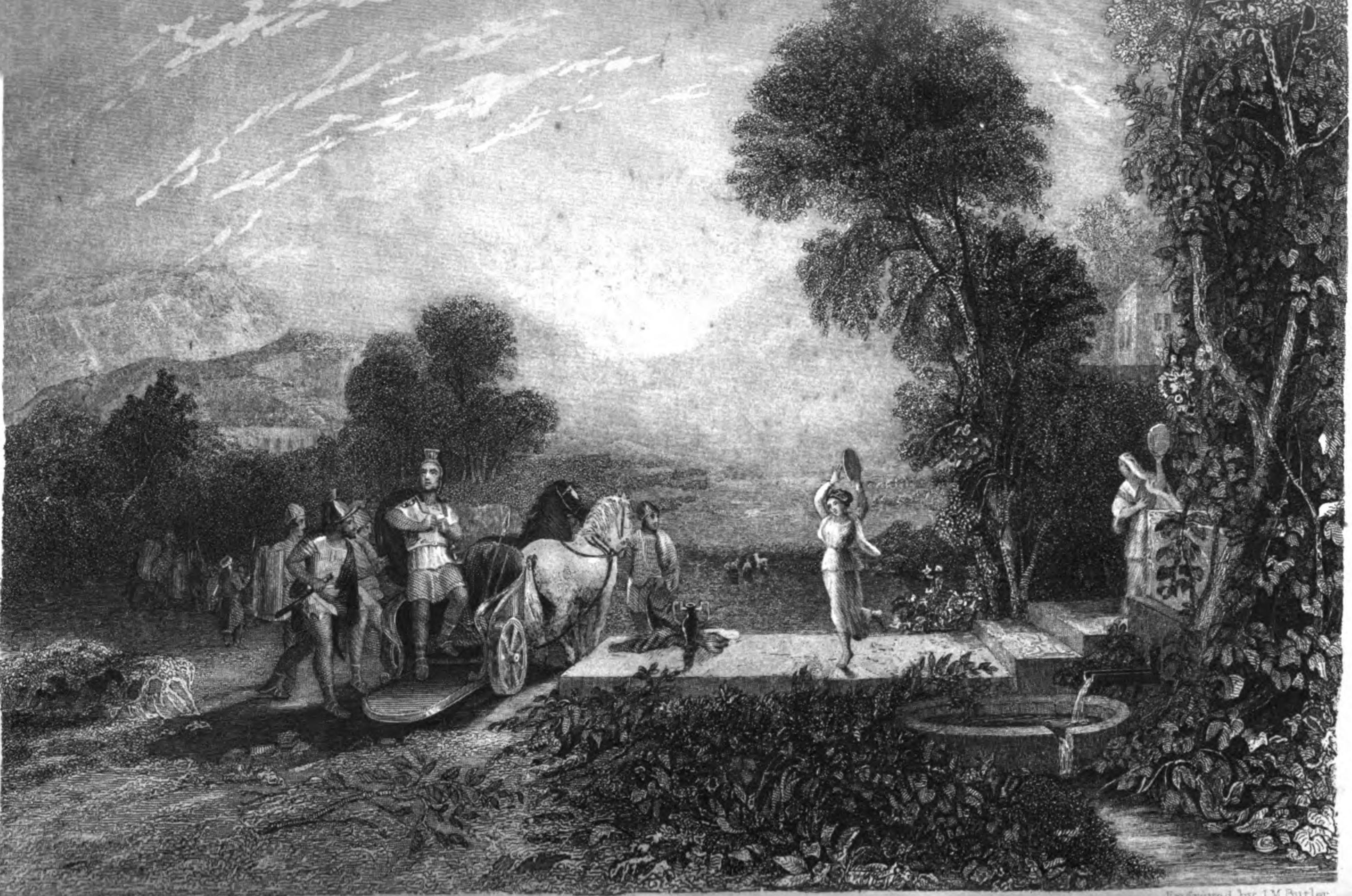
A Thought for January—By Catharine Allan, 97
An Old Friend in a New Dress—By H. J. Vernon, 120
A Parody for the Times—By John Jones, 209
A Welcome to May—By Horatio Alger, Jr., 314
A Love Chaunt—By Clarence May, 330
A Mother's Midnight Prayer—By Emily Herrmann, 342
Death—By S. E. Judson, 20
Day Dreams—By Grace Norman, 278
Epigram—By Kate Wilful, 66
Faith—By G. L. Parsons, 201
"I Am So Young"—By Margaret Junkin, 26
I Am Growing Old—By Grace Norman, 180
I'm Thinking of My Highland Home—By Frederic Cooper, 216
Ida Vane—By Clarence May, 250
"I Shall Die In My Nest"—By Sara H. Browne, 344
Lines, On the Painting of the Bridesmaid—By Frank Lee, 38
Lines To A Young Lady—By Andiamo, 95
Lines To A Young Lady, 107
Lines—From Hans Christian Andersen, 118
Lines—By Kate Montgomerie, 145
Lines—By Elva, 314
Lilly Lee—By Rev. G. W. Rogers, 314
Love, the Artist—By W. C. Bennett, 317
My Mother—By Margaret Lee Rutenbur, 82
Monockonook Island—Inscribed to Mrs. Ann S. Stephens—By Frank Lee, 112
My Father—By Margaret Lee Rutenbur, 152
Morning—By Clara Moreton, 168
Memories of the Dead—By Joseph H. Butler, 173
Memory—By J. M. Evans, 206
My Child—By Mrs. Jessup Eames, 298
Never Despair—By J. H. A. Bone, 116
Noon—By Clara Moreton, 250
Night—By Clara Moreton, 280
Our Father—By Grace Norman, 40
On A Certain Lady—By H. K. Rowe, 90
On A Lost Child—By Catharine Allan, 354
Passion's Fugitive—By E. D. Howard, 289
Preparing for the Chase—By H. J. Vernon, (*Illustrated*,) 359
Question and Answer—By Smith Jones, Jr., 247
Regret—By Anne A. Fremont, 206
Remembrances—By William H. Egle, 340
Such Things Were—By E. K. Smith, 56
Stealing Cupid's Bow—By James H. Dana, (*Illustrated*,) 104
Sacred Earth—By Joseph H. Butler, 152
Song of Life—By A. R. Johnson, 223
Stanzas, Inscribed to Clara Moreton—By Mrs. A. F. Law, 263
Spring Song—From the German of Hoelty—By Emily Herrmann, 270
"Speak Lightly"—By Joseph H. Butler, 304
The Sleeping Infant—By Mrs. A. F. Law, 11
To ————By Kate Groves, 11
The Lament—By D. Ellen Goodman, 20
The Bridal—By Joseph H. Butler, 24
The Worshippers—By H. W. Payson, 104
Thoughts at Midnight—By Clarence May, 107
The Early Lost—By Margaret Junkin, 134
True Loveliness—By R. K. Smith, 155
The Late Gilia—By Mrs. Russell, 177
The Peasant in Exile—From the German of Salis—By Emily Herrmann, 180
The Violet—From the German of Gœthe—By A. Baskerville, 182
The Blind Woman, 204
The Alpine Horn—By J. G. Chace, 216
The Two Graves—By Ellen Louise Chandler, 234
The Grave of Robin Hood—By H. J. Vernon, (*Illustrated*,) 242
Twenty To-Day—By Frank Lee, 254
The April Rain—By Catharine Allan, 265
Tears—By D. Hardy, Jr., 284
To Mary—By S. P. Danner, 289
The Two Songs of the Gold Seeker—By Frederic Cooper, 298
To ———, with a Gift of Flowers—By Mrs. A. F. Law, 317
The Pauper's Death-bed—By Ann S. Stephens, 330
The Young Emigrant Girl—By Rev. G. W. Rogers, 332
To Elva—By Frederic Cooper, 342
The Death of Friends—By Joseph H. Butler, 362
Undine—By Edward D. Howard, 95
Unforgotten—By Clarence May, 168
Upward—By Margaret Lee Rutenbur, 351
We Forget Hours, But Remember Moments—By H. W. Payson, 31
Words of Cheer—By Emily Herrmann, 145
Whispers of Love—Inscribed to L————By Ellen Louise Chandler, 306

FULL-PAGE EMBELLISMENTS.

The Flight.
Bouquet of Flowers.
Jepthah's Return.
Fashions for January, colored.
Stealing Cupid's Bow.
The Mother of Dr. Doddridge.
Fashions for February, colored.
Mysterious Knockings.
Fashions for March, colored.
The Avalanche.
The Lesson.
The First Love Letter.
The Rat Hunters.
The Grave of Robin Hood.
Fashions for April.
Crossing the Brook.
Fashions for May, colored.
The Lily of Lorn.
Fashions for June, colored.
The River Jordan.
Preparing for the Chase.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Engraved by J.M. Butler

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1853. No. 1.

THE FLIGHT.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

It was a moonless night, but the stars, like countless gems, sparkled in the blue vault of heaven, when a party of travellers paused by a wayside fountain, in one of the most romantic counties of England. The cavalcade consisted of two principal persons, with a train of mounted attendants. Both were disguised as pilgrims, but beneath the long robe of one peeped out the gilded spurs of a knight, and from under the hood of the other shone the bright eyes of a lady, young, noble, and beautiful. The followers were a single female servant, and a small escort of men-at-arms.

A more picturesque spot could not be conceived. On either side rocks rose almost perpendicularly, leaving only a narrow defile between, so that when the travellers halted they completely blocked up the road. Behind, however, the landscape swelled out into a plain, commanded by an elevation to the right, on which stood a castle, the lights from which streamed brightly across the prospect. Right in the centre of the pass, and at a little more than a man's height from the ground, was a rudely carved figure of a boy holding a shell, from out of which poured a constant stream of water, that, falling into a basin below, invited the stranger to refreshment and repose.

"You are not tired, Geraldine, are you?" said the knight to his companion, in a tone that betrayed the lover. "You can ride further?"

The lady looked confidingly up into the speaker's face, and answered, "oh, no, Sir Robert, I can ride all night, if it should be necessary. But I was in hopes," she added, after a pause, "that the castle, on the hill yonder, would have afforded us refuge."

"Alas!" returned her companion, "that is the fastness of as bold a Lancastrian as ever drew sword for a usurping line. To have sought refuge there would have been to run into the lion's jaws. In fact, all this region is in the hands of Queen Margaret's friends, and there will be no safety for us till we draw nigher to London."

The period to which our story refers was that unsettled one, known in English history as that of the wars of the Roses. The bloody battle, in which the Duke of York had been captured and executed, had taken place; but the son of the murdered prince, though seated on the throne, had not yet entirely crushed the faction of Lancaster. It was a time when family was arrayed against family, and the dearest ties often ruthlessly severed. The Lady Geraldine, for example, had been born and bred in the Yorkist faith, but her father having fallen in the disastrous field of Wakefield, and their being no male heir of her house to protect her, her person had been seized by a maternal uncle, a bitter Lancastrian, who openly boasted that he would marry her to one of his own party, and thus carry the weight of her vast possessions over to the side of Queen Margaret. But such a union would have been repulsive to the Lady Geraldine, as a confirmed Yorkist, even if her heart had not already selected a mate. High spirited, and full of resources, she began to plot how to escape, instead of yielding herself to fate, as many of her sex would have done. Her foster-sister, who had subsequently become her tire-woman, was allowed to remain with her, in the honorable captivity to which she was consigned; and she now employed this faithful creature to open a communication with Sir Robert Gifford, the gallant knight to whom she had promised herself, with her father's free consent, and whose wife she already considered herself in the eyes of heaven. This was no easy matter in that disturbed day,

Digitized by Google

especially as Sir Robert was in a different part of the kingdom. But fortune, after many trials, proved kind. A letter from the Lady Geraldine reached him at London, where he was on duty with the king; and abandoning everything else, he set out immediately to the rescue of his plighted bride. By what stratagems the lovers managed to meet and arrange a scheme of escape, it would delay us too much to narrate; it is sufficient for our story to say that, in the disguise of pilgrims, they had finally fled, and thus far had apparently escaped pursuit. The way had been long however, so long that nothing but necessity could have induced the knight to propose, as he had, continuing their journey.

But their flight was destined to be more speedily resumed than even he had intended. The horses were still panting, when a sentinel, whom Sir Robert had posted at the entrance of the pass in the rear, rode hastily up, and announced that a party of armed men, evidently in pursuit, was advancing rapidly across the plain. In an instant the tired beasts were watered, the men-at-arms were ordered to their saddles, and the palfrey of the Lady Geraldine brought up.

"You tremble, dearest," said the knight, as he stooped to take the little foot in his hand; adding, as he swung his companion lightly into the saddle, "never fear. Your horse is one of rare speed and bottom, and, if the worst comes to the worst, I will make a stand at some favorable spot, and send you forward with one of my best mounted followers."

But the Lady Geraldine, who had now seated herself firmly in the saddle, and had gathered up the reins with a hand that showed her a skilful horseman, pushed back the hood from her fair face at these concluding words, and gazing on the knight, with tender reproach, answered,

"Nay, not so. It was but a moment's weakness, that tremor, and it has passed forever. Captured I will not be, I know, while you live; and parted I am resolved not to be, come what may. Therefore stay by me, and, if we escape, well, but, if overtaken and overpowered, let me die with you. Never, never," she exclaimed, earnestly, "will I consent to fall alive into the hands of my uncle, and be forced, for force they will use, into that detestable union."

"By my knightly honor, by my mother's memory, by the immaculate mother of God," said the knight, lifting his mailed hand to heaven, "captured alive you shall never be; but, since it is your prayer, with this good sword will I take your life, when I can no longer defend you. In death, at least, we shall be united."

There was no leisure to parley further, for, by this time, the entire cavalcade had mounted; and, at a sign from Sir Robert, the little troop started into a brisk trot, which soon changed to a gallop. For a while the party rode on in silence. The pass was left, a valley crossed, and an opposite ascent begun; yet still the fugitives maintained as rapid a pace as was consistent with the necessity of preserving their horses; and they began to hope, in consequence, that they were outstripping their pursuers. But when they had gained the top of the ascent, Sir Robert saw, on looking back, that the enemy was close behind, and that from being mounted on either fresher or faster horses, they were rapidly overtaking him.

He now knew that escape was impossible, at least without a struggle, and, like a heroic knight, he prepared to do his devoir, notwithstanding the odds. To the Lady Geraldine he announced his resolution, and solicited her prayers, telling her that she was right, and that it was wiser she should remain than attempt flight; for, even if she could get off unobserved, her solitary attendant, he said, would be no protection to her, in the disturbed condition of the country. He shuddered, indeed, to think of what might happen if she should fall into the hands of any of the lawless marauders, who infested the debateable ground between the two armies.

"Farewell then," said the Lady Geraldine, with a tremulous voice, "till victory is won. Or, in the event of a defeat, farewell forever. Remember your oath!"

"I do not forget it," answered the knight. "But God surely will not render its execution necessary." With these words he left her side, and gallopped to the mouth of the mountain gorge, where he proposed to make a stand.

The Lady Geraldine clasped her hands, and watched him till he disappeared. Scarcely had his tall form vanished, when she heard his war-cry, which was immediately responded to by that of their pursuers; and, on the instant, the skirmish began. Her maid lost all presence of mind, when the clash of arms thus arose, and commenced sobbing piteously. Indeed it was far more terrible for those two women, to be condemned silently to watch the struggle, than if they had participated in the fight: for suspense, when we are inactive, becomes intolerable beyond description. For a full quarter of an hour this uncertainty continued. At last, however, the war-cry of Sir Robert ceased, while that of his opponents swelled louder, and directly his horse was seen gallopping wildly by, riderless and bleeding.

Digitized by Google

The Lady Geraldine had sustained herself heroically, through all her doubts and fears, but at this sight, which assured her not only that her lover was dead, but that no friendly dagger was left to save her from dishonor, she swooned away.

When she recovered consciousness she was lying on the bare ground, with her head supported on a manly knee. She looked up, at first, and smiled, for the face of Sir Robert gazed tenderly down on her; but remembering immediately his riderless steed, she feared that what she saw was the illusion of delirium. She closed her eyes, therefore, with a groan.

But a hand now pressed her own, and a joyful voice, which she recognized, cried, "thank God and the saints, she lives: she is not dead." And, at that joyful sound, she opened her eyes and smiled again, for she now knew it was a reality.

"But how do I see you here," was her first words, when she gained strength to speak, "when I beheld your horse flying riderless from the field?"

"I dismounted, dearest," was the reply, "because my poor steed was sadly wounded, and I feared he would eventually fall with me. St. George gave me, too, the victory on foot, which he had denied to me in the saddle. By a fortunate blow, I brought the horse of my principal opponent to the ground, and had his master at my mercy in consequence. He surrendered, when my dagger was at his throat, and his followers, beholding his fate, turned and fled. And who, think you, it was? None other than your suitor himself, who is now my captive, and held at ransom."

The Lady Geraldine, though she had fallen from her saddle, on fainting, had fortunately received no injury; and was soon able to resume her journey, which was prosecuted successfully, and at greater comfort, for there was now no longer danger of pursuit.

On the third day the fugitives reached London, where the court was then held, and the Lady Geraldine immediately sought the protection of certain noble ladies, relatives of her own. But it was not long, you may suppose, that she remained their guest.

Within a week there was a blithe bridal and a blither bride; and we need not say that the latter was the Lady Geraldine. The king himself gave our heroine away, advancing the bridegroom, at the same time, to the rank which her deceased father had held, so that, when the happy couple rose from receiving the nuptial benediction, it was as Earl and Countess de Rouen, a title which their descendants still hold in the proud peerage of England.

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

Gently bending, softly breathing, view a vision bright and fair,
Of a child in sleep reposing, curtained by its golden hair:
Circling round it, sweetly singing, angels guard this form of clay,
Inward whispering holy counsels, ere they wing their flight away.
Mark! Its ear hath caught their meaning; round its lips there beams a smile,
Innocence and beauty's signet, all undimmed by worldly guile.
Passion's blight hath not yet fallen on this glowing, tender face;
Vain ambition, pride and folly, in this bosom find no place:
Free from earth's contaminations, the young heart may now proclaim,
With affection's pure devotion, "Father! hallowed be Thy name."

TO ———.

BY KATE GROVES.

'Tis said that kindred spirits meet,
When mortal eyes are wrapped in sleep
Tho' far away as pole from pole
They meet and mingle soul with soul.

The earth holds not the spot or place
Where you and I meet face to face,
Yet will I clasp the fond deceit
That kindred spirits often meet.

Digitized by Google

OUR NEW YEAR'S CALLS:

OR, THE CONFESSIONS OF A NOVICE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

Nine o'clock, A. M.—Commenced the day with moralizing. Had some doubts whether the evening would not find me exclaiming:

> "Alas! for the rarity
> Of Christian charity
> Under the sun!"

for grandmother gave me some very excellent advice last night, and I know that when people have nothing else to give they are very apt to give that—and Susan has thrown out no sort of hint respecting any intended present. Well, *I* have done *my* duty, at any rate. I have finished Susan's purse, and grandmother's sofa cushions —and, like the novel heroines, when they don't know what else to do, I will leave the rest to Fate.

I have concluded to keep a journal of to-day's transactions; for although our expected visitors will doubtless be, like angel's visits, "few and far between," instead of sitting down, on New Year's night, to mourn for the barrenness of the land, I intend that we shall make ourselves merry with this report of the day's occurrences.

With what a sneer would it be read by the fashionable city belles, whose rooms are filled, without cessation, from twelve A. M. to twelve P. M! But, alas! we in the country are frequently reminded of the fact that "many a flower is doomed to blush unseen." More frequently, indeed, than is altogether agreeable—for I, being unfortunately fond of company and visiting, and other such vanities, am sometimes drawn in to accompany grandmother when she goes to take tea with the Miss Ebbetts', in the forlorn hope of extracting amusement from nothing. It is with the greatest difficulty that I manage to keep my eyes open; and my behavior on such occasions always reminds me of the model young lady of old times, who was "so quiet and lady-like in company, that they were often obliged to hold a feather under her nose, to see if she really breathed at all!"

That description might answer for Susan—although she is not *quite* such a piece of still life; she likes a little fun now and then—but it is very quiet fun. Two sisters could not be more different. As for poor me, there is a constant song of "Katy did" all through the house. I often think, in the early autumn evenings, that the insects outside must have caught it from grandmother, and the rest of them. Susan never does anything in the least out of the way; she has a great horror of being different from other people, and takes as much pains to eradicate the faintest sparks of originality as though they were so many grey hairs. I am constantly lectured by grandmother—I am frowned at by Susan—I am laughed at by everybody; and yet I remain a young lady very much addicted to adventures and romantic incidents, and somewhat disposed to make a good deal out of nothing.

I began, as I said, with moralizing. Determined to commence the year in a proper manner; I returned from the land of dreams just as the clock struck six; and having, with a spasmodic effort, twisted myself out of bed, I looked forth on the outer world. A mild, clear day, more suited to genial spring than dreary winter—no snow on the ground, or icicles sparkling on the old house-eaves—nothing without to remind one that it is the first day of January; the grass under the old trees that cast such long shadows in summer time is fresh and beautiful—the sky is that of October—and I almost expected to hear the birds strike up their summer melody.

But soon a "Happy New Year" from Susan roused me from these fancies, and after we had exchanged the New Year's kiss, I presented my purse, and Susan gave me the prettiest of bracelets, made of her own hair, and wrought by her own fair fingers. The gold bands and clasps were probably procured on her last visit to the city. Dear Susan! I value the present still more, knowing, as I do, that no goose was ever more averse to having his feathers plucked than thou to part with that long, silky hair which, wreathed around thy head in a bright coronal, gives thee the look of a young queen. But there is still plenty left, and right glad am I to see that no eyes but thine own could ever detect the robbery.

Having embraced that dear grandmother, who has been to us orphans a more than mother fo

Digitized by Google

so many years, we each received a beautifully bound Bible and prayer-book, and then all three descended to the breakfast-room.

Here, somewhat to our surprise, we found Cousin Eben, a youth of tender years, who had also done violence to his natural inclinations, and contrived to be up in season on New Year's morning. He kissed us both in a cousinly manner, and then stood blushing at his own performance.

Eben certainly improves astonishingly, and would make a very respectable beau where beaux are scarce; but I would not bend even the width of a hair from my own self-respect to accept any attentions from him that were not strictly cousinly. And if he did fancy either of us, his choice would most likely fall upon Susan—she is so much more regularly handsome and attractive in every way, and she is not near so foolish as I am. Grandmother often observes that it is not at all necessary to publish the fact of my having an upper story to let—chiefly, I believe, because she considers the information as altogether superfluous.

At the breakfast table we discussed the subject of our probable calls, and the probable places at which Cousin Eben could make his debut in the character of a visitor.

"It is of no use to dress," said Susan, "for all that will come—I know exactly who they are. Old Paul Biggles, he is always a standing dish—he will walk in and say exactly the same things that he said last year—Doctor Hepburn, who will walk in and say nothing—and Mrs. Wedgefield, who will tell us that a woman's place is at home. The country around is remarkably unproductive."

Eben laughed, and we all laughed, but I endeavored to persuade Susan that things might improve.

"There is no knowing," said I, "who may come—and at any rate it is best to be dressed and ready. Every one has a right to call on New Year's day."

"And '*every one*' will, doubtless, avail himself of it," replied Susan.

There was a name I would have spoken, but I scarcely dared to hope that he would come; and the subject being dismissed we turned to Eben. Grandmother smiled and listened, but she gave us no encouragement to expect an uncommon invasion of the animal, man; and having soon failed in the importing line, we turned to our only export. Eben is bashful—at that unlucky period when a boy is nothing in particular; and we now endeavored to prop up his failing spirits for his first New Year's calls.

"There are the Miss Smiths," observed my grandmother.

"Yes, answered Eben, "but I should have to do all the talking there—and"—added he, stammeringly, "I had thought of two or three things to say, if there was any one to make answers—but they wouldn't last long with the Miss Smith's."

I tried my best not to laugh at this parrot-like style of conversation, but a command over the risible faculties is what I do not possess; and finding that it *would* come, I endeavored to impose it upon the company for a cough—but poor Eben's reproachful look seemed to say: "Et tu, Brute!" and instantly I was sober again.

"Why not call on the Bricksters?" I inquired.

It was now Eben's turn to laugh. "Which one?" said he, "the *old*, old body, or the *young* old body?"

Neither mother nor daughter was exactly of a suitable age; and I fell into a fit of musing on the alarming scantiness of the neighborhood.

Eben departed to his own room; and as I now hear him trying to pound on a pair of difficult boots, he has probably concluded to seek his fortune, notwithstanding the somewhat discouraging prospect.

Eleven o'clock.—"To dress, or not to dress, *that* is the question?"

"*Not* to dress, decidedly," says Susan, in the same tone that annihilated Garrick's poor protegee, when delivering the above line in its proper version.

But I am made of more hopeful stuff; and I take out my chocolate-colored silk dress and lay it on the bed, just as though I expected an actual New Year's day. Grandmother and I have arranged the wine and cake—the parlor is dusted to the very last extreme—and nothing remains to be done but deck the divinities who are to adorn it. A remark of grandmother's has just set me a thinking—rather an unusual circumstance, by the way.

"You are young yet, my child," said she, in her affectionate manner, "and may see a great many very different New Year's from this. You will then look back to the memory of such with a smile."

And why should it not be as grandmother says? Five years hence, perhaps, I may be in a far different scene—one year hence—and what shall it be? Hereupon arose a phantom that I have often conjured up at eventide, beneath the dim, grey veil that floats between dusk and candle-light. And the phantom showed me the interior of an apartment familiar to my imagination; a bright, cheerful fireside—pictures on the

Digitized by Google

dark, panelled walls—a heavy sweep of drapery at the one large window that looks forth on a noble lawn, and the tall trees seem resting almost against the window-pane—far away extends a wavy line of hill and dale and mansion—and within—oh! there are figures at the fireside that memory greets with an "auld lang syne."

Foolish dreaming! I have come back again to the chocolate colored dress.

I have given the finishing touch to Susan's beautiful hair—which I *would* adorn with my only tea-rose, in spite of her opposition; and I must now employ myself upon the much less interesting subject of my own *chevelure.*

Two o'clock.—As there has been, for the last hour or so, a dead calm, as far as visitors are concerned, I have run up to enjoy a laugh in my own room, and add a few mites to my journal.

Grandmother had not yet come down, and Susan and I stood looking out of the back window, absorbed in contemplating the almost summer-like beauty of the prospect without, when the sound of the great brass knocker, as it came down with a terrific noise, set our hearts a fluttering with the recollection that this was New Year's day, and that was visitor No. 1.

Like actors at the sound of the prompter's bell, we rushed into places, and sat side by side on the sofa. Fearful that this might be deemed rather stiff, I sprang to the mantel, and set the large music-box agoing. This I considered quite a lively idea; and it was not till some time afterward that I recognised the tune of "All hail, the conquering hero comes!" Miranda, Miss Higgins, in country parlance, took an endless time to get to the door; but as the sound of footsteps approached, my nervousness increased. It seemed a fearful ordeal, to be seated there in evident expectation of visitors, and be obliged to act up to it. In desperation I seized the chequer-board. My elder sister—elder only by two years—was all this time as cool as a piece of ice from Rockland lake; nothing *could* disturb that mild equanimity of her's; but in my eagerness to arrange the game before the visitor entered, I dropped the entire concern, and the floor was sprinkled with black and white wafers on a mammoth scale.

I arose from my knees, flushed and embarrassed; and my half-bashful glance met the countenance of Cousin Eben, somewhat uncomfortable under the consciousness of his Sunday-best. I sank against the arm of the sofa, and indulged in the heartiest laugh I had enjoyed that day. Even Susan smiled; and Eben, imagining himself the cause of our merriment, began to blush, and look very dignified; but the cordiality of our reception soon reassured him, and quite aided the success of his little scheme to fancy himself a mere acquaintance, and make us a New Year's visit as though he did not belong to the house at all.

We were all very merry, when grandmother entered; and I now experienced a most delightful feeling of safety, for grandmother always knows just what to say, and just what to do; and things, I felt convinced, would now go on right. Eben, it seems, had wandered about, and looked in at the windows, and then concluded to wear off the rust of a first appearance in the bosom of his own family. I did the honors with the cake-basket, but its contents were politely declined; possibly the fact of a visit to the kitchen, while I was engaged in compounding them, may have influenced the refusal.

After a reasonable call, Cousin Eben departed; and we were left "alone in our glory," to sit in state and look at each other. I gazed at Susan as I would at a beautiful picture to which I had given the finishing touches, and thought, could any one resist the fascinations of so lovely a creature? A half mournful thought floated through my mind at the remembrance of Mr. Castleroy, but I dismissed it as an unworthy visitor; and then I called up my phantom room, and put my sister's figure in *my* place, and felt satisfied. I loved to think of it so; and I sat dwelling upon the fancy with all a child's delight over a treasured plaything.

The old knocker sounded again—I heard footsteps approaching—and the name that I had just repeated to myself almost trembled on my lips—when I looked up to catch the eye of old Paul Biggles. The reaction scarcely permitted me to greet him civilly; and I never fully realized until that moment how impossible it must be for any woman ever to marry *him*. A conclusion in which he by no means joins; indeed, for so long a time has he been represented as "looking out for a wife," that he is really a sort of wandering Jew in that respect, and, like the Dutchman with the fearful cork leg, seems destined to go the same round forever. It is the habit of Paul Biggles to smile upon woman until he has, as he imagines, raised her to a sufficient pitch of hopefulness—and then, afraid of committing himself, he executes the manœuvre known in cartmen's phrase as "backing out." As there is nothing to support this wonderful estimation of himself but a back-ground of money-bags, old Paul Biggles is, in my opinion, a particular horror—and yet, to use a somewhat hackneyed expression, shackled by the conventionalisms of society I cannot even enjoy the satisfaction of telling him so!

Digitized by Google

For the last five years he has made a regular practice of inquiring my age, and when that question is answered, he asks if I can make bread. On my replying in the affirmative, he remarks: "Fine girl!—you'll be fit to get married one one of these days," in a tone which implies that this is decidedly the chief end of woman, and the highest rung in her ladder of felicity. In what contrast rise up the figure and conversation of Castleroy! But, alas! as well might I conjure up one of Titian's angels.

Mr. Biggles condescended to test the quality of one cake, and then came the question that I had expected:

"Did I make it?"

"Yes."

"How old was I?"

"Eighteen."

Eighteen! Is it possible! Why you ought to have been married long ago!"

Hereupon I was drawn by Mr. Biggles to the back window—ostensibly to view the scenery—but to my great annoyance, he made me an offer of his hand and heart upon the spot. I felt actually degraded by the compliment, and as I thought of Mr. Castleroy, could have spurned the anxious suitor with my foot. I scarcely remember what I said—there was a sort of mist before me—but I have distinct recollections of the figure of Paul Biggles marching irefully out through the front door. I never felt more disposed to "speed the parting guest."

My grandmother is surprised; Susan laughs, and says that it is a good beginning—what occurs on the first day of the year is very apt to be repeated on the following ones. Then I may calculate on a renewal of Mr. Biggles' offer diurnally from now until next New Year. A pleasant prospect, truly! Susan observes that he is very rich, and then looks thoughtful. Is it possible, my sister—but no, I cannot believe it. I am only glad that the offer was made to me—I would not have her so insulted.

From one till two, an unbroken calm.

Doctor Hepburn and Mr. Widgefield came in together; quite a bright idea, for the two just about make one. The doctor confined himself to my grandmother and Susan; and Mr. Widgefield, perhaps considering me the most likely one of the three to wander out of my proper sphere, favored me with his usual tirades upon woman.

"Woman," said he, "my dear Miss Hamilton, is naturally the inferior animal—she was originally taken from man, you know."

I replied a little maliciously that "those must have been 'the good, old times'—it would be better for her were she oftener 'taken from man' now-a-days."

Mr. Widgefield opened his round eyes at me in extreme astonishment: and anxious to nip such rebellious sentiments in the bud, he had just collected himself for one annihilating effort, when Doctor Hepburn, having exhausted his small stock of small-talk, gave the departing signal, and my opponent was obliged to defer his victory.

Next came two youths, prototypes of Cousin Eben, who shook hands with us as though they intended to do it now and forever more. Poor fellows! no wonder that they made such a lengthy business of it—they had concentrated all their energies in that one effort; and they clung to our hands as the "man overboard" clings to the rope that is thrown to rescue him from a watery grave.

But there must be an end to everything; and they sank down, apparently frightened at their own temerity. One of them accepted our offer of refreshment, and spilled his wine on the carpet; the other leaned back in his chair, and lost his balance, and both soon took themselves off; leaving me in convulsions of laughter—Susan provoked—and grandmother almost as much amused as myself.

Eben every now and then made his appearance between the acts to compare notes. He had determined that his charity, as far as visiting was concerned, should end, as well as begin at home; for, finding it impossible to screw up his courage to the sticking point, he met with some old cronies—"real good fellows," to use his own term—and spent the day in promenading with them up and down the village.

Four o'clock.—I am thinking of the commencement of an early letter of mine: "I take up my pen to inform you that I have nothing to say"—still, were I not now in hopes of doing rather better than that I should not take it up at all. This farce of New Year's day is now rapidly drawing to a close, and as yet no Mr. Castleroy. True, I have seen him but twice; but then his place is so near to ours, and his manner was so kind on that well-remembered afternoon, that I but think he will come yet.

How I love to recall that first meeting! Stories of the recluse had reached us before, and exaggerated accounts of his appearance and manners; until I expected to see a morose-looking individual, with a gruff voice, and unpromising mien. Susan and I had set forth for a walk through the woods, beautiful in the decay of autumn; and for some time we passed on through the scattered leaves and chestnut-burs—the silence unbroken, save by our own voices.

Digitized by Google

We were just debating the question of the exact line where grandmother's property stopped, and Mr. Castleroy's began; and we walked on and on, farther than we had ever explored before, when suddenly the barking of a dog, and the appearance of a gentleman, who was leaning gracefully against a tree, quite absorbed in a book, roused us to the fact that we were trespassing on our neighbor's property.

A pair of dark, thoughtful eyes scanned us intently, at first, and then, coming politely forward, Mr. Castleroy introduced himself, and smilingly waived off our excuses. His voice had a touch of sadness, that always possesses for me an inexplicable interest; and yet the expression of his eyes tells plainly enough that there is a fund of humor in his composition, which has probably been clouded by adverse circumstances.

Those expressive eyes were bent with an admiring gaze on Susan's perfect face; but his courtesies were equally divided between us as he conducted us all through his grounds, and displayed to us every point of interest. He listened attentively whenever I spoke, but it was with a half smile; and I could plainly see that he regarded me as a sort of curiosity, and very much wondered what I would say next. I am accustomed to this manner, but it is very unpleasant; people often laugh when I am quite innocent of any such intention. Why can I not do as Susan does, who quietly follows the beaten track, and thus glides along with the current, without attracting observation or comment. I do not know how it is, but I am sure to say something queer before I am in the least aware of it.

On this afternoon, though, I was too busy listening to Mr. Castleroy to talk much myself; and that, I believe, is the wisest course I can take. And well was I repaid for my silence; but I do not think that Susan quite comprehended him—he is somewhat allegorical.

"Have you ever thought," said he, as we walked through the damp leaves, "of the uses of this emblematical fall and decay?"

His eye fell upon me: but Susan replied, as she turned aside the leaves with her foot: "It makes the ground very rich."

I said nothing, and the subject was changed. When next I glanced up, Mr. Castleroy was looking at Susan's hair, which the autumn sun was turning to burnished gold.

Mr. Castleroy left us at our own door—having declined our invitation to enter—with a promise of calling soon.

He has never yet been; but, much to our surprise, we encountered him again, in an entirely opposite direction. He is fond, he says, of solitary ramblings; but he immediately attached himself to us, and, as before, left us at my grandmother's gate. This time he seemed determined to make me talk; and we kept up an animated conversation, while Susan seemed like a beautiful statue, endowed with the power of locomotion only. She says that she does not like Mr. Castleroy—he is so queer, and difficult to understand; but to me our new acquaintance seems like a rich mine in which I am constantly discovering new treasures.

How Susan will laugh at this! I am afraid that I cannot show my journal, after all.

Our New Year's calls seem likely to prove more numerous than we had anticipated. Looking forth from the window, I beheld a sort of human mosquito known as Mr. Tuinner, the schoolmaster, making directly for the premises. Mr. Tuinner's appearance and motions remind one exactly of the insect I have mentioned; he wears spectacles, I really believe, to give him an important look, for he has been frequently detected looking above and below them; and as he is a would-be wit, he lashes every subject and object in the most unmerciful manner. Fortunately for humanity in general, these random shots of his do no more damage than a child's plaything arrows.

"Good morning, ladies," said Mr. Tuinner, as he entered.

He would have said "females" had he dared—this being his usual manner of designating the sex; but on New Year's day people are generally on their good behavior.

"I wish you," said he, "many happy returns of the day."

We thanked him properly, and Mr. Tuinner made rapid strides toward the cake-basket. Susan interposed in time to save the basket from his grasp, and gracefully presented it. Having fished for a piece to suit his taste, he examined the delicate compound as though it were a fragment of granite or quartz; and remarked, as he helped himself to a second slice, that Adam and Eve would, doubtless, have scorned our style of provisions.

"Not more than we should scorn theirs," observed my grandmother, with a smile.

Mr. Tuinner shook his head mournfully; it was a sad thing, this degeneration; and I thought, as his eye fell upon us three descendants of the ancient culprit, that he looked as though he could have punished us with right good will for Eve's misdemeanor.

I wished to draw him out a little.

"I think, Mr. Tuinner," said I, "that Adam was a very great baby—his character has always

Digitized by Google

appeared to me in a particularly disadvantageous light.. How cowardly and detestable is his defence of himself: 'Behold, the woman whom thou gavest to be with me, *she tempted me and I did eat!*' Eve would never have thrown the blame upon him, had he been ever so guilty."

"Why, Miss Katy?" exclaimed the astonished schoolmaster, "I never heard a young person express herself in that decided manner before! Eve was the culprit, and she should have been punished."

His comprehension was but an echo that could send forth only this one sound; and provoked to have wasted ammunition upon so inefficient an antagonist, I bit my lip, and sat in proud silence.

"I passed by the hotel, just now," said Mr. Tuinner, "and two or three young bloods from the city were just hitching their vehicles in front of the door; one of them wore a black moustache —he had probably put his upper lip in mourning for his brains."

Mr. Tuinner tried very hard not to laugh at his own wit; and we kept from laughing without trying at all.

Having failed in a lighter vein, he made a journey to the pyramids; and plied his heavy subject so perseveringly that the Egyptian darkness fell upon us all—and we sat with benumbed faculties, while Mr. Tuinner assumed his school-room manner, and gave us good cause to regret that

"One small head contained e'en all he knew!"

Having had quite enough of the scholmaster abroad, we saw the door close upon him with a feeling of ineffable relief.

A shuffling sound in the hall announced an arrival that seemed difficult of entrance; and on the opening of the door appeared the figure of Josiah Stiggins, almost pushed in by Miranda. The expression of this youth's countenance reminds me of that favorite remark of Mrs. Gummidge's: "I'm a poor, lone, born critter, and everything goes contrairy with me, and I go contrairy with every one." He is a country edition of Toots, and Susan is evidently the Florence Dombey who enthralls him.

I could see the whole picture of his first setting forth: how his mother had scolded, threatened and coaxed him from the fireside; how she had told him to try and learn something of society by calling upon the Miss Hamiltons; and how she had enjoined him to pay particular attention and respect to Mrs. Hamilton—which admonition he now obeyed by turning his eyes as far from her as possible.

Nature had certainly made a mistake in providing him with a pair of hands; he evidently considered them quite superfluous articles, and felt extremely puzzled how to dispose of them to the best advantage. Now they were placed in his pocket—then crossed before him—then dangling at his sides; and during the whole of his visit the poor fellow looked as though he were undergoing a severe penance.

I wanted to relieve his embarrassment.

"My cake," said I, as I presented the basket, "seems to last—eating does not diminish it."

"Yes," said he, with a desperate effort, "like the widow Cruse's oil!"

The cake-basket nearly dropped from my hand at this biblical allusion; and even grandmother and Susan with difficulty refrained from laughing. Poor Josiah was not quite *au fait* in the history of the Bible, but he was so evidently contented under the consciousness of having said a good thing that it would have been absolutely cruel to give him a hint of his error.

Josiah's visit was in proportion to the length of time it must have taken to get him forth; he staid and staid, and, instead of making a New Year's call, had evidently come to spend the day. Conversation flagged; I made a few faint attempts, but the little flame that I could raise soon died out, and all was silent as Quaker meeting.

For two mortal hours did Josiah hang on; but at length he went with a sort of excuse that "his mother might want him:" as an apology for depriving us of so great a treasure. I glanced at Susan with a mirthful face, but her's bore only an expression of haughtiness; to think that *we* should be obliged to receive such visitors—and half sadly I thought of Mr. Castleroy.

With what delight I beheld the trim figure of Mr. Fonthill advancing up the walk! "Now," thought I, "for a treat, after the storm of stupidity with which we have been assailed."

Our bachelor friend looked genial and smiling —in perfect unison with the atmosphere; and the notice of his approach diffused a glow among the parlor inmates. No shuffling in the hall—no tripping and stumbling and drawing back—but a frank salutation on all sides, and a friendly smile to each and to all. A little bit of flattery to Susan and me shows that with respect to girls, at least, he considers "the smallest donations thankfully accepted."

"I thought," said he, "that it was the first of January—but these roses would seem to imply that summer has not yet vanished."

His manner of saying things gives point to the most empty compliment. It would seem to

Digitized by Google

be his especial misssion to perambulate the earth for the purpose of collecting all the fun, as the bee gathers honey; for such mirth-moving stories, told with such happy humor, I never heard from any one but Mr. Fonthill.

"Do you think, Miss Katy," said he, as he tested the quality of my manufacture, "that you could make cake in any pans but your grandmother's?"

Rather puzzled at this form of address, I asked an explanation.

"My mother," said he, "often told the story of her mistake in this line. She had been brought up by a maiden aunt, with whom every thing went on with the regularity of clockwork; and cake and pies had been mixed in just such pans and dishes from time immemorial. There were no written receipts for these manufactures; it was 'the old blue cup twice filled with sugar' —'the large bent spoon three times full of butter'—and so on; in short, 'a thing full of this, and a thing full of that.' But in her younger days, my mother's cake and pies were quite famous throughout the neighborhood in which my aunt resided; my father therefore supposed that he had found quite a treasure in the housekeeping line. Judge of his surprise, when the first pies that greeted him in his new home were tough enough to dance on—the cake of the stuff that cannon-balls is made of—and my mother in the greatest surprise at the results of her skill. He began to think that the former good things he had eaten of her manufacture were like the pictures executed by the drawing-teacher, and passed off as the pupil's. 'Go and bring me Aunt Paty's blue cup, and large spoon,' said she, 'and you will not have to complain again.' These witch-like implements were not brought, but measured, and cake and pies were again at a premium."

I laughed in the utmost unconcern; for grandmother is a rigid disciple of Mrs. Glasse, and would as soon think of having anything made without an actual receipt, as of covering her pies with leather.

"I had the pleasure," said our guest, "of meeting Mr. Tuinner; and he informed me that there was sedition in the harem—Miss Kate Hamilton aspired to an equality with man! Truly, these are 'troubled times.'"

I wished to try Mr. Fonthill. "No—Mr. Tuinner was mistaken; the sex were quite satisfied with being men's superiors, without descending to the position of equals."

"No, Miss Katy," said our visitor, with a pleasant laugh, "don't you remember the story of the old farmer and his two oxen? The quiet one received no comment whatever; but the ill-tempered, unruly animal was praised and recommended to all his friends until they asked him why he was so blind to its faults—why not praise the other, instead of this? 'The other one did not need it—its good conduct was quite manifest —but as everybody turned against the ugly one he was trying to retrieve its character. Now, just consider Mr. Tuinner the farmer, and Adam and Eve the oxen."

Mr. Fonthill was the only visitor whose departure we regretted; and as these are the only calling people of the village—the other "lords of creation" (?) in our vicinity being somewhat addicted to spending New Year's day in resting their stocking feet upon the mantel, and chewing the end which Sir Walter Raleigh added to the list of masculine accomplishments—we may now expect a cessation of our toils.

Eleven o'clock.—The evening was wearing on toward nine—Miranda had given indications of a resolution to go to bed—Susan had fallen asleep upon the sofa—and grandmother, having a bad headache, spoke of retiring to her own room. But I, not much relishing this prospect of total solitude, prevailed upon her to change her dress for a wrapper, and I stood by the parlor fire bathing her forehead with eau de cologne.

Was it an apparition? I almost thought so; for when I raised my head, there on the threshold stood Mr. Castleroy! The blaze of the fire had already drawn a burning heat to my cheeks; but over it all spread a quick glow as I thought of this our first appearance at home to our elegant neighbor. Why is fate always so unpropitious, and so maliciously fond of contretemps? Had we not all been seated in just the attitudes that a painter might have been delighted with for our portraits at least twenty times that day? And had I not given my rebellious hair various sly smoothings, when a thundering knock at the front door would cause my heart to throb more quickly in anticipation of Mr. Castleroy? And did it not now seem as though he had waited for the worst possible time to make his appearance?

A moment these thoughts troubled me as I bent in painful confusion—for no one but myself was as yet aware of his entrance—the next, I had proudly risen, strengthened by the consciousness that even if duty did sometimes lead one into ridiculous positions, it could not be wrong.

"I must beg forgiveness," said Mr. Castleroy, "for coming thus 'at the eleventh hour;' but I have come, even now, under the doubt that has agitated me all day whether my presence would be acceptable."

Susan had by this time straitened herself on

Digitized by Google

the sofa with a pair of eyes remarkably wide open—as is the custom with people when they are conscious of feeling sleepy—and we both smiled at this idea, as though it were too absurd to contradict. Grandmother received the visitor in her usual lady-like manner—nowise discomposed by her invalid wrapper—and soon I forgot all but Mr. Castleroy.

I can see that even grandmother is fascinated by his manner; but with her usual prudence she feels desirous to know who and what he is. New Year's Day is ended—and so is my New Year's Journal, for the clock has just struck twelve.

February 5th.—It is a beautiful, moonlight night of our unusually mild winter, and I have stood at my window looking out upon the moonbeams, and, like one of the Fates, weaving a thread of destiny. Beautiful, cold moonbeams! fall upon my burning brow, and cool the hot pulse that is throbbing so wildly.

I have glided up stairs while Susan was playing for Mr. Castleroy, and I feel that my presence will not be missed. Heaven grant, dear sister! that your path may be as bright as I would make it. You are far more worthy than I; and, perchance, even had I won the heart to which I would have aspired, I might have lived to see it turn from me in cold disdain.

My thoughts must have borrowed the seven league boots and traversed the step from the sublime to the ridiculous; else why do I think of those expressive lines?

"They say thou wilt marry—'tis well, 'tis well!
Though the chain may be heavy, thou'rt under love's spell;
But I—I am free, and no Cupid shall task me,
I never will marry—till somebody ask me!"

But no, that is not at all applicable; henceforth, I shall devote myself to the good of the world—I will be a second "Madeline"—a banner to scenes of distress.

I had just written the above when Susan looked over my shoulder, and said that Mr. Castleroy wished to speak to me. What can he possibly want? To solicit my interposition between him and grandmother, perhaps, for Susan looks somewhat excited. I will go down.

Later.—The moonbeams are shining still, but their light is no longer cold—they came peering in at the parlor window, and teazed me when I would willingly have had no light save that within.

"I have loved you, dear Katy, from our first meeting," said he, "but I did not know it until New Year's night, when I saw by the strong firelight that your face was glowing with natural embarrassment, and then, throwing this off as unworthy of you, you came to meet me with the air of a duchess—I then felt that you would brave all for duty, or those you loved."

But his words, pleasant as they are, fill me with a strange apprehension; is there, then, so much to be braved, and was grandmother correct in her suspicion that all was not quite right? I have as yet said nothing—I have referred him to her; and, with a mirthful gleam in his dark eyes, he placed a paper in my hands which I dread to open. Perhaps it is the key to some horrid mystery.

Mr. Castleroy's confession.

"You must rely upon my goodness now, sweet Katy, for wickedness in early years is said to be a good passport to perfection in manhood—and, as near as I can recollect, I was a particularly bad little boy. My poor father, on his death-bed, said to my mother, 'I am not afraid of the rest, but you will have trouble with that boy.' And trouble enough she did have with me. She has often since told me that she was afraid I would turn out a villain of the deepest dye. Even in childhood I was more like a little Robinson Crusoe than a civilized being; betaking myself to books and solitude whenever an opportunity offered.

"We were poor—a struggling with poverty is among my earliest recollections; and in my youth I imbibed a bitterness toward the world in general, which, although not an amiable result, was, perhaps, a natural one—for people are not disposed to tolerate pride that lacks wealth to support it, and the rude jostling which I received from my fellow pilgrims was not calculated to make me very leniently disposed toward them.

"I passed a youth of toil; and when verging on middle age, a wealthy uncle died and left me his property—for no reason that I could conceive, except that I was a prototype of himself with respect to my feelings toward my fellow mortals. I do not remember that a single word of love ever passed between us, and few words of any description; but he saw fit to make me his heir, and it was with a feeling of triumph that I took possession of my estate.

"I was now alone in the world; my mother had long been dead—my brothers, like 'the graves of a household,' were 'scattered far and wide;' and I took a pleasure in withdrawing myself from the 'nods and becks and wreathed smiles' which now encompassed me on every side to a lonely country place, where I imagined that I should be safe from comment or intrusion. I expended both time and money on the adornment of my summer castle; and here I intended to live and die, a sort of modern hermit—but alas! I fell a

Digitized by Google

victim to the very first trespasser on my grounds. Like the unfortunate young man in the Arabian Nights, whose father took so much pains to construct him a subterranean dwelling, where he could conceal himself from the dangerous Prince Agil, I have but rushed into my fate."

Nothing so very mysterious, after all! I wonder if I am not a little disappointed? But, Susan? How will she receive my confession?

Grandmother has said "yes" with tears in her eyes; but she gazes toward the Castleroy mansion, through the leafless trees, and smiles to think that it is no farther off. Susan has promised herself to Paul Biggles, and in spite of my entreaties, goes resolutely to work to make a sacrifice of herself. I cannot help thinking of "Auld Robin Gray;" but grandmother tells me that I am mistaken in Paul, and that he has really behaved very nobly. What in, I am sure I don't know—but here is another mystery.

THE LAMENT.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

The ice is on his brow. My hand hath lain
Upon its polished surface long, to feel
The warm life-blood come creeping back again:
And I have watched to see the faint flush steal
Over his marble cheek: to mark the lid
That droops so coldly o'er the azure eyes,
Where such a world of noble love lies hid,
In this full radiant burst of glory rise!
Yes—I have raised the curtain, that the light
From the far Eastern skies all bathed in gold,
May rest upon his face—a halo bright—
And touch with gentle warmth his forehead cold!

How the soft flood creeps to his raven hair,
Tinging its blackness with a purple glow,
As the rich masses fall so darkly, where
The shades are mingling with his brow's pure snow!
How oft these curls have round my fingers twined,
Waving in beauty in the Summer breeze:
Now, drooping heavily, my soul can find
No life 'mid shadows deep and dark as these.
No life! the ice is creeping round my heart,
I feel a cold hand press its broken strings:
A low voice whispers that not long we part—
And to my soul the thought a wild joy wings!

Beloved one. I can see an angel's wings
Sweeping across the distant ether blue,
Snow-white, except where radiant beauty flings
Across their edge a tinge of golden hue.
On toward the rising sun the winglets soar,
Bearing thy soul into the realms of day;
There 'mid the sinless seraphs evermore,
Where silver streams through fadeless flowerets stray,
Thy brow shall wear a wreath of shining gold,
Thy fingers strike the harp-chords, waking notes
More exquisite than mortal tongue hath told,
Pure as thy soul that in yon ether floats

DEATH.

BY S. E. JUDSON.

Hark! how mournfully rise and swell
The low, sad strokes of the tolling bell.
Hush the light laugh and the careless jest,
For another has sunk to that dreamless rest,

One, who, through dark and stormy life,
With trouble, and sorrow, and trials rife,
Struggled bravely on 'neath the weight of care,
With the Christian's hope and the Christian's prayer.

Yet, oh! how bitter the tears that are shed
Over the calm, waxen face of the dead,
As though the still death chamber rings
Each sweet, sad tone the soft wind brings.

In the old church-yard they have made a grave,
For love though strong had no power to save,
And the shrouded form, and the placid face
We must bear to that quiet resting-place.

No more deep lines for the marble brow,
To sorrow no bitter awakening now;
But the strife, and pain, and grief will cease,
For naught can disturb that "perfect peace."

Digitized by Google

MAY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE mountains are before and around me. From the window of my hotel, I am told, there may be seen as magnificent a panorama as the Alleghanies afford: but the rain of the afternoon has produced a mist at this twilight hour; and a boundless ocean, as it were, now buries the landscape, except where, here and there, some black peak rises far away like an enchanted island. A few stars are already out dimly lighting up the scene. Oh! the everlasting beauty of the stars, the majesty of these eternal mountains. Under the influence of the two, I am lifted above the things of earth, as I never was before: time expands before me: eternity opens its endless vista; and I feel that though worlds may crumble, as that evening mist will fade, I shall survive like the stars and mountains, and *never* die.

For ten days I have been among the mountains. May, beautiful May, the virgin of the year, has accompanied my footsteps all the way, showering blossoms before my path, and smiling on me from the blue, over-arching sky. She has surrounded me with the songs of birds, the murmur of fountains, and the low laughter of leaves [illegible] the winds romped with them. The fragrance [illegible] her breath has been around me like a breeze [illegible]n the land of spices and palms. All day long [illegible] bright tresses have waved before me in [illegible]en sunshine, as she skimmed, Atlanta-like, [illegible] the bright hills: and at night, she has tap[illegible] at my window, in merry dashes of rain, [illegible]ully, half child that she is. Come with me [illegible]e mountains, with May as our companion, [illegible]orgetting Mammon for awhile, yield your[illegible]p to the witchery of her presence, and be [illegible] intoxicated with the poetry of her beauty, [illegible]e when young you were with your first l[illegible]

[illegible] me recall a morning, after a storm the n[illegible]before! We are driving along the margin of [illegible]road, calm river, which moves gracefully an[illegible]wly on, as if conscious of the lovely hills ar[illegible] and loth to part with them. The blue sky [illegible]lecked with clouds, that soften the light wi[illegible] entirely hiding the sun; the lilacs dissolv[illegible]e air into perfume; and the apple blos[illegible]som[illegible]ower on us, all the way, like flakes of rosy [illegible]w. Green fields on our right stretch luxu[illegible]tly to the horizon. On our left is the placid river, with hills sloping, lawn-like, to the water, and often cultivated to their summits: now they run parallel to the stream; and now they branch laterally off, presenting a succession of Arcadian valleys, dotted with farm houses, and waving with the young wheat. The foreground of this magical landscape is green as the greenest meadow[illegible]; further on the brown ploughed fields diversify the prospect; and in the remoter distance dark shadows alternate with vivid sunshine, as the fleecy clouds float in the azure above. A purple haze, like incense, softens the extreme prospect; while all the time, glimpses of woodland, and far-flashing waters relieve and dazzle the eye. Some such day, though, perhaps, a more sunny, and less lovely scene, inspired Lowell with his exquisite lines: you know them surely!

"Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
 Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
 The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways;—
  Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind,—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move."

At last we bid farewell to the river, and strike boldly into the hills. Soon the road begins to rise. Within an hour we find ourselves in the heart of the mountains. But they are not wild like those we passed yesterday; for rich vallies open, on either hand, with names as beautiful as themselves, White Deer valley being one; and grand old woods, as unlike as possible to your rugged pine forests, fling their thick shade across the road-side. At last, having surmounted a long ascent, the driver tells us to look behind. What a scene! Far below is a vast plain, at least twenty miles across, bounded in the distance by a wall of dark blue mountains, checkered all over with alternate farms and woodland, threaded by the river like a glittering chain of steel, and the whole made alive, as a breathing thing, with the ever shifting sunshine and shade. Again and again, after we have resumed our way, we turn, wherever a break in the forest permits, to gaze on this magnificent view. Still ascending, we wind up and up, and now finally have gained the summit of the mountain. Yonder,

Digitized by Google

too, flies a bald eagle, from whom the range takes its name. It is a fit home for the tempest-defying bird. Here he can reign undisturbed in savage majesty. The pine covered ridge rises sharply on our left; the descent is almost perpendicular on our right; and everywhere, wherever there is the slightest hold, huge rocks lie tossed about, in wild confusion, as if Titans had once warred here.

But now we have crossed the highest point, and begun to descend, rattling furiously down a road, terraced along precipices. Perilous as this rapidity is, we do not check our driver, for our blood dances with excitement amid this grand scenery and this exhilirating air, and we fear nothing. Suddenly, at a turn, another lovely landscape flashes upon us: it is one of verdant farms, snowy dwellings, and a blue river placidly flowing in the foreground: and we exclaim aloud in surprised delight. Another whirl around a corner, and lo! in the distance, far over the plain, the picturesque town of which we have so often heard, nestled there among its green verdure like a white swan in the rushes by a river side. Down the mountains we fly, still down, and yet down. At last we reach the level ground, but our horses, now excited as ourselves, still stretch on with rapid feet, and away we spin, under an avenue of feathery trees, by the very brink of the island-studded stream. The sun has almost set, and his level beams, struggling between the trunks, shoot across the road, which they tessellate with light and shadow, in a mosaic of gold and jet. Is not a day like this worth months in a city?

Another morning finds us high up in the Alleghanies, traversing a wild turnpike where we meet only a few wagoners, at long intervals, each with his solitary dog and his four Conestoga horses. The day is raw and showery. We have not gone far when we lose the spindle from the off fore-wheel, and stop at a solitary blacksmith's shop, in order to procure another. We have not been in such a place since we were a boy, when it was our delight to blow the bellows as an amateur. Our negro driver stands in the doorway looking on, with a sad, hopeless expression, as if the living type of all the wrongs of his race. In strong contrast to him is the Anglo-Saxon smith, quick of speech, intelligent, a rapid workman, welding his iron, and asking questions in the same breath; curious of all things going on in the great city we have left, but especially of a new lightning rod of which he has heard. The wheel is soon fixed, and again we are in motion. But our Ethiopian proves as slow as he is sad: to confess the truth he is incorrigibly lazy. In four hours we achieve but fourteen miles. The cold, damp, penetrating air chills us to the heart. Only the superb scenery reconciles us to this slow progress on such a day. At last we gain the top of a mountain, and lo! what a landscape spreads below. A valley level as a table, five miles wide, and twenty long, stretches beneath us, every acre under cultivation, and divided so regularly into fields that it seems a vast chess-board, with alternate squares of green wheat and brown ploughed land. The sun brightens the foreground. But at the other side of the valley, a shower is passing, so that a purple black veil hangs over the plain in that direction, and lies half way up the slope of the opposite mountain. Soon, however, this curtain lifts, the distant ridges become distinct, and the whole magnificent panorama glows in green and gold.

Another time we have a Yankee charioteer, and away we go, down the mountain slope, like a mail coach with the news of a victory. In twenty minutes we are at the foot, a distance of four miles: in ten minutes more we have made it six. We enter a defile, that winds for miles between almost precipitous hills, only broad enough for the road we traverse, and for a narrow, rocky stream that runs beside it. The scenery is ever changing, yet always grand. Now the mountain ridges run together, are broken up, and rise in separate peaks like enormous pyramids. Now the defile opens laterally f[illegible] space, and through the gaps we catch glim[illegible] of rolling hills, undulating away, till the b[illegible] battlements of the distant Alleghanies close [illegible] prospect. Now the road seems to term[illegible] just ahead, but suddenly a turn is seen, an[illegible] we whirl around the corner, our path [illegible] again, the opposite precipice wheeling gr[illegible] away before us. All this time the stream [illegible] plunging along its rocky bed, here glitter[illegible] the sunshine, there eddying black und[illegible] overhanging hills. At last we dash in[illegible] village, where we are to dine, having come [illegible] miles in an hour and a half.

It is evening, in a lonely inn, high up [illegible] mountains. We are, in fact, on the ver[illegible] of civilization. Away out in Iowa, or eve[illegible]sota there is, they tell me, no ruder po[illegible]tion than here: and could you hear the loud [illegible] in the bar-room, and see the revellers, y[illegible] would think so too. But even here a lesson [illegible] faith and patience and human charity may b[illegible] learned. Yonder, in one corner of the hall, is [illegible] white-haired man, with a few books, which [illegible] is peddling, displayed on a board before hi[illegible] There was a time when that old man had aln[illegible] count-

Digitized by Google

less wealth, was courted by flatterers, enjoyed the society of a wife and daughters that he loved. But fortune went against him, and death entered his family. He is now alone; penniless, friendless, desolate; with no one, as Burke touchingly says, to meet his enemy in the gate. But he is cheerful notwithstanding all. He sits quietly, unless some person picks up a book, when he begins to recommend it earnestly, but with dignity. He says he thanks God his heart is not yet broken. In the morning he is up with the earliest, for when we leave at daybreak, he is there to supply us with a book if we chance to require one. We do want one, and, as we give our piece of silver, wish that it could buy us a little of his patient faith.

It is late in the afternoon, and a storm is coming up: a sublime spectacle among these everlasting hills. How pitchy dark it has suddenly become. Hark! with the rush of a torrent, the rain is upon us. Soon the road is converted into a roaring river, through which the half frightened horses plash, snorting wildly as the lightning, flashing directly before them, reveals the awful precipice to the right, down which the water pitches in a foaming cataract, that is blown into spray long before it reaches the bottom. How the thunder bellows among the mountains all around us. See, yonder tree has been struck, and, on the instant, is splintered to the roots. Simultaneously the bolt cracks overhead, and then rattles down the sky, as if armies, with artillery jolting, and ten thousand sabres clattering, were at full gallop along the adamantine pavements of heaven. Now the electric clouds envelope us. The lightnings blaze incessantly, above, beneath, on every hand: we are in their very centre; our faces shine ghastily; the blue flame seems to exude from our fingers. Clap follows clap, stunningly, till the solid road rocks, and the mountain appears crumbling from under us. Never before have we realized Byron's vivid lines,

> "Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
> Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
> And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
> Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud."

But now the storm passes, or rather descends below us, for though the sun shines here, we can see it raining heavily in the valley. Behold! His slanting beams, shooting almost horizontally across the rain, convert every one of those drops into [illegible]ming diamonds, that flash downward a moment and are lost to sight forever. But others [illegible] brilliant take their places, and the fleeting, dazzling show continues. Finally the shower passes away into the distance, until we see it, like a black funeral procession, creeping along the foot of yonder range on the extreme horizon. Where we are all is now bright with vivid sunshine. Every twig glitters, the grass sparkles, the hill-torrents shoot by in silver, and the valley below glows like a transparent sea that flows over buried cities of gold.

The mountain region of Pennsylvania traverses the state in a direction slightly east of north, and is about a hundred miles broad. It is not a succession of peaks, like the Catskill, but a series of parallel ranges, of which the Alleghanies proper compose, as it were, the back-bone. Lateral ridges branch off continually. Between these, as well as between the chief ranges, lie innumerable vallies, the soil of which is the *debris* of the hills washed down by the torrents of centuries. Consequently, amid the wildest scenery, landscapes of almost Arcadian loveliness are almost ever recurring. The effects of light and shade vary the prospect still more. The cloud shadows traversing the distant slopes; the thin blue haze rising from streams that lie hid in the laps of the hills; the emerald green of the grass at your feet; and the purple vapor on the horizon, like Burgandy of the richest vintage, render the mountains of Pennsylvania beautiful and picturesque beyond description. But when to this loveliness is added the beetling precipices, fir-covered heights, sounding waterfalls, shining torrents, and majestic sweep of the greater ranges, every other sensation is lost in the sublime. I repeat, a dozen times a day, with involuntary rapture, Howitt's exclamation:—"Thank God for mountains." But to behold the mountains aright, you must bid farewell to railroads, eschew canals, and, if possible, avoid even stage-coaches. Take a private conveyance, or go on foot, and choose the rude old turnpikes, for they nearly always cross the hills in the most picturesque directions. The Indians, whose paths were generally followed in laying out these primitive highways, must have had a keen eye for Nature. I never stand on the brow of a mountain, and see how skilfully they brought their route to the finest possible point for a view, but I feel that they also, untutored though they were, must have exclaimed, "Thank God for mountains."

To see the sun rise from the top of a mountain is glorious; but it is scarcely finer than to descend a mountain at twilight. We have to do it now. The town, where we are to sleep, lies in a valley, by the river side, and long before we reach the acclivity that overhangs it, night descends. Before us, we see nothing but a black

Digitized by Google

abyss, a universal sea of darkness, and we check the horses involuntarily, for an instant, as if another step would plunge us headlong into that bottomless gulf. Yet lo! directly in front, high in the clear azure, the evening star; and it seems to beckon us forward. We take courage, and advance, for it beams there peacefully, and full of hope, like the cross shining, Pharos-like, above the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Death, ever insatiable death! As I look from my window to-night, watching the mist whelming the landscape, I think of what death has buried from my sight, even as the fog has swallowed up the valley. I recall the drear November day, when I laid thee in thy grave, my only daughter. Oh! first born of my heart, shall I never behold again that pale, patient little face? Never listen, at night, to thy feet pattering overhead? Never be woke, at morning, by thy kiss? Never see thee come running to the door to be the first to welcome me? Never, in old age, be blessed with thy smiles? Farewell, farewell forever to the sweet caresses of those loving arms; to the dear prattle so full of affection; to the thousand winning ways which endeared thee to all, but most, and how immeasurably, to thy mother and me. Yet, short as was thy life, it sufficed to finish thy work. Thy mission it was to reveal to me the great mystery of death. For thou wast an angel in disguise, sent into our household to bind our hearts to thee, so that, when heaven demanded thee again, we might wish to be there also. To-night, blessed be God, I feel that thou art nearest of the three I best love. From wife and boy hundreds of miles separate me; but thy presence, though unseen, is on me like a spell. Thy death has taught me that the barriers which divide the visible from the invisible world are thin as a vapor, and that the loved and lost are often nearest to us, when they seem furthest removed. Even in that terrible hour, when, amid gusts of driving rain, I heard the clods fall on thy coffin, wisdom was given me to experience this great truth, so that I could echo thy mother's sobbing exclamation, as she looked into the narrow grave and cried, "thank God, she is not there." No, thank God, the tomb holds but thy mortal part; thy immortal essence has gone home. Yes! home, home. Now know I the mystery of death. There is no home but heaven, and the tomb is its portal. Therefore:—"Oh! grave, *where* is thy sting? Oh! death, *where* is thy victory."

In the presence of the mountains, the symbols of Eternity, all mean and narrow thoughts disappear, and the soul speaks its true language, free from the dross of conventionalism. I am a better man, I know, for having been among the mountains. They are a part of the everlasting verity, whom no man can stand face to face with, yet doubt the greater verity, the Creator of all.

Go to the mountains, therefore, if you would feel that you are immortal!

THE BRIDAL.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

BRING flowers to deck that fair young brow,
Bring jewels rich and rare,
And I will weave a radiant wreath
To bind her silken hair;
Bring robes of flowing whiteness,
And a veil o'er all to fling,
For she must at the altar stand,
Her heart the offering!

Haste—hasten hither, maiden,
Why starts that crystal tear?
Young hope and faith are ever strong,
The aged only fear,
Alas! her thoughts still linger
With the dear, the cherished hours,
When parent, kindred, round her strew'd
Her sunlit path with flowers:

And now she kneels—she breathes the vow,
Another form is there,
To clasp her to his heart of hearts,
And share with her each care!
Protect her—soothe her—watch around
In peril and in pain,
And prove that Hymen only weaves
Of brightest flowers his chain.

The bells are ringing merrily,
Yet stay not those bright tears,
They are the guerdon memory claims
For long departed years;
They speak of former happiness,
Of love they fain would tell,
And when the parting hour arrives,
They fondly say—"Farewell

Digitized by Google

"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

BY JANE WEAVER.

"What a superb woman Mrs. Mayhew is," said a young student from the country, to one of his city friends. "Really she has quite an English complexion. How a lady, at her age, can be so blooming, is really wonderful."

His companion smiled, and replied,

"You don't understand city life yet, I see, Harry. The bloom you behold on the cheeks of our ladies is not all natural——"

"What! Not natural! You don't mean to say that they paint."

"I mean to say exactly that; nothing more, nothing less."

"And is Mrs. Mayhew one of the number?"

His companion nodded, laughing, as he did so, at the other's consternation.

"Well, I will say this for her," said Harry, after he had recovered something of his composure, "she paints very well. I confess myself completely deceived. In fact, she beats Nature herself, she is so natural."

"Ladies are not always so skilful," replied his friend, "nor does Mrs. Mayhew herself hit the mark, in painting, on every occasion. In truth, the old adage about meddling with sharp tools holds good of others as well as of little boys. If you'll take another cigar, and listen as you would to a professor, I'll tell you a tale that has the merit of truth at any rate."

"I'm all attention."

"Well, you must know, one of our *ton*, last winter, gave a ball that was the talk of the fashionable circles, for months before and after; and to this ball Mrs. Mayhew was invited of course. There are hundreds like you, Harry, who think the lady in question a second Juno; and, I must confess, that at a distance, and to the uninitiated, she really does look beautiful. Her large eyes still retain their dreamy languor: and her figure is too good to require a milliner to make up deficiences. Slander, however, whispers that her locks are not all her own, that dentistry has had more to do with her teeth than Nature, and that the pearly appearance of her skin is to be attributed to cosmetics and not to a real complexion. Be this as it may, Miss Mayhew, at a ball, or the opera, seems a splendid creature, and manages, though a grandmother, to pass for a fashionable beauty still. Of course, at the ball in question, she was anxious to appear as superb as ever. Her dress was a master-piece, and was exhibited privately at the milliner's, before it was sent home; her diamonds were re-set; and her footman bought up all the richest flowers, at the green-houses, for her especial use.

"The eventful evening, as the story-tellers say, came at last. I was one of those invited, and went early, for I was curious to see the entire show. Mrs. Mayhew, like many other fashionables, has a trick of going late to a party; I suppose because she wishes to have a crowd to see her enter. On this night she came later than usual. Nearly five hundred persons had collected, crowding the rooms almost to suffocation: and the dancing was proceeding with the greatest spirit, when, at last, she appeared. I was not in a situation to observe her at first, being wedged into one corner, with a score of feathered and flowered heads interposing between me and her, but I observed that as she slowly passed up the rooms, in order to pay her respects to the hostess, an audible titter followed where I presumed she had gone. Now and then I caught a glimpse of the plumes in her hair, and once had a momentary vision of one shoulder of her magnificent lace cape. Finally she passed out of sight, and in the tumult of the dance I had forgotten all about her, when suddenly I saw her, right before me, escorted by one gentleman, and talking volubly to another in her most fascinating manner."

"Well," cried Harry, with eager curiosity, for his friend paused here to relight a cigar.

"It required all my politeness," resumed the narrator, with a sly smile at the listener's interest, "to keep from laughing outright at the appearance she presented. Have you ever seen an Indian in his war-paint, especially one of those rare old fellows, who seem to think alternate streaks of red and yellow are the perfection of taste? If you have you can form some conception how your beauty looked. I understood the cause of all at a glance. She had dressed by a dim light—I afterward heard that the gas-pipes were being altered in her house, and that she had performed her toilet by candle-light—and the result was that the painting which, at home, had looked perfect, would not stand a

Digitized by Google

scrutiny under the blaze of gas. Her cheeks, in fact, were in streaks. You can imagine nothing more hideous, Harry. Here a bit of parchment colored skin; there a line of rouge; here a dot of yellow; there a daub of red. The cream of the joke was that she was utterly unconscious of all this, and smiled, and smirked, and puckered up her withered skin, believing herself, like any coquette of sixteen, perfectly irresistable. How the moustached monkey, to whom she was talking, preserved his gravity, I cannot tell: it was a puzzle to me then, and has been ever since; and the only solution I can offer is that, perhaps, his whiskers were dyed or he wore a wig."

Harry was laughing outrageously. But his friend gravely proceeded, though there was a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"Mrs. Mayhew, after that memorable evening, went travelling for the winter; for the laugh was too great against her, even for a woman of fashion to endure. But, this year, she has reappeared again, and is destined, I suppose, to pass for as great a beauty as before, at least to the uninitiated."

He paused, and added,

"So you see, Harry, that in fashionable life, as in jeweler's shops, ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

"I AM SO YOUNG."

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

So young!—oh, Death, withhold thy dart,
Look on my childish brow;
Cruel and cold must be thy heart,
To speed thine arrow now.

So young! so full of hopes and joys—
With soul so fresh and free,
Such a glad listener to the voice
Of Nature's minstrelsy!

So young! so all untouched by care—
Oh, take me not away,
While life appears too sweetly fair
To yield before decay.

It is not that I loathe the thought,
Though sad it be—of death;
For even my infancy was taught,
That He who gave my breath—

Might justly claim the gift again,
Whene'er it was His will;
And I who bowed submissive then,
Would bow submission still.

But ah, so young! I could not dream
I should be called to die,
While the reflection of life's stream
Gave back my morning sky!

I feel there is a wealth of power
Deep hidden in my breast—
A priceless, undeveloped dower,
That fills me with unrest.

And when my soul in trembling hope,
Her fledgling wings would try,
Death sternly bids me fold them up,
And lay me down—and die!

I fondly traced a path of light
In which I hoped to soar
With an unchecked, unwearied flight—
But now, my hopes are o'er.

I proudly thought to leave a name
Writ with a luminous pen
Upon the glorious page of fame—
But ah, the thought was vain!

'Tis very sorrowful to die
While I am still so young—
To lay my minstrel harp-strings by,
And leave so much unsung!

Yes—I must pass away from earth·
Yet wherefore shed a tear?
My spirit owns a Heavenly birth—
Its fire was kindled there.

Unsullied, purified, forgiven,
This quenchless spark within
Will gather at the fount of Heaven
New light with which to shine.

Fame, earthly fame no more shall rise
Before me as my goal;
Ambition lofty as the skies
Shall hallow all my soul.

Too young? oh, not too young to die!
The thought was strangely wrong;
Earth's "little ones" the oftenest try
The angels' glorious song.

If mortal strains have power to start
A joy naught else hath given—
What ecstasy will thrill my heart
Amid the harps of Heaven!

Then will I murmur not, tho' some
Poor lays are left unsung;
But thank my God, he calls me home
While I am very young!

Digitized by Google

THE PIC-NIC.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

"Now, Carry, I must insist that you promise us!"

"I never make any promise stronger than a conditional one, Alice. If nothing occurs——"

"If nothing *occurs!*" cried Alice, laughing—"why do you imagine that three mortal weeks can go over and nothing occur in them? Is the world to stand still for our convenience? But you are always so full of your *ifs* and *buts* and conditions!"

Both the young ladies who thus chatted were beautiful. There was a family likeness between them—more than an ordinary family likeness, for they were the daughters of twin sisters. And both were orphans too—thus early introduced to the chances and changes of this fleeting world. Both were wards of their only uncle—their only relative indeed, for their uncle had no children. He lived for his nieces, and seemed to have transferred to them the affection which he had felt in his early youth for their parents. And to the two children had descended the characters of their mothers. Alice was mirthful and sad by turns, but always disposed to trifle—never to think. She was giddy for no apparent reason—sad she knew not why. Caroline, her elder by a few years, was uniformly cheerful, but sedate and thoughtful. If she had never the light spirits of her volatile cousin, neither did she descend to her gloomy depths. Alice would take your admiration by storm, and force you to admire her as a butterfly, or other beautiful trifle. Caroline won your esteem and respect, and secured your love, by the sure foundation of loveable qualities.

Alice and her young friends had arranged a pic-nic, and secured not only the permission, but the presence and counsel of Uncle William. And it was appointed for three weeks from the date of its conception, in order that they might have the presence of some friends who were at that time expected. Alice endeavored in vain to induce Caroline positively to pledge herself, and was compelled at last to be content with "ifs and buts and conditions." It was more than a habit—it was a point of principle with Caroline Brandt never to make a positive arrangement of her time. She always mentally reserved against contingencies. The loss of father and mother and other dear friends had impressed her youthful mind with a deep feeling of the uncertainty of life, and her strong religious feeling made her habitually regard all that befel as ordered by a kind and good Father, who never willingly afflicts or grieves. To His direction she uniformly referred all that happened; and if she did not continually mention this as her reason for her "ifs and buts," it was because of the reverential feelings which were partly her nature, and in part the result of education.

The beautiful and thoughtless Alice suffered no such considerations to come between her and her purposes. And if duty or propriety compelled her to forego her cherished schemès, we must acknowledge that it was with no very good grace that she relinguished her designs. She was often forced to acknowledge that Caroline's was much the wiser course—but with the perverseness of a spoiled beauty, she did not permit experience, or the example of her more thoughtful cousin to change her conduct.

The time drew round. The preparations were complete. The promised guests arrived, and the morning of the day had come. "Now," said Alice, as she laid her hand upon her cousin's shoulder, and waked her from her sleep, "tell me, has *anything occurred?* Had you pleasant dreams, and no ill omens to bid you beware of this day's amusement? Say, most prophetic cousin——"

But even Alice's giddiness was checked. There was such an expression of pain and doubt and anxiety on Caroline's face, that Alice ceased to speak, and gazed in wonder. Caroline drew her hands across her brow, and said, "thank you, dear, dear Alice, for waking me. I was in *such* distress! But I am not so weak as to be moved by a dream to change my purposes. I am aware of no reason now to deny myself the pleasant excursion you have planned. But we know not what a day may bring forth."

The two cousins made their morning toilet. Caroline—methodical Caroline, was as usual dressed and down before her careless cousin. As she threw open the window, a boy ran up—"I've been waiting since day-light. Nobody has seen me. Here!" He placed a note in her hand. Before she could question him, he was gone. She

Digitized by Google

knew the messenger, and had sad forebodings as to the nature of his message. With palpitating heart she read—and thrust the note in her bosom as Alice entered.

"Why, Carry, dear, are you ill?" Alice anxiously inquired.

"No, cousin—that is yes—but it will soon be over. Don't question me."

"Don't question you! Why, Caroline! what a strange fancy is this? Uncle will never suffer you to conceal a grief, or hide a pain in this way. What is the matter?"

"Alice!" said Caroline, in a low, earnest tone.

The girl thus impressively appealed to, was all attention.

"Do you wish me to go with you to-day?"

"Why, yes, cousin, if you are well enough—but you fright me terribly!"

"I *am* well. And I will go with you upon two conditions. One is that you say nothing of this to my uncle. And the other that you contrive, or at least cover my absence from the party for two or three hours to-day."

"I can promise the first—but why the second? How dare I? What *do* you mean? What is this mystery?"

"You must not ask. And if you will not promise me, I shall remain at home."

"I *will*, I will tell uncle all about it!" said Alice, bursting into tears, and throwing her arms round her cousin's neck. "It is strange—it is dreadful!"

"*What* is strange and dreadful?" asked Caroline, calmly.

"Why you waken in the morning in such a flutter! And then you terrify me so with your ashy paleness! And then you make such strange requests! I declare, Cousin Carry, I don't know what to think of you!"

"Well, Alice," said Caroline, forcing a smile, "I will wait till we have breakfasted, and see then what you decide upon."

Uncle William was in high spirits at breakfast, and rallied his two nieces upon thinking and dreaming so much upon their day's pleasure that they had worn themselves out before it commenced. Words flew to Alice's lips, but the calm look of her cousin checked her, and she blushed crimson and was silent. Caroline performed the entire duties of the breakfast table with composure, at which Alice was lost in wonder. And Uncle William, as he left to make some necessary preparations, puzzled himself little as to what could have overcast the countenances of the cousins. He had lived too long to expect a reason for all the phases of the sex, and asked no questions.

"If you will let me go with you, Caroline, we can slip away together——"

"Not a step, cousin, and what is more, you must not even look after me! Come, don't look so very much bewildered. Give me credit for some discretion. I am going to do nothing either foolish or wicked."

"I know, my wise cousin," said Alice, "that your prudence is a proverbial rebuke to my folly—and as to your doing anything wicked, that, I do believe is impossible. But confess, now, that this is a most strange proceeding!"

"Alice, if you had not surprised me this morning when somewhat disconcerted, I should have accompanied you, and effected my purpose without your aid, or suspicion. And to-morrow you would have seen the same Cousin Carry as ever—yes, indeed, and to-day too, only that you might have wondered a little why I played hide and seek with you."

Caroline at last obtained her cousin's reluctant promise; and not a moment too soon, for Uncle William was ready, and the carriage was at the door before his wards came down. And when they came he only thought they had spent their time to good purposes, for both looked more beautiful than ever. Alice was thoughtful—an unusual thing for her, but he fancied that it was anxiety about the fete, and laughingly assured her that nothing had been omitted or forgotten—and that all would go "merry as a marriage bell." Caroline was self-possessed and calm—her natural demeanor.

A pleasant gipsey party was that assembled in the little dell which had been chosen for the day's amusement. Modern inventions had not, at that day, spoiled the true pleasures of the pic-nic. Nobody presumed to wear any article of dress or ornament out of keeping in the woods. There was no hired band of musicians. There were no specimens of the skill of professed confectioners—no dining, ball-room, or drawing-room luxuries brought to the sylvan scene, to destroy the unities and mar the negligent pleasure of the day by any forced refinements or constraint. It was a pic-nic in earnest—a real pic-nic, a hearty, unsophisticated and innocent frolic. All enjoyed themselves. And nobody at first missed Caroline, who, true to her purpose, disappeared. Even Alice did not know, until Caroline had been some time absent, that her cousin had carried out her intention.

The expected guests were there. With one of them only, Egbert Moore, has our narrative any thing to do. He was the admired of the one sex, and the envy of the other. For many years he had been absent from his native village, returning

Digitized by Google

only, for brief visits, or such occasions as the present, to delight his former playmates with such glimpses of the world as were shadowed and represented in his brilliant wit and courtly manners. He had been especially attracted to Caroline, and much admired her individuality; for she had a character of her own, and was above imitation and superior to the awkwardness of seeming to be continually striving to be "like other people."

"Where is Miss Brandt?" he asked, at length, when all his own searching had failed to discover her retreat. Alice, who had been expecting and fearing that some one would make this inquiry, feigned not to hear it, but the young man had caught a glimpse of her, and followed up his question. "Come, Miss Alice, tell us where your cousin has flown! You look as forlorn as a bird without its mate in her absence; and it is only charity to search her out to relieve your loneliness!"

"Nonsense!" said Alice, laughing, and yet confused. "Cousin Carry knows every root of the underbrush here, and every tree is familiar to her. If all the ladies present will not suffice to make up her absence to you, sit down like a lone knight, and con a woeful ditty! Suppose you engrave her name on the bark of a few trees! I'll answer for her return before you have half cut through the woods!"

There was more than a shade of vexation in this answer, and in the tone of the fair speaker's voice. Egbert was silenced—for he saw that for some reason or other it was not a subject to be pressed.

But where was Caroline? When she left the party she tripped aside from the beaten path, and in a few moments reached a lonely lane which was effectually screened from the scene of the revels, though still within hearing of the voices of the happy party. This she followed until she arrived at a solitary house, where her presence was evidently not unexpected; for at the open door before she reached it, appeared the lad who had seen her in the morning. Immediately following him came a woman, bowed more with the weight of sorrow than of years.

"You have come to a sad house! Miss Brandt," said the cottager.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," said Miss Brandt.

"But when the mourning is the effect of wickedness and folly! That ever daughter of mine could thus afflict me!" And as she said this, the woman dashed away a tear almost spitefully, as if she would nerve herself against weakness, and deny herself the kind relief of tears.

"Sit down," said Caroline. "Sit down and give way to your grief. Sit here while I go to your daughter. When did she come home?"

"Lord have mercy upon me! Lord have mercy upon me! Oh, Miss Caroline, Miss Caroline! It's five years, come Christmas since she left me"—and here the woman with her elbows on her knees, and her face hidden in her hands rocked her head feverishly to and fro, and choked for words. "I heard often from her, for she always was writing. And she still sent me money from time to time, and latterly it came so often that my heart began to misgive me. It's all here—all that came lately, I mean—it's the price of her soul—I never can touch it again—never!"

"Mother!" cried a voice from an inner room. The woman hastened to answer the summons, and in a few moments returned and beckoned to Caroline, who followed her. There, upon the plain but decent bed lay the poor penitent, wan and wasted. She had come home stricken—to die. "This is so kind of you!" she said to Caroline. She did not so much as lift her hand, and as Caroline took it from the pillow, she half shrank, as if not worthy to be touched by the pure. Caroline stooped and kissed her pale forehead. She shrieked with grief, and turning away her head buried her face in the pillow, and sobbed till the bed shook. "Leave me a little while," she said, and Caroline went out again into the air.

It was a calm autumn day. The mellow tints of the landscape—the quiet stillness of the spot, disturbed only by the drowsy hum of the insects, and the noise of a little brook that babbled by—all spake peace and innocence. But oh, what a tempest of guilt was rending that poor heart, and how at war with God's peace were the stormy passions of reluctant repentance and angry hate. But at the hate, who can wonder?

While, during the evening before, the poor woman who had lived in that house maiden and wife, mother and widow all her days, was reading the chapter of Holy Writ with which she always closed her day, she felt a breath on her cheek, and heard a sigh. She turned instantly in her terror—and there stood, like a guilty spectre, the pale girl who had come home to die. We will not attempt to describe that meeting. The sorrow-stricken mother could not—though she tore open her heart afresh in the attempt.

Caroline was soon called back. She asked to know nothing. She saw that the poor child, who had been once her protege had sinned—she knew she suffered. She knelt down at her bedside and poured out words of prayer for the penitent—words which seemed to bring their answer, with their utterance. The sufferer grew calm as Caro-

Digitized by Google

line proceeded; and when she ceased, feebly but heartily responded amen! The missionary of mercy paused a few moments upon her knees in silent communion with the Hearer of Prayer. When she arose she was neither surprised nor offended to find the penitent asleep. Caroline walked quietly from the room, and as she left the house, the mother overwhelmed her with thanks and blessings. She also placed in her hands a small packet, which, she said, her daughter had charged her to give Miss Brandt, if she died without seeing her.

What a world of contrast is this we live in! In a short half hour Caroline was again among her happy young companions. She knew too well what she owed to her friends to let the sad scene she had witnessed—since she could not describe it to them—alter her deportment. And as she was never excitable or volatile, none but Alice could detect that aught save happiness had crossed her path that day. But with her knowledge of the mystery of the morning, Alice did not fail to perceive that something very unusual had taken place with her fair cousin.

The day passed as all such days go over. There was the usual endurance of fatigue—the usual disappointment with many—and on the whole for laborious pleasure Cousin Alice's pic-nic would compare very well with other such occasions. The city guests, and Egbert Moore in especial, gave rise to a world of gossip and remark. All agreed that Egbert was very much attracted by Caroline. And all for once were right, although she was innocent of any intention to challenge his notice.

On the next day, Egbert called, as a matter of form upon the cousins. Alice was all vivacity—Caroline refused herself to him. Closely did Alice press her cousin for the reason of such waywardness. "If it was me, now, Cousin Carry, nobody would wonder; but that you, who are the model of propriety, should play the coquette *is* a wonder!"

Caroline drew her cousin's head to her breast, and Alice nestled there like a child. "Now, Cousin Prudence," said Alice, "you need not go to warning me against that charming young man. It is you who have captivated him, and you need not fear that *I* shall accept your rejected one—even if you do choose to reject him. I certainly will not supplant you!"

"Peace, trifler!" said Caroline, stopping Alice with a kiss. "You talk of you know not what!" And as she said this she rose, and took up her hat and shawl.

"Me too!" cried Alice, jumping up.

"No—cousin!" said Caroline, decidedly.

"I declare you are too bad—and I *will* tell uncle all about your strange movements!"

Caroline passed out without heeding her. She went again alone to the cottage. The wearied spirit of the poor wanderer had winged its flight from earth. Caroline spake a word of comfort to the mother, and returned home sad, but with the consciousness of a duty performed, since she had visited the sick in her affliction, and comforted the mourner. On the next day she took Alice with her to the church-yard, and as the sexton placed the turf upon a nameless grave, Caroline drew near and whispered hope to the mourning mother—who except the lad before mentioned was the only mourner. The clergyman bowed and drew back respectfully—for he knew the quiet and unobtrusive mode in which Caroline ministered to the poor and unhappy.

As they walked home Caroline told Alice all that she so much desired to know. The decent pride of the mother, and the shrinking shame of the dying had pleaded that their sorrow should not be made public. And thus the guilt-stricken who had returned to die among her kindred, "stole from the world."

Spring had come, with its early flowers and budding hopes. Again the country was cheerful. Nothing had happened to disturb the monotony of a country winter to the cousins—save that the poor old woman in whom Alice had become as much interested as Caroline, was placed beside her daughter.

"Now, Cousin Carry, you must go down," said Alice, tripping into her chamber. "Egbert is here—your city friend, you know—and he insists on seeing you. I am as nothing in his eyes."

Caroline hesitated. Alice wondered to see her face grow pale—then calmly stern. She walked to a drawer, and taking thence a parcel, said, "come, Alice." And Alice wonderingly obeyed. As they entered the parlor, Egbert met them, all radiant with smiles—the ready compliment tripping on his tongue. But he was awed into silence by Caroline's manner—he was astonished into awkwardness, when without a word she placed the parcel in his hand. He hastily opened it—reddened—blanched again—and stammered—"Miss Brandt, I hope—I fear some one has traduced me—*I*——" He ventured to look up to see if there was a glance of encouragement in her face. She stood erect in cold, scornful composure, and he hastily took his hat and fled.

"Now I *would* like to know what Gorgon's head you had in that brown paper!" cried Alice, uncertain whether she should laugh, or cry, or scold.

"It was his own miniature.

Digitized by Google

"The villain!" exclaimed Alice, "now I understand it all! But why did you not tell me before?"

"There was no need, dear cousin, and I hoped there never would be. We must keep our own counsel still, for the sake of the poor victims of his wickedness who lie side by side in their unhonored graves."

"Carry!" said Alice, as they retired that night.

"Well, Cousin Alice."

"You know, Carry, you told me we are to have no more of these dreadful secrets, and I am to be very discreet, and you are to trust me with every thing. Now you must tell me what made you so very strange on the morning of the pic-nic, last summer, before you left your bed indeed. I must know all about it."

"Do you see that tree," said Caroline, drawing her cousin to the window. "Of course you do not remember that the night before our party, you were first in bed——"

"Indeed I might," said Alice, blushing, "for, graceless girl that I am, I am often asleep while you are still on your knees, and praying for *me* too, I am sure!"

Caroline smoothed back the loose curls from the fair brow of Alice, and continued, "the night was as bright as this. I stood a few moments in the shadow of that curtain, and thought I saw a female figure under that tree, watching the house. I blew out the light and returned to the window, and was soon satisfied that I had been correct in my supposition; for slowly and wearily the figure moved away. I went to bed and dreamed of the sad, homeless wanderers there are in the world, while God gives us friends and food and shelter."

"Dear Cousin Carry!"

"Can you wonder that I waked disturbed—or that a note from her, begging me to come alone should so move me—or that I should wish to keep my darling Alice as long as possible from the knowledge of the evil that is in the world?"

"What *would* Uncle William say to all this?"

Caroline answered,

"He knew all, long ago, cousin; for he had a right to know. I would not make so light of his kindness as to take any important step without him. It was he indeed who suggested to me that mode of dismissing Mr. Moore from our acquaintance. But good night, Cousin Alice! Don't dream of moonlight figures—for such adventures happen only once in a life-time to any, and to the greater number, never."

WE FORGET HOURS,

BUT REMEMBER MOMENTS

BY H. W. PAYSON.

They come to us—they come to us,
Point after point alone,
These little spots in memory,
Some moments we have known,
As flies the flashing lightning
From the dark unnoticed cloud,
Some moment bursts from years behind,
With magic power endow'd.

They come—they come sad memories,
Dim moments let them stay,
They are partings, they are death scenes,
Do not hasten them away.
Tears, they bring you tears of sorrow,
But they bring you soothing too,
Whispering they are glorious beings,
Whom on earth as frail you knew

They come too black remembrances,
How oft in hours of pride,
Before this idol self the sins
Of other years will glide.
Oh! drive them not too soon away,
Nor let them tarry long,
Pray that their humbling ministries,
May make thy spirit strong.

Like a drop of rich aroma,
From the rose long since decay'd,
Like the light the star illumines,
When the earth is wrapped in shade;
Come some moment memory loveth,
Some delightful music strain,
Round the troubled spirit playing,
Rousing it to hope again.

Moments come—they are but moments,
When the raptured soul inspired,
Rose through earthly clouds and vapors
With celestial ardor fired.
Such with nought can we compare them,
Here alone description fails,
They are apertures whence shineth,
Heavenly light through earthly vales.

Present moments—let us use them
As if memory stored them all,
And so live that no dark folly,
Cunning memory may recall.

Digitized by Google

DOING EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

"CLARA, I wish you would go to the nursery, and see if you can't keep Charley quiet. Your father wont let me leave him a moment, and that noise makes his head much worse."

"Yes, Clara, Clara," called an impatient voice from the sick room. "Go this minute, and do something—amuse it—put it to sleep—frighten it—something—just whenever I want to sleep, that child begins to scream. I verily believe it does it on purpose."

Clara Lathrop hurried to the side of her baby cousin, who was almost black in the face with screaming.

"What in the world is the matter with him?" she said to the nurse.

"Sure it's nothing but the temper. Its meself that's walked the floor with him the whole blessed night, and my feet were swelled enough agin mornin' came, and I darent stop a minute, for fear Mr. Lathrop would hear the child and be the death of me."

"Were you up all last night? Oh, then go and lie down now, for perhaps he'll cry all the time to-night. I'll take care of him this afternoon."

"Many thanks to you, Miss Clara," said the girl, as she left the room.

But Charley would not be amused, nor put to sleep, nor frightened into silence. He was as fretful and peevish as he could possibly be. After more than two hours ineffectual efforts, Clara, exhausted and out of patience, happened to cast her eyes toward the mantle-piece, where stood some vials of medicine.

"I wonder if there's any paregoric there," thought she. "I've a good mind to give him some, though aunt did forbid it so positively yesterday."

She walked to the mantle, and took up the bottle.

"There's none here," she said, despondingly. "What shall I do? I can't keep him still. Charley, Charley, for goodness sake, hush. There's laudanum though. A few drops of that wouldn't hurt him, I know."

Clara stood for some time with the bottle in her hand, and then set it down and walked away. It was not the idea that the thing was wrong that restrained her. Clara Lathrop's warm heart and generous temper were not guided by principle. Deprived of her mother at an early age, and brought up at a boarding-school, she had imbibed very loose notions on the subject of morals. But she knew her aunt would be highly displeased if she gave laudanum or anything of the kind to Charley, and it was rather a daring act even for her. A fresh burst of screams now assailed her ears.

"Oh! father will certainly hear that." Her eye fell again on the vial of laudanum. "I can do nothing else," she murmured.

She poured a few drops into a cup of arrow-root, and held it to his lips. He drank it, and in a little while became more quiet, and at last fell asleep.

"I am sure sleep will do him good," thought she, as she sat by his crib in the darkening twilight.

The next afternoon her services were again called in requisition to quiet Charley, "as she had been so successful yesterday."

"Oh, then, Miss Clara," said Betsey, as she entered the room, "he was as bad as he could be yesterday; but to-day he's worse yet. I'm tired to death with him, but its not a bit tired he is. I'd not lave you alone with him, but Mrs. Stone wants me to go on an errand. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"At the end of an hour, Clara threw herself back in her chair almost in despair. Just then a servant opened the door with an impatient message from Mr. Lathrop, that he could stand it no longer—she *must* keep the child still.

"I'll give him some more laudanum," thought she. "It didn't hurt him yesterday afternoon, and it wont now."

She gave him the laudanum, but he seemed even more irritable.

"It must be that I didn't give him enough," she murmured. "Yet it was as much as I gave him before."

She poured out a few drops more, though her hand trembled and her heart beat rather quickly. In a few minutes Charley fell into a profound slumber, and when Betsey returned she said that Mr. Lathrop was much better, for he had got a good sleep since Charley became quiet.

About twelve o'clock the next day Clara was summoned to the nursery. Charley had never

Digitized by Google

waked since she left him the night before. About nine that morning, Betsey had endeavored without success to wake him, and in an hour or two she tried again; but all her efforts to rouse him from the heavy stupor in which he lay being ineffectual, she sent for his mother. When Clara entered the room, Mrs. Stone had Charley in her lap, and a physician was bending over him with an anxious face.

"Some opiate has been administered to the child, ma'am," said he.

"Betsey, have you given him anything?" said Mrs. Stone, almost distractedly.

"Oh, ma'am, its not meself would do the likes of that. Oh! no one has, ma'am. Sure its Miss Clara was with him all the time I was gone."

"Were you with him all the time, Clara? Didn't you leave him with any one for an instant?" said her father, who had risen from his sick bed and tottered to the room.

"No, sir," replied she, and the state of the poor child, whose hand she held, might well account for her pale cheeks and faltering voice.

"This is the sleep produced by opium in some form or other," said the doctor. "I fear he will never wake again."

"Oh! dear doctor, can't you think of any thing?" exclaimed Mrs. Stone.

He shook his head. "It is out of my power to rouse him."

"Let me try once more," said Betsey, and throwing wide open the window, she commenced tossing the little fellow up and down in the current of fresh air, repeating his name in the most endearing accents, while Clara looked on with a wildly beating heart. She wished to confess all, but dared not. Once, twice she opened her lips to speak, but fear checked the words. Oh, those were moments of agony to her! Hope had gone out in even the mother's heart, but Betsey still kept on, and at last signs of returning animation appeared. The tears poured fast from Clara's eyes. Her heart was almost crushed with a sense of gratitude to God that He had thus spared her, and earnestly did she press her white lips on her little cousin's hand.

"See, ma'am," said Betsey, "he's opening his eyes. He knows me now."

"Yes," said the doctor. "Strangely enough, you have succeeded, my good girl, where all my art failed. This strong draught of cool air, and more than all, the familiar voice, has recalled the vanishing spark of life."

Mrs. Stone clasped her recovered darling to her breast, while Clara, covering her face with her handkerchief, stole away to weep in secret.

The mystery about an opiate having been administered to Charley, was explained by the bottle of laudanum being found standing next to one containing hive syrup; and precisely like it in size and appearance. Mrs. Stone supposed she must have mistaken it for the syrup when she went to give some of the latter to Charley just before leaving him the day before. Clara's secret was buried in her own breast. What good would it do to tell it? she asked herself. This was her usual test. She would have been a noble girl had she been guided by any fixed principles either of habit, education, or conscience. But perhaps there never was a being more utterly afloat. Her feelings were warm and kind. She was constantly trying in every way to make people happy. But she had no stopping-place—with her the end sanctified the means.

She was an only child, and her two cousins, Richard and Charley, were to her as brothers. And how much more deeply did she love little Charley after his escape from the suffering and danger she had caused him. She felt that she could not do too much for him. For Richard, a wild, head-strong boy of fifteen, she always had enough to do. She shielded him from his uncle's and mother's just displeasure in many ways. She hid his faults, and explained away what could not be hid, and often bore the blame which should have been his. She would sit up at night to let him in, make excuses for his absence from the breakfast-table, lend him money, translate his Latin lessons—all to prevent her father angering him by severe reproof. Richard's temper was so easily roused, and so peculiar, that she knew anything of that kind would only make matters worse. Very often, to conceal or excuse his short-comings, she had to venture assertions not exactly "founded on fact," but there was nothing either in her education or habits of mind to cause her to shrink from that. One evening her usual evasions would not satisfy her father.

"Where is Richard?" he asked.

"I believe he is round at James Bronson's."

"In the streets, much more likely. I'll have no more of this."

Eleven o'clock came.

"Hasn't Richard come in yet?' said Mr. Lathrop.

"I—I think—it seems to me I heard him go up stairs a little while ago."

"What do you say, Clara? Why don't you turn around and speak plainly? Is Richard in or not?"

"I think very likely he is studying his lessons, sir—he had a very long Latin one to-night."

"Isn't that a Latin book I've seen you busy with this evening?"

Digitized by Google

Clara hastily shuffled away the copy of Ceasar's Commentaries from which she had been translating, and taking up an Italian author, replied, "Latin? yes! at least I suppose they call Italian modern Latin"—at the same time reading the name of the book.

"I hope you never give Richard any improper help in his studies, Clara. I'll go up to his room and make sure whether he is in or not."

"Oh, no, father, I'll go—it's too far for you."

"I'm going up to bed, and it is only one pair of stairs further."

Clara followed. At the foot of the second flight he paused a moment.

"Let me run up, father," said Clara.

"Well! go then. If he's not there I'll sit up for him myself."

Clara ran up to her cousin's room. What should she do? If she let her father know of his absence, he would give him a severe scolding when he returned. That would make Richard angry, and he would give his uncle some disrespectful answer, which might provoke that gentleman to fulfil his oft-expressed threat of sending him to boarding-school. Richard away from home, alone amid scenes of temptation—under harsh guardians? Her resolution was taken, and she ran down to her father.

"If you could see Dick, father, you wouldn't need to ask a question. He looks the picture of comfort. I didn't disturb him to ask if he was in."

How fearfully loud to Clara sounded Richard's low rap that night! How the stairs creaked as she crept down—they never creaked before—and the bolt of the front-door seemed to have grown suddenly rusty.

"Softly, Dick, softly," she whispered, as she admitted him.

Richard took off his boots and stole up stairs. As they passed Mr. Lathrop's room, they heard a sudden movement inside. Clara just had time to draw her cousin within the open door of her own room, when her father, in flannel gown and night-cap, with candle in hand, opened his door.

"Who's there?" he called.

"I, sir," said Clara. "I heard a voice down stairs, and went to see what it was."

"I heard some noise too," said the worthy gentleman, coming forward, and glancing all around Clara's room. Richard had ensconced himself behind the bed. Mr. Lathrop turned back to his own room, the door of which he left open.

"Dick," whispered Clara, "can't you get up stairs now? I think father is going up to your room."

The boy stole out into the hall. Clara threw down a large rocking-chair, and under cover of the noise he gained his own chamber.

"What under the sun are you about, Clara," exclaimed Mr. Lathrop.

"This chair fell over, sir."

"You make noise enough to wake the whole house," replied her father, at the same time rapidly mounting the stairs to the third story. Richard just saved himself by jumping into bed with all his clothes on, as his uncle opened the door. Mr. Lathrop walked to the bed, and saw him apparently buried in sleep. "All's right," he muttered. "I don't know what it was that made me suspect what Clara said."

Clara breathed again when she heard Richard's door closed.

"Miss Clara," said the chambermaid to her, a few mornings after, "the dress-maker has sent again for her pay."

Clara was puzzled what to do. She could not go to her father, for he had already given her money for the payment of that and other bills, and she had lent it to Richard. She was ashamed to ask her aunt—she had borrowed from her so often.

"I haven't got the money, Mary," she said. "Can't she wait two or three days."

"Not a day longer, she says, Miss Clara. This is the third time she has called."

Clara, vexed and mortified, was reduced to the necessity of borrowing the eight dollars from Mary and the cook.

Thus matters went on. Clara's efforts, though made at great self-sacrifice, at last became ineffectual to hide all Richard's misdeeds, and he was sent to boarding-school.

One night, about three months after his departure, she was sitting up in her own room to write some letters, when she was startled by a pebble thrown against the window. She listened a moment, and another struck the glass. Half fearfully she rose, and going to the window perceived a dark figure on the gravel walk below, who made signs for her to lift the sash.

"Cousin Clara," whispered a well known voice as she did so, "come down to the back door. I must speak to you."

Clara made the best of her way down stairs. When she opened the door Richard seized her arm, and drew her out into the portico and down the steps.

"Oh, Richard, Richard, how came you here?" said she.

"Hush, don't make any noise! I've run away from school. They provoked me till I could bear it no longer. I suppose they'll write to Uncle

Digitized by Google

Lathrop directly, and if I came home he'd force me back again, and I'll die before I set my foot there, so I am going off to New York."

"To New York, you foolish boy! What would you do there?"

"I'd get a living, some way, I could go in a store. And I want your help, Clara."

"My help! Do you think I'm going to help you to your own ruin?"

"It is not my own ruin. Clara, listen to me. I know that in past time I have often behaved very wrong, and I am sorry for it, but go back to that odious place I will not. If I can get to New York, and procure employment, I have made a solemn resolution to behave differently. My friends shall not be ashamed of me."

Richard spoke sadly, but firmly, and Clara could discern a different expression on his countenance from any it had ever worn before.

"Well, Richard, do be a little reasonable," said she. "Tell my father calmly and plainly what you want, and I am sure he will consent."

"Don't talk to me about that, Clara. I know very well what he would do. My uncle and I are two persons that had better never come in collision. I have a will as unbending as his own, and he has a temper as passionate as mine."

"But, Richard, Richard——"

"I will not be moved from my purpose, Clara, whether you help me or not. Hear me—I do solemnly swear, that come what will, I will not re-enter this house."

"Hush, oh! hush," exclaimed Clara, but the oath had been taken.

She burst into tears.

"Don't cry, Clara. Trust me, I shall get along in New York. But, Clara, I want some money to get there."

"I have only a few shillings."

"Is that all? I must have some money. Not only to take me there, but to support me till I get something to do."

"I know no way but to ask your mother for it."

"My mother! Are you crazy? She would go straight to Uncle Lathrop. I never in my life could get her to believe that he did not know how to manage me."

"What else can we do, Richard?"

"I don't know," said the boy.

"I wish from my heart I had some," said Clara.

There was a long silence. At last Richard looked up. "Well, good-bye, Clara. I must have money. Where I'll get it I don't know."

There was a desperation in the tone of Richard's voice that struck a new fear to Clara's heart. What might not he be tempted to do to obtain money?

"Stay, Richard," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "I'll get some money for you."

"Where?"

"From my father's desk. He'll never miss it. I know where the key is."

Richard hesitated a long time. "Well, go, Clara," he said, at last. "The first money I get, I'll repay it."

Clara Lathrop's hands were quivering and cold, and her lips white as ashes, as she re-entered the house, and obtaining a light, stole with noiseless tread to her father's little study. She found the key and unlocked the desk—the bolt springing back with a noise that made her start and look over her shoulder with a sense of guilt and meanness new to her. Hastily drawing some money from a pocket-book, she turned the key again and put it back in its place. The throbbing in her throat almost choked her as she crept back to her cousin.

"My own Clara! thank you, thank you," said he. "No one else would have done so much for me."

"Richard," said Clara, in a husky voice, "promise me that you will use this money rightly—that you will spend it only on proper objects."

"I do promise you most solemnly, Clara."

"May you keep that promise. Go now—we may be discovered. I thought I heard a noise inside of the house."

Imprinting a kiss upon Clara's cold, pale cheek, Richard hastened away. Clara started with the speed of lightning, and paused not a moment till she gained her own room. Panting for breath, she gazed round. What had she done since she left it? Poor girl! no mother's lesson then echoed in her ear, and the still small voice within was almost silenced by the one idea which ruled her actions—if the purpose were good, no matter what the means. Still, an almost instinctive sense of wrong and a nervous apprehension glittered in her eye. How much wilder would have been those black eyes had she known that there had been a spectator of her hurried visit to her father's desk. She had been engaged to be married for nearly a year, and her lover, George Ives, the son of an old friend of her father's, was then paying them a visit. His attention attracted by a soft tread passing his door in the stillness of night, he had risen, and seen Clara go into her father's study, and then bewildered and almost horrified, had beheld the whole through the half open door. The light she held fell directly upon her pallid features, and revealed her trembling movements.

Digitized by Google

He heard her hard breathing as she passed the recess where he stood, and watched her till she went out of the back door. Should he follow her? While he deliberated she sprang through the doorway again, and flew up to her own room with the swiftness of a bird.

It is said that women have far more command of countenance than men. If so, Clara Lathrop had need the next morning of all her sex's power in that respect. Mr. Lathrop came down to breakfast looking very red and irritated.

"I have lost some money out of my desk," said he, "thirty dollars in gold. Either some one broke in last night, or we have some dishonest person about the house."

"Are you sure you had it in your desk," said Mrs. Stone.

"Sure? yes, certainly! I put it there only yesterday. Clara, you generally wake easily. Do you know anything about this?"

"No," said Clara, in a firm voice. As she spoke, she happened to glance toward George Ives who sat opposite, and met a look which sent the blood rushing to her brain. What could it mean—that stern, contemptuous gaze? While she sat, almost holding her breath in the effort to keep her countenance, her father, at the suggestion of his sister, had turned his vest pocket, and found a hole in it.

"It is possible," said, he, "that it slipped through this."

"Perhaps about the house," said Mrs. Stone. "We had better look."

Clara jumped up, and began to act her part in searching. She moved about the breakfast room, looking under couches, and pushing aside tables, while George Ives quietly watched her. The strongest trait in his character was a most uncompromising love of truth. Naturally rather severe and very straightforward, he hated all equivocations and trickery of every kind; and with the truest reverence for the female character, felt that nothing could be more disgusting and repelling than a lie in the mouth of a young girl. And now his own ears had borne shuddering witness to an unblushing falsehood from the lips of his affianced bride.

"Do you think I can have dropped it any place, Clara," said her father.

"I don't know, sir," said Clara.

As she spoke she looked up, and caught George Ives' piercing glance. Here was another direct departure from the truth. Others followed, in answer to her father's questions, till she was glad to leave the room to carry on her pretended search in another part of the house. With fevered heart and hand she went on, till even her father was satisfied, and said he must have dropped the money in the street, abandoning his idea that it had been stolen. Then she locked herself into her own room, and covering her guilty face, threw herself down on the floor. She could not doubt that George Ives knew all—his glances were yet flashing in her brain. But how had he learned it? and what was left for her to do now? Then came to her mind, with quickness startling to herself, many different explanations of what she had said, but she could fix upon none, for she was uncertain how much her lover had seen or heard. Sorrow and shame for discovery, and dread of the consequences filled her eyes with bitter tears, while she tried in vain to think. An hour passed. A servant knocked at the door with a message that Mr. Ives wished to see her a few minutes. Her moment of trial had come.

"Clara," said George, as she entered the parlor, "perhaps what I intend saying takes away from me all right to ask an explanation of what I overheard and saw, but in justice to yourself, I will request it. You know very well to what I allude."

Clara would fain have had more to guide her in her answer, but it came not. She began to stammer forth broken sentences, she hardly knew what. George Ives listened with a curling lip, till at last he broke in impetuously,

"No more, Clara, no more! Degrade yourself no further. I see it is vain to expect frankness from you. I would have asked you the motive of the midnight thievery—call it by its true name—and the morning falsehoods—but no matter. It was doubtless mean as the things themselves. We must part now and forever. I forgive you the unhappiness you have caused me."

"Oh, George, George, listen to me one moment," exclaimed Clara.

"Listen to you! What for? To hear you exhaust yourself in vain endeavors to blind my eyes."

"Oh, if you knew all," she murmured.

"Why don't you tell me all then?"

"I will, on one condition—that you will not tell my father."

"I will make no conditions."

"Then I cannot tell you."

"As you please. Let us part at once then."

"Oh, no, no. Wait, and—and I will tell you," and Clara poured forth her whole story.

"And was there no restraining voice in your soul, Clara, whispering that however many sacrifices you might make for Dick, this was not within the pale?"

"I could not—I could not see him leave me so," she said.

Digitized by Google

George Ives paced the room for some time, and then approached the weeping girl.

"Clara, my poor, misguided Clara, farewell."

"Oh, George, you will not say that cruel word!"

"I pity you from my soul, but we never could be happy together. I never could take for my wife one so destitute of principle."

"George, I am willing to swear to you that I will never again do anything of the kind."

"I believe you, and believe you would be able to keep your promise, too; and I remember the fact that what you took was your father's, and the principle that would keep your hand from any other's property, might fail you there; but, Clara, there is wanting an inherent respect for truth, without which confidence would be impossible for me."

"George, do not judge me by one instance. When I had committed a fault, I had to conceal it."

"Clara, I cannot deceive myself. No one not long and well practised in dissimulation, could have spoken and acted falsehoods, as composedly as you did this morning. I never could live happily with you. The memory of this would continually come up between us, like a dark cloud, and be the seed of many evils. You may think me unnecessarily harsh, but I cannot help it. I shall always be your friend, Clara—oh, more than friend. I now warn you to stop short in the career you have begun. As for your secret, I will not betray it."

They parted. Clara with her bleeding and desolate soul, had no earthly refuge where she could claim sympathy, and heaven was dark above her. With a heart kind enough, tender enough, full enough of love for others, to awaken the strongest affection and admiration, she yet was utterly lonely and miserable. If the slightest ray of hope had illumined the darkness, it might have brought with it some of the spirit of life, but there was none.

She kept her room all that day, but toward evening forced herself to go down into the parlor. On taking up the paper, the first thing she saw was a notice of her father's advertising the lost gold. Sick at heart, she was laying down the sheet, when her father said, "Clara, see if my advertisement is there, and read it."

How could she *read that?* At last, summoning all her strength, she read the lines in a voice in which a keen observer might have detected the cadence of misery. She had more to bear that evening. George Ives had gone, and she had calmly to explain the dissolution of their engagement. Her father, cross and disappointed, asked many questions, and Clara, her heart shrinking and quivering, had to answer all steadily. About nine o'clock, Mr. Lathrop came in from the post-office with a letter from Richard's school master, announcing his disappearance. Clara had to act her part of surprise and sorrow.

In a few days Mrs. Stone received a letter from Richard, telling her to set her heart at rest about him, he was well and doing well. And as time went on, Clara had the satisfaction to see that what she had endured had not been in vain. But with what mingled feelings did she receive Dick's letters, always filled with expressions of attachment and gratitude? He never knew what her affection for him had cost her.

Two years more, and Clara needed another lesson to check her in her dangerous course, and this time it was a fearful one. Her uncle, Captain Stone, the father of Richard and Charley, came back from a voyage. He was an officer in the navy, a good and noble man, and his health being much enfeebled, had come home to recruit, he said, but it was evident to all that he never more would see "the wild wave's crested foam." Clara had been his pet when a child, and always loved him dearly, and she now cheered his decline by many tender attentions. Soon he became unable to leave his room, and she was his constant companion, and after a time his nurse, for Mrs. Stone was taken ill of a violent fever. One day he expressed a wish to have Richard sent for, and one week from that time he died in his arms—his last breath entreating the assembled family to meet him in heaven. Poor Mrs. Stone was delirious at the time, and knew nothing of her husband's death; but the day before the funeral, she recovered her senses, and when Clara entered the room in the morning, the first question was, "how is your uncle?"

Clara hesitated. George Ives' oft-recollected warning rung in her ears. But the truth might throw her aunt back into delirium.

"He is better, dear aunt, quite comfortable," she replied.

"I wish I was able to see him," said Mrs. Stone.

"Oh, no, no, aunt—do not think of it to-day."

"Your manner seems strange, Clara. Are you telling me the truth? I feel strong enough to bear it, even it should be the worst."

"Indeed I am. You need not alarm yourself about my uncle."

"Well, I shall see him to-morrow," said Mrs. Stone, with a smile.

A woman's shriek, wrung from the very depths of despair, is a fearful sound. The ear on which

Digitized by Google

it ever has fallen will never lose the memory of it. Such was the shriek that broke the stillness of Mr. Lathrop's house that night. It rung from the chamber of death, and all rushed thither.

The watchers stood in mute dismay, while extended upon the shrouded corpse was the form of Mrs. Stone. They tried to loose the frantic grasp, and raise her from the cold bosom, but it was only separating those now united in death. Clara Lathrop, with a face pale with horror, saw her father and friends try every method to rekindle the lamp of life. The physician came, and placing his hand upon the brow so quickly clothed with an expression of perfect peace, shook his head. And Clara sunk down beside the dead husband and wife, and wished that she might share their pulseless slumber. Ay! she prayed to die. "Surely my Maker will take me from the world," she groaned, "for I am not fit to live. This is my work."

"*Your* work! What do you mean Clara?" said her father.

"I concealed my poor uncle's death from my aunt this morning, and made her believe he was better. I was afraid the shock would be too great. And, now, look there! My punishment is greater than I can bear."

Without a word, Mr. Lathrop raised the fainting girl in his arms, and carrying her to her bed, left her not for many hours, for reason deserted her throne.

It was never known how Mrs. Stone came to seek her husband's chamber, but her friends supposed, that being awake in the still night-watches, she had been wishing to see him, and had risen to steal a look at him. Those who watched with the corpse had been startled by a slight rustling, and looking round saw a tall form clothed in white standing in the centre of the room, and then heard that one piercing scream, in which life had fled.

"God giveth his beloved sleep," said those who stood beside the single grave in which the dead were placed; and then they returned to the bedside of the living, to see what it was that He had given unto her who had put His commandments far from her.

Did Clara Lathrop die of a broken heart? No, people don't die of broken hearts now-a-days, notwithstanding all Washington Irving says to the contrary.

"The heart may break, yet breakingly live on."

She rose from her sick bed to look upon little Charley's orphan face by day, and to see by night that death-chamber, with its two cold corpses, rise before her. But the eye that watches over us is one of love, and she was led ere long to the only Hand that can heal the wounds that quiver and burn within the festering spirit. Trustfully, but sadly, she lifted her eyes to the radiance which she knew streamed from the land whence "sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Earth's waters, thrown into such wild turmoil by her own hand, became "still," and earth's pastures "green." "A bruised reed will He not break, and the smoking flax will He not quench."

LINES,

ON THE PAINTING OF THE BRIDESMAID.

BY FRANK LEE.

A TALE of woman's wretchedness,
  A tale of woman's woe,
Of bitter sorrow, grief and ill
  That ev'ry heart must know.

I will not think upon thy fate,
  It is too like mine own;
It brings my early years again,
  Whose hopes, like birds, have flown.

Why is it thus? Why should we throw
  Our only gift away,
And waste the brightness of a life
  Upon a Summer day?

Sunlight and roses weave a chain
  With light links o'er the heart:
But one by one those roses fade,
  And dimm'd those bright links start.

Those wither'ed leaves lie on the heart,
  That chain is round it cast,
And hours of glee or ill they bring
  A shadow from the past.

As flings a darkness o'er the soul,
  As dims the eye with tears
And mournfully we listen to
  The tones of other years.

Digitized by Google

THE HONITON COLLAR.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

Two young ladies were making purchases at the principal store of a considerable inland town.

"You should buy this, Miss Empson," said the dealer in dry-goods, holding up a beautiful collar, delicate almost as gossamer work. "Its a real Honiton."

The young lady, however, shook her head. But her companion, looking at it longingly, asked, after a moment, what the price was.

"Seven dollars, miss," was the answer. "It ought to be more, but the collar is too costly for my customers generally, and I am willing to sell it for cost."

"It is very beautiful," said Miss Darlington, hesitatingly; and, she took it into her hands, the better to examine it.

"Just try the effect of it over your dress," put in the store-keeper. "There's nothing so elegant as a Honiton. No French worked collar can compare with it. And its the only one in town, I assure you."

Miss Darlington tried the effect of it, as he desired, and was even more pleased than before. The assertion that there was no other in town also had its influence, for what young lady is there who does not like to be exclusive in the possession of an article? But there was a reason, which she scarcely acknowledged to herself, yet which disposed her, more than all else, to purchase the collar: and this was that, in a few days, there was to be a large party, where all the belles of the town would be assembled, and where Horace Mordaunt, the handsomest and richest young bachelor of the place, who had just returned from a tour in Europe, would make his first appearance in society.

She turned to Miss Empson, however, and asked her opinion.

"What do you think, Clara?" she said, the Honiton lying over her hand. "Wouldn't you buy it?"

"It is very pretty," said her companion. "But I can't afford anything so costly."

Miss Darlington colored, but her desire to possess the collar increased with opposition, instead of getting weaker.

"It's true," she replied, "seven dollars is a good deal to pay for a collar, but I can save it, you know, off the rest of my dress. I will not buy so expensive a frock as I had intended."

"But would it be in keeping?"

"Oh! to be sure. You know that its particularly genteel to have elegant collars, gloves and shoes: it's the way, I'm told, that a real lady is always discovered at a glance in the city."

This conversation had been carried on, in whispers, and a little apart. The store-keeper, suspecting that Miss Empson was not recommending the purchase, now interrupted the fair speakers.

"If you only knew how cheap that collar was, Miss Darlington," he said, "I know you wouldn't hesitate. I bought it, to clear out a lot, it being the last, and so got it at what it cost to import. I offer it now at what I paid for it; not a cent more, I repeat, do I ask."

This argument was conclusive. Next to having the monoply of an article of ornament or dress, a lady likes best to get what our sex calls "a great bargain:" and so Miss Darlington paid the seven dollars, and became the possessor of a real Honiton.

The party came off duly, and the Honiton collar was there of course, where it made no little stir. Some, who had never seen such a thing, vowed enviously that it was a coarse-looking affair. Others, who knew how highly fashion rated this particular article, quite coveted it. Miss Darlington endeavored not to look conscious, though, all the time, she secretly believed that she was the "observed of all observers." She was especially confident that Horace Mordaunt was looking at her.

Her friend Clara was there also. Dressed in pure white, with a few natural flowers in her hair, she looked like a poet's ideal of virgin simplicity and loveliness. No greater contrast, indeed, could be presented than between her and Miss Darlington. The incongruity of the latter's attire was as striking as the good taste that reigned in every part of Clara's. The Honiton collar, in short, as compared with the rest of Miss Darlington's costume, was like a capitol of Italian marble placed on the summit of a brick pedestal. As Clara had hinted, it was "out of keeping."

There was another person, besides Clara, who appeared to think so. Horace Mordaunt had, indeed, looked fixedly at Miss Darlington on her entrance, but it was with a scarcely concealed

Digitized by Google

smile at the bad taste of the Honiton collar. He had been expecting her appearance, with some curiosity, for he remembered her as one of the most beautiful girls of the place, and he had been wondering whether she would be improved or not. In truth he had thought oftener of her, during his absence, than he would have been willing to acknowledge. More than once, when he had seen a beautiful face abroad, he had involuntarily compared it with that of Miss Darlington; and rarely had he thought hers less lovely than it.

Perhaps, if he had recollected no other countenance, he would have returned actually in love. But there was another, who divided his thoughts, as she divided the palm of beauty with Miss Darlington. Our readers have already suspected that we speak of Clara.

Miss Empson made her appearance later than her friend. One of the first to recognize her was Horace Mordaunt, who started instinctively at this vision of perfect loveliness. The face and form, which he had carried so long in his memory, were there, more beautiful, if possible, than of old. But, perhaps, he was more attracted by the exquisite taste of her dress than even by the improvement in her personal appearance, for his travels had made him fastidious in this respect. He sought accordingly a renewal of his former acquaintance with Clara, and, when Miss Darlington looked around for him, wondering why he had not approached her before, she saw, with a pang of envy, that he was talking to Clara, apparently deeply interested.

Later in the evening, however, Miss Darlington succeeded in attracting him to her own side, for a while, by challenging his attention, asking him, laughingly, if he had forgotten his old friends. But he did not remain long with her. The instant that Clara became disengaged from a temporary partner, he flew to her again, and in so marked a manner as to attract general notice.

The acquaintance, thus renewed, progressed with astonishing rapidity. Horace Mordaunt soon neglected all other society for that of Clara. Her amiability and good sense, indeed, soon changed the admiration, which her loveliness had created, into fervent love. The more Horace Mordaunt saw of her, the more he felt her superiority to all other women, whom he had ever met. Nor was he one whose personal qualities would have allowed him to sue in vain. Even had he not been so wealthy, Clara would have loved him all the same; for he united a highly cultivated intellect to a heart as tender almost as a woman's, and to a person of great manly beauty: in a word, in looks, manners, and conversation he was the *beau ideal* of a hero.

For once the "course of true love" *did* "run smooth." Horace Mordaunt proposed, was accepted, and, in due time, became the husband of Clara, nor was there a single person but thought it a suitable match, unless perhaps Miss Darlington.

"Do you know," said Horace, one day, laughingly, to his new wife, "that you nearly missed being Mrs. Mordaunt? You mustn't be jealous, but when I returned, I could not make up my mind which I liked best, you or Miss Darlington. But a Honiton collar turned the balance." And laughing even more gaily, as he saw his beautiful bride's astonishing look, he continued, "I met you both, you recollect, at Mrs. Pride's party. Well, you were dressed, as you always are, in perfect taste, and by that I mean the whole attire in harmony: but Miss Darlington, with rather a common frock, had an expensive Honiton collar. I said to myself there is a type of their difference in minds, one all for show, the other modest and sensible. And so, on a nearer intimacy, I found you both. Believe me, dearest, it is by little things that character is to be judged; and your old school-mate betrayed hers most egregiously by her HONITON COLLAR."

OUR FATHER.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

Our Father, when at early morn
The darkness fleeth from the light,
Accept our grateful songs of praise
For guardianship throughout the night;
Our sins and follies now forgive,
And this day teach us how to live.

Our Father, at the noonday hour,
Still let our pray'rs to Thee ascend,
That as the hours pass swiftly on,
Thy spirit may our steps attend
Thou who art present everywhere,
Make us as holy angels are.

Our Father, at the twilight hour,
Ere stars like lov'd one's eyes appear,
As deep'ning shadows gather round,
The "still small voice," oh! may we hear;
Child-like in faith, and hope, may we
In light, or gloom still look to Thee.

Digitized by Google

LILLIAN ELSINGER;

OR, THE POOR RELATIONS.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

CHAPTER I.

"GRACIOUS me! what assurance!" exclaimed Miss Albina Elsinger, looking up with an air of surprise and scorn, from a letter which she had been reading.

"What is it, Albina?" asked her mother, with evident interest. "Not a proposal, I hope, from that silly coxcomb, who last evening——"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the young lady, with a curl of her pretty lip; "nothing of the kind. It is from people claiming our name and begging assistance, mere impostors, of course—though the writer says that my father's uncle, Gerald Elsinger, was her maternal grandfather; that her mother married her cousin, Arthur Elsinger, and, but surely, mamma, this *cannot* be true!" continued the speaker, in a tone of alarm, as she observed the astonishment of her mother caused by this unlooked-for revelation, "these beggarly people cannot belong to us."

"Perhaps they may: but what more?"

"Oh, she says her father was a sea captain, and was shipwrecked during a return voyage nearly two years ago; and the brig, together with a large amount of money he had on board being lost, her widowed mother, herself, and a little brother, named Gerald, are in circumstances far from comfortable, being entirely dependant on their own exertions. And her motive in writing to me is that she thinks from my *own* feelings I may imagine her anxiety to aid as much as possible her bereaved parent; and will, therefore, use my influence with you to obtain the grant of the request, which is the purport of the letter."

"Indeed—and what is that?"

"Oh! a very reasonable one in her estimation, I dare say. Merely that you will engage her as governess for the younger children: or should you wish them educated from home, that you will promise them as pupils in the boarding-school, which, in that case, she will undertake. And also, that you will kindly interest yourself to obtain the patronage of some of your numerous friends for the proposed establishment. Her teachers, she adds, will satisfy you as to her qualifications."

"And what care I for her qualifications?" exclaimed the elder lady, reddening with anger. "A pretty proposal, truly—for me to take into my house one who would arrogate respect and attention on the score of kindred; or send away my children to furnish a theme of conversation for our acquaintances. A *governess—a school ma'am*—honorable relationships, indeed, to trumpet forth to the world! Uncle Gerald's daughter may thank herself for her uncomfortable circumstances; she was warned before her imprudent marriage, but to no purpose. A girl like her, who might have chosen amongst the noblest of the land, to fall in love with her father's ward, a poor, orphan boy; and, moreover, one of those miserable, improvident fellows that never will accumulate wealth, be their opportunities what they may."

"But what did her father think of her choice?"

"Oh, he doated on the young fellow—he was the only child of his favorite brother, and had been his ward from childhood; so he could not be persuaded that his daughter's foolish fancy was anything but what it should be. She was then only fifteen, and he had always resolved that she should not marry until her eighteenth year. In the meantime he appointed his nephew captain of one of his ships, and when the appointed time arrived, finding them still as much attached as ever, he gave them a handsome wedding, and established them in a small, but rather elegant dwelling; and the bride was as well satisfied as if it had been a palace. She had no higher ambition, poor thing! and in this, at least, she suited her husband, who thought wealth was of little value except to assist the poor. *His own poor* now will hardly find people of the same mind, I fancy."

Albina listened attentively to these details, altogether new to her; for although the memory of the wealthy and widely-known "Uncle Gerald" was treasured in her father's house, and she had been taught to pride herself not a little on the relationship, she had never till now heard of the daughter who had gradually sunk into obscurity; her imprudent marriage rendering her of course below par in the eyes of most of her former associates. Albina, therefore, was considerably surprised to learn that such a person really existed.

"I wonder," she at length said, "that Uncle

Digitized by Google

Gerald did not leave them sufficient to place them above want the residue of their lives."

"You forget that upon his death, which happened shortly after his daughter's marriage, his second wife who had the possession of his money and massive plate, sacrificed his vast estate, and very soon disappeared with her son, at that time a mere child; and has never since been heard of. There could be found no will, and it was given out that his sudden demise prevented his making one; but I shall always believe that *that woman* destroyed it, to further her designs."

And here Mrs. Elsinger paused, overcome by angry feelings, for, notwithstanding her own and husband's hoarded wealth, she still sighed for a portion of his deceased uncle's, or, at least, the "massive plate." Albina was about to speak when her father entered the apartment; and to the august tribunal of his unbiased judgment the matter was quickly referred. After many remarks upon the letter and its author, all proving only the superlative selfishness of each member of the worthy trio, Mr. Elsinger decided that the best plan was for his daughter to write an immediate reply which he would dictate. To this the young lady poutingly objected; "papa or mamma might write if they saw proper, she had no intention of troubling herself to send any answer to those impertinent persons." But when papa insisted that she was the most suitable one to reply; reminding her, moreover, that in the event of their receiving none they might write again, or horrors of horrors presume to appear before their rich relatives. Albina' frowning brow was at once cleared, and she took her pen and quickly wrote to the dictation of her purse-proud father:

"MISS ELSINGER—In reply to your letter which has just been received, my mother desires me to state that she has no disposition to comply with either of the proposals it contains,

ALBINA ELSINGER."

"That will do—that will answer every purpose exactly—one should never condescend to indite an elaborate reply to individuals of this kind!" and the portly speaker surveyed with much complacency the note which was now placed in his hand to be safely deposited in the post office—his lady shrewdly suggesting that if it were given to one of the servants, he might remark upon the direction amongst his fellows. Miss Albina, perceiving that it was time to dress for the reception of some morning visitors whom she anxiously expected, retired for that purpose; while her father lingered a few moments to hear from his wife an account of two strange gentlemen who had been particularly attentive to Albina on the previous evening. Possessing a tolerable share of beauty and wit, and being, moreover, the favorite child of a very wealthy man, Miss Elsinger had of course many aspirants for the honor of her hand; and the respective claims of each competitor were now, as was frequently their custom, discussed with due earnestness by the gratified parents of the prize. Strange that amid their mutual gratulations on a subject so interesting to both, no thought of the widowed mother, of the destitute daughter, who had appealed to them for such a trifling favor, intruded: that no whisper of remorse for the heartless and insulting manner in which that favor was refused, disturbed the composure of their self-complacent minds. Strange still that in the young heart of seventeen no gentle chord responded, with womanly sympathy, to the earnest appeal of one of kindred age and blood; that, as the gay and petted child of fortune sat in her luxurious dressing-room, while the nimble fingers of her maid tastefully arranged the heavy folds of her beautiful hair, her thoughts never reverted from the gay anticipations of the coming season, to the cheerless life of toil and penury spread out before the young girl who had ventured to pen a brief outline of her difficulties and anxieties; perhaps secretly longing for a few kind sentences of sympathy and encouragement, even should her request for assistance in her proposed task be denied. Ah, money! money! How often dost thou, much coveted and fearfully abused gift! seem to chase away from thy gorgeous dwelling-places every other treasure. And yet how many of the lowly and despised children of poverty might bestow a pitying glance upon thy envied possessors, and cherish with earnest gratitude their own priceless treasures of mind and heart, which thou, with all thy wizard power, canst never bestow.

CHAPTER I.

FAR down in a smiling valley, at the foot of a gently sloping hill, whose carpet of softest green was embroidered with many a beautiful wild flower, stood a small, humble cottage. The lapse of many years had worn away much of what beauty it might once have displayed; but the graceful foliage of the wild rose crept lovingly over the time-stained walls, and around the casement windows, until even the lowly eaves were adorned with its modest blossoms; and the little casements were curtained with muslin of snowy whiteness, which, gleaming out here and there through the interlacing vines, gave an air of neatness and comfort to the humble abode. The

Digitized by Google

garden in front was gemmed, in their season, with roses, lilacs, violets, and many other flowers, which bore evidence of careful and judicious cultivation; and a little stream of sparkling water that danced brightly over smooth, white pebbles, gave a beautiful verdure to the long, silken grass that fringed its borders. Behind the house was an orchard of considerable extent, with thrifty trees of various flavored fruits; and beyond this, dense forests raised their proud heads to the tranquil skies above; so that no glimpse of the busy world, with its fevered dreams and idle fancies, obtruded; but it seemed a holy spot, where, shut in amidst the sweet communion of nature, the world-wearied spirit might pass away the brief dream of life, awaiting the welcome summons to unfurl its long-prisoned pinions, and leave the earthly tenement to fall asleep like the drooping flowers, and repose beneath the spreading trees, until called forth by its Creator to be renewed in immortal strength and beauty.

On a fine, autumnal eve, two females walked slowly and in silence along the little garden. The elder, whose health seemed rather frail, and whose mild, expressive features bore traces of much sorrow, patiently endured, leaned upon the arm of her companion, an exceedingly fair girl, in the first bloom of maidenhood, whose care in supporting the feeble form that leaned so confidingly upon her, showed, not only the sacred tie that bound them, but also the love and reverence by which it was hallowed.

"You will receive no letter from Louisville, I fear, Lillian," said the elder lady, at length breaking the long silence.

"Oh! it is yet scarcely time to expect one, dear mother," was the reply. "I wrote only a week ago, and, of course, they will take some time to consider my proposition ere they reply."

"Is it only a week? Alas! I thought it was nearly two!" exclaimed the mother, with a half-suppressed sigh. "Anxiety and uncertainty make the days seem very long and tedious; though they should now pass all too swiftly, since we are aware that we must leave our long-loved home so soon."

"Mother, I sometimes think that Mr. Brown will postpone building till after his travels, and then we should not be obliged to leave this dear spot for a long time."

"There is no hope of that. I met old Mr. Brown in the orchard this morning, and learned that his son is firm in his intention to have the place cleared, that he may witness the commencement of his future home ere he sets out. The old gentleman would rather postpone the work for a time, but, he said, his son will not listen to this proposal."

"Well, I only hope that he may find as much contentment in the grand building he will erect here, as we have enjoyed in the little cot. I am afraid we shall not be so happy else where; but," she checked herself, lest her words might add to her mother's sadness, and spoke more cheerfully, "I know so little of the world, how should I judge? We may, perhaps, yet have a home prettier and dearer than even this."

"Our happiness, my love, depends not on the beauty of our abode, but on the dispositions we bring to it, or our readiness to conform ourselves to our present circumstances whatever they may be. In the humblest walks of life, and amid many cares and trials, we may, if we will, experience contentment; even as your own rose vine blooms not less brightly around our lowly dwelling than if it were a home of wealth and magnificence."

While Mrs. Elsinger thus spoke a horseman had rode up to the white garden-paling, and, recognizing a gentleman from the neighboring village, they went forward to meet him.

"I bring you a letter, Miss Lillian," said he, after the usual greetings had been exchanged.

"Oh, thank you!" said Lillian, a glow of delight suffusing her fine features. "This is, indeed, a pleasing surprise, for I did not expect it for several days to come."

"I heard Mrs. Elsinger yesterday speak of expecting a letter shortly; so, happening to remember it while I was getting my own, I inquired." And with a friendly "good-bye," the gentleman rode away. Lillian's hand trembled with nervous eagerness, as she re-entered the cottage with her mother, and broke the seal of the letter, which she knew by the post-mark was the one she desired. How little suspicion had she of its contents! In the guilelessness of her young heart, no doubt of the kindness of her unknown relatives had ever disturbed her; and it was with the eagerness of joyful anticipation that she glanced at the few brief lines before her. Ah, what a chill was that which fell upon her bounding heart! Lillian's first feeling as she perused the heartless response was one of indignation: but a glance at her mother, who sat anxiously regarding her, changed her mood; and a burst of uncontrollable grief told that tender parent the tale she had expected, yet dreaded to hear.

"I thought it would be thus," she said, calmly, as she embraced her beloved child. "I feared this result, my own sweet girl. But you have consolation in the knowledge that you obeyed the quick impulse of your devoted affection; and though the effort was vain, it is not less precious

Digitized by Google

in the eyes of God—nor less grateful to your mother's heart. But, my child, learn from this not to indulge too sanguine expectations in future; where the anticipation is so great, the reaction of disappointment must be proportionally severe."

"Oh, mother—if they were unwilling to grant my request, which would cost them so little, and to us would be an inestimable benefit, why could they not, at least, have refused it kindly, and not in this unfeeling manner;" and she placed before her mother the brief note, on whose composition the haughty man of wealth had so prided himself. Mrs. Elsinger paused an instant after reading it, ere she replied,

"Do not let this rob us of our peace of mind, my daughter; but endeavor, if possible, to forget the circumstance. We have not hitherto possessed either the friendship or assistance of those with whom we are connected, and we have not on that account been the less happy. Why, therefore, should we now distress ourselves because they have seen proper to act in this manner. And with regard to the other families to whom you intended to make a like proposal, I do not now wish you to do so. We will want one or two rooms in the village, and between your embroidery and some plain sewing which I can easily do from time to time, we can live comfortably. Nay, do not shake your head, my child, you know my health is very nearly restored, and without any detriment to it, I can henceforth aid you some little: our expenses are not very great."

"But Gerald's expenses at school are considerable, united to our own."

"He will have to leave school, and find some employment," replied Mrs. Elsinger. "It seems hard, but it is the only course."

"No, no, mother, I must write to the other ladies you have told me of; perhaps I may yet be successful."

The young girl rose as she spoke, with an air of calm resolve; and, as it was growing late, the mother tenderly kissed her snowy forehead, and with a silent benediction on her devoted child, retired to her own little chamber, where she for a time freely indulged the sorrow which in her daughter's presence she had restrained. But remembering the source whence she had often obtained strength and comfort under trying circumstances, she recommended herself and children to the care of the Protector of the widow and the fatherless; and with a mind calmed and soothed by the very fervency of her supplications, sought her couch to obtain a temporary forgetfulness of her cares.

Not so Lillian. She had deferred writing to some of her mother's former friends through respect to those of her own kindred. The result of her application to them was now before her, and although well nigh dispirited and hopeless of success, she determined not to retire to rest until the remainder of her task were accomplished. The letters were accordingly penned, but very briefly, and in a timid, diffident style, which, although in her present gloomy mood she did not observe, could not fail of being noticed by a sympathetic mind; for the issue of her first attempt rendered her painfully averse to repeating it; but her affection for her young brother, and desire to dispense her mother from the necessity of exertion, strengthened her resolution. Hitherto her skill and taste in embroidery, aided by a small sum which Mrs. Elsinger had at the time of her sad bereavement, had sufficed for their support: but for the future they had not this resource to depend upon, while their expenses would be necessarily increased in the event of their removal to the village. Thus the prospect was gloomy in the extreme, which was deepened by the pain they felt on being obliged to leave the cottage, where they had spent several happy years, and where, also, they had borne with becoming resignation the trials that had befallen them.

In anxious uncertainty Lillian saw the time arrive which should put an end to her doubts and fears, but she was disappointed. Another day passed, and then came two letters from persons on whom she most relied. One stated the writer's inability to employ a governess; but added that if Miss Elsinger succeeded in establishing a boarding-school, she would willingly send her two oldest daughters; the other merely mentioned that her children were too young to be sent to a boarding-school, and she was opposed to having teachers in the house. The next day a heavy rain prevented her going to the post-office; but in the evening their village friend brought the remainder of the anxiously expected letters. Poor Lillian! Well she knew the bitter trial of those who are dependant on others for assistance in their projects, as she sat with clasped hands looking at the unopened letters, for she had yet a little, lingering hope which those unconscious messengers might too quickly dispel. At length they were opened—alas! for the airy productions of her hope—she bowed her head upon the table and wept aloud.

"But there is another remaining, my child," said her mother, in a faltering voice.

"I cannot read it—indeed I cannot," sobbed the distressed girl.

Digitized by Google

"My sweet child, be calm, I entreat you. Read this; we will then know the worst, and endeavor to think of some other plan."

With a deep sigh Lillian opened the letter; it was rather longer than the others, and as she glanced over it, a glow of delight suffused her face. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "how impatient and petulant I have been! Forgive me, but first let me read this, it is from the dear friend you so often speak of:" and with a voice trembling with joy, Lillian read:

"My Dear Young Friend—I must apologize for not having sooner answered your letter on the ground of my absence from home when I received it, and consequent inability to consult my husband on its contents. I take the first leisure moment after my return to write, and in doing so cannot refrain from mentioning the pain which the diffident style of your letter caused me. Ah, my dear girl, you say that your mother and myself were once warmly attached friends: but I fear she retains a very faint remembrance of my sincere regard for her, since her daughter has addressed me in such timid, mistrusting language: but I shall have many opportunities to scold you on this score, so shall now drop it.

"I was, indeed, a friend of your mother's, Lillian, at that sweet age when friendship is worthy of the name, ere interest or guile has warped the heart's affections; and the best proof I can give of the depth and sincerity of that attachment is my delight at being enabled to co-operate in your project to support your mother and brother by your exertions. It is, indeed, a noble resolve, Lilla, and will, I am sure, be well rewarded by the joy your affectionate heart will experience in their welfare. My husband is quite willing that you should undertake the tuition of our little ones, and only fears that you may have ere this formed an engagement elsewhere. But if so, my dear, you must break it, for I shall look forward to your arrival very shortly, and you must not in any case disappoint me. I am getting a room fitted up for you adjoining a very pleasant one which I intend for your mother, and shall be delighted to see them so well occupied. Tell my dear friend that I anticipate many a pleasant hour with her, recalling the reminiscences of our happy girlhood. I learned through the newspapers her sad bereavement, and wrote to express my sympathy in her affliction; but perhaps the letter failed to reach its destination. I doubt not that she bowed with Christian resignation to the chastening hand that smote her so suddenly; and in the love of her children and the affection of her friends I trust she will find much happiness for many years to come.

"Write as soon as you receive this, my dear girl, and tell me when I may expect your arrival. Let it be at as early a period as possible; and in the meantime assure yourself that I remain, your own and your mother's sincere friend,

THERESA IRWIN."

A long silence followed the reading of this letter; but the hearts of the mother and child were throbbing with joy and gratitude, and many a silent prayer ascended from both for her who had opened for them a cheering prospect at the moment when hope was almost forsaking them.

"I am indeed ashamed of my impatience," said Lillian, looking up through the joyous tears that bedewed her bright eyes. "I shall never again, I trust, give way to such sinful feelings."

"The resolution is not above your strength, my love," said the fond mother; "impatience is not one of your usual faults, though of late you have been sorely tried. Dear Theresa!" she continued, as she glanced over the letter, "how like is this to what I remember of her: the ever ready sympathy with others which distinguished her even in childhood, and rendered her the pet of all. But come, my child, we have yet much to do; this is our last week here; write immediately to Mrs. Irwin to this effect. Blessed be He who has thus provided us a home, at the time of our greatest need."

Beautiful was the reply which Lillian Elsinger wrote to her new friend; eloquent, because her relieved and grateful heart poured forth its rich, deep feelings. The only thing she had dreaded in her new situation, a separation from her beloved parent, was rendered unnecessary through the kindness of her employers, in offering an apartment in their house for her use, and this unexpected favor lightened much of the pain that both naturally experienced in leaving their old home.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Irwin was a "lady" in the highest and fullest sense of the term, with all those noble qualities of the mind and heart, those generous impulses which render their possessor a valuable member of society—a blessing to all within the sphere of their influence. She was a native of Baltimore, whence, on the event of her marriage, she removed to Louisville, in the elegant society of which city she at once took a high position. Her husband was numbered among the wealthy and influential men of the state, and was in every respect a noble model of the true "Kentucky gentleman." Frank, generous, and open hearted, he willingly concurred with his excellent lady in her numerous works of benevolence; and though his name was ever prominent amongst the contributors to public charities, he did not neglect instances of a less obtrusive, but perhaps really more philanthropic nature, in which his bounty was known only to its recipient, and to heaven's approving angels. Hence, many who wondered why the Irwins, with all their wealth, did not

Digitized by Google

make more "*show*," had they followed the light footsteps of Mrs. Irwin on her errands of mercy, would have found the results of their refraining from extravagant and useless expenditure, in the many comforts which cheered the lonely heart of the widow—in the neat apparel and healthy, comfortable appearance of many little fatherless ones as they daily took the walk to school—in the care bestowed on the helpless invalid, the little delicacies and numberless kindnesses by which the bed of poverty and sickness is robbed of its terrors—and again in the respectable funeral of many who would else have been given up to the dispensers of city charity, to be hurried away to a *pauper's* place in the receptacle provided for the remains of those who, being poor, are unworthy of a grave among their more favored *Christian* fellow mortals.

Mrs. Irwin was the mother of six lovely and intelligent children; the two oldest, youths of the ages of fourteen and sixteen, were pupils at a neighboring institute—and four little girls, ranging from twelve to five years, were to be henceforth under Lillian Elsinger's tuition.

Mrs. Elsinger and her daughter were received on their arrival at Mr. Irwin's, with a friendliness which spoke volumes for the kind-heartedness of the family, amongst whom they were to be numbered. To Mrs. Elsinger the reception was most grateful. There was no look nor tone of condescending kindness which could remind her that her circumstances had changed since she was the companion of her hostess—that from the daughter of a wealthy and respected man, she had become the wife—the widow—of one unblest by the possession of riches; and was now dependant on the talents of her child for a livelihood. The greeting was such as she might have looked for in the days of her brightest prospects—warm, cordial, and friendly; and Lillian, rendered timid and distrustful by the experience of the last few weeks, felt her spirits revive as she responded gratefully to the kindness extended to her so freely.

The fatigue of travelling, added to the anxiety she had previously undergone, had very much debilitated Mrs. Elsinger; which her friend, soon perceiving, led the way to the rooms prepared for her guests, and left them to recruit their strength by quietness and repose. It was now nearly two o'clock, the usual dinner hour of the Irwins; (who in this as well as in other respects were too thoroughly American to adopt European habits) but Mrs. Irwin's experience and instinctive kindliness had taught her how distressing it is to travellers to be obliged to make a hasty toilet in order to join a circle of strangers at the table, and accordingly a tidy, smart-looking servant girl soon appeared with a tray containing a repast of tea, bread, butter, biscuits, dried beef, cheese, and a plain, home-made cake, which she placed before the strangers, saying, "that her mistress thought they would prefer a cup of tea to a regular dinner as they must be much fatigued." Mrs. Elsinger assured her that her mistress had judged rightly; and having ascertained that nothing farther was needed, the servant quietly left them to enjoy the first meal in their new home by themselves—a privilege which our travellers well knew how to appreciate.

The house was a large and old-fashioned one, with spacious halls running through the centre in each story. The rooms allotted to the strangers were on the second floor, opposite to those occupied by the family, and consisted of the front chamber which was assigned to Mrs. Elsinger, another of the same dimensions for her daughter, and beyond this a neat, little apartment admirably fitted for reading or sewing, and which was to be for Lillian's leisure hours, entirely secluded from intrusion. In this pleasant room they were now seated, conversing cheerfully of their situation so widely different from what they might have ventured to anticipate; until, their comfortable meal being finished, they retired to take a few hours rest.

At tea time Lillian first met Mr. Irwin, who shook her hand warmly, welcoming her to his house, and introduced the children, severally, to her notice. Their sparkling eyes as she embraced, and spoke to each in her peculiarly sweet tones, accorded with what the parents told of the eagerness with which they had expected her. To the inquiries respecting her mother, Lillian replied "that she was in a deep slumber, from which she did not like to arouse her, as she knew that she would not miss her supper on account of having dined such a short time previous." Mrs. Irwin commended her thoughtfulness in not disturbing her mother, saying, "that she would enjoy her tea much more after sleep." They took their seats around the well stored board, and the conversation was animated and interesting. Lillian was surprised to find how insensibly she lost the timidity which was natural to one in her situation. Only once did she feel a return of the painful sensations she had of late experienced. It was when Mrs. Irwin casually inquired "if she was aware that there was a family of her name residing in Louisville?" A slight flush dyed her cheeks as she replied in the affirmative; for she remembered the insolent and unfeeling manner in which they had replied to her application; but Mrs. Irwin observing her emotion, immediately

Digitized by Google

changed the subject, and Lillian soon forgot her unnatural relatives.

As they rose from the table Mrs. Irwin wound her arm round Lillian's waist, and led the way to the cheerful and elegant drawing-room. "We are very unfashionable people you will find, Miss Lilla," remarked Mr. Irwin, as he lifted the youngest child to her accustomed position on his knee. "It is not our practice to deny our little ones any of the enjoyment and privileges of home by confining them to the nursery or school-room." Lillian had expected this from what she had already observed, and it but added to the high opinion she had already formed of this amiable family. After some time Mrs. Irwin, as was her custom every evening, played several simple airs on the piano for the children. The youngest pleaded for one more.

"Perhaps Miss Lillian will play for you," replied the fond parent. "Ask her, my love."

The little girl immediately went forward to Lillian, and with a modest grace begged her to play for herself and sisters just one tune; and Lillian, imprinting a kiss upon the fair child's brow, took her seat at the instrument. She played and sang several airs in a manner which charmed her youthful auditors; and at length little Ada impetuously exclaimed, "oh, Miss Lillian, I must kiss you for that sweet music before you play any more:" and she threw her little arms around her new friend in a close embrace. The parents exchanged pleased glances as they saw that the young governess had already won so much upon the affection of her pupils; but the father gently reproved their desire for more music; reminding them that it was more pleasant for them to listen than for Miss Lillian to play and sing, while she was still fatigued from travelling. With ready obedience the children desisted from their entreaties, and cheerfully began to amuse themselves with their childish sports.

With such parents, and children so well trained by judicious care and unwearied attention, our heroine had no cause to apprehend meeting with the vexations and annoyances generally attendant upon her position. The mornings only were spent in the school-room; for the Irwins were not of that class of parents who seek to force the intellect of their children without regard to their strength or capacity, from the foolish ambition of producing prodigies; the afternoons, therefore, were devoted to amusing occupation, walks or drives. Mr. Irwin's ample library was at all times open to Lillian, and by his advice she undertook a course of study for which hitherto she had had no opportunity. The gentleness and agreeable mode of teaching rendered her every day more dear to her amiable pupils, who endeavored by their assiduity and correct deportment to manifest their affection. Often would they express their delight in having such a dear, sweet governess; and the school-room, instead of being the dreary prison it generally seems to young and buoyant children, was to them a place of delightful resort, to which they never needed a second summons.

Mrs. Elsinger and her early friend did indeed pass many pleasant hours together; and in the comfort which now surrounded her, and in the consciousness of the happiness and well-being of her children, the widow felt amply compensated for the trial she had experienced in leaving her dear cottage-home for a new and untried scene.

CHAPTER IV.

"Really, this is too bad!" exclaimed Miss Albina Elsinger, as she entered the private parlor of her splendid abode, and threw herself angrily upon a velvet-cushioned tabouret, with the heavy gilt tassels of which she played nervously, while spite and vexation were legibly imprinted on every feature of her flushed countenance.

"What is the matter, my daughter?" inquired her portly papa.

"You remember, papa, those persons who wrote to us for assistance some time ago?"

"Perfectly: what of them now?"

"Why, Mrs. Irwin has engaged the girl as governess, and she and her mother are there, treated with every respect and attention, as I am told, riding out with Mrs. Irwin, and——"

"Who told you all this?" interrupted Mrs. Elsinger, incredulously.

"Emeline Spurrier and Louisa Mayward. Oh, it is true, mamma—you need not doubt it: it is too true. I called at Mrs. Mayward's this morning, and had a long chat with Lou. Among other things, she asked me if I knew the governess Mrs. Irwin lately engaged. I told her I did not, and she then said that Emeline Spurrier, who, as you know, is very intimate at Irwin's, saw Mrs. Irwin at a concert a few nights ago, with a young lady whom she did not think she had ever seen before: but she concluded she must be one of Mrs. Irwin's nieces from Baltimore. The next morning, therefore, she called to see her. Mrs. Irwin was not at home; but she saw little Ada running through the hall, and asked her if any of her cousins was visiting there. The child replied no, and Emeline said she had

Digitized by Google

thought it was one of them she saw the night before with her parent. Ada said, 'oh, that was Miss Elsinger.' Emeline thought the child was mistaken, and inquired if she was certain that was the young lady's name. 'Oh, yes, Miss Lillian Elsinger is her name—is it not a pretty one? Would you like to see her?' inquired Ada. 'No, dear, not at present,' replied Emeline; 'is she a stranger on a visit to your mamma?' 'Her mother and she are here; they are going to stay with us always, and we are so glad: Miss Lillian is our governess, and we all love her so much!'

"Emeline said no more, but at her next visit to the Mayward's told all she had heard; and while Louisia was still speaking of it, Emeline herself came in, and repeated all that Louisa had said, adding, 'they are relatives of yours, Albina, I presume.' Such impertinence!" and the young lady paused in her narrative overcome with vexation.

"And what did you reply?" asked Mr. Elsinger, after a pause.

"Of course, I disclaimed all knowledge of them," replied his daughter, with a haughty toss of her head, as she rose to retire to her room. "But I do not think they believed me. Emeline merely said, that it was evident Mrs. Irwin thought a great deal of them, as she had seen them riding or walking with her two or three times, and the governess was certainly a beautiful girl."

"Mrs. Irwin must be in great want of company to go out so much with a young woman in her employ," remarked Mrs. Elsinger, with a sneer.

"It is an evidence of her vulgar taste," chimed in the indignant daughter. "I expect she came from a low family, after all. I am glad *we* do not visit there!" The young lady and her mother had made strenuous efforts to form an acquaintance with the Irwins, but had failed.

"I hope you did not express yourself thus to Emeline," remarked Mr. Elsinger, "for she as well as every one in Louisville is aware that an acquaintance with the Irwins is not to be despised. They are eccentric persons in many respects, but occupy a position which renders their whims allowable."

Yes, generosity and kindness are doubtless great "eccentricities" in the estimation of the world; but it is fortunate for the honor of human nature, that there are a few superior minds that can dare to practice such "eccentricities" in defiance of the restraints with which fashionable society would fetter each free, warm heart that moves within its sphere.

Albina Elsinger could not easily forget the shock her sensitive feelings had received. She even declared that she would go no more into company, lest she should meet with that impudent young person, who would, doubtless, greatly enjoy her mortification at such an event. Her father laughed at her nonsense, as he termed it, but she persisted most heroically in keeping her resolution for several weeks; obstinately refusing any invitation, until her mother feared that her darling's health would suffer from such close and unaccustomed seclusion.

But at length her resolution was put to flight by an invitation to a ball, which Madam G—— proposed giving in a style unequalled. It was generally understood that Lord Villers, a most accomplished young Englishman, and his particular friend, Mr. Myford, an American gentleman of high birth and immense wealth, would grace this festive scene with their distinguished presence; and the young lady rousing at once from the languor and listlessness into which she had fallen, overjoyed her parents by the announcement that she would be there also.

"Pa, I must have something for this ball superior to anything I have yet worn," was her concluding remark.

"Which of the gentlemen do you intend to captivate? eh, my daughter?"

"Oh, I may not like either; but I have a curiosity to see a live nobleman, and also his friend, whom, from what I hear, must be almost equally attractive, and I am determined," she added, haughtily, as she glanced at the large mirror that reflected her fine form, "to make an impression on both."

The father smiled, with a well satisfied air, as he glanced toward his equally gratified lady, placing in his daughter's hand at the same time, a roll of bank notes wherewith to commence preparations for an attack on the hearts of the "live nobleman and his almost equally attractive" friend. Sooth to say, he was in every respect pleased with her avowed determination. To obtain a suitable husband for his handsome and accomplished daughter had long been an object of his paternal solicitude; and the accounts he had heard of Mr. Myford's great wealth rendered him a very desirable person, in his estimation, for that honor. Of Lord Villers he knew not so much; but he was said to possess large estates in England, and his family name was an ancient and honorable one. Either of these gentlemen would make a most unexceptionable son-in-law; and Mr. Elsinger, as he observed how absorbed his daughter had become in preparations for *the* ball drew many flattering

Digitized by Google

auguries of her success; and as he sat dreamily over his champagne, visions of marriage settlements, bridal gifts, &c., would float pleasantly through his imagination.

The grand—the important night arrived. Albina Elsinger took a last survey of her radiant figure in her mirror, and with a self-complacent air tripped lightly down to the drawing room where her parents awaited her. Her dress was of rich white satin, over which a robe of transparent muslin, richly embroidered in silver, fell in light and graceful folds. Her redundant hair was confined by a comb starred with brilliants, and a garland of leaves formed of emeralds, encircled her head, and was fastened at one side by a cluster of diamond blossoms, glistening amid a spray of emeralds. Necklace, bracelets and broach of the same costly gems completed her adornments, and flashed brilliantly with unchanging lustre, as she moved gracefully forward. Her splendid attire, which, after much hesitation and debate she had selected as the style approaching nearest to her luxuriant taste, accorded well with her showy style of beauty, and displayed it to the greatest advantage; and her proud father, as he seated himself opposite to her in the carriage, congratulated her on her superb toilet, and the sensation she would not fail to create. Albina did not reply, for her thoughts were too much engrossed by her anticipated triumph to allow her to converse; but a smile of proud, exultant joy played around her beautiful mouth, as she leaned back in the rich cushions, and was driven rapidly to the scene of conquest.

Had she known that Mrs. Irwin would likewise appear at this assemblage with the *governess*, her poor, and dependant cousin, doubtless the young lady would have been deprived of much of her self-complacency and satisfaction; but of this happily she was ignorant, so that no vexatious thought disturbed the serenity of her mind, nor overshadowed her brilliant countenance. Mrs. Irwin, in truth, had had no little difficulty in persuading her young protogee to attend this grand ball, for Lillian, timid and sensitive, shrank from obtruding her presence in a company where it might not be desired; and, moreover, her retiring disposition and the quiet seclusion in which she had always lived, rendered her averse to scenes of fashionable amusement. But her friend would take no excuse, nor listen to any pleading or expostulation on the subject; and accordingly, at about the same time that the gay young cousin left her splendid home, buoyed up with anticipated conquests, Lillian Elsinger took her seat in Mr. Irwin's carriage, to make her first appearance in fashionable society. Her attire was a marked contrast to Albina's. She was dressed in an embroidered mull muslin, fitting well her slight, but beautifully rounded form; her soft hair was smoothly braided, and garlanded with a wreath of autumn leaves; she wore no ornament, save a bracelet of pearls, a gift from Mrs. Irwin, encircling one fair, white arm. Yet she looked so lovely in her simple dress that her kind friend looked upon her with a smile of almost maternal satisfaction, and could but think that a more elaborate toilet would destroy the effect of her gentle, winning beauty.

The gorgeous rooms of Madam G—— were filled with a gay and splendid company. There was an unusual display of rich ornaments and dresses, for more than one secretly hoped to gain the admiring gaze of Lord Villers or his friend, scarcely less coveted, though unfortunately lacking a *title*. But amongst the crowd Albina Elsinger moved pre-eminent. Many a heart swelled with envy as the buzz of admiration everywhere followed her footsteps; and when at length she stood in the circle of dancers with no less a personage than Mr. Myford, envy was at its height; for, of course, she would through him, be introduced to his lordship, whose eye had more than once glanced admiringly toward her. Albina herself seemed of the same opinion with her rivals; she went the giddy round with a cheek brightly flushed with pride, and a flashing of her large, dark eyes, and ere the next set was formed, was engaged by the nobleman! But, alas! at the moment of her triumph, the cup of happiness and gratified pride which she had began to taste, was rudely dashed to the earth. Emeline Spurrier, who, as one of the disappointed rivals, might have had a secret motive for the act, leaned toward her, and drew her attention to a young lady at some distance. "She in the plain dress and garland of leaves?"

"Yes, that is the one. Well, she is the Miss Elsinger of whom I spoke to you. Is she not very beautiful?"

Albina was too vexed to reply; but she regarded Lillian for an instant intently, and, notwithstanding the simplicity of her costume, she trembled lest she should bear away the prize for which she had so magnificently arrayed herself. She saw Lord Villers gazing earnestly upon her, and now he remarked that he had wondered who was the young lady whose dress was so tasteful though so simple; and the tone of his voice betrayed an interest in the unconscious Lillian which filled his partner with uneasiness. She looked down, and pretended to be engaged with

Digitized by Google

the clasp of her bracelet, to hide the angry feelings which she could not at once subdue; nor did they entirely vanish during the dance, for she again saw the governess and with her no other than—Mr. Myford.

When Lord Villers led her to a seat, Albina complained of unusual languor, which she thought might serve the double purpose of explaining the change in her demeanor, and of keeping him at her side. As on account of his title she greatly preferred him to the other guests of the evening, she now put forth all her powers to interest and amuse him, nor did she fail to listen with real or pretended rapture to the accounts his lordship gave of foreign scenes, presentations at court, &c. Once or twice, a well-applied, though delicate and refined compliment caused her heart to bound with happier feelings; and, at last, when describing the gorgeous magnificence of the drawing-room held by the queen immediately preceding his departure from England, he whispered, "pardon me, but you, I think, are one more fitted to adorn such a courtly scene than this!" the eloquent blood tinged her fair cheek, and her radiant eyes for a moment met his proudly, then drooped beneath the long, earnest gaze which he bent upon her. But as her appearance was more in unison with the assemblies of titled ladies he had been describing, than became a daughter of republican America, and as she had more than once expressed a decided preference for most of the customs of his ancient land over her own, it may be doubted whether his words had no other meaning than that which her vanity inferred. Soon after, another gentleman approached, and his lordship, with a graceful bow, moved forward to a group of ladies of whom Lillian Elsinger was the centre; and his late partner, with a new feeling of envious vexation beheld him introduced to her. In the course of the evening Mr. Myford again found himself beside Albina.

"That is a very beautiful young lady," he remarked, as his eyes fell upon Lillian, who was conversing with a graceful animation with his friend. "She is a relative of yours, I presume, Miss Elsinger?"

"No," was the hasty, and perhaps, not very courteously toned answer. "No; there is no relationship."

"Indeed; I had thought you were relations. She is certainly exceedingly lovely and intelligent. The charming simplicity of her dress corresponds so well with her manners."

This was too much. Albina's face again flushed with anger; was she to be continually tormented by enconiums on the plain, simple appearance of her timid, graceful cousin? Unable to repress, altogether, the spiteful feelings which her provoking companion aroused, she said, hastily,

"It is probable that a poor girl as she is could not afford a dress more in accordance with the elegant scene into which Mrs. Irwin has foolishly introduced her."

"Is she then poor?"

"So I have heard. At least she is governess to Mrs. Irwin's children, and she would scarcely be that if not necessitated, you know."

"No; certainly not. Yet she seems not unused to fashionable society; and she is certainly well calculated to adorn it. And you say you are not related? The similarity of names led me into error."

"Yes; they are of the same name, but of a different family."

"I fancied, also, that there was a marked resemblance between you. She is really a beautiful girl."

Albina made no reply, and her companion changed the subject, to a more agreeable one. But the night was fated to be a trying one to the proud beauty. In animated conversation with Mr. Myford, she had forgotten her vexations, and recovered her usual flow of spirit; and had soon afterward withdrawn to the embrasure of a large window, where concealed by the rich, velvet drapery she chatted gaily with Emeline Spurrier, who had sought the same retreat to rest for a few moments; and they were about emerging again into the light and gay bustle of the scene when Lord Villers and his friend drew near, engaged in seemingly earnest conversation. The young ladies drew back within the friendly shelter of the curtain, where they listened anxiously, each with the secret hope of hearing something that would minister to her own vanity.

"But are you sure that your information is correct?" were the first words they could distinguish. It was Mr. Myford who spoke.

"I am," was the reply. "I gained a few moments' private conversation with Mrs. Irwin just now, and learned that my surmises were perfectly correct—that her friend is indeed my step-sister, and consequently her sweet daughter is my niece. Something attracted me to her as soon as I beheld her, and when I heard her name I felt confident that she was one of those I sought. My showy-looking partner is doubtless another; though in her I do not feel so much interested."

"No! There is no relationship," interrupted Mr. Myford,

"There is not! How do you know?"

Digitized by Google

"From your 'showy-looking partner's' own fair lips. She assured me there is no relationship between them. Merely a similarity of names."

"Ah! I understand. Poor relations always belong to another family—well, in that case Miss Albina cannot claim kindred with *me*, which she would, perhaps, be willing to do, in her republican fondness for titles." And with a laugh full of mirth the young men passed on.

How felt Albina during this conversation? It were vain to endeavor to depict her feelings; anger, envy, and mortification struggling within her; while the thought that Emeline had also heard all, and would quickly promulgate it among their friends was positively maddening. That young lady, however, was too well occupied with her own schemes to observe her mortified companion at this time. She remembered that she had spoken admiringly of Lillian Elsinger in Lord Villers' hearing; and she trusted that this would leave a favorable impression on his lordship's mind, and, perhaps, contribute to secure for her his particular regard. With this view she resolved to say nothing of the over-heard conversation, but to evince a decided attachment to the young governess ere the fact of her distinguished relationship would be generally known. She was partly disappointed in her expectations on finding when she again joined the brilliant throng that the nobleman had taken his leave; but she danced often with Mr. Myford, to whom she found an opportunity of speaking in rapturous terms of Lillian, nothing doubting that her warm praise would be repeated to the uncle. When the dance was concluded, Emeline suddenly recollected that she had as yet only bowed from a distance to her highly esteemed friend, Mrs. Irwin, and expressed a desire to have a chat with her; Mr. Myford, of course, readily escorted her to that lady, who returned her animated salutation with much kindness; and introduced her to Lillian, who was at that moment beside her. There was no fashionable formality in Emeline's acknowledgment of the introduction, and both ladies were rather surprised when she began a conversation with Lillian with the warmth of an old acquaintance. They could not suspect the secret motive which prompted her; though it was true that on first seeing Lillian she had admired her. When Mrs. Irwin soon after rose to retire from the gay assemblage, Emeline kissed the young governess affectionately, expressing a desire for an intimate friendship, to which she having gracefully responded, followed her friend from the room. Mr. Myford attended them to the carriage, and returned to the company, but it was soon evident that it had lost its charms for him, and as soon as possible he also withdrew.

Meanwhile Albina Elsinger, resolutely concealing her mortified feelings under a counterfeited gaiety, danced with a gentleman of considerable pretensions to wealth and importance, who had long been an admirer of her beauty, and on this occasion quite captivated by her brilliancy, became her most assiduous attendant. So long as she had entertained hopes of making a more distinguished conquest, her manner to Edmund Spencer was careless and indifferent; but now, finding all her anticipations dashed to the earth, she received with animation the attentions which he obseqiously renewed. Flattered by this change in her demeanor, which he interpreted to suit his own views, young Spencer deemed his triumph complete, and put forth all his powers of pleasing to continue the favorable impression he imagined he had made upon the belle; but the conflict with her secret feelings was too arduous to be long concealed, and she felt relieved beyond measure when she again found herself within the carriage where she could give vent to passionate weeping. The surprise and chagrin of Mr. and Mrs. Elsinger, when at length they were made, through impetuous exclamations and violent sobs, acquainted with the existing state of affairs, was extreme; but alas! what could anger and indignation avail now? They felt the evil irremediable; and the night which had been anticipated as one of proud truimph, saw them overwhelmed with mortification and shame.

CHAPTER V.

At an early hour on the following morning Lord Villers made his appearance at the mansion of Mrs. Irwin; and by that lady's desire was shown immediately to her private parlor, where his interview with his newly-discovered relatives would be secure from intrusion. He was soon engaged in earnest conversation with Mrs. Elsinger, while Mrs. Irwin, who, at her friend's request, remained, and Lillian were silent, but deeply interested auditors. The minute details of that conversation, so absorbingly interesting to the parties concerned, would probably prove tedious to our readers. It will suffice, for our purpose, that during the course of it Lord Villers succeeded in establishing his identity with the step-brother of Mrs. Elsinger, who, with his mother, had disappeared immediately after his father's decease; since which time nothing had been heard of their movements. It could only be conjectured that the widow, who was of Eng-

Digitized by Google

lish parentage, had gone to the mother country: and such was indeed the fact. Not long after she became the wife of a nobleman who had taken a singular fancy to little Adolphus, whom he now formally adopted as his son and heir to his title and vast possessions.

Surrounded by all the pageantry and splendor of a proud and ancient house; educated at one of England's far-famed Universities, where homage and adulation were paid to his high rank; the youth still grew up in taste and feeling a most inveterate republican, and carefully cherished the faint memories of his childhood's home. And when, on arriving at manhood, he found himself by the recent will of his adopted father possessed of vast wealth, his first desire was to visit the land of his birth, and make inquiries concerning his connexions, about whom he was the more anxious from some indistinct recollections of his parent's sudden departure from America, and the rigid silence she ever maintained respecting the family of her first husband.

The mystery, however, was now to be unfolded; for on acquainting his mother with his desire, she yielded a ready assent; and filled up the rude outlines of the picture which memory had faithfully treasured, by the full particulars of his father's history. She did not even conceal the reason of her secret removal to England; but, on the contrary, proposed as a special motive for his intended journey, the restoration of that portion of his father's property which justly belonged to his half sister: the want of which she might, perhaps, have experienced, as her husband's profession was a precarious one, and there had been a rumor that he was shipwrecked.

The youth listened with astonishment to these details; but he repressed the expression of his indignant feelings through respect for his mother, who, now that the subject had been broached, evinced the liveliest remorse for her conduct, pleading only her maternal anxiety for her son's prosperity in palliation. That son—how could he upbraid her, greatly as his innate sense of justice and honor revolted against the course she had pursued?

It only remained for him to expedite his departure; and his mother quickly relieved his reluctance to leave her, by unfolding her own purposes. She was not, as may be imagined, a disconsolate widow. Pride and a desire for her son's aggrandizement had been the motives for her union with her deceased lord: and now, having remained the requisite period in strict seclusion, she wished to join a party of friends on a continental tour. Her son gladly availed himself of her permission to spend the same time on *his* travels; and as early as possible departed in company with young Myford, whose acquaintance he had made some time before. The gentlemen became warmly attached during the voyage, and Lord Villers finding that his relatives had removed from his native city of Baltimore, willingly accompanied his friend through the route of travel he had planned; and it was thus that they at length reached Louisville, where he so unexpectedly encountered one of the objects of his search.

Such were the principal points of the narration which the young nobleman now gave his attentive listeners. To Lillian it all seemed but as a dream. She had never heard of her grandfather's second marriage: for her mother had ever avoided the most distant allusion to one who had so cruelly wronged her, and whose name could awaken, therefore, none but unpleasant memories. But when the stranger claiming a kindred tie which she could not believe existed, produced a miniature of his father, which Mrs. Elsinger at once recognized as the likeness of her own dear parent —the truth became clear to the daughter's mind; and while she mingled her own tears with her mother's over the semblance of the venerated dead, she silently rejoiced that she had never known the circumstances which would have caused her to think only with painful feelings of those so closely connected with her.

While they all sat thus recalling by-gone years, a servant entered with Mr. Myford's card. Mrs. Irwin, finding that he was acquainted with the happy discovery his friend had made, ordered him to be shown into the friendly circle, where he was cordially welcomed. Animated conversation followed, though sustained chiefly, it must be confessed, by the two elder ladies and Lord Villers; for Mr. Myford seemed strangely absent-minded as he sat opposite to Lillian, who kept her eyes intently fixed on her grandfather's likeness, which she held in her hand; save when she raised her long lashes somewhat timidly to reply to any observation directly addressed to her by her gay young uncle, who continued to talk in a gay strain, though he sometimes glanced with smiling significance from his fair niece to his friend, which glances they at length observing. Lillian's brow was at once suffused by a soft blush, while Myford, with a sort of confused consciousness, made an effort to rally from his abstracted mood.

"But how is it, my fair niece," observed Lord Villers, "that you are so unmoved by these disclosures? Few young ladies, I fancy, would hear with such quiet composure of the wealth to which they had unexpectedly fallen heir."

Digitized by Google

"Indeed, sir," replied the young girl, earnestly, "for myself I do not desire such good fortune. I rejoice sincerely on my dear mother's account; and yet more for my brother, who will now be spared the trials of a life of poverty and toil. But as regards myself since I have been an inmate of Mrs. Irwin's hospitable house, I have not a wish ungratified."

"And I," said Mrs. Irwin, "have often reproached myself to-day with selfishness; for the announcement of that which should cause me only pleasurable emotion, has given me more than one pang, as I think of the effect it will have upon my own home. But I shall conquer my ungenerous regrets ere long, and rejoice with my whole heart at the events which will enable my sweet Lillian to take her proper position in society. For it needs but little intercourse with the world to learn that wealth has peculiar charms; and there *are* those who cannot estimate virtue, talent, beauty, nor grace without this talismanic accompaniment."

"Are you aware, Adolphus," asked Mrs. Elsinger, "that there are other relations of yours residing in Louisville?"

"Ah, yes, my dear sister," replied the young man, with a smile, "I met them last night for the first time—probably the last also."

"How so?" asked his sister, in surprise.

Again the nobleman smiled. "Your remarks, my dear madam," said he, addressing Mrs. Irwin, "will probably apply with singular appropriateness in that quarter. Lillian will no doubt become suddenly exalted in their estimation; but I hope, my dear girl, you have too much innate dignity to feel flattered."

"I scarcely think such will be the case," she replied, remembering the letter of which her uncle as yet knew nothing. "But surely my dear uncle would not wish me to be unforgiving and——"

"Indeed I should," interrupted Lord Villers, warmly. "I would not have you duped by the hollow profession of those who will now flatter and fawn upon you, merely because you are an heiress. My remarks do not apply merely to relatives—there are others to whom they will be equally appropriate. Forgive them as freely as you please—they are unworthy your resentment as your favor; and remember always we are not obliged from the fear of being vindictive, to exhibit a hypocritical display of friendliness which we cannot feel toward such people."

"And remember too, Miss Elsinger," murmured Myford, who now took a seat near her on the plea of examining more closely the miniature, "that there are some, *one* at least who yielded to your charms the homage and devotion they deserve, and in whose estimation the wealth of the Indies could not enhance their value." The varying cheek on which his eyes bent so earnestly, yet so respectfully, showed that his words had touched an answering chord, but her embarrassment was quickly relieved by his considerately taking the miniature, and remarking to his friend upon the marked resemblance between it and Mrs. Elsinger.

From that day the two young men were frequent visitors to Mr. Irwin's; and what marvel that Lillian and her admirer soon discovered the similarity of their tastes and sentiments, and that the impression which each had made at first meeting daily strengthened into mutual love? Lord Villers with his usual impetuosity relieved his friend of the embarrassment of a formal declaration, and insisted that the wedding should be given prior to his departure from America.

Early in September, therefore, Mrs. Irwin's drawing-rooms were thrown open to the largest and gayest company that had ever there assembled: and Lillian Elsinger, with her heart brimming over with trusting happiness, gave her hand to him who had won her first affections. The bridal party made the tour of the Lakes, and returned to their homes in safety, their felicity dampened only by the pain of parting with Lord Villers, who had made himself a favorite with all.

And now a few words on one or two other persons connected with our story. Emeline Spurrier finding her hopes of Lord Villers futile, consoled herself by repeating to all she knew the conversation which she had overheard on the night of Mrs. G——'s grand ball. Of course repeated eagerly by each new hearer, ere long it came to the ears of Mr. Edmund Spencer, who encouraged by the sweet smiles of Miss Albina since that eventful night, was on the eve of an avowal, which she impatiently awaited as a refutation of the whispers she knew were circulating regarding her disappointed aims. The report of her duplicity, nay, even her falsehoods, startled Mr. Spencer. Though somewhat foppish in his dress and manners, he abhorred dissimulation sincerely, and having procured indubitable proofs of the truth of the rumors concerning his lady-love, all his admiration and love in a moment vanished. Albina, conscious of the cause of the abrupt termination of his attentions, went on a visit to some friends at a distance, where she finally made a conquest as unlike as could be imagined to her former beau ideal—while her *friend* Emeline, foiled also in her ambitious views, is still looking about for one to replace, in her admiration, the "titled foreigner."

Digitized by Google

TRANSPARENT ILLUMINATED,

OR ENAMELED PAINTING.

BY MRS. DUBOIS.

The following are the materials requisite for practising this novel and elegant art:—Fine water colors in cakes, as blues, blacks, brown, burnt sienna, chrome, &c.; gamboge in the lump; carmine, ivory black, flake white, emerald, green, cobalt, and chromes, in the fine, impalpable powders—these powders should be kept in proper bottles; hartshorn and spirits of turpentine, of each an ounce, in separate and well-corked bottles; glass varnish and japanners' gold size, of each an ounce, and both to be kept well corked; gold and silver leaf; half a dozen camel hair pencils of different sizes; a palette and palette knife; black lead pencil for tracing; and ground glass.

Having decided upon the article to be made, be it a basket, port-folio, or table, or whatever else is thought proper, cut out the requisite pattern in card board, take it to a glass-cutter's, select a perfectly clear and speckless piece of ground glass, and have the patterns cut out from it. Wash this glass thoroughly with warm soap and water, and dry it. Now, choose or design a group of flowers, or birds, or butterflies, and sketch it on to the *ground* side of the glass (those who cannot sketch well, may place the glass over the copy and trace the outline;) this sketching, or tracing, must be done very finely, and all dark strokes of the pencil avoided. Wash into each flower or leaf its foundation color, and then proceed to work up the whole as in an ordinary water colored drawing, having previously rubbed down the requisite colors on the palette from the cakes, and put a little of the carmine powder on the palette, and, having moistened it with a few drops of hartshorn, rub it down smooth with the palette knife; every time the carmine has to be used, it must be observed, that the brush must be dipped in *hartshorn*, instead of in water, as for all the other colors. The drawing being completed, and richly colored, though not in an exaggerated manner, leave it to dry. Then take the glass varnish and a clean brush, and carefully cover every portion of the drawing smoothly and evenly with this varnish, taking care not to transgress beyond any of the edges of the drawing, or spot the rest of the glass. Set it aside for an hour or two until the varnish ceases to be wet, and only just remains moist and adhesive; then take silver leaf and lay it evenly over the whole of the drawing; wherever it is necessary to make a join, pass the varnish brush along the edges of the piece already laid down, and overlay this with the edge of the next piece; press the silver leaf down gently, but firmly and thoroughly, with a silk or linen handkerchief until it adheres to every portion of the drawing, and whether it does so or not may be ascertained by looking at it from the other side of the glass;—set the drawing aside again for eight or twelve hours, and let it be during this time subjected to a light and even pressure; then take it in the left hand, and, with a silk or linen handkerchief in the right, or a large, soft camel hair pencil, brush off all the superfluous portions of silver, so as to leave the glass clear, and the drawing Illuminated or enameled. Should any of the interstices not easily brush off, take a quill-pen, and working gently with the point, remove all extraneous particles of silver so as to leave the edges even and smooth, and the drawing clearly and neatly defined. The process is now complete, and a beautiful effect will have been produced; the *glassy* side of the glass is of course the right side, and the *ground* side, or that on which we have been operating, the wrong side.

Should it now be wished to give a grounding to the drawing, instead of leaving the glass around it clear, take a clean palette; for white ground use flake white powder; for black, the ivory black; for green, the emerald green, either alone or softened by an admixture of flake white; for blue, the cobalt either alone or with white; for yellows or lemon color, the chrome by itself or with white; put out a little of the powder or powders with the palette knife, pour a small quantity of the glass varnish to it, and rub them down together until perfectly mixed and smooth. Previous to this, the whole part to be grounded should have been varnished over and left to dry; for the opaque or ground color must not be mixed until it is wanted for use, and the varnish must be dry on the glass before the ground is applied. These directions fulfilled, take a brush

and paint the whole of the glass over smoothly with the mixture thus prepared, passing the brush first up and down and then cross-wise, so that a close and even coat of color shall cover every part not previously occupied by the drawing. When this is dry the work is complete.

For small things, an easy and rapid way of giving a ground to the drawings, is to put a piece of colored glazed paper exactly fitting the glass behind it, and retain it by the slightest possible touches of dissolved gum dragon.

Very pretty wreaths, or scrolls, or borderings, may be formed round an illuminated group of flowers by the two following processes, which we term gilding and pearling:—

For gilding, the scroll, or wreath, or corner piece, is traced in the manner already described; it is then shaded with burnt sienna, heightened here and there by an admixture of carmine, and the outline, veining, and bolder parts, marked out with ivory black. When this is all dry, the whole is covered with japanner's gold size, smoothly and evenly laid on with a camel hair pencil, and a couple or three hours afterward gold-leaf is applied (in the manner already directed for the silver-leaf) over every part, and carefully made to adhere; and then the work is subjected to gentle pressure for ten or twelve hours, and the superfluous portions of gold got rid of by the means already described.

For pearling, the scroll, or corner, or bordering, is sketched or traced, as usual, on the *ground* side of the glass, and then shaded or marbled with faint tints of Prussian blue, carmine, and gamboge, melting one into the other like the hues on mother-o'-pearl; the outline, shadows, and veining are thrown in with ivory black. When dry, this is varnished all over with glass varnish, silvered an hour or two afterward, left to set the usual time, and finished off in the way previously described.

A vase or basket containing flowers may be thus worked:—The vase or basket may be shaded according to the rules given for gilding, and the flowers painted in their natural hues. Japanners' gold size and gold leaf must be used for the former, and *when that is dry and finished off*, the glass varnish and silver leaf may be used to illuminate the flowers; a beautiful effect is thus produced. Or the vase may be pearled and all done together; but where both the gold and silver leaf are used about the same drawing, one must be completely finished off before the other is begun with. For butterflies, gold leaf may with advantage be substituted for the silver, excepting for white and grey butterflies.

It must be borne in mind that every process takes place on the *ground* side of the glass, and that the other is the right side, or from which the drawing will always be looked at.

Special brushes of camel hair should be kept for the varnish, gold size, and grounding, and these must always be thoroughly washed in spirit of turpentine, and wiped on a linen rag before being put away, as they will spoil if the varnish or size is allowed to dry in them.

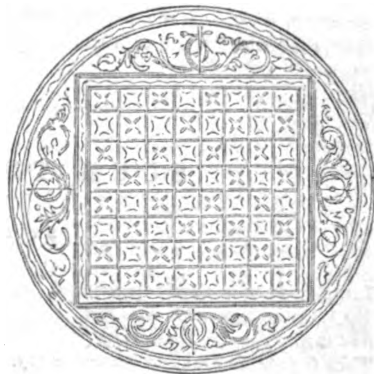
The powders, with the exception of the carmine, are only used for the opaque and grounding portions of the work, and the water colors in cakes for all the other parts. The glass on which the drawing is being made, should be kept carefully from dirt or grease, or even finger marks; indeed, the whole process requires neatness and delicacy of touch as well as taste. The richest and most artistic and varied effects may be easily and quickly produced, and numerous ornamental and elegant articles made, as well as many that are useful.

Chess tables, screens, netting boxes, portfolios, card baskets, finger plates, inlaying for the panels of cheffonier or other doors, &c., &c., are among the number of its uses; indeed it is applicable to almost every purpose for which *papier mache* work is ordinarily used, and the intrinsic beauty of the work cannot fail to recommend it.

CHESS BOARD OR TABLE.

The outer narrow circle is to be pearled, according to the directions already given for that

Diagram showing the general disposition of the Ornaments in the Glass Chess Table.



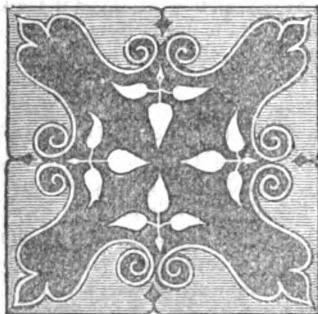
process. The scroll immediately within it is to be gilded (according to the given instructions) with the exception of the little berries or balls, which are to be pearled, and the whole grounded with black.

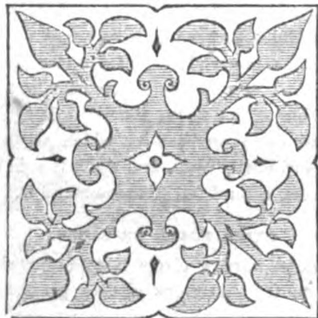
The square border round the board is to be

Digitized by Google

grounded with apricot color, and the pattern or inlaying painted with ivory black and deepened by touches of lamp black. Both to be done in the opaque or grounding colors.

Design of Chequers for the Glass Chess Table.
Black Square.

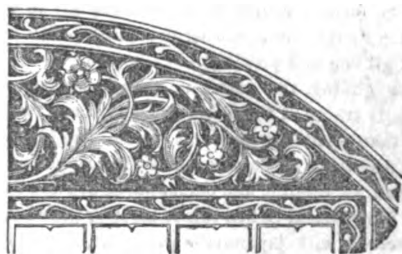




White Square.

The ground of the lighter squares is to be a delicate cream color, and the pattern dark buff or apricot, shaded and inlaid with black—opaque colors both; the centre of the pattern is to be pale cream color picked out with black, painted in water colors, and illuminated. The ground and the flowers on the pattern of the darker squares, is to be dark buff or apricot, as in the the pattern of the others; and the inlaying, shading, and darker parts are to be thrown in with blacks—opaque or grounding colors to be used.

The borders round the squares are to be gilded, according to instructions given for that



Ornament filling out the circle, &c., in the Glass Chess Table.

process. The whole when finished to be let to dry thoroughly, and then backed with white or cream colored glazed cardboard, before being let into the table. It must be observed, that all *gilding, pearling,* and *illuminating* must be done before putting in the grounding.

Materials for performing this beautiful work may be procured, by persons living in the country, if they will forward their orders to the proprietor of this Magazine, with the money enclosed, when he will see that the necessary artices are put up, and sent by the cheapest conveyance.

SUCH THINGS WERE.

BY E. K. SMITH.

Time flies when he should linger most,
The brightest joys are soonest lost,
And swiftly pass the hours away
When friends are near and hearts are gay.
The fairest scenes that Time can bring
But add a feather to his wing,
And when his path is marked with care
We say in sorrow, "Such things were."

In happy hours we often say,
In scenes like these we should be gay;
But, if we lose one valued friend,
Our feelings change, our pleasures end;
We mourn the looks so truly dear,
We miss the voice we used to hear;
The scene is changed, and sadly there
We must remember "Such things were."

In every walk we seek alone
We sadly sigh for something gone;
In every path some spot is seen
Where that loved friend hath lately been;
In every song, in every dance,
We miss a step, a tone, a glance;
We think of joys we used to share,
And say in sorrow, "Such things were."

Digitized by Google

THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

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

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, 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.]

I.—THE FARM KITCHEN.

It was a wild evening in winter. The wind blew fitfully without, now shrieking around the old farm-house as if in rage at being excluded, and now moaning away over the cold, bare fields like orphan children wringing their hands and weeping in despair. The huge buttonwoods in the front yard, which had shaded the roof for fifty summers, tossed their skeleton arms, and swayed, creaking in the gale, powerless to shelter it; while through the small green panes of the kitchen window, the low and leaden colored clouds were seen driving by, ominous of a night of storm, and suggesting thoughts of travellers belated, and perhaps frozen to death.

But within all was ruddy and warm. Old Mr. Forester had just returned from the barn-yard, drawn up the great arm-chair, and giving the green worsted cushion an abstracted shake, seated himself before the blazing hickory fire, which crackled and sparkled up the huge chimney. Though age had now bent his frame, and wrinkled his features, the farmer was still what would be considered a fine-looking man, especially for his years. His height had once been over six feet, and his person large in proportion; but his flesh, within a year or two, had begun to shrink away; and his friends had noticed other signs of an approaching breaking up in his health. His step, though yet comparatively firm, occasionally faltered; his eye was no longer as bright as formerly; and it was observed that his hand shook when, in discharge of his duty as an elder of the church, he handed around the plate at communion. The contour of his face was Roman, which, as he now sat thoughtfully gazing at the fire, gave him a severe aspect, which was far from being in unison with his character; for a kinder neighbor, or more humane man could not be found in the whole neighborhood: indeed it was a common saying that Squire Forester had a heart as soft as a woman's.

For a while the old man watched the fire in silence, as the red coals fell with a tinkling sound, or a stick burned in two and dropped, with a puff of smoke. The ruddy light, meantime, danced on the white-washed walls, making the far end of the room almost as bright as day, but leaving the corners right and left of the fire-place in comparative gloom. The rows of brilliant tins, which hung on the wall opposite to the chimney, shone like polished silver. Here and there in this glittering array were stuck sprigs of holly, the prickly leaf of which glistened among the muffin-rings, cullenders, dredge-boxes, and cake-pans, which were scoured regularly every Friday, though they were never used, as another collection, only less radiant, in the cellar-way could testify. Under the tins stood a blue painted dough-trough, with its snowy top as white as sand and labor could make it; and on this was laid a large loaf of bread, covered up in a spotless old table-cloth. Somewhat to the left of the direct line of light, and therefore partially in shadow, there depended from the low white ceiling, on short hooks, a tempting display of fine embrowned hams, dried beef, and tongues; while in the comparative darkness that brooded, closer in toward the wall, a bundle of semi-transparent inflated bladders dimly appeared: and under these, though a little more in the direction of the fire-place, was seen the door leading out into the wash-house, with a white linen towel hanging from a roller. On the right side of the room, and almost opposite this door was the old-fashioned looking-glass, between two windows, with a bunch of peacock-feathers arranged above it. Some half dozen ears of remarkably fine corn, with several strings of small red peppers ornamented the wall nearer the chimney. On the high wooden mantel three or four brass candle-sticks, a few warped and dog-eared books, and a boot-jack mounted guard.

The kitchen was divided into two parts; one of which, about the fire-place, was paved with brick, that was kept of the most brilliant red; but the other, and by far the larger portion, was floored with boards, and covered with a substantial home-made carpet On the latter the table, painted red, was set, and its white cloth spread for tea. Plates were laid for two; and tempting golden butter, spongy bread, a stand of crisp-looking pickles, some rich cheese, and the invariable plate of apple-butter already graced it.

Digitized by Google

The tea-kettle, with its delicate blue steam puffing from the spout, now began to hum busily, as it hung from the trammel, and to rouse old Mr. Forester from his reverie: a task in which it was assisted by the savory smell of a couple of slices of ham, which his daughter had been cooking unobserved until now. The father looked up, sighed, and began to watch, with a mournful eye, the tall, graceful figure of his child moving about the room, as she successively skimmed the cream from the huge earthen pan of milk, turned the ham on the grid-iron, and put the tea to draw in the little Britannia pot. Something was plainly on his mind, and that of a character unusually painful, since not even this sweet, household spectacle could chase away his sad look. Yet care should have fled, at once, in the presence of Julia Forester. She was now about nineteen, with the witchery of girlhood still seen in her buoyant step, but the light of womanhood's mystic revelations already dawning in her face. Not every one would have called that face beautiful. But to others the large, dark, serious eyes; the firm expression of the dilated nostril; and the gentle beauty of the mouth, indicated qualities awakening love and respect alike, and rarely found in union. It was a countenance that, once seen, lived in the memory of the few forever, as a type of the highest moral beauty.

When she had transferred the broiled ham to its appropriate dish, lit the candles, placed the little tea-pot on the table, and set the chairs, she untied the checked apron which she had worn to protect her silk one, and said,

"Now, father, tea is ready."

The old man rose, and placing himself opposite to her, gazed a moment on the board, then reverently lifting his right hand, asked a blessing. There was now a silent pause, when Julia began to pour out the tea, saying,

"Ain't you well, to-night, father? You seem so dull."

"No, I'm quite well, my dear. Will you take a bit of ham?"

But, in opposition to his usual custom, he soon became absent, and often sighed unconsciously. Julia tried, with remarks about the weather, and questions about the farm, to recall his wandering thoughts, but without success. At last she said again, and with an anxious look,

"I'm really afraid, dear father, that you are not well."

He answered with a faint attempt to smile.

"Indeed, my child, I am as well as usual. When one grows old I suppose one becomes less talkative."

She sighed, and replied,

"Oh! father, don't try to deceive me. You have not been like yourself since you returned from the village yesterday. Either you are sick, or something is on your mind. Why won't you tell me?"

She looked at him as she spoke, with so much love in her earnest eyes, that his glance fell before her's: and changing the subject, he said, "I'm glad I had that sheep-pen mended, for we shall likely have another snow to-night. I heard yesterday that the mountains are several feet deep already."

"Ah!" she answered, "these severe winters—God help the poor!"

"Yes! God help them," replied her father, as if involuntarily, and he sighed profoundly, and again sank into abstraction.

Julia watched him in silence for some moments. He did not ask for his customary second cup of tea, and the food on his plate remained almost untasted. She knew, by these signs, that he was sorely troubled about something. Finally she could bear it no longer. Rising, she stole around to his chair, and putting one arm around his neck, began fondly to stroke his thin, grey hairs.

"Dear father, you must tell me," she said. "What is it ails you?"

He turned away his face, so as to conceal his emotion, and answered huskily,

"It's nothing, Julia. At least nothing but what, I hope, a few days will mend."

"But, in the meantime," she continued, coaxingly, "tell me what it is. I can't be happy, dear father, if I don't know."

He moved uneasily on his chair, as if he would have escaped her importunity if he could, saying,

"Its only a little matter of business, which you could not understand, my child."

"Father," she said, earnestly, "this doesn't satisfy me. You have never had any business affairs to produce this effect on you before. It is something serious, I know."

"Yes, yes, Julia," he said, half impatiently, "it is of more importance, perhaps, than usual; but still I think a few days will remove it."

"If a few days will remove it, dear father, it cannot make me unhappy in the meantime: but while it renders you so wretched, I ought to know it and share it with you."

As she spoke a warm tear fell on the old man's forehead. He looked suddenly up, and while her eyes overflowed, she resumed brokenly,

"Oh! do tell me, father. You have no one now but me."

He could resist no longer. Taking her hand, and fondling it between his own, while he looked tenderly up into her face, he said,

Digitized by Google

"I *will* tell you, Julia. I had hoped you would not ask, for if trouble *is* to come, you will to have to meet it soon enough."

"But you have always taught me, dear father, that it is best to be prepared for whatever threatens; and that it is neither brave, nor Christian to fly from difficulties."

The old man gave her a glance full of fond affection, and answered, with emotion,

"Ah! my daughter, I have learned, at last, that it is easier to say what we ought to do, than to do it when the day of trial comes. But God give us strength, me especially, sinner that I am to doubt his goodness——"

He paused a moment, and then resumed,

"Perhaps, my child, we shall have to leave this place. I had hoped to die here, where your mother died, and your brother; and to lay my head in the old grave-yard beside them; but it is not to be, I fear. I had hoped also that, when I left, you would have had these acres for your own, but neither is this to be. The mortgage, which has been so long on the farm, is now due, and the holder says he must sue it out, unless I can pay the money, which is impossible. We are beggars, therefore."

Julia listened in dismay. She had known, ever since she grew up, that there was a mortgage on the farm; but that was all; and she had supposed that it was to a small amount, and involved no danger. Her own education had been liberal, even expensive, as if she was to be something of an heiress; and indeed in that light she had regarded herself, until quite lately. But within the last few months, she had noticed occasional evidences of pecuniary embarrassment on the part of her father, which had caused her many a regret, and led her to exercise the strictest personal and household economy. She had supposed, however, that the difficulty was only temporary, for she heard everybody complaining of hard times, and she concluded that, in a year or so, the embarrassment would pass away. To be told, therefore, that they were beggars startled her. But she thought not of herself: it was for her father she trembled.

"It has been a ruin long preparing," resumed Mr. Forester, "yet it has burst on me, at last, unexpectedly. More than fifteen years ago, I bought fifty acres—that bit of meadow, you know—from the Norton estate, and, as I had no money, gave a mortgage on the farm. It was a foolish act, as I had no real necessity for the land; but the money was offered to me unsolicited, and even forced upon me; and so, in an evil hour, I was tempted into the purchase, fully believing that, before many years, I should be able to discharge the debt. But first there came bad summers, which scarcely ever yielded more than half a crop; and then other things interfered," here his voice faltered, and Julia knew he referred to her mother's death, "so that, instead of reducing the principle, I was often without means to discharge the interest."

"Dear father," said the daughter, kissing him fondly, "yours has, indeed, been a hard lot."

"Not harder than my heavenly Master's, when on earth," said the old man, "though harder, perhaps, than that of many of my neighbors But," he added, after a pause, "I must finish my story. Your dear mother's death, Julia, left me not only without a counsellor and friend, which she had ever truly been, but without any one to look after a woman's part on the farm: and the farmer, who is without aid in this department, has but little chance of getting out of debt. I kept up a brave heart, however; worked hard; and hoped in the future. My creditor too was easy, or at least I considered him such then for when I had no money he trusted me, and thus my fears were lulled to sleep. Ah! this facility of getting into debt."

He spoke, as if abstractedly, and it was a full minute before he resumed.

"Then your poor brother's health, as even you may remember, began to fail. The work of the farm proved too severe for him, and as he had talent and ambition, I resolved to make every sacrifice I could, in order that he might be a lawyer. Your mother, my dear, died when you were so young that you can scarcely remember her; but your brother was your playmate; you know what we lost in him. To die, too, when he did; just when he had completed his studies; when we were all so proud of him——"

Here the speaker's voice broke down, and tears rolled over his cheeks. Julia also was weeping. For, like her father, her very being had been bound up in that adored brother, whom death had ravished from them so unexpectedly and so lately.

"Had James lived," resumed Mr. Forester, when he had gathered strength to proceed, "these latter troubles would not have fallen on me; for he would soon have been able to repay me, fourfold, for all I had done for him. It was this knowledge which made me indifferent to the debt which, year after year, accumulated on my farm. I believed I was only borrowing money, on the old place, for a few years, till he and you should be educated; and while he lived, therefore, it gave me no concern. But when he was so suddenly cut off, and I began to see how frightfully large the mortgage had become, with

Digitized by Google

no prospect of my ever reducing it except out of the earnings of the place, my heart sank at the prospect. I trembled for the day when they should carry me out in my coffin, and you would find yourself alone, with but a comparative pittance——"

"Oh! father," interrupted Julia, pressing his hand, "why did you worry about me. It is for yourself only you should be concerned."

The old man shook his head, and gazed mournfully at his daughter, but made no direct answer. At last he resumed.

"These hard times have, however, brought things to a crisis I little expected. Even our rich men begin now to want money, and the friend to whom I mortgaged my farm tells me that if I cannot pay, he shall be compelled to sell it. I have but one resource, and that is to get some other person to advance the sum, which, I suppose, is impossible. But I shall know certainly, in a day or two."

"Who lent you the money?" said Julia.

"Didn't I tell you? I thought I did. It was Mr. Owens."

She sighed. "He is our richest man, isn't he?" she said.

"He is, and, as I see you think, there is no hope elewhere, if he cannot give us grace."

Julia was thoughtful for a moment. At last she resumed.

"But won't the farm, even if sold, leave something?"

"Nothing, I fear. It is a very large mortgage. In good times, indeed, the place would bring twice the amount; but not now." And the old man, seeing his daughter look still unsatisfied, mentioned the sum for which the farm was pledged.

"I don't know much about business," said Julia, in surprise, "but it seems to me, father, that the sum has grown out of all proportion to the original one, and to the expenses of our education."

"Ah! my child, capitalists, like Mr. Owens, don't give grace for nothing to their debtors, as you would know if you were a little less ignorant of the world. I told you that, often, I could not pay the interest. When this happened, I had of course to give my creditor an acknowledgment of it; and his way of doing business was to take a new mortgage with that amount added; for, without this, he would lose the interest on this unpaid interest, as he said, and I could not deny. In this way it did not take long to double the debt."

"But was this right?"

"Its the only way Mr. Owens lends his money, whether right or wrong; and a good many others take the same plan. But I had no choice, except to yield to his terms, or repay the whole sum lent, which I was never able to do."

"It seems to me extortionate," cried Julia, indignantly. "Why, according to this, he holds a mortgage for three times as much as he has actually lent."

Old Mr. Forester made no answer. In his heart he began to view the transaction in the same light with Julia; but he was a man of unbounded charity; and, as he still feared, at times, that he might be unjust to his creditor, he said nothing.

At last the daughter, taking her father's face between her hands, kissed him fervently several times, and said, cheerfully,

"There, don't mind it any more, father; but go to bed, and take a good sleep; for I feel that all will yet be right, and that we will live here these many years. I have been thinking of something, which can't fail; but you mustn't look so curiously," she continued, playfully, "for I intend to keep you in suspense, as you have kept me. By this time, to-morrow, I will be able, I hope, to tell you that you needn't fear having this dear old place sold."

The father shook his head. He suspected that Julia's plan was to go, in person, and endeavor to borrow the money; and though he knew the energy of her character, and felt assured that she would succeed, if success was possible, he could not derive much consolation from the scheme, for he had himself already tried every feasible channel in vain. Nevertheless, when Julia assured him, and re-assured him that she was certain of bringing him good news, he began to think that she had, perhaps, some positive grounds for speaking thus; and gradually he permitted himself to be won over to something like hope.

When, before retiring, the usual family devotions were held, the fervor with which the grey-haired elder poured out his soul to the Father above, was heightened by feelings of gratitude, that He had vouchsafed such a daughter to be the staff and support of his old age.

And lying in bed afterward, he remained awake till nearly midnight, blessing God for this great treasure, while the wind went wailing by the house, like a childless old man, as he fancied more than once, weeping and lost, and wandering in the storm.

II.—THE CREDITOR.

Julia also lay awake till late into the night. She had formed the resolution, while her father

Digitized by Google

had been speaking, of going personally to the creditor, believing, with the buoyant hope of youth, and with her sex's generous confidence in human goodness, that, when the fatal consequences of a sale were made fully known to Mr. Owens, he would consent to wait for his money. The scheme once conceived, Julia had persuaded herself in the excitement of the moment, that it was sure of success. "Surely, surely," she had said "he cannot dream how utterly he would ruin us, if he pressed things now. He is an old man himself, and has known father for half a century; if he has not a heart of stone he will wait till better times, at least."

But when Julia found herself alone, and began to examine, more dispassionately, the foundations for her hope, her assurance of success became fainter and fainter. Though as yet inexperienced in the ways of the world, she possessed sterling sense, so that when she reflected on Mr. Owens' conduct in the transaction; his demanding compound interest, and enforcing his claim at this period of general distress; a suspicion arose in her mind that he was acting deliberately. If this was so she knew there was no hope. In vain she tried to recover her sanguine feelings. For hours she lay awake, but the more she considered the subject, the more visionary appeared her late expectations.

She awoke unrefreshed, and with a violent head-ache, but anxious that her father should not see her looking jaded, she bathed her face copiously in cold water, and descended to breakfast. During the meal she exerted all her powers to appear cheerful, and succeeded to such an extent that her father's care-worn look disappeared partially.

The gale had blown itself out, during the night, without producing snow; and the sky was now of that brilliant blue only seen in winter. The sun shone with dazzling brightness. Through the keen north-west atmosphere, the smoke from the neighboring farm-houses ascended in graceful columns. The fields were alive with crows. Clear and musical across the distance came the sound of the academy bell, as it rung the children of the village to school.

As the distance was only about a mile, Julia determined to walk, and accordingly, as soon as the breakfast things were washed and put away, she set out for the village. No costly furs, as in the case of city belles, enveloped her person. But that tall and graceful figure did not require such luxuries to beautify it, while the robust exercise she took, and the bracing air she breathed, enabled her almost to defy cold. Her attire, however, though economical, was elegant. As she tripped along the elevated foot-walk, at the side of the highway, more than one passing stranger turned to catch another glimpse, if possible, of that rosy face and those large, dark eyes.

The exhilirating atmosphere, and the loveliness of the winter scenery had, in part, restored confidence to Julia, during her walk: but when she entered the long village street, and saw the store of Mr. Owens ahead, her heart began to fail her again. Alas! had she known but half the truth about her father's creditor, she would never have ventured, brave though she was, to have proceeded with her errand.

Mr. Owens had come to the village, in early life, a poor boy. He had, at first, run errands for the principal store-keeper; had finally become a clerk in the establishment; and eventually, after years of economy and industry, had been enabled to buy out his employer. Once in business for himself, his shrewdness, energy, and careful habits had led rapidly to a fortune. He had married, just before he succeeded his old patron, and as the portion of his wife had materially assisted him to compass that venture, it was generally believed that he married for money. Certainly a more ill-tempered companion he could not have selected; and she was, besides, the senior by several years. After living together, in constant bickerings, the wife at last died, leaving an only child, a daughter, behind her.

Perhaps if Mr. Owens had found a suitable companion, and lived a happy domestic life, his sympathies might have expanded, though they had been narrow originally; but his married life soured him against his fellows, and increased his selfish love of greed. He now devoted his whole energies to the acquisition of money. To be the richest man in the place became his ambition; and to achieve this end he spared neither industry, nor, it must be confessed, worse means. As soon as he acquired more capital than he could employ in his store, he began to lend money to farmers in the vicinity, pursuing in all cases, the plan he had adopted toward Mr. Forester; and when, by thus adding interest to principal, and again adding fresh interest to both, he had increased the original debt to about half the value of the farm, he seized the first opportunity, when times grew hard, to demand payment. Most generally his victims, frightened by the very threat of a public sale, were glad to compromise with him in secret by conveying their property to him, and remaining as his tenants. Occasionally, however, the mortgage was allowed to be sued out, and, when this happened,

Digitized by Google

Mr. Owens bought in the place if it sold low, but otherwise not. By these means he had managed to get into his possession, or hold incumbrances on, some of the best farms of the county.

Mr. Owens did not, in his personal appearance, belie his character. How can a man, indeed, surrender himself to the base passions of avarice and extortion, and pursue them for years, without exhibiting their traces in his countenance? Nature revenges herself, and making the face transparent, as it were, forces the inner man to gaze forth, in all his deformity, from the eyes, and even from the features. As Mr. Owens sat, in his little dingy office, back of the store, on the morning in question, doubled up over the rusty stove, with everything dingy and dusty about him, he looked like some huge ugly spider lying in wait, in the midst of his web. Though not older in years than Mr. Forester, he had nothing of the fresh, pleasant look of the latter; but was so withered and dried up, that he might have been mistaken for a mummy, only for the restless glitter of his suspicious eye. His brows overhung the deep sockets like a shaggy penthouse; his cheeks were fallen in; and his under jaw projected: a physiogonomist, in short, would have pronounced him, at the first glance, to be just the sordid and pitiless usurer he was.

Yet it was said that there was one thing this miserable old man did love; and that was his only daughter, a young lady of about Julia's age. In childhood, indeed, the two girls had attended the same school, and been quite intimate with each other, nor had the friendship ever been broken off. But Clara Owens had been spending the last two years in Philadelphia, so that Julia had not seen her but once in that period. It was a privation for Mr. Owens to be separated from his child in this way, but as she liked the gay life of a city, and never appeared happy at home after the first week, he consented to it for her sex, only indemnifying himself by a visit, every other month, to town. In these visits it flattered him to hear of the sensation his daughter's magnificent wardrobes created, and of the admiration and envy with which she was regarded: and when he returned, if he was not thinking of accumulating more money, he was thinking of Clara. But we digress, or seem to.

"Is Mr. Owens at home?" said Julia, entering the store, and assuming a calm exterior, though her spirits were low enough.

The clerk gave a second glance at that beautiful face, though he had seen it a hundred times before, and with more politeness than was usual to him, answered,

"He is, Miss Forester: will you walk back?"

With these words he left the customer he was waiting upon, and leading to the back end of the store, opened a door and ushered Julia into the presence of her father's creditor.

Mr. Owens was sitting, with a pen behind his ear, crouching over the stove to keep himself warm, for there was scarcely any fire, and his clothing, though originally sufficiently thick for the season, had years ago been worn thread-bare and thin. The room, lighted by a couple of small windows, which appeared as if they had not been washed for years, was quite dark, so that, as the door was opened, and a gush of brilliant daylight streamed in, the old man looked up, with a blink, and could not immediately recognize his visitor. He rose, however, and desired her to take a seat. Julia glanced around for a chair, but there was only an old stool, the legs of which, having lost their cross-pieces, had been fastened rudely together with a bit of unplaned board, nailed roughly on. The other furniture of the apartment was in character. A long desk stood under the windows, originally painted blue, but having only a few vestiges of that color now remaining; a box, turned upside down, and placed in one corner, supported a pitcher, a broken tumbler, and a cracked wash-bowl; and rows of old ledgers, covered with dust, and files of old bills, still dustier, occupied one entire side of the room. Mr. Owens had apparently been engaged, until the cold forced him to desist, at his usual task of computing interest, or examining accounts, for an open day-book lay on the desk, and the ink in the pen behind his ear was still liquid.

On recognizing Julia he gave a dry cough, which was almost a grunt, and divining immediately her purpose, turned his back abruptly on her, and returned to his desk.

But the brave girl, who, having once undertaken her task, was determined to go through with it, would not allow herself to be rebuffed by this rudeness, but having waited a moment to see whether he meant to attend to her or not, spoke courageously out.

"Mr. Owens," she said, "I have called to see you on some business of father's."

Here she paused, thinking he would now turn toward her, but, as he did not, she resumed,

"I hope," were her words, "that you do not particularly want the money he owes you, just at this juncture, for, as you know, it is almost impossible to obtain even the smallest sums——"

Poor Julia, with the best intentions in the world, was ignorant how to conduct her case most skilfully, or she would not have given the usurer this chance to turn her words upon herself. But it made little difference: however

Digitized by Google

adroitly she had pleaded, the result would have been the same.

He faced about, interrupting her, at this point, his little, sharp, eager eyes sparkling with triumph.

"And if it is impossible to obtain even the smallest sums, Miss, how have you the effrontery to come here soliciting so large a one?"

"I—I do not ask you to lend us anything," stammered Julia, breathless with the violence of this unexpected attack.

"You don't—don't you?" interrupted the creditor again, and this time with a sneering laugh. "Isn't every cent due that your father owes me? Won't I be lending it again if I don't let the law take its course? And what better security has he got to offer than I had before, and which I consider insufficient, or I should not have sued out the mortgage?"

There was nothing Mr. Owens disliked so much as to have a woman come as a suppliant, in behalf of a debtor; and he invariably turned on them, at the first chance the conversation offered, in this fierce and brutal way. Generally the visitor burst into tears, and was terrified into a speedy departure. But Julia, though she was at first paralyzed by the unexpected assault, and though her blood boiled afterward with indignation, was not one to be driven off thus. Her spirit rose.

"Surely, sir," she said, "my father's farm is ample security for your claim. It has always been considered worth twice that sum. But two years ago, if I recollect, he was offered even more than that, yet declined it."

For an instant the creditor gazed on the animated speaker, with something like admiration: for, in all his experience, he had never been confronted so boldly before. But immediately he answered with a sneer of contempt,

"Two years ago is not now. Your father's farm, Miss, is worth only what it will bring. If you can get twice as much as my debt for it, I see no reason why you have come here."

Julia felt the tears ready to start, but, by a strong effort, she checked them. She saw that she might as well hope to move this man with her entreaties as to melt granite, and she scorned to let him see that he had power to affect her spirits.

She rose from her seat, therefore, and stood proudly before him.

"Sir," she said, "what your motives are, in this, God only knows. As we are in your power, as the law allows your cruelty, our hereditary acres will become yours, it is plain, for half their value. You will have the pleasure," she spoke now with a bitter emphasis, "of turning an old man, who has no other enemy in the wide world but you, out of doors a beggar, and in the depth of winter——"

"I only want my rights," growled the creditor, sullenly.

"You only want your rights?" impetuously answered Julia, stretching out her arm with the air of a princess, till even her steel-hearted listener started. "You will take his little all, and add it to your stock, though it can swell that but in a small degree. But your triumph will be only for a short time. You, like him, are old, and will soon have to die. When you meet at the bar of God it will be his turn, for your riches can do you no good there; while he, and all others you have plundered, will rise up in judgment against you. I came here, thinking you had the heart of a man; but as you have not, I will not remain to plead to you. Yet, in the name of my father whom you have ruined, and of others whom I feel that you have robbed in the same way, I call on God above to take vengeance for the crimes by which you disgrace humanity."

Carried away by the sense of bitter wrong, Julia had poured forth this passionate torrent of words, with a rapidity that would have prevented interruption, even if her hearer had attempted it. But he was struck speechless, in part by what he considered the audacity of his visitor, and in part by hearing truths which no one had ventured to pronounce in his presence for years, and whose utterance even by his conscience he had long since stifled. Before he could recover from his stupor of rage and bewilderment, Julia had swept by him with the air of a Zenobia, and was leaving the store.

"Ah! go, you jade," he snarled, shaking his clenched hand at her. "A devil's life you'll lead the man that gets you." He paused a moment, and then added. "But you shall smart for this. You said I'd turn you out of doors, beggars, and I will. Yes! literally beggars, beggars, beggars."

He repeated the word again and again, hissing it out with a kind of savage joy: and then opening his iron-safe, took out some papers, put on his hat, and went forth.

III.—THE EXPULSION.

When Julia and her father met, the latter knew, at the first glance, that she had failed in her mission. The interview took place when he came in to dinner. Julia had just arrived in time to change her dress, and set the table for this meal; but, though she tried, she could not

Digitized by Google

banish from her countenance, all traces of her late emotion. The storm of contending feelings, of pity and love for her father, and of indignation against his creditor, which had raged in her bosom all the way home, had not yet entirely subsided.

Mr. Forester took her hand kindly and said, while she averted her face.

"I thank you, my child, for the effort you made: but I see it has been in vain." Then, after a pause he added, solemnly, lifting his eyes to the ceiling, "the Lord's will be done."

Julia threw herself impulsively on his bosom, and hiding her face there, burst into tears. She could not keep her emotion to herself any longer. This relieved her, so that, after a while, she looked up, smiling through her tears.

"Never mind, dear father," she said, "for they can't separate us: and while we are together, we will be happy in spite of them." As she spoke, she clung to him fondly, her beautiful face radiant with affection.

"We will not be entirely beggars," said the old man, smiling also, stooping and kissing her forehead, "for there is the stock, which is worth something, and the furniture. We shall have no use for most of it, and had better sell what we don't want. With the proceeds we can support ourselves in the village till I can look about for something to do."

Julia seemed about to speak; but hesitated: at last, however, she remarked,

"Perhaps we can get the old place on rent, which would be best of all."

But her father shook his head.

"No, my dear, we must not hope for that. Times are so hard that there will be no one, I fear, but Mr. Owens to buy the farm; and with him," he stopped a minute, added, with emotion, "I can hereafter have no transactions."

Julia felt that her father was right. But she said nothing. Only she heaved a half audible sigh, which she checked immediately.

That day and the next were passed, at the old farm house, in that state of uneasy expectation, when some great disaster is known to be impending, but when the exact time the blow will fall is uncertain. The interval, however, allowed Julia time to recover her usual equanimity, which the interview with Mr. Owens had disturbed. Her smile was again bright, her step buoyant, her words cheerful; and, as she went to and fro, in her household duties, her old songs were sung as before. Her father saw and heard with joy, but a joy not unallied to melancholy. "She is young and sanguine," he reflected, "and recovers from trouble as soon as the immediate pressure is removed. Ah! when she grows old, she will not forget so easily."

But Julia did not forget, as events soon proved. She only kept up this show of spirits, in order to console her father; and the instant she was alone at night, the smile faded, and the song was hushed. How little do even the best of men understand a loving woman, concealing her own great sorrow that she may cheer a father, brother, or husband, frequently doing this for a life-time, and dying often at the end without the secret of her self-sacrifice being discovered.

The third day after Julia's interview with Mr. Owens was cloudy and threatening. About noon the weather assumed such a lowering appearance, that Mr. Forester, on coming in to dinner, was persuaded by his daughter to remain in the house for the rest of the day. After the table had been set away, and the floor neatly swept up, Julia and he drew their chairs before the fire; Mr. Forester having the old family Bible open on his lap, and his daughter being busy with her sewing. From time to time the father looked up, when his eye almost immediately met that of his child, for some subtle magnetic influence seemed to tell her he was regarding her: and the smile which, at such moments, lit up her countenance, was radiant as a benignant angel's. Nothing could be more beautiful than Julia's whole appearance as it was on that afternoon. Her dress, though of plain materials, fitted her admirably. It was cut high in the neck, with tight sleeves as was then the mode: a style especially adapted to exhibit, yet modestly, her rounded arms, graceful bust, and shapely shoulders. One little foot peeped out from under her frock: the other was hidden coyly behind the thick draperies. Her magnificent brown hair was worn in plain bands in front, a fashion that suited well her air of serious dignity; and was gathered behind into a simple knot: if unloosed, it would have fallen to her feet, as she sat. Over the whole person and countenance there was an atmosphere of sweet, household quiet, indescribable in words. Wonderfully bewitching, indeed, is a woman in a home-dress at her own fireside.

As the afternoon advanced, the storm commenced in earnest. At first a few flakes of snow drifted slowly downward, at long intervals apart; but gradually they increased in frequency and rapidity, until soon the more distant landscape was entirely shut out by the fast-falling shower: and finally even the neighboring wood, which was separated from the house by a single field only, was but dimly perceptible. A white sheet now covered the landscape. The fences and old

Digitized by Google

buttonwoods were tipped with white also. For most of the time the flakes descended in profound silence, and almost perpendicularly, but occasionally a gust would dash them against the window, or send them chasing each other in boisterous play across the front-yard and into the field beyond. How pleasant it was to sit by the cheerful fire, in that warm, cozy room, and hearing the wind whistle without, or watching the ever falling flakes, know that neither could reach you.

Suddenly the sound of carriage wheels, half muffled by the snow, was heard, and immediately a vehicle drew up at the gate. Two men leaped out from the wagon, which turned about and drove back.

The eyes of the father and child met in curious inquiry, but no time was left for words; for the men entered the front-yard, and were heard, the next moment, on the door-step thumping the snow off their boots. Mr. Forester would have admitted the strangers, but Julia sprang before him.

When the foremost visitor had removed his cap, both Julia and her father started, knowing his presence betokened no good; for he had once been in the farmer's employ, but having been discharged for unworthiness, had ever since pursued him with undisguised hatred. He had now been, for many years, a drunken lounger at taverns and a hanger on about the court-house; and Mr. Forester remembered to have heard that he was sometimes employed as a sheriff's officer, to do dirty work of which his principal was ashamed. This recollection, coupled with the dismission of the carriage, implying that he and his companion had come to stay, revealed to the old man the intruder's errand, so that he was not surprised at what followed.

"I've a little business with you, squire," said this bloated wretch, leering aside at Julia insolently as he spoke, and extending a paper, with a triumphant grin, toward her father. "This is a levy, as you will see, on your furniture and stock."

The old man bowed with dignity, but could not, it was evident, trust himself to speak. Julia, seeing his internal emotion, and eager to shield him, boldly interposed, though she had, as yet, only a glimpse of the man's purpose.

"What is it you mean, sir?" she said. "I am mistress here."

The man stared at her, for an instant, and answered,

"Mean, Miss? Why that this 'ere's an execution on the housel stuff, cattle, hay, grain, and whatever else your father has."

"An execution!"

"Yes, Miss, at the suit of Mr. Owens."

"We owe Mr. Owens nothing but the mortgage on the farm," spiritedly began Julia.

But the officer interrupted her with a coarse laugh.

"You'll find that enough, I reckon. Mr. Owens don't think his security on the farm sufficient, and so has proceeded on the bond also; and I calculate, Miss, it'll take all, these ere times, to pay him off."

Julia drew in her breath, looking toward her father; for she never had heard before that a creditor could have two remedies for his debt. The old man, understanding her mute appeal, shook his head hopelessly, by which she knew that all the officer had said was true.

"Well, sir," she said, drawing toward her father, "go on with your work."

But here Mr. Forester, who had been silent hitherto, interposed.

"Surely Mr. Owens cannot be in earnest," he said, addressing the officer. "The farm is worth more than enough to pay his debt. He runs no risk."

"Look here, squire," said the fellow, bluntly and insolently. "They say its a long lane that has no turning, and, though you've had a pretty good time of it, your turn has come at last, I reckon. Sartain it is, Mr. Owens hates you like pisin, and don't care to hide it. He as good as said he was doing this ere to be revenged on you, for he said, over and over again, when he was at the office, that he'd beggar you, and not leave you even a bed to sleep in; and my orders," added the bailiff, with another grin of exultation, that made his repulsive face look even more bestial, "is to give you no grace whatsomever, but to take everything the law allows."

At the period of which we write, no homestead laws had been passed anywhere, and the debtor was entirely at the mercy of his creditor. In the commonwealth, where the scene of our story lies, the few trifles protected from sale on execution was a mockery, nor had even imprisonment for debt been abolished. When, therefore, Mr. Forester heard these words, he knew that he was utterly ruined, and that his heartless creditor might even finish by sending him to jail.

The officer saw, with cruel joy, the anguish he was inflicting. For years he had nourished a wild vision of having his revenge; yet had scarcely dared to hope for a day like this. He gazed a moment, in silence, on the pallid face of his victim, and then went on, with a chuckle,

"You see, squire, you'd better prepare for the worst. There'll be nobody, I reckon, to bid

Digitized by Google

for the things, except Mr. Owens, for he's the only man with money hereabouts, these times. He'll not bid much, you know, eh? So it may be worse yet, a capias, and a while in jail."

Julia had stood, sheltering her father, during this conversation, now looking up anxiously into his eyes, and now facing the intruders with almost an angry air. She had been listening to obtain a correct idea of the circumstances: and this she had now secured. Advancing a step, she fixed her eyes haughtily on the officer, and extending her arm proudly, said,

"You were told once before, sir, to go on with your work; and now do it without words. My father wants nothing to say to you, or to your employer. What the law gives, take; and rid us of your presence, when that is done."

"My dear," said Mr. Forester, "these men are to stay here."

"To stay here!"

"Yes, my saucy Miss," laughed the officer, his companion laughing also, and breaking silence for the first time, "we're to stay here. We're masters now. For my part I'll take the spare room, and have a fire in it, with my bed warmed, and all that." He looked at his attendant, as he spoke, and again laughed brutally.

Julia made no answer for a full minute. She saw how completely they were in the power of these men, and a sense of dignity forbade her to carry on the controversy. At last, after a hurried glance out of doors, she said, addressing Mr. Forester,

"Father, this is no place for us. Let us leave the house. We will find somebody to shelter us, in the village. Jerry can drive us there."

She put her arm into that of her father, who looked toward the peg where his hat hung; and the two were already moving away, when the officer spoke again, turning to the father.

"You may go, squire, if you choose; and I'm sure I don't care a d—— if you do: but you know enough of law to know you can't take the wagon, or remove anything else."

"Is it so, father?" asked Julia, not deigning to look at the officers.

"It is, my child."

She hesitated a little, and then said. "We will go, nevertheless, if you don't fear the storm, father. I'll wrap you up warmly in your cloak."

"But you, my daughter——"

"I! Oh! nothing can hurt me," said Julia, with a smile. "If that is all, come. I will but tell Jerry to watch for us," she whispered to him, "and then we will leave these wretches to themselves; for the place is our home no longer."

Her father, who saw nothing to be gained by remaining but insult, which he could not avenge, even if he had desired, and who was eager, therefore, to remove his daughter from the presence of the officers, assented. His momentary depression seemed to pass away, as soon as he had come to this conclusion. He straightened himself up, and looking calmly at the bailiff, till the eye of the man quailed, with all its effrontery, proceeded to assume his great-coat, to put on the heavy boots he had removed after dinner, and to carefully lay away his Bible.

Julia, who had left the room, now reappeared, followed by Jerry, their head servant. She was equipped for walking.

"Mr. Northwell," she said, turning to this faithful follower, "you will see that these men make a proper inventory, and that they lay aside, under your direction, the articles the law allows. Now, father, I am ready."

Jerry, scowling at the officers, sprang to open the door. Julia, as she spoke, threw over her father a cloak she had brought: and then moved to the door, her hand in his. When they emerged into the open air a sudden gust dashed past, almost blinding them with snow.

"Darn their picters," said Jerry, excited beyond control, "I'll go and hitch old Sal to the wagon, in spite of 'em, if you'll say the word, squire, or you, Miss Julia."

"No," said the old man, laying his hand on Jerry's shoulder impressively. "We will have no contention. The wicked shall not always prevail, the Lord hath said."

Jerry shook his head, and muttered to himself, but said nothing openly. He pressed his old master's hand, with emotion, and when they moved away, remained sadly watching their figures, till they disappeared in the storm.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EPIGRAM.

BY KATE WILFUL.

My aunt seems surprised that old Carlo and Puss
Should keep up the din of perpetual strife:
But why does she wonder? Why make such a fuss?
Theirs must, it is plain, be a cat and dog life!

Digitized by Google

"DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND."

BY CARRY STANLEY.

"Now, Phil, do shut up that book," said Florence Imbrie to her brother. "What *is* the reason that people read in the cars, who never open a book at any other time? You have no consideration in the world for my feelings, and take my banishment to this out of the way place with as much coolness as if it was the most delightful thing in the world. As to going with mamma to visit that stately old dowager, it was out of the question; I should have come away looking like Rip Van Winkle when he awoke from his sleep in the mountains. Oh, the very thought of her chairs makes my back ache. I guess they 'came over in the May Flower.' Why in the world did mamma bundle me off to the country at this time of the year?"

"She wished to restore your roses after a winter's dissipation; and a summer at a watering place does not do much toward that," was the reply.

"Well, it is too bad. I've made every preparation in the world for Saratoga or the sea shore, to say nothing of my reception mornings at home. Madame Le Tour has finished me some of the most becoming morning and dinner dresses you can imagine, and as to my bonnets—oh, Phil! you havn't seen that love of a pink bonnet that Devy reserved purposely for me. It is perfectly bewitching. There never was such a wonderful emanation, from a milliner's brain, of tulle, and lace, and flowers. Ah! a good milliner must be a poet as well as an artist. That's *par parenthesis.* I assure you a dozen wanted it, but Devy said it was my style exactly, and would not sell it. But what is the use of looking like an angel in the country?"

"I suppose that did not prevent you from bringing all those same beautiful things with you though, Flor," said her brother, as he watched, with some amusement, his sister's half vexed, half comical expression.

"To be sure I brought them. They will be entirely out of fashion before I go home: for I believe I am to be buried alive for the summer." And Florence, as she finished, threw herself back in her seat with an air of forced resignation.

For a while the restless tapping of the little hand was still, and her vexed features grew into repose, as she watched the sleepy, elderly gentleman, dozing over the newspaper, and the young ladies ungloving their hands to show their rings, and the children munching their apples and gingerbread, and crying by way of interlude. But presently she started up again with, "I say, Phil, *will* you put down that book? In what part of Europe did Uncle Robert acquire a taste for pork and cabbage? the idea of any man in his senses settling down in the country is totally incomprehensible. I suppose there will be nothing in the shape of a man one can flirt with. Uncle Robert won't do, he's mamma's brother, and little Frank is not much more than a baby, and as to that Basil Cleaveland, he is a great deal worse than nobody; this having a handsome man in the room and not admiring one's self, it is an actual punishment. Phil, do you hear me? What a funny thing it must be to have a husband already cut and dried for one. Basil Cleaveland! what a pretty name. Did Anne seem very melancholy and very much in love, when you were in Europe together? I shouldn't thank anybody for willing a husband to me, if I was Anne. It is something like being a princess though, they are always affianced when they are children, but I think I would just as soon marry you, Phil, as one I had always seen so much of; there's no romance in it. If Anne is not very much in love, and the gentleman is handsome and agreeable, I may condescend to fascinate him a little; that pink bonnet will do it."

And so Florence rattled on, sometimes to her brother's amusement, sometimes to his annoyance, till they reached the depot, where their uncle's carriage met them.

"Really, Anne, this is quite a handsome room: the house is not built of logs, I suppose," was Florence's exclamation soon after her arrival.

"We think the place beautiful," was the reply. "I am——"

"Oh, I dare say," interrupted Florence, "but really, coz, I care nothing at all about the beauties of nature; I have seen Niagara and the White Mountains, and must confess that I think the beauties of art, assembled in the dining-rooms or drawing-rooms of Newport or Saratoga, much better. Now, Anne, child, I like you all

Digitized by Google

very much, but to be candid, I came here because mamma obliged me to. Now, if I was engaged to be married, like you, I should feel it my duty to settle down in some quiet place, to prepare my mind for the awful event. By the way, *cara mio*, when are you to be married? Not soon, I hope, for then there will be no possibility of getting up a flirtation with Mr. Cleaveland when he comes."

"I do not know," replied Anne, gravely, "the subject is never mentioned between us. We are not very ardent lovers to be sure. I sometimes wish Basil would speak of it, but he neither asks me to marry him, nor releases me."

"Anne, dear, do you love Mr. Cleaveland?"

"Don't ask me, Florence," was the reply, as her cousin kissed her good night.

"Well, now, that is rather singular," soliloquized Florence, when left alone. "Why, Anne, you foolish thing, you might as well have told me, for as I am a woman, I'll find out in spite of you, and flirt with your husband elect, too, if you are not too much in love with him yourself," and with this laudable intent upon the heart of Basil Cleaveland, Florence prepared for bed.

The magnificent city belle arose the next day, with the full expectation of being ennuied to death; but in some way, she could not tell how, the time never seemed to pass more quickly. It was very strange! No morning loungers in loose coats and buff colored kids dropped in; no representative of young America, with one arm thrown over the back of his chair, and with his other hand rattling his tiny pearl-headed cane against his pearly teeth, called forth her fascinations and her satire at the same time; no dear young friend stopped "just for a second," to tell her that the Baron Von B——, of the last German exportation, had declared to her that he was dying of love for the fair Florence, or to coax her up to Lawson's show-rooms, "before the most beautiful things in the world were sold."

Yes, it was strange; but some how the golden shadows on the wavy grass stole with their rich mellowing influence into her heart, and the perfume from the clusters of white and purple lilacs, and from the velvet blossoms of the brown and orange striped wall flowers, intoxicated her senses as her ball-room bouquets had never done.

Day after day, passed in a kind of dreamy pleasure to Florence; the spoiled girl seemed to have lost half her faults, and her coquetry, to have died a natural death. She fascinated all the visitors at her uncle's, with her winning manners, and Le Tour's elegant dresses; but as she told her brother, she thought the air around Ashley had a healthy moral as well as physical tone, as she found it did not agree with a flirting constitution.

Florence often spent half her mornings with Mrs. Willits, the wife of her uncle's farmer, who tried to initiate her into all the mysteries of country housewifery, as Florence gravely informed her she meant to marry a farmer. Many a lessson did she take in baking, pickling and preserving.

One morning at the breakfast table, a letter was handed to Mr. Ashley, which he read, then threw to his daughter, saying,

"Well, Anne, your recreant knight is tired of travelling, and he says he will be here by the second, so we may look for him to morrow or the day after at the latest."

"Well, Anne," said Florence, "I expect you want to spend the day in preparing your affections for the Prince Royal; so come, Frank, you and I'll go down to help Mrs. Willits make cheese. Aunt Mary, I am almost fit for a farmer's wife already."

And Frank, who was ever ready for a scamper with his beautiful, gay-hearted cousin, ran for his hat, and off the two went, over the dewy grass, down the hill, to the meadowy hollow, where the farmer's house stood.

And a jewel of a house it was too, according to Florence, neither very large, nor very new, but neat and comfortable, and beautifully situated, shaded in front by two large oak trees, which waved over a little green lawn, that swept down to a clear stream which wound through the meadow beyond. At the back of the house, on one side, was a rude trellis work, gay now with the scarlet bean, and the velvet flowered morning glories; and at the other, the clean, cool, brick shed, where snowy milk pails, and glistening pans stood in a row. But the pride of Mrs. Willits' heart was her garden and dairy. The former was gay in the spring time, with flaunting red peonies, and golden balled cocorus, and gaudy tulip cups, that would sway and bend beneath the weight of the robber bee; or bright with the promises of green curling salad, and crisp radishes, and red veined beets, and early peas, whose blossoms added to the garden's beauty. But now it was fairly gorgeous with hollyhocks, marigolds, and painted peas, four-o'clocks, and little yellow coreopsis, with their rich brown centre, and all a country housewife's favorite flowers; and fragrant with thyme and lavender, and sage, and chamomile, covered with glistening, white clam shells, which could not keep the feathery green of the plant entirely down.

Digitized by Google

As to the dairy house, it was refreshing just to look at it. It was built of stone, over a spring, and was as white as lime could make it. Three large drooping willow trees overshadowed it. Oh! what delicious coolness, when the door was opened, and when you descended the three little steps leading into it. How softly the spring murmured, and how clear the water was, and how the white milk gleamed from the pans, and how temptingly the balls of golden butter looked in the half darkness.

No wonder Florence loved to visit the farmer's good wife.

"Mrs. Willits, Mrs. Willits," said she, on approaching the house, "do let me break up that curd for you to-day."

"Well, so you shall, Miss Florence; I have just taken it from the press," and turning the cheese from the vat into her nicely painted tub, the good woman gave Florence a large knife, then disappeared in the cheese room, to turn her treasures and rub them with cayenne pepper.

Florence commenced cutting the snowy curd into large slices; and in a short time she had a large congregation of the feathered tribe around her; young chickens, who took no thought of their death in the coming winter, and downy, half-grown ducks, who had not arrived at the dignity of feathers.

And now the huge pieces were compressed between Florence's white fingers, till they came out fine and flaky, and the little flock around her became clamorous. Good Mrs. Willits would have held up her hands in horror, had she been present, to have seen her cheese diminish so rapidly under her guest's generosity, for she held that "Ingen meal" was good enough any time for ducks and chickens, who couldn't earn their own living.

Florence went on distributing the cheese lavishly, moralizing over the greedy rabble. "Here, ducky, ducky, ducky," called she at last, when she thought the sharp bills of the chickens had the advantage.

And, "here, ducky, ducky, ducky," was repeated behind her, as her head was clasped between two strong hands, and drawn back till a kiss was imprinted on her forehead.

Florence, as soon as released, turned in astonishment, and some little anger, to look behind her. A tall, handsome stranger stood there, who seemed as much surprised as herself, and was evidently embarrassed deeply at the liberty he had taken.

"I ask your pardon, madam," he stammered, "I thought it was Anne."

"No, it is not Anne," said Florence, shortly, at once conjecturing it was Cleaveland; and assuming an air of cold dignity. "Here, ducky, ducky," she continued, turning away from him, and she commenced throwing out the curd to the ducks with frightful rapidity.

The stranger bowed and departed, and Mrs. Willits coming in a moment after, and seeing the retreating figure, exclaimed, "Lor bless me, there's Mr. Cleaveland, as sure as I live. He often leaves his baggage at the station house, and walks over, when the weather's fine. I didn't know he was coming so soon."

Florence said nothing about the mistake which had been made, but calling Frank, soon after, took her departure.

As she ascended the steps of her uncle's mansion, she espied her cousin standing in the open door.

"Here, Anne," exclaimed she, "I have had the first kiss from your husband elect. But do not be jealous, my dear; he didn't mean to bestow such a *surprising* mark of esteem on me. He is a tolerably good-looking kind of man, and I think I may possibly find him worth fascinating, with your permission, *ma cousine*."

Every word which Florence had spoken had been heard by Basil Cleaveland, who was standing at an open window, just above her, and giving one short, expressive whistle, he said mentally, with a smile, "that is your game, is it, my Lady Cleopatra? it will take two, though, to play it out, methinks."

Florence determined to commence her attack upon the citadel at once, and Anne saw with some amusement, her cousin's elaborate dinner costume, when she went to the table, though as far as Mr. Cleveland was concerned, neither that nor Florence's brilliant conversation seemed to be noticed by him.

He conversed with all more than he did with the fair belle, and as she afterward petulantly observed, "ate his soup, and drank his wine, as if he really enjoyed them."

Several weeks passed, with apparently no better success. Basil Cleaveland was dressed for, sung for, and talked for; yet seemed to be insensible of it all.

"I declare," said Florence one day to her cousin, "I would rather undertake to make a whole ball-room of New York beaux in love with me, than a man like this Don Basil, who spends half his life in the country, thinking. His heart is like a nether mill-stone. I wonder, Anne, if he likes 'elegant simplicity.' I think I must try that."

And consequently, Florence's tactics changed

Digitized by Google

immediately; flowers were substituted for jewelry—the most brilliant conversation had now a touch of sentiment in it; the difficult music, which heretofore had been selected to show off her rich *contralto* voice, was laid aside, and simple, touching songs, took its place.

Perhaps the new scheme was unnecessary, for a gradual change seemed to be coming over Mr. Cleaveland. He more frequently joined the girls and Philip in their walks and rides, occasionally accompanied Florence when singing, and as she thought, sometimes steadily watched her, when she was in conversation with other gentlemen.

At last he said, one day, "come, ladies, what do you say to a good gallop this delightful morning. Philip and myself will be charmed to have your company; and, Miss Florence, I have a beautiful little horse, just suited for a lady, which I should feel honored if you would ride."

Florence went to prepare for the excursion, in high spirits.

"What a beautiful creature! What is its name?" asked she, as she mounted.

"I call him Mischief," was the reply.

"Mischief! oh, that is ominous. I am really afraid of him, Mr. Cleaveland."

Anne looked astonished, and Philip amused, for they both knew that Florence was an accomplished rider, and afraid of nothing.

But Basil Cleaveland retained the little hand longer than was necessary, after he had lifted her to the saddle, as he said in a low voice, "the horse is very gentle, I assure you, Florence. Had it not been so, I would not, for the world, risk your life on him."

He felt the hand he held tremble, and whilst Florence bent over to caress her horse, in order to conceal the flush which had mantled to her face, he sprang upon his own animal, and the party set off.

"Why, Flor, what is the matter with you? have you taken the vow of La Trappe, that you wont speak," asked her brother.

She looked up, and her eyes met those of Basil Cleaveland fixed on her. In truth, the gay girl was totally subdued. She had fully made up her mind, whilst putting on her riding dress, that she would play the timid young lady to perfection; that Mr. Cleaveland should adjust her reins, times without number; that her stirrup strap should be too long or too short; in fact that he should never leave her side; but now she rode on silently, almost feeling as if she wished to escape from the very man, whom, an hour before, she had been devising plans to keep by her exclusively. She longed to be at home in her own room, to examine into the multitudinous feelings of her own heart, which was very much like Pandora's box, with hope at the bottom. But then came the question, "can he have been trifling too?" after which a long reverie was ended with, "I came very near being caught in my own trap, I vow."

"Very near!" Poor Florence, it had only been "*very near*," had things ended there, but when her eyes again met his in dismounting, and her hand was again detained for a moment, she said to herself, "surely he *must* be in earnest."

Again the weeks flew by, leaving Florence in a trance of happiness. Her glad laugh was less seldom heard, but her smile was sweeter, if less gay than formerly. Basil Cleaveland was ever by her side, with whispered words in her ears, and his dark eyes bent on her, till she felt as if under some mesmeric spell.

One day Philip returned from the post-office with a letter, which he handed to his sister, saying,

"Here, Florence, you declared you should die if you did not get to Newport this summer, and mamma, in order to preserve your valuable life, has written to say that if you will go home immediately, she will spend a week or so there, till the season closes."

Florence looked perfectly blank, and replied immediately,

"I do not want to go at all."

A smile of thanks immediately beamed on Basil Cleaveland's face, which noticing, she continued,

"I have not a dress fit to wear at a place of the kind now, and there would be no time to have any made; for everybody will have left Newport, who was worth meeting, by the time I should be ready to go."

Another smile, which puzzled Florence, gleamed in Mr. Cleaveland's eyes.

But now, as time passed, she began to feel less happy than she had been. She missed the whispered words, and the steady looking through her own eyes into her soul, which had so enthralled her; till gradually Mr. Cleaveland's manner became as cooly polite as it had been on their first acquaintance.

But Florence Imbrie's pride suffered her to make no change in her demeanor. Her old, gay spirits seemed to have returned, and her manner was as cordial as formerly; there was a laughing defiance in her eye, which seemed to say, "not quite caught yet, you see."

One night, as Florence was about retiring, Anne entered her chamber, saying,

"Coz, if you are not too sleepy, I want to tell you something."

Digitized by Google

"Never was more wide awake in my life. Has the grand signor asked you to marry him yet?" was the reply.

"If you mean Basil, he says he wont have me, but——" and Anne stopped and blushed.

"'But'—Phil will, I suppose you mean to say. Well, you will make a dear little sister-in-law, to be sure. Pray, why has your prince royal condescended to release you at last."

"He told me this morning that he feared we loved each other too much as cousins, ever to be happy as husband and wife, but since, as if we did not marry, half of the fortune which Uncle John left us was to go to other heirs, he did not like to break off our engagement, as it would diminish my portion so much; but said that he had thought lately that we should both be happier without the money than with it."

"And Phil thought so too, I suppose. Well, you dear little soul, I am glad of it. You are rich enough yet, in all conscience, even if Philip was not, and he has too much money for his own good."

Florence retired that night with renewed hopes. She now thought that the alteration in in Mr. Cleaveland's conduct arose from a doubt as to whether Anne would really release him. There appeared now no obstacles to her love, and with happy dreams of the future, she went to sleep.

But with the morning's dawn, the old wilfulness returned. She began to consider whether she should not refuse him at first, just to let him see that she was not to be had too easily; but alas, for Florence's resolution, a week passed, and Basil Cleaveland's manner never changed from the indifference which had marked it for so long a time.

The green beauty of summer had given way to the gorgeousness of autumn; the ash and the hickory threw out their banners of crimson and gold on the edge of the woods; the many hued maple and the russet leafed oak tree, sent out musical whisperings on the still air; above the brown fields and gay woods a solitary crow wheeled and cawed, seeming to add to the quiet which reigned around, and over all came the purple haze, known only in our autumns, which heightens their beauty by partially concealing it.

But not such was the landscape on which Florence Imbrie gazed half abstractedly. The rain came down in heavy pattering drops, with a ringing, musical sound on the fallen leaves. The wind sighed and moaned through the desolate, empty chambers of the woods, rocking with a wailing voice, the oriole in its nest, or sending a gust of fine rain tinkling against the window frame by which Florence leaned. The twilight was fast deepening into darkness, and yet Florence stood as she had been standing for half an hour, partially concealed by the curtains, her tall, elegant figure looking perfectly statuesque in its immovability.

A well known step at length crossed the room, although she was not conscious that she had been watched for some moments before. The old defiant light rose to her eyes, which but now were so sad, as she gaily exclaimed,

"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something evil this way comes."

In a moment after she was joined by Basil Cleaveland, who said,

"Positively, Miss Florence, you are growing sentimental latterly; what is the matter? I have always observed that only young ladies in love have such intense liking, as you seem to have, for dreary, rainy days; it is so conducive to reverie, you know," and there was a "mocking devil" in his tone, that almost made the proud girl stamp her foot with anger.

"Judging by myself, Mr. Cleaveland, your observations are correct, for I am *not* in love, and I assure you that I cordially dislike these Indian ink landscapes. I was just wondering when Philip would get over his intoxication enough to leave Anne, for the country is getting disagreeably cool."

"Yes, so much so, that I intend starting for the South in a few days. I really do not know how I am to bring my mind to coming north, to Anne's wedding in January."

"Well, I suppose Mr. Newton will not refuse to marry her, because you are not here to give your consent," replied Florence, steadily.

Basil Cleaveland darted a quick glance at the speaker, but the twilight had deepened so much that he could not see whether there was any traces of emotion on her face, although she still leaned against the window. There was a moment's silence, when Florence, having put out her hand to draw a larger chair toward her, the curtain, as she turned, brushed a cluster of splendid crimson sumach leaves from her hair. They fell at Cleaveland's feet, who picked them up, but instead of returning them to her, he said,

"Will you not let me keep these, Miss Florence? I should like a memento of you that has some sentiment in it. I want to remember you in your subdued mood, you know," and again that light, self-collected, mocking tone fell upon her ear.

"Of course," was the reply, in a voice in which not a trace of wounded pride or affection could

Digitized by Google

be recognized. "Of course I could not refuse to so intimate an acquaintance as yourself, what I have granted to some dozens of others."

"Well," exclaimed Cleaveland, gaily, twirling the leaves in his hand, "this has been a pleasant flirtation after all, Miss Florence. What a pity it was only a flirtation!" And, with his rich, mellow voice, he repeated Miss Landon's lines.

"But yet the dream was pleasant, though it hath vanished now,
Like shaking down loose blossoms from off the careless bough;
They never came to fruit, and their short lives soon were o'er,
But we passed an hour beneath them, and we never asked for more.
No vows were ever plighted, we had no farewell to say;
Gay were we when we met at first, and we parted just as gay.
There was little to remember, and nothing to regret.
Love touches not the flatterer, love chains not the coquette."

It was well for Florence that the quotation was so long, for it gave her time to recover the firmness of her voice to reply,

"I never knew before, Mr. Cleaveland, how good an elocutionist you were. It is a pity I have missed so much, for I should have tried to have got you to read aloud to Anne and myself, during these hot summer mornings, when we could not stir out of the house."

The next day Florence found her cluster of sumach leaves on the floor, by the chair in which Basil Cleaveland had been sitting, having been carelessly dropped and trodden upon.

During the rest of Cleaveland's stay, Florence's manner never varied toward him. There was no blushing cheek nor drooping lid, no unnatural gaiety to hide wounded love. She never avoided his company, never seemed to wish to hurry her own departure, or delay it till after his; and as he was descending the steps of the piazza to the carriage, on the day he went away, she called out to him in a most acquaintance-like way, "be sure to come back to the wedding, Mr. Cleaveland."

The early part of the winter passed in a series of brilliant triumphs to Florence. The same gay old smile was on her lips, and at times the same saucy sparkle in her eyes, but though none knew why, all felt that her manner was not the same. Irresistible young dandies were not quite so sure of her favor as formerly; those who had sought her before to bandy gay jests with her, now felt the sting of her biting sarcasm at times; and the *blase*, who had liked her for her sparkling freshness of manner, now declared that she had grown suddenly old.

The time for Anne's wedding was now drawing near, and the middle of January found Florence at Ashley, deep in all the mysteries of satin, lace, and orange flowers.

One afternoon, as Florence stood at the window watching the falling snow, Frank exclaimed,

"Cousin Flor, do let's go out, and have a run, won't you?" Come, we'll snow-ball each other, and then go to see Mrs. Willits."

Florence immediately acceded to the child's request, for her mother and aunt were holding consultations on the cake; Mr. Ashley was taking his after dinner nap in the library; Anne and Philip seemed to be rehearsing the marriage ceremony; and being left to her own resources was not particularly agreeable to her.

The visit to Mrs. Willits detained them till the fast falling snow and the night were coming down together, and by the time Florence had changed her dress and entered the drawing-room, nothing could be seen from the windows but the lawn and fields, enveloped in one vast sheet of white, and the parlor itself was lighted only by the large, bright fire in the grate. This threw out a warm, glowing light over the room, leaving only the large bay window at the further end, shaded by heavy curtains, in shadow.

"Oh, this is delightful after the storm without," exclaimed Florence, just as her aunt was leaving the room; and approaching the fire, she placed one foot on the low fender, and leaning her head against the mantel-piece, she gazed into it abstractedly. Her reverie ended with an audible "heigh-ho," and, going to the piano, she sat down and commenced playing. At first she ran her fingers listlessly over the keys, as if half unconsciously. Then one song followed another, all mournfully sad, and her voice rose in the quiet room, appealingly, almost wailingly in its sorrowfulness.

The curtains by the front bay window moved, and as Florence was sitting with her back to it, she knew not that the room had another occupant, till a well known voice whispered in her ear "Florence."

The piano gave a groan, as Florence placed her hand on the keys in her fright, but as she was not a young lady who was given to fainting, she only said,

"Bless my heart, Mr. Cleaveland, how you frightened me. Why I thought you were in Florida; but I am really glad to see you."

Basil Cleaveland would have been just as well satisfied, if she had not expressed her pleasure quite so freely.

"Why we had given up all expectation of seeing you now, it is so much later than you had promised to be here," continued Florence.

Digitized by Google

"I came to see you, Florence, rather than to Anne's wedding," was the reply.

"You are very kind. I am sure I appreciate the compliment, Mr. Cleaveland," and a gay laugh ended the sentence.

"Florence will you never have done with this coquetry?" he said, "you know that I love you," and his voice grew thrillingly low as he took her hand, "will you be my wife, Florence?"

The proud girl withdrew her hand, and had not her head been turned away, Basil Cleaveland might have discovered a gleam of triumph in the flashing eyes, as she haughtily answered,

"*If* you are *serious*, sir, I shall be under the necessity of declining the honor which you intend me."

She arose from her seat, just as Frank came bounding into the parlor with the intelligence that the mice had been eating the fruit cake, and that as no one could be married without that, he supposed the wedding would be deferred till some more was made.

Florence left the room, saying to herself, "I have had my revenge now;" and if an unwonted gaiety, during the evening, was any indication of her real feelings, she enjoyed it exceedingly.

But as the days passed on, she began to wonder whether it had afforded her the pleasure which she had anticipated. Mr. Cleaveland made no effort to renew the subject; and when, on the night of Anne's wedding, he watched her, with her heavy black hair banded so smoothly over her calm brow, and the unflinching gaze of her dark eyes into his, he inwardly vowed her to be the most finished coquette he had ever known.

A week after the wedding had passed, and Florence had maintained her old manner toward Cleaveland, with the exception of a little more reserve when alone with him.

The night before the departure of the bridal party for their homes had come, and Florence stood at the familiar bay window, gazing out on the moonlight as it bathed the cold shrouded fields, and lighted up the dark evergreens, as they bent beneath the snow-wreaths.

"Your thoughts must be among the stars, Miss Florence," said Cleaveland, approaching.

"No. I was only wondering where we should all be this time next year—a common-place thought enough, you see," was the answer.

"Philip and Anne will scarcely have done cooing by that time, and you, I suppose, will be smiling on some dozens of cavaliers," replied he, bitterly. "As for myself, I may be on the top of one of the pyramids, or sledging with some Russian beauties, down the ice-hills of St. Petersburg."

"Oh! I almost envy you your visit to Europe. I see no chance of getting there myself, for Philip and Anne have been once, you know, and it would be cruel to take mamma flying over the world to please me."

A pause in the conversation ensued for a few moments, when Cleaveland said,

"Miss Imbrie, after to-morrow we may not see each other again for years, perhaps never; and I wish to explain to you what you may have considered ungentlemanly in my behavior. Do you remember our conversation at this window, that rainy twilight, some months since? I commenced it with the full determination of offering myself to you, for I loved you then, Florence; but on the day of my arrival here, I heard you declare to Anne your determination to flirt with me, and I vowed to meet you with your own weapons. I thought I at length discovered that you loved me, but I was ungenerous enough to wish to have a full revenge, though I was totally foiled by your self-possessed manner on that evening. I then determined that you should not see your power over me, so I jested on. During my absence at the South, the hope that you loved me again returned, and it was that, rather than Anne's wedding, which brought me here. I have been convinced of my mistake, and can only crave your forgiveness for having troubled you."

"*I* surely have nothing to forgive. My girlish vanity led to all this," answered Florence.

Again there was a pause, broken by Cleaveland, who said,

"You will at least think of me kindly, Florence, when I am away?"

But no answer came, for his listener would not trust her voice, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Will you not think of me, Florence?" and Cleaveland took one of her hands in his own, and found it trembled violently.

A whispered "yes," was the reply. It was very low, but it made the heart of Basil Cleaveland leap for joy. The hand was still retained, without an effort on the part of Florence to withdraw it, and an arm stole around her waist.

"Will you not be my wife, Florence? Must I go alone?" said Cleaveland.

We never heard precisely what reply was made, but we judge that it was not "no," for when Philip and Anne entered the room an hour afterward, they heard Florence say,

"Well, we outwitted ourselves as well as each other, for it was 'diamond cut diamond' after all, Basil."

And a few months afterward, in the list of passengers in the "Atlantic" for Europe, we saw the names of "Mr. Basil Cleaveland and lady."

Digitized by Google

RAMBLES IN AUTHOR LAND.

BY MRS. E. H. PUTNAM.

I.—MY FIRST STORY.

An old man,
Gray and white, and dove-like,
Who had in sooth, a great beard,
And read in a fair, great book,
Beautiful with golden clasps.
ADAM PUSHCHMAN.

My first associations with authorship are strongly connected with an old man who was the father of an early friend. He was a distinguished writer and divine, whose arguments had divided the religious opinions of many minds, but being then upon the threshold of the tomb, his attention was chiefly devoted to reading and conversation with the few persons whom he was able to admit to his society. His personal appearance was remarkable and I thought him almost a god. His hair was like the most beautiful silver shreds, falling on either side of his temples to his shoulders; his eye was mild in expression save when he was animated with the spirit of a favorite topic, then it shone like a fire and reflected a glory upon all his countenance; and his voice was flexible and sweet—such an one as vibrates on the strings of the heart like a deep strain of exquisite melody.

I had read some of his works before I saw him, and I had greatly admired their style, but I could not yield my prejudices in favor of the opinions, for I had been educated by quite another ritual. But when I heard him speak and saw him smile with that benignity which a good man feels whose life lesson is "charity never faileth," I regarded him as a master spirit who commanded the respect, nay, the admiration of all men.

"Is this the man whom I had believed a teacher of error? This an evil man? an apostate?" I asked myself in astonishment. He doubtless divined that some such thought was troubling me, for he smiled and said, "many people think me very dangerous and some consider me as a monster—but it is because I dare to speak what I believe to be the truth. I do not dissemble and clothe my real sentiments in the garments of popular opinion and hypocrisy, that I may please the world and get to myself many friends of the mighty and noble and revered. No, I am a man—a free man, and God forbid that I should be a slave. I give account alone to my Maker and no mortal shall usurp his place."

"But you have many devoted friends," I said.

"Ah, yes, a multitude which I can scarcely number. They have been drawn to me of their own will, but they remain by *my* will, for I have never lost a friend who was worthy to be counted such."

"Your books are widely read and thereby you gain many friends."

"Yes, that is my greatest pleasure, and if I can do good by persuading a single soul to love the truth simply for itself, and not for its connections with power and favor, and to practice it without fear of any save the One all-powerful, all-searching, I shall be content. Here is a little work which I have just completed," he continued, "it was written long ago, but I wish you to read it and then tell me your convictions of your own duty."

It was a work in manuscript and not designed for publication until after his death. I read it eagerly though carefully, and therefrom a strong, prominent and restless idea arose in my mind. I tried to crush it. I reproached myself with vanity, *unwomanliness* and false ambition, but it would not die. It lived to grow with my growth and strengthen with my strength. More than all things, save heaven and happiness, I wished to become an *author*.

I spoke again to this veteran book maker and he encouraged me. Said he,

"If you write, attempt nothing but what greatly interests yourself, if you wish to create an interest in what you write. To this end let your ideal be drawn from the real with which you are familiar. Invoke your own household gods, draw water from the moss-covered bucket which refreshed your childhood, and copy the models which Nature has placed in profusion around you. If you aspire to write of that which is above you, write of God and heaven and not of fabled fools and follies which have never been or will be. Observe that those writers are generally the most popular and the most useful in reality, who choose their themes from practical men and manners, because they address the heart and not simply the imagination. Everybody is interested in what concerns everybody, but they are *not* interested in what concerns nobody."

I resolved to profit by this counsel, which well

Digitized by Google

accorded with my inclinations. My *success* I propose to detail by the aid of a few random memories, and I trust that I shall be pardoned although I am "unhonored and unknown," when it is remembered that almost everything in the way of letters at the present day, appears in the form of "reveries," "recollections," "reminiscences" or "confessions."

My first effort was a tale, and as I wished to follow the advice I had just received, I looked to my own experience for the plot. At last I hit upon my hero—an old bachelor who was noted for being a flirt, a bumpkin and a miser. As he resided some distance from me in the country, and never was known to read anything but the *Daily Spy* and the *Farm Intelligencer*, which he borrowed from his neighbors, I had not the slightest apprehensions of an explosion upon my devoted head. Therefore I did not spare him, but wrought out a certain ridiculous scene in which he had been the chief actor, describing his personal aspect, which was certainly a fair subject to appropriate to my uses, his unsuccessful love-scheme and the overwhelming *denouement*, "to the best of my ability."

Accordingly I sent it off to a popular literary journal of the day, with a little note of introduction which served the two-fold purpose of abasing myself and exalting the editor, and with anxious expectancy awaited my fate which was to decide my *debut* in the career of letters.

After some delay it was accepted with a very flattering notice, and subsequently appeared as "Daniel Lambkin, by his devoted niece, Sally Swamp."

I was entranced with my success, for to behold my thoughts, my words and my graceful *nom de plume* in print, was to me more beautiful, more glorious than ought I could then imagine. I believed that my fate was certain, and I exclaimed,

I thought that I should not only become an author, but a first class one, and that my name should not die with my death, but live to illumine all the ages of coming time. And so I resolved to have a great care of my personal appearance, habits, &c., that they might at all times and in all places be such as were befitting my true character. As I wished to inform my friends with my pseudo genius, I mailed a copy of my story to many of them and circulated it in other ways. I determined to cultivate the acquaintance of the literary and talented, and to drop the recognition of many old friends whom I imagined did not regard me with merited reverence, for the reason that they were wholly incapable of appreciating my real merits.

But the fire of my exaltation was suddenly quenched, for a time at least, by the receipt of the following letter, with a seal covered in black silk, of which I give a true copy attest, as it is one of the most precious relics which I have gathered in Authorland:

"SHEEPCOTE HILL, Feb. 3rd, 18—.

MISS ALLEN—What du yu want to kill me for yu Igrunt consated thing yu. du yu spose ime jest no body too be usde in sich A shamfull way. ile tele yu yure orfully mistakin for ile larn your better maners ime A goin too Prosekute You and that ere editur hoo Printed it and ile horsewhipp Him ta ann inch of his egistunce and yu Aand him shal paye sass tu the laste farthin. Yu tel bout my kourtin mis blabson coss shese Rich and thin when she Pretendid too be pure tu leve hur and thin About mis Caul and Mary stacy and Suke Wild i saye thats all a darned confoundid mess of lise as was tould on in the world. and that huckleberry pastor scrape twant so by no meense and yu do no it. Butt the wurst ont is yure ritin sich stuf About me as too sett all the gals a laffin at me and tu mak that rich widder Tuy jokky me rite when I spected tu mary her. Arnte yu shamed of yerself to du so i am and ile du somethin wuss than sham. ile make yu quail like a parht pee in a red hot skillet yu shal sissle and skorch and ru the day yu rote that peace.

"Yuve lost evry frend yuve gott and yule never bee anythin more off in this wurld or the next which is gest goode enuff for yu and ile Make yure father pony over one gude round summ fort so yule see whatle you git.

"donte you never rite anuther word for the papers agin nor try to git anythin in print withhout tis this leter which if you du yu git it printed wurd for wurd and not in yure own shamfull languag as yu hav dun. Youde beter let me alown in futur if yu dont mean to be shot i say beeware! and yu make the moste of it in ceeson for ive gut somethin to do with. ime Rich Ile let yu no and ile have reveng. so Beeware.

DANIEL LAMBKIN.

"N. B.—mark well youle feel a leetle humbler i gess when yu git tu here. D. L."

How can I express the sensations that I experienced when I had concluded this letter! My enthusiasm and ambition had fallen to a freezing point, and I imagined I saw the shadow of mine adversary at every corner of the street, armed to the teeth with a Colt's revolver, a double dagger and a sword cane. I thought I could comprehend something of the emotion which had inspired Sappho when she wrote,

> "Thou cleaves my tongue—and subtle flame
> Shoots sudden through my tingling frame,
> And my dim eyes are fixed, and sound
> Of noises hum around."

"Such is the fate of genius!" I cried, "it has been so in all ages, and persecution is an indispensable part in the programme of the life of the truly great and wise. Therefore let me not despair."

Digitized by Google

Nevertheless I secretly voted the world an ungrateful bore, and likened myself to a city which is set upon the hill and cannot be hid. On comparing notes with most young authorlings like myself, I find this to be the common prescription to the heart when it is wounded with the barbed arrow of misappreciation.

II.—ANANIAS.

——"She sent her maid to fetch it. And when she opened it she saw the child: and behold the babe wept." EXODUS.

I was now weary of drawing plots from real life, not being philosopher enough to savor the idea of being "shot" and "skorcht" and the victim of every imaginable evil.

So, I next became an essayist. My genius did not incline to this style of writing, but I consoled myself by thinking that the staid and wise people would now be my class of readers, instead of the frivolous and light minded. In this line my first effort was an essay upon childhood. I took great pains that it should be elaborate and scholarly, with an occasional ornament of a Latin or Greek quotation, and withal in the spirit of conventional charity for all creation in general, and little dears and babies in particular, concluding with very touching nursery hymns of my own manufacture.

I found it more difficult to get an insertion of an essay than a tale in the newspapers, and I did not aspire to a magazine. But after no little effort I succeeded in getting it admitted into a second-rate sectarian journal, which professed great dignity, and possessed little patronage. The editor and his readers were those who regard it a flagrant error to cast their eyes upon all works of fiction, save Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, and a few other works of a kindred nature. I therefore could expect but a very imperfect appreciation, but I solaced myself with the thought that I was now numbered among the chosen few who consider themselves the salt of the earth.

How could I dream of the consequences of this article! How could I count its cost, when I now felt myself as innocent as Lambkin himself? I knew that "great results from little causes rise," but I did not calculate that I had produced a cause of this description, besides, I considered myself shielded from all apprehension by the sanctity of my theme.

During the week of its publication, I was sitting in our parlor one evening with a group of my choicest spirits, engaged in chatting and reading selections from some new works, when my attention was unusually arrested by the prolonged flourish of the street door bell. The sound was violent and I trembled involuntarily.

Clara Ashcroft, the dashing, beautiful belle, laughed lightly and exclaimed, "that's a fortunate arrival; its a beau, I'll be bound."

This prophecy was succeeded by a general sensation, and one or two of the girls ran to the mirror to adjust stray ringlets and disordered collars. Then we all sat down very demurely, and pretended to be deeply absorbed in our books; however, I chanced to observe that my neighbor's attention was in an inverted ratio. We were half expecting some gentlemen, who were brothers, or particular friends to drop in upon us that evening.

Another vigorous jingle of the bell, and we heard the slapping tramp of the housemaid along the hall, then the door opened—but no sound.

"A charming prestige," said one.

"Its a warning—a spiritual warning to us," remarked little, blue-eyed Mary Simms, whose *marvelous* organ predominated over every other, "we should not be so rude when old Mrs. White, who has nursed half of us, lies dead."

At that moment Bridget appeared, with a scared look, and an ample basket in her hand.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" she cried, in a trembling voice, "as sure as I lave, Miss, there be strange doings here, indade there is. Its soo havey, and its mighty quare to be left withoot anybody with't to say one word at all, at all. Mistress is out, and I don't dare to kape it with me, I'm sure."

We gathered around the mysterious basket, as she sat it upon the carpet, and a vision of "something vastly new and nice" quickly floated through my mind."

The paper was carefully removed from the top, then came thick folds of nice flannel, and my fingers moved unsteadily; the last remove—and a sleeping infant! A beautiful little cherub, with the sweetest of round faces, a pair of long, dark eye-fringes, and two red lips just parted by the angel spirit which had brooded o'er its little dream!

"A real, live baby!" exclaimed we, in a breath, then exchanged smiles, and finally went off in one grand chorus of laughter.

At this hilarious and overwhelming juncture, baby began to nestle, and presently disclosed two large black eyes, which glanced from one to another of us, like scudding stars, but seeking in vain for a familiar face, it donned the most agonizing of infantile expressions, and began to cry at the top of its lungs.

"Poor, dear thing!" said the matronly Miss Julia Hammond, who was the eldest of a family

Digitized by Google

of "nine children and one at the breast," "come nigh to me, darling, and don't cry."

The girls opened their eyes a shade wider, and contemplated the act of her taking up the baby and folding it to her bosom, in mute amazement.

"Where did it drop from?" said I, in the most miserable of tones.

"It's a joke," observed Clara, "the nurse will follow soon, I am certain."

"That is most devoutly to be wished," said I, "but it *is* a very darling," I added, as the little creature began to amuse itself with Miss Hammond's chatelaine, "such a perfect little dimpled arm and hand? I shall be almost tempted to do as Æsop did with his first-born—hug it to death."

"Ah! what have we here?" exclaimed Mary Simms, as she picked up something from the carpet."

"Its a letter!" cried two or three at once, "which has fallen from the blanket—a letter of introduction, but its directed to you, Anna."

"To me," I exclaimed, in consternation.

"Yes; and now for the solution of the mystery."

With a little *squeamishness* I unsealed the envelope, and after some demur, read aloud.

"Miss Anna Allen is solicitously requested to accept the gift accompanying this, for her own, to have and to hold forever. The child is a boy, and will be one year old on the tenth of May next. The mother is not a degraded outcast, but an unfortunate woman, who observing the article upon 'Childhood' in the —— ——, *knows* that one who could write thus, will do better for the babe than she can find it in her power to do. God reward and care for the writer, even as she cares for the innocent and unprotected child."

As I concluded, words fell from the lips of my companions like water-drops from the over-freighted clouds of summer-time—words of congratulation, condolence, compassion, consternation, and condemnation, of surprise, sympathy, simplicity; but here the babe cried again, and sobbed, as though its little heart was almost broken, and we were still, all but Miss Hammond, who hushed, and trotted, and soothed, and sung a snatch of all the negro melodies she could remember.

At this crisis, the door opened and my mother appeared in hood and shawl, on her return from a meeting of the Union Relief Society. My companions all besieged her *en masse* to inform her of her right to the new title of "grandma." For myself I silently handed her the "letter of introduction," and smiled *very* faintly.

My mother concluded reading the note, and I awaited her words with considerable anxiety.

"Well, Anna," she observed, at last, "what is another's loss is your gain."

"Gain!" repeated I, "what in the world shall I do?"

"As every *mother* should do, 'train up the child in the way he should go,'" she replied as she directed her steps toward baby.

"Good! Mrs. Allen," exclaimed the girls, clapping their hands.

"Darling creature!" said my mother, caressingly taking it to her arms, "my dear little *Ananias!*"

"Ananias! what *do* you mean?" said we.

"*My* child is called Anna, *her* child shall be called Ananias," replied mamma, very quietly.

"Dear me!" groaned I, in the bitterness of my spirit, "where is Sapphira?"

"Oh? she will come one of these days—your daughter-in-law, you know," returned Clara Ashcroft, laughing violently.

"Now this is vastly queer," I continued, musingly, "but it all comes of trying to be an author. I think now that I will never write another word again for the public so long as I live."

"Well spoken," my mother said, "*I* never was in favor of your being a caterer for the public taste. In the first place I do not think you are a genius, and no person without a decided genius should attempt authorship. Besides, I am not in countenance of literary women, for they make themselves unhappy and all who surround them, by aspiring to those honors which do not belong to them. Woman's sphere is emphatically at home, and there only should she emulate the great and wise and good. In thus doing she accomplishes her true mission, and perfects her own happiness by contributing to the happiness of others."

"'Persecution makes power,' you know," I rejoined, "and the very fact of your denying that I have genius, causes me to repent my decision, but I'll not write about children again, I am quite assured."

"And while we are all talking here of ourselves," said mamma, "poor Ananias is crying for something to keep life within him. Come, darling, we will go and see what Bridget has got," and she went off with my hopeful *protegee*, leaving us to the supplement of our confabulations.

The next day it rained violently, but I had to go dripping through the streets for four successive hours in search of a nurse for Ananias, yet when I reflected that it was all the result of my pen, I was compensated. At last I found a

Digitized by Google

handsome, hale-looking Irish woman, who was very glad to accept my trust, and I soon established her and Ananias in a back chamber of the house as cosily as possible, where I made two visits of inspection every day of my life.

III.—FALLING IN LOVE.

"Amo
Amas
Amat."

My next episode of existence was the very natural one to young maidens, of falling in love, deeply and blindly. My hero was a student of the neighboring University, who realized all my dreams of manly perfection, notwithstanding he was plain looking, and rather peculiar in his manners and temperament. He was an earnest student, an earnest enthusiast, an earnest lover, and in short, he was earnest in everything. This made him sanguine to a fault and impatient of contradiction, so that he was generally considered conceited and ill-natured. But I dignified all his follies and faults as the peculiarities of genius, for a real genius I was certain he was.

I believe I should never have thought of loving him had he not flattered me with ingenuity and tact which gratified me immensely. My writings were his especial praise, and he would devote hours to their criticism, which was one unvaried chapter of commendation. This was all so new and so delightful to me, that I admired him above all others, and rated him as vastly superior to any other eligible man of my acquaintance.

My lover, Mr. Augustus Somers, did not write himself, he was only "a devout worshipper of true inspiration," he said, and this was something of a marvel to me. I was quite certain that he *could* write largely and well, if he would, but he did not aspire to that distinction, and whenever I mentioned the matter to him, he betrayed great sensibility and protested with a blush and simper, "that he was not a *genius* like myself."

In my heart I was glad of this, for I liked the solitary distinction which he so much celebrated, and I also surmised that his writings would be a subject of annoyance to me, for I knew that he would be as exacting as a very tyrant.

I had now been a poetaster for some time, in fact ever since I found that I had exchanged my heart for another. Poetry seemed the most fitting medium for my inspiration, in my peculiar state of mind, and I began to frame indefinite hopes of becoming *the* poet-woman of my country.

Whole quires of foolscap were dedicated to the muses in stanzas on "The One Beloved," "The Black Eyes," "The Lock of Hair," "Friendship," "Love," "Spiritual Recognition," &c. These I contributed to the periodicals, as also occasionally a tale, which plot was invariably drawn from shreds of my experience. I found that I could not forego the pleasure of sarcasm, although in love and under ban of great tribulation. And as I continued to gratify this taste, it grew strongly upon my will, so that nothing but the loud reproofs of my conscience could induce me to spare my best beloved friends. It was passing sweet, even sweeter than love, to pourtray in brilliant and faithful colors, the foibles of everybody in my way. I met with considerable encouragement, notwithstanding my inauspicious beginning. The editors extolled me as my tales brought a great sale for their papers, because a universal interest was created about that *truth* which is stranger than fiction. My friends winked at my sin, which they thought discovered great cleverness and tact—save those indeed, who came under my lash. And my lover was content, so long as I praised and loved him, even though I attacked the destinies of all the rest of mankind.

Poor little Ananias was almost forgotten in my chase after the phantoms Love and Fame, but I received favorable reports of him from my mother who had assumed my part of the matronly responsibilities, so that I knew that he throve and waxed stronger every day.

One evening—it was that which followed "Commencement-day," at ——— University, my lover came to me, more in *earnest* than I had ever seen him before. He had graduated with honorable distinction, and he was almost beside himself with conflicting emotions. A long, weary struggle had passed, and successfully, which inspired him with new courage and hope.

I saw it in his step, his air, his eyes, which gleamed in an unwonted brilliance. I felt that his assurance was now doubly sure, and I was half vexed with him.

That night he spoke of love—of *our* love, but I was silent.

He grew more explicit, while I endeavored to waive the subject in every possible manner.

At last I forced my coldness upon his notice, and he was astonished, deeply wounded. His cheek paled and his voice trembled.

"You have not thus lured me on to deceive me, Anna?" he said, searching my soul through my eyes, "*that* is not possible; oh, merciful heaven, speak or I perish."

"Presumption!" said I, slowly and meaningly.

"Oh, Anna!"

"Be not unreasonable——" I began, with a mischievous smile,

"Talk not to me of reason, when you know

Digitized by Google

that you have permitted, nay, encouraged me to love you. You taught me to adore you, Anna, and now do you scorn me! do you tell me to be reasonable! As well might you call on the stars to fall——"

"The stars sometimes do fall," said I.

My lover's eyes flashed fire, his lips paled to whiteness, and he grasped my hand till his own was stained with blood.

"Stay," cried I, "you *must* be reasonable, Mr. Somers——Augustus, see, there is blood, my blood upon *your* hand! How can you act thus? You actually terrify me."

"But do you intend to trifle with me, with my destiny as with every other one? Speak, tell me all and *truly*, now, Anna, as you hope for mercy from heaven," he said.

"Now, Augustus, this is all vastly amusing to me, but it is also rather gratifying than otherwise, for I know that you do love me in truth, and for myself—I can never love any other—but—but—I really would prefer not to tell *now*."

"*Now!*" cried he, vehemently, "*now or never*."

"Well, then if I must, I *must*, I suppose."

"It is?"

"*You*."

And here, most wisely, the curtain falls!

"But what we do determine, oft we break."
SHAKSPEARE.

A little while after this, Mr. Somers came to me with some new books and a newspaper, in which he said there was a poem dedicated to me in reply to one of mine of earlier date. With his peculiar smile of self-complacency, he asked me to read the poem, and give him the benefit of my opinion of its merits. It was "To my Love, by the Unknown." The opening stanzas convulsed me with laughter, it was so devoid of every element of poetry, and withal such a comic union of the sublime and ridiculous. The following verses, thirteen in number, were not less laughable in my estimation, and I lavished my sarcasm unsparingly upon this loving tribute of the *great* Unknown.

Meanwhile my lover had been poring over the leaves of a book beside me, and I did not observe the effect of my words. I was determined, however, to listen to *his* criticisms, and so I handed over the poem to him for that purpose.

"Come," said I, merrily, "now you must give the interpretation."

He shook his head, and seemed deeply absorbed in his reading.

I was about to vigorously remonstrate, when the door opened and two of my young lady friends were announced—Clara Ashcroft and her sister.

"In the right time," cried I, after the first salutations, "here is a poem addressed to me by some unknown swain, which is just the most ridiculous production you ever saw. I have been laughing over it for the last half hour."

"What! the poem in the Daily —— ?" glancing curiously from me to Augustus.

"The very same," said I.

"And *you*, Anna, make merry of *that!* Impossible!" continued Clara, opening her eyes in profound astonishment.

"Why not?" I asked, "you surely cannot know what I refer to."

"Is there not one verse like this?" said Clara Ashcroft.

"'My love is beauteous as an elf,
Her eyes are all a-twitching,
There is none fairer than herself,
Alas! she's most bewitching!'

and again, is there not this," she continued, in mock gravity—

"'As stars that shoot in majesty
So does *my* star shoot through my soul,
I swound—I fall upon the tapestry,
Beneath her eyes cerulean roll.'"

"Yes, indeed, that is it," I replied, "it is just the most stupid, the most ridiculous and the most intolerable poetry I ever saw in my life. I would give a round sum to know the name of the author."

"And what would you do then?" said Clara, looking uncomfortably mysterious.

"I would dub him a Knight of the Grand Order of Don Quixote, and request him to select some other inamorata than myself."

"Well, I suppose that I can tell you his name," pursued Clara, glancing mischievously at Somers.

"You cannot?" said he, rising to his feet with passion—furiously angry passion upon his face.

I was overwhelmed with surprise. My consternation was only equalled by his wrath. I knew that Clara was no friend to Somers, and could she mean *him?* my lover that author? I trembled like an aspen. He had been silent—preoccupied, and was it for this? Good heavens! what a mistake, and before Clara Ashcroft, the most independent belle of the town, the most provoking, mirth-loving of all wicked spirits, and the most determined that I should not love Mr. Somers, whom she had called "a stupid, intolerable bore!"

"I believe the author has confessed himself to several persons," persisted Clara.

Mr. Somers advanced to the door with hurried, nervous strides.

"Do not go now, Augustus," I stammered,

Digitized by Google

"it was nothing—it shall be nothing, but a clever *jeu d'esprit.*"

But he vanished like a ghost of a forlorn hope, without a single word of explanation.

"How could you, Clara?" said I, when we were alone, "you have wounded him sorely."

"No, no," said she, laughing violently, "you have killed him, you have shot through his soul, you know."

"Oh! alas! for me, and the Unknown!" groaned I, "how stupid that I did not hold my peace before it was too late. I did not even mistrust his claim to those wretched, execrable verses. How in all the world did the editor accept them for publishment?"

"That's the best of it," said Clara, "my brother, you know, is quite familiar with Mr. S——, the editor, and he says that Somers paid a large sum for their insertion, *after they were rejected!*"

That self-same eventful day, I received a package from Mr. Augustus Somers, containing all my letters, and a note from himself, requesting his own from me, with an additional explanation involved in two words—"*unpardonable sarcasm!*"

IV.—THE REV. ADONIJAH GOODENOW.

"We cannot reproach the cruel fates for what we bring upon our own heads." SENECA

NOTWITHSTANDING my adverse fortune in love and fame, I was soon consoled by another love, which I learned was far more in earnest than my former one. Before, my hero had been a perfect man; now, he was a god! I congratulated myself on my escape from Augustus Somers, and how did I rejoice in the possession of such a heart as throbbed the breast of the Rev. Adonijah Goodenow!

We fell mutually in interest at church. Mr. Goodenow was preaching a charity sermon in behalf of the "Young Ladies' Dorcas Society," from the text—"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

A portion of the discourse I did not like, because it was a direct reproof to all such vainglorying girls as myself, and so I grew inattentive and worldly. I criticised the trimmings of several new hats, and planned the entire plot of a story, but still he held on to the horns of his message.

At last a couple of urchins, (I remember them well, one was red-haired, the other white,) began to play with their buttons, and to whisper loudly. They sat just in the slip before me, without any older person to superintend them. They grew wild, and attracted general notice. I saw several persons looking toward them, and I knew that one ancient maiden sinned greatly by coveting a lock of hair from each of their heads, her fingers actually trembled, so strong was this impulse in her heart.

At last they looked around, and I succeeded in gaining their attention. I shook my bonnet at them, and rolled up my eyes, and pursed my lips, into a whole volume of reproof, then I fixed my attention upon the preacher, for an example to them. I saw that the Rev. Adonijah Goodenow had observed me. He looked benignly upon me, and repeated, "'she shall be praised.'" I was conscious of blushing deeply, but still I fastened my eyes upon him, though I did not retain a word of his remarks longer than the moment of utterance. I fancied, too, that in the grand circuit of his gaze upon his audience that his eyes fell upon me often, indeed, too often to escape my notice.

How did I inwardly bless those mischievous boys who had brought me such a pleasure, and I devoutly hoped that they would give me such another opportunity of winning the golden opinion of the minister.

The next day, the Rev. Adonijah Goodenow called upon me, as I was one of the officers of the Dorcas Society. I exerted myself to entertain him by talking all the theology I ever knew in my life; I repeated Scripture, and I gave him the result of my own cogitations. He conversed well, and was evidently pleased with himself and me. After a number of indefinite intimations of his departure, he arose to leave, but I pressed him so hard to remain for the afternoon, that he consented with a little show of reluctance.

Then I brought in mamma, and subsequently Ananias and his nurse, to contribute to his entertainment. He received my mother with the most profound attention, and when he saw Ananias, he took him in his arms, and protested that he loved children above all things else which were temporal. He kissed him many times, and loudly, and then handed him over to me to kiss, which I of course was sure to do in the same spots as nearly as possible.

After this, he talked with mamma about the missionaries, the education of daughters, and the wives and mothers of America, during which colloquy I pretended to be engaged with Ananias, and my crotchet work, but I stole frequent glances toward our guest, and somehow, they were always sure to meet his. I saw that he was speaking *to* mamma, but *at* me, which flat-

Digitized by Google

tered me and made me prink up as much as possible.

I had leisure, however, to observe his personal appearance, I was afraid that he was on the shady side of forty, and I knew that he must be either an old bachelor or a widower, but he had no wife I was certain, by the way he appeared toward me, and also by the state of his linen and buttons. His face was large and open in expression, especially when he conversed, as his mouth was remarkably generous in its dimension. His eyes likewise were very large and of a peculiarly benign expression, with an occasional shade of fire. His forehead was broad and towering, and was surrounded with dark, curling hair which betrayed a few silver threads.

All this pleased me, but his height was certainly no desideratum, as he was at least calculation, six feet and five inches, while I was precisely four and a half, but mamma pointedly said, as she did of Ananias, "what was my loss, was his gain."

As the afternoon waned, I arose and excused myself to the Rev. Mr. Goodenow, saying, that my domestic duties demanded my absence, and that I would make ready to minister to the wants of the body, while he and mamma should attend to those of the soul. He smiled and said, that he thought I must be a Martha who cared for much serving. I exchanged one glance with my mother, who looked a volume of reproof, and so I took myself off with Ananias and his nurse.

When I got well out of sight and hearing, I played merry like mad, for I had no more to do with our kitchen than one of our neighbors. Nevertheless, to be truthful, I ordered the tea, unleavened bread, ice cream, wild honey, sponge cake and cold tongue, and took pains myself, to announce when all was ready. Mr. Goodenow seemed very much gratified with my domestic propensities, and praised my appointments lavishly, which I received with becoming modesty.

He remained quite late in the evening, and as papa was absent, we were all very glad of his company. For myself, I was now more than half in love with him, and thought him the noblest specimen of humanity that I had ever met. At parting he pressed my hand and promised to drop in as often as possible, although his parish was some ten miles away.

Not long after this, I caught a sudden cold and was ill of a fever for several weeks. Affliction sobered me and made me humble and repentant. I regretted the frivolity and faults of my past life, and began to think in earnest of the course which I was pursuing. I thought too, that I might die, and I felt that I was illy prepared for such an event. Then Mr. Goodenow came to me, and spoke holy words of consolation, and of heaven and happiness, which were as a balm to my aching heart.

I grew stronger with good resolutions for the future, and I regarded all my past pleasures very differently from ever before. Not that I wholly discarded them, but I made them secondary and subservient in my heart to higher duties and interests.

I was no longer proud, sarcastic and bitter against all those whose habits and tastes did not accord with mine, but I loved everybody in peace and humility, and if I was proud of anything, it was of the friendship of the excellent Mr. Goodenow, who manifested the most generous interest in my welfare.

When I recovered, he told me his love, and I was grateful and happy. We were betrothed, with the approbation of all our friends, who only wondered that he ever thought of marrying, as he had lived to his thirty-ninth year, a single man. This was in the spring, and it was arranged that our marriage should occur in the following autumn.

Time passed rapidly and pleasantly. I looked forward to my prospect in life with quiet happiness, and trusted that I was safely anchored from all the perilous shoals which I had passed.

It was about midsummer, when my engagement was very generally known, that an event occurred which suddenly produced one of those episodes which colors the fate of a life.

I received an anonymous letter, which overwhelmed me with consternation, mortification, and profound sorrow.

I read—"The man whom you are about to wed for your partner through life, is none other than the natural father of the child which was left at your door on the night of the nineteenth of December. You may doubt it, but it is nevertheless as true as that gospel which he preaches," and I fainted and remained senseless I know not how long.

When I recovered my consciousness I felt that a work of years had passed over me.

I was the victim of doubt, fear and grief. I did not wholly believe this statement, but I could not dispossess myself of its awful, overwhelming omnipresence. I recalled every circumstance in my memory which could lighten my sorrow, and a thousand times I resolved to forget everything and press forward in love and hope, but as often would I fall back upon that dark suspicion, and my heart would die within me.

Digitized by Google

For a week I remained in solitary thought, and those long, dark, miserable days and nights I shall never forget; they haunt me now, with all their tears, and words, and resolutions, like a troop of spectres.

When I came forth again before the world, I was calm, oh! how strangely calm! and I was *resolved!*

Mr. Goodenow received the message which dissolved our connection with a sorrow which seemed inconsolable. He requested my reasons, but these I could not give to any living being. It was the nine days wonder of the world who knew us, and my own family thought that I had lost my senses.

I lost no time in leaving home for a long visit in the country, and soon after my departure, I heard that Mr. Goodenow had sailed for Italy for the benefit of his health.

After a long and weary pilgrimage in search of forgetfulness of the past, and hope for the future, I began to pine once more for the sight of my old home. I had been absent nearly two years, and it was a blessed thought—a return to the scenes of my past joys and sorrows, where I could extract a balm of consolation and hope which could be derived from no other source.

I found the face of all things nearly as I had left it—some changes, indeed, but such as startled no fond memory in my heart.

I asked my mother after old friends.

She said there had been few events of importance—marriages, one or two deaths, and some removals, of which I had been duly apprised by letter.

"What is the latest intelligence from Mr. Goodenow?" I inquired, with a strong effort.

My mother shook her head sadly, while the tears gathered in her eyes. My heart trembled with an indefinite fear.

"Only last week," she said, "his friends heard that he had taken passage for home, but in consequence of a sudden storm, the vessel was wrecked, in sight of land, and among those who perished, was your old lover! Oh! Anna!"

I did not reply; I could not have spoken if the fate of worlds had depended upon my words. I hurried to my old room, and there I wept, unseen and alone.

Well would it have been for my heart's peace, if I had not been forced to add the bitterness of *remorse* to that of doubt and sorrow. But it was not so to be. The dregs of the cup of bitterness were yet to be drained.

A few days later, and I received a letter, which consummated the poignancy of my misfortunes. It was from Daniel Lambkin, and in the same miserable manner which he had before written to me. He informed me that he had now his revenge, that *he* had hired the letter written which had sealed the fate of my lover, and that without the slightest foundation in truth—and now he was dead, and I was punished for the wrong I had done himself and others!

I was indeed punished. Oh! how surely and fearfully!

Years have come and gone since then, and I am now what the world calls an old maid; but, strange as it may seem, I have still that unhappy *penchant* for literary distinction which has proved the great evil of my life. This day I received some of the proof of a work I have now in process of publication, the incidents of which are principally founded upon real life, and its leading sentiment is—"never say die!"

MY MOTHER.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

MOTHER they tell me though thy head
Is pillowed by a grassy bed,
In glorious bowers by angels trod,
Thy soul is happy with its God!
They tell me that the star of night,
On snowy cloud shines not more bright
Than does thy spirit on the breast
Of Heaven's own cloudless throne of rest.
They tell me there are fairer flowers
Than aught in this cold world of ours.
That thousand fruitful things have birth,
More happy there than here on earth.

They tell me there are chrystal streams
Forever flowing—and the gleams
From seraph wings are brighter far
Than flower, or rainbow, cloud or star.
They tell me Heaven hath now for thee
Birds of a glorious minstrelsy!
Of golden plumage, angel crest,
To lull thy wearied soul to rest!
I will believe it! and my prayer
Shall be at last to join thee there!
Mother! thou canst not come to me;
But oh! my soul would fly to thee!

Digitized by Google

ZANA.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

I MUST have been about six years old, a little more or less, when I found myself lying in a gipsey's tent perfectly alone, dizzy, feverish, and so parched with thirst that it seemed to me one drop of water would satisfy every want I could ever have again. An earthen pitcher stood near the fresh hay on which I was lying. I reached forth my feeble hand and slanted it down till the bottom glistened on my sight. Then I fell back weeping. It was empty, not a drop—not a drop! How terrible was that thirst: I felt the tears rushing down my cheek and strove to gather them in my hand, thinking, poor thing, to moisten my burning lips with the drops of my own sorrow. Then the wind blew aside the fall of canvass that concealed the entrance to my tent, and I saw through it a glimpse of the bright morning; clover fields, bathed in fragrant mist; soft, green meadow grasses sparkling with dew. Then the whole strength of my being centred in one great wish—water! I laughed delirious, and dragged myself toward the spring; my wild eyes were turned in every direction where the soft drops were flashing, dancing, leaping around me like a whirlwind of diamonds. I closed my eyes and strove to shake the hallucination from my brain; a moment's rest, and there was another calm glimpse of the dewy morning. I wonder if Paradise ever looks half so beautiful to the angels. Dizzy and fascinated, I crept across the tent on my hands and knees, dragging the loose hay after me, and moaning softly with each strain upon my sinking muscles, till I crept on into the deep verdure. How softly the cool dew-drops rained over me as I lay down at length in the soft meadow grass; my face, my arms, neck, and my little, burning feet were bathed as with new life. I lay still cradled in the soft, long grass, and laughed with a glee that frightened up a lark from her nest close by. The young ones began to flutter, and piped forth their tiny music as if to comfort the lone child that had stolen to their pretty home, still more helpless than themselves. I swept my hand across the grass, gathering up the dew which I drank greedily. Then I rolled over and over, bathing my feet and my garments till my face came on a level with the young larks. They uttered a cry, and opened their little golden throats as if for food. This brought the mother bird back again, who circled over and over us, uttering her discontent in wild gushes of song. The flutter of her plumage between my eyes and the sun, the softened notes as she grew comforted by my stillness; the flutter that seemed half smothered in thistle down still going on in the nest; the balmy air, the bath of dew—some, perhaps all of these things slaked the fire in my veins, and I fell asleep. Did I dream? Had I wandered off again into delirium, or was the thing real? To this day I cannot tell how it was, but as I lay in that meadow which drew close up to the wayside, a long funeral procession crept by me, fringing the meadow with blackness, and gliding away sadly, solemnly, dreamily, toward a village church, whose spire cut between me and the sky.

Time went by like thistle down upon the wind. The sky was purple above me. Thousands and thousands of great stars twinkled so dreamily through the deep azure. The dew lay upon me like a shower. Still I was not cold. I turned softly, and as I moved, the lark stirred above her young; my sleep had been so like death that the bird feared me no longer.

If I had a connected thought it was this, the lark had come back to her young, with her soft bosom she kept them from the damp and cold night air. I was young: it was night: the dew fell like rain: I had no strength to move. *Where was my mother?*

I could not answer the question, my brain was too feeble, and ached beneath the confused images that crowded upon it. The funeral train, ridges of snow, heaped up stones, flashes of crimson, as if a red mantle were floating over me, disjointed fragments like these were all the answer that came back to my heart, as it drearily asked where am I? where is my mother?

Probably another day went by, I do not know, for a heavenly sleep settled on me. But at last—it must have been some time near mid-day—I

Digitized by Google

saw the lark settle down by her nest with some crumbs of bread in her bill. I watched the young ones as they greedily devoured it, and a craving desire stole over me. I envied the little ragged birdlings, and wondered how they could be so greedy and so selfish.

The mother flew away again, and I watched her with longing eyes. She might take compassion on my hunger: surely those greedy young ones had eaten enough: she would think of me now that they were satisfied. How eagerly I watched for some dark speck in the sky, some noise that should tell me of her return! She came at last, shooting through the atmosphere like an arrow. After whirling playfully over, and again over our heads, she settled down by her nest, and I saw that her bill was distended by a fine blackberry. The largest and sauciest young one, who always crowded his brethren down into the nest when food appeared, rose upward with a hungry flutter, and held his open bill quivering just beneath the delicious berry.

My heart swelled, I uttered an eager cry, and flung out my hand. The lark startled, dropped the fruit in her fright, and it fell into my palm. What did I care for the angry cry of the old bird, or the commotion among her nestlings? The fruit was melting away—oh, how deliciously between my parched lips! When that was gone, I lifted my hands imploringly to the angry bird and asked for more; she was all the friend I had, and it seemed as if she must understand my terrible want. She went away and returned; but oh, how my poor heart ached when she lighted, and with her eye turned saucily on me, dropped a grain or two of wheat for her young.

Tears crowded to my eyes—who would aid me—so hungry, so miserable, such a little creature more helpless than the birds of heaven, and they so pitiless? I turned my face from the nest, the young larks had become detestable to me. I was tempted to hurt them, to dash my hand down into the nest and exterminate the whole brood, but the very thought exhausted me, and I began to weep again with faint sighs that would have been sobs of anguish but for my prostration.

I lifted my head and strove to sit upright, looking wearily around with a vague expectation of help. At a little distance was a stone wall, and climbing over it a blackberry bush in full fruit—clusters and clusters glittering in the sunshine. The tears rained down my cheeks—I turned my eyes upon the young larks and feebly laughed out my triumph. I crept forward on my hands and knees, pulled myself along by clenching handfuls of the meadow grass, and, at length, found myself prostrate and panting by the wall. Most of the fruit was above my reach, but some clusters fell low, and while my breast was heaving and my poor hands trembled with exhaustion, I began to gather and eat. Fortunately it was impossible for me to reach enough of the fruit to injure myself, and with the grateful taste in my mouth, I lay contemplating the clusters overhead with dreamy longing, wondering when I should be able to climb up the stones and gather them.

It is strange that while my senses were so acute in all things that pertained to my animal wants, all remembrance of the past had forsaken me; I could neither remember who I was, nor how I come to be alone in the meadow. My whole range of sympathy and existence went back no farther than the lark's nest, and its inmates, that had seemed to mock at my hunger in the midst of their own abundance. Was it from this that I drew my first lesson of sympathy for the destitute, and hate for the heartless rich? Some vague remembrance of a tent that had sheltered me did seem to haunt my memory; but when I lifted myself up by the wall it had disappeared, and that, with the rest, floated away into vague indistinctness. It was not that all memory of the past had left me, I knew what the relations of life were—knew well that I ought to have a mother to care for me—some one to bring me food and arrange my garments; and, through the cloudiness of my ideas, one beautiful face always looked down upon me like the rich, dark eyed faces that we find repeated, and yet varied over and over again in Murillo's pictures. I knew that this face should have been my mother's, but all around it was confused, like the clouds in which the great artist sometimes buries his most ideal heads.

But even this beautiful remembrance was floating and visionary at the time; I had no strength to grasp a continued thought. Even the aspect of nature, the meadows, the distant woods, and the gables of a building that shot up from their midst, had a novel aspect. The feeble impression thus left was like that of bright colors to an infant. I felt happier, more elastic; the world seemed very beautiful, and a keen desire for action came upon me. I tried to walk, but fell down like an infant making its first attempt. I made another effort, tottered on a few paces, and lay quietly down overcome with a desire to sleep. Then I started again, creeping, staggering a little on my feet, resting every few minutes, but all the while making progress toward the building whose gables I had seen in the distance. I had no definite object, but the instincts of humanity alone must have induced me to seek a human habitation.

Digitized by Google

I must have passed over the spot where the tent had stood, for some loose hay littered the grass in one place, and among it I found a crust of dry bread. I uttered a low shout, and seizing it with both hands, sat down in the hay and began to eat voraciously. Never, never have I tasted food so delicious, I cannot think of it yet without a sensation of delight!

As I sat devouring the precious morsel, there came a sweet sound to my ear—a delicious soft gurgle, that made me pause in my exquisite banquet and listen. Old associations were not altogether lost: I knew by the sound that a spring or brook was near, and my joy broke forth in a laugh that overpowered the flow of the waters. I crept on toward the sound, hoarding the fragment of my crust. It was a beautiful little spring gushing up from the cleft in a rock which lay cradled in a hollow close by. The rock was covered with moss and the most delicate lichen, thick with tiny, red drops, more beautiful than coral. The water rushed down in a single stream, slender and graceful as the flight of a silver arrow, and spread away sparkling and with soft murmurs, through the peppermint and cowslips that lined the hollow. I drank of the water slowly, like a little epicure, inhaling each drop as if it had been a liquid diamond, and enjoying the cool taste on my lips with exquisite relish. Then, enticed by the fragrance, I gathered a stem or two of the mint, and laying the moist leaves on my bread, made a meal such as one never takes twice in a life time.

The waters gathered in a pretty pool beneath the rock, as bright and scarcely larger than a good-sized mirror. I turned, after my bread was exhausted, and saw myself reflected in the pool—not myself at the time, for I supposed it another child—a poor, little, miserable thing, in an old dress of torn and soiled embroidery, whose original richness gave force to its poverty-stricken raggedness. Her little feet were bare and white as two water-lilies, and great, black eyes, illuminating a miserable pale face, like lamps that could never burn out, were staring at me so wildly, that I flung out my arms to repulse her. She also flung up her bare arms, and looked more like a wierd thing than ever. The action terrified me—I burst into tears, and clambered up the hollow, looking back in terror lest she should follow me.

Then I wandered on, still keeping the gables in view, now lying down on a bank for rest, now pausing to gather a wild berry, but always diminishing the distance between myself and the dwelling.

The night came on, but over-excitement kept me wakeful. I had no lonesome feelings. The skies above were crowded with stars, that seemed like smiling play-fellows glad to have me in sight, and the moonbeams fell through the branches—for I was beneath trees now—and played around me like a cloud of silver butterflies. Then came the delicious scent of blossoms, the trees grew thin, and velvet turf yielded luxuriously to my naked feet. Beautiful flowers were budding around me, enameling the turf in circles, mounds, and all sorts of intricate figures: these, like the stars, seemed old playmates. Fuschias, heliotrope, moss roses, I recognized them with a gush of joy, and talked to them softly as I stole along.

A hard, gravel walk glistened before me, sweeping around the proud old mansion whose gables I had seen. I entered it, but the gravel hurt my feet, and leaving thin, little prints in dew upon it, I turned an angle of the building. Now something of terror, a vague, dark impassable memory seemed floating between me and the stars. A shadow from the building fell over me like a pall. I grew cold and began to shiver, but still moving on toward the moonlight.

It was reached. I looked up, and before me was a great, stone doorway, surmounted with masses of dark marble, chiseled so deep that the hollows seemed choked up with ebony, the shadows contrasted so densely with the moonbeams on the surface. Half a dozen broad, granite steps led to the doorway; I stood upon these steps and looked upward; a strange sensation crept over me. I grew colder, weaker, and sunk upon the steps with my head resting upon the door-sill; a rush of confused thoughts crowded upon my brain and stunned it. I lay as one dead, motionless, but with a vague idea of existence. The first thing that I remember was confused noises in the dwelling, that sort of bee-like hum which accompanies the uprising of a large household. Sometimes the sound of a door jarred through my whole frame, and then I would drop away into some stage of unconsciousness: it might be the sleep of pure exhaustion, or deeper insensibility, I cannot tell.

At last there was a rustle and rush in the hall, the sound of feet and brooms set in motion, with confused voices and the ponderous movement of a door close to my head that jarred a pang through and through me. A tumultuous sound of voices followed, a hastily dropped floor-brush fell across me. Laughing, exclamations, a bustling noise, and then I heard a woman's voice say distinctly above the rest, "ah! here

Digitized by Google

comes one who knows something—he can tell us what it is!"

Then a voice followed that sharpened my faculties like a draught of wine, "well, what are you chattering about the door-shed for, like so many magpies around a church steeple; can the housekeeper find you no better business!"

"Oh, come and see for yourself," answered a peevish voice, "is it a witch, an imp—a—a—do tell us, Mr. Turner, you who have been in foreign parts and know all sorts of outlandish creatures by heart—look—look—its great black eyes are wide open now, you can see them glistening through the hair that lies all sorts of ways over its face. Gracious me, they burn into one like a live coal!"

"Stand back," said the male voice, "stand back, and let me have room. The poor creature is human. It may be—it may be—no, no, poor, wild thing—no, no, God forbid!"

The voice was broken, eager and full of anxiety. I felt the long hair parted back from my forehead, and opening my eyes, saw a little, old face, wrinkled and contracted, but oh, how comforting.

"Those great, wild eyes—those lips pinched, blue!—this skeleton frame—no, no, not her's thank God for that, I could not have borne it!"

"What is the creature—what shall we do with it?" inquired the female voice.

"What is it?" said the old man, looking up from my face, "what is it? a human soul almost leaving the body—a child's soul. What is it—don't you see, woman?"

"Is it dying, can it speak?" was the rejoinder.

The old man lifted me in his arms without answering, and laid my head on his shoulder. A strange gush of pleasure came over me, and my soul seemed melting away in tears—silent, quiet tears, for I was too full for noisy emotions. I stole one arm around his neck, and nestled my cheek close to his. Was the action familiar to the old man? With me it was natural as the infant's habit of lifting its hands to the mother's mouth, that it may gather up kisses.

He did not return the caress, but almost dropped me from his arms. His bosom heaved, and some exclamation that he seemed about to utter broke into a groan, and directly I felt tears running down the cheek that touched mine.

"Why, what are you about, Mr. Turner, what on earth are you thinking of, don't you see how forlorn and ragged the creature is, and holding it against your new mourning, what has come over you?" exclaimed the housemaid, horrified and astonished.

The old man made no reply, but looked searchingly down over my old frock, as if it had some deep interest to him.

"Very well, every one to his own business," cried the housemaid, resenting his silence, "you hug that little witch as if it was your own—ha, ha, who knows—who knows! oh, if my lord could but see you."

The old man had been holding up a fold of my frock during this speech, and was still intently examining the soiled embroidery. His thin face writhed and twitched in all its features, but when he dropped the fold it settled into an expression of mournful certainty.

The old man looked on her with mournful sternness. "Before heaven, I wish he could see us—his old servant and—and—tush! woman, go about your work—go all!"

"I wonder how she come here, at any rate," persisted the housemaid, saucily. "Gracious goodness! but the thing does seem to take to you, Mr. Turner, so natural. Isn't it a sight to behold?"

"Peace, woman," cried the old man, stamping his foot till it rang loud on the tessellated floor. "Have you no decency?"

"Decency, indeed!"

As the woman tossed her head, with this pert rejoinder, a tall, thin and exceedingly languid woman came through a side door and moved toward us. Her morning dress of the most delicate cashmere swept the marble as she walked, and long silken tassels swayed the cord slowly to and fro which bound the sumptuous garment to her waist. She held a tiny dog in her arms and paused to caress him.

"What is all this?" she said, addressing Turner. "Something found on the door-step—where is it? Pray, Turner, let me look at the creature—what is it like?"

"Very like a hungry, sick, dying little girl," replied Turner, pressing me closer to him, "nothing more!"

"Who can it be? have you the least idea, Turner?" cried the lady.

"I, madam—I, how can that be?"

"Don't hide its face so, good Turner. Dear little infant! let me look at it. There is something so touching in the thought of a child fatherless, motherless, being gathered up from one's door-step. Is it pretty? Hush, Tip. See, the darling is jealous already—there, there."

While the lady was soothing her dog, Turner, with much reluctance, and many distortions, turned my head upon his bosom, and the lady saw my face. She started, and the King Charles began to snarl viciously.

"Dear—why it is a perfect little animal," she

Digitized by Google

exclaimed, drawing back. "What eyes—how frightfully large—and so sickly! Mr. Turner, Mr. Turner, how very imprudent in you. It may be contagious fever or small-pox, and here I have been exposing my precious, precious darling. Do take the creature away!" She drew slowly backward while giving this command, holding the dog to her bosom, with a look of absolute terror, as if she really feared that he might suffer.

"Take her away—quite away!" she kept repeating.

"Where shall I take her to, Lady Catharine?"

There was something so familiar about his curt, dry way of putting the question, that I felt more at home with him than ever.

"Where, indeed? why back again, certainly; that must be the most natural place for the poor creature."

"Shall I leave her on the door-steps, madam," said he, with a sort of rebuking humor.

"Turner—Turner, this is trifling, inexcusable! but that you are a favorite servant of my poor brother's, I would not endure it an instant."

"I am a man! At least I was, till this poor, poor—there I am at it again—till she made me cry like a baby for the first time in my life; but I will obey you—I will carry her off, not that her disease is contagious—souls are not catching, at any rate, in this neighborhood."

The old man muttered over these last words to himself, then lifting his voice said in a more respectful tone, "madam, your orders, where am I to place the child?"

"Anywhere. It is not of the least consequence—take it down to the village. I fancy some of the tenants would like it of all things. If it were not so very strange looking, and if Tip did not take against it so, I wouldn't mind letting it run about the housekeeper's apartments; but, with that face, and while Tip holds his prejudices, poor fellow, that is out of the question."

"Yes, it is out of the question that she should be the companion of a puppy, or run about in the housekeeper's room—quite out of the question," muttered Turner.

The lady caught his last words only.

"Certainly! I am sure every one must see it in that point of view. Besides, I have no right to receive incumbrances in Lord Clare's house during his absence."

"Lord Clare never sent a starving fellow-creature from his door yet," answered Turner, stoutly. "It is not in him."

"Starving—what horrible words you do use, Turner. Why no one starves, except in poems and novels, and one doesn't turn one's house into a romance to carry out an idea—not that it does not tell sometimes, when an object of charity is very pretty, and promises to be of no trouble. I once had a fancy of that sort myself, but not a sickly fright, like that—heaven forbid!"

Turner did not listen; he was looking down into my face very thoughtfully—his countenance stirring as one who ponders over a painful subject. I lay feebly in his arms, contented as a lamb, my little heart full of unalloyed trust, beating tenderly against his bosom. Silently at last he carried me out into the open air.

He walked fast, without speaking, till the shadow of some tall trees fell over us, then his step grew heavier, and he looked in my face from time to time, while an expression of strong tenderness imbued every wrinkle of his features.

"Do you remember me?" he said at last, but in a hesitating way.

I struggled hard with my weakness, and tried to think.

"Speak, little one, we are all alone, don't be afraid of me, old Turner, you know."

"Yes, yes," I murmured, faintly enough, "she called you Turner."

"She! what she are you talking of, little one."

"The tall lady up yonder with the dog," I answered; for struggle as I would, my mind refused to go farther back.

He looked at me with a strange expression.

"Then it was not your—your mother?"

Instantly that face half buried in clouds came before me.

"She—my mother never speaks," I said, "she looks at me through the clouds, but does not say a word."

He stopped, looked at me wistfully a moment, and then bending his head closer to mine, whispered, "tell me, tell old Turner, where is she?"

"She—who?" I whispered back.

"Your mother, Aurora—your mother, child."

"I don't know, she was here just now."

"Here!" he said, looking around, "here?"

"Did you not see her face among the white clouds, close down here, a minute ago! I did."

He felt my cheek with his palm, took hold of my hands and feet—"she has no fever," he muttered, "what does all this mean?"

"Tell me," he said after a little, "where did you go—you and your mother?"

"No where"

"What, was she in the neighborhood?"

"I don't know."

"Not—speak, child! not within a few weeks, not since Lady Clara died?"

"I think she is always with me, but then the lark fed her young ones when they wanted some-

Digitized by Google

thing to eat, but she never fed me, and I was very, very hungry. Why did she look upon me from the clouds, but never give me one morsel to eat or a drop to drink?"

"Poor child—poor, poor child," said the old man, kissing me, oh, so tenderly—"try and think—make one effort—I do so want to know the truth—where have you been these many months?"

I tried to think, but it confused me, and at last I answered, with starting tears,

"Indeed, I do not know."

He bent his face close to mine, and kissed away the tears that stood on my cheeks—then he questioned me again.

"Is your mother dead?"

Dead, the word struck like cold iron upon my heart. I shuddered on the old man's bosom, my brain ached with the weight of some painful memory, but it gave back no distinct answer. It seemed as if his question had heaped mountains of snow around me, but I could only reply,

"Dead, what is that?"

He heaved a deep groan and walked on muttering strangely to himself.

I knew by the odor, that he was carrying me over innumerable flower beds, for the air was rich with the scent of heliotrope and flowering daphnas, the breath of my old playmates. Then he mounted up some steps, tearing his way through a quantity of vines, and forcing open a sash window with his foot, carried me in.

It was a luxurious apartment but very gloomy, and silent as a catacomb. The shutters were closed, the air unwholesome and heavy with the odor of dead flowers. I saw nothing distinctly though my eyes roved with a sort of fascination from object to object. Something deeper than memory stirred in the depths of my soul: a chilliness seized me and I longed to go away.

Turner passed on, evidently glad to leave the chamber, and did not pause again till we reached a little room that was smaller and more cheerful. He held me with one arm, and with his right hand threw open the shutters.

The sash was a single piece of plate-glass, transparent as water. Curtains of gossamer lace and rose colored silk fell over it, and through this the morning sunshine glowed like the dawning of a rainbow.

The old man made me sit up in his arms and look around while he curiously regarded my face. I have said the room was flooded with soft light. The walls were covered with hangings of rich white satin sprinkled with rose buds. A carpet of snowy ground, with bouquets of gorgeous flowers scattered over it, as if in veritable bloom, spread from side to side. A diminutive easy chair and sofa dressed in satin, like the walls, stood opposite to a small bed of gilded ivory, gleaming through a cloud of gossamer lace, which fell in soft, snowy waves from a small hoop of white and gold, like the bedstead, swung to the ceiling by a cord and tassels of silk, twisted with threads of the precious metal.

Turner looked at me anxiously, as my eyes wandered around the beautiful room, fitted up evidently for a child—for the bedstead was scarcely larger than a crib, and everything bore evidence of a very youthful occupant.

A pleasant, grateful sensation stole over me, as I gazed languidly around. The atmosphere seemed familiar, and I felt a smile stealing over my mouth.

Turner saw it and smiled, nay, almost laughed through the tears that were clouding his eyes.

"Do you like this?" he whispered, softly.

"Oh, yes, so much!"

"Shall I put you into that pretty bed?"

"No, no!" I shrieked, with a sudden pang, "it is white like a snow-drift; I would rather go back to the meadow and sleep with the larks."

The old man looked sad again. He carried me close to the bed, and put some folds of the curtain in my hand; but I shrank back appalled by their unmixed whiteness. He could not comprehend this shuddering sense of something, that had left an intuition in my mind stronger than memory itself, but seeing my nervous agitation he sought to remove the cause. Curtains of silk, like those at the window, were looped through the ivory hoop, and these he shook loose till they mingled in bright blossom colored waves with the lace. Then I began to smile again, and a sweet home feeling stole over me.

Turner carried me in his arms to the door and called aloud. An old woman answered, and came with her sad countenance into the room. When her eyes fell upon me they dilated, grew larger, and she uttered a few rapid words in some language that I did not understand. Turner answered her in the same tongue, and all at once she fell upon her knees, and raising her clasped hands began to weep.

Turner addressed her again, and with eager haste she prepared a bath. She bathed me with gentle haste, brought forth night clothes of the finest linen, and laid me in the bed exhausted, but tranquil and sleepy as an infant.

I heard Turner and the old woman moving softly around my bed—I knew that tears and kisses were left upon my face, and then I slept, oh, how sweetly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Digitized by Google

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

"To-morrow will be the last day of the old year," remarked the young and handsome Mrs. Harmon to her husband, as they sat at breakfast. "I hope, my dear, you have fixed on a nice New Year's present for me."

Mr. Harmon pushed back his chair and looked abstractedly in the fire, as if matters of more weight than New Year's gifts were passing in his mind.

His young wife did not observe his inattention, but continued her remarks.

"I saw a magnificent shawl in Page's to-day, and *so* cheap too—positively, they only asked ninety dollars for it! Would you have believed it? They have rich cloaks too; one—but I will leave it all to your own choice. I know you will be sure to give me an elegant present."

"Hum—yes—the thirtieth to-day?" observed her husband, as if awakening from a reverie. Smith's note falls due to-day, and that draft of a thousand to-morrow. Dear—dear—how the time flies."

"Going to office so early? I have several things to arrange with you about our party next week, and, you know, I must get some more money from you to procure dresses and various articles. Well, if you must go now we will talk it over in the evening. Good-bye, mind the day after to-morrow is New Year's day."

Mr. Harmon took his way to office in a very thoughtful mood. He had been married about ten months, and during that time his domestic peace had been undisturbed by a single breeze, and yet, for the latter part of the time he had been anything but a happy man. A cloud hovered over his spirits, and the cloud gathered density every day.

When he married, he was a merchant in a fair way of business. His wife was taken from the upper circles, and was consequently accustomed to gaieties and luxuries to which he had been a stranger. He could not, however, find it in his heart to deprive her of anything to which she had been accustomed, and so he kept up an expensive style of living, utterly unsuited to his means. He had given his wife two thousand dollars on their wedding day, and the extravagant expenditure of his household being added to this, soon crippled his resources. Latterly he had become painfully conscious of his downward course, and he was more aware of it on that December morning, when he found a note due and hardly a possibility of meeting it. He had determined frequently for the last two months to look into his affairs, but never could summon sufficient resolution to face the dreadful array of figures and facts. On this day he determined to set about it in earnest.

He directed the book-keeper to draw up a statement of the position of the business, and then he proceeded to cast around for means to pay the note. Eventually this was accomplished, and the evil day put off.

That night there was a torrent of playful questions poured on him as to the nature of the intended present, and his pretty wife guessed and wondered what it could be that he kept so secret and appeared so grave about it.

The next day the book-keeper handed Mr. Harmon the balance-sheet. The first glance at it struck a chill to his heart. He passed into his private room, and placing the paper on the table, sat down and looked at it as if it were a deadly serpent. At last he summoned his courage, and with a countenance rigid as marble, went through all the withering details. There was no error—no miscalculation. The book-keeper had performed his task but too correctly, and had stated in incontrovertible figures that the merchant was—ruined! Hopelessly, irretrievably ruined.

He clenched his fingers in his hair, and, resting his elbows on the table, glared on the document as if he would have burnt out the figures with his fiery looks. Then the thought of his wife came, and he bowed his head down and wept like a child.

He felt so thoroughly miserable as he turned toward home that evening, that he dreaded to meet his wife, but fortunately, she was out visiting and had not returned. Hastily despatching his meal he again went to his office to brood over the evidence of his ruin and to consider if there were no means of averting it.

When Mrs. Harmon returned and discovered her husband's departure, she smiled, and concluding that he had gone to purchase the present for the morning, thought no more of it.

Night wore on, but the spirit-broken man still

Digitized by Google

sat in his office, his head resting on his hands, with the fatal document extended on the table between his elbows. His eyes were riveted to the one item that showed him to be a beggar. A current of bitter reflections was passing rapidly through his mind.

"To morrow, and the whole city will know it. My clerks know it already and are talking of it among their friends. A day or two and the creditors will be swarming around my doors. And Lydia will know it—will know that the husband she supposed so rich is penniless and in debt. Will she not turn from me in scorn? Will she not say I have deceived her, and then leave me for the home of her parents? Oh, God! if I am to be deserted by all it will certainly kill me."

Then followed another reverie, at the end of which he started up, with somewhat more of determination than he had evinced since his knowledge of his fall.

"I must tell her. There is no other course. The blow must come, and it will come better from me than from my enemies."

It was after midnight when he reached home, and his wife was in bed and asleep. He silently lay down and endeavored to gain a little slumber, but failed. Then he got up and paced around the garden until morning. He did not enter the house until the breakfast-bell rang, and then it was with a firm step as that of a man who has a disagreeable duty to perform and who has mustered all his energies to the task.

"Frederick, where were you last night?" said his wife, reproachfully. "I was in terror for your safety; where have you been?"

"Looking for a fitting New Year's gift," he answered, with a forced smile. "It is here," and he laid the folded balance-sheet somewhat forcibly on the table.

"What is that—great Heavens! what has happened?" she exclaimed, in terror at his strange looks and actions.

"Look at it. See; it means that I am ruined—ruined! It means that I am no longer a wealthy merchant, but a beggar!"

She turned deathly pale at his violence, but did not shriek or faint as he expected she would do. The suddenness of the catastrophe seemed to give her strength.

"This paper——?" She partly opened it and looked at him for an explanation.

"That is the proof of my ruin—the balance-sheet of my business."

She sat down with a calmness that utterly confounded him, and proceeded to examine the particulars of the account, at times calling on him for an explanation of the items. When she finished, she inquired of him how much was required to set him straight with his creditors.

"It would take some five thousand dollars to pay my debts, and then we should be left penniless."

She left the room without another word, and shortly returned with a slip of paper which she handed to him.

"There is *my* New Year's gift—a truly acceptable one, I flatter myself."

"Lydia—this money—what is it?"

"Those are bills for the two thousand dollars you gave me on our wedding day. I did not want it, so laid it aside. We must sell this house with its costly furniture, dismiss our array of servants, and take a neat cottage and one girl. After paying your debts there will then be a balance with which you can begin business again. We will live economically, but comfortably. I do delight in a small cottage, and I shall have the household affairs to attend to, which is so much more pleasant than receiving or paying idle visits, and we shall get along much more happily than in this great unwieldy and uncomfortable mansion."

"My dear Lydia, how can I ever repay——?"

"Let's say no more about it. You must be up and doing; and remember for the future that I am a partner in your business as well as your domestic life. See that I am not kept in ignorance of anything that passes, and I'll undertake that you shall never again have occasion to present me with such a New Year's gift as that of to-day."

ON A CERTAIN LADY.

BY H. K. ROWE.

MELISSA lavishly bestows:
She daily gives, 'tis said,
To Frisk, her lap-dog, kicks and blows,
And warning to her maid.

She is all generosity—
Her spouse her kindness shares:
She gives *him*—cause for jealousy,
And gives *herself*—great airs!

Digitized by Google

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

BY SALLIE A. CLARENCE.

I.—THE DREAMERS.

"These two, a maiden and a youth, were there.
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her."

NIGHT folded earth's weary children under her robe of darkness, and thousands of restless spirits in a great city were stilled in slumber. But there were two who waked to watch for the rising moon while others slept; two on whose cheeks yet lingered the bloom of youth, and over whose heads few summers had passed. So a stranger would have said, to see them for the first time standing out in that portico, their forms relieved against the silvery sky.

One was a youth, with a manly form, a broad, high forehead, an eagle eye, and a proud, yet beautiful mouth. You felt instinctively that this was a spirit born to command. His arm rested caressingly round the slight, girlish form beside him, and his eyes beamed on her with brotherly affection. Yet she looked so frail that you wondered at his imprudence in permitting her to linger in the baleful influence of a southern night dew.

The two were cousins, as you would guess from the faint resemblance; for the same soft, brown tresses floated on either cheek, the same fire flashed from her eyes, and that fraternal embrace would be scarce permitted to a stranger. They had been promenading the gallery for hours, talking eagerly of some all-absorbing subject, and but now paused to watch that rising moon.

"To-morrow, then, we part," said the girl.

"Yes, to-morrow, Agness, you return to your home, to reign again as fashion's queen, to flirt and dance, and break a hundred hearts as you would fain have broken mine. I know that you will rejoice to go back."

"It is useless, George, to combat your prejudices. My bare assertion of a different purpose will not convince you; I leave that work to time. But, you, George, I have more faith in you. I will trust, ere many months, to hear of you in your official capacity, and that you have not been idle; and I will look forward to your filling the highest offices in a few years, and with credit."

"You feel that certainty, Agnes, because I am entering life, my course yet to choose, and with no other inclination. So you must not blame me, cousin, if I do not yield equal credence to your wise resolutions, for your habits were fixed, your associations formed, your natural disposition devolved long ago."

Agnes sighed, and answered without reference to herself, "you must not forget, dear George, that my sympathies are enlisted in your success. You must think of me often, George, and when you bear your blushing honors thick upon you, write to Cousin Agnes."

"Being the sole representative of a proud name, having the ambition of so many to gratify, is a weighty task, and more, I sometimes fear, than I can ever accomplish. If there were but another son to bear these honors, I would indulge my constitutional indolence, and leave glory to him. But as it is, I am determined to succeed, and to press forward till even *your* insatiable aspirations say enough."

"Yes, George, our hopes all centre in you—not because you are the only son, but because you have those talents and principles which justify our exalted ambition."

"And often, Agnes, you will come to the statesman's home, (for I will have a domestic hearth,) and lend your versatile talents to our tea-table talk, and cheer our quiet evenings. What glorious times those will be! And my fair lady, (as I intend her to be,) will love her cousin for her own sake, and welcome her for mine."

Poor Agnes' lip quivered when he alluded to his future bride, but she answered quietly,

"So you think now, dear George, while bright anticipation lends its rose color to that far distant future. But let that future come! The faded, querulous, old maid, with her moral strictures on society, her disagreeable reminiscences of other days, and her everlasting pen and ink, will be sadly out of place in your world of proprieties and elegance."

"Pshaw! Agnes, I can never fancy you, who are so faultless in dress, metamorphosed into a slovenly, blue stocking, with cap awry, untidy hair, and those fair hands all spotted with ink, rushing unceremoniously from our social circle to the writing desk to note some beautiful thought, or some new idea. And then an old

Digitized by Google

maid! No, never, Agnes. If you once give up flirting you'll be a bride in six months: such is my prophecy."

"You are right, Cousin George, as to the dress and hair, but I cannot answer for the ink spots, you might find them to-morrow."

"So you persist in becoming an authoress."

"I am certainly resolved to withdraw from my present profitless associations. To apply myself closer to study than ever, and to endeavor, while making an effort to improve myself, to benefit my fellow-beings."

"It seems strange, almost sad, to hear a young girl at twenty renounce the world; yet your's is a noble undertaking, and I wish you success. But it grows late, Agnes, and we must part, sweet cousin. Let us often think of each other in our different paths, and cherish the affection we now feel."

He folded her to his breast, pressed one fraternal kiss upon her lips, and was gone, little thinking that he then turned from the fondest, truest heart that ever beat for him; from the love that would have brightened the pathway of life, and rendered his sensitive spirit impervious to the shafts of malignity and ingratitude.

And thus the one left his home, confidently looking for the fulfilment of his dream; while the other, with the pangs of unrequited love rending her heart, turned away with disgust from her accustomed round of pleasure and fashionable dissipation; for oh! her dream had been already too rudely broken. It but remained to hide the blight that had fallen on her hopes. She too, disappeared, and was no more seen in her former world of gaiety.

II.—REALITY.

"And many leaves, once fair and gay,
From youth's full bloom have passed away—
But as these looser leaves depart
The lessen'd flower gets near the core,
And, when deserted quite, the heart
Takes closer what was dear of yore—
And yearns to those who loved it first—
The sunshine and the dew by which its bud was nursed."

There was a little cottage, deep down in a sheltered nook, where the mellowed sunlight stole lovingly through the opening trees upon its vine-clad porch, warming the young flowers to life and gladness. The bird's song had a murmuring tone, the flower's breath stole upon the senses lullingly, and this humble dwelling seemed the abode of peace.

Not often came to this cottage the world's peculiar children; the echoes slumbered undisturbed by whirling carriage wheels, and never entered from the outer world its contests, hopes, ambitions or despair, to disturb the repose of its inmate. The world forgetting, and by the world forgot, here dwelt one of heaven's ministers—a loving, Christian woman.

Open the door softly. Do you see her there, sitting by the half-open window, unmindful of the scene without, gazing dreamily on vacancy, as if in the invisible air she saw pictures of stormier or wilder scenes? Yes, there is memory in that mournful smile, and the dirge of youth in that low-breathed sigh. Would you have me draw her portrait? Well, I will shadow its outlines, and let fancy fill the sketch.

The form is slight and flexible, like to the trailing jessamine about the porch; and sweet as that jessamine's perfume is the heart breathing in that face. The face is plain. Years are on the broad brow, and time's fingers have left their trace on the features, which beauty disdained to mould to a classic grace. Yet those eyes have a deep, loving light undimmed by the hand of time. Look through those "windows of the soul" down into the pure heart, and you read courage, patience and content. That spirit, like a stream, moves on with steady current toward the shore, where time's boundaries disappear in eternity, bearing upon its bosom the record of a quiet conscience, and its depths illuminated by the sure hope of a better rest beyond the grave. Soft, smooth bands of light brown hair, a simple muslin dress, a little foot peeping out beneath the flowing skirt, and a thin, white hand supporting the faded cheek: she is before you. After all it is but an old maid.

Yes, reader—a neat, plain, old maid. How like you the picture? Bright, joyous girl, queen of hearts and leader of the fashion, don't turn away in disgust from my heroine; for down the vista of the past the old maid sees a thronging crowd of worshippers, and her own fair self moving to the violin's notes as brilliant as thou. Happy thou, if the future bring to thy restless soul as holy calm as her's! Happy if thy guardian angel win thee with like thoughts of duty from this waste of life, to rest on the sure anchor of peace with God! But these pictures from the past have deepened the shadow on her face, and one single tear falls, to tell that these things have been; but that sad sigh was wrung from her by the memory of her one love dream. Then come brighter pictures to chase away the shadows and recall the gentle smile.

The cottage door opens softly again, and into its atmosphere of purity comes another traveller half way down the path of life. "Oh, weary heart! thou 'rt half way home!"

It is a noble form that darkens the doorway,

Digitized by Google

and as he pauses to note the cheerful, yet humble look of the room, we may draw his portrait too. His form is large, proudly erect, one which had moved with a firm tread in senatorial halls, and his voice had spoken oft to eager ears the sentiments of patriotism and honor which fired his own breast. This man from the noisy, turbulent world without, the dweller in cities, what doeth he here?

> "Can the long fever of the heart be cooled
> By a sweet breath from Nature?"

His own lips will tell you of his purpose. In the features of the two are a faint resemblance, but on his brow are the deep wrinkles of care and thought; in his eye is the glance that reads men's souls while shutting up his own; and around his lips linger no loving smiles but a heart weariness that appeals painfully to your sympathy. Yes, he had a yearning desire for rest, but not a touch of shame mingled with the weary, weary look.

Reader, have you not recognized in this faded woman, and this care-worn man, the two dreamers? Taking in slowly the belongings of that pleasant chamber, and seeing the still dreaming woman before him, he steps forward, and in a voice, whose cadence tells all the long love of years, says,

"Agnes!"

She springs forward with a cry of joy, and sinks into the outstretched arms *so trustfully.* Yes, the drooping lily is laid upon a sheltering bosom. The fragile creeper has found a sturdy oak around which to twine its tendrils. He leads her to the window seat, and they sit down, his arms still enfolding her, and her head nestling on his shoulder. Surely that had been its resting-place in that picture of the past.

"George," she says, "I always felt that you would come, and all this evening a presentiment has haunted me of some startling event approaching me. Old memories have been busy about my heart, and but now I thought of you."

"Yes, Agnes, the world-worn seeker after happiness has come to lay his burthen on your spirit, and prays you for a little of the old, kind love, the well-remembered words of counsel."

"Dear George, it is no burthen, but a happy privilege to soothe and restore you. But it is long since you wrote, and you have never written confidingly. Tell me now, George, what has been your success in the search for happiness?"

"Ten years ago we parted, Agnes. Ten years that have stolen lightly over your head, scarce leaving one record of their passing. But they have traced the record of their events on my heart, cutting down like the graver's tool in marble, wearing into my stubborn soul, destroying youth's alluring dreams, and crushing each fond hope, till nought is left but the fiercer passions of mature manhood, and the craving void of unsatisfied affection."

"George, this is saddening; but, had fortune crowned your wishes, you might have forgotten God, 'He doeth all things well.'"

"Perhaps it is so," he answered, gloomily. "But you asked me for a sketch of my chase after that phantom, happiness. Listen, Agnes, and in your own peaceful heart, you will thank God, that you early forsook the world. I went forth ten years ago—ambition my mistress, and love my evening dream. My ambition was gratified. You told me then that I had talents, and that I was destined for great deeds: perhaps so. At least I was plunged into the stormy conflicts of political life, and rose rapidly over older and wiser men. My public career I kept you informed of, and you know how my pride has been gratified even to satiety. Yet even here I have met occasional ingratitude and false accusations. These I did not heed. Thanks to the lessons of my childhood, my sense of moral obligation was clear and acute, thanks to your gentle monitions that first image of purity was never dimmed by the breath of political allurements. But, wherever ambition led me, my soul pined for woman's love, and her companionship had a temptation for me greater than honor or fame. So I haunted every scene brightened by woman's presence, and found many a vase of rare workmanship, but none without a flaw. It would weary me to recount and you to hear the story of my disappointments. In courtly Europe, in our land of equality, in palace and in cottage, I have often found woman gloriously beautiful, yet my heart turned unsatisfied from all. What was it that my soul yearned for? Was it a being faultless from the hand of God? No, Agnes, 'twas that I had mirrored all unconsciously thy image, and ever after refused to reflect another. But I knew not this. Disappointment sickened me. Saddened, cynical, misanthropic, I loathed my kind; and then stole upon me the picture you had painted of your 'bird's nest,' and forsaking my unsatisfying pursuits I am here."

A tear of sympathy trickled through Agnes' slender fingers, and he felt the fond heart pressing closer to his own. After a moment of sad musing, he asked, clasping the little hand,

"And thy search, Agnes—what of it?

"The budding of my hopes and their blighting belongs to an earlier period, before we parted, and you know my youth's history."

Digitized by Google

"Yes, Agnes, I know the outer life, but what of the under current, what of thy soul in girlhood, that traced its fierce conflicts on your brow more legibly than time's passing is written there now?"

"Alas! George, these memories you would waken are very saddening. Yet it is well at times to recall the unsatisfactory nature of earthly pleasure in order to appreciate my happy home. Those pictures from the past have no fanciful colorings, such as are given to dreams of the future; but stripped of every enchantment, stand stern mementoes of my youth. They are sentinels to turn me from temptation, and preserve me in the way of truth. I began my life-experience much earlier than you. Both of us were fired by ambition, and pining for love; but my ambition was merely to be distinguished, to be flattered and admired. This was gratified, and I lived upon the incense of praise, blind to all nobler pursuits, the *belle esprit* of a fashionable set, the ruling star of our little world. Triflers of the same stamp professed to admire, and sometimes loved; but I turned with disgust from such love, yearning for one pure heart's tenderness. Between myself and associates there was at first no unity, for my intellectual vision had been opened to the perception of better and nobler aims in life; but I gradually descended to their level, eradicating every germ of better purposes, until we were one in hopes and ambition. When I had grown world-wise and sick of *such* triumphs, I met such a being as I had dreamed of years before. Then, in an instant, awoke each slumbering principle, and lofty aspiration, that years had crusted over with worldly rust; and as this fresh, pure heart unfolded to my eyes, every pulse of my own awoke with the intense limitlessness of woman's first, last love. The sentiment had slumbered with me until reason was fully matured; this gave to my love tenfold force. But time had engraved upon my brow lines of worldly experience which repelled him, and while he loved me, with the full, unreserved affection of a brother, he could not dream of the real sentiments he inspired. Often he sat, with his arm encircling me, talking of the untried future, and appealing to my *maturer* judgment; for he was my cousin. When I found that my dream of love was futile, I urged him on to ambition: I succeeded. His name went before the people, and they willingly gave their suffrages to the noble representative of an illustrious name Ten years ago we parted: he to learn of the future his destiny, I with mine suffered and completed. I turned with loathing now from the memory of late habits and associations. and began courageously the work of reform; uprooting errors and correcting the habits of years. Since then all has been peace."

"Yes, but whence comes that peace? I can not understand that transformation, because it would argue a change of nature. When we were daily together I remarked in you a constant restlessnesss and desire of change. You were never content, always seeking some new object of interest; truly,

> 'As variable, as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made.'"

"You are right, George, and when we parted I yielded tumultuously to grief; but over the waste of years came the voice of a mother's prayer, and after the first wild burst of passion, I prayed also; prayed for rest—for death. At last the dove of peace came and folded its wings upon my bosom. I left the world resolutely, and forever. Shutting myself up here with books and nature, I prayed and studied until the lesson of submission was fully learned, and I listened calmly to the echoes of your greatness."

She paused, and then resumed,

"At last I longed for sympathy with my kind, and began to breathe to them, under a fictitious name, the lessons of my lonely hours. Then came to me their praises, and I joyed in my hiding-place that they could not penetrate my disguise: for, oh! I knew well what the sweet breath of flattery can do. My roof is a humble one, yet it freely shelters every suffering wayfarer, and God has given me a mite to spare the poor—and that 'peace that passeth understanding' is with me, night and day, better than palaces or glittering pageantries."

"And now, Agnes, will that peace-branch still bloom above your door, sheltering with the old love, the world's child in its shadow? Can your heart glide as serenely in its accustomed channel, and yet cherish your first fond dream? Will you be mine, Agnes?"

"Dear George, more proudly now than in the spring time of life."

"We have both of us suffered, Agnes, and can cheerfully renounce the world, to dwell in the sweet solitude of 'Bird's Nest.'"

"Nay, George, such is not your duty. As a suffering, lonely woman, I might fly hither to hide my grief, and also to avoid temptations which I was too weak to resist: but *you* owe it to your fellow beings to mingle with them and endeavor to benefit all within your influence. A Christian dare not bury himself in seclusion, to avoid such things as wound his sensitive spirit; for we are commanded to 'let our light so shine

Digitized by Google

that it may be seen by all that are in the house.'"

Here we leave them, for our purpose was but to narrate one of the every day incidents of life, and to show that "whom He loveth He chasteneth."

Would that all who suffer from affliction could perceive "the silver lining to the cloud."

UNDINE.

BY EDWARD D. HOWARD.

Nay, tell me not the fairy sprite,
The gentle creature of delight;
The fountain born, the waves sweet child;
The wayward, laughing beauty wild;
Lives not; exists not; ne'er arose
To light when sparkling water flows;
Oh, tell me not the fair Undine
Lives not, the fountain's lovely queen!

I stood beside the glancing stream
Upflashing in the white moonbeam;
I saw its pearly spray descend
As dew-drop laden willows bend;
I heard its rushing music play
As joys in throbbing hearts make way;
It flashed the moon and me between.
But yet, I saw not sweet Undine.

I launched my boat upon the lake
When not a breeze disturbed the brake;
I floated softly on the wave
Where well might be the Naiad's cave;
Down in the chrystal waters clear
I gazed—I wooed her to appear;
Looked with a beating heart, I ween,
But saw not witching, bright Undine.

Where, like a life-tide, o'er the steep
The glancing waters foaming leap—
A tide of swift impetuous bliss
Rushing down passion's precipice;
I watched the cataract sublime
One long bright day of Summer-time;
E'en then, e'en there I had not seen
The blue-eyed, golden haired Undine

One night I looked the lids between
That shut within a poet's dream
My spirit passed into that land,
Where blossoms of the soul expand;
There flashed, a wondrous fountain forth—
The fount of Genius;—there had birth
From those bright waters chrystaline
The lovely being of Undine.

I saw her form of witching grace;
The childish beauty of her face;
The pure light of her sunny smile,
Free, as an angel's heart, from guile;
I heard the music of her voice,
So sweet it made my heart rejoice;—
Thus saw I her—the fountain queen,
The laughing, beauteous sprite—Undine!

LINES

TO A YOUNG LADY.

As onward pressed by gentle breeze;
The ship glides proudly o'er the seas,
And leaves no path or trace behind
So heedless pass with rapid flight,
And sink in dark oblivion's night,
The fleeting visions of the mind.

But when the storms in fury sweep
The bosom of the raging deep,
And sink the ship beneath the main,
Still may some plank float on to show
The wreck that's buried far below,
The only vestige of the slain!

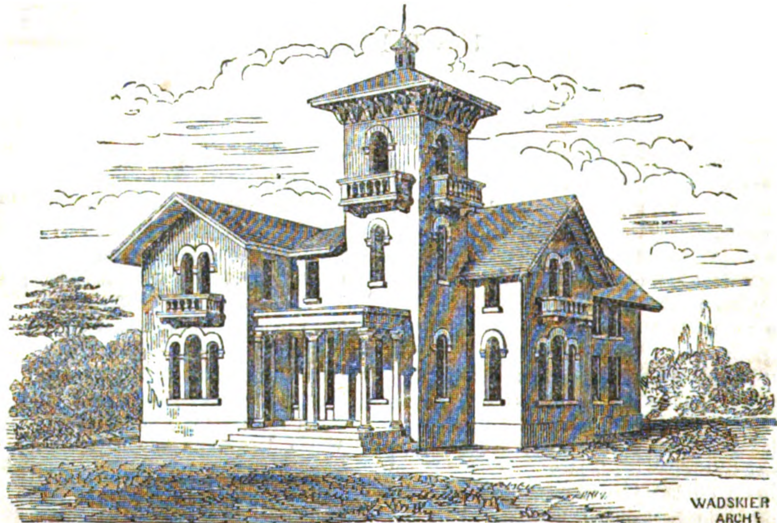
So thus, perchance, in after years,
When joy, and grief, and hopes, and fears
Have almost hid me from thy view,
E'en then these lines may haply chance
To claim from thee a passing glance,
And I shall be remembered too.

Andiamo.

Digitized by Google

COTTAGE AND VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE.

NO. I.—AN ITALIAN VILLA.

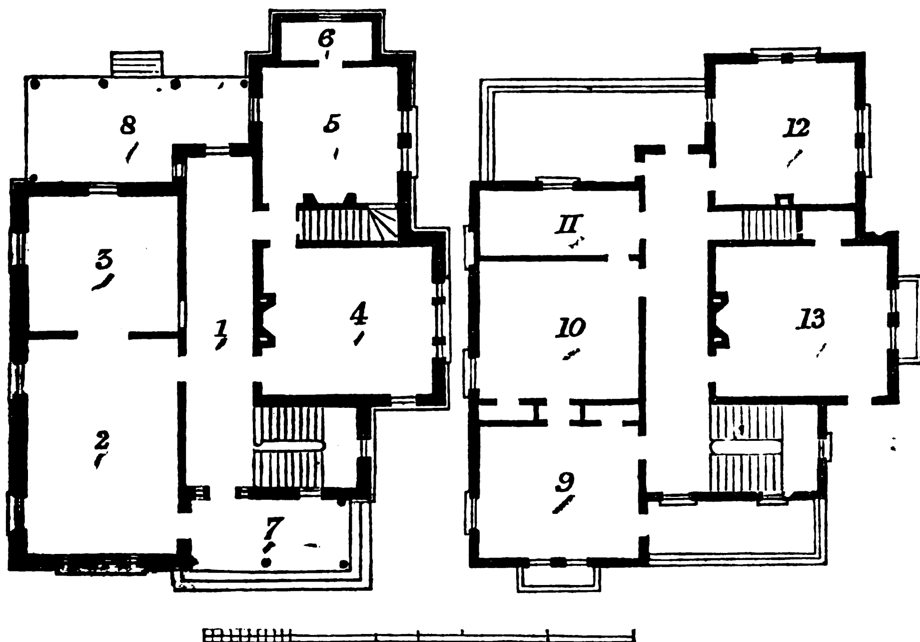


The Italian style is especially agreeable in our summers of bright, hot sunshine. The leading features of this style are its flat roofs, projecting upon brackets or cantalivers, its arched windows, frequently with massive dressings; its arcades or verandas, supported on columns or piers; its chimney-tops of tasteful and fantastic forms; and particularly the campanile or Italian tower, with its bold projecting cornice and balconies, which brings the broken outline of the building into unity, and give an expression of power and picturesqueness to the whole composition.

The villa, represented in our engraving, is designed to be a comfortable residence for a family of moderate means and size. The interior arrangement is shown by the ground plans, with the names and sizes of the different apartments marked; but still, some explanation may be acceptable.

Ascending three risers, we find ourselves under the veranda in front, supported by columns. Crossing eight feet to the entrance door, and ascending one riser we are in the hall. The stairs on the right side are the principal stairs leading to the chamber floor, and thence continued to the upper floor in the campanile. On the left side of the hall is a handsome drawing room, with an adjoining library, connected, either with sliding doors, or a five feet broad door; from the library is a door communicating with the hall, and, if desired, a door to the back veranda instead of the window. From the drawing-room is a door to the front veranda; and, if a handsome view from the drawing-room should render a bay window desirable, it can be attached for a moderate cost. Opposite the drawing-room, on the other side of the hall, we enter the dining-room connected with the kitchen, but the direct communication is cut off, in order to get a private stair to the chamber floor, and stairs to the cellar, and to stop all smells and sounds from the kitchen. With the kitchen is connected a pantry, large enough to be divided, and a door to the veranda, with steps descending to the yard. The second floor is divided into five comfortable chambers, the hall running through, and giving an excellent communication to all the chambers: a door might lead out on the back veranda, ornamented with stained glass. There should be a cellar constructed under the whole part of the building, divided into the necessary and desired compart-

Digitized by Google



GROUND PLAN. PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

ments, including a furnace, with the requisite pipes and flues for heating the whole building throughout.

The villa is to be brick, either roughcast or masticated, and painted of a light freestone color. The window-sills and brackets under balconies to be freestone, the balconies, veranda, and cornice for tower to be wood, colored to harmonize with the walls.

All the window-sashes, and every variety of inside woodwork, except floor, to be of a dark color, grained to represent oak or walnut. The first story to be twelve feet in the clear, and the next story eleven feet. Inside shutters to all the windows, made either to slide into the wall, or to fold. The walls to be papered, and the paper of a pattern corresponding with the style of the building.

The following are the measurements of the building:

I. Hall, 8 × 38.
2. Drawing-room, 18 × 25.
8. Library, 16 × 18.
4. Dining-room, 17 × 20.
5. Kitchen, 16 × 16.
6. Pantry, 5 × 11.
7. Porch, 9 × 19.
8. Veranda, 12 × 26.
9. 16 × 19, }
10. 16 × 19, }
11. 8 × 19, } Bed-rooms
12. 17 × 17, }
8. 18 × 21, }

Before undertaking to build, get a specification, and estimate of the cost, from some competent builder or architect.

A THOUGHT FOR JANUARY.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE Winter snow lies deep and chill
On wood and meadow, field and hill.
And Winter winds pipe all the day
Piling huge drifts across the way.

See! yonder struggling through the wild,
A mother with her baby-child.
Go! bring her in; for Christ hath said,
"Who feedeth such, to me gives bread

Digitized by Google

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Word to our Readers.—We make our *debut* for 1853 with tho present number, by far the costliest we ever published, and also the most elegant. We intend too that the coming volume of our Magazine shall excel all preceding volumes as much as this number surpasses former January ones. As we promised, in our Prospectus, and begin to fulfil in this issue, the quantity of reading matter shall be greatly increased, without deteriorating from its merit, or originality, and also without that corresponding reduction in the number and quality of embellishments which has lately marked the career of our cotemporaries.

It may be as well to recapitulate, at the commencement of the year, what are the claims we put forth to public favor. In the first place we publish a Magazine of original literature. Formerly nearly all the American periodicals resembled us in this respect. But within the last two years they have taken to copying largely from the English Magazines, thus furnishing their readers with the identical tales republished by the newspapers, where they generally appear, moreover, before the monthly periodicals here can give them, so that much of this foreign stuff is actually stale even to American readers. In addition, these articles are generally of inferior merit, because necessarily copied from second-rate English Magazines. As these mediocre British periodicals fill their columns, in part, by stealing the good things they find in the original periodicals on this side of the Atlantic, it has often happened that our cotemporaries have republished stories which had first appeared here.

There is not a number of this Magazine that does not supply British periodicals with articles. In some instances, tales from these pages have been even translated into French or German, and published in French or German periodicals, from which subsequently they have been translated back into English, published in British Magazines, and finally copied into American newspapers. No subscriber need fear, however, to find such stale reading in this Magazine. By giving only what has been written originally for us, we avoid all such perils, and secure what is fresh at least. For its merit we appeal to the general declaration of the press, that this is "the most readable" of the magazines, and to the fact that nearly everything we publish is reprinted in these second-rate periodicals over the water, which, like the second-rate ones here, live on other people's brains, stealing all they can.

A word now about the character of our contents. Certain parties, within a year or two, have endeavored to cry down stories. "The people want solid reading," they say, "not ephemeral fiction." Oh! wisest of wiseacres. Oh! second Daniels come to judgment. While mankind lives and remains mankind, fiction will always be the most popular vehicle, and, therefore, the most potent, for imparting truth. From the times of the patriarchs down, more good has been done by parables, fables, and other fictions, than by all the dry didactic treatises ever written. We acknowledge that sickly love-stories, or tales violating all probability, ought not to be sustained by the public; and it is because some of our cotemporaries have filled their pages with such trash, that they have failed of success. But we have made it our especial aim, in editing this Magazine, to have all our stories with a moral; to let them inculcate some useful truth, or describe some particular age; so that the reader may rise from their perusal instructed as well as amused:—and we believe that it is this kind of a solid magazine literature the people of these United States want, and not dry treatises or drier subjects copied out of Encyclopædias, or mawkish stories of love, full of impossible incidents, and "signifying nothing." In a word the reading matter we give is what is required in the family, and by ladies; and we give it original, and the best of its kind. This is alike our claim to support, and the reason of our success.

Less important, but still a feature of this Magazine, is the fashion department. Every woman wants to know how to dress. When the Bloomer revolution was started, its converts were as eager as other people to know "what the styles" were; and even yet, though Bloomerism is defunct, except as a provincialism, ladies write to Mrs. Bloomer, as she admits in her journal, "The Lily," to know what are the Bloomer fashions. We have, from the first, given later and prettier fashion plates than any other American Magazine, and we shall continue to excel in this department, cost what it will. The lady who subscribes to this periodical gets plates of the real fashions, with full accounts of every new style worn, or about to be worn. Dunces may cry down "fashion books" as much as they will, but we fear that, without the "fashion books," the ladies would soon get to dressing like frights, and that without saving any thing either.

A third feature of this Magazine is its illustrations. These we shall continue to give, in every style of art, mezzotint, line, litho-chromo, colored, &c. &c. We shall exercise our best abilities in selecting choice subjects for our engravers, and in having them executed superbly, for we have learned, by an experience of ten years, that generally subscribers prefer one first-rate plate to two inferior ones. In most instances our plates will illustrate original stories. We have several beautiful designs, lately

Digitized by Google

made expressly for us, in the hands of engravers, which we shall publish at an early day.

To conclude we do not publish, nor do we intend to publish, a stupid review, nor even a dry, statistical monthly: but a Magazine of literature, fashion and art, to be distinguished for its moral purity, and be "just the thing" for family reading.

"ZANA."—We begin, in this number, a new copyright novel, by our co-editor, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. It is a sequel to the "Gipsey's Legacy," which we published in the volume for 1852: and as many new subscribers will not have read that story, it may be as well to give an outline of it, in order that they may the better understand the sequel. The tale of "The Gipsey's Legacy" opens in the Alhamra, where an English lord accidentally meets a young and beautiful gipsey girl, falls in love with her, and persuades her to abandon her people and follow him. Before their departure, however, they are married according to gipsey rites, in the presence of the girl's grandmother. For a while, after their arrival in England, all goes well. But eventually a lady of rank, with whom the nobleman had formerly been in love, but whom a train of circumstances had torn from him, returns to the neighborhood a widow, her term of mourning expired, ready and eager to atone for the past. To an interview between these two, the gipsey's child, a daughter, is accidentally a secret witness: and she reveals all to her mother. The poor, heart broken thing, instead of seeking revenge, leaves her once happy home, taking her child with her, and returning to Grenada offers her life up, according to the laws of her people, in atonement for having loved and followed a stranger. The story concludes by the grandmother going to England, and poisoning the new and legal wife in revenge; while the husband, made old before his time, departs for years of travel. The child survives, and is left growing up to womanhood, the inheritor of her mother's wrongs, which are her only legacy. It is at this point the sequel begins.

THE AMERICAN COURIER.—One of the best weeklies published in Philadelphia is McMakin's "American Model Courier." It is never without an original novel running through its columns, either by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz or some other famous writer; its selected articles are always culled with the greatest taste; and the news items, musical record, and other matters of general interest are admirably digested. It is also a witty paper, which, in the general crowd of dullness, is a vast recommendation. The terms of the "Courier" are two dollars a-year to single subscribers, with a liberal discount to clubs. For three dollars we will send a copy of this Magazine, and one of the "Courier," for one year; the full price of the two, it will be recollected, being four.

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.—This popular and excellent journal comes to us greatly improved in appearance, with new type, ornamented column heads, and whiter paper. Its proprietor and editor is one of those energetic men, who never stop till they have reached the top of the ladder, and the subscribers to his journal, therefore, may look for better and better things continually. The price of "Scott's Weekly" is two dollars a-year, with very great reductions to clubs. For three dollars we will send a copy of this Magazine, and one of "Scott's Weekly," for one year.

ADVERTISEMENTS IN THIS NUMBER.—We call attention to the various advertisements on the cover, and at the end of this number; and would add that we are prepared to insert a moderate number of advertisements monthly at a moderate price. Booksellers particularly would find it to their advantage to advertise in this Magazine, as it reaches the very class of readers whose attention they generally wish to gain.

CLUBBING WITH NEWSPAPERS.—To oblige persons who desire a newspaper as well as a magazine, we will send, for three dollars, a copy of this periodical, and a copy of any of the Philadelphia two dollar weeklies, for one year. This will save a dollar.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Library Edition of the Waverly Novels. Vols. XIII, XIV, XV, XVI. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.—It is often the case, in serial works of this character, that the earliest volumes are the best; but the reverse of it has proved to be true in reference to this beautiful edition of Scott's novels. If we had a fault to find with the first volumes of the series it was that their embellishments were scarcely elegant enough. This, however, has long been remedied. The illustrations in the four volumes noticed this month, and in those noticed in our December number, are not to be excelled. Considering that, in this edition, every novel makes a volume by itself; that the type is large and clear; and that the price is so low, the publishers ought to sell fifty thousand copies. We advise its purchase in preference to any other American edition.

Regal Rome, an Introduction to Roman History. By Francis N. Newman. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—The author of this little work has given us, in a single volume, a more reliable account of Roman history from Romulus to Tarquin, than can be found in all Livy. Without entirely following Niebuhr, he has adopted most of his views. His book should be in the hands of every one who purposes to study Roman history. As a clue is to a labyrinth so is this work to the early annals of Rome.

Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. Parts VII and VIII. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In these numbers, the last especially, Dickens is "himself again." The scene in which Lady Dedlock is proved to be Miss Summerfield's mother is particularly fine.

Digitized by Google

Henry Esmond. By W. M. Thackeray. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—In many respects we consider Thackeray superior to Dickens. His experience of life is more profound, and though his imagination is inferior, and his characters consequently less ideally beautiful, they have a closer resemblance to real life than those of "Boz." The young will prefer Dickens, but the old, who have "seen the skeleton," who know how hollow a thing life is, will choose Thackeray; and though not yet very aged ourselves, we must confess to being better satisfied with the realities we find in "Pendennis," than with the visionary, though beautiful creations in most of the novels of "Boz." The present work is an autobiography. The hero is an English gentleman of birth, who, about a century ago, sat down in voluntary exile, (so the reader is to suppose) to write his memoirs in the then wilds of Virginia, after having, in earlier life, taken part in the Jacobite intrigues of the reigns of Queen Anne, and mingled familiarly with Bolingbroke, Harley, Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele and other wits and statesmen of that day. Thackeray has admirably caught the style of a polished writer of the time, so that his novel has an air of reality, apart from its truthful delineation of the age generally, and particularly of the characters he introduces. Indeed as a work of art it is worthy even of Fielding. We find in it less of that bitter satire, which marked the earlier productions of its author, and more of a spirit of genial humanity, charity, and forbearance. Either his increasing success as an author, or his last years "sickness" almost "unto death," has melted away much of Thackeray's cynicism, or else the public has never appreciated that great, loving heart which is manifestly his. We add, in conclusion, that the chief actors in the story are depicted as only Thackeray, among living writers, can delineate: Lady Esmond, the Colonel, Beatrice, and the three Lord Viscounts are all drawn with the greatest skill and the most extraordinary fidelity to nature. Since Fielding died no author has written, in the English tongue, so akin to that greatest of British novelists, and consequently so worthy to wear his mantle. "Harry Esmond" is published in a cheap form, at fifty cents a copy.

Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi. By J. G. Shea. 1 *vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.*—In this tasteful volume, which looks all over of "the olden time," we have the narratives of Marquette and others of the early Jesuit missionaries, descriptive of their explorations of the Mississippi and North West. It is the first time that the veritable journal of the excellent Marquette has been published in its integrity, for which act Mr. Shea deserves the gratitude of every American who has the truth of history at heart. The narrative is full of valuable information, and, with the accompanying map copied from the original by Marquette, conclusively settles the right of the good father to be considered the first explorer of the middle Mississippi. The world has not done justice to those early missionaries. In reading of the death of Marquette, as described by the continuator of his narrative, it is impossible not to feel the heart drawn profoundly to the meek, self-sacrificing man, who, far away from home, from civilization, and even from medical aid, lies down on the wild Michigan shore, and fixing his thoughts on heaven, prepares to yield up his soul to God. It is a story of heroic faith and martrydom calculated to draw tears even from the coldest eyes. We notice that Mr. Shea, in introducing the various narratives, gives a short biographical notice of the author, a feature which is of the greatest value to the general reader.

Oracles for Youth. A Home Pastime. By Caroline Gilman. 1 *vol. New York: G. P. Putnam. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—This is a selection of couplets, arranged in numbers, and under appropriate heads, such as "What is your character?" "What is your private study?" "What will be your destiny?" &c. &c. A person holds the book, and asks a question, and the individual interrogated mentions what number he, or she will choose. For example. The first says, "What is your character?" The other replies, "I choose number three." Under the head of "What is your character," number three is sought out, and found to be as follows:—

"Gentle tempered, sweet and kind,
To no angry word inclined."

As there are fifteen questions, averaging about fifty answers, there are over seven hundred replies in all. In such a number there is an infinite variety of course, so that the game is a pleasant one for young persons on a winter evening, affording opportunity for excellent hits as well as for others not so *apropos*. The volume is prettily issued.

Select British Eloquence. By Chauncey A. Goodrich, D. D. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a large, thick octavo volume, embracing a selection of the best speeches, by British orators, during the last two hundred years. Each speech is given entire, so that it may be judged as a whole, the only true way to do justice to any intellectual effort; for mutilated fragments, such as are generally presented in works of this class, often lead to very unfair estimates. A sketch of each orator's life, with a criticism on his genius precedes each speech; and to these are added, wherever necessary, notes explanatory and otherwise. Dr. Goodrich has spent years in the preparation of the volume, for to maturely weigh the relative merits of each orator, and then decide on what specimen of his eloquence to select, was no slight task, even for one so competent as the compiler. The work must eventually supercede, for general use, all others of a similar character.

A Life of Vicissitudes. By G. P. R. James. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The most indifferent novel James ever wrote. Our weekly newspapers continually furnish better original stories than this.

Digitized by Google

Hildreth's History of the United States. Second Series. Vol. II and III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Among the books which we have noticed from Harpers' establishment this season, we find more than the usual number of excellent works that have run up to second, third and fourth editions with astonishing rapidity, while others were provided for at first by immense editions commensurate to the established popularity of the authors. Among the latter is Hildreth's History of the United States, a work so thorough in its details, so concise and yet elegant in its style, that it must continue for years to command a permanent market in the nation and among the people to whom it renders so great a service. The third volume of the second series carries our history into the sixteenth Congress, and to 1821. A book which brings our national history within the life-time almost of our children, giving it in faithful detail back to the forming of our Constitution, should and will be lasting as it is useful. It is such enterprises as these that have secured to the Harpers, not only reputation, but a permanent and enormous income from the reading masses.

Garden Walks with the Poets. By Mrs. Kirkland. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—As a Christmas or New Year's Gift to a lady, we know no book more appropriate than this. It is a collection of poems, on subjects connected with the garden, culled, with the nicest appreciation, from the best British and American writers. In its printing, binding, illustrated title-page, and other matters where the publisher labored, it exhibits also the perfection of taste. We cordially commend it to the refined and intelligent of the ladies of America. Any woman of taste would prefer such a book as this, for a gift, to a dozen vapid annuals.

The Cabin and Parlor. By J. Thornton Randolph. Fifth Edition. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A fifth edition of this new novel has been laid on our table. Our copy is superbly gilt, in a style suitable, as the publisher writes, for a Christmas or New Year's present. Few American works have ever had such success with the public, or received such encomiums from the press. In a lengthy advertisement, at the end of this number, the publisher quotes the opinions of nearly one hundred and fifty leading journals, in the United States and British provinces, all extolling the literary ability displayed in the volume.

Kathay. A Cruize in the Chinese Seas. By Hastings Macauley. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam. Philada: Lindsay & Blakiston.—An agreeable book, whose title implies its purport, but affords no idea of the interest and sprightliness of the narrative. The volume is beautifully got up. Indeed Mr. Putnam is one of the most eminent of those few American publishers, alas! *how* few, who have been striving, for the last five years, to improve the mechanical department of book-making in the United States. He has been aptly called, for his efforts in this line, the American Murray.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. By Benson J. Lossing. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have watched the serial publication of this great national work with unabated interest, and now that it is completed congratulate author and publishers on the entire success of the enterprise. No person should presume, after this, to speak of the American Revolution, until he has perused these volumes, for they contain so much that is new, that not to have read them is to be ignorant of a vast deal that ought to be known. The two volumes contain nearly eight hundred pages each, and more than a thousand engravings on wood, chiefly from sketches by the author. They are handsomely bound, in embossed cloth, with appropriate designs. Every library, small or great, should have this work.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Fig. i.—A House Dress of Oak colored Cashmere, skirt long and full, trimmed with graduated rows of black velvet. Corsage high and open in front, and finished with two rows of narrow black velvet. Over this is worn a black velvet *paletot*. Chemisette of French embroidered muslin, having a small square collar under which is worn a ribbon, tied in a careless bow in front. Cap of Honiton lace, trimmed with crimson ribbon.

Fig. ii.—A Walking Dress of Maroon colored Silk, skirt plain and full. Mantilla of green velvet, round and deeper behind than in front, and trimmed with two rows of wide figured silk braid. Bonnet of canary colored silk, fluted.

Fig. iii.—Carriage Dress of blue Silk, skirt trimmed with three flounces woven with a rich plaid border. Cloak of black velvet richly embroidered. The fronts of this cloak are separate from the back, unlike that in figure No. II., which is cut all in one. A very deep and heavy net fringe put on beneath a row of embroidery gives this cloak the appearance of having a cape. Bonnet of white drawn satin, with a heavy drooping feather on each side. Crimson velvet face trimmings.

General Remarks.—Velvet was never more fashionable than at the present season. It will be employed this winter for trimmings of every description. It may be set on in plain rows, or cut out in vandykes, or edged with narrow black lace, or with ruches of narrow ribbon. On a single broad flounce (now a style of flouncing frequently adopted) seven or eight rows of narrow velvet may be run; or the velvet may be set on in a lozenge pattern, the edge of the flounce being cut in points, comformably with the lower row of lozenges.

Many dresses are now made with a trimming at the waist, which has the effect of a very short basquine; it consists of a row of lace or fringe round the waist of the dress. When lace is employed for this purpose it should be guipure. This style of trimming has become very fashionable.

Digitized by Google

The chief novelty in sleeves is that the trimming is now placed above the elbow. Another new kind of sleeve is beginning to be fashionable in evening dress: it is made somewhat fuller than usual, and the fulness is gathered on a band sufficiently wide to enable the hand to pass through. To the lower edge of this band the trimming is attached in fulness. This trimming is also gathered at the lower part and descends nearly to the hand, showing the under-sleeve, which is made and trimmed in the same style. This has a very elegant effect.

Jackets of warm materials are beginning to be much worn within doors. They are frequently made of cloth, embroidered with soutache or braid, which renders them very elegant. Those of a lighter kind may be of silk or velvet. But, whatever the material employed, black is the favorite color whenever the jacket is not of the same material as the dress with which it is intended to be worn. Last season jackets were worn open and rounded at the ends in front: this year they are fastened closely up to the throat; the bands are left square in front and slightly diverging one from another.

Light cloth will be much employed for dresses during the winter, and it seems likely to supersede merino. For these cloth dresses dark blue appears to be the favorite color. A dress of this light kind of cloth, with a small cloak of the same, is a very suitable winter costume for a young lady. The corsage and front of the skirt may be ornamented with braid or velvet, and the cloak should be bordered with the same pattern, but the pattern should be designed on a larger scale.

Poplin Dresses still continue to be much worn, especially by children and young ladies. Those of plaided patterns are much in favor. Many dresses are made with two broad flounces; this is a favorite style at present, and dresses made of silk in this way have the flounces edged with velvet. A dress recently imported from Paris was made of groseille colored silk shaded with black. The skirt had two deep flounces edged with black velvet set on in lozenges. This trimming was remarkably *distingue* in its effect. The open corsage was headed by a bordering the same as that of the flounces, but of smaller proportions. The open fronts of the corsage are partially confined by bands of velvet fastened by small enamel buttons.

A very pretty fashion for white muslin dresses has appeared. Where the flounces are embroidered, each is supported underneath by a flounce of colored *taffeta;* the *corsage* and sleeves are, in this case, trimmed with ribbon to match, and a sash, with flowing ends, completes the dress. The ribbon bracelets are as much worn as ever: either they are made to match the prevailing color of the *toilette*, or in black or *ecossais* ribbon, which go with everything. They will, no doubt, continue in fashion throughout the winter, as they are a great protection to the wrists, which are so apt to be affected by the frost, where the skin is sensitive.

Hoods to cloaks are fast disappearing, and are giving place to collars.

Slippers, we may mention are now made with heels, as in the days of our great-grandmothers. Those good ladies, it is true, did not move about quite so actively as the belles of the present generation. They were not great walkers, and they wore slippers of a peculiar make, which were called *mules*. These slippers, having very high heels and no hind quarters, rendered any kind of rapid movements impossible, and the fair wearers of them were necessarily obliged to walk at a very slow and dignified pace, and even then to observe the utmost caution in order to avoid sprained ankles. The liability of this accident is, however, infinitely diminished by the make of the slippers now introduced in imitation of those worn by ladies of fashion about the middle of the last century. The new slippers have high heels, but the height is moderate, and they have hind quarters like shoes. They are made in satin or velvet, either black or colored, and are usually ornamented with embroidery on the fronts. We have observed some made of black satin, trimmed with lace, and having red heels. Boots with small military heels have, as our readers are aware, long been fashionable, but in a boot the foot is well supported, high heels may then be worn without danger; how it may be with slippers is a question which can best be determined by those ladies who are inclined to try them.

In Paris efforts have recently been made to resuscitate the fashions of the Empire. These efforts are, however, likely to prove abortive. The short waist, and the corsage without a point, are innovations not suited to the taste of the present day, and dresses made in what is styled the *genre Empire*, have the waists shortened only in a very modified degree. Among the dresses made in this old style several have had short sleeves and low corsages. The sleeves were in double puffings, and round the waist there were ceintures of broad ribbon of plaited patterns in various shades of color. These broad ribbon sashes are sometimes disposed in a very elegant and fanciful way. The ribbon being pinned down in a point at the back of the waist, and from thence is brought up on each side and carried over the shoulders, after which it descends in a heart shape to the bottom of the waist in front. There the ribbon is narrowed by being gathered in a few narrow plaits, and the ends are left flowing to about midway down the skirt. Velvet ribbons, either dark or of black colors, may be pinned on the corsage in this style, and the effect is very pretty and novel.

Another resuscitation of the fashions of the Empire has been observable in the style of dressing the hair. Several ladies have recently appeared at the theatres in Paris with their hair dressed in a very peculiar style. The bandeaux on each side of the forehead were replaced by small short curls around the face, the back hair arranged loosely, with a ribbon band passed above the forehead.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

STEALING CUPID'S BOW

Digitized by Google

LES MODES PARISIENNES.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1853. No. 2.

THE MOTHER OF DODDRIDGE.

BY REV. JAMES STEVENS.

It is related of the mother of that eminent and pious man, the Rev. Dr. Doddridge, that she was accustomed to draw her boy to her knee, almost as soon as he could talk, and pointing to the porcelain tiles, with which fire-places were then adorned, instruct him in Bible history from the Scripture incidents there set forth.

The good old fashion of ornamenting our fire-places in this manner has long passed away. In a few ancient mansions may still be seen such china tiles, with their brilliant colors and suggestive delineations, pictorially telling how Joseph was sold by his brethren, how the cup was found in Benjamin's sack, and how Jacob coming up to Egypt was presented by his now princely son to Pharoah. Or they represent David going forth against Goliah, Absalom hanging by the hair of his head, the ravens feeding the prophet, or the lightning kindling the altar erected to the true God, while the priests of Baal prayed in vain for fire from heaven for their own. Or, coming down to New Testament history, they exhibit the Saviour blessing little children, or confounding the doctors in the temple, or raising Lazarus from the dead.

It was before such a storied fire-place that the mother of Doddridge drew her boy, as evening approached, and imparted to his young mind the narrative of the Bible incidents depicted on the tiles. She told him of the babe born in a manger, of the murder of the innocents, of the flight into Egypt, and of the divine life of the Saviour up to the agony in the garden, the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the final ascension. She explained the parables of the prodigal son, the lost sheep, and the sower and the seed. Long after the twilight had set in, and all without the room was dark, she continued her discourse by the fire-light that illumined the tiles. Thus, from his earliest childhood, Bible history was familiar to Doddridge. Even before he could read, the beauty of its divine truth was implanted in his mind, and he had learned to shed tears over the tragic scene at Calvary, and to love the ideal of perfect goodness revealed in the incarnate Christ. Is it singular that, with early instruction like this, he grew to be one of the purest minded and most useful men of his day?

The old emblazoned tiles are no longer seen on our chimney-pieces, but the twilight hour still remains, Bible history is still as alluring to children as ever. Mother, do you ever, at that softening household hour, take your little one to your knee, and rehearse, as the mother of Doddridge did, the events described in that "book of books," at once the most ancient, the most interesting, and the most authentic of histories? If there are no longer porcelain tiles, with their rude pictorial representations, there are thousands of beautiful books, illustrating the Bible; and these should be your assistants. There is no stronger security for the future uprightness of your child, than an early and reverential acquaintance with the sacred story. Teach him the salutary lessons its parables convey, hold up before him the divine example of him who "spake as never man spake," and though temptations should overcome him in after years, he will finally remember you and your instructions, and return like the lost lamb to the fold. An early acquaintance with Bible history and Bible purity is an anchor which holds fast through waves and winds to the end.

We are the advocates of no sect when we speak thus. We do not ask you to make your child a Presbyterian, a Baptist, an Episcopalian, or a Methodist. Teach him the Bible, and leave,

Digitized by Google

the rest to time. If you accustom him to contemplate the wonders of Old Testament history, the self-sacrificing life of Christ, and the miraculous circumstances that attended the career of the apostles, you may safely leave to the future and to his maturer years, the consideration of doctrinal questions, and the speculative problems of the schools. What your child wants is not a narrow dogmatism, but a wide and liberal Bible spirit. Without this foundation of fixed principle, which he can obtain in no other way, he will be, when he grows up, like a leaf torn from the parent stem, which the wind "bloweth where it listeth."

You can find, in no book extant, events so interesting for him as in the Bible. Read the story of Daniel in the lion's den, of the three young Hebrews in the fiery furnace, of Moses in the bulrushes, or of the destruction of Pharoah's hosts, and you will find that no tale affects his young imagination half so powerfully. In our experience we have found the Bible is without a rival, in its hold on the heart and the fancy of childhood.

The mother who should leave her offspring to perish, as Hindoo mothers do, by exposure on a river's bank, would be considered, and would consider herself an unnatural monster. But, without Bible instruction, a child is virtually abandoned to vice, if not to crime, to moral degradation and a moral death. Oh! mothers of America, if you would have virtuous sons, men like the venerated Doddridge, teach them their Bible. The mother of Washington did it. The mother of every great and good man has done it. "Cast your bread upon the waters," says the Bible itself, "and after many days you shall find it."

THE WORSHIPPERS.

BY H. W. PAYSON

No costly apparel enrobed her form,
No jewels, no gewgaws were there,
No ringlet escaped on the breeze to play,
Display'd with negligent care:
As she stepped through the aisle of the village church,
To her seat in the house of prayer.

No roses were blooming upon her cheek,
For paleness alone was there,
No radiance lurk'd in her quiet eye,
It was stolen by want and care,
No delicate moulded hand was hers,
Which had heavy toil to bear.

A light on her pallid face was playing,
'Twas the rays of a holy thought,
As they came from the beautiful spirit within,
And whisper'd the peace it brought;
And that rapturous music thrilling there,
Which her ear alone had caught.

In the rich robes from Hindostan's looms,
A figure was at her side
To take of those Holy Emblems they knelt,
Of Him who for all hath died.
The humble, the toil-worn daughter of want,
And the child of affluent pride.

The service was over, yet why turn'd the one
Thus quickly and coldly aside?
Why flash'd her bright eye while her lip curl'd in scorn,
There the heart wrote its shameless pride,
For the harden'd hand of the rustic maid
Love proffer'd had been denied?

Christian! can you—can I bear the name,
With a mind so narrow and base,
Could we crush the sweet life of a loving smile,
Which lives on a truthful face?
Or darken the joy of a pure, noble soul
By the pride of station or place?

STEALING CUPID'S BOW.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

One day, in the leafy shade,
Cupid hid to catch a maid;
But the maid, more sly they say,
Came and stole his bow away.

Cupid coaxed, and Cupid prayed:
But he could not move the maid.
So the women have since then,
At their mercy all us men.

Digitized by Google

LOVE AND FAME.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

Never did golden flecks of sunlight flutter through greener leaves, to cushion themselves on greener, softer moss, than that which covered the broad, flat overhanging rock by the brookside, whither I would conduct my reader. It was a spot of sweet, wild loveliness, where the eye revelled in beauty, and the murmurs of the rapid creek, the swaying of the forest trees, and the warbling of the wild birds reached the delighted ear in most harmonious strains.

Nor were eyes and ears wanting to enjoy the pleasures Nature seemed to delight in offering. The gnarled root and trunk of an old pine had twisted themselves into a rude kind of arm-chair, and seated in this rustic seat was a young lady of a rare and lofty beauty. Her hands were busy with some woman's work, but her air was that of an enthroned queen. At her feet, stretched on the moss, a youth half reclined, whose sad and delicate features inspired those who gazed on them with almost painful interest. All the marks of genius were stamped on that intellectual face, and his eye beamed with its light; but there, too, might be observed the tokens of constitutional delicacy which so often accompany rare mental endowments, and which seems to warn mankind to cherish tenderly, if they would not lose, their most gifted ones.

An open book lay on the moss beside the youth. He had apparently been reading aloud to his companion; but in weariness or disgust the volume had been thrown aside, and now his eager eyes were reading a page of deeper interest—they were fixed on the young girl's face, and various tell-tale expressions were sweeping over his own countenance. First ardent, impassioned love glowed there, then a look of sadness and humility, which again was banished by a glance of energy and triumph; but finally the flush on his cheek paled, and with an expression of weakness and depression his head sunk between his hands, and his whole attitude became one of the deepest dejection—almost despair. The young girl's eyes rested on him, sadly—lovingly.

"Ralf!" she said, gently, after a few moments.

The youth looked up, eagerly.

"Pray go on—read me something more."

"There is nothing here of interest," replied the youth, resuming the book, "nothing you would like—yet stay—here is a little tale, a trifle, I have never read you—will you have it?"

The young lady assented, and Ralf read as follows:

"In the days of the Crusades, an old knight dwelt all alone in his old ancestral castle. His wife had died in his youth, and thenceforth the knight had dwelt apart from men, a gloomy, disappointed man. An only child, his son, shared his solitude, but not his heart. He was seldom allowed to approach his stern father, and so the boy grew up without love—love the first necessity of childhood. The boy was silent, sad, and delicate; men said he was not without feeling, and even talent, but the soul forced to grow without sympathy, is like a flower grown without sunshine, but a pale, miserable failure. When the boy was twelve years old, sunlight suddenly broke upon him. An orphan girl, an heiress, and a distant relative, was committed to the old knight's guardianship by a dying friend. The office was an unwelcome one to him, but one circumstances compelled him to accept. Who cannot, and yet who can, understand the new world of emotions which opened to the boy. From the first hour of the beautiful little stranger's arrival he loved her—nay, worshipped. In his inmost heart he cherished and loved her more and more, and boy though he was, resolved when manhood came, to woo and win her for his bride. For her he vowed to make his name renowned. For her he would gird on his sword, and win glory in the Holy-Land—at her feet, should all his laurels be laid—and then having made her name as well as his own immortal, he would dare to claim the reward of her love. Dreams, dreams all! Manhood came to the boy, but, alas, the strength of manhood came not with it. Ill health unnerved both his arm and his mind; how could he, with scarce the physical strength of a girl, go forth to cope with warriors. In silent agony he saw his dreams not of fame alone, but of love also, fading away; for how should the poor, sickly, unknown youth ever dare to speak of love to the beautiful, queenly young heiress. Pride and honor both forbade the thought. He sought to school him-

Digitized by Google

self—to accustom himself little by little to the idea of resigning the object of his long cherished love—but this lesson his stubborn, foolish heart utterly refused to learn."

Ralf suddenly paused, and an inexplicable emotion shook his whole frame. Lenora was almost as much agitated, yet she spoke first.

"Pray, how does the story end—happily, I hope? Go on, I beg."

"Nay, the tale is not worth finishing," said Ralf, "the end cannot be otherwise than gloomy, and would make you sad. Doubtless the presuming youth received the fate his audacity merited."

"You are severe," replied Lenora, "I know not how the proud dames of old might have looked on such a love, but had *I* such a lover I should say to him, there are other fields besides the battle-field—the pen is the sword of modern times—go forth and conquer. Then come to me, and I will show you what reward love has for him who has won fame."

The young girl spoke with enthusiasm, her head was raised, and her cheeks were flushed, but as she concluded a blush rushed to her cheeks, and she bowed her head in sudden shame. The youth spoke not a word; his emotion seemed too deep for speech, and the quick flush which spread over his face was succeeded by a mortal paleness. After a long silence, more eloquent than words, Ralf took his companion's hand in his and kissed it reverently, "adieu, Lenora, you will hear of me next through the mouth of fame, or never."

On the morrow Lenora sat again on the mossy rock—alone now—turning over the leaves of a book, seeking there for a tale which she knows she shall not find.

Two years have gone slowly by, and the world has not yet heard of our poor Ralf. During this time he has been busy, however, with his books and pen, and his pale cheek is now still paler than before. But the die will soon be cast—this very night all will be achieved, and he will have won fame, and with it love, or all will be lost. To-night his play is to be produced, the beloved child of his imagination is to be brought to the light of day. No longer an ideal creation it is now to take its place among the realities of the world. The stern, unbiased public is to pronounce judgment, and no undue tenderness, no weak indulgence will warp that judgment, though the author's heart should be broken by the decision.

In feverish excitement as the time approached, Ralf dressed himself with unusual care, and took his way to the theatre. From behind the half drawn curtain of his box, he saw the company assembling—it was already a crowded house, and no party was without its interest in Ralf's eyes. He took singular pleasure in watching lovely ladies, gaily dressed, step lightly across the seats to take their places in front, while attending gallants gathered behind them, and all seemed eager, bustling expectant—all had come to see his play. But see—there—there—what queen enters yon box? Ralf's heart is beating violently, for it is she—his own, his Lenora. Once again he sees her, more beautiful, more queenly than ever. How comes she here? Does she know—yes, she knows all, he feels sure, and she has come to witness his—yes, it *must* be—his triumph.

The curtain rises, and the play begins, but Ralf sees nothing but the earnest face of Lenora, whose cheeks are crimsoned by excitement. Ralf's heart is busy only with her—his play is utterly forgotten. It was not till the close of the first act that his thoughts once reverted to it. A deadly stillness was over the house—an ominous silence —no warmth, no enthusiasm—Ralf almost feared the beatings of his agitated heart would be heard in the death-like quiet. Again the curtain rises, and now his eyes are directed eagerly to the stage. What is the matter? The actors seem palsied by the coldness of the audence, who in their turn are chilled by the automaton-like acting. The whole thing is spiritless, lifeless. Ralf knows all is over, long before the storm of hisses and groans announced that the play is "damned."

Utterly overcome, Ralf turned his dim eyes to Lenora. She sat still and motionless, with compressed lips, and cheeks white as marble. The sight wholly unmanned Ralf's already exhausted nature, and in the effort to rise and leave the theatre, he fell back lifeless into the arms of some strangers in the same box with him. They bore him from the house, and conveyed him to his lodgings. A raging fever had already seized upon him, and for many days he raved in wild delirium—telling how he staked all on one die and lost—and how he has not now strength left to begin the struggle anew. But an angel is by his bedside, soothing and cheering him with sweet whispers of hope and love. To Lenora's tender care he owes it that his life is spared. His father too is often by his bedside—an old man now, and much changed. Lenora has let sunshine also into that old heart, and softened and subdued it by her tenderness.

Once more Ralf was able to ride out, and strange fancy, Lenora insisted that the first drive should be in the evening, and to the theatre. It

Digitized by Google

would rouse Ralf from his deep dejection, she said. But when there Ralf sat beside Lenora, pale, listless, and unobservant like one in a dream, till the loud applause of the audience drew his attention to the stage. Was it some trick of his imagination, or was it indeed his own play, that was being acted with so much grace and spirit. He listened breathless with delight, every point told—the wit was so sparkling and effective, that even Ralf himself was astonished at its brilliancy. The curtain fell amidst rounds of applause, and Ralf being recognized as the author, was eagerly called for. It was a trial for his modest nature, but he pushed aside the curtain, and bowed gravely and gracefully to the audience. The ride home was nearly silent, but when alone with Lenora, Ralf said, like one sore perplexed, "how is this, Lenora—I cannot understand it?"

"'T is a simple matter enough," replied Lenora, smiling. "On the night when your play was produced, the principal actor was absent from indisposition, and his substitute ruined all by knowing nothing of his part. I saw how it was, your play was full of genius, it had all the elements of success, but everything was ruined by the manner in which it was produced. Your father and I persuaded the manager to give it another and fairer trial—the result was its entire success. It has now been acted every night for two weeks, and is in short—the rage. Now, dear Ralf, are you content? Are you famous enough yet to satisfy your far-reaching ambition?"

"It is indeed far-reaching when it looks up to your love, my own Lenora," Ralf replied; "dare it—dare it so aspire?" He stretched out his arms—Lenora sank within them.

"Ah, Ralf," she sighed, tearfully, "do you think success was needful to win my love? It has long been yours, and never more than when all hope of fame seemed lost to you."

THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

The midnight winds are breathing now
  A soft and gentle pray'r,
That floats like angel whisperings
  Upon the silent air;
And flow'rs are weeping dewy tears,
  And stars smile down in glee;
And now my thoughts will fondly turn
  To thee, dear one—to thee!

Earth's weary ones now rest in peace,
  And calmly, sweetly sleep;
While o'er the orphan angels bend,
  And holy vigils keep:
The world is purer, better now,
  And oh! I feel its pow'r
Steal o'er my heart in the deep hush
  Of this calm, gentle hour.

Ah! whither do thy thoughts now roam?
  Dost gaze on that fair star,
That twinkles in its azure home,
  And think of one afar
Do straying zephyrs waft to thee
  A whisper'd word, or tone,
That thrills thy heart with gentle dreams,
  And music, all its own?

But midnight o'er the sleeping world,
  Hath toll'd its iron bell,
And thou, perchance, art resting too,
  Beneath its holy spell:
Oh! may thy dreams be pure and sweet,
  With innocence and glee;
While I bow down beneath the stars,
  And breathe a pray'r for thee!

LINES

TO A YOUNG LADY.

May all accomplishments enrich thy mind,
Affluent, but modest, strong, and yet refined;
Nor vain with reason, nor with wit unkind;
Imagination ardent and intense,
And talent qualified by common sense.
Whate'er thy station, dignify thy place,
Giving, not gaining honor, form to grace
Each character upon the stage of life,
Splendid or poor, as friend, companion, wife—
Worthy the first of men; this may'st thou be,
Then Heav'n send thee one, who's worthy thee.

Digitized by Google

"YE PAY TITHE OF MINT."

BY J. THORNTON RANDOLPH, AUTHOR OF "THE CABIN AND PARLOR."

"PLEASE, sir, if its only a cent."

It was a plaintive, childish voice that uttered these words. The person addressed, a burly, yet luxuriously dressed man, checked the rapid pace with which he was hurrying along, and turning to look for the speaker, beheld a little girl, poorly clad, who stood under the street lamp, her thin, wan face and unnaturally large eyes telling one of those tales of orphaned and beggared childhood, the prey of starvation and fever, such as make modern cities Gomorrahs.

The night was shutting in, with a drizzling rain, that froze as it fell. The long street, usually so crowded at this hour, was now almost deserted. Most of the retail stores were already closed, as to keep open were useless on such an evening, and the clerks, here and there, were putting up the slides of the others. Now and then the solitary tread of a belated mechanic or merchant hurrying homeward was heard, or a muffled figure flitted by in the comparative darkness and disappeared down the shadowy avenue: but with these exceptions nothing disturbed the silence of the desolate thoroughfare.

Something in the tone of the suppliant's voice, which struck him as strangely familiar, had checked the footsteeps of the man we describe. The child immediately sprang forward, with one hand drawing a summer shawl around her thinly clad figure, while she eagerly extended the other, and looked imploringly up.

"Oh! sir," she said, "I've had nothing to eat since morning. If I go home without anything I'll be whipped; and not get supper either. Please, sir, please."

But the momentary curiosity, or pity, or other motive whatever it was, that had induced the man to stop, had now left him: he rudely pushed back the child, as if her rags made her an outcast to humanity, saying angrily,

"Get away with your lies, you whining little hypocrite. Go to the guardians of the poor; they'll take care of you: they're paid for it."

But, with a strange pertinacity, the child followed him. She had literally eaten nothing, as she said, that day, and was desperate with hunger, and with cold. Everywhere she had been repulsed when she asked alms. The doors of warm and splendid dwellings, where luxury wasted daily more than the pittance she asked, had been slammed in her face; sour tradesmen had turned her out of their stores, with sharp words, angry that she should bring her squalidness to offend the eyes of their fine-lady customers; she had been called impostor, beggar's brat, and other vile and insulting names; and yet not a cent, not a crust of bread had been bestowed on her all through that long winter day. For many hours, lingering about the shop-windows, in a state of half stupefaction, she had ceased to ask. But when night began to fall, came the recollection of the punishment that awaited her, if she returned without money, to the miserable cellar which was her home. Not home in the sense which you and I, reader, understand the word. But such a home as friendless orphans have among the vicious and outcast, who feed such little ones, not for charity, but that they may live on the alms those pale faces and piteous tones extort in the public streets. So, rousing herself, the child renewed her task. But, for once, all in vain. The very tempest which, beating so pitilessly on her poor unsheltered head, ought to have softened every heart in her favor, seemed to have a hardening effect, rendering them impatient to reach warmth and shelter, and irritating them at being stopped. So when this last appeal appeared about to fail, despair lent her unusual courage; she ran after the speaker; and clutching his coat, cried,

"Please, sir, I don't know where to find the people you tell of; but give me something, only this once; only this once."

Her teeth chattered, and her voice shook with cold; any man of ordinary feeling would have had pity: but Mr. Morrison held certain principles, on which he prided himself, respecting poverty. Nobody, he said, starves in a free country like this, unless by their own fault. He had begun life a poor boy himself, and knew all about it. "Besides, he didn't believe," he would continue, "in this modern cant about the poor having a right to be supported. Whoever couldn't work ought to want. The case of children was no exception, for even if they starved, it was only the sin of the father being visited on the descendants, since people too poor to support offspring committed a crime in marrying. At

Digitized by Google

the worst, beggars had no claims on him, for the state undertook to support the poor, and taxed him and other property-holders for the purpose; and if he gave alms in the street, he only paid twice over, besides encouraging vagrancy. No," he was accoustomed to exclaim, buttoning up his pockets energetically, "he would never give a street mendicant a cent; it was a principle with him not to do it; if others would imitate his example, society would soon get rid of this pest, for these whining beggars would go to work in order to avoid starving." Ah! he paid "tithe of mint, anise and cummin, but omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, *mercy* and faith." He tore himself, rudely, from the child's grasp, saying, with cruel inflexibility,

"Let go, let go: don't stop me; I know all about your tricks." And as he hurried away, he muttered to himself, "the police oughtn't to let a man be annoyed in this manner: besides, what a life they're allowing that child to grow up to."

The girl retreated to her old position, letting her hands fall listlessly by her side, so that the wind blew apart her wet shawl and revealed how scantily she was dressed. A thin, torn frock, clinging close to her figure, showed that her underclothes were altogether too few; and her feet were stuck into shoes, that after being often patched, still gaped to the cold and wet. Oh! tender-hearted mothers, pray heaven that your little ones may die, rather than be left, in indigence and orphanage, to a lot like this.

For not always had this patient, suffering child been such as she was now. She remembered when, far back in her young existence, she had a comfortable home, and a mother who fondled her: when lullabies sang her to sleep, and soothing words reassured her if she woke frightened from a dream. Not that life had ever been as joyous to her as to other children. That loved mother was always sad, and often in tears, and so a shadow had fallen on the daughter in her very infancy. Her young mind could not entirely understand it even yet, but, as she never knew a father, like other children did, she often thought now vaguely that her mother must have been a widow. While that dear parent lived she had never known a want They had not enjoyed splendor, but they had possessed comfort; and their mutual affection would have supplied even deficiencies. But, at last, the mother had died. The child was too young at the time to remember exactly how, was still too young to comprehend everything connected with it. But she had a vivid memory of their living in a poorer house, of sometimes going without meals, and finally of being held to kiss her mother, who lay in bed and seemed strangely altered. Then she recollected a sad, sad day, a day she should never forget if she lived to be as old as the withered crone who sometimes whipped her; when she saw her mother stiff and cold in what they called a coffin; when she heard a lid screwed down over that sweet countenance; and when strange men carried the ugly thing away, with her mother fastened in it, and the crone shook her, and beat her at last, because she went into such a passion of cries and tears at the sight.

After this all was a blank comparatively. She remembered nothing since but cold, and hunger, and ill-usage, Nothing but being driven out to beg, and punished if she was unsuccessful. Nothing but sleeping in one corner of a damp cellar, where she was woke often by rats running over her, but where as often she could not sleep at all for cold. How long she had lived this life, or what tie united her with the outcasts who kept her, she was ignorant. Hunger and cold, cold and hunger, these stern realities engrossed her young mind; and she had no thought, no feeling but this. Yes! there was one subject else that often occupied her. Lying awake, in the long, lonely nights, she recalled that motherly face which, even in its saddest mood, always looked lovingly on her's, and remembered how from those dear lips had come strange words about a beautiful country, where good children went after death, and where somehow, in some vague way, she had a conviction that her parent now awaited her. It was a place, she recollected to have heard, where cold, and hunger were no more; where trees and grass and flowers grew by lovely rivers; and where all day long, forever and forever, happy children went singing, hand in hand, or sat at their mothers' knees, listening to stories of the Good Shepherd, who took little ones that he loved, up in his bosom, like lambs, as she had once seen in a picture. She had a shadowy idea also that it was here the angels lived, and that her mother now was one, though none the less her mother: and sometimes, in dreams, she saw that remembered face, radiant with light, smiling on her: and oh! how blest she was. But these things were rare, and seemed to grow rarer. She never now heard of heaven, or angels, or the Good Shepherd. She never saw any one kneel in prayer. But her ears, day and night, were filled with curses, and with words of which she knew not the meaning, except that it was something horrible. This life was fast benumbing her, she felt that: but she was too young to know why: and so the sadness and loneliness and despair at her heart increased; and life grew more and

Digitized by Google

more a blank, with only cold and hunger left, hunger and cold.

All this rose to her memory, in a dull, faint way, till she grew unconscious of time. She still stood where we left her, but the night had now closed entirely in, the stores were all shut, and she and the tempest were alone together. At last a rough voice aroused her.

"Hillo there," it cried. "Come, be moving."

She looked up, and recognized a watchman, who, in shaggy overcoat, and with badge on hat, was going to his post. The child had learned already to dread the law and its officers; for they had always harsh words, and only harsh words for her; and starting, she hurriedly moved away.

"I say," cried the watchman, raising his voice that she might hear, "don't let me catch you here again to-night, or it'll be worse for you."

He had a vague suspicion that she was a spy, in the employ of some burglars: like the respectability he represented and guarded, he could never see misfortune in the beggar, but only vice and crime.

His harsh voice quickened her pace to a run, and she fled onward through the tempest, almost breathless, turning a corner here, and another there, till finally glancing over her shoulder, and not seeing him, she ventured to slacken her speed. She found that she had left the business portion of the city, and was now in a street occupied entirely by dwellings. The windows of the houses were all closed tightly, however, and as not a person was abroad, everything looked inexpressibly lonely and desolate. The child thought of her cold cellar, for a moment, almost with relief. But the recollection of the terrible punishment she had received, on the last occasion she returned empty-handed, nerved her to continue out, in the faint hope that she might yet meet some charitable person. At the worst, she thought, it was better walking about, even in the storm, than returning to that angry crone, especially if, now and then, she could only come across an open window or two, and see the reflection of the fire shining ruddily inside.

One appeared in view even now. It was there, half a block ahead, where the light streamed quite across the street, in two broad, warm, cheerful strips from the parlor windows. She hurried her pace, and soon stood at the house. The sleet was rattling against the panes, and coating the brick front with ice; the wind roared madly as it twisted and bent the ornamental trees on the pavement; all without was cold, wet, forbidding. All did we say? No, for that pale, shivering orphan girl forgot her hunger, forgot the tempest, when she saw that genial light, and heard the merry, childish laughter within. It was a house to which some young cousins had come, from another city, to spend a fortnight with the little boy that belonged there; and every evening for a week past they had been having such grand times, as they would every evening for a week to come. Oh! how that houseless one without envied those little ones. How she stood on tip-toe to try and peep within. How, failing in this, she would have ascended the steps if she dared, and endeavored to catch a glimpse in that way. Yet how, though disappointed in all, and wishing often that she could be inside a happy child at play with the rest, she was cheered even by the sound of the laughter, and warmed by the fire-light reflected on the ceiling.

Several times she went away, dreading lest some person should come out and detect her, for so deep had the sense of degradation sunk into her soul, that it almost seemed wrong to be watching rich and respectable people in this way, stealing their crumbs of fire-light and merriment, and drinking the overflow of their exuberant happiness. But she returned as often, The house had a spell for her she could not resist. It appeared to her as if she had, somehow, a right to share in its comfort and joy; as if she was being defrauded by this exclusion from it; or, at worst, as if there was gross injustice that she should be shivering hungrily outside, while within there was such a superfluity of all things. It made her happy also, for the moment, when she came in sight again of that bright, warm window, and heard the merry laughter of little boys and girls, mixed occasionally with the sweet tones of woman and the full, hearty voice of manhood. Once or twice the sound of the latter seemed familiar to her. Was it the voice that had so cruelly refused her two hours ago? Oh! no, it could not be that: it was only a strange coincidence; from no such cold and callous heart could come laughter like this.

The last time she was driven away, her fears of detection nearly proved true, for a colored servant coming to close the shutters, caught a glimpse of her running off. After a while, however, she returned again, and though all was now dark and desolate, she could as little leave as before: nay! the dread of being discovered being now removed, she felt a certain pleasure in her security, that almost compensated for the absence of the lighted windows and the gay merriment. She sat down on the steps, at first with a little nervousness; but this gradually wore off;

Digitized by Google

and ascending step by step, at successive intervals, at last she nestled close to the very door. It was strange, but a sensation of warmth seemed still to go out from the house, and fold the child in its arms, till, as she pressed against the door, she began to feel as she used to, in the old, dear days, when folded to her mother's bosom.

The night advanced. In their little beds, lovingly encircling each other with their arms, slumbered the children within; and in the next chamber lay a fair, sweet lady, and by her side her sleeping lord. Ah! had she known all his history, would she lie there so peacefully? Strange that no dark dreams disturbed his rest. Had he forgotten the tale of pretended love, the insidious arguments, and the other treacherous means, which he had employed to win the trust of one who, if living, had a prior right, in the eye of God, to that place at his side? Did the grave never open, that his victim might come, and standing at the foot of his bed, gaze on him, with sad, reproachful eyes, till his hair bristled with horror and his blood froze? Was no sepulchral voice heard, at dread midnight, asking where was his first-born? Did never a sheeted figure, damp and icy from the tomb, place itself silently between him and his wife? Could it be that, with such a sin upon his soul, he could look men honestly in the face, or fold his innocent boy to his bosom? Was there never remorse in the heart of that proud and successful man? Oh! while society forgives the traitor, and condemns the betrayed unheard, men will sleep unbroken slumbers, though the cold grave holds their victims, and though their abandoned offspring lie starving at their doors. So the rich merchant slept on, nor thought of the child he had denied, and left to perish in the streets; and so that child slept at his threshold, in cold and wet, as its dead, wronged mother slept in the dark churchyard.

Once that houseless little one stirred and half awoke. It was when a watchman went slowly by, on the other side, drowsily crying the hour. But his faint steps had scarcely died down the long street, when she slumbered again. The rain still continued, freezing as it fell; but cold, nor hunger, nor wet affected her now. She dreamed, and in that dream saw things, to which all she had fancied of happiness was nothing. There was warm sunshine, and delicious fruits, and beautiful grass where children were playing, children who did not fly from her, or frown when she drew near, but smilingly asked her to join their sports. There also came her mother, more kind, more beautiful than ever. She sprang to meet her with a cry and was folded to her bosom. Oh! blessed dream, must she awake from it? Awake to cold, and hunger, and friendlessness again? No, thanks be to God! for all is not a dream. It has become a reality at last. Another lamb has been added to the heavenly flock: and the orphan, rejected by her earthly father, sleeps in the arms of Jesus.

At day-break, the servant who came to open the door started back in affright; for nestled close to it, on the sill outside, lay a pale child in a winding-sheet of ice. Terrified, he summoned his master, who, at this unusual occurrence, hastened to rise.

"Its some poor chile," said the old colored coachman, as he tenderly bore in the corpse, "dat's got nobody to take care of it. Poor thing, see how thin she's dressed; and her arms looks as if she been a-most starved."

The merchant was gazing with eager eyes. He had recognized the beggar child of the preceding evening, and his compressed lips showed that he felt something like remorse.

But a sharper pang was reserved for him. Suddenly the grey-headed negro said;

"What's this?" And, as he spoke, he drew forth from the bosom of the child a locket, which had been suspended from the neck by a simple string.

Mr. Morrison, at this exclamation, leaned forward. But at sight of the locket he staggered back as if he saw a spectre.

The old coachman sprang to assist his master, saying, "Lor Almighty, sir, what's the matter? Are you sick? You're not used to this kind o' thing."

Mr. Morrison with a strong effort, rallied, and holding out his hand, said,

"Give me that locket. It may afford some trace to the child's parents."

For he had recognized a gift of his own in that trinket. With it, like a flash of lightning, came the consciousness of what it was that had so powerfully attracted him, the evening before, in the voice and look of the child. He knew that his first-born lay before him And for once in his life he believed in the fearful words:—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

He took the locket with trembling hands, and hurrying from the room, shut himself up for hours. What passed within those locked doors no human eye saw. When he reappeared he was as calm as usual, but the old coachman, who alone had seen his emotion, fancied that there were traces on his countenance of a mighty struggle gone through, and his suspicions grew to certainties when an undertaker was sent for,

Digitized by Google

a handsome coffin ordered, and this cast-away child, shipwrecked at the door of the rich man, was interred in the family burial lot.

The world wondered, and praised the act. No one had thought that Mr. Morrison would ever, for mere compassion, do so humane a deed. Many regretted they had misjudged him. Others, when they next met him, pressed his hand more warmly than had been their custom. Alas! alas!

For already the incident has passed from his memory, or is remembered only as an unpleasant dream, he labors to forget. "Even if the world knew all," he says to himself, "I would not be greatly blamed; such affairs are common things, only they do not always end so tragically:" and, in his secret soul, he thinks it very hard that he should have been the victim of so unfortunate a catastrophe.

There are some men, so naturally callous of heart, or so self-righteous in conventional morality, that "they will not believe, though one rose from the dead."

He is still the rich and respectable Mr. Morrison, scrupulously paying "tithe of mint."

But there is a God in heaven. There will be a Judgment Day!

MONOCKONOCK ISLAND.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

BY FRANK LEE.

I HAVE wander'd far this sunlit day,
My hands are full of flow'rs;
It brings my joyous childhood back
With its wealth of dancing hours.
The low wind sigh'd through the island grass,
There were dingles fair to see,
And oh! it brought another scene
So vividly to me.

The dark cliffs rose on either side,
With a tyrant's gloomy frown,
The river in the sunlight laugh'd
While leaping gaily down.
The meadows spread their joyous slopes,
The trees along the bank
Cast shadows mingl'd with the sun,
That on th' bright waves rose and sank.

Over the sky the white clouds troop'd
And on the waters glanc'd,
Over the grass like wandering elves
The leaves and sunlight danc'd.
Over the dell the great oaks hung,
Heavy with drooping vines,
And in the forest was a moan—
Th' moan of the troubled pines!

I spatter'd the cool drops on my brow,
It made my pulses dance,
Over my heart came rushing then
The forms of sad romance.
The tale a gifted hand hath wove*
About this island-shrine,
Whose mournful earnestness can chain
This dreaming soul of mine.

It haunted me in childhood's hours,
It made me a dreamer then;
It hath strange power o'er me yet—
Th' tale of that sunlit glen.
I lov'd it for its very sadness,
E'en then I understood
The unspoken dreams which haunt'd her—
That maiden of th' wood!

I was a child and far away—
My steps have wander'd far!
I stood to-day in that sunlit dell
Where bright the waters are.
A change is on my soul, and grief
Its lava-tide hath pour'd
O'er all the treasures which the heart
Had sought in vain to hoard.

I have learn'd the tale which all must learn,
That dreams are vain as sweet,
And I have learn'd to scorn the world,
Its guile and false deceit.
Yet my spirit to one vision clings,
Of a home in th' wildwood deep,
Where the white-man's foot has never trod
And th' shadows of ages sleep.

Where th' sunbeams fall on the grey wolf's lair,
The mountain eagle cries,
And th' torrent bounding madly on
With echo hoarse replies.
Where th' foot starts back as if it trod
On another world's confine—
That stillness, dim and vast, would suit
A spirit dark as mine!

* I refer to that beautiful tale, "Mary Derwent," which has given its authoress a more lasting fame in the heart of every citizen of the Keystone State, than whole volumes written by other hands.

Digitized by Google

TOM HARRIS' SECOND WIFE.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

Every one wondered when it was known that Tom Harris was going to marry Mary Allen. The buxom, rosy-cheeked wives of the neighboring farmers declared that such a delicate spoiled thing as she had been was not fit to superintend such a farm as that—a poor, puny, slip of a girl, as white and as limp as a rag, who never did anything at home but sew and read, or perhaps dust up a little on busy days; he'd find out that he would want any quantity of "help," as well as a housekeeper and nurse if he married her, they knew; and the good dames looked wisely, and shook their heads and sighed over poor Tom Harris.

In the midst of these prognostications, Mary Allen became the young farmer's wife.

She ventured on her arduous duties with a quiet determination which rather astonished her hard working neighbors, but they sagely remarked that "a new broom swept clean," and that Tom Harris would discover yet that he had married a child to nurse, instead of a wife to help him. But Tom himself seemed very well satisfied with his bargain; his sweet young wife was the very light of his eyes. He never heard her complain of her being tired of household duties, but everything went on like clock work; no bustle, no hurry; his favorite pies were always on the dinner-table, his favorite cakes always ready for tea; and when the day's work was done, and Tom had drawn off his heavy boots, and run his feet into the comfortable slippers which his wife had worked, he gave her a kiss, took up his newspaper, and whilst she stitched steadily away, he read to her; but always the little story or sketch on the first page, then the marriages and deaths, the general news, till at last came accounts of agricultural fairs, the best ways of grafting trees or keeping turnips, the superiority of guano over lime as a manure, the prices of wheat, corn and potatoes, and so on down to the very advertisements.

Then came the large, mellow apples, the crisp, spiced gingerbread, and the mulled cider prepared by Mary's own hands, because they were her husband's favorite evening refreshments.

In the meantime, in the kitchen, the milk had been strained and put away, the tea things placed in the closet, the wood brought in for the next morning's fire, the pots and kettles filled, and Sam and Kitty, two little "take" children, as they are called, set down to sew carpet-rags, whilst the older "farm help" gathered around the two tallow candles on the little stand before the fire; the girls to sew, and one or two of the men to take up a spelling-book or testament, or with a blotted sheet of paper before them, proceed laboriously in their self-education.

Directly would come a quiet voice from the sitting-room calling Kitty and Sam, who hustled away the carpet-rags, gave each other a pinch or push, and usually made out to tumble into the sitting-room together.

The apples, and gingerbread, and cider, had been cleared away, and in their place was the large family Bible. Mary opens it and read in a sweet, musical voice, the cadences of which have a wonderful magnetism for her husband, who receives new revelations through her; Kitty's black, restless eyes roam over the room, settling now and then on her mistress with a loving look, then wandering off again with a mischievous glance to Sam, who has become tired of kicking his heels against the round of his chair, and is nodding away, first on one side, then on the other, till, to Kitty's great delight, he has nearly lost his balance and fallen over.

The farmer's wives of the neighborhood had waited with some anxiety their first introduction into Tom Harris' house after the installation of its new mistress, but they were obliged to acknowledge that her bread was light and sweet, beyond criticism, her butter delicious, and the tea the most fragrant they had ever tasted. It soon happened that there was scarcely a Sunday when she appeared at meeting, that she was not informed that if her husband and herself would be at home, some two or three of the neighbors would come to spend the afternoon with them; for the good people who worked hard through the whole week, looked upon it as no sin to use the Sabbath as a day of rest and relaxation, and visit their neighbors to discuss the crops, the weather, the poultry, and the sermon of the morning.

The young matron moved about her house with a quiet ease, which astonished her more bustling friends. "She always looks so easy and calm-like," said old Mrs. Reeves, "that she

Digitized by Google

puts me in mind of a lily and rose-bud together. I really think the pink or blue ribbons she wears around her neck has something to do with it, the rest of her dress is so plain, and grey, that they seem to bring her face out, like. But she looks very poorly, poor thing. I'm afraid she ain't long for this world."

And Mrs. Reeves was too nearly right. From the time of little Nelly's birth, the young wife seemed to grow more shadowy. The great, healthy child appeared to thrive on its mother's very life. As it grew larger and stronger every day, the plaything of Kitty and the wonder of Sam, Mary Harris' step became slower, and her cheek thinner. The evening chapters were often interrupted by spells of coughing, and Tom Harris now saw that the house was fast and safe of evenings, in the place of his wife.

Very gradual but sure was the change. The panting breath came harder night by night as she ascended the stairs; the eyes grew brighter, the feverish cheek thinner, and the white hands more transparent as the winter wore on. And then came the time, when she no more took her seat at the breakfast-table, when her husband swallowed his cup of coffee with a great gulp as if with a sob, when Kitty browned the toast and made the tea for her mistress with the air of a connoisseur, and carried it to her bedside; when she would hush the cries of little Nelly, go stealthily around the room on tip-toe, drop the curtains if Mary slept, with wonderful judgment and care in one so young.

March with its cutting winds came. On the uplands small patches of snow were still visible, the brown fields and leafless trees looked sad and desolate. On a quiet Sabbath afternoon, when huge crows wheeled and cawed busily over the bare fields, breaking the else profound stillness, there was another gathering at Tom Harris'.

Wagon after wagon drove into the white gate and deposited its inmates at the entry door; stalwart men scraped their feet, entered shyly, shook hands with each other, took their seats, and spoke in whispers; then wives went into a darkened chamber with its covered glasses, to look at a pale-white corpse there, whispered to each other over the coffin with tearful eyes, and left the room to make places for others.

Then the minister spoke to the nearest relatives in the next chamber, soothingly and hopefully, and taking up his hymn book, asked all who could to join him, and gave out the words, "I would not live alway."

At first there was a pause; none in *that* room could find strength to join in; again the good man repeated the words—a trembling, sobbing voice here and there now commenced, till the verse was caught up by those in the entry, in other rooms, and at length the strong bass of manly voices, and sweet woman tones from parlor and kitchen swelled the hymn into something like a triumphal shout.

Then came the short, simple prayer, that this great cross to the bereaved ones, might bring the crown, that the grave in which the beloved wife, and daughter and sister, was to be laid, might to them be the portal, even though a dark and dreary one, to a mansion in the skies; that their love for the departed might be the gentle cords drawing them nearer her home in heaven.

After that was a terrible stillness; then the uncertain step of men, bearing a heavy weight, down a staircase; then a sob here and there; then the moving of chairs, the rustle of garments, and muffled footfalls; then the rasping of carriage wheels over the dirt and stones; and in the midst of this solemnity, the pining cry of a little child just able to articulate, "mamma, mamma, mamma."

Four years have passed since that still March Sabbath. Report says that Tom Harris is looking around for another wife, that his mother is getting too old to be worried with the care of so large a farm, and that she is going to live with a married daughter; that Nelly Harris wants some one to bring her under discipline; and this time the good gossips who so murmured at the prospect of the first wife, all agree that the Widow Brown, who, it is said, is to be the second Mrs. Harris, is exactly the woman for the place. She is a year or two older than Tom, but that is no disadvantage on a farm, whose prosperity depends almost as much on the thrift indoors as out of them; then her property joins Tom's own; and then again she has no children to take her affections from little Nelly; and, moreover, she is a notable house-wife, who has wonderful butter and cheese, and a peculiar talent for curing pork.

When the weary longing for Mary's presence had in some degree died away, there came another longing for a nearer companionship than his mother's, a something wanting which his child or his farm could not supply, till somehow, he knew not how, he found himself engaged and married to the Widow Brown. And so Tom Harris' second wife took her seat at the table where the gentle Mary Harris had presided.

"I don't like her, she ain't a bit like tother Miss Harris," was Kitty's remark to Sam, a few days after the installation of the new bride.

And no wonder Kitty didn't like her, for she was set heartily to work, a thing which had scarcely happened during the whole time of old

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Harris' government, for Nelly had insisted on keeping Kitty for her own special self, and Nelly ruled the house more than her grandmother did.

Indeed the whole quiet, lazy household soon seemed to change. An hour or two before day, Mrs. Harris called the girls, to be up at their washing on Mondays, and midst the unpleasant smell of suds, the noise of pots moved on the trammels, the dropping of calabashes, and his wife's raised voice, Tom Harris sat to eat his breakfast. He thought with a sigh sometimes of this quiet meal when Mary was at the head of his table, and he would talk over with her the plans for the day, that the grass in "the mash" was to be cut, or the young corn ploughed; but now Sarah bustled about, jumped up from the table as soon as her own coffee was swallowed, pushing him the pot with the sugar and cream, saying he must help himself, for she saw the clothes were boiling. Tom never read Burns, but he certainly felt that

"There's na guid luck aboot the house upon a washing day."

And the night before baking day, and "baking morning" itself, was but little better.

Sam and Kitty actually dreaded Tuesday and Friday nights. The tea things were hurrried away, the dough-trough lid turned upside down with a thump, the flour kettle jerked out with a rattle, and then the work began. Mrs. Harris with an ominous tread proceeded to the flour bin, followed by Kitty, bearing a tallow candle, which in her nervous awkwardness she was sure to hold crooked, and let the streaming tallow drop in the kettle; and Sam, whose work it was to carry a pan of new milk to mix the bread with, up from the cellar, always selected the fullest one, and as surely left a "milky way" on the brilliant red bricks, white cellar steps, and kitchen carpet; and just as surely received the impression of Mrs. Harris' floury hands on his shoulders, giving the final tilt to the milk pan, and sending the white fluid down in a perfect stream. Then Kitty invariably let the first saucepan full which was set over the fire, burn, for which she received a push from her mistress, who declared "she wasn't worth the salt she eat in her vittals."

Then the baking morning! Poor Tom Harris sometimes thought he would rather eat no more than hear such a din.

"It's jaw, jaw, jaw, all the time" said Sam to Kitty, but Tom who overheard the remark, did not think proper to correct the boy for telling the truth.

Besides that the poor children usually had the worst of it to bear. If Sam took the scraper to draw the red hot coals from the mouth of the huge brick oven, he nearly always pulled them on his feet, or burnt a hole in his pantaloons; and Kitty, in her hurry to accomplish her work, never took a cloth thick enough to protect her fingers from the hot pie-plate, and generally made out to drop one at least, on the cellar steps, every baking day.

We suspect that Tom Harris had forgotten the text which used to be set in his copy-book, that "comparisons are odious," for often with a sigh did he think of the sweet face, and gentle voice of Mary, and wonder what possessed him ever to marry one so much her opposite.

With Sarah Harris there was no delicate pink ribbon, which gave so engaging and *womanly* appearance to Mary, no gracefully falling folds, with their soft, grey shadows, as in Mary's dress; but with her all was square and hard—her features, her shoulders, her waist, the very plaits in her frock, looked uncompromising. Tom now missed the glass of trailing arbutus and early violets in the spring-time, the first rose-buds of June, or the last white and yellow chrysanthemums, that the frost had left, which used always decorate the little table in the sitting-room.

In truth, too, the sitting-room was but little used now. It was a useless expense, Mrs. Harris thought, to have a fire there in winter, so Tom and herself occupied a table at one end of the kitchen, whilst the now surly servants went off to bed as soon as possible. Apples and cider still appeared at night, if Tom asked for them, sometimes accompanied by a plate of walnuts or shell-barks, which Sam and Kitty usually cracked in about the same proportion as they did their fingers; but if the cider was to be mulled, the poor fellow had to do it himself; and alas, the spiced gingerbread was "as rare as Christian charity."

Tom now read his newspaper to himself, usually dozing by the time he got as far as the advertisements, to be awakened sometimes by his wife's voice loud in reproof, or a box on the ears which she was administering to one of the unlucky children.

Sam and Kitty were not allowed to go to bed on the long winter evenings till eight o'clock, no matter how sleepy they might be, or to sit up five minutes after that hour, if they were as wide awake as noon-day. Kitty still worked on carpet-rags, but she sewed now with no spirit, whilst Sam strode a spade, placed across a tub on the floor, letting the grains of corn which he rasped from the cob, against the edge of the spade, fall into another tub before him.

Digitized by Google

If Mrs. Harris' back happened to be turned, and Kitty more than usually intent on her carpet-rags, the girl would sometimes feel a grain of corn pop against her face, and see Sam watching her out of one corner of his mischievous blue eyes, which made her forget her own work, and the two would amuse themselves shooting each other as they called it, and often end by dexterously grazing Mrs. Harris' hair. This feat so delighted them, that they could keep still no longer, and their suppressed laughter would be sure to call forth the remark that they were the greatest plagues in the world, with an order to Kitty to go on with her balls, and Sam to shell his corn.

As for poor little Nelly, she was no longer allowed to stretch herself out by the side of old Carlo, and go to sleep, nor to build her cob-houses and sheep-pens, on the great hearth, by the light of the fire, nor to pull straws from the broom to make handles and spouts for her acorn tea-pots.

She was usually dismissed with the tea-things, to her bed, under Kitty's care, who talked her to sleep with the promise of the first lamb for a pet, of hunting hens' eggs in the hay-mow, or of bright flowers and butterflies in the summer-time.

But, alas, her step-mother told her that pet lambs were troublesome, and to "make no more fuss about it," and that she would tie her feet up if she made mud ovens over them, to bake sand pies in acorn cups.

But she could not be deprived of the flowers, and the butterflies, and the sunshine; and the summer-time was a happy time for Nelly Harris, if her mother was only too busy to remember that she was old enough to begin to learn something.

The child sometimes stood peeping through the barn-yard gate, which she dared not enter, applauding Sam and Kitty, who, for her amusement, would butt at the sheep, put bushel baskets on the calves heads, bestride the cows, and altogether do everything they could to make the cattle as mischievous as possible.

And they succeeded admirably, too. Sam had rendered the sheep so vicious that there was one old fellow with huge twisted horns, that would butt at every one who came near him, but was always foiled by the boy, who had become agile in jumping, from his practice under Mrs. Harris' hands.

Sam generally managed to drive him out of the way if he saw his mistress approach the barn-yard, but one day, as she was walking slowly along with a pan of warm milk for a sick calf, the animal made a spring, bent his head, leveled Mrs. Harris, spilled the milk, broke the pan, and then with a jump over his prostrate victim, ran to another part of the yard.

Little Nelly who, as usual at milking time, was peeping through the bars, screamed with affright, the whole flock of sheep which had not yet been penned rushed in among the cows, who kicked over the pails of milk, while Kitty stuffed her apron in her mouth to keep from laughing, and Sam made a dash at the sheep as if to quiet them, at the same time dexterously driving them back toward Mrs. Harris, who had just risen.

Alas for the judgment from outward appearances. This hard, bustling woman, who would force a dose of medicine upon a sick child as she would the filling into a chicken, with no kind word, no stroking of the hand over the hot brow, no glance of sympathy in her cold, grey eyes; this woman, who attached no human being to her warmly, was pronounced by her neighbors to be a fine person, and an excellent wife, step-mother, and mistress, for she had such splendid cellars, and fat poultry, such a quantity of help at harvest time, that Tom Harris must certainly have got a prize *in his second wife.* Alas! poor Tom. He never gave his opinion though.

NEVER DESPAIR.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

Why should we despair:
Why be for ever sighing?
Life is never drear
Whilst on hope relying.

To-day is dark and dreary,
Full of care and sorrow,
Sad it is and weary—
But there comes a morrow.

Winter old is with us,
Storms are on his wing
Little joy he gives us—
But there comes a Spring.

Be not thus despairing,
Ever full of sorrow;
Instead of evils fearing,
Hope for the morrow.

Digitized by Google

A CHAT ABOUT DIAMONDS.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

The diamond, though the most valuable of the precious stones, is composed of the meanest materials. A bit of charcoal is but a diamond under a different form. When burned it becomes a volatile gas, nauseous to the smell, and dangerous to inhale. As an eloquent writer says, to whom we are indebted for much curious knowledge respecting the diamond:—"It excels in value more than a hundred thousand times its mass in gold. It is the most cherished property and the proudest ornament of kings. It is the most prized and the brightest jewel in the chaplet of beauty. And yet it is but a lump of coal, which it reduces to a cinder, and dissipates into that insalubrious gas which ascends from the most putrid marsh, and bubbles from the filthiest quagmire."

The most valuable diamonds are those which are so transparent as to be perfectly colorless. Yet even those of the purest water are less transparent than pure water, or pure glass. A window glazed with diamond, if such a thing could be possible, would make a darker room than one glazed with colorless glass. The beauty of the diamond really arises from a peculiar combination of optical qualities. "The superiority of the diamond," says the same writer we have already quoted, "depends not only on its high refractive power, which alone separates the colors of white light to a very great degree, but also on its low dispersive power which prevents them from being separated too much, and detained, as it were, within the stone, or rather, prevented from emerging from it after reflection."

The immense value placed on such large diamonds as are pure brilliants, is a consequence of the extreme rarity of perfect gems. So few diamonds but have flaws, or cavities, that jewelers admit it to be the foulest stone, beyond all comparison employed in their art. Some diamonds derive their black color from the number of cavities which they contain, and which will not permit any light to pass between them. A celebrated diamond merchant tells of a diamond, weighing one hundred and four carats, which was so foul that nobody would buy it for a long time; but at last a Hollander, venturing on the purchase, cut it in two, and found in the middle eight carats of filth like a rotten weed.

The diamond is found in Hindoostan, Borneo, the Ural Mountains, Brazil and Africa. It is usually discovered in a sort of pudding stone, called by geologists sandstone braccia, composed of rounded pebbles of various kinds, cemented by earthly matter. When met with in the beds of rivers, it has been washed down by the annual rains, from localities where the above description of rock prevails. It is believed in India that diamonds are always growing. The diamond hunters consequently do not hesitate to search earth, which has been examined a dozen times before; and assert that the chips and small pieces rejected by former explorers actually increase in size and become large gems in course of time. There is nothing in science to contradict this idea. On the reverse, crystallization is known to go on with wonderful rapidity in hot climates; and it was believed, by the late eminent Mr. Voysey, that amethyst, zeolite and feldspar recrystallize in alluvial soils. All geologists concede that diamonds are among the latest works of Nature. They have been found in Siberia in localities proving them to have crystallized subsequent to the era of the Mastadon. Chemists have often tried to make diamonds, but have never yet succeeded. The attempt, however, is not considered hopeless.

Diamonds are not only colorless, but green, yellow, blue and pink. The yellow are little prized, but the others have great value. A blue diamond, exhibited at the World's Fair, weighing forty-four carats, was valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Only three others of this color are known to exist. The King of Saxony has a large green diamond, said to be the most brilliant of its color known. In Vienna there is a rose colored diamond, distinguished for its size and lustre, belonging to the reigning house of Austria. The sky blue diamond, in the crown jewels of France, is valued at six hundred thousand dollars.

The art of cutting and polishing diamonds was known at an early period in China and India; but the process was rude, wasteful and exceedingly laborious. It was not until 1745 that Lewis Van Berguen, a native of Bruges, conceived the idea of cutting and polishing diamonds with their own powder. He constructed a polishing wheel,

Digitized by Google

on which, by using diamond powder instead of the emory powder which the Oriental lapidaries employed, he was enabled to grind and polish his gems with the greatest facility. Few diamonds become ornamental until properly cut. In their original state they are generally shapeless, like water-worn pebbles, and have to be cut into facets, in order to develope their peculiar and unrivalled beauty. Often the gem is greatly reduced by being cut. The Koh-I-Noor has been, at different times, cut down from seven hundred and ninety-three carats to one hundred. Its last cutting was in England, during the past summer. The beauty of the gem is said to have been immeasurably heightened by this feat, the most remarkable lapidary triumph ever achieved.

This, indeed, is the most noted diamond in the world. Its history is so well known that we shall not speak of it further, except to say that no approximation to its value has ever been made. The next most famous diamond is the Pitt, or Regent diamond, which is the finest known, in beauty of form and purity of water, though not in size. It weighs one hundred and thirty-six carats, and is estimated to be worth two millions and a quarter. This gem was brought from India, in 1701, by Thomas Pitt, governor of Madras, and sold to the Regent Orleans, since which time it has remained among the crown jewels of France. The Bourbon monarchs wore this diamond in their hats, and Napoleon had it fixed in the pommel of his sword. The third great diamond of the world belongs to the Rajah of Mattan, in Borneo; but little is known of it, beyond its enormous size and value. The kings of Persia own a diamond weighing two hundred and thirty-two carats, called the Sea of Light. In the crown of Russia is one weighing one hundred and ninety-four carats. At Vienna one is shown weighing one hundred and forty carats. The Portuguese crown owns one weighing two hundred and fifteen carats. The great Brazil diamond, as it was long called, has turned out to be a white topaz: if it had been really a diamond, it would have been incalculably precious, for it is as large as an ostrich egg, and weighs one thousand six hundred and eighty carats.

Many of these diamonds are uncut, which must be taken into account, in comparing their weight with that of the Koh-I-Noor, Pitt, and others that have been cut. The Pitt diamond weighs an ounce and an eighth, and as few of our fair readers ever saw one, perhaps, that weighed even one sixteenth as much, they may form some idea of its size. But what must have been the value and beauty of the Koh-I-Noor before it received its first clumsy cutting, and when it weighed seven hundred and ninety-three carats, or more than six ounces and a half! Even when it first reached England, it was a magnificent affair, in point of size at least, being as large round as the butt-end of a hen's egg, and over an inch high.

The best way to test a diamond is to immerse it in alcohol, when, if a real gem, it will retain its lustre, but if an artificial one it will lose it. Another method is to touch it with the tongue, for the real diamond tastes colder than an imitation; but to render this test sure the false and true gems should have been placed close to each other, so as to acquire the same temperature.

LINES.

FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The night is calm, the sky is clear
  The birds are silent, and the flowers,
Fresh with the heavy Summer dew,
  Dream out the solitary hours.
Then, still be every whisper, lest
  The sleep of any living thing
Be broken, for in every breast
  Some little world is habiting.

The lark dreams of the coming light,
  And sings and soars in the pure air:
The flowers interpret their delight,
  With their sweet odors everywhere.

Oh! endless worlds, both great and small!
  Oh! mighty depths of Heaven and space,
Into my heart I take ye all,
  And give to all a resting-place!

Thine eyes are fill'd with tears, although
  A double sense of peace and rest
Makes all my senses o'erflow
  With love for all things that exist—
But now the stars wax pale; and soft
  The daylight comes. Yet dream and sleep!
The sky is blue, and clear aloft—
  And my heart's peace is calm and deep.

Digitized by Google

GRACE EVERGREEN.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

There is a sombre beauty in the autumnal landscape which finds its way to the heart that even the summer glows have failed to move. While each succeeding day repeats its greenness and its promise, we are disinclined to pause and enjoy; but feeling that "to-morrow will be as this day, and yet more abundant," we look to the future, instead of prizing the present. But when every breath of wind detaches and floats to our feet some fragment of the gorgeous picture around us—when leaf after leaf of the brilliant foliage is stripped from the trees, we see and feel—THE END.

The scene was in perfect and melancholy, yet cheerful keeping with the thoughts of a matronly personage who pursued alone, and as with no positive purpose a lonely ramble. Now she gazed on the beautiful landscape, as turns in the road, or openings in the trees presented new views, from the hill around which her road wandered; now she stooped to admire some tiny moss, or to pick up and examine some curious pebble—not less curious because common. Now the fantastic roots of some old tree caught her attention—and now the abrupt banks of a wild stream challenged such youthful impulses as time had spared in her heart. She longed to bound down, and skip a cross on the tempting stepping-stones—but a step or two reminded her of—rheumatism!—and she paused.

Oh, most unpoetical and unromantic! Rheumatism! A pico for the word—as ancient Pestol hath it. The wise, that is to say the refined, call it *neuralgia*. But disguise it as thou wilt—still twinge and torture and sleepless nights and daily premonitions, whether summed as a noun collective under one name or another, from a bitter draught—or lead to many such—unless indeed you scorn allopathy, and take medicaments in pallets of sugar of milk. Miss Evergreen was strongly inclined to become a patroness of Hahnman.

Miss! the reader is ready to say—I thought you said your heroine was *matronly*. To be sure we did; but there are many women with whom good digestion wants an appetite, who remain in single blessedness, and still grow as unromantically unwieldy as if they were grandmothers. There is no charm in the monosyllable "Miss" to ward off plathora and amplitude of weight, size and resistance. So Miss Evergreen felt, and sighed. But what was she wandering here for, upon this pleasant autumn afternoon—pleasant enough to be sure, but still remarkably bilious and rheumatic in the incipient mist which was gathering itself up slowly from the marches, to settle like a hood over the landscape at sundown?

Miss Evergreen was a pilgrim to the haunts of her youth. She had been absent from Bellview—oh, ever so long—and now she had returned to toy with the children of those whose childhood she had amused. If she deluded herself with the thought, while absent, that time had stood still with her, she found upon her return that it had galloped with her early acquaintances, and the conviction was forcing itself upon her mind that she was no longer young. Her age was reflected back from others, as from a mirror. She saw her own years in the grey hairs of those who were young ladies when she was a child, and, therefore, having passed her summer, she sympathized with autumn. "Heigh-ho!" she sighed, as she seated herself upon a recently decapitated stump—"heigh-ho!"

"Hum!" ejaculated a male voice at her elbow.

Miss Evergreen turned suddenly, and a pace or two from her stood a gentleman with his hat in hand making a very profound bow, which he repeated as Miss Evergreen rose—blushing certainly—though her fair and fat, round face laughed all over, pitted into as many dimples, as there are islands in the St. Lawrence—and they are said to be a thousand—more or less. "Put on your hat, Ned," said she, for the gentleman remained still uncovered—"put on your hat, old gentleman, or you'll certainly take cold!"

"Still the same mad-cap as ever," replied the gentleman, complying. "But how do you do—*Mrs.*—or *Miss?*"

"Miss, if you please," said she, with a profound courtesy, which flattered the dead leaves for a radius of six feet outside of the ample circumference of her drapery. "Miss Evergreen forever!"

A breeze along the hill-side an avant courier of November eddied the leaves as she rose, and they danced off down the pathway.

Digitized by Google

"So fled the hopes of our youth," said he, with a smile.

"Upon my word you *are* tipped with grey," said Miss Evergreen, with an affectation of great concern. "You should not have ventured out without an over-coat!" And the two stood looking at each other till silence became awkward, and they relieved the monotony with a hearty laugh a *little* forced. Caw! caw! responded a flock of crows, disturbed by such unusual echoes, and the two old youths laughed again—louder than before.

"Miss Evergreen," said he, at length, "do you know what tree these vandals have cut down? Do you know what stump you have been reclining upon?"

"I suppose," said she, smiling, "*you* sang 'Woodman spare!' to them."

"I might," he answered, "had you been here to make a duet of it. In youth it sheltered us *both*. It was our old trysting tree, where you promised——"

"And you pledged," said she, interrupting him. "There are two of us foresworn! But, as the phrase goes, you have the advantage of me. You know I am *Miss*—but *Mr.* does not tell me whether I am talking to another woman's husband, or not."

"I am the father of six children."

"Goodness!"

"Of which you should have been the mother!"

"Gracious!" said Miss Evergreen, sitting down on the stump again—"six children! And pray who and how is your wife?"

"She is dead."

Farther trifling ceased between the couple who had so strangely renewed an old acquaintance. Miss Evergreen naturally wondered within herself, whether, had they twain kept their promise, and become one, she should have left to him thus early the sole direction of her little ones. And he said within himself that had he married her, he would not now be without a help-meet. There are strange thoughts in every heart. The prudent conceal them—the foolish speak all—and the difference, we suspect, between those whom the world regards as wise, and those whom it pities as deficient, is more in the wisdom of concealment than in any inherent difference in the properties of mind, or the qualities of thought.

The two returned to the village together—very busy in conversation—constrained in fact, though laboring to be free; for both were anxious to seem perfectly at ease, and unconcerned. Every body who has made the effort to do this—as who has not—knows how difficult it is. There was no lack of words—none of questions—none of answers; and there certainly was not at the close of the interview, that disposition to avoid each other which there would have been, save for their accidental encounter.

The gentleman did not suffer the acquaintance which had been recommenced to die out for want of attention. He was a very frequent visitor during the few weeks Miss Evergreen remained in Bellview—only, he said out of politeness! and a natural desire to make the most of the society of an old friend—whose value, as he ventured one day to tell her, he had never till now, half appreciated.

"Now, Ned, Ned," she answered, "tell me, does not that sort of talk border a very little on the ridiculous? You, the sworn husband of another, to talk of your appreciation of my value? *De*-preciation you mean, or you would never have behaved in the heartless manner you did! I declare I ought to be pouting at you now, instead of receiving you with any pretence of cordiality. It is time that we dropped this renewal of acquaintance, if you are beginning your old sentimentalities!"

But he did not drop the acquaintance—nor the "sentimental review" of which Miss Evergreen professed such horror. Men gain in experience as they grow older, and become almost as great adepts, at sixty, in affairs of the heart, as a woman is at sixteen, by intuition. And our hero had a very happy faculty of making himself agreeable, as Miss Evergreen had learned of old. So she went back to her friends with the feeling that the meeting with her old friend at Bellview had certainly added very much to the pleasure of the visit. Nothing was said of their ever meeting again. He did not even ask her permission to write to her. The fact was that both of them had outlived their nonsense. There are seasons in life for everything; and an old couple might with quite as much wisdom return to marbles and doll-babies, grace hoops and bats and balls, as to attempt to do over again the small talk of an interchange of billet doux. There were *some* temptations to wander on his part. He wrote her a *business* letter—setting forth that as winter was setting in, and he was setting up stoves, if she had seen any new and desirable improvements, he should be very much obliged if she would apprise him—she being a resident in town, &c., &c. And the man actually did send this epistle!

Miss Evergreen quietly laughed half an hour by the clock. And then she took a stove man's circular, and enclosed it, with her card, in an envelope, to Edward Pruyle, Esq. And when that gentleman received it, he laughed no less;

Digitized by Google

acknowledging her to be one of the most provoking of women! Here was as convenient an opportunity as could possibly have been offered her to reply—opening thereupon duply, treply, quadruply, quintuply, and so on, till all should end in two cards in one envelope, with the words "at home" neatly engraved on one of them.

There was nothing for it but to carry the war into Africa. So he gave out to his six children that he was going to town to—buy stoves. And one fine winter morning as Mrs. Evergreen sat in her nice little room in a quiet boarding-house in Walnut street, working as much juvenility as it would bear into a nice little cap, the servant brought up Mr. Edward Pruyle's card—in an envelope with that same stove circular.

There was no one but him in the drawing-room. They met with smiles and blushes, for the "renewal of the acquaintance" was becoming more interesting, and, at the same time, more embarrassing. After the usual interchange of compliments, Mr. Pruyle said, "will Miss Evergreen do me the favor to help select my stoves?"

"Preposterous!" said the lady.

And so indeed it was. What could *she* know of stoves—she who had lived on in single blessedness and boarding-house independence all her days? Then Mr. Pruyle, forgetting business, chatted a few moments upon indifferent, thence changing to different subjects—until at length they settled upon one, in under tones, in which there was no indifference. The result proved, moreover, that there was no difference upon the topic whatever it was—for they gave in that quiet corner the most modest and graceful yet unmistakable evidence of united opinion. And he took his hat immediately after, and walked away from the house with a step much more cheerful and elastic than he had entered it.

On the morrow Mr. Pruyle called again. We should have mentioned, by the way, that the evening previous was spent by the two together; and we may add that Miss Evergreen was not at all surprised when the servant came up and advised her that "that gentleman from the country had *called again*." And when he proposed to-day, "let *us* go out and select *our* stoves"—there was an easy assurance in his manner, which showed that another and graver proposal had paved the way for this. Miss Evergreen demurred a little, but that other acceptance, made this easy, and they walked together.

While out much more shopping suggested itself, and Grace Evergreen was surprised with what cleverness she could buy for little girls. And even boys wants were not so very far above her comprehension, for she found it necessary to correct him many times in his wild purchases. She knew what would wear, and what would not, and only wondered that the man had not already beggared himself, if that was the way he bought.

The end of all was that Mr. Pruyle made a weeks' stay where he had purposed a day only—and that he went home but to return almost immediately. He brought his oldest daughter down with him—a fine girl of fourteen, and placed her with her new mother, and he had, moreover, prepared his whole house for the change that he proposed. It cannot be said that it was unexpected to the good people of Bellview—for gossip had been very busy ever since that October afternoon. Christmas made a fixed fact of what had before been rumor, and Mrs. Pruyle spent her New Year's in her own new home.

Well—what came of it? Not bliss *superlative*—but a life of quiet and unecstatic happiness. In this there was no disappointment—but when young people marry in raptures, the dull realities of life bring them unwillingly to their senses. Our couple had reached years of discretion—and ceased to look for perfection in each other—or indeed in any human being. Even the six children Mrs. Pruyle found were much less difficult to manage than she had supposed, and they found that the bug-bear of a step-mother, which some considerate souls had been at no small pains to describe to them, must be a very different person from their new mother whom they loved so dearly.

Thus did Mr. and Mrs. Pruyle verify their early impression that they were designed for each other, and in these sober years repair the error of their youth—if it was an error. And thus, in our private opinion, they proved themselves sensible people, who understood how to consult their own happiness.

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

Two dandies at a party stood,
And watched each beauty pass.
Sudden cried Jack; "Egad! who's that?"
Said Nat; "Oh! that's Miss Glass."

"Miss Glass! I'faith, I'd often be
Intoxicated, Nat,"
Cried laughing Jack, "If to my lips
I'd place a glass like that."

H. J. V.

Digitized by Google

MAUD GARRISON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

The pretty village of J—— had been going down hill year after year. It had been going down hill, in fact, ever since a Boston company bought the water-power and its environs at S——, on the Winnipisiogee river, two miles below. Since that day, stone factories, brick dwellings and stores, and beautifully shaped wood cottages had been taking their places there at S——, along the pleasant stream, on the hill and knoll sides and tops, wherever there were grand old trees to shade them, and to let in through their sweeping branches glimpses of the sparkling river. And nearly all the enterprise, nearly all the stirring capital of J—— had been turned in hither. George Lund, who was the life of J——, as was admitted on all hands, removed to S——, taking his fine house and his office with him. Dr. Mooney, who was so often arm-in-arm with Lund, as the twain went with strong steps through the streets, moved over to S——, but left his house and office behind to be rented. The Widow Ladd moved from S—— over into his house, because rent was so low at J——, and because young Henry Ainsworth was making the village school so well known both at home and in the neighboring towns, that she would soon fill her house with boarders from the academy. Her twelve-years-old boy sold confections and crackers and herrings in the office. He had few customers, none worth naming, save when parties strolled over from S——; strangers, to look on the beautiful landscape; and old denizens of J——, to see how grass was really growing in strips in the streets, since their busy tread was there no more. *They* were sad, some of them, as if they trod on graves. While others had self conceit, in seeing that, after all, in one thing they were missed at J——.

At length old Esquire Harvey went over to S——, taking his three or four branches of manufacture and trade, and his score of work-people with him; and from that time the pulse of the village beat thrice languidly—especially in school hours, when no young people were threading the streets and paths—until the Honorable Harrison Garrison came there. He bought the village hotel and the large store close by it. He fitted up the hotel anew, even every nook and corner. He took away the creaking sign board—and old Mrs. Thompson could not sleep nights after it; she had heard it so many years, whenever she lay awake in the night. It had been company for her many and many an hour; and she would be glad if the Honorable Harrison Garrison were back in Massachusetts, where he belonged. But there he was at J——. He kicked the old sign-board out of the way with his polished boot; and on granite posts consolidated a new one, inscribed on one side—"Garrison's Coffee House," on the other, embellished with portraits of his horse, Jackson, and of his dog, Pope. The horse Jackson was on his way over the Alps; the dog, Pope, lay composedly with his nose on his pan at his feet. The dog, it seemed, had no faith in any Alps being near.

The store was a dingy place, where of late old Uncle Heath had sold codfish, brown sugar and the like, to stray customers. The Honorable Harrison Garrison flourished his heavy walking stick a little before the small windows and before the eyes of his "head carpenter." It was only a few hours, and large panes of plate glass were there, larger and dearer than could be found even at S——. It was only a few days, and the odor of old Uncle Heath's codfish, brown sugar and strong molasses was put down by the Honorable Harrison Garrison's wines, his spices, his bright green teas, his Baldwins and his Pippins. And then, in a few months, he had nearly all J—— "under his thumb," to use an expressive and well-beloved phrase of his own. All but Henry Ainsworth. He held his individuality as quietly, as completely, all his action was as free, as if no Harrison Garrison had been there at J——; as if he had not so often come upon him at his mother's gate, at the academy turnstile, in the post-office, and in the street, with talk of all he was able and willing to do for the old academy; in giving it a whiter coat, a heavier bell, additional apparatus, and in the use of his influence in bringing in pupils, patrons, and so on, and so on, from some of the large towns of Massachusetts. Harry thanked him; but came not down in the least to sit at our rich man's feet. On the contrary, his intelligent cordiality, his straightforward manliness made him master of the other, even as he was master of himself.

Digitized by Google

Garrison had two daughters; the elder, Maud, ugly as one can be who has a wide, thin mouth, with despondent corners; large, abstracted, melancholy eyes; a sallow skin; and, at the same time, a most benign expression beaming upon all the poor and unfortunate who came near, and who let it be felt that her sympathy would be worth the having to them. She was the squire's daughter by his first marriage. Her mother before her was an ugly woman; but with a holy mind, fit for heaven as mortal mind can be made by native innocence, and by God's grace, growing and ripening all the more maturely for the tears with which it was watered, for the suffering with which, day by day, it was harrassed. For her husband, the Honorable Harrison Garrison, was a hard man, who never yet had loved any mortal; not even her, not even in the midst of his vows to love and to cherish. When he knelt to her, as in truth he did, and more like a crouching spaniel than like one who feels himself a man, when he said—"don't say no to me, Grace! That I can never bear!" he thought of her ten thousands in the Suffolk county bank, and longed for them like a miser. Well, Grace looked down on him and said—yes. For she was an orphan. And because she was an orphan and ugly, she had had few to love her. She had very often had dreams—waking ones—of the man she would love to call husband; and not at all like the man of her dreams was Harrison Garrison. He, the man of her dreams, was gentler, with a graver, manlier bearing. But she would let him pass on to the shadowy land. She would no longer need the thought of him for her solitary hours. For she would say yes to Harrison Garrison, and be solitary no more. She said yes; but she did not feel that it lifted any burden. She had never felt so wretched, so far from all mortal aid and comfort, as in that moment. Her wooer, on the other hand, sprang to his feet at the electrical word that put the ten thousands irrevocably into his hands. He paced the floor with vigorous strides; with glistening eyes, talked—as if more to the walls than to Grace—of all he would do there; of the house he would build in the midst of the garden, and of the pillars and trellises with which he would encompass it about. Would not this be capital? Did not Grace think that this would be capital? The shrubbery there must be torn up, and perhaps the great maple; but she would not mind that, sure, if they could have a house that would make all the town look up? she would not mind it then? Grace, half weeping, murmured something about—"the dear old house of her parents—the trees and the roses that her father and mother planted, and that were so much to her, now that she would see them never, never again——"

"Yes; but you wouldn't mind it, I suppose," said Garrison, stopping a little before her. "You could put up with just *that*, if it was necessary?"

"Yes," Grace said, with a choking voice, that her dog Bay would have understood better than the hard man looming before her. The dog would have laid his nose on her clasped hands, and regarded with thoughtful eyes her bent face; whereas the man liked *that!* He liked to hear her say yes in so meek a way to *that!* So he strode on, and talked on of what other things he would do to make their house the grandest in the village, in the whole town, in fact.

Poor Grace dreaded it all, as she sat there in the corner of the sofa, her thin figure drooping more and more. She dreaded the tall, stiff man who strode the floor before her. She dreaded all the rest of her life that was to come. The tears kept rising and choking her; and the smothered sense of wretchedness oppressed her more and more. It oppressed her more and more while she lived. She drooped more and more, until, a year from the marriage day, she gave birth to a sallow, bony little daughter. She lived long enough after this to throw back the white coverlet and show the babe to its father; to hear him say—"umph!" as he looked a moment sidewise on the homely, working little features; to turn her eyes up to his face and see how hard it was still, after all she had just suffered; to whisper with sobbing breaths—"call her Grace, Harrison, for my mother." And then, in an hour, she sank away and was gone. Nurse went at the babe's low wailing. Dead lips were close to its cheek; dead arms held it loosely to the heart that, happily, could beat no more.

In six months Garrison married the little fly-away Anna Dale. In a few months more she had a daughter, a plump, dark-eyed little beauty; with such graceful little ways, as was seen before it was a month old, that it must and should be called Grace, its mother said. There was no other name in the world fit for the pet, the darling! the beauty! mother's own dear! As for the so-called Miss Grace, throwing her long bony arms about there after the sunshine that strayed across her cradle, who, forever, in all she did, made such homely mouths, she should be called Maud. It was the ugliest name in the world; and this made it the more suitable; for it was to be applied in that instance to the ugliest baby in the world. The hateful little thing! Forever needing something done for it, although it pretended, as its mother did before it, to be the patientest saint in the world. So the thing never

Digitized by Google

cried, or hardly ever, and then with its face turned close to its pillow, as if that were a better friend to it than she herself was.

CHAPTER II.

In the years that followed, one can think how it was there. One can know that, through the rooms of the fine house in the midst of the garden, there went two maidens growing to womanhood; one tall, thin, high-shouldered, with drooping figure, with large, sad eyes, and as still voice and tread, as if the air she breathed belonged not to her, but to another; the other plump and merry, with rosy face, clambering, noisy gait, and a hard voice that was always heard in one part of the house or another, in fretfulness or in laughter. She ran over the slow, dreamy Maud; and then said as she flew onward—"out o' the way, Maud!" or "clear the track, Maud!" Maud moved aside like a slave. She felt then, and a hundred times every day, when other offences came, that the lead settled heavier and heavier on her brain; that the palsy of a life without hope pervaded deeper and deeper her whole existence. Her young mother-in-law said—"Maud! Maud! see!—I do wish you ever *would* see anything! Your clothes were brushing the leaves of Grace's hydrangia; and we've told you a thousand times how easy it is to kill the leaves. I do wish you wouldn't *always* be huddling yourself into that corner. I don't see, I'm sure I don't, why you don't stay more in your own room."

Maud moved carefully away, holding her skirts close, and with choking grief; for how many times Grace had brushed them! how many times fallen amongst them direct, breaking not only leaves but branches, while she was on her giddy way! how had her mother only laughed then and said—

"Child! what a gay chit you are! You've torn everything before you! But don't mind it. Don't frown a bit over it, Grace, child! Frowns spoil the very prettiest face. You remember who said this; and I imagine he'll be showing himself here, all of a sudden, this afternoon." She meant Henry Ainsworth.

It often happened that Maud was standing in a doorway or passage when her father would go through on his hurried march to the street, to the garden, to see to John, or Joe, or somebody, somewhere. He came with swift steps. Our Maud was slow and dreamy; that is true; but she always heard and recognized her father's step when it was afar off; and, if he had but known it, with a beating heart too, and a sick longing that, that time as he passed, he would give her one glance, one little word of consideration. She needed that!—oh, how she needed that! for it would put warmth and life into her cold limbs, and make a new creature of her. She always heard his step, then, in time to move aside and give him ample room. But he had no patience to see her there before him. He called out at one end of the long hall, and she at the other—"Maud, I'm coming! I'm in a hurry!" She shrank away and looked after him with blinded eyes. Perhaps she saw him stop in that very moment of his great haste, if Grace crossed his path, to pinch her ear a little, or to catch her in his arms, and carry her forward a few steps on his way.

CHAPTER III.

Henry Ainsworth lived with his widowed mother in a little gem of a house—made so by all the vines and shrubs, and beautiful things that surrounded it and filled it—close at the foot of a steep and magnificently embowered hill. He was often at Mr. Garrison's. Perhaps Maud was in the room, perhaps she was not. It made little difference to any one, whether she were there or not; unless it did to Henry, as may be it did. For he watched the door, whenever it opened if she was absent, and watched her—but with quick glances—if she was present. No one saw this, however. No one knows it to this day, but myself—and yourself, dear reader, now that I have told you.

Grace was always in the room; if not when he came, she was immediately called. Mrs. Garrison was generally in the room. She left it now and then, but looked back, and with broad smiles told them to "enjoy themselves." She left them "for a reason," as she told her husband and Grace, with a wink and a tip of her head. She liked it best, however, being there to see how bravely things went on; how Grace kept herself quiet and like a woman, for Henry, who had so much dignity blended with his great ease; when, for Hurlbut and others of the wild gents of the village, she had such obstreperous gaiety. She liked to see how the Maud she so hated sat at another table and read or sewed, never speaking but when they spoke to her directly; and then with such awkwardness and blushing and stammering as could not fail to let Henry see how superior Grace was in ease and all manner of social accomplishments.

"Maud," would Mrs. Garrison sometimes say, "anybody would think you had no tongue at all. But," turning to Henry with an air as if there were some things that she could tell him, if she

Digitized by Google

chose, "but she can talk sometimes, I can tell you that!" She looked Maud searchingly in the face, purposely to increase her confusion. Grace turned half round, with the same unamiable object. Henry always sat where he could see her without turning in the least. He just glanced at her. Whether he pitied or despised her embarrassment could not be known; but the latter Mrs. Garrison and Grace believed. Maud supposed the same. Still that was nothing new, nothing strange. All her family despised her. She despised herself at times. She despised herself and wept bitter tears on her pillow, that when Henry did notice her with a few words and a look that seemed so kind, she must color so painfully and lose all self-command.

One pleasant summer afternoon Henry called and found Maud in the parlor alone. Perhaps he chose that time deliberately; for Mrs. Garrison and Grace and a party of visitors had just rode by his mother's house on their way to a raspberry field over the hill. Maud was far enough from thinking that he chose that time, however. On the other hand, she was distressed for him and for herself, that he came then; when Grace was gone, the Grace he so liked, who so liked him, and always had so much to say to him, and with such calm assurance; while she had so little to say to him or to any one, unless it were to those poor creatures who had nobody else to speak a kind word to them. She would blunder and say the very things she ought not to say, she had no doubt, with the whole weight of entertaining him on her hands. And, in truth, she was not far from doing this, in the first few minutes of their interview. "But," said Henry, putting his nose down to a vase she had just filled; not looking at all on her, but speaking with an easy, kind manner—"you made up this vase of flowers, Maud."

Maud started, but did not speak.

"I know at any time who fills the vases; whether it is you or Miss Grace."

Still Maud did not speak; but she listened with suspended breath to hear what he would say next. He said next, working to get a flower of the Indian creeper without disturbing the rest—"don't you know the difference there is between them, Maud?" He still was busy with the creeper, and putting the flowers he had disarranged in place. Maud could therefore say—

"I don't know—I don't know that there is always a difference."

"There is always; just as there is always a difference between you and her. I don't know how you do it. But the flowers that you bring together have eyes and understanding. They have a pleasant liking for each other and for us; especially for their good friend Maud, who, as they perhaps know, lives a life that is true and quiet like their own. And, as I flatter myself, sometimes, especially for me, who would gladly be as true and wise; but who yet are sometimes very foolish, and then feel rebuked and instructed both by the quiet flowers and the quiet Maud. But please help me a little, Maud." He was still endeavoring to put the flowers in their proper places. "I am likely to tumble them all out upon the table."

Maud helped him. He was clumsier than he need to have been, a thousand times clumsier, so that Maud and he both laughed to see how nothing would go right that he undertook. And Maud felt such a glow of pleasure, as never, never before in all the years of her life, had gone through her frame, when he praised her and her flowers anew, and with kindling eyes too, and with such a good voice! Before the glow, the new feeling of happiness that came, the old chill and misery went. The weight was off her brain, the palsy out of her blood. Her tongue was, as it were, loosened. Her eyes could meet his, could linger in the meeting, and with a heavenly light in them, when they talked of life and of the philosophy of life. For Maud, who had passed already more solitary hours than fall into a long life-time of most persons, had filled them with the reading and thought that made her wise far beyond her years. Sorrowful experiences had been her good schoolmasters, teaching her the best lesson of looking within her own self for that which would, of a certainty, comfort and strengthen her, make lovely and attractive her outward life. For within ourselves, if we search with an earnest purpose, we find the Father of Light, so that it is dark with us no longer. And the Son waits to take us by the hand, as it were, and lead us, when we will no longer be led by that which is without; by Nature clamoring in our bodies cause; by society clamoring in its own. The Son leads us away from the flowery walks, where are also thorns abundant, along the straight, plain paths. We come together to the still waters; and are refreshed and comforted for the outward things that were so adverse to us, that left our souls so filled with wants and discomforts. The Father and the Son have loving praise for this.

It happened that, in many things, Maud was wiser than Henry. When he assumed that liberty goes backward, especially in Europe, that progress all the world over is toward evil rather than good, she said with an earnest manner—"no; pardon me! but you will see that it is not

Digitized by Google

so after you have thought more of it. I believe it without a shade of doubt, that every evil upon this earth, although it may abound for a time, has in its very nature of evil, the element of its eradication at work, in a way more or less subtle, within itself. In a little while, perhaps, perhaps in a long while, it is gone, root and branch; and in the place where it abounded, goodness, grace much more abound. Yet other evils are in other places. But they too go on to the end. In God's own appointed time and way, they too are gone, and good is in their stead. Isn't this a dear truth?"

"If it is indeed a truth!" replied Henry, with thoughtful eyes on her face. "I hope it is a truth! I hope to God it is!" His eyes were filled with tears, and a glow was upon every feature.

"A truth it must be in the very nature of good and evil! Of this we may feel assured, even when we cannot see the methods of the law by which it comes to pass. Don't you know, Mr. Ainsworth? wherever the diseased root is, there the worm feeds until it is gone. No worm, meanwhile comes near the healthy root growing in a genial soil." As Maud spoke, a new light of enthusiasm pervaded more and more her whole being, making her even lovely to look upon.

"That is true!" said Henry. "I believe that all you have said is true. And what a glorious idea it is! I see that it can make the world all over new to me! But, friend Maud, how came you by all these great thoughts?"

Maud smiled. "I suppose I have my own mother's organization," replied she. "It was easy for her, and it is for me to love God dearly and to trust in Him; to believe confidingly that He will do everything right, and by sure laws. I read a great deal at C—— from the excellent libraries. A cousin, who was a student, and who was in our family, brought me choice works from the college library. I have besides had—I have, in short, had a great deal of time by myself, and a great deal to make me thoughtful beyond my years."

"Yes, I have seen that," said Henry, with looks and tones that went straight to Maud's heart. "I have felt ever since you came to J——, the greatest desire to say something, or do something to make your life more social for you. I have wanted to take you to my mother. She has wanted you to come. You will come, Maud, if I do not take you, if I do not ask you again?"

Maud's eyes filled; the voice had such kindness in it! the eyes such a dear expression of sympathy! But she had no time to answer before the party returned from the fields, with few berries, but much laughter, skipping and loud talking. They stopped suddenly when they opened the door upon Maud and Henry. Mrs. Garrison recovered herself in a moment, and ran her hand out straight before her in her girlish way, and was vastly glad to see Mr. Ainsworth, vastly sorry that they had made him wait. Henry, meantime, was far enough from feeling that there had been any waiting whatever on his part. Or, so Maud hoped.

Grace, as for Grace, she lifted her head, dropped her eyelids and had pouting lips. For a short time she had. Her mother soon lulled her by petting her, by bringing first young Brown, then all the Browns, and, last of all, Henry himself, to see how the thorns had been abusing her hands and arms, in spite of gloves and all sorts of extemporaneous wrappings in her, her mother's, and young Brown's handkerchiefs. It ended with Henry's leaving soon; after Mrs. Garrison and the Browns—young Brown (who kept putting his eyes on Grace in all he said and did) and all the rest of the Browns—had made him promise to come on the morrow afternoon and ride with them over to S——, to call on the Lunds and the Mooneys, and to see how the new works were coming on; after Grace, with modest eyes and lisping tongue had said—"that is right, Henry, *do* come!" and after Maud had—said not a word, but had looked on and listened to it all with a quiet, beaming face.

Henry's last word was—after he had made his bow to the rest—"be ready, Maud, when we are. Don't be off in some sly place and keep us waiting."

Maud smiled and bowed; he kept his friendly eyes on her face until he was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

Well, after this, it was pleasant for Maud to be living on the earth. Every sound of bird, of waterfall, of the winds among the trees, every sight of the beautiful earth, of the beautiful river filled her heart full of glad thankfulness, so that she sang from morning till night. Her affairs were going adverse enough, meanwhile, as the readers will see, when I have told them, that, the next morning, she must needs go and carry broth to the wife of her father's hired man, and stay all day to see to the baby. The hired man would carry her and leave her until night, her mother said. So he carried her and left her until the next day night; but Maud could bear it, she was really of so much service to the poor woman and her sweet babe; and besides she had such a warm thought in her heart every moment! When she came back, a pile of work, cut for the

Digitized by Google

making, lay on her table. The next morning her mother in-law came up early, and with her hand on the pile, said that she—Maud that is—must make the articles, the three pairs of sheets, and the three pairs of pillar-cases, and the dozen towels, and half-dozen table cloths, "right away; as soon as she could; and Grace should help below. There must be a great deal done below. There had been nothing done lately but attending to visitors, and sitting and standing round doing nothing. Now there must be something done by them all. She—Maud—must do her part, Grace must do her's. As for herself, she always had as *much* as her part to do. Mr. Garrison thought that she did a good deal more than her part; and often complained that she didn't put more upon her—Maud—and upon Grace. She was going to begin then to do it." Then she tossed her head and pressed the pile anew and was gone.

Maud sat and sewed after this with diligent fingers; happy in thinking over and over again every word and every look of Henry's in their last interview, interested in seeing the pile diminish, and hoping for the day when she could happen again to be below when Henry called. She had seen him come and go several times; once she saw him go through the yard with Grace close at his side, and Grace's face was upturned to his, his bent to her. Again Maud saw him come in, her father's arm in his; and both had animated features, and took strong and buoyant steps. By slow degrees, as the days passed, each day grew longer than the one before it. Her head ached, her spine was out of tune, from the confinement and the constant sewing. The sky took a leaden hue; it became dark everywhere, especially in our poor Maud's soul. She saw Mrs. Ainsworth come; and a few minutes after Henry, who remained to accompany her home. And when they left, Grace went with them through the yard, breaking flowers by the way for Mrs. Ainsworth. She broke a spray of roses and rose-buds at the gate, and gave it to Henry with a blushing face. Henry's back was toward Maud; she could only see that he accepted the gift with a polite bow. Maud brooded over all these phenomena. They came at length to be, so many links, connecting Henry and the happy, happy Grace; but separating her more and more from him and from every comfort; fastening her even closer and closer within her now desolate chamber. She would break away from the chamber, away from the unhappy reflections, she thought, one afternoon, and sprang to her feet. She would go below to the sitting-room with the rest. She had only been down at meal times for many days. It must be better there; she heard Grace's laugh come up the stairway and the passages a moment before. She would go down. Perhaps they would speak one kind word to her, or give her one kind look, to lighten her heart a little. If they would do this, she would have courage for the rest. She would then go and walk and feel better for it. She would call and see Mrs. Ainsworth; she would have a heart for this, and it would make her life worth the living, if they would only show her a little kindness. She started and returned to her room more than once, faint and afraid to go; afraid of the cold, scornful glance; afraid that she would open the door upon Henry close at Grace's side. But at length she ventured. Her mother-in-law sat and rocked and laughed at Grace. Grace, over-dressed, and with her bonnet on ready to go out, made low curtesies before the large mirror. The laughter, the rocking, the curtesies were all suspended the moment that Maud's melancholy face was in the door. Mrs. Garrison knit her brow and asked if more work was wanted up stairs. If so, she could bring it; there was enough more cut out, waiting. She rose to go, beckoning Maud to follow.

No, Maud said. It was not work that she wanted. She already had enough for several days, unless her head ached less. She came down to rest; to walk; she came down thinking that she would go out.

"Where?" Mrs. Garrison asked, with her hand on the door-knob. She was a woman keen in all sorts of intrigues. Maud's downcast eyes and heightened color, when she talked of going out, made her suspicious. "If," she added, with the bitterest expression, "if you're thinking of going to see Henry and his mother, I have the pleasure of telling you that Mrs. Ainsworth has gone out of town, and that Henry can save you the trouble of going to see him. He will be here in—in just two minutes, now"—looking sharply at the little clock on the mantel-piece. "He's coming to carry Grace out. And if you want to see him *very* much"—with renewed tossings of the head—"you can, by waiting here."

She still held the door as if for Maud to go. Grace stood just as she had broken off in the midst of a curtesy; settled back, and with finger-tips nipping the skirt of her beautiful silk dress. Her head was twisted half-round on her long, slender neck; and her eyes, in which was an exultant leer, were fixed on Maud, who, quite stupified by the reception she had met, turned and left the room in silence. She sat down at her window without tears, without indeed any keen sensibility of suffering. She had just the

Digitized by Google

feeling that she was turning to lead; that her brain was already half through the process. She looked listlessly abroad, wondering, if, in all those dwellings she saw far and near, there was another so solitary, so without hope as herself. She saw Henry come with brisk steps through the yard; but, this time, with no quickening of the pulse. There was just this sluggish thought—"he is no more anything to me. I am no more anything to him. I am no more anything to anybody. I would my time to die were here. Would it were here this night; it is so hard to live on!"

Soon her father's carriage was brought round to the door; and without stirring a limb, she bent her eyes a little and saw them go—Henry and Grace. Grace had a demure gait, a demure face; a gait and a face she was accustomed to put on when Henry came; very little like those Maud had seen her wearing below, a few minutes before. Henry went straight-forward to the carriage, handed Grace in, and they were gone.

It was a long time, and then the tea-bell rang. That was nothing to Maud in this hour of her utter prostration. It was nothing to her; she could not feel that she would ever want to taste food again. There was no pleasure for her in anything; none in eating, none in drinking, none in anything that could come. She wished that she were dead, quite dead.

Ah, Maud, in that hour of thy sore need, where was thy thought of the Good One, who never yet had failed thee, when thou didst look to Him; who, notwithstanding all the adversities of thy condition, had yet made thee a happier child than all the earth could have made thee without thy consciousness of this abiding ever in thee and thou in Him? It was in this wise that Maud questioned herself at length, in the midst of penitance and tears. Dearer and dearer, every moment, as she thought of all He had been to her in the life that would else have been so wearisome, became the Father to her. His Word lay by her; she clasped it with love in her hands, and knelt and gave thanks to God for—Himself. From that moment strength was in her limbs, clearness in her brain. Light was in her chamber and upon the face of the sunset sky. She could believe that, in God's good time, other things would be added unto her—a happy home, where would be radiant faces turning to her; books, which all should read and talk about; music, in which many voices should unite with a beautiful harmony; and, above all, a kindness that should know no misapprehensions, no abatement. While she thought of this, and with fingers again busied over the pile of sewing, her mother-in-law called her at the foot of the stairs.

"Maud! a letter for you. Come down and get it. From your Aunt Anna, of course," she added, glancing at the superscription. "We heard she had come back to Worcester to live. Her Brother Frank is dead, I suppose you know."

"No," answered Maud, breaking the seal. "I have heard of Aunt Anna living at Cleaveland with her brother. This is the one?"

"Yes! this is the one. I don't know anything about her; or much, that is," Mrs. Garrison went on, as Maud opened the letter. "Frank died last year, I believe. I forget particulars; for I always hated them both. I never have seen either of them but once since I was married to your father; and I never want to. All I know is, that we heard that the old maid had got back to Worcester. We thought she might like to have you go and live with her; and so wrote about it; only four days ago. She's prompt, any way."

Maud was running eager eyes over the page now; and Mrs. Garrison watched her in silence. The letter was a brief one. She answered Mrs. Garrison's note in haste, Aunt Anna said; at the moment of its reception she answered it, while she was dressed to go out. She was going out, she said, to order some little measures which should make her coming birthday a day of pleasure for herself and her friends. Would not her niece oblige her by making haste to be with her on that day? It would then be the day also of her installation in her new home, so that its subsequent anniversaries would be doubly grateful; especially to her, who, since the death of her dear Brother Frank, had had no one of her beloved near her, save when her youngest brother, Ben, of New York, came. This was not often, he was so swallowed up by his business cares. Very pleasant her life with her Brother Frank had been, she said; for not one unkind word had ever passed between them. So that now she mourned for him with a gentle sorrow; a sorrow redeemed of all bitterness by the thought of the happiness they had shared together.

Maud's eyes filled with tears as she read. She already felt love for her Aunt Anna. She knew that with her she would find courtesy, kindness, she doubted not, love. But it grieved her in that moment of her resolve to go forth, that she had never been enabled to find them in her father's house. She had so longed that her life there should be beautified by the beautiful life of parents, and sister; by all the loving kindness they would show to her, and she to them; by the songs in which she and her sister would join their voices, and by the dear strolls they would have, arm-in-arm, along the pleasant places; by a fellow-feeling, clear and broad as heaven, with

Digitized by Google

their neighbors, and they with her. Oh, God, that she might taste all this and know it experimentally just one day, and then she could go with a lighter heart! She could know then and be supremely blest in knowing, that they all, Henry and all, felt kindly toward the poor, unattractive Maud, who had taken herself out of their way.

"What does she say? Does she want you to go?" asked Mrs. Garrison, at length, breaking in upon Maud's reflections.

"Yes; she wants me to go," Maud replied, with a choking voice. She extended the letter to her mother.

"Of course you'll go?" said Mrs. Garrison, when she had read it. "Your father thinks it best. We all do. We have all seen that you—why, that you like Henry Ainsworth full *as well* as he does you; *full* as well. But we know that he will marry Grace. Of course he'll marry her. He has shown that he has been thinking of it, ever since we came here. He knows—your father told him so, in a talk they had a few days ago—that Grace will have a thousand dollars any time that she marries in a way to suit him. And that she'll have all we've got some day. I mean, of course, Miss Maud—for you look frightened, as if you had all the world to lose—I mean all but the little that is left for you of your mother's property. You must know that this isn't much. Your education and bringing up have taken almost all of it. Your father told Henry so—it came in handy, when they were talking——; and Henry, your father said, looked as if it pleased him, hearing that Grace will have so much. This shows, if there was nothing else, that Henry knows what he means, coming here so often, and paying so much attention to Grace. I don't think you could bear it very well, seeing things go on; and so I think you better go to Anna. What do you think?"

"I think I had better go," wiping her tears, and folding her letter to go to her room. "If I could feel that you all love me, mother, I could stay and see anything go on, and be the happiest creature on earth! I could bear anything else, if I could just be loved dearly by my own family!" She spoke with an earnestness and dignity, before which her mother-in-law dropped her eyes. She turned away a little, said some indistinct things about "liking her well enough, as to that; but liking her own daughter best, of course."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Garrison helped Maud, Grace helped her; Mr. Garrison bade his hired man carry her over to the S—— station any time that she was ready, so that on the second day morning after getting her aunt's letter, she was ready to go to her. She ran in to see a few poor families, to whom she had made herself dear by her sympathy, she rode over to kiss the hired man's baby once more, she looked after Henry as he passed up the street, until he was out of sight, said—"good-bye" to her father as he hurried along the hall, and to her mother and sister, as they stood within the door with folded arms, to see her go; then she drew her thick veil over her face, and that was the last of Maud at J——.

But one could not see that any new comfort came to them because she was gone, long and eagerly as they had wished for that day. Mr. Garrison tumbled the steak over in the dish, at dinner; rapped the hard crust of the bread with his knife-blade; looked over into the pudding dish, and then pushed it farther from him; tried the apple-butter, and then rejected it, as if for some reason it were hateful to him; left his coffee untasted and was gone; without having once spoken. Mrs. Garrison was cross to the help, and, some way, had bad luck all around. Grace too had petulance, and what she was accustomed to call "the fidgets." She went from room to room, from window to window; and at last sat down at a window looking up Henry Ainsworth's way and pouted regularly.

Wonder how it was with the wanderer, Maud, by that time. Why, at that time (it was just at sunset, and a splendid sky came into the western view from Aunt Anna's parlor) Maud sat in a rocker large enough for two Mauds, of black walnut and black velvet; not rocking, not thinking of rocking, but leaning a little over one of the arms to talk with Aunt Anna. Aunt Anna was a splendid woman of fifty, (lacking eight days) who somehow made Maud think of Miss Edgeworth, in everything she said and did; perhaps because she read that lady's work so much, and with such quiet enjoyment. She wore a jet black dress, very long, very wide and very rich; and snow white collar, cap and under sleeves. She spoke and moved with a great deal of dignity; and, at the same time, with a great deal of sweetness and grace. She had loving tones, a loving glance for Maud. She talked with her of her mother, whom she had loved with a love stronger than death. She had a subdued voice and tearful eyes when she recounted the instances of her gentle worth. Of Maud's father and her mother-in-law, she had little to say. She had visited them but once since their marriage, she said; partly because her home had been so far, partly because her last visit, paid

Digitized by Google

soon after the marriage, was not a happy one. This was all she said; but her looks were sad, as if the thought of them troubled her. She began talking of the coming festival; of the measures she had been taking to make it delightful. She led her to the pantry to see the beautiful frosted loaves and little cakes of cunningly devised forms —Chloe's work all of them; and to the garden walks along which were magnificent plants, some of them just received from nurseries, and set into the earth in their vases; to a far-off, out-of-the-way part of the garden, beyond the graceful brook that had such tiny bridges spanning it here and there; beyond the summer-house, where by this time clusters of grapes were luxuriantly hanging; a little beyond this, right there amongst the willows and cedars, where the jet went up from the throat of a swan, and came back deluging the same swan and the goddess on whose shoulder he sat; she led Maud there, and Maud could not speak, could hardly breathe for all the beauty she saw. The winding brook was close by, with the richest mosses—all in a glow, they were—along the banks; and, close by, beneath where a willow drooped, was a broad, and in some parts high, irregular rock. Mosses covered a part of it like a soft cushion, and over the other side ivy ran of Aunt Anna's training. She had brought it with her from their garden at Cleaveland, because that, of all others, was her brother's favored plant. There was not a branch of it, whose direction he had not watched and guided. The housekeeper Chloe's husband was Aunt Anna's gardener. His name was Jaques. He was named for the Jaques of L'Ouverture's time. But he was the slowest, happiest man! Chloe was always laughing to see how slow he was. She ran over him. She could very well have managed both house and garden, whereas the garden alone was something of a puzzle to Jaques, so many paths, so many beds of so many shapes, so many leaves falling and hiding in the borders, the box figures outgrowing any child in the neighborhood! ha! how could any man, black or white, keep up with things! Then he took a few hurried steps; but so irregular they were, that Chloe sat down in the middle of the floor to laugh at them. He looked down on her, with his white teeth gleaming, called her a bad wife, and then went with slow steps and a slow song, a sweetly modulated song, withal, to his gardening.

CHAPTER VI.

Aunt Anna made no comments upon Maud's poorly supplied wardrobe; but she brought beautiful fabrics and the skilfullest seamstress of Worcester to make them into—a morning dress of gingham, very prettily embroidered; a dress for the birthday of lawn, with far-flowing skirt and rich blond accompaniments; and a dress for the church and for visiting of costliest silk. She gave her her own jewels that she wore before she went into mourning; and bonnet, shawl and gloves came by express from New York. Uncle Ben sent them. They were his present to his niece. On the noon of the birthday, he would present himself there, he said; and he bade Anna have some corn meal in her store-room; that, the next day after he came, he might taste a good old-fashioned Indian pudding, just such as they and Maud's mother used to taste at the homestead in their good mother's day. He could never get such a thing in the great boarding-house. Faith! he wished he had been wiser when he was younger. If he could live his time over again, he would take hold of the plump hand of Rose Morgan that was—now Mrs. John Brown—and lead her to his mother. To Rose he would say—"Rose, dear, learn of her how to make my table and home comfortable;" and to his mother—"teach her mother, that I may have somebody left when you are gone."

Uncle Ben came to the fete and was the life of that large, distinguished company. He had seen Maud a few times when she was a child. Not often then, and not at all for several years. It made him too angry going there and seeing how the persecutions of the mother were visited now upon her orphan; trebled, indeed, by the superadded influence of the mother-in-law and the imperious Miss Grace. He couldn't stand that, he muttered between his teeth—for want of a close friend to say it to—and determined to go there no more.

Now he could not take his eyes away from Maud, and seemed happy as a child in seeing her there; in seeing her so comfortable, so elegant—for our Maud was a fine woman, a radiant woman, in the new life and light that beamed upon her there amidst so much that was excellent in beauty, in intelligence, and in all manner of noble accomplishments. It did his generous soul good to see that she would directly be a favorite of the best people there; of the best old people and the best young people. He had not a little father-like pride in this. As for Aunt Anna, she had never known a happier day; it made her heart so grateful, so warm, seeing the new creature of her love show herself so worthy, so superior in womanly dignity and intelligence, wherever she moved, with whomsoever she talked. But when she spoke of her happiness the next morning at breakfast, a gentle sadness came over her features, and

Digitized by Google

she sat a few moments thoughtful and silent. It was often thus in the midst of her most grateful moments; for in those moments she regretted most the kind one who had passed away. Uncle Ben understood her and spoke to her with added gentleness; while Maud, with tears in her eyes, renewed her inward vow of love and watchful care.

Well, other parties, and rides and walks followed close upon Aunt Anna's birthday. They were hurried forward, not only that Maud might at once feel at home with them, and see at once their beautiful scenery, but that Uncle Ben, the lively, genial-hearted "old bachelor," might be there to share them. He kept staying, therefore. He growled sometimes about his business going crazy with him away so long; but matrons and grave gentlemen said—"one more day, Mr. Lancaster, and then we won't say another word." Beautiful young girls fluttered round him, reached up to his buttons and played with them as they begged him to "keep still! to be still scolding and stay where he was—always! They would rather half of Worcester would go than he. They wouldn't let him go; so he might as well be good-natured and stay contentedly where he was."

Maud's quiet eyes on his face besought him to be with them still longer. Aunt Anna promised him another pudding, or corn-cakes, or cream-cakes, just such as their mother used to make; so that he smacked his lips and stayed; sat down to write fresh directions to his partner and head clerk, and then went like a good breeze through the house, through the neighborhood, glad enough to stay to taste the delicious dishes; to watch Maud seeing to the rips in his dressing-gown and gloves, as if she were his daughter; and to meet once again the pleasant people who had such cordial friendliness for him, such excellent devices for making one's time glide smoothly.

CHAPTER VII.

It must not be supposed that Maud had utterly forgotten her old want, the old besetting disquiet of her days at J——. In the clear daylight, when friends were about her, she could easily let the memory go, if it came. She was a little saddened by it, for a moment, but she could bear to think that it was all over between herself and every mortal at J——, Henry Ainsworth and all; that she would see them, hear from them no more: that there at Worcester she would begin her life anew. But at night she wept at the thought; and longed, as if she must die, to be loved and honored by them all; most of all, by her father and Henry; far most of all, by Henry. Then her life at Worcester would be, as it were, heaven upon earth. She wiped the tears at length, praying to be forgiven that she had murmured, promising her heart that soon the struggle would be over; for she would master the regret more and more, until it should be her servant, ministering to the gratefulness and comfort of her new life.

She had been already at Worcester a month, without a word of intelligence from J——, when, one day, her father's clerk came through the yard, reconnoitering every window, and every other feature of the house and yard, as he came. He met Maud with awkwardness; for he too, as her father's favorite man, had joined in oppressing her at J——. He had stopped over one train, on his way to New York, he said. He thought he could stop as well as not; and that she would like to hear how things were going on at J——. They were all well, he said; and especially Miss Grace. She was particularly well, he added, turning his eyes to Maud's face, but suddenly letting them fall again, on their meeting her's.

"*She* is well, in particular," repeated he, looking down on the watch-seal he was fumbling. "And what makes her, is, she's got Henry Ainsworth, I suppose, fast enough now. They all think she has. I suppose she has; she feels so nicely about it."

"Has Mrs. Ainsworth returned?" quietly asked Maud.

"Ah, yes; she's been back more 'n a week, I guess. Yes; she come back a week ago yesterday; *just* a week ago yesterday. And she wanted to see you when she come. I don't know what for; but I heard her asking a great many questions about you. She wanted to know most, when you were going home. I heard what they told her; but no use repeating it to you. You wouldn't feel any better toward them for it, I guess." Again he tried to look Maud in the face, but could not. He had renewed discomfiture soon in the entrance of Aunt Anna, whose polite and dignified reception quite overawed the poor chap. Visitors soon came in, young friends of Maud, who came to take her out with them; and from that moment, his embarrassment became quite pitiful to see. Maud tried to relieve him by her attention, by offers of refreshment; but he only perspired the more copiously, only found his large hands the more difficult to take care of; for even his yellow watch-seal, in which he had such glory at J——, was, as he felt, too mean a thing to be touched there amongst those elegantly dressed, high-bred people. So he crept and tumbled out, in the best way he could·

Digitized by Google

made his final bow and departed, without again attempting to lift his eyes to Maud's.

The next week Maud received a letter from Grace, which ran in this wise:—"I want to go to W—— and make Aunt Anna a visit, a long visit. I want to go in about a week; for then Mrs. Ainsworth and Henry are going to Norwich to spend his vacation with some relatives there. They want me to go with them. Father and mother want me to go, it will be such a good chance; and they both say, especially father, that you must come and take my place here, helping mother take care and so on, while I'm gone. They say you'd better start the same day we shall; I will write a day or two before, to let you know just when we shall go. Robert says you won't come. He says you have grown mighty haughty since you have been there. But of course you will come, since *father* says you must. And when mother wrote to Aunt Anna about your going, she intended all the time that we should take turns about being with her. Of course you'll come, if Aunt Anna ain't perfectly willing. She'll be willing enough after I've been there a little while, of course she will; for if she don't like me full *as well* as she does you, when she gets acquainted with me, she will be a little different from other folks, that's all.

"Father and mother send their respects to aunt. Mother wants me to tell her that she shall send me there with a good will; for she *knows* we shall like each other, and have grand times going round, and having Mrs. Ainsworth and Henry stop there a few days. Don't keep this to yourself, instead of telling it to her. I send my respects to her, GRACE GARRISON.

"Postscript.—Don't fail to be getting ready to come. You can go back again, you know, when I and Mrs. Ainsworth and Henry are ready to come back. We can cross each other again then just as we shall when we go."

Maud's comfort was all broken up by this unwelcome letter. Neither could Aunt Anna conceive by what species of diplomatic action she could let it be known at J—— that it was Maud she wanted and not Grace. She could easily have written and said so plainly; but she feared offending them, and thereby ensuring Maud's peremptory recall, if it must take place, not on Grace's account, but for the sole sake of retaliation, of giving her and Maud torment. She therefore wrote not at all to them, but despatched a note to Uncle Ben, requiring his presence at Worcester early the coming week. That accomplished, she was more at ease; she endeavored, moreover, to reassure Maud, by recounting instances of Uncle Ben's energetic perseverance in that which he had undertaken. He had tact conjoined with strength of will; he always had had; so that he had always carried his measures through very much according to his wishes. She could, therefore, have confidence in his doing something for them, to help them through the emergency. She recommended the same confidence to Maud. And, finding that it did not come, she spoke of trust in heaven. Yes; this was the ark for the precious Maud! Not from a belief that anything would be moved or changed with special reference to her need and prayer. But she could rely upon the strength and patience of her own soul, if it might be sustained of God, if God would be with her helping her. It was good, however, to have the days pass, day after day, and no letter from J——. The old cheerfulness, the old interest in their pursuits were renewed by the opening of every mail, when it was seen that there could be no confimation of their fear that day. And how good it was to see Uncle Ben scrambling through the gate in his vigorous way! He kissed them both on both cheeks, and stopped them right there in the shaded balcony to hear what the trouble was. He had a deepening frown every moment that the story went on; and when it was over, he sat a few minutes in silence, looking down on the play that went on between his cane and a sear leaf that had fallen on the matting at his feet.

"Well!" said he, giving the leaf a sweep that sent it beyond the matting and the steps, and lifting his head and his eyes, "you will not go, Maud. So be easy. Be easy, my Sister Anna; and come! go in now"—taking them along by a hand hold of the arm of each. "I'm half starving; haven't ate a mouthful since eight o'clock! Isn't it too bad?"

"Only our supper will taste so good!" said Aunt Anna, with kindling eyes, and going to order tea immediately, while Maud helped Uncle Ben dispose of his packages—he always had his hat and pockets and hands full of them; gifts they were mostly, picked up just as he started and on his way, for his sister and Maud. This time there were gifts also far Jaques and Chloe. Where were they? He would go and find them, and Maud must go with him. But they must gather up the packages and go quick! he was so hungry! half starved! Whew!

Yes; and so it was demonstrated there that day, that it really was not half so good for those two women to be alone, as to have a good and sensible creature like Uncle Ben about the house, making a racket, and overturning, for the time, all sorts of systems; not half so good. If there were only more Uncle Bens in the world! And

Digitized by Google

so no doubt there would be, if there were more Aunt Annas and Mauds.

CHAPTER VIII.

THAT evening, just as the sun made a splendid setting, while the little grey birds still hopped about in the branches, occasionally twittering, as if in accompaniment to the brook that tinkled below, Maud was in the garden, thinking how good Uncle Ben and Aunt Anna were to her, and training the vines about the entrance of the summer-house. She was very happy, she was thinking that she always would be happy after that, if she did see troubles on the way to her; if "the thick darkness" gathered about her ever so close, she would think how often it had been with her "the darkest just before it was day," and wait quietly for the morning. She heard quick steps coming, steps that she remembered. She had heard them with a beating heart many times beneath her windows at J——. She turned with a start, and there he was. There was Henry Ainsworth coming toward her, the good face beaming and the good voice saying—"Maud—Maud, this is indeed a pleasure!" He held her hand closely in his; in a moment he had it in both his, holding it to his beating heart. He looked from Maud's face abroad on the lovely scene, from the lovely scene back to Maud. He sighed gently, and held her hand closer and closer. Maud bent her head, still in silence. She had not yet spoken a word. She could find no words, for the agitation, the deep joy she felt. But it did not need that she should speak. The tears, the trembling were eloquent enough; and Henry interpreted them aright. He had long understood *himself;* he took her in his arms, therefore, calling her—his; his own beloved Maud.

Mrs. Ainsworth was with Henry. They had stopped at Worcester with a friend, at whose house they would spend a day or two before going on to Norwich. When the two days were over there, their portmanteaus were brought to Aunt Anna's; and happy days went on there. Aunt Anna and Mrs. Ainsworth sat and rocked and talked by the hour. There was no end to the cordial, sensible things they had to say to each other. Uncle Ben laid his hand on Henry's shoulder and took him one way and another. He liked the good young man, who had such quiet self-possession at all times; who was not afraid to take Maud, poor as they both were, for the trust he had in his ability to serve both himself and her. He liked him! If he had a daughter, more precious than the apple of his eye to him, he would gladly and with pride give her to so thoroughly sensible a man. Maud said little; she had never been so still. It was enough for her to see Henry near; to listen to the voice better than all the music on earth to her; and to mark the growing esteem her relatives felt for him, and he for them; to mark how this esteem spread through the neighborhood; how the best men and women in that rich old town, felt it good and pleasant for them to come within the circle of his genial influence.

One thing more and our long story is told. Henry brought along from Grace a letter for Maud. He did not think of it until he came across it in rummaging a port-folio, after he had been several days at Worcester; and we have been equally remiss in overlooking it down to this late stage of affairs. She wrote—"I am madder than any cat; for our hired man, after father turned him away for saying something that mother didn't like about your going away, told Henry, or Mr. Ainsworth, as I shall call him after this day, a great mess of stuff that mother and I had been doing all along, to keep Hen—Mr. Ainsworth, that is, from liking you; and to make him like me. The man lied. So we told Henry. He just bowed to it; and kept bowing, as we kept explaining, until I hated him, and wanted to put my foot on him. This is the reason I don't go to Worcester with them. I would sooner go with two tomahawks. But I want to go by the time they get back here. I don't want to be in the same place with them. I don't want to be in this house—that is, until father and mother forget this bad business a little. They are both so cross! It makes me wish I was five hundred miles away. You needn't come home if I do go. I should want you to be there too; for I shouldn't be much company for Aunt Anna till I feel ever so much better spirited than I do now. And, besides, somehow I want to see you, Maud. I am beginning to think that, after all, there ain't many who are so good-tempered as you, and who would all through every thing, use me so well. I am coming, Maud, as true as I live! But it makes me feel better. I feel better for saying what I have in the few last lines to you. I should feel a great deal better, if I only knew now, when I am so lonesome, that you like me a little, and will try to be a little glad to see me, if I do go to Worcester.

"Won't you write to me and tell me if you and your Aunt Anna would like to have me go, by-and-bye, after Henry and his mother come back? I will go and ask mother if she has any word to send to you. I have been; and she too cried, and told me to tell you that she wishes

Digitized by Google

you would come back; and that father wishes it too. Perhaps you will come and stay a while instead of my going to Worcester. I could get through with it, I think, if you were here. I wish you would come back and marry Henry, and let me help you fix your things and do ever so much for you. I *wish* you would. I should feel better, if I could do something to help both of you, and to make father feel better toward mother and me. Do come! come back with them; and nobody will be so glad as your sister

GRACE."

Was it not too bad in Henry, too bad in us neglecting poor Grace's letter so long? Maud did not neglect it a moment. She carried it to her room and answered it with streaming eyes, and a heart overflowing with love for father, mother-in-law, sister, and with longing to be with them for a little time in her other, her earlier home.

She is there now. She sits with her Sister Grace with fingers moving nimbly over fine bedding and fine table linen, and all manner of embroidery of quilts and curtains and chairs. Henry comes in and reads to them, and helps Mr. Garrison arrange matters for a sumptuous bridal. The last named gentleman watches Maud with tears in his eyes, and can never do enough for her. She loves him—never a daughter loved her father so intensely. Mrs. Garrison is tired of her old bitterness. Her wonder is, that she ever spoilt all her true comfort indulging it; and she works now willingly, early and late, to make things comfortable for all in the house, and especially for Maud who is so soon to leave it, and who hitherto, poor girl, has had so little pleasure there.

One thing more, and then we are certainly done. Have my readers seen the new building that the friends of education are rearing at Worcester? If so they have seen a gem of artistic beauty and quaintness. They have seen, moreover, the spot where Henry Ainsworth is to dispense Latin and Greek and Spanish, until he shall have saved enough out of the most liberal salary with which he is to be established there, to enable him to go to Europe for a long residence, and Maud with him. They both long intensely to go; not simply to see, not simply to hear, not simply to be moving from land to land; but that their innermost life may be forever enriched and beautified.

THE EARLY LOST.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

FAIR spirit! thy home is a home of delight,
  Unclouded by visions of care;
Beside the still waters thou walkest in white,
  In robes thou art worthy to wear:
Thou knowest a joy that we cannot conceive,
  In thy haven of Heavenly rest,
While bending in sorrow we selfishly grieve,
  And seem to forget thou art blest.

Yet ah! it is mournful to think thou hast passed,
  In the freshness of girlhood away—
To think o'er thy beautiful form there is cast
  A cold, heavy mantle of clay;
To think when the gentle voic'd Summer shall come
  To waken the flowers again,
Thou still wilt sleep on in thy low grassy house,
  And Summer will call thee in vain!

The father whose bosom hath pillowed thy head
  Will miss thee at eve from his side;
Yet over his spirit a balm will be shed,
  Because thou hast peacefully died;
In the stillness of midnight, when shadowy gleams
  Of the past to his visions are given,
Thy spirit will brighten his holiest dreams,
  With brilliancy gathered in Heaven!

And over thy mother, thou being of love,
  Will hover thy sheltering wing;
Thy gentle young sisters will feel from above,
  The gladness thy presence can bring—
The brothers who miss thee so painfully now
  Will bend to the chastening rod,
Resigned—for they know that in peacefulness thou
  Art laid on the bosom of God!

Yet oh! there's a voice that can never be filled,
  There's a gloom hanging over the heart—
A grief of the bosom that cannot be stilled
  A sorrow that will not depart;
Enough—if we know that thy spirit is blest,
  The tempests of life we must brave,
Ere calmly as thou, we can go to our rest,
  And sweetly lie down in the grave!

Digitized by Google

WISDOM AND PLEASURE.

BY IRENE NORWOOD

I HAD taken a long ramble in the old woods in the rear of Norwood cottage, and returning greatly fatigued, I threw myself into a softly cushioned chair by the large bow window in the old hall, and gave way to the most delicious reveries, as I gazed on the varied landscape of hill and dale which was spread in a vivid diorama before me. The old woods had doffed their emerald coats, and arrayed themselves in the richest liveries of scarlet and gold; the sky was of that deep blue, so peculiar to the fall of the year; here and there a few white clouds, light and fleecy as an angel's wing, floated through the azure sea; the setting sun spread a rosy tint through the atmosphere, bathing in its mellow flood the lovely scene.

I gazed until a mistiness stole over my eyes; the low murmur of voices ceased, even my Cousin Clara's merry laugh died away; the world was forgotten, and I stood in the land of forgetfulness.

Methought I stood in the entrance of an umbrageous wood. Around me, all was light and beautiful. Birds of every variety, and the most brilliant plumage, flitted from tree to tree, and warbled forth their sweet songs of praise. The azure vault of heaven was perfectly cloudless, and the clear and limpid brook as it leapt merrily by, filled the air with sweet music. Within those woods all seemed dark and impenetrable. No sound was heard save the fall as of many waters. I turned away saying, "it is not for me to sound its depths; it is not for me to search its inmost recesses."

But how shall I describe the scene that met my view?

Before me lay a wide, extended plain covered with the most delicate flowers, and luxuriant grass. Numerous little streams meandered through the plain, but as I watched their progress, they appeared to mingle and form one wide, dark river at the extremity of the plain. A broad way wound through the plain, bordered with the most beautiful trees and aromatic shrubs, and—but words cannot pourtray that scene. No artist's pencil can delineate its beauties.

Then I saw a little child come forth from that avenue—so fair, so lovely, so ethereal, methought her a fit inhabitant of that lovely spot. As she advanced, flowers more beautiful than any I had ever seen, seemed to spring from beneath her feet. All that the imagination can paint, or the heart wish for, clustered around her, to render her if possible more beautiful.

Just then I heard a low, coarse voice behind me, saying, "beware, beware."

I turned, and such a loathsome object as met my view! She was an old woman, of small stature, keen, piercing eyes, sallow complexion, her garments soiled, and her whole frame shook with the palsy.

I sickened at the sight and turned abruptly away. Pleasure, for such was her name, had now reached me. "Come with me," she said, in tones so musical, that I involuntarily followed. Again that sepulchral voice cried, "beware!" but I heeded not.

Following Pleasure to the entrance of the avenue, she showed me a splendid mansion in the distance. It was built of the richest variegated marble. The clear sapphire domes parkled in the morning sun, reflecting its prismatic rays on the surface below. Light, aerial forms danced on the velvet lawn, and numerous fountains sparkled as diamonds beneath the refulgent rays of the orb of day. All that could please the eye and delight the senses seemed concentrated there.

"Follow me, and that shall be your reward." Wild with joy I hastened on, but that mysterious word "beware" still rang in my ears.

What, thought I, can there be about this beautiful creature to cause hesitation?

It was with difficulty that I could overtake my guide, who as she hastened on appeared to elude me. I could scarcely keep sight of her, and the beautiful mansion appeared fainter, and at a greater distance than at first.

Again that strange form appeared to me, again that hollow voice cried, "beware."

Although I hurried on without heeding her, yet I thought as I cast a passing glance toward her, there was more than usual earnestness in her manner, and a settled resolve in the calmness of her eye; her whole appearance also, seemed less disagreeable than at first. I felt half inclined to turn and follow her, but meeting the

Digitized by Google

resistless eye of Pleasure, I hastened onward. The way became more rugged, and I often lost sight of my guide, among the numerous hills and rocky mounds we were obliged to ascend and descend. The castle, the sole object of my once pleasant but fast becoming dreary and even disagreeable walk, had entirely faded from my view. My feet were lacerated and were bleeding profusely from stepping on the sharp stones. No fragrant flower bloomed in that rugged soil: no verdant trees afforded shelter from the scorching rays of the mid-day sun; no gentle zephyr fanned my burning cheek; I heard not the limpid, laughing brook, but I occasionally caught glimpses of a dark, turbid stream, and the chilly, damp, and even noisome air that was wafted toward me, caused me to shudder.

I looked for my guide. She was far, far away on a rocky promontory that seemed to overhang that dark river. In my despair I sat down and wept. It was then that I heard a low, sweet voice, and though I recognized the same accents I had heard before, it was a sweet, soothing tone, say, "come unto me weary one, and I will give you rest."

It was a balm to the wounded heart. "There is rest, rest for the weary;" oh, how sweet was the thought! Rest! rest! Looking up I beheld Pleasure very near me. I sought for my comforter, but she was not there. Again I listened to the voice of the charmer, and was cruelly deceived. Faint and weary, I longed for a resting-place. I thought of those sweet words I had heard before, but it seemed the beguiling voice of Pleasure.

I had torn my garments in the vain hope of easing my bleeding feet by binding them up. I arose and attempted to go on, but worn and weary as I was it was next to impossible. My soul loathed the beauties I had foolishly promised myself at the commencement of my journey. With Pleasure I was disgusted. She stole near me and attempted to lure me on; she unfolded new beauties to my gaze, but I felt that it was an empty misage that would vanish on my approach. I now knew the meaning of that warning voice, "beware," and bitterly did I deplore the hour in which I turned with rudeness from that well meaning, truthful creature, disgusting as she then seemed. "Oh, that I were as in days passed," I exclaimed. "Oh, for the fountain of life that I might slake my burning thirst, that I might drink, and drink, and thirst no more."

A low, sweet voice beside me responded, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him, shall thirst no more, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

I started and gazed around me; could this be the form I had thought so hideous? Could this being clothed with heavenly radiance, extending to my weary spirit the hope of rest; holding the olive branch of peace to my weary and conflicting mind; could this be Wisdom? the being whom I looked upon as possessing all that was wretched and miserable, and who stood at the gate of the avenue of life, to lure unwary travellers to partake of her wretchedness.

Ah! Pleasure had spread a glossing over my eyes, and taught me to look upon sin as beautiful; to consider the path of wisdom as a dreary, monotonous one; one which when mature years were mine, it would do for me to tread.

"Oh, give me to drink of that water, that I may thirst no more."

"Follow me." She led me away from the road I was in. Beautiful flowers and sweet shrubs sprang in my pathway, which as I trod upon them turned to hissing serpents and tangled brambles; the beguiling voice of Pleasure sounded in my ear, "here is rest." The way was difficult, and feign would I have submitted to my bondage again, but Wisdom turned her meek, reproachful eyes upon me, and extended her hand affectionately toward me. The way became easier, and soon I found myself in a straight and narrow path; and a short distance before me was the cross, around which shone the halo of divinity. I threw myself at its foot, and rose not until a sweet peace stole into my heart, and I felt that rest was near. I hastened on, and ere long caught a glimpse of that dark river, at whose brink my path seemed to terminate. Already a chilliness stole over me, and I knew that it was the river of Death. I pressed on, and now I stood on its brink. Fearfully it rolled on, and I must either plunge in to rise no more or swim to the opposite shore, which appeared clothed in living green. Oh, what a happy land did that seem! Surely methought it is the land of rest.

Then I saw my Saviour with a sweet smile on his heavenly features, and a crown in his hand. Fearlessly I plunged in, and—awoke.

A sweet peace pervaded my frame. I asked myself, "can this be all a dream? Can it be but one of the illusions of fancy that cross life's pathway with the mere semblance of reality?" A voice within me answered, "no!" I asked again, "is it all a dream?" A voice, reader, it was the same voice I had heard in my dream; a voice from the upper air responded, "no!"

"The ways of wisdom are ways of Pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Digitized by Google

THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

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

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, 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 88.

IV.—THE PARTY.

The mansion of Mrs. Rawlson was one of the most elegant on Chesnut street. Two spacious parlors, separated by folding doors, and with lofty ceilings ornamented in stucco, were filled with sumptuous furniture. The carpet was an Axminster of the richest pattern. Curtains of damask and lace hung at the windows. The cabinet-ware of mahogany, was elaborately carved, and often inlaid with satin wood. The rooms were without pictures, but relieved by French paper in high colors; and in the recesses against the walls, were small oval mirrors with candlebra attached to them. On the massive mantels, which projected far out, stood large griandoles, with heavy cut-glass pendants, while chandeliers to correspond depended from the ceilings, their glittering drops tinkling whenever a current of air swept by from a door opened too suddenly.

On a cold winter day, about twilight, during the same month that saw the expulsion of the Foresters, two females sat in these stately parlors, before a generous fire. The anthracite had just been heaped up anew in the polished steel grate, so that though the lower part of the mass glowed intensely, the upper part and top were black as ebony, except when, here and there, the blue flame shot up between the bits of coal to vanish immediately. The lady who sat on the right, was Mrs. Rawlson herself. She was a widow of middle age, somewhat large in person, and with a countenance indicative rather of good cheer than of intellectual culture. Her feet were on the shining brass fender, and her eyes fixed on the genial fire; but she was evidently not even in a reverie; the mere physical sensation of warmth was the utmost that she was capable of at that moment.

On the left of the grate, however, was a younger lady, a fair, fashionable creature, the very ideal of languid loveliness. Her blue eyes, light brown hair, and slim aristocratic figure; the accompanying dress of the latest style; the air of graceful indolence with which she sat; even the listless look which she directed to the fire, were all in keeping. Occasionally she played with the tiny watch-seals, which it was then the fashion for ladies to wear; and occasionally yawned slightly. This was Clara Owens, the usurer's daughter.

"Aunt Charlotte," she said, at last, languidly removing her eyes from the grate, "do tell me what to wear to-night. I really cannot decide."

"Say rather that it is too much trouble for you," replied her aunt, laughingly. "I wonder if you ever dressed for a party, Clara, without appealing to me to make up your mind first. Pray, do you expect me to choose a husband for you too?"

"I really don't know," said the young lady, dropping her eyes, while the faintest possible color tinged her cheek, as if she was too indolent even to blush heartily; and she added, looking at her little filagree seals, "I suppose you'd select for me this Mr. Manderson, whom you were talking about at breakfast."

"And whose mother's party we go to, this evening," briskly replied Mrs. Rawlson, rousing fairly up from her state of torpor, half rising, and settling her garments with a rustle as she resumed her chair. "Well, Clara, I don't know but what I would. I see you've been thinking about him, and are, perhaps, half in love with him, like the rest of the girls. You must put on your most becoming dress, for Charles is a great critic in such matters. He was, at least, before he went abroad; and his ten years travel have not rendered him less fastidious, I dare say."

"How proud Mrs. Manderson seems of him," said the niece, thoughtfully, after a pause. "I don't remember him at all."

"I met him, yesterday, when I went out alone. He was always strikingly handsome, but he has now in addition the air *distingue:* one would take him for D'Orsay, as Mrs. Harrison says, if he was only more of a dandy. You must appropriate him, my dear; you can, if you'll only exert yourself: with your beauty, style, accomplishments, and fortune no man can resist you, if you are in earnest. The girls were

Digitized by Google

all in love with him before he went away, but his mother says he was heart whole; and I remember he seemed very indifferent, receiving all their homage as if it was his due. But," continued Mrs. Rawlson, "what about the dress? Blue, white, or pink shall it be?"

"Don't you think my blue *crepe lisse* the most becoming: with my pearl bracelets, and that wreath of white moss-rose-buds."

"Yes! you will look *charmante* in that. By the way, Clara, you should have brushed up your French for Mr. Manderson's benefit. You really must marry him. I don't know anybody I should like so much for a nephew. But come, it is time you were thinking of dress: you must look perfectly bewitching to-night: so there is no time to lose."

The taste of Clara Owens in dress was always fastidious; but on this night she seemed not only difficult, but absolutely impossible to please. The white moss-rose-buds were either too far forward, or too far back on her head; the more fully developed roses in her *bouquet de corsage* were replaced by a pearl pin, to which was attached a diamond cross; and when, at last, she stepped into the carriage, she wondered if Charles Manderson would think her dress too elaborate, and half repented she had not worn the white flowers left on her dressing-table, instead of the pearls and diamonds.

Carriage after carriage was thundering up, setting down its freight, and rolling away, when Clara and her aunt reached Mrs. Manderson's. As the obsequious footman, bowing low, threw open the door leading from the vestibule into the hall, the scent of a thousand perfumes, among which were those of the many rare exotic plants ranged along the wall and on the landings of the stairs, greeted the new guests. The rooms appeared to be already nearly filled, and dancing had begun: the very air seemed dizzy, indeed, with the whirling music. Tripping lightly along, for she was now in her element, and inspired, as it were, by the exhilirating sounds, Clara preceded her more stately moving aunt, between files of servants, to the dressing-room up stairs, where, after nearly half an hour, she emerged again, but in a flutter of spirits indescribable, for everybody there was talking of the hero of the evening, and Clara heard him described by all as such a paragon that she grew more nervous than ever about her dress.

But when she reached the parlors, had made her way through the crush to Mrs. Manderson, had paid her respects, had begun to take heart and look around, there was no one visible who she could persuade herself was he who had occupied so much of her thoughts. Two winters in society had rendered her familiar with nearly every face, and of the few strangers present, not one came up to her ideal of Charles Manderson. She was turning to her aunt, with a feeling of disappointment, when she heard a deep, rich, manly voice behind her, saying,

"How do you do, Mrs. Rawlson? I am very glad to see you again. I caught but a glimpse of you, as you rolled by in your carriage yesterday. Positively, you look younger than ever."

By this time the speaker was shaking hands with her aunt, and stood directly in front of the two ladies, so that Clara without any exhibition of curiosity, could examine him at leisure. His person was tall and commanding, yet graceful extremely: and he was dressed with much care, though quite simply. But it was his face which particularly arrested her. To say that it was handsome would give but an insufficient idea of it; for to eminently noble features was added a lofty, yet engaging expression: Clara was not the girl to analyze it, but she felt nevertheless the influence of that majestic forehead, and of those eloquent eyes; and, as he turned, obedient to a movement of her aunt's, and looked at her with that calm, penetrating gaze of his, not unmixed with something of surprise at her loveliness, she felt her heart throb against her boddice violently, and dropped her lashes on her cheek with a blush, that crimsoning her to the bosom, heightened her beauty more than all her art could have done.

"My niece, Miss Owens—Mr. Manderson," said Mrs. Rawlson, introducing them.

"I am most happy to meet one, of whom I have heard my mother speak so much," said the gentleman, bowing, and seeking Clara's eyes. "I have been looking for you," he continued, turning to the aunt. "You have just arrived, I believe. I hope your niece is not yet engaged for the next set." And again his eyes sought Clara's. "May I have the honor of your hand, Miss Owens, in the quadrille which is forming?"

Clara murmured a low assent, glanced shyly up, held out the tips of her gloved fingers, and found herself, the next moment, standing up with Charles Manderson, the envy of half the room.

"Are you fond of waltzing, Miss Owens?" said her partner, as they waited for the sets to be completed.

"Oh! passionately," was the reply.

He smiled slightly at this extravagance of language, but answered immediately,

"Certainly no more beautiful sight can be, than two young girls, in their light dresses.

Digitized by Google

floating around the room to music. But I must confess that if I had a sister, or a wife, I should dislike to see her waltzing with a gentleman, especially one who was a mere acquaintance."

Clara looked up in some wonder, her large blue eyes wide open.

"But its the most common thing in the world," was her reply, for her fashionable education made her think that what every one did was quite right. Then, as if she had been too bold, she looked down, and affected to be fastening her pin.

"Well, well," was the laughing answer, "I suppose I am very old-fashioned. But seriously, I don't see how a man can marry a woman, after he has seen her supported around a room, in a waltz, by every whiskered dandy of the day."

The music, striking up, interrupted the conversation at this point, nor was there an opportunity to resume it till the quadrille was finished. But then Manderson, leading Clara to a lounge, by a table covered with engravings, began to talk about pictures, curious to see if his companion was as intelligent as she was lovely. The engravings consisted of views of every country. The silver lake of Como, the sun-lighted bay of Naples, the thymey hills of Greece were all there; and in addition many a picturesque landscape more. Besides these, were castles, ruined abbeys, venerable cathedrals, beautiful women in national costumes, bare-legged peasant children, in short all that had the poetry of beauty or association connected with it.

Clara had read largely for a fashionably bred girl, chiefly in novels, travels and the lighter sort of history however. She could talk, when animated, in a manner to suggest the possession of even more knowledge than she really had: so that Manderson soon became interested, she was so much more agreeable than he had expected. He observed, nevertheless, that she dwelt longer on the costumes of the women than on the landscapes or the glorious old land-marks of Europe.

"You are not very fond of the country?" he said.

"No," she answered. "It is many years since I lived there, and when I go for a week or two in the summer, I am *ennuyed* to death, for I have no society at all, and papa is always in the counting-room."

The fine eyes of Manderson lost a little of their undisguised admiration.

"If it was not that my mother prefers the city," he said, "I believe I should settle quietly down in some pretty little place in the country, contentedly for life." And he proceeded to expatiate so eloquently on nature, and on the free, generous life of the country, that the facile Clara soon began to wonder at her own blindness in not liking such scenes more. By the time he had finished his rhapsody, it became necessary to leave her, however, in order to attend to others of his mother's guests.

Clara remained sitting, mechanically turning over the prints, and still thinking of waving grass, genial sunshine, and breezy uplands, when one of her many admirers approached. Harry Elwood had everything to recommend him, in the eyes of the frivolous circle in which he moved: for he was rich, well-born, and handsome; and so mothers considered him an excellent match, and daughters bridled up with smiles at his approach, though he was known to be selfish, heartless, and unprincipled, and his male companions whispered even worse. He had long had an eye to Clara's fortune, and never doubted but that, when he proposed, she would accept him thankfully. Having chanced to hear the conversation about waltzing, and disliking Manderson heartily, whom he called a "saint," he now approached with a self-satisfied air, to lead Clara out, as he had often done before. What was his amazement to be refused. Incredulous he repeated his request. But Clara replied more decidedly than before, that she never waltzed with gentlemen. An angry flush shot over her hearer's cheek, for an instant, for he comprehended all, and knew that he had a dangerous rival. With a hearty curse, politely stifled between his teeth, he turned on his heel, and left Clara, unconscious of what she had done, to return to her reverie.

Manderson, meanwhile, saw, with secret respect, what he thought a proof of Clara's dignity; and his admiration was not lessened when, on her waltzing with a female friend, he beheld how gracefully she floated around the room, and how evidently she enjoyed the intoxicating pastime. Before the evening was over, therefore, he claimed Clara's hand again for a quadrille, and when supper was announced, gave her his arm to the table. She was naturally in the highest spirits at this marked preference, and looked both prettier and talked more animatedly than she had ever been known to before.

When the party had broken up and the guests departed, Manderson said to his mother, as they chatted of the events of the evening,

"What a soft, blue eye Miss Owens has, and how graceful her every movement."

"You are half in love already, Charles," laughingly said Mrs. Manderson.

"I am not in love, nor shall I be easily," he replied, seriously, "though I confess that I like

Digitized by Google

Miss Owens better than I expected. It is a pity that so good a heart, and so amiable a disposition, should be perverted by a frivolous education."

"Your influence might remedy that."

He shook his head.

"She is very rich," persisted Mrs. Manderson, "and you ought to marry an heiress, you know. My fortune is not large, and you get nothing till my death."

"Which makes me hope never to get anything," said he, kissing his parent. "May you live a century yet, dear mother."

When the carriage of Mrs. Rawlson drove off, the aunt said to her niece,

"Well, Clara, what do you think of your new admirer?"

It was fortunate for Clara that the darkness concealed her blushes. She waited a moment so that her voice should not betray her, and then answered, with affected nonchalance,

"Oh! I'm not sure he is an admirer. It's the fashion abroad, you know, aunt, for gentlemen to be very attentive; and he hasn't sunk back yet into the Blue Beards that all American beaux are."

The aunt smiled to herself; for she was not to be cheated by Miss Clara; but like a practised match-maker, as she was, said no more.

V.—THE OPERA.

One morning, a few days after the party, Mrs. Rawlson and her niece were lounging over a late breakfast; the elder lady idly balancing her teaspoon on the edge of her cup; the younger crumbling a bit of roll into a saucer of milk, and calling her little King Charles spaniel, to take him in her lap and feed him.

"Here, Cora, you have eaten as much breakfast as I did," said Clara, finally, as she placed the saucer on the table. But she still retained the dog in her lap, abstractedly stroking its long black silken ears.

At last the little French clock on the mantel mincingly struck ten.

"I declare its almost time to dress," said the young girl, rousing with a start; and, giving a slight yawn, she said, "what are you going to do this morning, Aunt Charlotte?"

"I have got half a headache, but I think we ought to make some calls, and leave our cards at Mrs. Manderson's." As she spoke, she looked toward Clara. The latter blushed.

"We have not been there since the party," replied Clara, without raising her eyes from the dog, but feeling instinctively that her aunt was regarding her, and waiting for her to speak.

"Well, we will go there then. You have but to be in earnest, love, as I told you before; and Charles Manderson is sure to be yours. When I, a half-bred country girl, came to town with your mother, on her wedding tour, and met Mr. Rawlson, I hadn't half the chance you have: but I made up my mind to have him; and you see where I am now: in the first society, and with a nice income, my dear. Why, with your fortune and education, you ought to catch Charles Manderson right off, that you ought."

Mrs. Rawlson, when in earnest, often used unconsciously the rustic phrases of her youth, as she did now.

Clara still did not look up: but at last she said,

"I like Mr. Manderson very much, aunt, for I see that is what you wish to discover. He seems so different from other men one meets; you feel instinctively he is a gentleman, not only in manner, but at heart." Here she raised her eyes, full of enthusiasm to her aunt. "How intelligent he is too."

"You shall have my diamonds reset for the wedding," exclaimed Mrs. Rawlson, delightedly, as she rose from her chair. "I always knew you would make a brilliant match. The Mandersons are not only rich, indeed; but the family is first-rate."

Clara was a long time deciding whether her carriage dress should be her white bonnet with plumes, and her new camel's hair shawl for which her father had just paid a thousand dollars; or her pink hat with the velvet wreath of ivy leaves, and her brown velvet cloak covered with embroidery. The white bonnet and shawl, however, carried the day: and Clara stepped out of the carriage, at Mrs. Manderson's, conscious of looking her very best.

When the two ladies entered, they found not only Mrs. Manderson, but her son. The latter was talking, in the gayest spirits, to some young ladies, who, like Clara, had called on his mother. He handed Clara a seat, and continued his conversation; at which the new guest felt a pang of something very like jealousy.

"Yes," he said, "I shall have to be more attentive to my bride now."

Clara, astonished beyond measure, cried unguardedly,

"Your bride!"

"Yes," replied he, while there was a general laugh, in which all joined but himself and the mortified girl, "my bride, Lady Law."

Clara was more mystified than ever, and could not conceal it, in spite of her embarrassed blushes.

"Oh! I beg pardon," said Manderson, ap-

Digitized by Google

proaching her respectfully. "You didn't hear the first part of the conversation. I was educated for the bar, Miss Owens; but I have been too idle to practice yet:—however, as I must marry some day, for such is man's fate, I must be getting clients, or I shall be so poor nobody will have me."

Clara's eyes looked, for one quick moment, into his own, saying that there was one, perhaps, who would have him, poor or rich; at least malicious Miss Townsend, one of the ladies present, and who would have given both her own eyes to get him, said so all over town the next day.

"Are you going to the opera, to-night, Mrs. Manderson?" interrupted one of the guests. "Mrs. Wood is positively divine in Norma."

"No, I am sorry to say. Charles went down, this morning, to secure seats, but there were no good ones to be had. He forget it yesterday."

"How glad I am," cried Mrs. Rawlson, "for I have two seats at my disposal. I sent James, yesterday, and took four, intending to ask my cousins, the Misses Jensbury. But they went out of town this morning. So, as you are so fond of music, you must really be my guest there to-night."

Mrs. Manderson accepted the offer without hesitation. Clara's heart was in a flutter again, but this time with delight; for the son, she reflected, would accompany them of course. She did not see that it was a manœuvre of her aunt; but Mrs. Manderson did: yet as the latter was really anxious that the young people should make a match, she was not sorry; and accordingly resolved to meet Mrs. Rawlson half way.

"We'll make a partnership, my dear," she said, laughingly, laying her hand on Mrs. Rawlson's arm "you shall furnish the seats, and I the carriage. Its not worth while for you to have your coach out also: Charles and I will call for you; and it will be quite like a family party."

When Manderson, on alighting for Mrs. Rawlson and her niece, saw the latter enter the parlor arrayed for the evening, he could scarcely restrain an exclamation at her beauty. Clara wore a dress of rich scarlet India crape, which brought out her exquisite complexion in brilliant relief. The Grecian corsage, confined at the waist by a belt with a jeweled buckle, was well calculated to display to the utmost advantage her slight, elegant figure. Her arms were bare, with the exception of the black velvet bands around her wrists, fastened with clasps set with rubies; and a narrow black velvet ribbon, to which was attached a heart also set with rubies, made her white neck look perfectly dazzling from the contrast. Her hair was arranged in small puffs on the forehead and temples, as was then the fashion; and the heavy bows were confined behind with jeweled arrows. There was a soft lustre in her eye, as she welcomed Manderson, that made her look, at least in his opinion, transcendantly lovely. She carried, on one arm, a white Thibet Opera cloak, lined and trimmed with cygnet down, which her guest immediately stepped forward to throw over her shoulders; she blushing all over them, as he did so, and he, for one instant, tempted to kiss them, in defiance of etiquette, so round, and polished, and shapely, and like roseate snow they looked.

Many an opera glass was leveled at Clara, as she and her escort entered their box. The two elder ladies were soon deep in the discussion of the merits and dresses of their acquaintance; but Clara, with smiling eyes and willing ear, listened to Charles Manderson, almost unconscious that any one else was in the house.

"You have seen Mrs. Wood in Norma often, I suppose," said her companion. "How do you like her?"

"She almost makes me believe in a character as unnatural as Norma."

"You don't think the character unnatural?"

"Almost revolting," replied Clara. "But yet she redeems herself, by dying for her lover in the end."

Manderson regarded the sarcastic speaker, for a moment, in silent admiration. Then he resumed,

"Do you consider it unnatural for a proud woman, so frightfully wronged, her passionate love so foully insulted, to revenge herself in a moment of frenzy?"

Clara's eyes fell before his earnest gaze: and she answered, in a low voice, hesitatingly,

"I believe that a woman who once loves, loves always. No neglect, no contumely changes her affection."

"As Shakspeare says, in that noble sonnet, 'that is not love which alters, when it alteration finds.' Ah! Miss Owens," continued Manderson, insensibly dropping his voice to a whisper, "how few of your sex think like you do."

She raised her deep blue eyes to him, and said, "You believe so?"

The conversation might have grown dangerous to both parties, if it had continued. But, at this critical point, the overture began, and talking was out of the question. There was a rustle through the house, as everybody composed themselves to listen. Directly the little bell tinkled its warning, the curtain rose, and the white-robed, oak-crowned Druid priests slowly marched upon the stage.

Digitized by Google

Through the fluctuations of that most unequalled lyric drama, Manderson watched, with deep interest, the expression of Clara's face. He was really fascinated by her, and to a degree he was amazed at; and he wished to see if she possessed qualities that would warrant his yielding to love. Little did Clara imagine what an ordeal she was undergoing. Yet she stood the scrutiny wonderfully well; for she had, as Manderson had told his mother, a heart which even a frivolous education had not wholly destroyed; and all those portions of the opera, which appealed to this, brought the indignant color to her cheek, and sometimes the tears to her eyes.

The conclusion of her companion was so far favorable, at least, that, when he put on her opera cloak on leaving, he did it with a care that their short acquaintance scarcely made necessary.

As for Clara she was supremely happy, happier than she had ever been in her life. On reaching home, she ascended to her chamber almost immediately, and soon dismissing her sleepy maid, threw herself into a fauteuil before her fire. Here she sat dreamily, in one of those reveries that come but once or twice in a life-time, until she was aroused by the watchman crying musically under her window, "twelve o'clock, and a starlight morning."

VI.—THE SLEIGH RIDE.

The solar lamp was lighted on the centre-table of Mrs. Rawlson's parlors, a piece of embroidery and a pair of zephyr worsteds lying beside it. The good lady herself was seated in a large arm-chair, before the warm fire, eagerly perusing one of Bulwer's new novels: and Clara, who occupied a position on the other side of the table, was abstractedly snipping up, scissors in hand, strand after strand of zephyr.

At last the young girl gave a most perceptible yawn. Her aunt looked up in astonishment, for the *ennuye*, which she would at another time have found so insupportable, was now completely banished by the book before her.

"What's the matter, Clara?" she said. "Tired to death doing nothing, I suppose. Well, wait a little while, then I will have finished this volume, and you can begin it. You will be fascinated with it, I'm sure." And Mrs. Rawlson sank down in her chair again, and in a moment was as deep in her story as ever.

Clara picked up her embroidery, took about a dozen stitches in it, tossed it down again, and leaning her head on her hand, began beating a tattoo with her scissors on the top of the table. Mrs. Rawlson's attention was again withdrawn from her novel. If she had not been so comfortable herself, she would have pitied her niece more: as it was she pitied her as much as she possibly could; and good-naturedly said,

"Dear me, do hear the sleigh-bells. I wonder if it is clear. James said it had stopped snowing, when he came in with the coal."

Clara, somewhat roused, listened a moment.

"How merrily the bells *do* ring," she said.

"I wonder who'll be the first to invite you to a ride," resumed her aunt. But it was too great a stretch of good nature to say more; for she was in the middle of a chapter: and drawing her foot-stool nearer to her, and leaning her head on her still fair and dimpled hand, she was soon oblivious again to Clara.

Meantime Cora, the little spaniel, was curled up in her wadded basket, where, covered with a satin quilt, she lay fast asleep, so Clara had not even her dog to amuse her. But there stood her piano, which she had not opened for days. Happy thought! She would try some of the Norma music, which was the rage just then. So, after playing the grand march, she took up *Casta Diva*. Her voice was a sweet *soprano*, not of much strength, but she sang with a good deal of feeling.

In the midst of this the bell rang, and on the outer door opening, she heard a gentleman's voice in the hall.

"Eureka, Clara," exclaimed Mrs. Rawlson, whom this had suddenly aroused, "that is Mr. Manderson's voice, dear." The moment after Manderson himself entered the parlor.

He came in bowing, with his usual grace. "It is really a shame to disturb you," he said, "you look so cozy and home-like. You have no idea what a luxury a home is to one, like me, who has been knocked about, for two or three years, in villainous hotels, lodgings, and everything except a home."

Mrs. Rawlson gave a quick, meaning glance at Clara; but the latter was smiling a welcome up into her visitor's face.

All her listlessness now vanished from the young girl. Her face, lately so expressionless, became animated; and she entered with zest into the conversation which followed. For a while foreign and domestic households were discussed; and from this they passed to the difference between European and American manners. At last, at a pause, Mr. Manderson said, smiling on Clara,

"Do you know, Miss Owens, that I had nearly forgotten my business here? If I am so fortunate as to find you disengaged, will you let me take you out in my sleigh to-morrow?"

Clara's heart leaped quick, with gratified pride,

Digitized by Google

and perhaps with other feelings also. But she answered, with well-bred calmness,

"I should be very happy to go."

"You are not afraid to trust her, are you, Mrs. Rawlson?" said Manderson, turning to the aunt. "My sleigh looks like a mere cockle-shell; but it is strong, I assure you; and I am accustomed to the horse."

Mrs. Rawlson replied in the negative. Telling Clara to wrap up warmly, and that he would call at eleven o'clock, Manderson now rose and took his leave, having to go, as he said, for his mother, who was spending the evening sociably with a friend.

"He is an excellent son," said Mrs. Rawlson, as the street door closed after him, "there are few such now-a-days. I congratulate you, my child." And with these words, which implied that she considered Clara's conquest secure, she resumed her novel.

The next morning Clara looked out, the first thing, to see if it was clear. The frosty, unclouded sky was blue as steel: and the sun shone dazzlingly on house-top and pavement. Sleighs were already dashing by; boys were snow-balling each other; everything without looked exhilirating.

The breakfast was hurried through with unusual alacrity. Clara, punctual for once, had just finished her toilet, when the clock struck eleven. Just then a merry jingling of bells, that ceased all at once in front of the house, announced the arrival of Manderson. Peeping between the lace curtains of her chamber window, she saw a beautiful little nautilus-shaped sleigh, to which was attached a splendid chesnut horse that shook his head, and tinkled his bells, and flecked himself with foam from his mouth in his impatience to be off. Manderson threw the reins to the servant who was beside him, leaped out, and ascended Mrs. Rawlson's steps two at a time.

Clara came down stairs, blushing and smiling, her maid carrying after her a pair of furred carriage shoes, into which her little feet were soon thrust. Then, standing prettily before the pier-glass, she tied a thread-lace veil over her black velvet bonnet, chatting laughingly to Manderson and her aunt, for she was in the highest spirits.

When they reached the street, Manderson took the reins from the servant, whom he dismissed, and handing Clara in, bowed to Mrs. Rawlson, who stood at the window watching them. Clara kissed her hand playfully to her aunt at the same time; and, with a word from her companion, the impatient thorough-bred was off.

Chesnut street was like a carnival, so to speak, on that bright morning. A hundred sleighs were dashing by, in opposite directions, and with the speed and crowd, it was a miracle, each moment, that no one was killed. But the gay equipages avoided each other as if by magic. Here a magnificent turn-out, with a pair of high-stepping animals, swept on, the horses covered with bells, and the vehicle buried in costly furs, from which half a dozen rosy faces peeped laughingly forth. There a tiny thing, as light and graceful as a snow-wreath, skimmed along, behind a single fast trotter, no one in it but the dashing young blood who drove. Here a load of children went by, in a staid family sleigh, driven by the old black coachman, exuberant happiness in their every look. There, like a swallow on the wing, another shot past, its only occupants being two lovers, the owner and the beautiful girl beside him. Feathers were streaming; veils flying; and curls blowing wildly about. Nods were rapidly exchanged as acquaintances passed. The whole air was full of girlish laughter, heard over even the merry frolic of the bells. The quick, loud cries of the drivers to their horses, intermixed with the hurrahs of the truant school-boys, who stood at the corners snow-balling the sleighs; the sharp sound of the runners on the icy surface; and the dazzling whiteness of street and side-walk: these completed the exhiliration of the scene. Occasionally some young Jehu, reckless how closely he shaved in passing, would extort a scream from a party of ladies, or nearly tilt himself over against a drift: but, the next instant, the mad-cap would be half a square off, and lost to sight among the flashing equipages.

Swifter than the swiftest, Manderson flew along, darting in and out among the throng, hearing continually from the ladies exclamations of delight at his beautiful little equipage, and from the gentlemen hearty admiration at his skill as charioteer. It was the proudest hour of Clara's life. She knew not only that every eye was on her, but that a hundred of her fair friends were dying of envy almost: and this, in addition to the intoxication of the scene itself, was enough to turn even a stronger head than her's. Occasionally Manderson ventured to take his eye off his horse, and glance at her. The frosty air had given her a vivid color; her eyes danced with happiness; she was, in truth, more charming, that morning, than ever before. For the time he fancied himself really in love.

At last they reached a part of the street where, for a square and more, there happened, just then, to be but few sleighs. Here Manderson, for the first time, gave his horse the head; and now the tremendous stride of the animal was apparent.

Digitized by Google

They had gone but a short distance, however, when they heard behind them the sound of swift runners, accompanied by a quick, eager voice urging on a horse. Manderson thought he knew the tones, and glancing over his shoulder recognized Elwood. The latter, enraged at seeing Clara with his rival, determined to mortify her by passing them, a feat which he did not think difficult, as he boasted of having the swiftest horse in town. Manderson, indignant at this insolence, for a moment allowed himself to yield to his feelings. Instead of checking his horse, he gave a low whistle, which the gallant chesnut seemed perfectly to comprehend, for the animal threw himself forward on the instant, in a more vigorous stride than ever. Elwood shouted to his bay in turn, and, for half a minute, the two animals rushed side by side at the very top of their speed. Everybody turned to look as the sleighs whizzed by, the snow flying in thin powder from under the runners. Suddenly, however, a shriek burst simultaneously from all the spectators, for half way over the street, at the next crossing, and right in front of the excited young men, appeared an old man, evidently quite feeble, and certain to be run down unless one or both held up.

The old man was more immediately before the other sleigh, but Manderson, the instant he saw him, shouted to his horse, at the same moment violently checking him. The chesnut stopped at once, as if he had been a machine, standing, like a statue carved in stone, except for his violent breathing.

But Elwood made no attempt to save the pedestrian. He had found it difficult to keep up with Manderson, and this, when he had expected to pass him with ease, excited him to rage. He was in no mood to allow himself to be baulked, by the possibility that he might run down an old man, whom he saw to be poor, and consequently despised, and who had no business, he thought, at any rate, to be in people's way. Accordingly he only shouted a warning to the pedestrian, and kept on regardless of consequences.

That happened which might have been foreseen. The old man, who had been walking abstractedly, looking on the ground, like one in profound thought, or unaccustomed to the perils of a city crossing, raised his head, as he heard the warning, and, seeing his imminent peril, seemed either too bewildered, or too feeble, to spring out of the way. Perhaps, even if he had been young, and entirely self-collected, escape would have been impossible: as it was, he had not moved a step, when the horse struck him down, and the sleigh rasped over his prostrate body.

The author of this outrage was the only one who seemed to feel no pity or compunction. He never paused to see if his victim was hurt, but turning with a triumphant look to Manderson, as he shot ahead of the latter, uttered another sharp cry to his horse, and swept on. A mingled groan of indignation and horror burst from the crowd at this sight; and a dozen men sprang immediately into the street, to pick up the apparently senseless stranger. But Manderson, who had leaped from his sleigh almost the instant it stopped, throwing the reins to a new's boy he saw running forward, was the first to reach the old man. With no slight remorse, for he felt himself partially to blame for the disaster, he stooped, and raising the sufferer in his arms, gently carried him to a drug-store, which happened to be on the corner. The crowd followed, pressing in, every one asking questions, but none offering to do anything. Manderson was the first to speak. Having laid the old man carefully down on a sofa, he looked up, and said,

"Who will go for a physician? Stay, here is my card," he added, as a lad offered to run on the errand, "get the first one you can, and tell him I sent you."

The victim still lay senseless, and the blood, covering his face from a wound in the head, he looked as if death was inevitable. As Manderson felt his pulse, the apothecary came forward to advise what his experience suggested.

"He is not so dangerously hurt as he looks, I hope, Mr. Manderson," said the latter, noticing the anxious look of the former, and recognizing him. "He has been a stout man in his day, and must have some constitution left yet; and that is everything in a case like this. Does any one know him? He is a farmer evidently, and, therefore, a stranger: but he must have relatives, or friends somewhere in town."

"This is his hat," said one of the crowd, "I picked it up; and this letter, which lay near, and seemed to have fallen from it."

"The direction is to Mr. James Forester," said the apothecary, as he took the epistle, "and it is evidently just from the post-office: so this must be the gentleman's name; but that, I fear, is all we are likely to know, unless he recovers his senses. Ah! here comes the doctor," he said, as he recognized a popular physician, one of his best patrons, "make way there, make way for him."

In a little while all immediate fears for the old man's life were relieved, for, on being bled, Mr. Forester languidly opened his eyes. Manderson

Digitized by Google

drew a sigh of relief, and thought of Clara, for the first time since the accident. He gave a moment to rapid deliberation, and then, calling aside the apothecary, whispered hurriedly,

"I will return here as soon as I have taken the lady home I was sleighing with, and whom, in this excitement, I have quite forgotten: she has been waiting in the street all the while. I must charge myself entirely with this affair. In half an hour, and before the gentleman can be moved, I will return to take him home."

With these words, he bowed, and hastened to Clara.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES.

BY KATE MONTGOMERIE.

I WILL wander on the hill-side,
While the softened splendors come,
Floating through night's ancient temple,
Where the full moon lights its dome.

With a pure, kind ray she shineth,
As she gently sought to win
The sad spirit from its sorrow,
The unholy from its sin.

Meek her bearing, yet majestic,
Lovingly she looketh down,
Like a queen with heart of woman,
Tender heart beneath a crown.

Snow, upon the hill-side lying,
Glitters coldly in that light,
Like the shroud wove for the dying,
Who shall pass away to-night.

White the garments that shall cover
Many a form ere Spring doth come;
White the robes for them preparing,
In the everlasting home.

Bitter cold each sense is chilling,
And the cold is at my heart;
Purpose, born of hope is dying,
Hope itself will soon depart.

Yet her glow again awaking,
Shall my torpid spirit warm,
While I seek the glowing fireside,
And my high ideal form.

From life's cold and silent grandeur,
Speaking never to the heart,
Would I turn me always, seeking
Power, that is not apart.

But that ever liveth lowly,
Strong in its unspoken might,
In the hearts of those who love us,
Who are round the hearth to-night.

Then, while night lies on the hill-side,
With its glories stern and cold,
Like an empty ancient temple,
Where no human pulse is told.

I will turn me to the fireside,
Where the human hearts beat warm,
Ever they a charmed circle,
Shelter from life's cold and storm.

WORDS OF CHEER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHRISTOPHER SCHADE.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

CHRIST.

Now a newer life to borrow,
Spirit left thy lowering brow;
Cast afar each cankering sorrow,
Hasten to thy Saviour now;
From deepest gloom—
He brings life and costly treasure,
Gives this world no place nor pleasure—
With Him is room!

Every day some ill relieving
Always shows His goodness new,
And each soul in Him believing
Ever finds Him strong and true
To bear his part;
When fierce enemies are frowning
Oft 'twill conquer though consuming
Seems flesh and heart.

THE SOUL.

I will seek my silent chamber
Where His heart is open wide,
There I'll go to tell my sorrow—
He will with it all abide!
I will not fear;
Though all men on earth may hate me,
His great love cannot forsake me,
Because I'm dear.

Digitized by Google

GRACE LESLIE;

OR, WEALTH AGAINST WORTH.

BY ALICE MONTALON.

Music, and the sound of happy voices, mingling with joyous laughter, proceeded from the well furnished and brilliantly lighted mansion of John Beaumont, Esq., in one of the broadest and most aristocratic squares of Boston. Let us draw aside those magnificent curtains, dear reader, and take a peep, unseen, at what is going on in the handsome parlor. See! here is a quiet little nook, in which we will ensconce ourselves, while you are introduced to some of the principal performers in the scene before you.

First, let me tell you to notice that showily dressed lady, the hostess, whose bright, restless eye is constantly roving over the company; for you have already guessed that there is a party assembled in Mrs. Beaumont's drawing-room. We must stop to observe her one moment. See, what quick, uneasy glances she casts around, to see if all is going on to her satisfaction; if George Beaumont, her son, a young man of twenty-five, entirely too warm-hearted, as his mother thinks, is paying any attention to that poor Miss Hill, whom she invited only for the purpose of exciting her envy by the display before her. Satisfied that George is ignorant of any such shocking improprieties, she glances keenly in the direction of her daughter, Henrietta, to observe whether Lieutenant Jones, who lives entirely upon his pay, is devoting himself to her. But she need have no fear for Henrietta; she is in disposition the exact counterpart of her mother, and though she may for amusement condescend to receive attentions from the poor officer, she will never sacrifice station and wealth to love.

But we are omitting to describe the owner of this noble mansion. In truth, he was such a cipher in his own house, that unless people saw him they forgot that he was in existence. He is that pale, white-haired man standing aloof from the crowd for which he has no taste. You can read in his countenance that easy good-nature is his predominant quality; in fact, he is as much distinguished for mildness and gentleness as his consort for the reverse. "Last though not least," is little Maggie, a child of thirteen summers, the pet of the whole house. Even her cold, calculating mother forgets her sternness when she gazes on Maggie's open, happy face, and observes her kindness and love to all. Sweet Maggie, she is just the one to twine herself around her father's heart, who is alone in one sense, among all the members of that household. It is Maggie that always has his chair and slippers ready by the fire when he comes home from business weary and exhausted. It is Maggie's sweet voice and winning smile which heals all disputes: Maggie is, indeed, the good angel of the house.

But are we not forgetting the assembly before us? Hark! some one has gone to the piano, and Lieutenant Jones has taken advantage of the absence of Mrs. Beaumont, to whisper a few words to Henrietta; for the poor fellow really loves the haughty girl, to which she answers by a nod and an equivocal smile. A cotillion is forming, and an elaborately dressed exquisite, of no sense and much wealth, saunters up to Miss Beaumont, and in a soft voice inquires, "if she will *fawver* him for the next *dawnce.*" The lady replies by a gracious smile, and Jones is left to his fate.

In a little while Mr. Beaumont slips off from the scene so uncongenial to him, to the library, where he finds Maggie, who is too young, her mother says, to participate in the amusements down stairs. She greets him with an affectionate kiss, and "oh! papa, you have come at last, have you? I have been looking for you so long, and now and then taking a peep at the people in the drawing-room;" and then her eye sparkles as she thinks that it will be only a few years, when she too can go to parties and concerts as well as her eldest sister. After spending some time in reading and conversation they retire to rest, who shall not say happier, than those who consume the night in revelry.

In the meantime, Henrietta having found a more tempting bait in Mr. Augustus Moonshine, the exquisite before mentioned, or rather in his wealth, looks coldly on the lieutenant, while the dandy, thinking that there must be something very prepossessing in his appearance, that such a fine, showy girl as Miss Beaumont should admire him, twirls his moustache, and glances complacently at the fashionably arranged hair, and

Digitized by Google

in *his* estimation, admirably developed figure, reflected in the glass before him.

Mrs. Beaumont's company did not depart till a late hour, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the hostess to impress her guests with the idea of her wealth and importance, she had overheard a conversation between two ladies, which betrayed to her the real estimation in which they held her.

The next day things were restored to their proper order in Mrs. Beaumont's mansion.

About nine o'clock, a faint ring at the front door was heard, and the footman informed his mistress that a young woman desired to see her. Mrs. Beaumont inquired if she was a beggar, declaring that "she was bothered to death by demands for charity, and if she gave to all who asked she would be poor indeed."

"Oh, no, ma'am," replied the servant, "she does not look like a beggar, I guess she is one of them poor, genteel kind."

Mrs. Beaumont muttered that she dreaded this class far the most, for they would not be put off, and added, "here, James, tell her that I am engaged, and if she will go, here is a quarter for her." For Mrs. Beaumont, like too many of our fashionable ladies, would cheerfully lavish hundreds of dollars on a party, or head a subscription list with fifty dollars, if she thought that by so doing she could incur the world's approbation, or add to her eclat; but her purse-strings were tightly closed on unostentatious poverty.

A slight smile curled James' lip, for though a servant, he had the feelings of a man, as he said, "he could not think of offering money to the young person, for he did not think she came to beg." His mistress, determining to deny all appeals to her purse, went slowly down stairs, where she found the young woman in question, who was standing in the entry, and had heard all the conversation. Mrs. Beaumont coldly motioned her to sit down in a small, richly furnished apartment leading from the parlor, where the poor girl sat vainly hoping for Mrs. Beaumont to begin the conversation. But finding that she was evidently expected to tell the occasion of her visit, after much blushing and hesitation, she said, "that she had been recommended to her as a seamstress by a lady who had left Boston."

She stated that she was the eldest daughter of Edward Leslie, formerly a merchant of New York, whose name was still well remembered in that city, and who had been reduced to actual poverty by the roguery of his partner. Leslie, who was too honorable to defraud his creditors of a single penny, had appropriated the whole of his private fortune to satisfy their demands. His family, thus reduced from affluence to poverty, felt anxious to remove from a place in which they had moved in the highest circles, and accordingly came to Boston. Mr. Leslie, whose failure deeply affected him, soon fell into a rapid decline, and sank into the grave not long after their arrival at their new residence. His widow was thus left alone in the wide world to support her three fatherless children. But she trusted to "Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless;" nor did she trust in vain.

She had been supplied with sewing on liberal terms by Mrs. Hart, until that lady left Boston to reside in Philadelphia. This lady then recommended her to several of her friends, and advised the widow to engage her daughter as a seamstress to Mrs. Beaumont, with whom she was slightly acquainted, and who she knew was in want of such a person. Such was in substance the tale which Grace Leslie repeated to Mrs. Beaumont.

That lady heard her in silence, and then coldly observed that she was in no need of a sewer, but after a great deal of haggling about the price, consented to employ her at a reduced rate; which Grace, having no better prospect in view, agreed to accept, and promised to commence her duties the next day. After her departure, Mrs. Beaumont returned to her *boudoir*, well satisfied that she had secured a very competent seamstress, at a very moderate rate, and communicated her success to her eldest daughter, who observed that she hoped *this* sewing girl would know her place, and not insist on her privileges, as she sneeringly said Mary Martin had done, whom her mother had formerly employed. "And really, ma," said she, "I think you were to blame in her case, for if you had frowned upon her in the beginning, she would not have dared to have taken airs," and the young lady laughed scornfully at the idea of a *seamstress* placing herself on the level of young ladies of fashion.

The next morning Grace made her appearance, and was conducted to the sewing-room, a snug little place joining the dining-room, on the second floor. Here she was furnished with some fine sewing to test her abilities, and left to her own reflections.

Mrs. Beaumont, having learned that Grace was an expert embroiderer, soon supplied her with the finest and most expensive work, thus keeping the poor girl busy upon a sort of sewing which she had not agreed to do. Grace knowing that this was her only resource, and thinking that her employer would surely pay her more for the articles she was then completing, made no

Digitized by Google

complaint. But she soon found that this was a false expectation; for not only was she constantly supplied with embroidery, but Mrs. Beaumont soon gave her to understand that she was to be paid the same price for the finest, as well as the plainest sewing, although Grace had received none of the latter so far; and her employer hinted that many would be glad to obtain a permanent situation, and that she only took her from charity.

Charity! that much abused word. Does a merchant employ a needy clerk at a reduced salary, who, glad to get work at any price, performs the labor of two; he comforts his conscience by thinking that he has done a good work for charity's sake? Does a fashionable lady procure a poverty-stricken governess or seamstress for one-half what she usually pays, how complacently does she feel when she reflects that she has done so from pure motives of charity; without considering her own interests?

Thus Grace continued to toil on, uncheered by kind words, or even kind looks from Mrs. Beaumont, who thought that all help must be made to know their place, especially those who were necessarily brought into contact with the family, as seamstresses and governesses are, and receiving only contemptuous looks and tyrannical commands from Henrietta. Her lot would have been hard indeed had it not been for the sympathy of Maggie. Often had the kind-hearted little girl stolen up stairs to lighten the heavy hours of Grace by her affectionate manner and lively prattle; for Maggie had a faint perception that Grace was unhappy, but no more. She could not imagine the cause of the seamstress' sadness, for to Maggie, the darling of her family, everything in life was *coleur de rose*. Her kindness to Grace, made more conspicuous by the haughty contempt of Mrs. Beaumont and Henrietta, only served to make the poor girl's tears flow afresh. Poor Grace! how nimbly her fingers flew as the time drew near for her to return to the loved ones at home, by whom she was always received with love and sympathy.

"Who is that handsome, intellectual-looking girl whom I see passing in and out so often?" exclaimed George Beaumont, as the family sat at breakfast one morning. Henrietta answered by a scornful smile, and Mrs. Beaumont merely saying that she supposed it was the seamstress, became deeply interested in pouring out a cup of tea for George. But the young man was not so easily put off, and at the earliest opportunity obtained from Maggie full particulars respecting Grace, of whose existence he had until now been ignorant; and we may be sure that Miss Leslie lost none of her attractions by having them repeated by Maggie.

Mrs. Beaumont now kept Grace closer than ever, sending her meals up to her, and contriving that she should be seen as little as possible by George; for she knew that her beauty was calculated to make an impression on the susceptible heart of her son. She feared too that he would be imposed upon by an artful, low girl, and thus be drawn into a mis-alliance, which of all things she dreaded.

Her interest would not allow her to dismiss Grace, for she knew she would never obtain another who knew so little of her rights and performed her duty so well. So she quieted her fears by never allowing George to see her; and so well did she manœuvre that in a few days the young gentleman relapsed into his former ignorance.

Grace had now been employed at Mrs. Beaumont's four weeks, and one day as she was going home ventured to ask if it would be convenient to her employer to pay her, adding that she would not ask for it if she did not really need it, that her mother had caught a severe cold while sitting in a draught and was now confined to her bed, and that the support of the family depended in a great measure on her own exertions.

Mrs. Beaumont replied that she made it a rule never to pay her seamstress except every three months, for she had found that when she paid them weekly they were continually expecting it, and if payment was delayed for any time they were presumptuous. Not thinking that the poor have constant demands on their little store, and need it as soon, nay, sometimes sooner than they earn it.

Poor Grace felt as if she would choke, but forcing back the tears, entreated to be paid if it was only a small part. Mrs. Beaumont haughtily answered that she could not break her rule, muttering as she returned to the parlor that "that girl was really becoming too impudent, and it would serve her right to make her wait longer than the three months."

Grace stood a moment irresolute, and then folding her thin shawl closely around her, slowly left the house. After threading her way along many narrow and obscure streets she arrived at home, where she found her mother and the children in a small, but neat and thrifty-looking room; the former sitting up in bed endeavoring to finish the bosom of a fine shirt by the feeble light of a flickering candle. Grace took off her bonnet, and throwing herself on her mother's neck, burst into tears.

Mrs. Leslie, thinking something unusual had

Digitized by Google

occurred, tenderly inquired the cause of her distress. "Oh! mother," sobbed the poor girl, for her heart was overflowing with the pent-up grief of weeks, "dear mother, do not ask me to go to that woman's house again. You cannot think what I have suffered for four weeks. Mrs. Beaumont keeps me constantly at work, and if she thinks that I have stopped a moment to rest, she throws out hints that she always deducts for waste time; and then her eldest daughter taunts me with the difference in our station. And to-night I ventured to ask Mrs. Beaumont for a part, only a small part of the money due to me, and she seemed quite offended that I should dare to ask for it before she was ready to give it to me.

"But oh! mother," said she, smiling, for she already felt relieved by her tears, and the sympathy expressed in her mother's mild eye, "I wish you could know Maggie, the youngest of Mrs. Beaumont's children. She is a perfect little angel. Many were the cheering words and kindly smiles that I received from her when my very heart seemed breaking in that great house. She is just the one to banish grief, for she is so happy and light-hearted herself, that she appears to possess the power of making all around her so."

Mrs. Leslie gently soothed her daughter, telling her that she knew it was very annoying. "But you know, my love," she said, "that we cannot look for friends everywhere in this world, for it is only by trials and afflictions that we are purified and rendered able to endure what our Father sees fit to impose upon his children; 'for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'

"So my child do not be troubled, but perform well your duty independent of the sneers of the world." Grace now insisted on her mother lying down, while she sat up to finish the sewing; and drawing the children around her, she began telling them a story to prevent their noise disturbing their mother. They listened eagerly, Annie, the youngest, a little one of four years, every now and then inquiring in a whisper of Sister Hetty, whether the orphans Gracie was telling them about, whose mamma and papa had "done to Dod," were real orphans.

Soon, however, their curiosity was overcome by sleep, and laying them gently by the side of their mother, Grace sat up to complete her work, and then after offering up a prayer to "Him who never sleeps," that He would guide her in the way she ought to go, and keep her from murmuring at her lot, she retired to rest with a heart lightened in a great measure of its woes.

The next day, Grace repaired to Mrs. Beaumont's, with a cheerful face and an elastic step, and keeping in mind that it was for her mother and the little ones she toiled, her work was far from distasteful to her.

Nearly three weeks had elapsed since Grace's conversation with her mother, and still she had received no part of her money, when she informed Mrs. Beaumont that she really must have a portion at least of her wages, and she so far conquered her aversion to display her wants to the eye of a stranger, as to tell her that her mother was unable any longer to pay for the room they had occupied, and they had been obliged to remove to a smaller and less comfortable one; that they were actually in want of the necessaries of life. Poor Grace! she never could have told this much had not the thought of her mother and sisters suffering demanded the sacrifice.

Mrs. Beaumont, probably touched by the girl's wild manner, appeared ready to grant her demand, but thinking that she would not be conquered by the importunity of the girl, coldly declared that she could not overstep the limit of her rule; that if she did it in one case she must continue it in another, and therefore she could not consent to it.

The next morning eight o'clock came, but no Grace, nine o'clock, but still she did not appear, and as the day wore on Maggie's face grew very sad, and she thought the poor girl was certainly ill, or wondered if her mother was worse, for Grace had communicated to the sympathizing child the tale of her mother's illness and their reduced condition. While Mrs. Beaumont scarcely gave her a thought, or if she remembered her at all, it was to suppose that she was staying away to bring her into her measure; and she added to her eldest daughter, that she was not now anxious for her to come, as all her fine sewing was nearly finished, thanks to Grace's active fingers; that she had no doubt she would come in due time for her money.

The next day came, but it did not bring Grace with it, and after dinner Maggie stole softly into the library, where her father was sitting, saying, "papa, I have a secret, a great secret to tell you; promise me that you will grant what I am going to ask." Her father laying his hand upon her sunny curls, gravely replied, that he hoped his little daughter was not going to meddle with secrets which would bring her into trouble. "Oh! no, papa, it is about poor——" and here she suddenly stopped. "But promise, papa, that you will not say no." Mr. Beaumont said he would willingly give his consent to any reasonable demand, and now inquired the cause of her eager manner.

Digitized by Google

Maggie then told him of Grace, that she had not come for two days, and she knew she must be sick; and "papa," said the little girl, drawing closer to him, "Grace says they are in *want*, in *want*, papa;" for although she did not know by experience the meaning of the word, she was aware it was some dreadful thing which the poor suffered. She then asked permission to take James, the footman, with her, and see what kept Grace away, for she had told her where she lived.

"And remember, papa, this is to be kept secret from mamma, or she will not let me go." Her father said that he himself would accompany her, and bid her request Mrs. Dale, the housekeeper, to fill a basket with provisions for the children, and cordials for their mother.

As soon as it was dark, Mr. Beaumont and Maggie, followed by James, carrying the basket, issued from the house, and after walking some time, and passing through the most thickly populated part of the city, they entered a narrow, dirty street, and stopped before an old, miserable-looking house, which Mr. Beaumont said must be the one they were seeking. The crazy shutters were swayed to and fro by the wind, and the creaking stairs seemed hardly able to bear their weight. On the first floor, they inquired for Mrs. Leslie, and were directed to the highest room in the house. On reaching the door, Mr. Beaumont knocked, but after waiting some time, and receiving no answer, he gently pushed the door open and entered the room. The father and daughter stood on the threshold of the apartment, silently gazing on the scene of wretchedness before them.

In one corner of the room, on a bed on the floor, lay Mrs. Leslie, while the younger children were gathered around the fire-place (for stove there was none) in which were a few embers, and were trying to warm their little red hands and feet. The only articles in the room were the bed, a small rocking-chair, the remnant of their former furniture, a table of the coarsest material, and a small, ricketty stand, on which was placed a bottle of medicine, purchased with the last earnings of Mrs. Leslie.

The widow was asleep, and the children, too much engaged in trying to extract a little warmth from the coals, did not notice the entrance of the strangers. "Hetty," said little Annie, "what mates sister Gracie try so much, won't that lady div her her money?" Just then Grace entered the room, for she had been taking home some sewing, and on discovering who the visitors were, warmly thanked them for their kindness in thus coming to see her.

Mr. Beaumont, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, felt the tears fast filling his eyes, and ashamed of being seen weeping, took Annie upon his lap, and began caressing her. Maggie seemed then indeed like an angel; with a gentle hand she poured out some wine for Mrs. Leslie, while James was making a fire; and putting a piece of cake into the hands of the delighted children, she told Grace to draw out the table, and place the provisions from the basket on it. In a short time an air of comparative comfort was diffused throughout the cheerless apartment. Annie first looking at the blazing fire and then at the well spread table, exclaimed, "that it would be a dood while before they were hundry and cold again."

Mr. Beaumont, after leaving money enough to last until he saw them again, departed with Maggie, feeling that he had learned a lesson from his little daughter which he would not easily forget; while Mrs. Leslie silently breathed a prayer to God that He had thus raised up friends to her in the hour of her extremity.

The next day Mr. Beaumont removed the family to better lodgings, and in a short time procured for Mrs. Leslie, who soon recovered her health by care and good nursing, the office of governante to the children of a wealthy and worthy friend who had lost his wife; a situation which Mrs. Leslie, by her talents and education, was well qualified to fill.

In this genial atmosphere little Annie grew in spirit, and her mother fondly thought, in form, like their darling Maggie, who now and then paid them an unexpected visit, and was greeted with a heart's true welcome.

Mr. Linton, for that was the widower's name, soon found in Grace those virtues he had lost with his wife, and after the Leslie's had been domiciled in his mansion about two years, led Grace Leslie to the altar a happy bride. Mrs. Beaumont often wonders what became of the poor seamstress, and whenever that is the case, a smile of intelligence passes between Mr. Beaumont and Maggie; but they keep their own secret. When Mrs. Beaumont and her elder daughter discover that the wealthy and benevolent Mrs. Linton was the poor dependant on their caprice, we may imagine the mortification of Henrietta to find that a seamstress can indeed rise to the level of young ladies of fashion.

Digitized by Google

PAPIER-MACHE.

BY MRS. ELLA WHARTON.

It was toward the close of the last century that iron tea-trays began to be imitated or superceded by papier-mache.

Although the real papier-mache snaps up all kinds of paper indiscriminately, with most impartial fairness, the tea-tray paper (if we may so term it) is not so easily satisfied; it requires whole, sound sheets to work upon, and these sheets must have a certain definite quality to fit them for their destined purpose.

Let us watch, in thought, the making of a papier-mache tea-tray. In the first place we see that the paper employed has a greyish color, and looks like thick blotting-paper; and in the next we see that a mould or form is employed to give shape to the tray. Artists or designers are constantly at work producing new patterns; but we are here supposing that a tolerably simple tray is to be manufactured. A model of the tray is prepared, giving the exact form and shape; and from this model a mould is cast in iron, brass, or copper; the surface of the mould corresponding, of course, with the interior of the tray to be made. Women and girls, seated at tables, cut up the rough grey paper into pieces of the requisite size, and these pieces are handed to the pasters, who are also women—for it is worthy of remark that this very pretty art is one which is capable of being exercised in many of its branches by females. These pasters have beside them a plentiful supply of paste, made of flour and glue dissolved and boiled in water. The mould is greased, to prevent the paper from adhering. The first sheet is pasted on both sides, and handed to another woman, who lays it on the mould, pressing and rubbing and adjusting it until it conforms to the shape. Another and another are similarly applied, and the mould, with its threefold garment, is put into a drying-room, heated to a high temperature, where it is brought to a dried state. It is removed from the stove-room, filed to give it a tolerable smoothness of surface, and then clothed with three more layers of paper, in the same mode as before. Again is the stove-room employed, again the pasters ply their labor; a third time the stove-room, again the pasters; and so on, until thirty or forty thicknesses of paper have been applied, more or less, of course, according to the substance intended to be produced. For some purposes as many as a hundred and twenty thicknesses are pasted together, involving forty stove dryings, and of course carrying the operations over a cansiderable number of days. A mass of pasteboard, six inches in thickness, which is occasionally produced for certain purposes, is perhaps one of the roughest and strongest materials we can imagine.

The mould being covered with a sufficient layer, a knife is employed to dexterously loosen the paper at the edges; the greased state of the mould allows the paper to be removed from it. Then are all imperfections removed; the plane, the file, and the knife are applied to bring all proper and "ship-shape."

Next come the adornments. The pasteboard itself is not beautiful, so beauty is sought in other ways. Shell-lac varnish of very fine quality, colored according to circumstances, is applied coat after coat, until a thickness is obtained sufficient for the purpose. The black polished surface of ordinary papier-mache trays is produced by black japan varnish, applied by women with a brush. But whether the varnish be black or colored, it usually undergoes a rubbing and polishing to such a degree as to equal in brilliancy anything produced in the arts. It is said that the finest polishing instrument used to give the last finishing touch, after all the "rotten stones" and "emories" have done their best, is the soft palm of a woman's hand; and that those females employed in this art, who are gifted by Nature with the much-coveted charm of a soft and delicate hand, find it commercially advantageous to preserve this softness and delicacy by a degree of gloved carefulness, not usual in their rank of life.

Then ensue the painting and the gilding, the bedizement with gaudy show, or the adornment with graceful device, according as the goods are low or high-priced, or the manufacturer a man of taste or no taste. A kind of stencilling is employed in cheap work, but in better specimens the real artist's pencil is brought into requisition.

The true papier-mache is almost entirely paper; there may be a small precentage of other material to impart certain minor qualities, but it is essentially paper. And if we inquire what kind

Digitized by Google

of paper is thus used, we find that it is any and every kind—all will be welcome to the *mache* vat. This kind of papier-mache is a paste-like mass formed of paper-pulp, and pressed in moulds to any desired form. The paper, be it of what kind it may, or of as many different kinds as it may, is moistened, and chopped, and minced, and routed about until it becomes a perfectly homogeneous pasty mass, or rather a mass having a consistency like that of dough or of putty. A trifling portion of other substances is, as we have said, introduced, but not sufficient to change the general character of the mass as a paper substance. Then comes the moulding or pressing. The material is too thick to be poured into a mould like plaster of Paris, or like molten metal; it is pressed into flattish moulds, like clay, or composition, or gutta-percha. A piece is cut off, about enough for the article to be made, it is pressed well into the mould, a counter-mould is placed upon it, and the force of a powerful press is brought to bear upon it, so as to drive the material into every minute crevice of the mould.

SACRED EARTH.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

WHAT'S sacred earth? The hallow'd place
Where some stern patriot dared to face
His country's marshaled foes,
When every pass and shaded glen
Echoed the tread of armed men,
And battle's cry arose?
Such is the wild and rocky pass,
Where bled the brave Leonidas,
When Spartans' noblest fell—
And such the craggy heights that saw
Cast to the winds a tyrant's law,
By the bold arm of Tell!
'Tis sacred ground where deeds were done,
Like those achieved at Lexington,
When Freedom's stern hurrah
Thrilled the tall hills and forests round
With her reanimating sound,
And won the glorious day!
Yes—and while burns yon mighty sun,
The deathless name of Marathon
Shall be a battle-word
To Nations who in bondage weep,
And wake them from lethargic sleep,
To draw young Freedom's sword!
Bozzaris!—still the dark-eyed maids
Who dwell in Grecia's olive shades,
For thee their dirges pour.
Oh, when shall such a chief again
Lead forth thy sons on battle plain,
In danger's darkest hour?
The spot where ebb'd his noble life,
In the fierce hour of mortal strife,
For aye is hallowed earth;
For so too oft is Freedom's tree
Nursed from its rising infancy,
And watered at its birth!
But—for Ambition in the strife
Of swords—oh, shed not human life;
Napoleon's conquests won
A deathless fame around the world,
But now his eagle flag is furl'd,
What has his valor done?
Away with such! But give us those
To ignorance, and oppression, foes,
And earth shall smile in light,
While peace and knowledge, hand-in-hand,
Circle around the joyous land,
Strong in God's holy might!

MY FATHER.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

THOU art sleeping now, Father, upon thy cold brow
The white hair is resting all motionless now!
Yet a promise of Heaven my spirit can trace,
In the beautiful meekness imprest on thy face.

Thou art sleeping now, Father! thy long path is trod,
Thou hast walked it, near fourscore, to meet with thy God!
And thy child may He pardon, if now in her heart
She is weary of earth, and would pray to depart!

Thou art sleeping now, Father! alone night and day
Have I lingered beside thee to soothe the dark way
Of the valley of Death, which I felt thou must tread,
As I stood by thy bedside or pillowed thy head.

Thou art sleeping now, Father! may wild roses fling
Their beautiful perfume, and Summer birds sing,
Where, feeling, in Heaven the spirits are blest,
By the side of our Mother we lay thee to rest!

Digitized by Google

THE BLACK RAVEN.

A HUNGARIAN TRADITION

BY M. J. SMITH.

Among the lofty Carpathians, where they mirror their stern and solemn beauty in the clear waters of the Waag, linked together in a long chain, like the giant guardians of the fair valley at their feet, may be seen a detached and sterile rock, almost inaccessible, totally devoid of vegetation, and laved by the rapid river, which hurries from beneath its heavy shadows to dance again in brightness in the sunlight beyond.

The Count Stibor was as brave as he was high-born, and riches had poured in upon him until he had become one of the wealthiest nobles in the empire. It chanced that one day he hunted with a great retinue among the mountain fastnesses; and glorious was the sport of that gallant hunt. The light-footed chamois, the antlered deer, the fierce wolf, and the grisly bear were alike laid low; when, as the sun was about to set, he formed his temporary encampment on the pleasant bank of the Waag, just where, on the opposite side of the channel, the lone and precipitous rock we have described turned aside the glancing waters.

The heart of Stibor was merry, for the sport had gone well throughout the day, and when his rude tents were raised, the savory steam of the venison, and the sparkles of the wine-cup brightened his humor, and he listened, with a smile upon his lip to the light sallies of the joyous company.

As they talked idly of the day's hunting, however, one wished that the deer had taken another direction; a second that he had not missed a certain shot; a third that he had not lost his couteau-de-chasse in the underwood: in short, there was not an individual among them who had not some regret blent with his triumph, like a drop of gall in a cup of honey.

"Hear me," said the magnificent noble, during a transient pause in the conversation; "I seem to be the only hunter of the day to whom the sport has been without a blemish. It is true that all your misfortunes are light enough: but I will have no shadow cast upon my own joy; and therefore to compensate to you for these alleged mishaps, each of you is free to form a wish, and if it be within my power to grant it, I pledge my knightly word that it shall be fulfilled."

A murmur of admiration ran through the astonished circle; and the work of ambition soon began. Gold was the first thing asked for—for avarice is ever the most greedy of all passions; and then revenge upon an enemy—for human nature will often sacrifice personal gain to vengeance; and then power—authority—rule over their fellow-men; the darling occupation and privilege of poor, weak, self-misjudging mortals. In short, there was no boon within the reach of reason which had not been asked and promised, when the eye of Stibor fell upon his jester, who was standing apart playing with the tassels of his vest, and apparently quite uninterested in a subject which had made all around him eager and excited.

"And thou, knave," said the noble, "hast thou nothing to ask? Thou must bestir thyself, or thy master will have little left to give, if the game go on thus."

"Fear not, fear not," replied the fool; "the claimants have been courteous, for they have not touched upon that portion of thy possessions which I covet. They have demanded gold, blood, dominion; the power to enjoy themselves, and to render others wretched—they are welcome to all they want. I ask only for stones." A loud laugh ran through the circle. "Stones, Betzko!" echoed the astonished Stibor: "thou shalt have them to thy heart's content, where and in what shape thou wilt."

"I take thee at thy word, Count Stibor. I will have them yonder, on the crest of the bold rock that stands out like a braggart daring the foot of man; and in the shape of a good castle in which I may hold my own, should need be," was the unlooked-for reply.

"Thou hast lost thy chance, Betzko;" cried a voice amid the universal merriment that ensued. "Not even Stibor can accomplish thy desire."

"Who dares to say that Stibor cannot grant it, if such be his will?" demanded the chieftain in a voice of thunder, as he rose proudly from the earth where he had been seated on a couch of skins. "The castle of Betzko shall be built!"

Digitized by Google

And it *was* built—and within a year a festival was held there: and the noble became enamored of his own creation—for it was beautiful in its strength, and the fair dames admired its courtly halls as much as the warriors prized its solid walls and its commanding towers. And thus Count Stibor bought off the rock-fortress from his jester with gold, and made it the chief place of his abode; and he feasted there with his guests, and made merry with music and dances, until it seemed as though life was to be for him one long festival. Men often walk over the spot which afterward opens to bury them.

Little by little the habit of self-indulgence grew upon the luxurious noble; yet still he loved the chase beyond all else on earth, and his dogs were of the fleetest and finest breed.

He was one day at table, surrounded by the richest viands and the rarest wines, when one of his favorite hounds entered the hall howling with pain, and dragging after him his wounded foot, which dropped blood as he moved along. Terror seized upon the hearts of the vassals, even before the rage of their lord burst forth; and when it came, terrible was the storm as he vowed vengeance against the wretch who had dared thus to mutilate an animal that he valued.

An aged slave flung himself at his feet. "Mercy! my lord, mercy!" he exclaimed, piteously. "I have served you faithfully for years—my beard is grey with time, and my life has been one of hardship. Have mercy on me, for he flew upon me, and would have torn me, had I not defended myself against his fury. I might have destroyed him, but I sought only to preserve myself. Have mercy upon my weakness!"

The angry chieftain, however, heeded not the anguish of his grey hairs; and pointing to a low balcony, which extended across the window of the apartment and hung over the precipice, he commanded that the wretched old man should be flung from thence into the river which flowed beneath as an example to those caitiffs who valued their own worthless lives above those of his noble hounds.

As the miserable tools of an imperious will were dragging the unhappy victim to his fate, he raised his voice, and cursed the tyrant whom they served; and having done so, he summoned him to appear at the tribunal, which none can escape, to answer for this his last crime, on its first anniversary. But the powerful chief heeded not his words.

"Away with him!" he said, sternly, as he lifted his goblet to his lips—and there was a struggle, a shriek of agony, and then a splash upon the river wave, and all was silent!

A year went by in festival and pride; and the day on which that monstrous crime had been committed returned unheeded. There was a feast in the castle, and Stibor, who month after month gave himself up yet more to self-indulgence, gradually became heavy with wine, and his attendants carried him to a couch beside the same window whence the unfortunate slave had been hurled twelve months before.

The guests drank on for a time, and made merry at the insensibility and helplessness of their powerful host; and then they departed, each to his business or his pleasure, and left him there alone.

The casement had been flung back to admit the air freely into the heated apartment; and the last reveller had scarcely departed, when a raven—the sombre messenger of Nemesis—flew thrice round the battlements of the castle, and then alighted on the balcony. Several of the guests amused their idleness by watching the evolutions of the ill-omened bird; but once having lost sight of it, they turned away and thought of it no more.

Meanwhile, a work of agony and death had been delegated to that dark-winged messenger. It rested but an instant from its flight ere once more it hovered over the couch of the sleeping Stibor; and then darting down, its sharp beak penetrated at one thrust from his eye into his brain!

The agony awoke him, but he awoke only to madness from its extent. He reeled to and fro, venting imprecations to which none were by to listen, and writhed until his tortured body was one convulsion. At length, by a mighty effort, striving to accomplish he knew not what, he hurled himself over the balcony, at the self-same spot whence the slave had been flung by his own command; and as he fell, the clear waters of the Waag for a time resisted the impure burthen, and threw him back shrieking and howling from their depths.

But he sank at last; and when his parasites sought him on the morrow, they found only the couch on which he had lain, and a few drops of blood to hint that he had died a death of violence and vengeance.

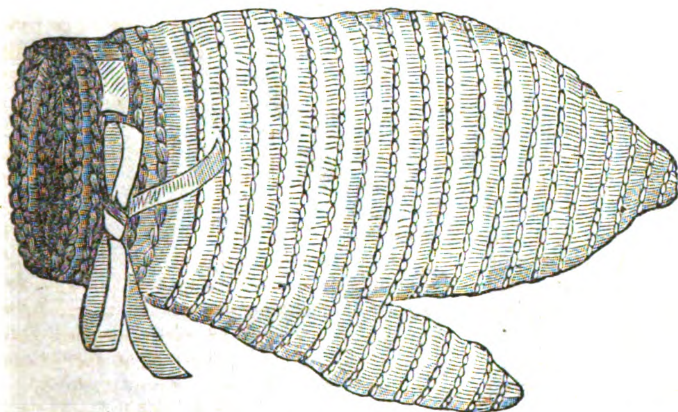
They searched for him carefully on all sides; and then, when they were quite assured that he had passed away never to return, whispers grew of the grey-headed slave, and the mysterious raven—until by degrees the fate of the famous Stibor was fashioned into form, and grew into a legend throughout the country; scaring the village maiden in her twilight walk, and the lone shepherd in his watch upon the hills.

Digitized by Google

OUR WORK TABLE.

INFANT'S MITTEN.

BY MLLE. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—Eight skeins of white, and one of scarlet Berlin wool. Penelope crochet, No. 2.

With white make a chain of thirty-six stitches, unite and work three rounds in double or plain crochet; now form the thumb, by making three stitches in one, work six rounds thus, increasing by making three in the same stitch; now leave the stitches which have been made by the increasings, make two chain stitches, to unite the two sides of the hand, work six rounds, working one in each stitch, after which decrease in each round, by missing the centre stitch in each side of the hand till the stitches are reduced to three on each side; crochet these together, draw the wool through to the wrong side, and fasten off. Work the thumb, by making a stitch; in each stitch, and two in one of the chains which joined the sides of hand, work two more rounds, increasing in the same stitch, four without the increasings, after which decrease at each side till reduced to two more stitches; crochet these together, and fasten off on the wrong side. With scarlet work a round in double crochet along the top, one round, one long, two chain, miss two, and two rounds in double crochet. Draw a narrow ribbon through the open round.

TRUE LOVELINESS.

BY R. K. SMITH.

SHE who thinks a noble heart
Better than a noble mein,
Honors virtue more than art,
Though 'tis less in fashion seen;
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

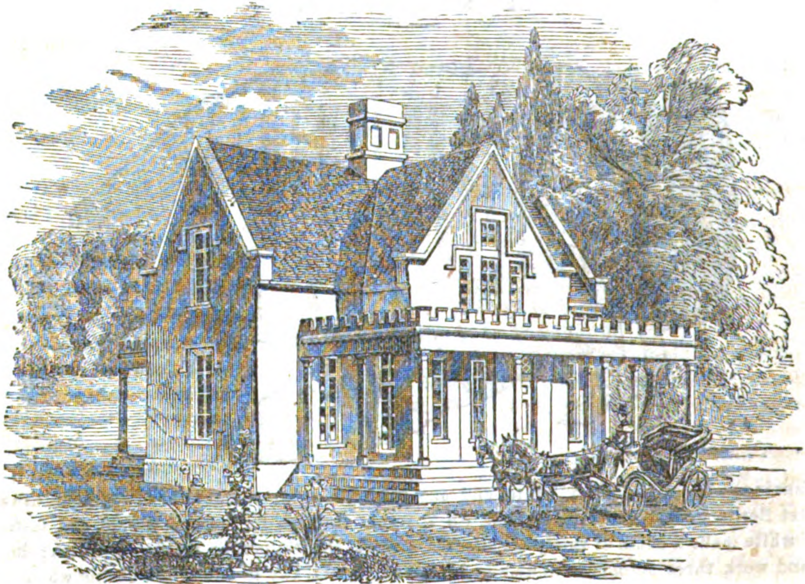
She who deems that inward grace
Far surpasses outward show,
She who values less the face
Than that charm the soul can throw;
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

She who knows the heart requires,
Something more than lips of dew,
That when Love's repose expires,
Love itself dies with it too;
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride, the wife for me.

Digitized by Google

COTTAGE AND VILLA ARCHITECTURE.

NO. II.—A TUDOR-GOTHIC COTTAGE.



We here present our readers with a design for a cottage in the Tudor-Gothic style. The whole has an expression of utility and comfort:—in one word, of domestic enjoyment. Its style is truly Northern, and more suitable to our climate than any other. It permits the use of building materials of the very coarsest kind, and high roofs which can be made of a simple and strong construction.

The ground-plan has a pleasing, symmetrical form. The porch, or entry, is five feet and a half by nine feet, opening into the parlor, which is eighteen by twenty feet. The parlor here is quite a handsome and comfortable apartment, and the communication with the veranda will make it very pleasant in the summer. On each side of the parlor is a room adjoining. One of them—the library—will probably be used as a sitting-room. It is twelve by fourteen feet. A communication may be made with the veranda, if desired. The other may be used as a bed-room for guests, or as a dining-room. It is twelve by twelve and a half feet. The communication with the staircase makes it suitable for both uses. This room also may have a communication with the veranda.

The kitchen here is thirteen feet and a half by fifteen feet, which is a very convenient size for a cottage like this. There is a pantry attached to it, six by twelve feet, well lighted and aired. Between the kitchen and back door is a small entry, which will exclude all draught and cold air in the winter. This back door opens on a small veranda or porch, five feet and a half by nine feet. If desired, a cellar might be made under part of the building; and, in this case, a descending flight of steps could be constructed under the main stairs.

The second floor of this cottage gives a great deal of sleeping accommodation for a dwelling of its size—no less than four good bed-rooms. One of them is quite a large cottage-room, being sixteen by eighteen feet. The others are also sufficiently large. The sizes are given on the annexed scale of dimensions. Two of them have two fine closets attached.

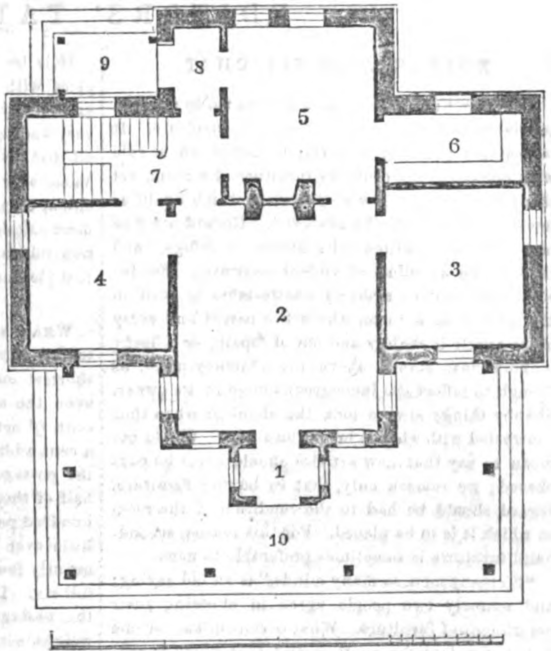
This cottage could be built of stone or brick, and it could, in many localities, be built of cobble or rubbie stone, and cemented externally at a very moderate cost. Common quarry stone would be the best material, and, if only roughly dressed, and even laid in random courses, the effect will be better, and more expressive of the style, than if cut with the chisel and laid in smooth ashlar.

Digitized by Google

The hoodmouldings and sills to be of dressed stone, and the gables coped with stone, hammer-dressed; the roof to be covered with slates. Particular attention must be paid to the roofing of the valleys, because the water from the higher parts of the roof all finds its way to them before reaching the eaves, and therefore, if they are not made perfectly tight, leaky places are certain to show themselves immediately, to the great injury of the house and inconvenience of the inmates. To make these valleys tight, they should be lined or covered, before the slates are laid on, with broad strips of copper, lead, or galvanized iron. The former is the best material; good thick lead is most commonly used, being less expensive than copper.

All the inside woodwork, including sashes and doors, to be of a dark color, grained to resemble oak or walnut. Stained glass may be used with great advantage in the entrance.

The veranda will be constructed of wood, painted and sanded to correspond with the material of the building—the roof of the same to be covered with tin.



GROUND PLAN.

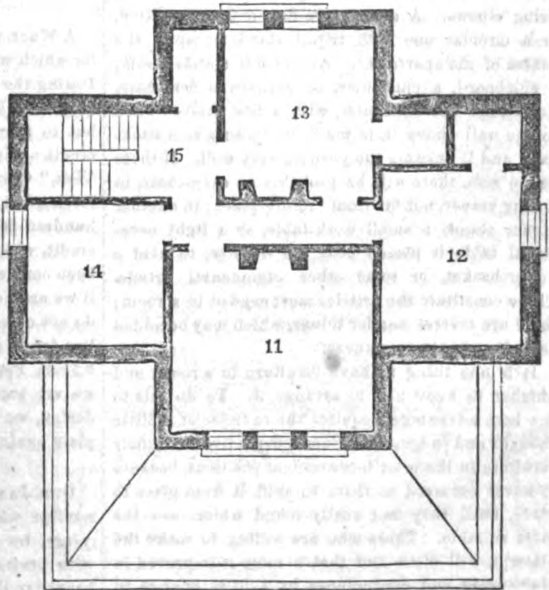
DIMENSIONS.

PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

	FEET.
1. Vestibule, - - -	4½ ⋈ 6
2. Parlor, - - - -	18 ⋈ 20
3. Library, - - -	12 ⋈ 14
4. Bed-room, - - -	12 ⋈ 12½
5. Kitchen, - - -	13½ ⋈ 15
6. Pantry, - - - -	6 ⋈ 12
7. Staircase, - - -	7½ ⋈ 16½
8. Entry, - - - -	4 ⋈ 7
9. Porch, - - - -	5½ ⋈ 9
10. Veranda, - - -	9 feet wide.

SECOND FLOOR.

11. Bed-room, - - -	16 ⋈ 18
12. Bed-room, - - -	12 ⋈ 14
13. Bed-room, - - -	13½ ⋈ 15
14. Bed-room, - - -	12 ⋈ 12½
15. Staircase, - - -	7½ ⋈ 16½



PLAN OF SECOND STORY.

Digitized by Google

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TASTE IN FURNITURE.—A lady asks us, in a letter, to give some hints respecting taste in furniture. It is scarcely possible, however, to lay down a rule with respect to the ordinary furniture of a room, yet there is a general law of propriety which ought as much as possible to be observed. Regard must be had to what is called "the fitness of things," and thereby the avoiding of violent contrasts. For instance, sometimes a showy centre-table is seen in the middle of a room, where the carpet and every other article is shabby and out of repair; or a flashy looking-glass stands above the chimney-piece, as though to reflect the incongruous taste of its owner. Shabby things always look the shabbier when thus contrasted with what is bright and new. We do not mean to say that new articles should never be purchased; we remark only, that in buying furniture, regard should be had to the condition of the room in which it is to be placed. For this reason, second-hand furniture is sometimes preferable to new.

"So many men, so many minds," is an old saying; and scarcely two people agree in choosing their assortment of furniture. What is convenient for one is inconvenient for another, and that which is considered ornamental by one family, would be thought ugly by their neighbors. There are, however, certain articles suited to most rooms—an ordinary parlor, for example. The number of chairs depends on the size of the room; eight are usually chosen, two of them being elbows. A square two-flap mahogany table, or a circular one with triped stand, occupies the centre of the apartment. At one side stands a sofa, a sideboard, a cheffonier, or perhaps a bookcase. Sometimes the cheffonier, with a few shelves fixed to the wall above it, is made to do duty as a book-case, and it answers the purpose very well. If there be no sofa, there will be probably an easy-chair, in a snug corner, not far from the fire-place; in another corner stands a small work-table, or a light occasional table is placed near the window, to hold a flower-basket, or some other ornamental article. These constitute the articles most needed in a room; there are several smaller things, which may be added according to circumstances.

It is one thing to have furniture in a room, and another to know how to arrange it. To do this to the best advantage, requires the exercise of a little thought and judgment. Some people live with their furniture in the most inconvenient positions, because it never occurred to them to shift it from place to place, until they had really found which was the most suitable. Those who are willing to make the attempt, will often find that a room is improved in appearance and convenience by a little change in the place of the furniture.

It is too much the practice to cover the mantel-piece with a number and variety of knick-knacks and monstrosities by way of ornament; but this is in very bad taste. Three, or at most, four articles, are all that should be seen in that conspicuous situation. Vases of white porcelain, called "Parian," or of old china, or a small statue, or a shell or two, are the most suitable. The forms of some of the white vases now sold at a low price, are so elegant, that it is a real pleasure to look at them.

WHAT IS THE POSTAGE?—We are so often written to, in regard to the postage, that we think the shortest method of answering is to publish the law upon the subject. This is it. Magazines go at one cent, *if not over three ounces in weight;* above that a cent additional for every additional ounce. When the postage is *pre-paid quarterly* the charge is but half of these rates. The January number, having a hundred pages in it, besides extra plates, weighed a little over five ounces, and the postage was consequently four cents, or as much as if it had weighed full six. If pre-paid for a quarter ahead, however, the postage was only two. The present number weighs *not over* four ounces, consequently the postage is two cents. Or, if pre-paid, *one cent.* The average postage for the year will not exceed this. We advise our subscribers, therefore, to pre-pay quarterly, and avail themselves of the reduction of one half offered under such circumstances.

A WORD TO EXCHANGES.—Is it fair to copy articles, for which we pay, without giving us credit for them? During the last two months nearly every story in this Magazine has been copied, by different newspapers, but in four cases out of five they appear without credit. We have seen "Lillian Floyd's Christmas Visit," "Cousin Mercy's Curl," and various shorter stories, but especially "Lillian Floyd," in nearly a hundred journals; yet not a dozen have had the credit, which, through negligence or otherwise, has been omitted. We might as well steal English stories, if we are not to get credit for our original ones. We do not object to stories being copied, but ask in justice for an acknowledgment. Three words is enough: "From Peterson's Magazine." As these omissions, we are sure, arise from inattention, and not from design, we trust we shall not have occasion to complain again, at least this year.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER.—The magnificent double number which, in accordance with our custom for years, we published for January, everywhere met with praise. It was declared, in general terms, to be about the handsomest number of any magazine for the month, and incomparably the most readable.

Digitized by Google

We repeat the injunction to our friends, to get us as many subscribers as possible; for the volume for 1853 will be, in every respect, the best we ever issued.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

My Life and Acts in Hungary. By Arthur Gorgei. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this work is the celebrated General Gorgei, whose surrender terminated the Hungarian War of Independence. For that act he was popularly accused of treason. To defend himself from this charge the present volume was written. Its style is frank and soldierly. Whatever else may be thought of it, that it fully acquits the author of the base charge against him, every candid reader will acknowledge. The truth seems to be that the Maygar army was outnumbered so fearfully, after Russia came to the aid of Austria, as to leave no chance whatever of success; that Gorgei, though he saw this from the first, held out long enough to demonstrate it to the world; and that, when all hope was extinguished, and his forces hemmed in on every side, he surrendered to save the lives of his soldiers. If he erred, it was not for his personal advantage, at least; and therefore no treason. We think few, who read this volume, but will pronounce his surrender, not only justifiable, but imperatively demanded by circumstances. The book has made many things clear to us, in regard to the Hungarian campaigns, which have hitherto been a puzzle, and we recommend it to all who took an interest in that gallant struggle, or who desire to sift history impartially.

Napoleon in Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena. By Barry E. O'Meara. 2 vols. New York: Redfield. Phila'da: Zeiber.—Everything connected with Napoleon has lately received a new interest from the accession of his nephew to the imperial crown of France. We remember perusing these volumes many years ago, at a time when some of their remarkable predictions were yet unfulfilled; and we have read them again, with renewed pleasure, since one of their most striking prophecies has come true. The present is a very beautiful edition. An exquisitely engraved portrait of Napoleon, from the celebrated picture by De La Roche, forms the frontispiece to the first volume; while a sketch of St. Helena from the ocean adorns the second. The more one reads about the emperor the greater is one's admiration for his vast intellect. Nowhere does that colossal mind, however, seem more gigantic than in these volumes. At one time the British press attempted to impeach O'Meara's veracity, so unwilling is England even yet to acknowledge Napoleon's genius; but the undertaking failed, O'Meara triumphantly vindicated himself, and the "Voice from St. Helena" is now confessed everywhere to be entirely trustworthy.

Waverley Novels. Illustrated Library Edition. Vols. XVII, XVIII, XIX and XX. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.—It is really creditable to America, that so elegant an edition of the Waverley Novels, should not only be published here, but meet with liberal support. On their part the Messrs. Mussey show their appreciation of the popular approbation, by increasing the beauty of the illustrations, with each successive volume. There are numerous competitors for public favor, in other editions of the Waverley Novels, but the best of them are worthless when compared with this, being all printed in type too small, and some badly illustrated in addition. We consider it our duty to put purchasers on their guard. Those persons wishing a good edition of the Waverley Novels, must buy this one, or send abroad for an English copy. We make no exceptions.

The Waverley Garland. A Present for All Seasons. Edited by "Ellen Louise Chandler." 1 vol. Boston: Moses A. Dow.—This is a beautiful quarto of four hundred pages, edited by a lady well known to literature, and whom we number among our most popular contributors, Miss Ellen Louise Chandler. A portrait of the fair author adorns the volume, as also a picture of her residence, "Elmwood Cottage," Connecticut. The work is edited with taste and ability. The stories and poems generally are unusually good. The volume is handsomely bound, in embossed cloth, with gilt edges. We know no better book for a gift.

Elements of Geology. By Alonzo Gray. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here a most excellent elementary volume on geology, which we can recommend with confidence to young beginners. The work will become a standard one, or, if not, merit will fail of its reward. Teachers, and others in authority, should introduce it into their schools as a text-book.

Katie Stewart. A True Story. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A publication, from Blackwood's Magazine, of one of the most beautiful stories we have read for a long time. The author describes nature with a felicity that is unrivalled among cotemporaries; has a wonderful power in pathetic scenes; and sketches character with nice discrimination.

Bianca. A Tale of Erin and Italy. By E. Maturin. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This strikingly told tale is a fit successor to "Montezuma," a novel which many of our readers may recollect, and which was also written by Mr. Maturin.

Manual of Roman Antiquities. By Charles Mitton. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Whoever has been in Rome, will eagerly seek this volume. Whoever has never had that happiness will thirst for the knowledge it contains.

Abbott's History of Romulus. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is another issue of that excellent series, which is gaining a world wide reputation for both author and publisher.

Digitized by Google

The Upper Ten Thousand. By Bristed. 1 *vol. New York: Stringer & Townsend.*—It is a general rule with the editors of this Magazine, never to notice a book which they cannot honestly recommend. But this very singular volume gives us so many phases of American society, of which we were ignorant, that without believing for a moment any large proportion of that class, known as the upper ten, are half so stupid, so useless, so utterly vapid as it is here represented, we must say a few words if it were only out of respect for the publishers. It seems that this book is composed of letters sent from an American to a periodical in Europe, Frazer's Magazine. Originally, we believe, they were not intended for circulation in this country. Now that they have appeared they should be very generally read as a specific to ambitious young people, who have fancied something brilliant, spirited, and spiritual in the upper classes of home society. These persons will be rather astonished to learn that at Saratoga, ladies who claim to be the *elite* of upper tendom, the essence of female republican fashion, are so given to dancing that they mingle with the common waltzing girls, whom fashionable dancing masters provide for the improvement of their male pupils. That the upper ten thousand and the very lowest dregs of the twenty million float harmoniously through the same waltz. This may be true, but if the democracy of manners and morals can go farther, our republicanism is a little disturbed by the idea. It is one of those cases in which extremes meet and the union becomes purely repulsive. Had an Englishman written this of our countrywomen, had he represented the higher classes of Americans so vapid, so stupidly characterless, the females more characterless than children, the men possessed of about half the strength that would be necessary for an intelligent woman, what indignation it would have excited! As it is, there has been an immense demand for the volume, out of curiosity to see how stupid, how useless, how completely *blase*, that class called the upper ten thousand can appear, a class, that as Mr. Bristed describes it, would not, at the highest estimate, reach ten hundred, if a census were taken to-morrow. When Mr. Bristed makes his countrymen the subject of another book, let him describe the real upper ten as they exist. The talent thrown away upon subjects where the most brilliant genius would languish in disgust, has a more congenial field in the energies, the intelligence, the originality that abounds in the best society of our country. Let him describe the society in which his talent gives him a birthright, not waste it upon a miserable minority, to which a man capable of writing this book, which, notwithstanding its subject, has great interest, can never belong. Let him give us another and better phase of American life, and leave stupid people to be delineated by those that belong to the class.

Fancies of a Whimsical Man. 1 *vol. New York: John S. Taylor.*—Mr. Taylor is making quite a sensation by his anonymous author, who first surprises the reading public with that most beautiful and original volume, "Musings of an Invalid;" and now sends forth one equally original, and equally interesting, under the above title. Now we consider it almost impossible for any one man, to excite a more wonderful variety of thoughts and sensations, by one attempt than the author of this book. It is the most effectual effort that we have ever seen, to concentrate and preserve those bright thoughts that flash through the soul and are lost. It is a thoroughly suggestive book. The moment one begins to read, the brain kindles with its own original train of ideas, or recognizes sparkles of thought that have been lost in his or her own existence, like the wayside flowers we unconsciously tread under foot on the wayside. If the rich glimpses of character, which this author throws at random before the reader, were worked into a novel they would rival Pickwick, and put Thackeray upon his energies. Still they accomplish a very good purpose in the present place, and we are content to find them there if often repeated.

The Daughters of Zion. By Rev. S. D. Burchard. 1 *vol. New York: John S. Taylor.*—This work is illustrated by twelve beautiful engravings, of those beautiful dark-eyed women, who stand forth most conspicuously in the Bible. They are all very lovely, but Miriam is our favorite; and while we persist in this, our readers may freely form a preference as we have done. It is just the book for a birth-day gift. As if to give a strong contrast with the dark, Jewish beauties of sacred history, the vignette is one of the raciest and most lovely blue-eyed beauties, you ever saw shadowed out on canvass or paper. We have great reverence for antiquity, but this exquisite little head is worth all the Jewish beauty we ever dreamed of. The Rev. Mr. Burchard has done great credit to himself in the letter-press, and as one of our most popular clergymen, his name must command a wide circulation for the book.

Cooper's Novels Complete. 33 *vols. New York: Stringer & Townsend.*—This firm, which possesses the copy-right of Cooper's novels, is coining gold by the heavy orders that are constantly coming in for private and public libraries. Now that the most voluminous, and perhaps most popular of American authors, is dead, people who have libraries, joined with the slightest degree of national pride, are ashamed to find his great name lacking in their catalogues. For our part, we are of the humiliated number, but shall consider the shelf devoted to Cooper, as the most honored in our little book room, *when it gets filled.*

Woman's Records. By Sarah J. Hale. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Among the great works published by the Harpers, is "Woman's Records," by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale: a book that for research, industry, and talent in its author, and from the fact that it contains the most costly embellishments ever lavished even by these publishers on a work, must stand among the first productions of American women.

Digitized by Google

Songs of the Hearth and the Hearth-Stone. By Mrs. Rebecca S. Nichols. 1 *vol. Philada: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co. Cincinnatti: J. T. Desilver.*—Mrs. Nichols, in one sense, belongs as emphatically to the West, as Mrs. Sigourney to New England, or Mrs. Gilman to the South. But her delicate womanly appreciation of whatever is beautiful, and her magic sway in the realm of the affections, render her honored, loved and looked up to the Union over. The present volume contains the best of her fugitive poems. It is a book of about three hundred pages; beautifully printed on the finest paper; bound in embossed cloth; and gilt-edged: in every particular worthy of the fair author. The crowd of new works on our table prevents our giving, this month, an elaborate criticism of these poems; but, perhaps, it is as well, since, by way of apology, we shall let Mrs. Nichols speak for herself:—and surely the woman who could write the following is a poet of no mean capacity.

WHAT THE CHILD SAW IN THE FIRE.

'Twas a Winter eve, and the storm without
Rode sharply along on the Northern gale;
And the trav'ler shrunk, though his heart was stout,
From the steady blows of the stinging hail.

How it beat on the roof, and knocked on the door,
And rattled the glass, in its frozen glee;—
While, "Father, have mercy upon the poor,"
Prayed a little child at his mother's knee.

He knelt in the light of the glowing hearth—
The shadows at play in his golden hair;—
Few fairer things has the beautiful Earth,
Than a guileless child at its evening prayer.

He asked for a blessing on all he loved,
And soft grew the tones of his plaintive voice,
As pity, his bosom, to tenderness moved,
And he prayed for the poor, of his own sweet choice.

Then gently he rose, and wistfully gazed
In the deep, warm heart of the ruddy coal,
That flickered a while, and suddenly blazed,
Like the sun of faith in a darkened soul.

"What sees my boy in the wavering light?"
Said the mother fond, to the child at her side:
"I know," he replied, "'tis a colder night,
Than when he lay down in the church-yard wide.

"But I wonder why he should leave the ground,
Where the flowers will bloom, and the grasses grow;
Where through the long Summer he slept so sound,
To come through the fields in the ice and snow?"

The mother grew pale—for she knew that the child
Was thinking of one who had early died,
And her bosom throbbed high with its pulses wild,
As she pressed the boy to her yearning side.

"I've told you, my darling," she whispered low,
"That the brother with whom you loved to play,
Has gone where all dear little children go,
To a beautiful land, far, far away:—

"Never, on Earth, can you see him again,
But our Father will send, when you come to die,
The angels that bore him away from pain,
To carry you up to his home on high!"

It was all in vain, for he would believe,
That a seraph came down from the Heavenly choir,
That through the wild storm of that Winter eve,
He saw a young face in the household fire.

The Cap-Sheaf. By Lewis Myrtle. 1 *vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—Under this quaint title, we have one of the most delightful books, which it has been our lot to read during the late festival season. The volume is a collection of sketches, carefully elaborated in style, and full of quiet, natural beauty. In these days of high-pressure fiction, if we may employ such a phrase, it is refreshing to meet with a work such as this: as refreshing, indeed, as it would be to pass from some vast, dark, roaring factory, into the fresh, breezy country. The name of Myrtle is plainly fictitious. But if it was assumed from fear of a failure, the author need not seek a longer concealment; for his book is one that even a veteran author, with a reputation at stake, would be proud to acknowledge.

The Children of Light. By Caroline Cheseboro. 1 *vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—The young lady, who is the author of this work, is rapidly attaining popularity as a romance writer. Her "Isa," though not faultless, displayed great power, and secured her no small reputation, which the present fiction will materially increase, for it is a better book, in every respect, than its predecessor. Mr. Redfield has published the volume in excellent style.

Speeches on the Legislative Independence of Ireland. With Introductory Notes. By T. F. Meagher. 1 *vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—This is a work destined to have a large sale. Thousands are, no doubt, anxious to read these speeches, which are said to be such models of impassioned eloquence. A portrait of the exiled patriot adorns the volume, which is neatly printed, and tastefully bound.

Humboldt's Cosmos. Vol. IV. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The fourth volume of Cosmos has been issued this season from the Harpers' press; a work that all sensible men value above gold dust. It is works like these that have driven French novels from our midst. Give the people pure, wholesome knowledge, and human nature will soon right itself in literature as in other things.

The Pretty Plate. By John Vincent. Illustrated by Darley. 1 *vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—An elegant little volume is this, choicely printed, and embellished in Darley's best style. It is designed principally for juvenile readers of the Roman Catholic persuasion, being intended to inculcate the necessity and benefits of Confession.

Atlantic and Transatlantic. By Capt. Mackinnon, R. N. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A pleasant, truthful, and rather complimentary book about us Americans and other matters, worth two or three cart loads of Dickens' Notes, and with a degree of honest truth in it that is refreshing from an English traveller, especially of the Royal Navy.

Digitized by Google

The Cabin and Parlor. By J. Thornton Randolph. 1 *vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—Another new edition of this thrilling work has been laid on our table, and we observe also that it has been re-published in Great Britain. We call attention to the notices of it, from newspapers in all sections of the Union, in the publisher's card in our advertising pages. Few works published in this country have obtained such early, decided, and apparently permanent prosperity, a fact to be attributed doubtless not merely to its thrilling character, but to its eminently national tone.

Stories for Little Children. By Mrs. Anna Bache. 1 *vol. Philada: J. & J. L. Gihon.*—A volume of pleasant tales for children, prettily bound and neatly printed, as are all the books of this enterprising house.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. i.—A House Dress of light figured Damask, skirt full and plain. Corsage open and round, and trimmed with a ruche of ribbon of the same colors as the dress. Vest of white silk, meeting at the throat, but opened sufficiently on the bosom to show a frill of Valenciennes lace. Sleeves demi-long, with rich lace under-sleeves. Head-dress of blue velvet.

Fig. ii.—Walking Dress of Claret colored Cashmere.—Skirt full, and trimmed down the front with a row of graduated black velvet buttons, on each side of which are three rows of narrow black velvet. Mantilla of black velvet, of the circular shape, embroidered and trimmed with a fall of rich black lace. Bonnet of white satin.

General Remarks.—Strong efforts are being made in Paris to revive the dress of the Empire, and several trains and petticoats of the most gorgeous materials, have made their appearance since the cornation of the French Empire. Round waists and belts are in accordance with the dress, and the Grecian corsage in which the fulness is put on at the arm-hole, and extends across the bosom, as well as the puffed sleeves, are gradually coming in vogue. But few though have had the courage to adopt this dress entirely.

Within doors, at the present chilly season, many ladies wear elegant litttle jackets, very much of the same form as the pelisses worn by the Turkish ladies. They are loose, that is to say, not shaped to the figure, but cut straight at the back; the sleeves are slit open at the bend of the arm. These little jackets are thrown over a visiting dress, whether for dinner or evening, and they are worn until the room is rendered warm by the number of visitors. These jackets are made of white cashmere and are trimmed with ribbon woven in gold and silver, intermingled with Algerian colors. The ribbon is edged with a narrow fringe the same as the ribbon in materials and colors. Some of these jackets, of a less showy kind, are made of black cashmere and trimmed with gold embroidery, or with black ribbon figured with gold. This little garment is a charming *fantasie,* and it admits of as much elegance as may be desired. Its wide and easy form enables it to be worn over any dress however light or delicate. It will be found extremely convenient at the Opera, when the cold renders it unsafe to sit with a low dress during a whole evening.

Collars are worn larger than heretofore, in full dress principally of the gothic form; that is in several large points.

Shoes have become an article in which the greatest fancy, and we were going to say coquetry, is displayed. The shoe for morning costume is perfectly bewitching. To afford an idea of the elegance which now characterizes this sort of *chaussure,* we may describe a few of the slippers we have had the opportunity of inspecting in a fashionable assortment. 1. Slippers of bronze kid, lined with pink silk, and trimmed with a pink ruche: the fore-quarter ornamented with a spray of Hortensia, embroidered in colored silk. 2. Slippers of drab colored cashmere, lined with cerulean blue silk, and trimmed with a ruche and rosette of ribbon of the same color. 3. Slippers of black kid, lined with sky blue; the fore-quarters ornamented with bouquets of flowers in colored velvet and gold; or in silk of various colors. 4. Slippers of black satin, lined with yellow. On the front a large cockade of the same color, and the slippers edged with a ruche of narrow black lace, and ribbon of the same color as the lining.

The Coiffures of the present season are in a style very different from those worn last year. Caps are so exceedingly small that they may be said merely to touch the head. They go just over the crown of the head, and serve only as a medium for the trimming and ornaments attached to them. A small round of lace, lightly fixed above the plaiting of hair is now called a cap. Pendant trimming at the back part of the head is indispensable—it usually consists of ends of broad ribbon.

The style of dressing the hair is much the same as it has been for some time past. The full bandeaux are still very general, and we observe that many ladies are wearing the hair at the back of the head lower than ever, so that the flowers or other ornaments employed in the head-dress, droop so low as to conceal part of the neck. A very pretty style of coiffure was worn by a young lady a few evenings ago. The front hair was arranged in full bandeaux, and across the upper part of the forehead there passed a torsade composed of hair and coral intermixed. The back hair was arranged in twists, also intermingled with coral, and fixed very low at the back of the head. This style is peculiarly well suited to dark hair.

The old fashion of wearing combs at the back of the head, which has been partially revived within the last two years, seems likely to meet with general favor this winter.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE AVALANCHE.

Digitized by Google

THE LESSON.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1858. No. 3.

THE AVALANCHE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"HARK! what is that?"

The speaker, who was a woman about the middle age of life, at work in the common apartment of a Swiss dwelling, suddenly paused at her occupation, and with a pale face and quivering lips, gazed around on her children, who, at these signs of alarm, gathered in terror to her side.

"Hark!" she said, again, as one of the little ones began to cry. "Be still, on your life, till I listen." And she held up her finger.

There was a dead silence at these words; a dead silence, we mean, within the room; for without was heard a hollow, ominous sound of awful significance.

"It is an avalanche," cried the eldest of the children, a lad of about fifteen summers, breaking the stillness, "quick, mother, fly."

The mother instinctively snatched the hand of her youngest child, and turned toward the door, the whole family following her.

"Oh! if your father was but here," she said, as with hurried steps she crossed the room. "What shall we do? If the avalanche is near, we shall be overwhelmed, or, if we even escape at first, we shall be lost on the mountain, for I know none of the paths."

In truth the tender mother was overpowered, for the moment, by the responsibilities of her situation. But, at this juncture, her son came to her relief.

"Never fear, mother," he said, like a young hero. "If we only escape being buried, I'll find a path, for I've not been out with father for nothing."

As he spoke he flung open the door, and courageously stepped forth the first. His glance was immediately directed to the right, where the Alpine Summit rose usually distinctly defined, high into the heavens. But now the outlines of the mountain were lost in a white, shadowy mist, that rushing rapidly downward, seemed as if it would, the next moment, envelope the dwelling in its fatal embraces. Too well he knew what that awful cloud portended. It was the avalanche.

"Run, run for your lives," he cried, and pushing his mother and her children out, as he spoke, he leaped after like a young chamois.

The terrified family needed no incentives, however, to flight. Even the youngest comprehended the imminency of the peril, and all breathlessly rushed down the slope.

Suddenly the lad heard the bleating of sheep. He had forgotten, until thus reminded, that the flock, their almost sole support, was penned up, and would be overwhelmed if left to themselves. But if he delayed to release them, his own life might pay the forfeit. Every second was precious. He hesitated still, when there came another bleat. The piteous cry went to his heart. Every one of that flock had eaten often from his hand, and most of them he had carried in his arms when they were lambs. Without a word he turned back, and rushed up the slight ascent that led to their shelter. The sheep, crowding together at the door, looked up at him so gratefully that he felt repaid fully for the peril he ran. As he threw open the way for them, they rushed out, and fled down the slope.

Hitherto his mother had not looked back. But, at this moment, turning her eyes around to see if her children were all safe, she recognized her son standing at the door of the pen, and the foremost sheep just leaping through. She stopped, on the instant, with a cry of despair.

"We are lost, we are lost," she cried, "oh! my son, how could you peril everything?"

But the lad, even as she spake, came bounding down the hill.

"On, on! Not a moment is to spare. I can

Digitized by Google

still outrun you all. To the left, or you are lost."

It was an awful moment. Poised on high, like some enormous mountain gathering impetus as it descended, the avalanche hung overhead. Then, with the rush of a whirlwind, down it came, carrying stones and even rocks with it.

For an instant the fugitives disappeared from sight. Nothing, indeed, was seen but a thick, impervious mist, as it were of flakes of snow infinitely fine. Gradually this floated past, like a fog driving down a mountain side, and then the voice of the lad rose in a clear, loud hallo.

It was answered, out of the mist ahead, by the voice of his mother; and immediately afterward she, with her little ones, became visible. The avalanche was still heard thundering downward, but below them; and they saw, at a glance, that the danger was past.

They had been saved, indeed, almost by a miracle. The lofty and nearly perpendicular cliffs, by which their dwelling was surrounded, here afforded, for about a hundred yards, a sheltered corner, caused by the overhanging brow of a precipice. The avalanche in its descent, had passed on both sides of this ledge, carrying everything before it that it met on its way. Had the fugitives been a minute later, or a minute earlier, they would have been in its path. The generous act of the lad, in pausing to relieve the helpless flock, had in reality saved the lives of all.

He saw it, his mother saw it, and they looked at each other. The same sentiment moved the heart of each, though it found words only at the mother's lips.

"It is the hand of God, my children," she said, solemnly, falling on her knees. "To Him be all the praise!"

An hour after, the fugitives were safe in a neighbor's cottage, having found an old path which had escaped the track of the avalanche.

UNFORGOTTEN.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

Oh! dost thou dream that I have chang'd,
Or think that I forget?
And never weep the silent tear
Of sorrow and regret?
But could'st thou read this longing heart—
Its ev'ry secret thrill—
And ev'ry moan would breathe to thee—
Thou art remembered still!

There's not a star that smiles on me
From yon soft, cloudless blue;
And not a flow'r that droops beneath
The gentle Summer dew;
And not a low-voic'd pray'r ascends
From murmuring stream, or rill;
But tells my sad, earth-weary heart—
Thou art remember'd still!

Ah, no! my heart must dream no more,
As in that "dear old time,"
When thy young spirit throbb'd with mine,
To Love's soft mimic-chime:
And now, e'en tho' some gentle dream
May oft my bosom thrill,
Yet dirge-notes in my heart will moan—
Thou art remember'd still!

MORNING.

BY CLARA MORETON.

The morning breaks. Across the amber sky
Grey clouds are trooping slowly one by one,
Their edges crimsoned by the rising sun.
Mist wreaths upon the distant mountains lie,
And violet vapors through the valley glide—
Veiling the crystal stream that winds along,
Forever murm'ring its low gushing song
To the sweet flowers and ferns that droop beside.
My heart, to God, springs up in thoughtful prayer!
Most beautiful on such a morn doth seem
This earth!—most radiant! as the sun's first gleam
Flashes afar upon the woodland fair.
In "pleasant ways" my pilgrimage is cast—
God only grant these happy days may last!

Digitized by Google

"MYSTERIOUS KNOCKINGS."

BY ELLA RODMAN.

The great, mahogany clock, that stood in the corner, as erect as a sentinel on duty, had just struck three, and the drowsy stillness of a summer afternoon seemed to pervade the whole house. It was a capacious, old-fashioned edifice, shaded by lofty trees, that seemed, like every thing else connected with Mrs. Feld, trained up in the way they should go.

The old lady, herself, had gone to her apartment for an after-dinner nap; and sleeping seemed to be the order of the day, for in the dining-room, Mrs. Pancrust, the housekeeper, though not "enjoying the comforts of a quiet nap"—for her naps never were *quiet* ones—was making her period of voluntary bondage as lively as possible. There never was so energetic a sleeper as Mrs. Pancrust. With her funny, little figure, whose breadth almost equalled its length, comfortably ensconced in the large arm-chair—her little, fat hands crossed before her—and her feet resting on a footstool, she made a regular business of it; and probably imagined herself a locomotive, letting off steam—for she snored, and puffed, and sighed with a vehemence that was, to the uninitiated, perfectly startling. Her face, that looked like a full moon, with a bit of cap-border just visible around it, was puffed out, as though she were blowing some imaginary trumpet; while her mouth was puckered up into a round O.

Just opposite was a perfect daguerreotype of the performance in the shape of Marion Feld—Mrs. Feld's grand-daughter—a talented, mischievous girl of fifteen; who, not feeling at all disposed to sleep, and being rather dreary from the want of companionship, had wandered into the dining-room, and struck with the old housekeeper's ludicrous appearance, now sat faithfully imitating each contortion. Naughty Marion! A talent for mimicry was her besetting sin; and she now sat puffing out her cheeks, and puckering her mouth, and going gradually backward, and catching herself up again; while her long, light curls swayed back and forth with the violence of her motions.

The solitary spectator of the scene smiled, in spite of himself; but then a graver expression rested on his half pensive face, as he gazed earnestly on Marion Feld, standing almost upon the threshold of womanhood. But she did not see him; and quite unsuspected in his retreat, he watched the roguish face that was growing quite red with the unwonted exercise.

Suddenly Mrs. Pancrust opened her eyes. One would naturally expect, in *her* case, a gradual cooling off before the waking world fairly beamed upon her sight; but she was now wide awake, without the least warning. Marion, never at a loss, proceeded with her slumbers as naturally as though the contortions had orignated with herself. Mrs. Pancrust was surprised; she had never seen such sleeping before; and in a tone of perplexed commisseration, she murmured,

"Poor child! What *dreadful* faces she does make!"

This was too much for Marion's gravity; with a sudden outburst of laughter she sprang up, and, without replying to the astonished housekeeper, rushed from the apartment. Suddenly she encountered the quiet student, Wallace Hampton; and beneath the half disapproving gaze of those earnest eyes, her own grew grave.

"Marion," said he, kindly, as he drew her into one of the deep recesses at the window, "it was remarkably well done—as well as anything of the kind *could* be done—but would it not be better to attempt a higher field of action? To devote those talents to some wiser purpose?"

He was a great deal older than she, to be sure; but it must be because he was studying for a minister that Marion received so meekly from her cousin what she felt very much disposed to term "lectures." She was both motherless and fatherless; a sort of waif whom Mrs. Feld received from her son as the price of his folly in marrying when she had expected better things of him; and not much subdued by the capricious severity of her grandmother, Marion grew up like a luxuriant vine that had never been trained. She supposed that it was always people's fate to be scolded by somebody, and listened to Wallace Hampton quietly aud submissively.

"You have both talent and perseverance, Marion," continued her cousin, "you have access to books that are in themselves as inestimable mines—you have one who is competent, from his longer experience, to explain any difficulties that may arise, and who is willing to use that ability

Digitized by Google

to its very extent—is it not, therefore, your own fault if you throw away the opportunity of becoming an intelligent and talented woman?"

He had touched the right chord. Marion's ambition was aroused; and in the long, summer days, when, in the garden below, the bee went culling sweets from flower to flower, Marion sat drawing intellectual draughts from a fountain that never fails.

The patient young teacher was sometimes half bewildered by his pupil's quickness, and thirst for all sorts of information; and when Marion's natural propensities triumphed, and audacious freaks of mischief quite upset his philosophy, he experienced the deepest sympathy for those unfortunates of his own sex who undertake the management of a whole school of girls. Running the gauntlet to Indian music seemed a pleasant exercise in comparison. Sometimes Marion had deep fits of demureness, when she appeared sincerely penitent for former misdemeanors; and Wallace believed this penitence sincere, and only opened his eyes to be deceived again.

There was, to be sure, much stumbling and halting in their progress up the hill of knowledge; but the guide was patient, and the goal seemed nearly won. And in the quiet, summer days Marion sat in the library, and gazed on the grave, earnest face of her teacher, and took to her heart something that grew with her youth, and strengthened with her strength.

Was she not a faithful pupil? For she conned a lesson more than he had given her to learn.

But what has this to do with "Mysterious Knockings?" A great deal with those who believe that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined;" for the Marion Feld in the picture is the same mischievous girl who mimiced the slumbers of the old housekeeper. To be sure, her long curls are now twisted back, and four years have given her a more mature appearance; but there she is, listening to the first magical sound of "Mysterious Knockings."

We must go back a little.

Two pleasant years glided by, and Wallace Hampton ceased to play the part of teacher to a half-trained girl, and went forth into the world to find a field of action more suited to his abilities; and Marion stayed in the old house until she fairly loathed the quiet village with its everlasting stillness. She could not help feeling that she was capable of something better than making up such unreasonable quantities of ruffled pillow-cases; but Mrs. Feld delighted in these inexhaustible stores, and although she never had a daughter, she had always been preparing for somebody's wedding. Who was to be the victim it seemed impossible to tell; but the old lady had certainly worked herself up to the conviction that a marriage would come upon her as unexpectedly as a housebreaker in the dead of night, and with this prophetic feeling it behooved her to be in readiness.

During the long winter evenings, Marion, when quite a child, sat reading to her grandmother "The Children of the Abbey," or "The Mysteries of Udolpho;" and this duty was anything but a task. Sometimes, by way of antidote, Mrs. Feld would request passages from "Young's Night Thoughts," or "Paradise Lost;" but Marion soon found that her auditor was very apt to nod over gloomy philosophy and sublime descriptions; and when her grandmother had been fairly read to sleep, she would draw forth the enticing volume with renewed zest.

And there they would sit in the pleasant, curtained room; the winter wind moaning without—the old lady asleep in her arm-chair—and little Marion quite absorbed in her novel.

Then came those pleasant days that she loved to think of, even now, when she sat with Wallace Hampton in the library, and conned whole volumes of ancient lore—volumes that Mrs. Feld considered far inferior to her own substantial receipt-book. When her teacher left, the place became a dreary blank; and a feeling of utter weariness ensued, while Marion looked about in vain for some excitement.

What a tame, quiet set their neighbors were! How perseveringly the women knit, and brewed, and baked, and tended baby between spells, until the spirit of degeneration seemed fairly satisfied with its dominion there, and contemplated its disciples with pleasurable feelings! How the very clergyman from the pulpit encouraged this degraded conduct by such quotations as, "Wives, be in subjection unto your husbands," "A virtuous woman is above all price," followed by dissertations upon the vanity of adornment, and the utter wildness and impracticability of ever aspiring to any higher station than that of a respectable domestic animal, until Marion, animated by the restless spirit of mischief, longed to stir up a revolt.

At length, however, her desire for a change seemed likely to be realized. In the first place, Marion, to her great surprise, became an heiress. A maternal aunt, after whom she had been named, and whose only acknowledgment of the compliment while living was an infant's set of coral, died, and left her niece a sum of money, which to the country people appeared really enormous. Marion's love of excitement was gratified immediately; having, with some difficulty

Digitized by Google

persuaded her grandmother to agree to her contemplated improvements, she went to work at the old farm-house with all the energy of an active genius.

How often had she and Wallace talked of a conservatory to be entered from the very room in which they studied; how often had been planned the arrangement of every flower and shrub; and, now that he was expected back, with all his clerical honors fresh upon him, how pleasant it would be to surprise him with a sight of the conservatory, as the Empress of China had been surprised at the erection of Aladdin's Palace in a single night? The old farm-house was almost turned into a fairy region, and Marion contemplated her improvements with no small degree of complacency—but the roc's egg was still wanting to render it complete.

Before Wallace arrived, came the "Mysterious Knockings;" and no wonder that the wandering spirits, who seem to have plenty of leisure on their hands, should have devoted themselves to the task of waking up the people of Muddy Hollow. Never were so sleepy a set collected together; and when the licensed knockers took up their abode at the principal hotel, they suddenly awoke as from a dream. A knock, now-a-days, meant something; it was not a merely expressed wish to get in—it afforded a theme for speculation. The spiritual visitants certainly knocked to some purpose, and must have found their ethereal natures sadly encumbered by the earth dross which they carried off from the people of Muddy Hollow.

Marion Feld was kept in a constant state of amusement; for old Mrs. Pancrust had been most violently seized with the disorder, and existence, to her, was now one continual knock. Mrs. Pancrust dropped into uneasy slumbers under the mesmerism of mysterious knockings—she opened her ears to these sounds at early dawn—and she looked as though she were perpetually saying to herself,

"I hear a *knock* you cannot hear."

How often did she sit and count a series of knockings, and draw prognostications therefrom—little suspecting that the mysterious performers were Marion, and a poker, in the next apartment!

Mrs. Pancrust labored in vain to make a convert of the mischievous girl; she laughed at all her theories, and boldly expressed her opinion that the mysterious knockers might find some better employment. The old housekeeper was shocked at this skepticism; and some dreadful least of what she expected for such incredulity. Marion, however, continued unpunished; and the day approached for Wallace's return.

Great were the preparations for the young minister's visit; but as the hour approached, the heiress became more and more nervous while wondering whether her teacher's manner would be as cordial as ever. What would he think of the conservatory? Perhaps it might look to him like self-conceit, puffed up by the consciousness of heiress-ship. Marion roved restlessly around, and, at first, resolved to meet him frankly at the front door; then she thought it better to sit in state on the sofa; and finally, when he really did arrive, she ran to the room opening into the conservatory, and concealed herself among the folds of the curtains.

Here, partly in mischief, partly in embarrassment, she stood, awaiting his entrance; and at the first sound of his step in the apartment, it seemed as though the beating of her heart must be distinctly audible. How she tried to control this agitation, and how it wouldn't be controlled! And then she thought of Mrs. Pancrust's predictions, and wondered if this was "Mysterious Knockings?"

Wallace Hampton passed on—so close that he seemed almost to touch her; and as he looked about him, he appeared like one bewildered. He entered the conservatory; but, having advanced a few steps, he stood still, with folded arms, and seemed lost in a reverie. Marion, half piqued that he had not continued his search, emerged from her hiding-place, and stood noting the alterations of two years. His high, broad forehead seemed more lofty than ever—his mouth was graver than of old—and he looked so proud, and calm, and erect, that Marion half feared to arrest his attention. That troublesome heart, how it kept beating! And while she stood there, undecided, Mrs. Pancrust entered the room in quest of her.

"Why, Miss Marion!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter? Mr. Wallace has arrived, and gone to look for you."

"Hush!" whispered Marion, "I am listening to 'Mysterious Knockings.'"

Mrs. Pancrust was both awed and delighted; and in the same low tone she replied,

"How many knocks were there?"

"Oh!" said Marion, with a laugh at her companion's eagerness, "I really do not know—they were so numerous that I couldn't count them."

Mrs. Pancrust stood a few moments and pondered. At last, she had hit it.

"Miss Marion," said she, solemnly, "depend

Digitized by Google

your being an old maid. You have brought this upon yourself!"

But Marion received this communication with such an outburst of laughter that Wallace, roused from his contemplation by the familiar sound, was soon standing beside his old pupil, with a greeting as cordial as in those golden times.

But as the young clergyman glanced around upon the handsome furniture, the conservatory, and all the adornments of wealth, he sighed at the thoughts of the chasm between himself and the heiress. She could never again seem like the same simple girl of old; and again that proud, lofty look fell upon Marion's heart like a chill. Was this the meek charity that thinketh evil of none? Marion could have taught the clergyman a lesson that would have been of more value to him than twenty sermons.

Wallace was, of course, feted and courted by his old associates of Muddy Hollow; but he soon discovered that their minds were engrossed by a more important subject than his arrival. "Mysterious Knockings" were familiar words in every house; and it was probably owing to their very slow natures in receiving an idea that they now clung with such tenacity to the spiritual rappers.

"This is really too foolish," said Wallace, one evening, as he gave a ludicrous account of a visit that had been interrupted by mysterious knockings, "all the village seem to have gone crazy!"

Notwithstanding her reverence for the newly created clergyman, Mrs. Pancrust could not quietly hear him denounce her favorite theory. She bustled, and fidgetted, and finally asked,

"Did *you* never hear any knockings, Mr. Wallace?"

"I must indeed be deaf," he replied, with a smile, "did I not hear the thundering raps with which you daily recall me from the land of dreams—but I may safely assert that I have never yet heard any knocks for which I could not satisfactorily account, without calling in supernatural assistance."

"Your time will come," said Mrs. Pancrust, shaking her head disapprovingly at this levity.

"'Every dog has his day,' I suppose," continued Wallace, "but perhaps, Mrs. Pancrust, you may succeed in overcoming my skepticism, if you can convince me that this spiritual interference is really beneficial. You have visited the rappers, of course—what did they tell you?"

"Why," said Mrs. Pancrust, brightening up, "they told me that I had lived here for twenty years—I am sure *that* was true."

"Very true indeed," replied Wallace, "but were you not aware of it before? Was this the

"No," said Mrs. Pancrust, half suspecting that she was being played upon, "they told me that I was a widow, and without children."

"Also very true," said Wallace, scarcely able to contain himself at these revelations, "but certainly, not very *new*."

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Pancrust, somewhat roused by his contempt, "*I* am not the only one in the house who has heard spiritual knockings. The very day that you came home, I found Miss Marion standing by the curtains, listening to 'em!"

"Oh, Mrs. Pancrust!" exclaimed Marion, in the direst confusion lest Wallace might *possibly* understand, "how *could* you!"

"Why, la, Miss Marion," replied the simple-minded housekeeper, "I'm sure you told me so, yourself! And I remember just how you stood when you said it—you had your hand on your heart, and I think you were looking at Mr. Wallace in the conservatory, and——"

Wallace was startled by the abrupt departure of Marion Feld, with cheeks of a crimson hue, and yet a disposition to laugh seemed strangely struggling with a sense of embarrassment.

"She did," continued Mrs. Pancrust, who felt extremely puzzled, "she told me, when I asked her what was the matter, that she had been listening to mysterious knockings. I expected something to happen to her, that afternoon—she acted so queer-like; and when you came, she ran away, and I had to go and find her."

"What did the knockers say?" inquired Wallace, who, to Mrs. Pancrust's great delight, appeared quite interested.

"Why," said she, "Miss Marion told me that she couldn't count 'em, and I thought it must mean that she was to be an old maid; but when I told her so—la! he's off—how queer people do act now-a-days—it must be the knockings, though."

So thought the old housekeeper as her auditor departed in the midst of her reply; and the next moment she was quietly at work upon her stocking, toeing it off with the greatest precision.

Wallace was not quite a fool; and this account of mysterious knockings gave him some insight into matters and things. He felt quite as much interested as Mrs. Pancrust could be that the mysterious knockings should not turn out no knockings at all; and then the mischievous face of the young hoyden, as she sat feigning sleep on that summer afternoon, seemed to rise up before him and laugh at him for his pains. He roamed about in a state of indecision. What

Digitized by Google

of her mischievous nonsense—besides, she was now an heiress, and he a poor minister.

So he thought, and reasoned, and walked into the conservatory; and there stood Marion. She blushed violently when he came in, and, anxious to break what she feared would prove an awkward silence, she said the very thing that she should not have said, and gayly exclaimed,

"A penny for your thoughts!"

"I was thinking," said Wallace, quite innocently, "of 'Mysterious Knockings.'"

Down went the rose that she was pulling to pieces, and away rushed Marion; but Wallace caught the hand that she had extended to open the door, and, quite in the old schoolmaster tone, he continued,

"I want these 'Mysterious Knockings' explained."

"Did *you* never hear any knocks, Mr. Wallace?" said Marion, mischievously, as she mimiced the old housekeeper.

"It cannot be," said Wallace, half sadly, "that a young lady should take a fancy to throw away youth, beauty, and wealth on a poor minister, who has nothing to give in return but *love*—the spirits must have made a mistake this time—is it not so, Marion?"

She did not withdraw her hand; but bending her head until he could scarcely see her face, she said, "if you mean *me*, I have no heart to give—I lost it when I was only fifteen."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Wallace, "that you could think of fancying a pale, grave student like me!"

"I didn't say that it was *you*," returned Marion, looking absolutely saucy, "I was only beginning to tell you, in imitation of a heroine whom I once admired, that I could only offer you a heart that had loved once before. I thought it 'best to be off with the old love before I was on with the new.'"

Wallace only looked as he did of old when reproving his pupil's mischievous propensities; and Marion, by way of relieving her confusion, exclaimed,

"How ridiculous! you are as bad as the old dominie you used to complain of; you began with 'Mysterious Knockings,' and you have wandered off to four years ago!"

"The knockings," said Wallace, "have been explained, probably more to *my* satisfaction than Mrs. Pancrust's. She will feel disappointed, injured, perhaps, when she finds that these 'Mysterious Knockings' have turned out 'all for love.' She will never forgive you, Marion, for making what she will doubtless consider 'Much Ado About Nothing.' And grandmother, too, what will *she* say?"

"Your expression," said Marion, "would seem to add, 'Look in *my* face, and you'll forget them all!'"

So Marion Feld became a minister's wife.

MEMORIES OF THE DEAD.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

I'm sadly lone—no heart with mine
Beats in responses sweet;
No lov'd voice bids me not repine;
No kiss my coming greet.
They tell me that the world is fair—
They laugh in thoughtless mirth,
And marvel that I feel such care,
Or scorn the joys of earth;
They little know the deathless love
That bound my heart to thee,
With ties no earthly power can move,
Sweet slumberer of the sea!
My bosom now is desolate,
My day is turn'd to night;
In plaintive songs I call my mate
When Spring's first buds are bright;

Sweet spirit! dost thou hear me sigh
Above yon glittering star?
Or can thy gentle soul survey
My lonely anguish now?
Maria! from thy home of day
Look on my faded brow!
For thee mine eyes are dim with tears—
For thee my soul is sad,
Since all is gone that life endears,
Say—wouldst thou have me glad?
A Pilgrim I—and wandering on
Heart broken to the tomb;
The flowers of love are dead and gone,
My star has set in gloom!
Oh, may we meet where death comes not
To rend affection's tie—

THE COQUETTE.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

I AM a coquette by nature and by education, and I confess myself not ashamed of the title. My mother, who was a woman of fashion, had, however, but a small fortune, and from my earliest days she did not fail to impress upon me the fact, that I was to make my own way in the world by my charms, which were eventually to secure me a brilliant marriage. I was a child of uncommon beauty and promise, and a natural bias taught me early to understand, and co-operate in my mother's views. I happened once to overhear her instructions to the governess of the fashionable boarding-school, where I was educated, and I was struck with their boldness and good sense.

"Do not," said my mother, "trouble my sweet child's head with such stupid and useless things as history, geography and figures—*I* know nothing, and have never felt the need of knowing any thing about them. My daughter must of course learn to read and write a pretty hand, but I wish you to be so kind as to see that *most* of her time is devoted to dancing and music—in these important branches I wish her to excel. I have no objection to her learning a little French and Italian—it would perhaps be as well, but pray let this be secondary to the music and dancing. I beg you also to pay particular attention to her manners and deportment—teach her above all to be graceful, and you will fulfil the proudest wish of a mother's heart."

My teacher obeyed these instructions implicitly. I was placed before a mirror where I played on the piano or harp, to study my attitudes and expressions—and to these early lessons I must acknowledge my indebtedness for the acquirement of the angelic smile which accompanies my singing, and the exquisite grace which has, during my whole life, been so extremely admired. Ah, that smile has since then turned many a head!

My first conquest was effected before leaving school, though I did so at the age of fifteen. My youthful lover was a being full of enthusiasm—people said of genius—I only know he was very handsome, and a most ardent admirer. I met him by chance at first—afterward by appointment almost daily—our place of rendezvous grounds belonging to the boarding-school. Certainly we were two happy little fools, as we walked together beneath the spreading trees, saying I know not what foolish things to each other—but Arthur's love was so warm and ardent, that I, in some way, caught his spirit, and at the time almost fancied myself in earnest. This nonsense lasted more than a year, when it was interrupted by my being summoned to town to commence my career in the gay world. Arthur departed about the same time on a voyage to China, where he predicted he should soon acquire the fortune, which he took it for granted I was to share with him.

My mother, whom I had seen at but rare intervals since being placed at boarding-school, professed herself delighted with my appearance, manners, and accomplishments, and my outfit was in accordance with her hopes. My debut was a triumph. I became at once queen of the town, and saw half the men of the place at my feet. I was admired, flattered, quoted, adored, till, in truth, the wonder is that my head was not completely turned.

The first suitor in whom I felt any interest after poor Arthur, (to whom I remained faithful until after my debut) was a young man of good family, who lived with and supported his widowed mother, who was poor. He was extremely—splendidly handsome, and it pleased me to hear people remark as we walked together, "there go the handsomest man and woman in America;" but apart from this I had no liking for the fellow—he was a person of too violent passions, and wearied me by his too vehement addresses. I soon dismissed him. He expressed so much surprise at my sudden rejection of his suit, that I found it necessary to give him to understand what was really the case, that I had never, for a single moment, entertained the thought of marrying him. That he had but served to amuse and entertain my leisure hours.

He left me in violent anger—apparently quite in despair; I heard nothing more of him for several years, when I was informed that he had fallen into bad habits. So that it was well for me that I would have nothing to say to him. Some people, it is true, paid me the compliment

Digitized by Google

disappointment in love, but my modesty forbids my believing myself capable of inspiring so deep an affection.

My suitors this winter were numberless, but though tempted by one or two splendid offers, I loved the life I was leading too ardently to be willing so early to resign it for the thraldom of an American marriage.

Another winter brought a renewal of the scenes of the last. I began to weary of their monotony —I longed for something startling and new. The idea struck me that I would have a duel fought on my account—no lives need be lost, and the circumstance would be but a kind of public tribute to my dreams. After a little reflection I selected two fashionable hot-headed youths, and encouraged the addresses of both at the same time. When I perceived they were both maddened by jealousy, I determined to act. One evening at a ball I accepted the hand of each for the same dance, and both came at the same moment to claim their partner. Each angrily asserted his rights, and dark glances were interchanged—they appealed to me to decide between them.

"Really gentlemen," I cried, with an air of indifference, "I cannot be troubled with such a trifle—you must settle it between you—and," I added, with a slight emphasis, "my *hand* shall be the prize of him who best asserts his claim to it." I turned away affecting not to hear the muttered angry words which the rivals were interchanging.

The next day I did not rise till near night; when I did so, I called for the evening papers, and soon found the following paragraph:

"We understand that two of our fashionable young townsmen left the city this morning at an early hour, to settle a dispute which occurred last night at Mrs. B——'s splendid ball. The beautiful and fascinating Miss C——, to whose charms both gentlemen have been doing homage, was the cause of the quarrel. As yet it is not know how the affair has terminated "

So far all was well, but soon the tidings came that by some strange chance the duel had terminated fatally—Charles C—— had been shot through the heart. I allow that I felt at first disposed to blame myself for the part I had taken in this affair, but surely some unusual ill-luck attended it, for now-a-days who ever dreams of duels terminating in bloodshed?—I certainly never *wished* it should do so. I was greatly shocked, and I did all I could to reconcile myself to this unfortunate *contre temps*. I reflected that the victim was but a worthless young man, and as he would probably, at best, have killed himself by dissipation in a few years, it was perhaps, after all, no great harm if by being killed a few years sooner, by another, his death answered at least the purpose of contributing another laurel to my renown. No one knew the part I had taken in this affair, for the rival duelist had left the country, and I found myself more the rage than ever. Indeed so numerous were my conquests, that when I perceived a new lover beginning on the old theme, with as much energy as though he had hit upon something quite new and fresh, I could with difficulty restrain my mirth.

Among the throng of admirers one really interested me. He was a young gentleman of great talent, named Melville. He had a fine taste for music, and in my musical accomplishments I found I possessed a wand of enchantment by which to sway him to my will. I had a superb voice, and though I had been taught to warble in the Italian style, I had too much taste to confine myself exclusively to that school. I also sang ballads and delicate love songs, and it was these that Melville most delighted to hear. He often accompanied me with his own rich voice, or when I performed on the harp or piano, he would join with his flute, making "most excellent music."

I exerted myself to the utmost to enslave young Melville, for he was no easy or willing conquest—indeed report said that he was already engaged to be married to a very sweet young lady. That, however, was his affair, not mine, and at length I had the satisfaction of perceiving that his fortress of strength had fallen—that he was madly in love with me.

To punish him for the difficulty I had had in his capture, I continued my allurements after I was sure of my prey. I suffered him more than once to speak of his love, ere I thought it worth while to undeceive him as to mine. By the way, my mother wished me to accept this man, as he was of good family and great talents, but it did not satisfy my ambition to marry a man of small fortune, and so I silenced my mother. It was long ere I could convince young Melville that I was in earnest in discarding him, but after a long conversation, which left no doubt in his mind, he rushed from me in a state of great excitement and agitation, crying, "oh, Clara, Clara, you have killed me!"

I had witnessed similar scenes too often to be much alarmed at this, but what was my surprise when the next day, the intelligence reached me that young Melville had put an end to his existence. I was truly shocked by this occurrence, but after all it was really no fault of mine—no woman can be blamed for not marrying a man,

Digitized by Google

merely because he wishes it, and will kill himself if she refuses him. In truth, Melville should have contented himself with the poor, love-sick maiden, his first choice, who, as I hear, went crazy for his sake.

About this time my old, first lover, Arthur, returned from Canton, having acquired a moderate fortune. He came to see me the very day of his arrival. He found me in the music-room surrounded by gentlemen. Though he was much altered in his appearance, I knew him instantly, and went forward to meet him with a cordial greeting—my first glance at his agitated face convinced me that certain passages in our early life were unforgotten. I determined to improve my advantage—he should own that I was not less charming than of old. I exerted all my powers of fascination. I sang, and my voice was never clearer or richer. I seized a happy moment and sang a tender little refrain of faithful, early love; at its close I raised my eyes to Arthur's face, and saw him turn aside to conceal his emotion. I read in his glance passionate love—fervent gratitude. I fancied that my work was done, my captive bound hand and foot, and condescended to throw a few favors to my other expectant suitors. I saw the cloud of displeasure which darkened Arthur's brow, but I heeded it not—what queen heeds the frown of her slave?

I saw Arthur constantly. He seemed to have no power to absent himself from me, though sometimes he would struggle to break the net of enchantment which I had thrown over him. I perceived his efforts to regain his freedom, and in my heart resented them, yet gloried all the more in my power, which, against his will, brought this proud, strong man to my feet—still his struggles were silent; he never spoke to me of love till one eventful evening which I shall never forget.

My mother had rented a house in the country for the summer, and we were living there. A few friends were spending the evening with us, and Arthur was of the number. The party broke up early, and after my mother had retired I still sat musing over the events of the night. I went to a small writing-table of mine which was in the room, and took from it a bundle of love-letters from various admirers, thinking I would read some of them over. Among them I found a miniature of Arthur, given me in our early love-making; as I was looking at it to discover whether he had changed for the better or worse in his absence, I heard a slight noise among the rose-bushes outside the low window, which was behind me. I turned, and saw Arthur gazing at me with eyes full of the deepest sorrow; he stepped quietly through the window into the parlor without saying a word—only that sad, stern look in his eyes.

I had no power to ask him what it meant. I trembled, like one who waits silently to hear some dreadful tidings. At last he spoke,

"Clara, I have come to bid you an eternal farewell!"

My heart grew cold at his words, but trying to rally, I said haughtily,

"You have chosen, sir, a most unseasonable hour for the purpose——"

"Pardon me," he said, "it seems not so to me—yet pardon me." He spoke like one in a dream—his eyes still fixed upon me.

My courage revived, and the spirit of coquetry returning, I said gaily,

"Gracious heavens, Arthur, how you frighten me—how strangely you look to-night! I do believe you are in love!"

His whole aspect changed at my words.

"I am!" he cried, "wildly, fondly, madly, passionately in love with a vain, heartless woman, whom I would not marry for kingdoms. Oh, God, to find that during all those years I have been worshipping a beautiful *body*, to which there is no lovely, corresponding soul—degrading, humiliating thought. Yet, though I feel all this, I am so weak—so miserable weak—that still—Clara, Clara, I love you still."

His whole form was convulsed, and he with difficulty refrained from falling at my feet.

I stepped back haughtily.

"Forgive me, Clara," he continued, more calmly, "I scarcely know what I am saying—remember I have come to say farewell—to take an eternal leave of you—you, my first and only idol—I entreat you to grant me one last favor. Do not think me too presuming when I entreat you—by the memory of those sweet days when we wandered together, pure as angels, in the deep forest, and when I carried you often in my arms like a little child—let me once more, in the same innocent spirit, fold you in my arms; it is a strange fancy, but fear me not—I would, if only for an instant, renew that youthful dream of bliss ere it vanishes forever. Grant my prayer, the last I shall ever make, and I leave you forever, but with one sweet thought to cheer much bitterness."

I know not what spell was on me, but I was wholly subdued to this man's will; a wild and tender love for him rushed over my soul with the conviction that he was lost to me forever. I stood silent, and trembling violently before him. He took my resistless form in his arms, and kneeling down, he looked sadly and tenderly in my eyes; it was the same look he had often given

me in old times, save that now a deep reproach was mingled with its love. He held me thus some moments—then slowly and solemnly, as we kiss the dead, he pressed his lips to mine—he released me—he was gone. I sprang to the window, I rushed out in search of him—I called him frantically—for the first time in my life reason ceased to rule my conduct, I believe that had he but returned to me, I should have thrown myself at his feet, and besought him who had but now so insulted me—besought him to love me still—to take me for what I was worth—but he came not, and thank God, I was spared that humiliation. He was gone—gone. I returned to the house in an agony of despair—I threw myself on the sofa, and lay there quite still the whole night through, while surging billows of love and anger swept alternately through my mind. Now, for the first time, I felt that I loved; not the tender, gentle youth of old, who was my slave, but the strong, proud, self-respecting man, who loved, yet scorned me—who "would not marry me for kingdoms."

For many weeks after this time Arthur lay between life and death—a brain fever threatened both his life and reason—both, however, were spared—he recovered, and after a time he returned to society, and I met him often. He proudly avoided shunning me, and there was no need that he should—his heart was as cold to me as though the angel of death had touched it and turned it into ice. With that last kiss his soul had taken an eternal leave of mine—I was now more dead to him than if laid in my grave. All this I felt, and yet I, fool that I was, I loved him more than ever. The thought of him never left my mind—to bring him again to my feet was the only desire—the only wish I had in the world. But now that love had entered my heart, coquetry failed; for others I knew how to weave spells of fascination which they could not resist. But when *he* was by my charms were broken—I became silent, almost awkward. At last in despair, I resolved to try what jealousy might do. I had at this time two wealthy lovers—one old and sensible, the other young and dissipated. Had I been forced to choose between them, my unbiased judgment would have declared unhesitatingly in favor of the elder suitor, but I wished Arthur to think my heart interested, and I, therefore, engaged myself to the younger. Had Arthur's manner given me a ray of encouragement, I would have instantly broken with my betrothed, and endeavored to win him back, but his heart was of marble, and things went on. To the last I was not without hope—on the very evening before my wedding, contrary to all etiquette, I horrified my mother by insisting on going to a ball at which I knew Arthur would be; determined that even then it should not be too late, if he would but grant me one ray of hope. I contrived to be his partner in the waltz. I threw myself with a peculiar *abandon* in his arms. I wished—I longed to feel his touch—I thought of that terrible night when I had lain in his arms—of my coming marriage—of my burning love—I felt his arm like a flame of fire around me—my brain grew dizzy—my dim eyes sought Arthur's face. It was pale, but stern as marble—there was no relenting there. Things began to fade before my eyes, the weight and darkness of the grave to fall upon me and I fainted.

On the morrow, in anguish and bitterness of heart, I gave my hand to the man I despised, and since that hour—it is now six weary years, I have never known one happy moment. My husband's jealousy makes me worse than a slave, and his detested love is my bitterest punishment.

THE LATE GILIA.

BY MRS. RUSSELL.

It is an humble little flower
  Blooming within a shaded room,
Now thick Fall clouds begin to lower,
And Winter shows a despot's power
  O'er Summer's waning bloom.

'T is mingled with the heart's-ease dear,
  Richer than e'er the solstice gave;
And rayed chrysanthemum's are near,
To light into a smile the tear
  O'er the last sunshine's grave.

Mine eye, reclining, catches rays
  From out its sunny heart,
Which lay close hid in brighter days,
When all things wore a golden blaze,
  In which it scarce had part.

And so I claim it, as of yore,
  Dear little thrice-hued flower;
Ah, love it daily more and more,
With the bright ray it keeps in store
  For a November hour.

Digitized by Google

EARTHLY HOPES.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"And so Thursday is to be your wedding day, Evy?" said a young girl to her companion, as they sat together in the pleasant parlor of a neat dwelling in the beautiful queen city of the West. "As you have, at length, made Ernest happy by naming the day, I suppose your dress is finished," she continued, looking up mischievously into the blushing face of Evy.

"Yes," replied the latter, as if only hearing the concluding words; "yes, my dress is finished: come up stairs, Clara, and you shall see it."

Clara needed no second invitation; and when she had entered her friend's prettily furnished chamber, and taken her accustomed seat beside the window, the bridal robe of plain white Tarlatan was brought from the wardrobe for her inspection. Clara, who was to be bridesmaid at the approaching ceremony, expressed approbation of the dress, as well as of several other matters on which her friend desired her opinion; and after a time rose to go, saying, "that as she had yet some preparations to make, and the day was so near at hand, she should have no time to lose."

"But you can be ready for Thursday, can you not, dear Clara?" asked Evy, somewhat anxiously, as they stood at the street door.

"Oh, I shall accommodate my arrangements to the time remaining, "was the laughing reply; "I do not think it likely that you will postpone the day on *my* account—yes, I will be ready," and she tripped lightly down the steps and disappeared.

Evy closed the door, and ascended to her apartment to put away the bridal dress. As she looked upon it other thoughts came into her mind, and she sat down on the low chair just vacated by Clara, casting many an unconscious glance at the opposite house in which dwelt her lover, so soon to be her husband. Her dress lay unheeded on the bed; and she sat thus for a long time busy with her thoughts: sweet and happy ones they must have been; for a bright smile often flitted over the dewy lips, giving a new charm to the joyous features which indeed seemed only made for smiles.

Cherish those sweet thoughts yet a little longer, young maiden—hug those visions of happiness still closer to thy bosom; for as a sudden tempest cloud overspreading the fair arch of heaven, shall a dark, funeral pall banish thy bright visions—like blooming flowers wrested from the earth, and tossed upon the whirlwind to wither and to die, shall thy sweet hopes be uptorn from their resting-place, leaving but sorrow, and desolation, and darkness to thee. Cherish them, then, while thou mayest—enjoy the brief moments of bliss which they afford!

At the same hour that Evy sat talking with her friend, Ernest Wilson stood on the upper deck of one of the beautiful steamboats that plough the bright waters of the Ohio; not as one of the passengers, however, but to take leave of one of his early friends who was leaving for New Orleans, never perhaps to return to his native state. Brilliant prospects lured him onward, yet still he gazed with fondness and regret on the beautiful shore he was so soon to leave; for it is no commendable fortitude or philosophy which enables one to leave without emotion the hallowed home of childhood; and there was a moisture which shamed not his manhood in the young traveller's eyes, as he withdrew his lingering gaze and turned to the friend, whom, as one link in the bright chain he was about to sever, he detained beside him to the last moment. The warning bell sounded, the groups on board began to separate; parting words were spoken; hands fondly grasped in a last warm pressure; and the next moment the separation was realized by many an aching heart, as the boat slowly and gracefully receded, as if willing to allow yet a few fond glances and signals between those who crowded the deck, and the saddened groups who saw them depart.

Ernest Wilson, who was one of the last to leave the boat, stood silently watching its quickening motion as it swept onward, throwing the clear waters in a shower of silvery spray around its wheels, and leaving a bright track of leaping waves to still its progress. The day was one of the loveliest of early autumn; the warm sun shone down goldenly from the cloudless sky, and as its radiant beams fell upon the graceful fabric; the fluttering pennant that streamed like a thing of life above; and the gayly dressed throngs that stood beside the railing, it presented a spectacle beautiful, yet solemn. How

Digitized by Google

tranquilly it glides through the opposing waves, thought Ernest, as if conscious of its power, and laughing at the fears of the few who even now shrink, with dread, from the mighty engine. Onward it bounds—another moment and it will disappear. Hark! that fearful crash—that appalling scream of human agony and despair. The iron-bound monster has burst its fetters, and spread ruin and death through that gallant boat, with its freight, oh, how precious, of living, loving souls!

Ah! many a household will mourn—many a heart grow sad and earth-weary with the tidings that too soon will reach them. The expectant families that already in anticipation clasp the long absent ones to their hearts—the saddened and lonesome groups who have just bid adieu, for a season, to the loved and cherished—and others still, to whom the first intimation of the danger of their dear ones will be the intelligence of their awful fate. Oh, God, comfort them in their distress, and soothe their overwhelming sorrow—for what sorrow, what anguish can equal theirs.

When the first shock of awe and terror was past, and men sought the fatal wreck, others moved amongst the ghastly remains that had been hurled upon the shore, which but a few moments previous they had left unconscious of danger, and here, sad to relate, they discovered the lifeless remains of Ernest Wilson, so mangled and disfigured, that, but for papers found in his pockets, not even his friends who were present could have recognized that once proud and manly form. A huge fragment of iron that lay upon his chest, crushing him as it seemed into the earth, told the sad story of his doom; and several of his acquaintances who had collected on the spot sorrowfully undertook to convey his remains to the home which that morning he had left, buoyant in health and spirits.

Evy Ward was still sitting by her window, lost in reverie, when the sound of many footsteps coming through the usually quiet and lonely street aroused her; and looking out, she saw with astonishment several young men approaching bearing carefully a covered litter, while a large, but silent and solemn-looking crowd followed. They paused at old Mr. Wilson's house—the door was opened by one who had apparently preceded them—as they entered with their precious burden, Evy thought she heard a wild scream from the mother, though the sound was too unearthly in its agony to be distinguished—she saw the young man who was to be groomsman at the approaching wedding dash the tears from his eyes as he replied to the question of a passer-by—she saw the look of horror which overspread the inquirer's face at the reply—and a suspicion of the dreadful truth rushed through her mind. At the same instant Mrs. Ward softly opened the door and approached her daughter, who, reading in her looks a confirmation of her fears, with a short, quick gasp, fell senseless in her mother's arms.

"And was it indeed Ernest, my Ernest, that I saw borne to his home dead—dead!" exclaimed Evy, wildly, when after several days she was able to sit up, and converse rationally with her mother. What a change had those few days made in that fair girl! How touching was the mournful expression of that young face—how full of unutterable anguish the tones of her once gay and joyous voice! The eyes of her tender parent filled with tears as she looked upon her child; but seeing how overpowering was the recollection of her bereavement she strove to comfort and soothe her; but her words for a time seemed to fall on an unheeding ear. It was Thursday, the day appointed for the wedding, and the recollection added to Evy's sorrow.

"My child, my poor child," said Mrs. Ward, at length, as she twined her arms about her trembling form, "do not give way thus. Bend humbly to the will of God, it is He that has afflicted you—rebel not, my child, against this dispensation."

"I know I should not, mother," replied Evy, with a fresh burst of tears. "But, alas! if you only knew how—oh, where can I find comfort now!"

"Look up, my sweet girl! He that has afflicted will comfort you—He will give you the strength you need. And remember, my own darling," added the mother, as she now sobbed aloud, "you are all I have—bear up for my sake against this."

The right chord was touched. Evy threw her arms fondly around her mother, "I am selfish, indeed, dearest mother, but I will no longer afflict you thus. I will try to be resigned." And with a strong effort Evy controlled her feelings, and went about the house as usual; and even tried to console Ernest's parents who were almost overpowered by the sudden and awful death of their eldest and favorite child. But the watchful eye of the anxious mother saw that all was not right with her gentle, uncomplaining daughter. The stroke had fallen too suddenly, too deeply on her young spirit; and with all her outward calmness, and assumed cheerfulness, she knew that the stricken heart was silently breaking. Slowly, but surely, this, her first deep

Digitized by Google

sorrow, was crushing the vital energies of that delicate young creature, so unfitted to struggle against her unexpected bereavement; and when the spring burst forth with gladness and beauty, Evy Ward bowed her head meekly to the stroke of death, and in her mother's arms breathed out her gentle, sorrowing spirit.

They laid her beside her betrothed, in the quiet church-yard; and deep and sincere was the grief of many for the two young beings so sadly stricken down in the morning of their existence—an existence which had bid fair to be so bright and joyous. Mrs. Ward did not long survive the death of her only child. She sank into a decline, from which there was no recovery for one so lonely and desolate; and ere the anniversary of the fatal day which had carried sorsow and anguish to so many, and blighted forever so many pleasing hopes and bright anticipations, mother and daughter slept together in one grave.

I AM GROWING OLD.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

I am growing old—I am growing old!
And my form is bent with years:
My brow is wrinkled and furrowed o'er,
And my eyes are dim with tears.
I have lived a life of toil and care;
Yet I have not lived in vain,
For the gleams of light that were round me cast,
I would live it o'er again.

I am growing old—I am growing old!
Long years have passed away
Since the youthful hopes and joys that were mine,
Bore traces of slow decay.
I have loved as others oft have loved,
And I have been loved again;
But the angel death hath severed the links
Of mortality's golden chain.

I am growing old—I am growing old!
And the friends that once were mine
Have sailed through prosp'rous or adverse winds,
Adown the great ocean time;
And some who were lovely and fair to see,
On dang'rous coasts were lost;
While others as dear as life to me,
Have the waves of Jordan crossed.

I am growing old—I am growing old!
And my spirit pines for rest:
Like a wearied child I fain would lie
On the dear Redeemer's breast.
My heart faints not, though death is in view,
For grace to me shall be given;
And the glorious hope that is mine on earth,
Shall be changed to praise in Heaven.

THE PEASANT IN EXILE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

Pleasant home of all I value
Thoughts will swell that words must speak,
And the tear-drops brimming over
Sparkle on the furrowed cheek.

In the stillness oft I see thee,
Hedged with green, on every side;
Woven branches round the porch-roof
See I in the eventide.

Windows covered with the creepers,
That my father trained to match;
Oft I hear the great old pear-tree
Brushing 'gainst the sloping thatch.

All I once, in childhood, cherished,
To my presence seemeth near,
Even the open village belfry
Echoes through my deafening ear.

In the dreams of midnight slumber
O'er thy glassy lake I pass;
Shake from orchard boughs ripe apples—
Water oft the meadow-grass.

And I there in gurgling runlet
Slake my thirst 'neath sultry sky;
In the woods pick whortle-berries
And within their shadow lie.

Once more would I greet the lindens
'Mong your consecrated haunts,
Where, amid the evening coolness,
All the youths were wont to dance.

Digitized by Google

"HEART-BROKEN."

BY SARA H. BROWNE.

STRANGE expression! strange idea! Who shall find for it synonym or definition, and yet who shall for an instant mistake its meaning? Indeed there are few who do not persuade themselves that at one time or another they have tasted its bitterness. The mother, as she resigns to his grave-slumbers her first born, in all the promise of a spring-time existence, with his golden curls, his laughing eyes, his accents of lisping endearment, and above all, with the sweet dawning of intellectual life, feels *she* not that her fond heart-strings are riven asunder with the crushing weight and suddenness of the stroke which has made her childless? The child, twice orphaned, as he stands by, and with convulsive sobbings beholds the remains of the last parent lowered into their narrow house, knowing that the wide world now contains not one to sympathize, or soothe, or succor—is not *his* young heart breaking with the agony of its utter desolation? The bridegroom, as he bends over his silent bride, whose motionless bosom is engirded with a vesture even whiter and purer than that of her blissful espousals;—the wife, as the chosen of her soul, the pillar of her strength is coffined and carried forever from her sight;—the lover, over whose extatic visions death has drawn his sable drapery—are not these heart-broken, every one?

No—these gaping and bleeding wounds will close again; time will pour in his Lethe drop, and change its oil and wine; and anon the heavens are blue again, the earth is green and beautiful, and life once more desirable and desired. But death is the only *healer* of the broken heart; his chill hand alone can cool its fervid fever heat; his ice-draught alone allay the throbbings of its mighty anguish; his earth-unction alone compose the fury of its tossing billows; and this is the difference between the two.

But in whatever consists a broken heart, it is something from which the stolid and insensible nature is forever exempt. It is the peculiar heritage of those spirits greatly endowed, and keyed to such a pitch of painful intensity that the string breaks instead of slackens under a rude and careless touch; of those who have from time to time been heard and seen in this world though manifestly not of it; for the world will love and cherish its own; and these were strangers, and pilgrims, and fugitives; unrecognized and unacknowledged till they passed upward—and their train of living light first revealed to gaping mediocrity that a star had fallen from its leaden firmament.

A most melancholy task it is to glean this oft-recurring truth from the annals of genius; to note its repetition from old forgotten days down to the present. "Died of a broken heart!" Ah! how many a short and sad life-history, how many a perishing epitaph must wind up with those words of sorrowful signification! Some, alas, have little else to record, save that their subject lived, and wrote, and died, "heart-broken." Of others it is but the concluding item of a dubious catalogue, dug up from dusty fragments of the past, by a too late repentant generation—"he died of a broken heart!"

Thus it is written of Spenser—the ancient, the genial, the immortal. His castle is a prey to plebeian violence and consuming flames; his youngest born, cradled to its soft slumber, has strewn its dear ashes on that midnight pyre; and to a tempest of affliction is this dire calamity but the precursor;—homelessness, penury, neglect, injustice pursued him like a scourge of many cords; futile dependance on the favor of the great and princely utterly failed him in the hour of his extremity, and wrung from his soul such bitter words as these:—

> "Full little knowest thou that hast not tryd,
> What hell it is in suing long to byde;
> To lose good days that might be better spent;
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
> To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
> To feed on Hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
> To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares
> To eat thy bread with comfortless despairs;
> To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
> To spend, to give, to want, to be undone!"

It is no wonder that an armed host like this, should soon overmaster its writhing and sensitive victim; he died a heart-broken wayfarer at a wayside inn! But then they honored his *dust* with many honors; they buried him with a grand display of funeral pomp under the arches of a grand old Minster, while poets and princes crowded around the open grave, and cast their

Digitized by Google

eulogies, and elegies, with the pens that wrote them, into the poet's tomb! Was it not an awful requital?

So too of Butler; whose comic genius had convulsed with mirth a wanton and dissolute age. In vain might he ask protection and aid from the very men, base, grovelling, time-serving natures that they were, who could shake in paroxysms of delight over Hudibras, and leave its author to die too poor to buy himself even a miserable grave!

So too of Dryden, the rich, the caressed, and courtly. A wearying, wasting canker at his heart, partially veiled indeed from public observation by the splendor of state and fashion; obliterated too from his own perceptions full often in the deep-drained goblet of fiery wine, and the whirlpool of midnight riot and revelling; but still ever ready with returning reason to take again its vampyre station at his hearthstone, there sapping the life-blood of domestic peace! Let it be nameless, this devouring grief of a great and gifted nature. Alas! it has stung to madness and ruin many a meaner mind, from the wise man's time, who fitly likened it to a "continual dropping in a very rainy day," even to our own.

And what shall we say of Chatterton—that meteor of genius, who yet in his boyish years had drained a cup of disappointment and misery so intensely bitter, as to rush on the extinguishment of the lamp of loathed life in suicidal haste, rather than encounter the tardier tortures of starvation!

And what of Burns, the people's darling—the poet of the plow;—whose life was a series of errors and misfortunes;—whose untimely death aroused a world to the sense of greatness and glory departed;—whose cherished memory can, after a lapse of years, assemble thousands on thousands

"Of every name and nation, age and race,"

to do homage to the place of his nativity, the spots he frequented, the places and objects on which his immortal verse has conferred a like immortality?

And what of Keats, and Shelley, and Landon, and many more whose glory and fame have arisen Phœnix-like from the ashes of a broken heart? Who, having spread their wings, displaying plumage of ethereal dye, have sadly folded them again, because they found this weary world was made for men to delve, and crawl, and squabble upon, and not for those strange and uncomprehended beings who could soar at will above its mists into eternal sunlight, or plunge down deeper than its most unfathomable recesses. And the mind, lighted with a spark of divinity itself, failing satisfactorily to answer the insolent query of the ignoble herd, "*why*, and *what*, do ye more than others?" becomes a mark for the poisoned arrows of malice, contempt, insult, and ignominy;—or also a victim to that miscalled kindness, which flatters, and pampers, and promises, but to make the heart sick unto death by reason of its hopes deferred!

Would there were fewer blots like these upon the records of genius in all its departments; but let these suffice to fix and to fire the high resolve of all coming ages, that henceforth it shall be duly recognized, tenderly cherished, carefully pruned, and wisely directed: and at the close of a natural and illustrious life, shorn of those excrescences of vice and sensuality, which so often have marred the history of the gloriously gifted, come down to its honored graves a golden grain shock, fully ripe and ready for the rich garner-house of an illimitable existence!

THE VIOLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY A. BASKERVILLE.

A VIOLET in a meadow lone,
Repined in solitude, unknown,
A lovely little flower.
There came a gentle shepherdess,
With tripping step and flowing trees,
And sang, and sang
Along the meadow green.

Ah! thinks the violet, would I were
'Mong flowers fairest of the fair,
A little, little while;
Till me the maid had pluck'd, caress'd,
And to her snow-white bosom press'd—
Oh, but, oh, but
One short, one fleeting hour

The maiden came, but oh, alas!
Saw not the violet in the grass,
And crush'd the gentle flower!
Then, dying, sang it as she went,
"If I must die, I die content,
For at her feet I die!"

Digitized by Google

THE RED RIBAND.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

I.

A WARM day in August was approaching its end. The highest peaks of the Harz Mountains were already gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, while upon the smaller hills and in the vallies, the trees and shrubs cast long shadows upon the ground.

Along a narrow path, meandering between gigantic trunks of gloomy oaks, three young men were walking, whose exterior testified that they were disbanded soldiers. They wore grey pantaloons, short-skirted blue coats, yellow buttons, red collars, and round caps with stripes of the same color, and each carried a travelling bundle, arranged in the form of a ring, which lay upon the right shoulder, and hung down over the left hip.

Suddenly the forest became thinner, the trees on both sides disappeared, and the travellers stood upon the bare ridge of a mountain, at the foot of which expanded a romantic valley. The mist of the evening had spread a pellucid veil over the lowlands, so that the houses of a village, which hung at the hill-side like swallows' nests, presented the appearance of a painting formed by the reflected rays of light. The gilded ball on the top of the white church-steeple, projecting far above the plain of mist, glowed like a meteor in the rays of the setting sun, and the long and narrow windows of the church glistened like plates of polished steel. A dark range of hills formed the nearest background of the beautiful landscape, and the brilliant peak of the gigantic Brocken, the most distant prospect, gave the picture a more than earthly appearance.

As if one and the same thought struck the young men, they stood still and looked into their native vale. Their sunburnt faces reddened in silent joy, for not one was willing to betray his emotion to the other; and in the eyes of one, whose more regular features distinguished him from the rest, a few tears began to glitter, which, as he continued to look at the village, rolled upon the long auburn eyelashes, whence they were wiped away by the hand.

"This is our home!" exclaimed the liveliest, as he glanced smiling over the valley.

"God be praised!" cried a second, "no war has raged here, it still presents the old physiognomy—prosperity to our home!"

"Prosperity to our home!" cried his two companions, with emotion.

"Is it not so, Conrad?" said the first again, "our Harz Mountains present a more pleasing prospect than the plains of Holstein, which we have half and half preserved to Germany. If we could have got the mischievous Danes within our aim, where they are not backed by their ships, I think their desire for German soil would be gratified forever."

"Let the war alone," said Conrad, and rubbed his eyes as if he desired to have a clearer view—"at least the war from which we return. Here is our home, the picture of peace—do not disturb the charming prospect by such recollections as are detested in my inmost soul."

"Conrad," replied the third, laughingly, "and you have charged the rough-haired red-coats with the butt end of your musket like a lion, as if you would drive them all from the German soil with one stroke. Does the medal, which you carry in your coat-pocket, afford you no pleasure?"

"I entreat you be still," replied Conrad, in a sad tone of voice; "had I not received it for saving the life of my major, the Count Rudolph, I believe I would not have accepted it. The count thinks as I do, therefore he left the service when the amnesty was concluded, and returned to his castle, which looks so pleasantly over the tops of yonder forest trees."

"Do you really believe that it was aversion to the war that has induced him to withdraw from the army?" said the first speaker. "Conrad, you stand in an intimate and confidential relation with the count, and do you not know the true reasons why he withdrew? I will state it to you."

"Well?" inquired two voices, simultaneously.

"Not aversion, but love, has brought him back to his estates."

"Yes, the love of his cousin, Emma von Linden, who has lived for several years—since she is an orphan—at the mansion of old Baron von H——," added the third; "I might have thought of this, as they talked about it before we joined our regiment."

"Miss Emma is said to possess a valuable estate—this would come very handy to our count, as his affairs are not in the best condition."

Digitized by Google

"Well," said Conrad, "I don't know a nobleman in the country, who is more deserving of the hand of the beautiful Emma and her large estate, I wish him happiness in this marriage. But let us on," he continued, "the summit of the Brocken is already purple, and daylight disappears in the valley—come."

With these words he adjusted his bundle, and vigorously walked on, his companions following.

"See," whispered one to the other, "how Conrad runs. One might think he had made no more than an hour's journey to-day, instead of having travelled many miles."

"Look forward, and you will behold the magnet which attracts him—it becomes visible just now."

"Where?"

"Yonder, where the smoke curls up from the white chimney."

"Is not that where *la belle* Mary lives?"

"Yes, the handsomest girl in the village. Conrad is in love with her."

"I remember, I heard people talk of it."

"I would like to know why he keeps the matter so secret. He has never once spoken of it."

"Comrades!" now cried Conrad, who had gained a start of a hundred paces, and stood at a turn of the road, "why do you linger? Forward! In ten minutes we are at the mill; I already hear the roaring of the water, and the rattling of the wheels."

The two broke off their conversation and redoubled their steps. The way now led through a small birch wood. In a few minutes they emerged from it upon a fragrant meadow. The twinkling stars began to appear, and a white veil of mist extended over the earth.

Not a word disturbed the silence of the evening. Silently the young men looked at the village, as one window after another began to be lighted up. The meadow was soon passed, and now the wanderers stood under a large linden, whose gigantic branches covered a sedge roof, beneath which was heard the monotonous rattling of a mill.

"Good night, friends!" said one, "I have reached home. Here dwells my old mother, who still fancies her son on the sea-coast, or perhaps under the earth. I will enter the house softly. Good night!"

"Good night, Philip," whispered the others. He noiselessly opened the meal-covered door, and disappeared.

When Conrad and his companion passed the gable-end of the mill, they heard through the small open window the loud sobs of a woman. Philip held his old mother in his arms.

At the church Conrad's fellow-traveller left him. The young man continued on, alone, toward the opposite end of the town, where the houses clung to the very hill-side.

Suddenly he halted before a white-washed cottage, whose windows were lighted up just as he came there. "Here Mary lives," he whispered to himself. "I wonder whether I shall give her as pleasant a surprise as Philip did his mother? No," he added, after a little reflection, "she lives by herself upon her little farm, her father having died five years ago. I will give the jealous people no material for their slandering tongues; my Sister Rosa shall call her to our house, as if she had a secret to impart. Good evening, Mary."

In ten minutes he was welcomed by the shouts of his sister, who was eating supper with her servants when he entered the neat apartment.

II.

But while Conrad thus anticipated unalloyed happiness in the future, fate was filling for him, even at this moment, a cup full of woe.

The nearest neighbor of Mary was Valentine, the newly appointed village magistrate, who had formerly been schoolmaster. He was pompous and penurious, but had always borne a good character; and on the death of Mary's father, became guardian of the village heiress.

This magistrate had a wild, spendthrift nephew, who held the office of district forester to Count Rudolph. From the consequences of more than one folly, the uncle had saved the young man. Only the last week he had paid a fine to prevent Eberhard's being punished, and had angrily vowed it should be the last. After many reproaches from the uncle, the nephew had said that his excesses were, in part, the result of loving unsuccessfully.

"You in love," cried the magistrate, staring at Eberhard through his spectacles.

"Yes! why not? It is with your ward, Mary."

When the first surprise of the magistrate had passed, he grew all at once strangely lenient to his nephew. He knew that, beside the farm she inherited, Mary would receive a dowry of three thousand dollars, on her wedding day, from Count Rudolph, who was her foster-brother. "Hem," he said, at last, "you are not the fool I took you to be. But why don't you press your suit?"

"She gives me no encouragement. Yet, perhaps," added Eberhard, "if you would speak for me, I might hope."

"Not badly said, boy," replied the magistrate, pompously, "I am her guardian; she will listen to me. Strike while the iron's hot says the old proverb, so, if you are ready, we'll visit her at once."

Digitized by Google

Accordingly the magistrate, taking his cane, and followed by his nephew, had gone to see Mary; and was with her at the very moment Conrad passed. But the guardian failed in his negotiation. Mary, however, was compelled to acknowledge her love for Conrad: and Eberhard went away vowing revenge.

His disappointment was greater, indeed, than even his uncle supposed. Eberhard had become acquainted with a fellow forester, belonging to another district, who was as much older in vice as he was in years, and who had led the young man to gamble beyond his means. Eberhard was even now in fear of a prison, in consequence of being unable to pay a sum of money, that would soon be due, but which he could not discharge, in consequence of having lost so much at play. Though Mary had always looked coldly on him, he had hoped that time, and his uncle's influence, would induce her to alter her mind; but this expectation was now over; and all future prospect of her relenting likewise was cut off, for she loved Conrad, who, he had heard that very day, was soon to return from the war covered with honor.

The next day, which was Sunday, Eberhard, gloomy and sullen, was in the forest when unexpectedly he met his elder comrade, Graff. The latter, noticing Eberhard's troubled face, insisted on knowing the reason: and finally the young man told him all.

"Come," said Graff, when Eberhard had done, "the affair will not be as bad as you imagine. Let us strike into this path toward the tavern; we'll take a drink together; and perhaps the wine will give us some good advice."

Arm-in-arm they followed the footpath, which, in ten minutes, led them to a clearing, on which stood a small house. It was inhabited by an old hunter, who, in summer-time, offered drinks and eatables for sale.

The two entered this little tavern, and calling for the best wine, sat down in a room whose windows faced thé forest. Graff related anecdotes, at which Eberhard, whose head by and by began to feel the effects of the wine, laughed from his very heart, and soon forgot debts and marriage.

Evening had, in the meantime, completely set in. In the west, a thunder-storm was rising; but in the east shone the moon, lighting, with her melancholy rays, the silent and fragrant forest.

The conversation of the two hunters had now come to an end, and Eberhard's heavy head lay on the table: he had evidently drunk too much. Graff contemplated in silence the evening landscape through the open window. The room was dark, and in the other parts of the solitary house all was quiet; for the two hunters were the only guests this evening.

Suddenly Graff heard a conversation in the forest. He listened. It seemed to come from persons advancing on the road from the village, which was about half an hour's walk distant. After a few minutes two persons emerged from the wood into the dimly lighted open place; they walked slowly, arm-in-arm, gaily conversing. Graff, retreating into the shadow of the room, listened.

"Had not we better stop here, Conrad?" said the female voice, "the thunder-storm will overtake us before we can regain the village."

"Just as you say, my Mary," replied the voice of a man. "Let us sit upon the bench under the window, and wait until my sister, Rosa, comes. I hope she will hurry, when she looks at the dark heavens."

"In Rosa's place I would have gone to my aunt some other day," said Mary, again; "it would have been better if we had remained together to-day, and celebrated your arrival by making a party to the Ilsenstein."

"You are right, dear Mary, but aunt is an old woman, who is much concerned on my account, and would have thought very hard of it, if we had delayed, even for a day, the information of my arrival. Besides, she has some important business to attend to."

"Business?"

"That concerns you and me."

"I understand," whispered the girl, blushing, "her consent?"

"Yes, Mary; and to-morrow I shall go over myself, personally to entreat her for it."

"Oh, Conrad, if the war with the Danes should break out again?"

"Let it break out," said the young man, vehemently, "I move no hand, but stay with my Mary and attend to the farm."

"But if they compel you?"

"They will not compel me, my dear, for ere the leaves fall from the trees I am your husband, and when I show that the management of the farm depends entirely upon me, nobody can compel me to take part in this contemptible war."

"You looked much better, too, after you threw off the soldiers' uniform and had your ordinary clothing on again."

"And how will I look," replied Conrad, "when the bridegroom's red riband flutters on my hat?"

"This we shall soon see," exclaimed Mary, as she took the hat from the head of the young man.

"What do you want with the hat?"

"Look, Conrad!"

With a light movement of the hand, Mary took

Digitized by Google

a red riband from her black bodice, which had formed a large loop upon her breast, and wound it around the hat, as she held the latter upon her knees.

"Thus," she pleasantly exclaimed, and again placed the hat upon his head, "thus, pretty much, looks the hat of a bridegroom—it is a pity that the riband has not a larger loop."

"Mary," cried the enraptured Conrad, "this riband I will never return to you."

"Well, then keep it, dearest; its red color is a symbol of my love for you!"

"And this kiss may tell you that my love is greater than yours!"

"This is not so!"

"Oh, yes!"

"Oh, no!"

Conrad locked the girl in his arms, and settled the little quarrel by a glowing kiss. The happy pair were not sensible of the listener at the window. The moon had now come forth.

Suddenly footsteps were heard in the forest.

"Do you hear!" exclaimed Mary, "Rosa is coming. I will scold her for making us wait so long."

And like a chamois she ran over the grass-plot toward the forest path, whence the steps were heard. But she had scarcely entered the thicket, when the form of a man stood before her. With a shriek she started back, and ran toward Conrad, who had hastened after her

"What is the matter?" he cried.

"Look at that figure—it comes nearer! Let us fly, it may be a robber!"

"Fly! I?" exclaimed Conrad, and advanced toward the man, who had now reached the grass-plot.

"Conrad," said the stranger, "is it you?"

"What, count, and alone in the forest?"

"I was in search of you. I must speak to you."

"To me?" asked Conrad, in astonishment.

"I have come for that purpose. But who is that lady?"

"It is Mary, my bride. Ah! how she will rejoice when she sees you again—I will call her."

"Not if you love me. I must not be known, even by Mary."

"For heaven's sake, dear count, what ails you? You are so agitated—your face is pale—what has occurred?"

"You shall know all, but first send Mary inside a while."

Without replying a word Conrad hurried to his bride, who stood trembling at the door of the tavern.

"Mary," he said, softly, "go into old Caspar for a few moments, I will soon return, and then we shall go on home."

"Who is the stranger?" anxiously asked the trembling girl.

"I cannot tell you now; but fear nothing; the conference which he requests of me can be only to our advantage—come into the house."

Conrad took Mary's arm, and gently drew her along with him, attempting to allay her fears by a few pleasant words. After he had assigned her to the care of old Caspar, he returned to the count.

The count had taken a seat on the bench under the window, his head buried in his hands.

But in the meantime, and while the count and Conrad had been talking, Graff had taken Conrad's hat with the red riband from the bench, reaching out of the window for that purpose. Then he roused his companion.

"Eberhard," he softly exclaimed, "awake!"

"What is the matter?" groaned the half drunken man.

"Look at this hat!"

"Why at the hat?" he said, rubbing his eyes.

"The riband around it is from Mary, the heiress, Mary, I say."

"To whom does it belong?"

"To Conrad, your rival; but be still; some one is approaching the bench before the house."

At this moment, and whilst Eberhard angrily trampled the hat under his feet, the count drew nigh, and sat down upon the bench. In another moment Conrad appeared. Neither suspected the listening hunters.

"Dear count," began Conrad, "why do you trouble yourself to come to me, instead of sending for me to come to the castle?"

"Conrad," said the count, deeply moved, as he grasped the hands of the former, "you are happy, very happy, because you can marry the girl you love."

"Yes, dear count," whispered the young man, joyfully, "ere autumn, Mary will be my wife. In the course of this week I had intended to ask for your consent, and you would not have refused it?"

"Did I not tell you, friend Conrad, when we lay at the watch-fire, two weeks ago, and spoke about home, that we should go before the altar on the same day?"

"Oh, I remember it—the other day we stood at the outposts——"

"Where I would have been cut down by the insidious Danes," the count quickly added, "if you had not rescued me at the risk of your own life."

"I had not intended to say that, dear count—

Digitized by Google

what I have done, any one would have done for his major."

"Conrad," exclaimed the count, in a tone of despair, "Conrad, I wish the Danish bayonets had pierced me, that I would never again have seen these mountains?"

"My God, what has happened? You had intended to tell me——"

"Hear me," said the count, with a sigh, and judge for yourself whether my wish is a just one: they have robbed me of my Emma!"

"How?" exclaimed Conrad, "the young countess, of whom you spoke with so much affection?"

"And whom I had intended to lead to the altar on my return. During my absence they have disposed of her hand: the family have concluded that she must marry the old Baron von H——."

"Incredible!" exclaimed Conrad.

"And nevertheless true!" sighed the count.

"The baron is at least twice as old as you, dear count. The young Countess Emma cannot love the old man!"

"She loves only one, I know it; but her family desire it; and the poor girl must obey. I am told that in a few days the betrothment is to take place."

"In a few days?"

"The whole is the work of the baron, therefore I have written to him, and sent him a challenge."

"Dear count, what have you done?"

"What my honor requires! This evening, at nine o'clock, the duel will take place, at the ruins near the abbey."

Graff, who had attentively listened at the window, whispered to his colleague,

"The place is well selected, for it is peculiarly calculated to break one's neck."

"But have you considered everything?" objected Conrad, who doubted the abilities of the count; "did you consider that even your letter is sufficient to impeach and convict you?"

"I defy everything," replied the young count, sullenly, "as the thought of the future brings me to despair."

"And suppose that the baron does not appear, and accuses you of having threatened his life?"

"He will come, for he has courage."

"And undoubtedly coolness too, whilst you are in the greatest agitation. Oh, my God, if he should kill you!"

"No, no, fear nothing; I can depend upon my arm."

"And if you kill or wound the baron?"

"In this case, which I almost take as granted, I count upon you. Listen," continued the count, hastily, "you know the residence of my friend, the upper forester G——?"

"I know it, a half an hour's journey beyond the village, at the edge of the forest——"

"Thither go, after you have accompanied your Mary home. You will tell the upper forester of my duel, and ask him for his horses and his carriage. Then drive to the crossway below this wood, and await me."

"How, dear count, shall I not stand at your side when you fight?"

"No, my letter says that I come alone, and besides this I have no one to whom I could entrust my flight. If I am once beyond the boundaries, I take a ship for America."

"But have you money for your journey?"

"I have arranged everything; in my girdle is a considerable sum in gold."

"And your splendid property, dear count, with the lucrative forests?"

"I do not own any more—it is all mortgaged. But now hasten," said the count, rising, "for it is eight o'clock, and I must not let him wait. Be punctual and silent."

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Conrad, "is there nothing that will change your resolution?"

"Nothing in the world!" answered the count, firmly. "You tarry and consider—am I mistaken in you? Will you not do me this last service?"

"You desire it, dear count, and so be it! I shall be with the horses and carriage at the crossway. Heaven grant that I must not wait too long for you!"

"Conrad, can I depend upon your silence? Even Mary must not know it, as she is much attached to me."

"My word for it!"

"Farewell!"

The count wrapped his cloak around his shoulders, to conceal a pair of swords, and then disappeared in the woods. Conrad entered the tavern in great confusion, so that he did not think of his hat, which he had left upon the bench under the window.

After a few minutes the young man came out of the house again; he led Mary by the arm, who stormed him with questions about the stranger. But Conrad kept his word; he gave evasive answers, and said nothing about the name of the count, or his object. They soon reached the village. At the farm they parted: Mary with a sorrowing heart, although she knew the good character of her lover, and Conrad with a beating breast for the fate of the count—for he was thinking that he could not arrive soon enough at the crossway for his safety.

Digitized by Google

In the meantime Graff and Eberhard came out of the tavern. They wished old Caspar a loud good night, and disappeared in the forest. The old man locked the door of his little house.

III.

It was past nine o'clock when the deep silence of the village was interrupted by music and loud huzzas: the young boys and girls were congratulating the new town magistrate. They halted at his window, whilst the band of music played a dashing march. All who had not been attached to the procession, now made their appearance, partly to hear the music, and partly to listen to the speech of the magistrate.

Mary, who expected to meet Conrad here again, was likewise present; she walked up to a group of young girls, just as Valentine came proudly out of the house and stepped upon a large stone, which lay at the white-washed wall. His harangue, spoken loud and distinctly, was heard all around.

But the troubled bride heard but few of his words. Her thoughts busied themselves with Conrad and the mysterious stranger in the woods. Her searching glances went over the whole assemblage, but the face of him whom she loved was not there.

The speech was concluded, and the village musicians began a new march. Mary, whose anxiety increased every minute, withdrew unobserved, and was just about entering the door of her house, when the music suddenly ceased, and the mass pressed toward the spot whence the magistrate had made his speech. Greatly alarmed, she stood still and listened, for she felt as if she was to hear something adverse of Conrad. This presentiment seemed destined to be fulfilled. In the noise and confusion she distinctly heard the voice of Rosa, whom she had imagined to be still with her aunt in the neighboring village. With great effort she collected herself, and pressed through the dense crowd to the door of the magistrate.

Here stood Rosa, pale and breathless, before Valentine, and attempted to speak, but terror and exhaustion prevented her for a while.

"What is going on? what has occurred?" cried men and women, as all pressed still nearer.

"Rosa, Rosa," stammered Mary, as she supported the exhausted friend, "for God's sake, what brings you hither? Has any misfortune occurred?"

"Silence!" commanded the magistrate. "What brings you to me, my child?"

In a few minutes Conrad's sister had so far recovered that she could come to words.

"Longer than I had expected," she said, in broken sentences, "certain business detained me with my aunt—it was night when I passed the ruins of the abbey—when I suddenly heard footsteps—I was frightened—but I continued on my way—I walked around the bend of the fallen wall—when I saw in the moonshine how a man defended himself against two robbers—much terrified, I concealed myself behind a rock which stands by the way—I listened tremblingly—the noise of the combatants diminished—but the wind, which arose, brought me the hat of one of the murderers—I took it and ran toward the village—here is the hat!"

With a trembling hand she gave the hat, which she had until now concealed beneath her apron, to Mary, who stood next to her. Mary had no sooner beheld it, than she was stupified with horror, for she recognized the red riband which she had wound about Conrad's hat, as a testimonial of her love.

She stared upon the momentous, though mute witness, until the magistrate took it into his possession. Conrad's uncertain answers, and his singular behavior after his conversation with the stranger in the forest, rushed suddenly into her mind; and she doubted not, for a moment, but that the man whom she loved had taken part in the perpetrated crime, and that Rosa, his own sister, had betrayed him.

"Well, then, at the ruins near the abbey you have seen that a man was attacked by highwaymen?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes," replied Rosa, who had now recovered, "and that hat must belong to one of the murderers."

"Friends," cried Valentine, "there is no doubt but that a murder has been committed in the vicinity of our village, for this hat is moist with blood. Go to your houses, and fetch all the weapons you have—be here again in five minutes, we must search the whole forest—I, as magistrate, will take the lead."

The farmers scattered in all directions to obey the summons. The women and girls returned to their houses in terror. Everywhere through the village were heard low murmurs, and conjectures about the murderers.

Mary was the only one who suspected Conrad, for she alone had recognized his hat. But she concealed the suspicions in her bosom, though the pain she suffered for her lover almost broke her heart.

"Mary," inquired Rosa, as she grasped the arm of her friend, "where is my Brother Conrad?"

"I do not know!" stammered the poor girl.

"Was he not here?"

Digitized by Google

"I have not seen him in the crowd."

"You tremble, Mary; are you frightened more than I? Perhaps you fear——"

"Oh, no," replied Mary, quickly, "I fear nothing. Your narrative has filled me with terror and anxiety to such a degree that I am hardly able to speak—that is all."

"Be at ease," candidly replied the gay girl, "the criminals will soon be traced, and then they can do no more injury. I am glad that I found the whole village assembled, and that the magistrate can act immediately. See, there is one company of young men aready, and there another. Oh, that they could take the villains!"

Whilst thus talking, they had arrived at Mary's door.

"Good night, Rosa," said the unhappy bride.

"Good night, Mary; and what shall I say to my brother?"

"I hope he may sleep better than I! Good night."

Mary entered her house and locked the door. When she was alone in her chamber, the long-suppressed tears broke forth: she sank upon a chair, and wept bitterly.

The first thunder-claps of the approaching storm were heard, and bright flashes lighted the room for a few moments at a time. Meanwhile upon the common before the magistrate's house more than fifty men, armed with guns, axes and poles, had assembled.

Just as the magistrate, armed with a long sword, came out of his house, the war-like multitude was augmented by two more—Graff and Eberhard, who inquired after the object of the meeting. Valentine gave a brief account of the occurrence.

"We accompany you, friends," exclaimed Graff. "The neighborhood must be freed of this rabble! Move on, to the abbey!"

When Valentine spoke about the hat, which one of the highwayman had lost, Eberhard had to support himself against his friend Graff, being scarcely able to stand up.

"Coward," whispered the hunter into his ear, "will you betray us? Collect yourself; the hat with the red riband will throw all suspicion upon Conrad, and you may yet get the farm, for Mary is too discreet to marry a convicted robber."

"You are right," replied Eberhard, "I follow you, uncle," he said, after the departing farmers, "I will only get my gun, which is in your house."

In a few minutes the hunters passed Mary's window.

A flash of lightning gave them an opportunity of seeing the pale face of the poor girl, who looked weepingly toward the now solitary common.

"Have you seen her?" whispered Graff.

"She appears to wait for Conrad," replied the forester.

"I doubt whether he will come."

"And if he does come?" asked Eberhard, tremblingly.

"She will this evening have received him for the last time."

When the train had reached the forest, the storm broke out with such a fury, that the trees looked as if sheeted in fire, and the mountains re-echoed the thunder-claps, which followed each other in quick succession.

Mary sat at the window all night and wept.

IV.

A CLEAR morning succeeded to the tempestuous night. Field and forest sent a balsamic odor into the sea of light, which undulated in bright rays over the landscape. Mary, with pale face, and eyes red from weeping, left the room, and walked through the fragrant garden to a close arbor, which stood at the farthest end of the former. She sat down upon the wooden bench, and supported her burning head with her hand, fixing her eyes upon the pleasant church-steeple, the point of which appeared over a group of lindens beyond the garden-hedge.

Mary truly and sincerely loved the man of whose crime she had the clearest and most undeniable evidence. "What can have induced him to it?" she had asked herself a thousand times during the night. At times she attributed it to his poverty, his ambition to bring her some money—but then, again, she could not believe this, when she remembered that she herself possessed a good farm, on whose income her future husband could live. "No," she exclaimed, "love for me has not made him a criminal, he must have had some other reason. Had he truly loved me, he would have kept his honor pure and unspotted."

With a deep sigh she bowed her pale face upon her heaving breast, and fixed her wet eye upon the ground, which was strewed over with yellow gravel, where, the day before, Conrad had with a cane drawn a plan of the battle in which he saved the life of the young Count Rudolph.

With an involuntary shriek she held both hands before her eyes, as the thought arose within her: had he but died an honorable death! The poor girl still loved Conrad, though a criminal.

The report of footsteps aroused her from her meditations. She opened her eyes, and saw Rosa, who gaily hastened toward the arbor.

"She knows nothing about the crime of her brother," Mary whispered to herself; "if it

Digitized by Google

depends alone on me she will never find it out. Yes, yes, neither she nor anybody else in the whole world!"

"Good morning, Mary," cried Conrad's sister. "They said you went to the garden to see what damage the storm has done—and now I find you dreaming. What is the matter? Has a quarrel taken place between you and Conrad? Last evening I thought you looked cast down, to-day I see you really sorrowful; and my brother I miss, too!"

"Rosa," asked Mary, anxiously, "did you expect to find your brother here?"

"Certainly! Where else?"

"Have you not seen him this morning yet?"

"No, he was not at home last night?"

Mary, getting still paler, turned away; Rosa produced new proofs of Conrad's crime.

"Be not uneasy about this," continued Rosa, with sympathizing candor, "he informed us last night that we should not wait for him, as some important business kept him from home. This morning, I thought he would first come to you, for the bride is before the sister."

"I do not know where your brother is," replied Mary, concealing her emotion, "perhaps he is not as anxious to see me as you imagine."

"How!" exclaimed Rosa, indignantly, "you think my brother unfaithful? No, Mary, my brother has not fallen so low. Only be calm, he will and must come; I know him better, and do not mistrust him. Our town magistrate, too, is surprised, that he did not accompany him last night in pursuit of the highwaymen."

"Well, what have they discovered?" asked Mary, hastily.

"Nothing. At the place I designated they found many broken twigs and leaves, that is all. That a fight has occurred there is evident, but no traces of blood could be discovered; it was, in all probability, only a robbery."

"Is not that enough? A highway robbery is punished with death—and were it not, the disgrace itself were death."

"I think so too, Mary! The magistrate is determined to hang the perpetrator. This morning early he was with me, and troubled me with several questions. Among the rest, whether, in my terror, I might not have taken a bush for a robber? Mary, Mary!" she suddenly cried, as she pointed toward an elevation, close to the garden-hedge—"see there, was I not right?"

Both girls looked, Rosa with astonishment, and Mary with horror, for Conrad, with crossed arms and bowed head, was coming down the path which led to a small gate in the garden-hedge. Presently he was so near that Mary could see that instead of a hat, he wore a cloth cap with a leather screen.

"It is Conrad," she said, tremblingly.

"I wonder what has happened to him?" asked Rosa. "He is generally so pleasant—and this morning——"

"Rosa, will you do me a favor?"

"With pleasure."

"I suspect your brother comes to this arbor—we will withdraw a little, and not disturb him in his meditations."

"I bet," replied, Rosa, laughingly, "you have had a quarrel——"

The girls had scarcely arrived at their hiding-place, when Conrad opened the garden-gate, slowly walked through the garden, and sat down in the half darkened arbor.

"Farther I cannot go," he muttered to himself. "Oh, my God! what a terrible night, and still no information—I have in vain waited with my carriage at the cross-road. And I have searched the ruins and the forest—nowhere a trace of my poor count; what may have become of him? Have they fought? Terrible uncertainty—and I dare communicate it to no one."

"Do you understand what he says to himself?" tremblingly inquired Mary.

"No."

"He sighs."

"Perhaps his conscience troubles him," said Conrad's sister, with a smile.

"His conscience?" exclaimed Mary, with terror.

"Listen, he talks again."

"And Mary," continued Conrad, so loud that the girls could distinctly understand him—"what will poor Mary think of my absence? Last evening already she was troubled, because I could give her no satisfactory answers to her questions."

Rosa could be silent no longer: she broke from the hand of her friend, and stood before the surprised Conrad.

"You want to know what Mary thinks of your absence?" she loudly cried.

"Rosa!"

"She thinks as I do: that it does not show well for a lover, who expects to marry before long, to be gone a whole night, and nobody to know where he is!"

At this moment the pale bride came forth, and silently but reproachfully looked at the young man.

"Mary," he exclaimed, "I was kept away the whole night contrary to my will—can you forgive me?"

"I shall forgive you, Conrad?" she sorrowfully replied. "Ask your conscience!"

Digitized by Google

"Rosa, Mary," said the young man, with confusion, "has he been seen in the village this morning?"

"Who?"

"Our young Count Rudolph."

"No. But what do you want with the count?" asked Rosa, with surprise.

"I want to see him, to speak to him, that I may at last escape from this terrible uncertainty!"

Mary covered her face with both hands, for she thought that he intended to confess all to the count, as his crime seemed to hang heavily upon his heart. Rosa's suspicion, too, was raised the more, the longer she looked at her brother; it must be something more than a lover's quarrel, she felt, that troubled him.

"Conrad," she anxiously exclaimed, "what has happened—you are quite alarmed?"

"A secret was confided to me, which gives me trouble——"

"A secret! May your bride and your sister not know this secret?"

"Ask me not, I pray you—for I cannot tell it."

"Oh! unhappy girl that I am!" sobbed Mary, and fell weeping upon the seat in the arbor.

"Mary, Mary!" cried Conrad, as he hastened to her, and attempted to console her. But she pushed him back, and continued to weep aloud.

"Oh, my God!" said Rosa, deeply moved, "the anguish will make her sick."

"Anguish? what anguish?"

"The robbery in the ruins at the abbey."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Conrad, and stared at his sister. "Rosa, is it already known?"

The young man had spoken these words with an anxiety that shook the very heart of Mary, for they completed the proof of his guilt.

"Conrad, Conrad," she asked, with a trembling voice, "do you know ought about the occurrence at the ruins?"

But without replying to this question, he grasped both hands of his sister, and exclaimed entreatingly,

"Rosa, if my happiness, my tranquillity, is dear to you, oh, tell me what you know—speak! speak!"

"What I have seen with my own eyes, that a terrible fight has taken place there, and one man lay upon the ground—I ran to the village and cried for help—they hastened to the abbey but found nothing."

"And all this you have yourself seen?"

"My God! yes. The man on the ground was in uniform, for his epaulette glittered in the moonshine."

"Be silent, girl," exclaimed Conrad, with terror, "for God's sake, not another word about it!"

"Why not?"

"Because the life of a man is involved!"

Mary again fell upon the seat. But her eye observed every movement of Conrad, her ear drank each of his words.

"Oh, my God!" muttered the young man to himself, "who may be the departed one? Is he dead or yet alive? And *where* is he? Oh, that I could meet his opponent!"

Like a madman, who is unconscious of his situation, poor Conrad rushed out of the arbor toward the garden-gate, through which he had entered. But before he arrived there, the town magistrate, Valentine, appeared, gasping for breath.

"Hold!" he commanded the fugitive, and placed himself in his way; "one moment."

"I cannot!" cried Conrad.

"You *must*," replied the town magistrate, warmly, "I *must* speak to you."

"You wish to speak? Speak, quick!"

"Only one word. Do you know this hat?" asked Valentine, as he brought the hat with the red riband out from beneath the skirts of his coat, and held it up to Conrad.

"Certainly? it is mine."

"How, what!" stammered the magistrate, "you, your hat?"

"Well, yes! The red riband that adorns it was bestowed to me by Mary—why do you ask? what about the hat?"

"And you confess that it belongs to you?"

"Oh, my God! I forgot my errand," cried Conrad, and made an attempt to go on.

"Stop!" cried the magistrate, and grasped the arm of the fugitive. But Conrad broke loose, and rushed through the garden-gate into the field.

The arbor was now filled by the loud weeping and sobbing of the two girls, which brought the confused Valentine again to his senses.

"Stop him, stop him!" he cried, "stop him."

"Where is my brother?" asked Rosa, as she came forth from the arbor.

"Away over the mountains. You must testify, children, to what he has himself confessed. Ah! my presentiments. To him, then, belongs the mysterious hat. Now I will satisfy the supreme counsellor that I am a born town magistrate. The police must saddle immediately, and pursue the fugitive."

"Gracious God!" cried Rosa, and ran after her brother, caring nothing more about those who remained behind.

"Farewell, Miss Mary," said the magistrate, scornfully. "You have a valiant lover!"

Digitized by Google

Mary could weep no more; but the pallor of death covered her lovely face, and from her eye streamed an unearthly brilliancy.

"Mr. Valentine," she said, with a firm tone of voice, "I must speak to you—stay."

"When I have taken the malefactor," replied the magistrate, and started to leave the garden.

"No, this instant."

"You are cunning, Miss, you will keep me here that Conrad can escape. But I am not caught so easily."

"You must stay," said Mary, firmly, and she forcibly drew the magistrate into the arbor."

"Girl, will you detain the agent of the government? It seems to me you know something about the knavery of your lover?"

These words brought the tears to the eyes of the poor girl. Weeping aloud, she fell upon her knees, and imploringly lifted up her hands.

"Mercy, mercy!" she exclaimed; "rob me not of the last hope which this terrible moment has created within me. I know nothing about the occurrence at the ruins!"

"Well, but what course do you intend to take?"

"I will save him from death!"

"Not with my assistance? I am town magistrate!"

"Listen to me."

"No, no, my position forbids it. I have no pity for a criminal."

"Then have compassion on your poor ward, whose father you promised to be."

"I shall resign the guardianship. I will have nothing to do with a girl who loves a malefactor."

"Oh, my God! do not talk about love at this terrible moment."

"My nephew, who loves you from his very heart, you have disdainfully rejected. Yes, yes," added the magistrate, ironically, "I believe it, honest Conrad deserves the preference in all respects! Girl, the shame which you have cast on him and me, will never vanish from my memory."

Suddenly Mary arose.

"Mr. Valentine," she said, with a forced smile, "you say your nephew, Eberhard, loves me?"

"So he told you himself on Saturday——"

"Listen to me. Up to this time, you are the only one, besides Rosa and myself, that knows the horrible secret of last night—observe eternal silence on the matter, and arrest all pursuit of the unfortunate Conrad, so that he may be enabled to leave the country—and I will publicly acknowledge that I love your nephew, and will give him my hand. Take my life—if Conrad is saved, I am ready to die!"

This proposition staggered the magistrate: not out of compassion to the pale and beautiful girl, not to gratify the inclinations of his nephew, but because his avaricious heart expected a profitable business. He grasped her hand, and led her to the seat.

"Mary," said he, "I rejoice for your sake, that you at length have come to a knowledge of yourself, and are ready to deny this villain, who, when yet a boy, betrayed his nature. That you may save your honor, and because I am your guardian, I will set justice aside, and agree to your proposition."

"You agree?" exclaimed Mary.

"Here is my hand. Since nothing was discovered at the place where the crime was committed, I think I shall be able to conceal the secret."

"May heaven reward you!" said the poor, weeping girl.

"But one condition I must insist on," continued the magistrate, after a pause, during which he had reviewed the well-cultivated and extensive garden, and the pleasant dwelling-house.

"What do you want yet?" whispered Mary.

"According to the new law, the civil marriage has been introduced into our country, and went in force a week ago—I desire that you to-day sign the marriage contract with my nephew, in the form I lay it before you."

"My life is in your hand," was the resigned answer, "I agree to anything, so that Conrad will be secure from dishonor."

"That he shall remain so, is as much my interest as yours. Now follow me to the house, dear ward; forget the past night."

Mary, exhausted almost to death, took his arm, and entered her little room, where she spent the forenoon in gloomy despair.

Valentine, who could scarcely await the time when his avarice was to be gratified, immediately consulted his nephew, Eberhard, who met him as he was about entering his house. The young rake acquainted his uncle with his large debt, and the latter promised to forward the amount to the city, as soon as the marriage contract was signed.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the contract was signed. Mary permitted herself to be led about like a child.

V.

While the marriage contract was being signed at Mary's residence, Conrad arrived at the mansion of the Baron von H——. Of him, as the rival of the count, he expected to learn the latter's fate.

Digitized by Google

Though a servant he announced himself to the baron.

"You may come in," was the reply.

With a beating heart, Conrad opened the high folding-doors of a pavilion, which was shaded by lofty chesnuts, and entered a cool and roomy apartment. But he had scarcely thrown a glance into it, when he gave a shriek of joy; young Count Rudolph sat with the baron upon a sofa. Conrad's entrance seemed to have interrupted a confidential conversation between the two men.

"Conrad, Conrad!" exclaimed the count, and presented the friend to the baron as the preserver of his life.

"Baron," said Conrad, "I am not now under the necessity of requesting an audience of you—my errand concerns the count, about whose fate I was in ignorance."

"Stay, children, and speak what is necessary—business calls me to my secretary, who has been waiting for me all day in vain—stay, and ease your hearts."

With these words the old man left the apartment, after he had pleasantly given his hand to the young count.

"Oh, dear count," exclaimed Conrad, "I cannot express my joy in words—may I trust my eyes? You—at your rival's side? And none of you wounded——"

"Who knows whether I would have been yet alive," replied the count, smilingly, "if the baron had appeared at the ruins a few minutes later?"

"The baron?" cried Conrad, with surprise.

"No other! The bandits, whom I unfortunately could not recognize, are dangerous villains. After they had robbed me, they tried to kill me too. I defended myself with all my might, but the robbers threw me upon the ground, and would certainly have accomplished their object, had not the baron, with drawn sword, stepped between us as my deliverer."

"Long live the baron!" cried Conrad.

"And now imagine my surprise," continued the count, "as he smilingly gave me his hand, and said in a pleasant tone of voice, 'young blusterer! why have you concealed your love from me? Emma, who loves you with all her heart, had more confidence in me. Instead of fighting here, please accompany me to the castle, and pacify the bride, who is in great trouble on your account.'"

"Thank God! Long live the baron!"

"I was about falling at his feet, but he stretched out his arms, and pressed me to his bosom. Now, dear Conrad, I am the happiest of all men!"

"I believe it!" replied the young man. "But I—while you were in the castle of your beautiful bride, I tarried at the crossways, as we had agreed, amid rain, thunder and lightning. I waited all night. When morning came, I ran through the ruins and the forest in despair—I inquired at your castle, but could nowhere find a trace of you. At last I concluded to ask your opponent about the result of the duel, and thank God, it turned out better than we either had reason to expect. But now I must hasten to pacify my poor Mary, who was very angry with me last evening, because I would give her no satisfactory answer about my conversation with the mysterious stranger in the forest. I suppose I can now, dear count," added Conrad, with a smile, "under the seal of silence, confide the secret to my bride, to clear myself from all possible suspicion?"

"Oh, no, dear Conrad," exclaimed the count, good-humoredly, "not you, it becomes me to appease your sweet-heart, and to beg her pardon for the trouble I have caused her."

"What?"

"Mary, my beautiful foster-sister, must expect a visit from me. I will publicly return to her the bridegroom, whom I so mysteriously enticed from her for a short time."

"Then I have no objection, dear count, for you will soon soften her anger. When may she expect you?"

"Expect me? We go together. I expect my carriage every moment—you ride at my side to the door of your bride."

"No, dear count——"

"I suffer no contradiction—my purpose remains unalterable."

Conrad would have made further objections, but the count took him in his embrace, and in the true sense smothered every word in his mouth.

Dinner was past with the baron. But a table was spread for Conrad, in one of the side rooms. The young man had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and it may well be imagined that the invitation was not unwelcome.

Strengthened at body and heart, he had just finished when the carriage arrived. The count was still in the castle, bidding adieu to his bride and the baron.

"Conrad," exclaimed the coachman, who had participated in the campaign as groom to the count, "it is well that I meet you here."

"Why so?"

"Your sister was at the castle just as I was driving away. She was seeking you, because you said you would go to see the count. I told her that I was about to go and bring him, and

Digitized by Google

that he was at the mansion of the baron, when she replied, 'then my brother is there too.' She then gave me this letter for you."

Conrad recognized Mary's handwriting at first view. A dark presentiment arose in his breast, as his quivering hand broke the seal of the letter. Once more he drew breath, and then said, "there was only one remedy to save you, and God gave me strength to apply it; it is the greatest, the last sacrifice of my love for you! For this I request a sacrifice in return—flee, after you have read my lines, this neighborhood, and never, never return."

The poor young man could scarcely trust his senses; the contents of the letter were to him as mysterious as they were terrible. With his face unearthly pale, he once more read it. As if struck by lightning, he stood and stared at the momentous paper.

In this state he was found by the count, who pleasantly came down the steps, and hastened toward the carriage.

"Well, Conrad," he exclaimed, after he had entered the carriage, "come sit by my side."

Mechanically he complied with the invitation.

"What do you hold in your hand?" asked the count, astonished at Conrad's appearance.

Conrad handed him the letter without speaking a word.

"Singular," said the count, after he had read the letter, and compassionately looked into the gloomy eye of his preserver. "Are you fully satisfied that Mary wrote these lines?"

"Yes."

"She has resorted to some stratagem to punish you for remaining away so long."

"The mysteriousness and earnestness of the letter scarcely admit of such an interpretation. And I remember, too, the singular behavior of my bride, when I saw her at the arbor this morning; and when, on hearing of the attack upon your person, I immediately withdrew."

"Then the people know of it?"

"Rosa, who returned from my aunt, is said to have seen the conflict."

"There is a misunderstanding at the bottom, which we will soon bring to daylight. Peter," cried the count to the coachman, "drive at full gallop. In half an hour we must be at the village. Stop at Mary's farm, and not at the castle."

Peter gave his whip to the fiery horses. The two young men did not speak a word—each one was left to his own meditations. A half an hour had scarcely elapsed—though it appeared to Conrad like an eternity—when the carriage reached the first houses of the village. A few minutes more, and the foaming horses stopped before Mary's house. The count addressed an encouraging word to Conrad, and then they entered.

"Heavens!" cried Mary, who sat pale and weeping in her chair, and did not seem to have noticed the arrival of the carriage; "unfortunate man! What do you want here? Did you not receive my letter?"

"Dear count," stammered Conrad, "you see that it is terrible truth!"

"Mary," said the count, seriously, "what means this?"

"Fly this neighborhood!" cried the girl, with a heaving breast, "away, away, ere destruction reaches you!"

"Are you mad?" cried the count. "Explain your singular conduct."

It was not till now that Mary recognized the count; she looked at him for a moment with staring eyes; then she sank weeping into the chair, and covered her face with her apron.

Conrad stood in the middle of the room, and, as if he had really committed a crime, held his trembling hands before his eyes, from which rolled a stream of tears. The count had walked up to Mary, and tried to get her to speak.

"Conrad," she at length exclaimed, and pointed toward the door, "fly, fly, before the magistrate returns."

"My God," said the count, "why should Conrad fear the magistrate?"

"Why? Shall I repeat the terrible narrative?"

Suddenly the young man lifted up his head; pride strengthened his nerves, and dissipated for a moment the pangs of his love. "Mary," he firmly said, "you desire that I leave your house, that the magistrate may not find me here—my honor as a soldier demands that I yield not a step until I get an explanation. What have you against me?"

"Conrad, will you still deceive me?" exclaimed Mary, vehemently.

"Mary, I demand, by your honor and by mine, that you, in the presence of the count, explain with what you charge me!"

"Where were you last night?" she asked, as she turned away her eyes, and with an anxious and beating heart awaited a reply.

"I was with the friend of the count, the upper forester of G——."

"And on business for me," continued the count, "which I could entrust only to my friend, and the preserver of my life."

Mary lifted up her head and looked at the two men, as if the words of the count had bereft her of her reason; the gloomy eye seemed to be

Digitized by Google

ready to start from its socket, and the bosom heaved vehemently.

"Listen," said the count, affectionately, "banish your trouble and your jealousy, for Conrad loves you with all the power of his heart. If he committed a mistake, *I* will bear the blame; for I am the man that sought him last evening, to request a favor that kept him all night from the village. I exacted his promise to observe profound silence even toward you. I assure you, on my word of honor, that he was engaged in my behalf."

With a piercing shriek, poor Mary fell senseless to the floor. Conrad hastened to the spot, and with both arms embraced her, as if he would impart new vitality into her system.

"My God!" exclaimed the count, "what has occurred here? Has jealousy robbed the poor girl of her reason?"

At this moment the door was opened, and the town magistrate, followed by his nephew, Eberhard, entered the room. A solemn pause of surprise and terror reigned for a moment in the apartment. Mary still lay lifeless in Conrad's arms.

"What do I see?" at length exclaimed Valentine. "This man still here? And you, count," he added, with a bow, "do you not know——"

"Villain!" cried Eberhard, "you still venture to enter this house? Be gone, ere justice stretches out her hand for you."

Conrad was scarcely conscious of himself.

"Ho, scoundrel," he cried, "it is you that has set his foot in this house, during my short absence! Now I can explain to myself——"

"Away," commanded Eberhard, "Mary is my wife!"

"*Your* wife?"

"The marriage contract is signed and lawfully recorded—away, I am master of this house!"

Softly, as if all his strength was failing him, Conrad laid the senseless maiden down by the chair, and supported himself by clinging to the table.

"Count," whispered the town magistrate, "here is the marriage contract. You know the civil marriage——"

The count pushed the paper away with his hand. Then he walked up to Mary, who now began to show signs of returning life. It could distinctly be seen that the firmness of her mind strove to overcome the weakness of the body.

"Mary," he said, earnestly, "it appears that you have become the victim of a vile conspiracy—but in the name of that God who punishes dishonesty, I request you to explain this terrible confusion!"

Mary's eyes sought poor Conrad, who stood at the table, a statue of sorrow and despair. She arose, not without great emotion, and walked to him with trembling steps.

"Conrad," she whispered, "what I have done, was done out of love for you—you know how I love you! And never, never shall I forget you—yet shun this place. You have seen me happy in my love for you—my wretchedness in my despair you shall not see—for I am the wife of the Forester Eberhard!"

"Conrad," said the count, resolutely, "you have lost your bride, but gained a friend, who will, with everything at his command, provide for your welfare. And if you love your friend, follow him; on his arm you shall leave the place of your misfortune; to his castle you shall go: and on it you can look as your home until I shall have succeeded in unmasking this mean conspiracy! Follow me!"

With these words he stepped to Conrad, and with deep emotion held the unhappy man to his breast. Then he took his arm for the purpose of leaving the room.

"Conrad, Conrad!" cried Mary, despairingly, as she stretched her hands after him.

The young man cast back another glance, and then silently followed the count.

The next minute the rattling of the carriage was heard that conveyed the two friends to the castle.

"Mr. Valentine," said Mary, with a firm voice, as she collected all her energy, "according to law, I am the wife of your nephew."

"No man can say anything against it," replied the magistrate; "you have given your word to my Eberhard, and the law has confirmed it."

"The law," continued Mary, "but not the church."

"This matters not; if the law has been complied with, then it is all right, according to our enlightened ideas."

"But not according to mine. Therefore hear my desire."

"Well, what do you wish?" asked the magistrate, ironically.

"I desire," said Mary, with dignity, "that you look upon me as unmarried, until the priest has consecrated the legal marriage. So long will I remain in the entire possession of my rights and property."

"And when shall the priest finish the business?" inquired Eberhard.

"When I am ready for it—perhaps next Sunday."

"Mary," said the hunter, gallantly, "this postponement is, it is true, a misfortune to my heart, but I assent."

Digitized by Google

"You understand, that till then solitude is desirable to me——"

"This means, in other words," said the magistrate, angrily, "that we shall take leave. Well we shall go. To-day, it is Monday—five days remain to prepare——"

"Make no preparations, Mr. Valentine."

"But you will certainly remove to the house of my nephew, which is charmingly situated at the edge of the forest."

"I shall do what becomes my duty as a wife."

Mary saluted the men, and went into her bedchamber, the door of which opened into her room.

Uncle and nephew left the house, and on the way imparted to one another their apprehensions as to Mary's intentions.

"The contract is legally concluded," said the magistrate; "if your wife does not comply with the obligations agreed upon, then the law will compel her to it."

Night again found Eberhard and Graff together in the tavern, where they emptied one bottle after another, for the complete success of their plans.

VI.

Whilst Mary wept in solitude in her chamber separated from all the world, Conrad occupied a room in the castle of the count. Rosa, who attended to her brother's rural affairs during his absence, visited him every day, and reported what was said in the village about the occurrence.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, "had Mary deceived me in the most shameful manner in the world, I could comfort myself, and treat her with the contempt she would deserve in that case. But as it is, she has become a sacrifice to her love for me, and I have lost a faithful heart."

The count, who was deeply affected by Conrad's misfortune, in vain exerted himself to persuade him to apply for a legal investigation, and to have the marriage contract annulled; he always expressed himself decidedly against it, as he was not inclined to involve Mary in an investigation. But he confidentially expected that Mary herself would take some steps to regain her liberty, and with this hope, which every day grew stronger, he lived at the castle inactive like a hermit. But when he heard of Rosa, that next Sunday the marriage ceremony was to be performed at church, the last ray of hope departed; he informed the count that he would emigrate to America.

Although the count suspected a premeditated case of villainy, from the circumstance that Conrad's hat was found in the ruins, he yet abstained from a legal investigation, in compliance with Conrad's urgent request, especially since every trace of the perpetrator was wanting. Yet he had secretly given notice of the attack on his person to the judiciary, and applied for a strict watch on the neighborhood.

The same Sunday on which Valentine expected the marriage ceremony between his nephew and Mary to be performed, was also determined on by the baron for the union of his ward, Emma, with the young count; and preparations to this end were eagerly prosecuted. This gave the count repeated opportunities to visit the mansion of the baron, and leave his friend Conrad to himself, who intended the quit the country next day. He feared the count's attempts to persuade him to stay, and had, therefore, taken a firm resolution to set out on his journey secretly.

Thursday was approaching its close, and night lay upon the earth, when Conrad left the castle and slowly walked toward the village. He intended to bid farewell to his sister. Careless about the way he was taking, he suddenly stood still to see where he was—he stood at Mary's garden-gate, close to which was situated the arbor, where, in the preceding spring, when about proceeding to the war, he bade farewell to her. He involuntarily approached the hedge, and looked thoughtfully through the foliage, which was now and then gently moved by the evening breeze.

Suddenly he thought he heard footsteps—he redoubled his attention—he had not deceived himself—the footsteps came nearer, and at length softly crackled upon the sand in the arbor.

"Oh, my God!" thought Conrad, "if it were Mary!"

It required some exertion, as this thought arose, to conceal his emotion. Breathless, he stood still, and stared into the dark arbor, from which he was separated only by the foliage of the hedge. He was still unresolved whether he would go or remain, when a loud weeping struck upon his ear. He recognized Mary's voice. Tears came to the eyes of the young man, and the self-collection he had just acquired, was again dispersed.

"My strength is failing," Conrad heard Mary say to herself, "I cannot become the forester's wife—and Conrad avoids me—he is doing nothing for me—he gives me over to sorrow and despair. Oh, my God, my God!"

"Mary, Mary!" cried Conrad, involuntarily.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the voice in the arbor, "who calls my name?"

"Mary, only one word before I part from you."

"Conrad, you come to me, to the girl whom

Digitized by Google

you should despise, for she thought you capable of committing a crime?"

As if urged on by some invisible power, the young man threw open the garden-gate, and rushed into the arbor, where Mary lay weeping upon the ground.

"Conrad," she exclaimed, as he entered, "I am a miserable, unhappy being! Can you forgive me? Will you hate me?"

"No, no, I pity you, and still love you with all the strength of my heart."

Gently he lifted the trembling girl from the ground, and imprinted a warm kiss upon her glowing forehead.

"Mary, your fate grieves me more than my own, for you have to forget the friend of your youth, and the love which you fondly anticipated would make you happy in life, will now cause you the bitterest sorrow."

"Conrad, Conrad!"

"See," continued Conrad, as he wound his arm about her neck, "I am happier than you, for my heart is free, it can remain true to you and love you. I am bound by no other tie. I can die with your name upon my lips—therefore weep not for me—I am less to be pitied than you!"

Mary clung with trembling arms to Conrad, and spasmodically embraced him for a few minutes.

"Now collect yourself," said Conrad, "I depart, that I may not render the fulfilment of your duties the more difficult."

"Oh, my God! let me die; life makes me miserable!"

"Come, Mary, to your house, before we are discovered by the eye of a spy. I accompany you to the threshold, then farewell!"

Slowly the two walked through the star-lit garden. Arrived at the door of the house, Conrad silently pressed the last kiss upon Mary's lips, disengaged himself from her arms, and rushed away, he looked not where, into the darkness of night.

He had strayed through brushes and fields for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when he suddenly reached the banks of a large pond—that which drove Philip's mill. With a gloomy smile he stood still, and looked upon the tranquil water. The evening was calm, and all nature quiet; not a sound struck upon the ear, save the distant and monotonous rattling of the mill, whose lighted window glittered like a star.

"No," he at length whispered to himself, "I will not here destroy my life; Mary shall not reproach herself with my death; she is already unhappy enough. War rages everywhere—let *it* take me as its sacrifice."

He quickly turned his back, and hastened toward a wood, whose outlines appeared in the distance, Conrad soon found himself at a living hedge, which surrounded a pleasant-looking hunter's house. From one window on the ground floor, which was half covered by the leaves and branches of the hedge, flickered a light.

"Heavens!" whispered Conrad, with surprise, "is not this the house of the Forester Eberhard, the husband of my unfortunate Mary? Was it accident that brought me here, or was I guided by the hand of destiny? Ha," he exclaimed, and threateningly shook his clenched fist toward the window, "you are the Evil One, that has made two beings unhappy; you caused Mary to weep, and me to stray through the world in despair! God of Heaven! hast thou brought me hither, that I should break Mary's fetters, oh, then give me one sign, and make me the instrument of thy Providence!"

A loud knock at the door of the house, which was on the opposite side, answered the wild interrogation of the young man. He stood still and listened.

"Who knocks?" inquired Eberhard's voice within.

"I, Graff," was replied at the door.

"Whosoever it is, I do not open the door at this hour of night."

"Eberhard, open the door."

"Come to-morrow again."

"Open, I must speak to you for your own interest."

They were silent. Soon Conrad heard the door open, and the sound of footsteps in the house. Urged on by the presentiment that some decisive secret of great importance to himself would be discovered, he softly bent the branches and leaves apart, and thrust his head through a breach in the hedge, so that he was enabled, through the window, to look over the entire room. He had scarcely assumed this position, when he saw Eberhard and Graff come in through the door. Eberhard wore a plain coat, and Graff was armed with gun and cutlass.

Conrad now distinctly heard the following conversation.

"Well," said Graff, as he entered, "you have become so haughty in your happiness, that you let a friend and colleague wait before the door, as if he were your lackey. I had reason to expect that, when I come, every door should be thrown open."

"What do you want? What brings you to me?" asked the other, with vexation.

"Our security, and still more, a good job."

"A good job? What does that mean?"

"I suppose you are aware that young Count

Digitized by Google

Rudolph is engaged to marry Emma von Linden, and that the bride brings a considerable fortune to the bridegroom?"

"Well?" said Eberhard, inquiringly.

"Well, my colleague, I was informed, this afternoon, that the count will to-night leave the castle of the Baron von H——, and carry twenty thousand dollars in gold with him. This little sum is to beat the way of the bride to the house of her husband, who intends to catch a few bills of exchange with it before he will get married, so that *he* may not be caught."

"What do I care about this?" said Eberhard, indifferently.

"Toward midnight he will return home by himself—his road leads along the stone-quarries——"

"Heavens!" cried the forester, "perhaps you again think——"

"Ah! you understand me at last?" exclaimed Graff, with a hoarse chuckle. "Would it not be a great pity if this nice sum should be buried with him in the stone-quarries? The job is of double utility: we get rid of a dangerous man, who cannot forget the trick at the abbey, and we will get rich at once. It is true, you are provided for already, for you will marry a neat girl, with just as neat a farm—but I dare not think of getting married, and must study out some other means for gaining a fortune—and behold, my sagacity has succeeded. You are my friend, Eberhard, you shall get the third part of this job; for more you do not need in order to pass for a wealthy man."

The blood began to chill in the veins of the listener at the window; and his senses seemed to him to be veiled in a dream. With all the strength he could command, he maintained his position, in order to hear the conclusion of the conversation, for so much was clear to him, in spite of his confusion, that a mere accusation without proof, would be not only useless, but even injurious to himself. The thought, that the civil marriage had chained Mary to a highwayman, gave him strength to hold out.

"I will not obey you," he heard Eberhard say; "you once before led me to the commission of a crime; but it shall never be so again!"

"By heavens!" exclaimed Graff, "this marriage seems to have made your conscience very tender!"

"Not the marriage, but the stolen money. There it lies, in my closet—I cannot touch it! Could I purchase my tranquillity again by returning it, I could part with it without grief. Oh, that I had not yielded to your tempting. Fly, for you have poisoned my life!"

"How rationally you talk!" said the other, with a sneer. "You now despise the money, because you have married a rich girl—but how would it stand with you, my valiant friend, if the thought had not occurred to me, that by leaving the hat at the ruins, suspicion would fall on Mary's bridegroom. In consequence of that she bade him farewell, and married you out of terror. Do you believe that Mary would have given up Conrad otherwise? If my sagacity had not woven the net, you would certainly not have caught the bird. But for me you would set in the debtor's prison, and see through the gratings of your window how other people enjoy life."

"Leave me, Graff, I will henceforth live as a respectable man."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the hunter, "do you believe that one can quit at pleasure, when he has once commenced? That would be convenient! No, my fellow, I need you, and you must accompany me, or——"

"Or?" repeated Eberhard.

"Or I will show you," said the hunter, in a threatening tone of voice, "that you owe me obedience."

"Man," cried the forester, "let me alone."

"When you have done your duty toward me."

"Then take the money out of the closet, and depart."

"How, you will buy your friend with money?"

"You are not my friend—I am ashamed of you."

"Not your friend? What am I, then?" asked Graff, in a rage."

"You are my demon!"

"But yet your good demon!"

"Leave my house," cried Eberhard, who was brought to the verge of desperation by the irony of the hunter.

"Mark my words," said Graff, sternly. "If you are not at the tavern of old Caspar at precisely eleven o'clock, to accompany me, I will to-morrow morning go to Mary, and tell her all—do you hear?"

"Almighty God! you will do that? Graff, take that money out of the closet, not a dollar is wanting—take it, but let me alone! Go, go."

"Without you I go not a step!"

"Consider that we shall lay the burden of a fresh crime on our souls!"

"One or two—it is all the same!" laughed the hunter, "are you afraid to be a wise man?"

"You still laugh?" asked Eberhard, with horror.

"Yes, I laugh, friend, to show you my contempt. Once more, choose; will you come to the *rendezvous*, or shall I go to—you know whither?"

Digitized by Google

"Man, are you serious?"

"By my hunter's honor, which I never violate!"

"Once more, Graff——"

"Not a word—yes or no?"

After a pause, the two hunters, Eberhard and Graff, stood opposite to each other in the room; Conrad at the window, scarcely ventured to breathe, although an unutterable anguish seemed ready to burst his breast.

"Well, I come," said Eberhard, at length, "but only upon one condition."

"Name it."

"That no blood be shed."

"Fool, half a work is none! Suppose, for an instant, that the count should recognize us? You see, I wish to promote your profit. I clear out as soon as I have the money; this you cannot do, you must remain with your wife—it is all the same to me whether the count escape with a sound skin or no: you, however, the one that remains here, ought to see that the witnesses be put aside; therefore be wise and obey me!"

"Oh, horrible, horrible! I shall load a murder upon my conscience!"

"No, that you shall not, the accidental measures belong to me—you only take the money! At precisely eleven o'clock, then, at the tavern—at the bench where we took that hat so pregnant with fate. Farewell, comrade!"

Conrad now cautiously withdrew from the hedge, sent a look of gratitude toward heaven, and then fled with such a speed, that in ten minutes he stood before Philip's mill, gasping for breath. He met the young miller on the seat under the linden, where he was talking to a small circle of friends, how Conrad had saved the count's life.

"Welcome, Conrad!" they all cried, as soon as they recognized him. They then cheerfully surrounded the young man, for they knew his hard and undeserved fate, and pitied him from their hearts.

"Philip," whispered the one just arrived, "I must speak to you alone!"

"My God, Conrad, you are breathless! What has occurred?"

"Nothing as yet, but come to your house for a moment."

The two young men disappeared in the mill. Those that remained behind under the linden, loudly expressed their fears, that the loss of Mary had bereft Conrad of his reason.

The clock in the village struck ten, and the little circle of neighbors was about to disperse, when Conrad and Philip came hastily out of the mill. The latter wore the uniform of his regiment, an old sword at his side, and his rifle on his shoulder.

"Whither are you going?" cried the people, in astonishment.

"To the appeal!" was the reply of the men, and the next instant they disappeared in the darkness.

At a certain place in the village they parted again, Conrad to put on his uniform and his arms, Philip to call upon the third companion.

Rosa received her brother with a loud exclamation of joy. The latter scarcely saluted her, and rushed to his chamber. His sister followed him.

"Conrad," cried Rosa, whose joy had changed to terror, "you do not mean to go to the wars again, or why do you bring out your uniform?"

"To the war," was the quick and cheerful reply, "to the war, to conquer my Mary again!"

Rosa broke out in loud sobs, for she believed him deranged.

"Brother, I shall not permit you to leave this!"

"Why not?" asked Conrad, smilingly, as he put on the soldier's coat.

"How you are excited—you are sick!"

"You are mistaken, sister, I have never been so well."

"But whither are you going?"

"To the war!"

"Conrad, Conrad! what shall I make of this? This answer—your fiery eyes!"

The young man, in the meantime, examined the contents of a sportsman's bag. When he found the necessary ammunition in it, he threw it over his shoulder, took his gun, which hung at the wall, and then calmly and pleasantly walked up to his sister.

"Rosa," he mildly said, "you weep, and perhaps doubt my reason, because I speak of things that appear strange to you; but trouble yourself not, the march I expect to make will save the life of our young count, and restore honor to me and liberty to Mary. Can you now understand my sudden change, dear sister?"

"But tell me——"

"If I will not miss my object, I must hasten—soon I shall return, and you shall know all about it."

"Will you go alone?" asked Rosa, with anxiety.

"Come back to the room, and you shall see who accompanies me."

Just as brother and sister came out of the chamber, the door which led to the entry was opened, and Philip and another man in uniform and with arms, appeared at the threshold.

Digitized by Google

"Welcome, Christian!" cried Conrad, as he held out his hand to both. "You see," he turned to Rosa, "here are my companions. Are you still afraid? Now keep awake until we return, and provide for a good breakfast; for our work will not be finished before midnight. But say not a word about our march, or all is lost."

"And Mary shall be free?" asked Rosa, once more.

"Free," replied Conrad, "to become my wife. Adieu, Rosa!"

Cautiously the three men left the house and the village. Rosa went to the kitchen, stirred up a fire, and began to prepare the meal that was ordered.

VII.

The hunter Graff had spoken the truth: Count Rudolph really took his carriage in the courtyard of the baron, toward midnight, to return to his castle. But he did not carry the sum of gold for which Graff longed; it was only a report that originated with the domestics, and was whispered into the ears of the savage woodman by one of the baron's hunters, at the tavern. The young count, although made happy by the love of a rich and beautiful girl, was not in the best humor. Conrad's misfortune, for which he had unintentionally laid the foundation, went deep to his heart, and gave him so much the more uneasiness because he was unable to make reparation for what had occurred. He had related the unfortunate incident to his bride, and, amid tears, she made the proposition to him, to assign to Conrad a small estate she possessed in the vicinity of B——, and which was husbanded by a tenant. Rudolph cheerfully agreed to this proposition, but that, with the presentation of the property, he could not also return the tranquillity of heart of the valiant man, restricted the joy which the turn in his circumstances would otherwise have given him.

The watchmen of the neighboring village had announced the hour of midnight, and their horns resounded through the quiet night, when the count perceived the white openings of the stone quarries, along which led a short part of his road. The passage of this road was entirely devoid of danger, as the openings were at a distance of more than a hundred paces, and could be distinguished, even in the greatest darkness, by the white glimmer of the stony-mass. Behind the quarries, on either side, ran pretty high mountain ridges, which formed a long and narrow valley, that made a turn toward the east; but the road to the castle parted at this turn toward the south, and, through a deep and narrow pass, again struck upon the plain.

Peter, the coachman, well acquainted with the road, whipped the horses lustily, so that the light and open carriage darted through the valley like an arrow. When he came to the place where he was to turn into the pass, he drove a little slower; but he had scarcely arrived at the narrow road, when a shot fell from behind a hazel-bush that stood at the declivity, and wounded the hand in which he held the whip. At the same time a man rushed to the rein of the horses.

The count, who had become somewhat cautious since the last attack upon him, snatched a pistol from the travelling-bag, and fired at the man who held the horses. The robber fell down with a loud cry, when the hoofs of the frightened animals crushed his body immediately. Peter retained so much presence of mind, that he grasped the lines with the sound hand, and prevented the horses from running off.

The count still stood upright in the carriage, and held the pistol he had just discharged, in his hand, when he was attacked with a cutlass from behind—a second robber had mounted the carriage. Without speaking a word, the count defended himself with the butt of the pistol, and a combat began on the carriage which would certainly have terminated in favor of the stronger bandit, if a pair of powerful hands had not grasped the villain by the hair, and dragged him backward over the seat on the ground. Below stood two men, who received the enraged robber with the butt-ends of their guns.

"Dear count!" exclaimed Conrad's voice, at this instant, "are you hurt?"

"Heavens—who are you?"

The three men in their uniforms stepped forward, and the moon, which at this moment came forth from behind a cloud, threw her rays upon their countenances.

"Soldiers of your battalion!" they replied, and stretched their arms toward the count, to help him out of the carriage.

"Conrad, Philip, Christian!" cried the count; and he embraced one after another.

"Well," cried Peter, "will you not assist me? I am wounded in the arm!"

Quickly Christian ran to the horses, and Conrad and Philip took care of the coachman.

"Where are you wounded?" said the count, sympathizingly.

"In the right arm; but it appears to be only a grazing shot, as I feel no pain."

Count Rudolph took out his handkerchief, and bandaged the arm of the coachman, who, fortunately, was only slightly grazed.

"Where are the robbers?" he then asked.

Digitized by Google

"Here is the most dangerous one?" exclaimed Conrad, and with Philip's assistance he dragged Graff forward. "It is the same who, once before, laid his hands on you at the ruins of the abbey; the same who stole my hat with the red riband, and left it at the place of his crime, to throw suspicion on me; the same who suspects there are twenty thousand dollars in your carriage, and wants to kill and plunder you, and then clear out as a rich man—is it not so, Mr. Graff? Now share with your companion, there he lies!"

"I wish I had shared with him!" muttered the robber.

"Who is the other?" inquired the count, as he walked up to the corpse.

"Look at him," said Philip, "he can still be recognized."

"Heavens! my own district forester! Oh, faithful Conrad, you have risked your life, your happiness for me! Over the corpse of this villain I return your Mary to you. God be praised, who has brought this about!"

"Dear count!" said Conrad, joyfully, "Mary still loves me, I may be happy again!"

"Just as you deserve to be, my brave, my good Conrad. Comrades," the count now addressed the soldiers, and joyful emotion made his voice tremble, "comrades, I invite you to my wedding, which will be celebrated next Sunday at the mansion of the baron—you will accompany me to church, and take the seat of honor at the festive table?"

"Count!" exclaimed Philip and Christian, with surprise.

"You must come, if you will not mar my pleasure."

"We are but farmers," said Philip, "we cannot appear in high company."

"Philip, where would I and my wedding be, if it had not been for you?"

"Dear count," said Conrad, "if you invite only my companions, what remains for me?"

"Friend," exclaimed the count, "is my marriage day not also yours? Or shall Mary not become your wife?"

"Yes, she shall be my wife."

"Well, Conrad, we have suffered misfortune together, we shall also in one another's company celebrate the greatest day of our lives; and our companions are our common guests."

The young men threw the corpse of Eberhard upon the carriage, and then fastened the angry Graff to the hind axle-tree, so that he could move only his feet to walk. Peter again took his seat, and slowly drove toward the village. The count and the soldiers followed on foot.

A white cloud in the east announced the new day, just as the train arrived at the home of the village magistrate.

We shall pass over the grief of the Magistrate Valentine—grief, not for the death of his nephew, but for the money he had paid for him in town, and for the loss of the good meadow. We shall also pass over the happiness of Mary, when the count entered her room with the magistrate, and the latter returned the marriage contract, with the announcement that she was free, and was at liberty to give her hand to the man of her love. We shall only remark, that now, in the presence of the young count and the Magistrate Valentine, Mary and Conrad concluded a new contract, for time and eternity, and that next Sunday, in the village church, which was gorgeously decorated with flowers and wreaths for the occasion, two couples received the benediction of the priest—they were Count Rudolph and Emma, led on by their noble relatives, and Conrad and Mary, accompanied by Rosa, Philip and Christian.

Graff was given over to the hands of justice, and Eberhard to the mother earth in a corner of the grave-yard.

Eight days afterward, a travelling carriage stopped at Mary's farm: it was there for the purpose of conveying the young couple to the estate which the new countess had assigned to the preserver of her husband.

FAITH.

BY G. L. PARSONS.

FAITH buoys the spirit up
When death is at the door,
When fades the light from earth—
Faith lingers on the shore.
And whispers in the just man's ear
The joyous words—"thy Heaven is near."

Its sweet consoling ray
Burns in the Christian's heart:
And banishes the sting
Of Death's relentless dart.
It makes the tomb a downy bed;
Where glory's brightest ray is shed.

Digitized by Google

THE TOLLING BELL.

A SABBATH MORNING TALE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Not many months ago, in one of my summer rambles, I found myself, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, the guest of a worthy and intelligent family, in a quiet country village.

The early breakfast was over; parents and children had joined in reading a chapter in the Bible; Mr. Sedgwick, the head of the family, had then offered up a fervent prayer, at the conclusion of which we all arose from our knees; when our ears were greeted by the clear, deep peals of the ringing church bell.

"So late!" exclaimed Mrs. Sedgwick, looking at the clock. "Our time must be slow."

"That is not the first bell for church," replied her husband. "There has been a death. The bell is going to toll."

A solemn silence ensued. Every countenance wore the expression of seriousness and awe. In country places, the occurrence of a death claims more thought and reflection than it can in populous towns. The destroyer puts his sickle into large cities, and reaps hundreds and thousands, all around us, without calling the mind a moment from the business and gaieties of life. It is only when some near and dear friend is cut down that we ever pause to think! But in small villages, where the vast tide of life comes not to drown meditation; where frequent visits of the dark angel occur not to breed a habit of indifference in the human breast; where every soul that hears the tolling bell, knows well for whom it tolls, and remembering him in the vigor of life, must think of him in coldness and darkness of death, and where even the sexton is impressed with seriousness; in such places, I say, the destroyer never comes, but every heart is taught a solemn lesson!

Observing the grave decorum of even the youngest children, inspired with awe by the sounds of the tolling bell, I could not resist the prevailing influence which weighed heavily upon my heart, although I was but a stranger in the place, and familiar though I was with the frequent visits of death.

During the intervals between the single, deep, monotonous peals, scarce a word was spoken by the family. The children whispered their surmises, with regard to the person dead, as if it had been sinful to speak aloud. The parents seemed plunged in deep meditations.

At length the bell ceased tolling, and the age was struck. I counted twenty-three.

"It is Martin Lord!" said Mr. Sedgwick. "I thought it could be nobody else."

"Such then is his unhappy end," mused his wife. "Well, it will be wrong to mourn his death. If death was ever a merciful providence, it is so in this case."

"Is it a person who had been long sick?" I asked.

Instead of answering my question directly, Mr. Sedgwick said,

"There is a very singular history connected with that young man. It is now some time since the excitement, occasioned by this strange tragedy, died away; but the tolling of the bell, this morning, must bring it back forcibly to every heart. Perhaps you would be interested to hear the story?"

I expressed my desire to listen to the narration; upon which my friend gave me the details of the following story, which I relate with only a slight deviation from the original.

Martin Lord was once the flower and the hope of one of the most respected families in the village. His amiable disposition and superior intellect procured for him universal love and esteem.

Although of a slight figure, and pale features, which indicated a constitution by no means robust, Martin was remarked for his uncommon beauty; and indeed his fine, noble forehead, shaded by locks of soft brown hair, his large, expressive blue eyes, straight nose, with thin Grecian nostrils, and rather voluptuous mouth, entitled him in some measure to that consideration.

Martin was a great favorite with the ladies, old and young; but he never showed any marked partiality to any one, until he became intimate with the daughter of our late clergyman, Mr. Ashton.

This kind and excellent pastor—who ceased from suffering about a year ago, and went home

to his heavenly Father—was instructing Martin in Greek and Hebrew; and in his daily visits to the clergyman's house, the youth fell into an unhappy attachment for Isabella.

No two beings could be more different. Isabella was the most young and thoughtless girl in our village. She could have little sympathy with a person of such deep feelings and elevated intellect as Martin; and beautiful as she was, it seemed strange that he should have given his love to her. There is no doubt but she was attached to him; perhaps she loved him as well as she was capable of loving any one; but in this instance, as in all others, her affections were secondary to her love of sarcasm and mischief.

Martin and Isabella had been pointed out as lovers, by village gossips, for several months; he was now nineteen, and she was of the same age; when the tragedy occurred, which the tolling of the bell has recalled to my memory.

It was on an evening in the autumn of the year, that Isabella took advantage of the absence of her father to have a social gathering of young people at their house. Martin, of course, was present, with the fairest youths and maidens; and being under no restraint, from the gravity of the clergyman, who was not expected home till late, the company enjoyed themselves freely, with jests, songs and social games.

The hour at which such parties usually broke up, had already passed, and there was no relaxation in the gayety of the young people; when some one mentioned the subject of ghosts, something of that description having been reported as having been seen in the vicinity of the church-yard.

"It is a silly report," said Martin. "Nobody can believe that a ghost has really been seen there; and I doubt if a person here believes at all in the existence of ghosts."

"You do yourself; you know you do, Martin; although you are ashamed to own it," cried Isabella.

Martin only laughed.

"Come now," continued the thoughtless girl, "I can prove that you have some notion that such things may exist. Go to the grave-yard alone, in the dark, and then declare, if you can, that you felt no fear."

"And what would that prove?"

"Why, you will be frightened, though you should see nothing. Your fears would put your belief to the test. How could you be afraid, if you did not feel that there was something to be afraid of?"

"I do not think your logic is the best in the world," replied Martin, laughing. "Men are often troubled with fear, when their reason tells them there is no cause to fear. But I deny, in the first place, that a journey to the grave-yard, even at midnight, would frighten me in the least."

"How bravely you can talk!" said Isabella, indulging in her customary tone of sarcasm. "But nobody here believes you. I don't, at any rate. Why, you hadn't courage enough, the other day, to help kill a calf; your mother told me so!"

"I never like to cause or to witness pain, if it can be avoided," answered Martin, blushing.

"Ha! ha! ha! what an excellent excuse! You are brave enough, to be sure; but tender-hearted! Come, now; you dare not go to the burying-ground this night, alone. You are not half so courageous as you would have us believe. Whether you think there are ghosts, or not; you are afraid of them."

Martin was extremely sensitive; but the sarcasm of nobody except Isabella could have stung him so to the quick. Scorning the imputation of cowardice, he was ready to do almost any desperate act to prove his courage.

"But," said he, "although I have no more fear of grave-yards and ghosts, than I have of orchards and apple trees, I am not going to walk half a mile, merely to be laughed at."

"Ha! ha! but you shall not escape so!" laughed Isabella. "Here before these our friends, I promise that this ring shall be yours"—displaying one given her by an old lover, which Martin had often desired her to part with—"provided you go to the grave-yard alone, in the dark, and declare on your honor, when you return, that you were not in the least afraid."

"Agreed," said Martin, buttoning his coat, for the night was chill.

"And as evidence that you go the entire distance, you can bring back with you the iron bar, which you will find close by the gate," said Isabella.

Thus driven by the taunts of his mistress to the commission of a folly, Martin took leave of the company, full of courage and spirit, and set out on his errand.

It was near a quarter of a mile to the grave-yard, which was approached by a lonely, dreary path, seldom travelled except by mourners.

It is impossible to relate precisely what happened to Martin, on that gloomy road. I judge from the circumstances which afterward came to light, and conjecture his adventure must have been as I am about to relate it.

Slight as he was in frame, and tender in his feelings, he was not destitute of courage. I do

Digitized by Google

not think he was frightened by the sighing of the wind, and the rustling of the dry autumnal leaves, as many stronger men might have been. He marched steadily to the grave-yard, stopped a moment, perhaps, to gaze sadly, but not fearfully, at the white tombstones gleaming faintly in the dark and desolate ground; for the stars shone brilliantly in the clear, cold sky; then shouldering the iron bar, of which Isabella had spoken, he set out to return.

He had proceeded about half way, when, in the gloomiest part of the road, he saw a white figure emerge from a clump of willows, and come toward him. It looked like a walking corpse, in a winding sheet, which trailed upon the ground. All Martin's strength of nerve was gone in an instant. Courage gave place to desperation. His hair standing erect, and his blood running chill with horror, still he stood his ground. The spectre drew nearer, seeming to grow whiter and larger as it approached. We cannot tell what frenzy seized upon the brain of the unhappy youth at that moment.

The guests at the clergyman's house heard terrific screams. Dreading some tragic termination to the farce, they rushed to the spot one of the number carrying a lantern. They found Martin kneeling on a prostrate figure, his fingers clutching convulsively its throat, while he still uttered frantic shrieks for help. His wild features exhibited the very extremity of terror.

Only two of the most courageous young men dared approach him. One of them forced Martin to relax his hold on the throat of the figure, whilst the other tore away the folds of the sheet. At that moment the bearer of the lantern came up. Its light fell on the blood-stained, distorted features of Isabella. Martin uttered one more unearthly shriek, and fell lifeless on the corpse. He never spoke again; but lived—an idiot!

A frightful contusion on Isabella's temple bore evidence that in his frenzy he had struck the supposed spectre with the iron bar. The blow was probably the cause of her death; although such a grasp as his hands must have given her throat, might alone have deprived her of breath. He never knew afterward what he had done; for never a gleam of reason illumined the darkness of his soul; and now the tolling bell has told us that heaven, in its mercy, has finally freed the spirit from its shackles of clay, and given it life and light in a better world.

THE BLIND WOMAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

It snows, it snows, but on the pavement still
She kneels and prays, nor lifts her head;
Beneath her rags through which the blast blows shrill.
Shivering she kneels, and waits for bread.
Hither each morn she gropes her weary way,
Winter and Summer, there is she.
Blind is the wretched creature! well-a-day!—
Ah! give the blind one charity!

Ah! once far different did that form appear;
That sunken cheek, that color wan,
The pride of thronged theatres, to hear
Her voice enraptured Paris ran;
In smiles or tears before her beauty's shrine,
Which of us has not bow'd the knee?—
Who owes not to her charms some dreams divine?
Ah! give the blind one charity!

How oft when from the crowded spectacle,
Homeward her rapid coursers flew;
Admiring crowds would on her footsteps dwell,
And loud huzzas her path pursue.
To hand her from the glittering car, that bore
Her home to scenes of mirth and glee,
How many rivals throng'd around her door—
Ah! give the blind one charity!

When all the arts to her their homage paid,
How splendid was her gay abode;
What mirrors, marbles, bronzes, were display'd,
Tributes by love on love bestow'd:
How duly did the muse her banquet's gild,
Faithful to her prosperity:
In every palace will the swallow build!
Ah! give the poor one charity!

But sad reverse—sudden disease appears;
Her eyes are quench'd, her voice is gone,
And here, forlorn and poor, for twenty years,
The blind one kneels and begs alone.
Who once so prompt her generous aid to lend?
What hand more liberal, frank, and free,
Than that she scarcely ventures to extend?—
Ah! give the poor one charity!

Alas for her! for faster falls the snow,
And every limb grows stiff with cold;
That rosary once woke her smile, which now
Her frozen fingers hardly hold
If bruised beneath so many woes, her heart
By pity still sustain'd may be,
Lest even her faith in Heaven itself depart,
Ah! give the blind one charity!

Digitized by Google

CANARY BIRDS.

BY HENRY WILSON.

The canary birds now kept and reared throughout the whole of Europe and America, were originally natives of the Canary Islands. There they are still found in pleasant vallies, and on the delightful banks of sparkling rills and small streams. But for some two hundred years they have been bred in Europe.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century, a ship was wrecked on the coast of Italy, which, in addition to merchandize, had a multitude of canaries on board. These birds, thus obtaining their liberty, flew to the Island of Elba, the nearest land. There they found a propitious climate, and multiplied very rapidly. Had not man interposed, by hunting them for cage birds, until they were entirely extirpated, they would probably have naturalized themselves there.

In Italy were found the first tame canaries, and there they are still raised in vast numbers. Within the last hundred years they were so uncommon and expensive, that only princes and people of great wealth could keep them. But at the present day these birds are raised in all our cities, and most of the towns, and sold at moderate prices.

In its native island the plumage of the canary bird is said to be more beautiful than that of our tame ones; but its song is less melodious and varied, consisting of fewer notes, and uttered at longer intervals. The original color of this bird in its wild state was grey, merging into green beneath; but by domestication and climate it has been so changed that canaries may now be seen of almost every hue.

Most commonly they are of some shade of yellow; but some are grey, others white, some are reddish brown, or chesnut colored, others are beautifully shaded with green. These are the prevailing colors, but they are blended in various combinations, and thus present every degree of shade. Those the most prized exhibit the most regularly these various shades.

The one most generally admired, at present, is yellow or white upon its body, and of a dun yellow color, on the wings, head, and tail. Next in degree of beauty is that which is of a golden yellow, with black, blue, or blackish grey head, and similar wings and tails. There are also grey ones, with yellow heads, or with a ring about the neck; and white ones, with a yellow breast, and white head and tail. Those which are more irregularly marked, are less esteemed.

The canary bird is five inches in length, of which the tail comprises two inches and a quarter. Sometimes the female is not easily distinguished from the male; but the latter has generally deeper and brighter colors, the head is rather thicker, the body is more slender throughout, and the temples and space around the eyes are always of a brighter yellow than the rest of the body.

In selecting a bird, those are best which stand upright on the perch, appear bold and lively, and are not frightened at every noise they hear, or everything they see. If its eyes are bright and cheerful, it is a sign of health; but if it keeps its head under the wing, it is drooping and sickly.

Its song should also be particularly noticed, for there is much difference in this respect. But as it often depends on the peculiar taste of the purchaser, no directions can be given for its application. In respect to the notes of these birds, there is much difference. Some of them have very fine notes, but if the song is not fine, they can be educated, by being placed with another, which is a good singer.

They catch the notes of other kindred songsters with considerable facility; hence, among the best singers, there is a material difference in the song, which depends mainly on the bird with which they have been educated. In some countries the nightingale is employed as a master musician to a whole flock of canaries; and it is this which gives some foreign birds a different tone of voice from those bred in this country.

In teaching the canary bird to sing, it is usual to take him from his comrades, and place him in a cage alone. This is covered with a cloth, when a short, simple air is whistled to him, or played on a flute, or a small organ. In this manner, by repeating the tune five or six times each day, especially mornings and evenings, he will learn to sing it. But it will frequently require five or six months before he will retain the whole tune.

Canary birds some times hatch their young every month in the year; but more commonly they breed only in the spring, summer, and fall months. After the young birds are hatched, the old ones are fed with soft food such as cabbage,

Digitized by Google

lettuce, chick-weed; also with eggs boiled hard, and minced very fine with some dried roll, or bread containing no salt, which has been soaked in water, and the water pressed out. Rape-seed, or the seed of the turnip, is much used for their food.

Up to the twelfth day the young birds remain almost naked, and require to be covered by the female; but after the thirteenth, they will feed themselves. When they are a month old they may be removed from the breeding-cage.

It is a curious fact, that, when two females are with one male in the same cage, and one female dies, the other, if she has not already sat, will hatch the eggs laid by her co-mate, and rear the young as her own.

MEMORY.

BY J. M. EVANS.

The past she ruleth. At her touch
Its temple valves unfold;
And from their gorgeous shrines descend
The mighty men of old;
At her deep voice the dead reply,
Dry bones are clothed and live:
Long-perish'd garlands bloom anew,
And buried joys revive.

When o'er the future many a shade
Of saddening twilight steals,
Or the dimm'd present to the soul
Its emptiness reveals;
She opes her casket, and a cloud
Of cheering perfume streams,
Till with a lifted heart we tread
The pleasant land of dreams.

Make friends ot potent Memory,
Oh, young man! in thy prime
And with her jewels bright and rare,
Enrich the hoard of Time.
Yet if thou mockest her with weeds,
A trifler 'mid her bowers,
She'll send a poison through thy veins,
In life's disastrous hours.

Make friends of potent Memory,
Oh, maiden! in thy bloom;
And bind her to thy inmost heart,
Before the days of gloom;
But sorrow softeneth into joy,
Beneath her wand sublime,
And she immortal robes can weave,
From the frail threads of Time.

REGRET.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

The words are wise and truthful ones
That bid us not regret;
The past is past, and cannot change,
The future wooes as yet.
But oh! the bitter pang will come,
The burning tears will rise,
And the white lips with anguish dumb
Writhe at some memories.

Are there not words we should have said,
Or none we wish unspoken?
No chains of friendship or of love
Whose cherish'd links are broken?
No good neglected or despised,
No dream of by-gone years,
Thick on whose brightness lies the rust
Of unavailing tears?

Alas! we all are haunted by
Some shade that ne'er departs;
Which comes not only in life's night,
But when within our hearts
The voice of Joy sings clear and loud,
And Hope her wealth's revealing,
The shadow of a distant cloud
Across the sunshine stealing.

Is there no love-lit eye, of which
We think almost with pain,
Whose glance we sometimes coldly met,
And ne'er shall meet again?
Ah! yes; the words are wise and true
That bid us not regret;
But there are graves amid the past,
On which we're mourners yet.

Digitized by Google

GENERAL INVITATIONS.

BY MARY V. PENROSE.

"PRAY do call in an easy way some evening, you and Mrs. Balderstone: we are sure to be at home, and shall be most happy to see you."

Such an invitation one is apt to get from friends, who, equally resolved against the formality and the expense of a particular entertainment on your account, hope to avoid both evils by making your visit a matter of accident. If you be a man of some experience, you will know that all such attempts to make bread and cheese do that which is more properly the business of a pair of chickens, end in disappointment; and you will, therefore, take care to wait till the general invitation becomes a particular one. But there are inexperienced people in the world who think everything is as it seems, and are apt to be greatly deceived regarding this accidental mode of visiting. For the sake of these last, I shall relate the following adventure:

I had been remarkably busy one summer, and, consequently, obliged to refuse all kinds of invitations, general and particular. The kind wishes of my friends had accumulated upon me somewhat after the manner of the tunes frozen up in Baron Munchausen's French-horn; and it seemed as if a whole month would have been necessary to thaw out and discharge the whole of these obligations. A beginning, however, is always something; and, accordingly, one rather splashy evening in November, I can't tell how it was, but a desire came simultaneously over myself and Mrs. Balderstone—it seemed to be by sympathy—of stepping out to see Mr. and Mrs. Brown, a married pair, who had been considerably more pressing in their general invitations than any other of our friends. We both knew that there was a cold duck in the house, besides a segment of cheese, understood to be more than excellent. But so it was that we had taken a visiting humor, and forth we must go. Five minutes saw us leaving our comfortable home, my wife carrying a cap pinned under her cloak, while to my pocket was consigned her umbrageous comb. As we paced along, we speculated only on the pleasure which we should give to our kind friends by thus at last paying them a visit, when perhaps all hope of our ever doing so was dead within them. Nor was it possible altogether to omit reflecting, like the dog invited by his friend to sup, upon the entertainment which lay before us; for certainly, on such an occasion, the fatted calf could hardly expect to be spared.

Full of the satisfaction which we were to give and receive, we had nearly entered the house before we thought it necessary to inquire if anybody was at home. The servant-girl, surprised by the confidence of our entree, evidently forgot her duty, and acknowledged, when she should have denied, the presence of her master and mistress in the house. We were shown into a dining-room, clean, cold, and stately as an alabaster cave, and which had the appearance of being but rarely lighted by the blaze of hospitality. My first impulse was to relieve my pocket, before sitting down, of the comb, which I thought was now about being put to its proper use; but the chill of the room stayed my hand. I observed, at the same time, that my wife, like the man under the influence of Æolus in the fable, manifested no symptom of parting with her cloak. Ere we could communicate our mutual sensations of incipient disappointment, Mrs. Brown entered with a flurried, surprised air, and made a prodigious effort to give us welcome. But, alas! poor Mr. Brown—he had been seized in the afternoon with a strange vertigo and sickness, and was now endeavoring, by the advice of Dr. Boak, to get some repose. "It will be *such* a disappointment to him, when he learns that you were here, for he would have been so happy to see you. We must just entertain the hope, however, to see you some other night." Although the primary idea in our minds at this moment was the utter hopelessness of supper in this quarter—we betrayed, of course, no feeling but sympathy in the illness of our unfortunate friend, and a regret for having called at so inauspicious a moment. Had any unconcerned person witnessed our protestations, he could have formed no suspicion that we ever contemplated supper, or were now in the least disappointed. We felt anxious about nothing but to relieve Mrs. Brown, as soon as possible, of the inconvenience of our visit, more especially as the chill of the room was now piercing us to the bone. We therefore retired, under a shower of mutual compliments, and condolences, and

Digitized by Google

"hopes," and "sorries," and "have the pleasures;" the door at last closing after us with a noise which seemed to say: "How very glad I am to get quit of you!"

When we got to the street, we certainly did not feel quite so mortified as the dog already alluded to, seeing that we had not, like him, been tossed over the window. But still the reverse of prospect was so very bitter, that for some time we could hardly believe that the adventure was real. By this time, we had expected to be seated snug at supper, side by side with two friends, who, we anticipated, would almost expire with pleasure at seeing us. But here, on the contrary, we were turned out upon the cold, inhospitable street, without a friend's face to cheer us. We still recollected that the cold duck remained as a fortress to fall back upon; but being now fairly agog in the adventure, the idea of returning home with our object unaccomplished, was not to be thought of. Supper we must have in some other house than our own, let it cost what it may. "Well," said Mrs. Balderstone, "there are the Jacksons! They live not far from this—suppose we drop in upon them? I'm sure we have had enough of invitations to their house. The very last time I met Mrs. Jackson on the street, she told me she was never going to ask us again—we had refused so long—she was going, she said, just to let us come *if* we liked, and *when* we liked." Off we went, therefore, to try the Jacksons.

On applying at the door of this house, it flew open, as it were by enchantment, and the servant-girl, so far from hesitating like the other, seemed to expect no question to be asked on entree. We moved into the lobby, and inquired if Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were at home, which was answered by the girl with a surprised affirmative. We now perceived, from the pile of hats and cloaks in the lobby, as well as a humming noise from one of the rooms, that the Jacksons had a large company, and that we were understood by the servant to be part of it. The Jacksons, thought we (I know my wife thought so, although I never asked,) give some people particular invitations. Our object was now to make an honorable retreat; for, although my dress was not entirely a walking one, and my wife's cap was brought with the prospect of making an appearance of dress, we were by no means fit to match with those who had dressed on purpose for the party, even although we should be asked to join them. Just at this moment, Mrs. Jackson happened to cross the lobby, on hospitable thoughts intent, and, to her own misfortune, caught a glimpse of us. "Oh, Mrs. Balderstone, how do you do? How are you, Mr. Balderstone? I'm so delighted that you have come. We have just a few friends with us, and it will be so delightful if you will join them. Come into this room, and take off your bonnet; and you, Mr. Balderstone, just you be so good as step up to the drawing room; you'll find numbers there that you know. And Mr. Jackson will be so happy to see you," &c. All this, however, would not do. Mrs. Balderstone and I not only felt a little hurt at the want of specialty in our invitations to this house, but could not endure the idea of mingling in a crowd better dressed and more regularly invited than ourselves. We therefore begged Mrs. Jackson to excuse us for this night. We had just called in passing, and, indeed, we never attended ceremonious parties at any time. We would see her some other evening, when she was less engaged—that is to say, we should take care to trouble her no more. And so off we came, with complimentary language upon our tongues, but by no means conformable feelings in our hearts.

Again upon the street—once again. What was to be done now? "Why," said Mrs. Balderstone, "there is excellent old Mrs. Smiles, who lives in the next street. I have not seen her or the Misses Smiles for six months; but the last time they were so pressing for us to return their visit (you remember they drank tea with us in spring?) that I think we cannot do better than pop in upon them."

Mrs. Smiles, a respectable widow, lived with her five daughters in —— street. Thither we proceeded, with a hope, undiminished by the two preceding disappointments, that here at length we should meet friends ready to receive us in the manner we had been led to expect. Our knock at Mrs. Smiles' hospitable portal produced a strange rushing noise within; and when the servant appeared, I observed, in the dim vista of the passage, one or two slip-slop figures darting across out of one door into another, and others, again, crossing in the opposite direction; and then there was heard a low, anxious whispering, while a single disheveled head peeped out from one of the doors, and then the head was withdrawn, and all was still. We were introduced into a room which had evidently been the scene of some recent turmoil of no ordinary kind, for female clothes lay scattered in every direction, besides some articles which more properly belong to a dressing-room. We had not been here above a minute, when we heard our advent announced by the servant in an adjoining apartment to Mrs. Smiles herself and some of her young ladies. A flood of obloquy was instantly

Digitized by Google

opened upon the girl by one of her young mistresses—Miss Eliza, we thought—for having given admission to anybody at this late hour, especially when she knew that they were to be up early next morning to commence their journey, and had still a great many of their things to pack. "And such a room you have shown them into, you goose!" said the enraged Miss. The girl was questioned as to our appearance, for she had neglected to ask our name; and then we heard one young lady say: "It must be these Balderstones. What can have set them a gadding to-night? I suppose we must ask them to stay to supper, for they'll have come for nothing else. Mary, you are in best trim; will you go in and speak to them till we get ourselves ready? The cold meat will do, with a few eggs. I'm sure they could not have come at a worse time." Miss Mary, accordingly, came hastily in after a few minutes, and received us with a thousand protestations of welcome. Her mother would be so truly delighted to see us, for she had fairly given up all hope of our ever visiting her again. She was just getting ready, and would be here immediately. "In the meantime, Mrs. Balderstone, you will lay by your cloak and bonnet. Let me assist you," &c. We had had enough, however, of the Smileses. We saw we had dropped into the midst of a scene of easy dishabille, and surprised it with unexpected ceremony. It would have been cruel to the Smileses to put them to trouble at such a time, and ten times more cruel to ourselves to sit in friendly intercourse with a family who had treated us in such a manner behind our backs. "*These Balderstones!*" My wife, therefore, represented that we had only called upon our return from a walk, and without intending to stay. As Mrs. Smiles was out of order, we would not disturb her that evening, but call on some other occasion. Of course, the more that we declaimed about the impossibility of remaining, the more earnestly did Miss Smiles entreat us to remain. It would be such a disappointment to her mother, and still more to Eliza and the rest of them. She was obliged, however, with well-affected reluctance, to give way to our impetuous desire of escaping.

Having once more stepped forth into the cold blast of November, we began to feel that supper was becoming a thing which we could not much longer, with comfort, trust to the contingency of *general invitations*. We therefore sent home our thoughts to the excellent cold duck and cheese which lay in our larder, and, picturing to ourselves the comfort of our parlor fireside, resolved no more to wander abroad in search of happiness, unless there should be something like a certainty of good fare and a hearty welcome elsewhere.

Thus it is always with general invitations. People give them without reflecting that they cannot be at all times ready to entertain visitors; cannot be so much as at home to have the chance of doing so. Others accept and act upon them, at the risk of either troubling their hosts very much, or receiving a very sorry entertainment. The sudden arrival of an unexpected guest, who has come on the faith of one of these delusive, roving invitations, often disorganizes the economy of a whole household. Nothing tries a housewife so much. The state of her larder or cupboard instantaneously flashes on her mind; and if she do not happen to be an unusually wise virgin, fortified with scores of those invaluable articles which can be made ready at any time, she can scarcely fail to be reduced to the most awkward dilemma. Or you may chance to arrive at a death or a marriage, a period of mourning or rejoicing, when the sympathies of the family are all engaged with matters of their own, and when, of course, your visit will be productive of the greatest inconvenience.

If people will have their friends beside them, let them, for the sake of all that is comfortable, give a definite invitation at once: a general invitation is much worse than no invitation at all; for it is as much as to say that the person is not worth inviting in a regular manner. On the other hand, I would advise all my friends to turn a deaf ear, if they be wise, to *general* invitations: they are nets spread out to ensnare their comfort.

A PARODY FOR THE TIMES.

BY JOHN JONES.

WHEN green young gents, by hairy folly,
To whisker culture vain are led:
And are depress'd and melancholy,
Because their whiskers will be red.

The only art the red to cover,
To hide the hue from every eye,
To gloss the sprouts with blackness over,
To fool a stranger, is—to dye.

Digitized by Google

THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

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

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, 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 145.

VII.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

THE drive to Mrs. Rawlson's passed in silence. Manderson was occupied with his reflections, which partook a good deal of remorse. Clara, piqued at having been left alone so long, and at her partner neglecting to apologize for it, pouted behind her veil. It was thus that nothing was said by either until Manderson handed Clara out, and then his adieu was said so abstractedly, that the lady answered shortly, and went straight to her room, sullen and angry, without waiting even to see the sleigh drive off.

Alas! poor Clara. Had she been less susceptible, or less selfish, she would not now have been unhappy. But unfortunately she had just heart enough to appreciate Manderson's noble qualities, without sufficient to make her overlook his neglect in consideration of its cause. Perhaps, if she had never been corrupted by a frivolous education, it might have been different. But, fashionably and selfishly brought up as she was, it seemed to her as it had to Elwood, though in a less degree, that the running down a shabbily dressed pedestrian, was of comparatively little importance; and consequently to be neglected for such a person touched her pride in its tenderest point.

But Manderson did not even notice her pique, so occupied was he with self-reproach. He drove swiftly back to the drug-store, eager to ascertain if Mr. Forester was no worse. His relief was indescribable, when he found the old man sitting up, and declaring himself as well as ever, with the exception of a few slight bruises.

To Manderson's regrets and apologies Mr. Forester answered kindly,

"You blame yourself unjustly, sir. I have a distinct recollection of the whole affair, and will do you the justice to say that, when I looked around, I saw you checking your horse. It was the other that ran over me. Perhaps I was more to blame than him, after all," he added, charitably, "for I suppose I ought to have looked up and down the street, before attempting to cross. But we country folk are not used to city ways."

A spectator here indignantly repudiated the charitable idea, and said that the aggressor was well known, and that it would be but right for Mr. Forester to take the law of him. "I will testify, for one," he said. "The rascal should be made an example of; he actually shouted to urge his horse faster."

"I am an old man," replied Mr. Forester, mildly, rising as he spoke, "and wish to live in peace with my fellow men, for the rest of my days. If the young gentleman has done me harm, I freely forgive him: to sue him would not mend my bruises, or alter his character. But I must be going. Thanks for your kindness, sir, and you, and you," he said, addressing the apothecary, physician, and Manderson.

"But you are not going to walk. No, no, that will never do," cried the latter, taking his arm. "Let me, at least, make what amends I can, by driving you home, and securing you against a repetition of such accidents."

"I should look sharper, next time," answered the old man, laughing. "A burnt child dreads the fire."

In spite of Mr. Forester's remonstrances, Manderson insisted in his purpose. A rapid drive soon brought the sleigh to the designated residence, which proved to be a boarding-house, situated in one of the fourth-rate streets of the city.

The appearance of so elegant an equipage in that unfashionable thoroughfare, was hailed with a hurrah by some idle boys, who were making snow-balls in the gutter. To one of these lads Manderson handed the reins, and tenderly assisted the old man out. The unusual sight attracted the inmates of the house to the windows, and the door was opened, in consequence, before Manderson had ascended the steps.

The landlady herself had been this impromptu porter, and she now led the way to the back parlor, asking a dozen questions in a breath, but in her blandest tones, for she plainly stood quite

Digitized by Google

in awe of Manderson. "What had happened?" she cried. "Was the good, dear man much hurt?" "Somebody ought to break it to Miss Julia."

But, at this instant, in the very midst of these exclamations, Julia herself came rushing down the staircase, her face full of alarm, for she had heard a vague rumor that her father had been hurt, and was brought home almost dead.

Manderson was startled at the extraordinary beauty of this apparition. We have said, in an earlier chapter, that Julia's face was peculiarly adapted to express the deeper and loftier emotions; and as she now flew toward them, love, fear, hope, suspense, and lastly joy unutterable alternated on her speaking countenance.

At the door of the room the father and daughter met. Mr. Forester, when he saw his child, stopped, and withdrawing himself from Manderson's support, extended his arms to Julia. She darted into them, clasped his venerable form wildly to her, then suddenly pushed him away again as if to see whether he was really alive, and finally letting her head drop on his shoulder, burst into a passion of sobs, all this time totally unconscious that a stranger was present.

"Oh! you are safe, you are unhurt," she cried. "I heard you were dead. Dear, dear father!" And she strained him convulsively to her.

The old man returned her caress, tears coming into his aged eyes. But after a while he said,

"But, Julia, you have forgotten to thank this gentleman, who kindly brought me home. Can't you find a chair for him?"

Julia lifted her face, and recognizing a stranger, her confusion was, for a moment, excessive. The blush that mantled her face, dyed even her shapely neck, and extended to the tips of her slender fingers. But, with that consummate ease and dignity which was a part of her nature, and which fitted her as admirably as if she had been born a princess, she promptly rallied, and curtesying gracefully to Manderson, led the way into the apartment.

When Manderson saw how eloquently the eyes of Julia thanked him, he was almost tempted to allow her to remain in her delusion, and to fancy still that he had saved, not jeopardized her father's life. But truth was dearer to him than even the gratitude of those bright eyes. He disclaimed, therefore, the merit which Mr. Forester had awarded to him, and told Julia how his thoughtlessness and folly had really led to the accident.

For a moment the beautiful girl regarded him with looks of almost reproach. But the instant after her face cleared up, and she said frankly, and with a sunny smile,

"I cannot believe, sir, that one who censures himself so freely can have intentionally done wrong." Then, as she caught Manderson's gratified air, she colored as if she had said more than was perhaps required, and averted her countenance hastily, turning to see if her father was much fatigued.

Manderson was too well bred to remain long, so, after a few further words, directed to Mr. Forester, but really intended for Julia, he took his departure. All the way home that bright, speaking face haunted him. He forgot, for the time, that such a person as Clara existed. He detected himself continually recalling the tones of Julia's voice, the grace of her movements, and her air so noble, yet so sweetly feminine. Even when, with an impatient "pshaw," he had dismissed these reflections as puerile, remembering that he had seen the young lady only once, and but for a few moments at that, they returned almost immediately, so that he found himself waking at last from a new reverie about the beautiful face and indescribable witchery of Miss Forester.

"What can she ever be to me?" he said, finally. "She is poor, and I have my fortune to make: a pretty pair of fools we would be to marry. I must forget her, or faith! I shall be in love."

He took up a book, for he was sitting in his study while he thus soliloquized; but after reading half a page his thoughts wandered back again to Julia.

"I talk as if I had but to ask her, and she would be mine, puppy that I am," he said, with a slight sneer at himself. "She looks like a woman that would have to be wooed heartily, and that would condescend in yielding, even if a king was the suitor. What a magnificently proud air she has! I wonder what her history is. She is no ordinary farmer's daughter, that is clear both from her own demeanor and her father's. Ah! Charles Manderson," he suddenly exclaimed, apostrophizing himself, and springing up, "you are a born lunatic to be dreaming this way of a girl, without a penny, when you ought to be either making the law your sole mistress, or else marrying an heiress. And that recalls Clara. I'll go and see her," he cried, with sudden animation, "she may, perhaps, cure me."

But the medicine, he thus sagely proposed to himself, failed altogether. He could not help mentally contrasting Julia and her, all the evening. Before this Clara had seemed a pleasant, though not brilliant companion. Now she appeared positively insipid. The slightest looks and words of Miss Forester, as he recalled them in memory, were full of character, while those of

Digitized by Google

Clara seemed so excessively common-place, that he wondered he had ever thought them otherwise.

For nearly a week Manderson resisted the temptation to call on the Foresters again. He would have gone there, long before, if it had not been for Julia, and for the boyish weakness, as he called it to himself, which made him so eager to see her. But at last he could hold out no longer, and under the pretence of inquiry after Mr. Forester's health, he drove to the boarding-house.

Neither the father nor daughter, however, were in, and Manderson came away vexed; and vowing, though none but himself could have told why, that he would never trouble himself about the Forester's again. Yet, in less than a week, he was there again. This time he saw the father, who welcomed him heartily. But Julia did not make her appearance, and on his venturing finally to inquire directly after her, Mr. Forester regretted that she was out. Again Manderson was secretly angry that he had called. Yet again, after a due interval, he paid the Foresters a third visit, on which occasion he met the father once more, but not the daughter.

All this heightened his interest in her. He now thought of Julia almost continually, having nearly lost the power to do otherwise. Very little was the law he learned during those closing weeks of winter, but many was the delicious reverie into which he fell over his grate-fire, with a dry law-book in his hand, reveries in which he dreamed of a quiet home, with a certain graceful form moving about, and in which he forgot, for the time, the ugly fact that he was a poor man for his station in life, and that such a home, with a portionless wife, was consequently impossible.

VIII.—JULIA.

But it is time now to explain how the Foresters came to remove to Philadelphia.

Arriving in the village, after his expulsion from the farm, Mr. Forester took up his abode at the public house. Here he designed, at first, to wait until his property was sold. But he soon discovered that there would be no surplus left, and as he was without means even to pay his board, and had too high a sense of dignity to accept aid, it became necessary to determine immediately what could be done.

In this crisis, as in the former one, Julia took the burden on her own shoulders.

"We must go to Philadelphia," she said. "I can there, I am sure, find something to do, by which we can live. Here there is no resource for me but a menial situation, which will both separate me from you, and deprive me of the power of assisting you. While I am young, and feel myself full of energy, I cannot submit to this. In a great city there is a field for bold hearts and ready hands. Here there is none."

But when Julia, arriving in town, saw the cheap boarding-house to which they had been recommended, and began to experience the difficulty of a stranger obtaining employment, she almost at times regretted the step she had taken. Greasy carpets, dingy rooms, scanty fare, and vulgar society soon disgusted her with this new abode. But alas! there was no escape from it, until she could obtain a place. And when she went abroad, to seek this, cold denials, or heartless suspicions attended her continually. Few persons of her age had more practical sense than Julia, but with it all she had entirely overlooked the fact, that though a great city has more avenues to employment than a rural district, it has also more candidates for work. However she maintained a cheerful front, at least in the presence of her father; and economized carefully the little store of money, which she had obtained by the sale of a few trinkets, and other things belonging to herself, saved from the general wreck.

At last her perseverance was crowned with partial success. A few days after the accident to her father, she obtained a situation in a store, for in Philadelphia this avenue to employment, in addition to the ordinary ones, is open to females. The salary, however, was small, for she was, as the shop-keeper said, "only a beginner." So all thoughts of removing to a better boarding-house had to be abandoned.

Nevertheless Julia did not repine. Cheerful by disposition, and contented from principle, she went through the duties of her new position as if she had never had other and brighter prospects. She was among the first in the morning at that great store, and one of the last to leave it. Before she had been there a week her graceful manners, her quick apprehension of character, and the rapidity with which she acquired the knowledge necessary in the business, convinced her sagacious employer that, in his new saleswoman, he had made a valuable acquisition. As he was a just man he determined to advance her as soon as possible, and meantime gave public and almost daily evidence of his approbation.

Yet though sustained by conscious rectitude, as well as thus cheered by the prospect of success, Julia found much that was distasteful in her new situation, and often longed for escape. Accustomed to the privacy of home, the notoriety of standing all day, in a public store, annoyed

Digitized by Google

her. Proud as the proudest, and conscious that she was not without just cause for pride, it frequently called the indignant blood to her cheek to be superciliously, and sometimes even insolently addressed, by vulgar, but rich customers. Occasionally she had a worse ordeal still to undergo. It was when rude fops, acting the cavaliers to fashionable lady-shoppers, would lounge over the counter, pretending to chat with their fair partners, that they might stare the easier at her. All this she had to submit to, for it was one of the necessities of her position and her beauty; but she often wished she was a man, to punish such impertinence.

One day, after she had been engaged at the store about a month, whom should she see languidly sauntering up it, but her old schoolmate, Clara Owens. Years had passed since the two had met, and Julia wondered, for a moment, if she would be recognized. It was only for a moment. She soon remembered how difference of fortune obliterated old friendships, and prepared herself meekly to wait on Clara, as the latter stopped in front of her. Yet, in spite of her strength of character, she was a little nervous, as she felt the eyes of her former playfellow fall on her; and her hands trembled, notwithstanding all she could do, as she smoothed and folded the piece of silk she was arranging. Her nervousness soon disappeared in a sensation of outraged dignity, however, when Clara, raising a gold eye-glass, deliberately surveyed her, evidently conscious who she was, and then in a tone of haughty indifference asked to see some dress-patterns.

To do Clara justice she was not without some excuse for this, at least according to her own way of thinking. We have seen how piqued she had been at Manderson on the conclusion of the sleigh-ride. Since then she had received, as she believed, additional cause for anger. One or two chance expressions dropped by Manderson at different times, followed by questions which she had adroitly put on other occasions, had revealed to her that the old pauper who had been run over, as she persisted in calling him, had a daughter, and that Manderson had seen, and was interested in this daughter. Clara had also discovered who this rival was, and where Julia was employed. This last fact she had just learned, and her present visit to the store was less to make purchases, than to see and triumph over her rival. She had no difficulty in recognizing Julia even without the aid of the eye-glass. The use of the latter was a feminine bit of torture, which Clara instinctively adopted, with that petty malice natural to characters like her own.

"Have you nothing better than these," she said, after Julia had produced piece after piece of the richest silks, "really, Miss, you have neither taste yourself, nor know what sort of silks I am in the habit of wearing. Have you nothing costlier?"

Clara supposed that no one but her victim heard this speech. But a gentleman, who was advancing up the store, with an elderly lady on his arm, had listened to every word of it, and thought it equally unfeeling and vulgar. Suddenly Clara noticed that Julia started, colored, and curtesied. But whether the embarrassment was painful, or otherwise, the heiress was puzzled to tell. After a surprised stare at Julia, Miss Owens turned coolly around, to see the cause of this emotion, and confronted, to her amazement, Mrs. Manderson and her son.

"You here, my dear Miss Owens," and "how delighted," were the mutual exclamations of the two ladies, Clara curtesying even lower than Julia had done. Mrs. Manderson returned the salutation with equal eagerness. But her son bowed coldly and even haughtily.

Julia did not see this, however, for a momentary feeling of mortification caused her to drop her eyes, and when the transient weakness passed, and she looked up again, Manderson was replying to a question of his mother, with the same pleasant, intelligent smile which had impressed her so much in their one short interview. The next moment, on his mother turning to address Clara, Manderson approached the counter, and with an easy, well-bred air, as if doing the most ordinary thing in the world, inquired after Mr. Forester, and civilly hoped that Julia herself was well. There was nothing but the merest common-place in the words, yet the way in which they were said gratified Julia beyond description. She would have given much for liberty to take a hearty cry; she felt that she had been overtasked; and her heart, as it was, swelled big in her throat.

It was all dóne and over in a minute; and Manderson, with a smile and nod, drew back; but not before both his mother and Clara, noticing it, had stopped conversing, annoyed. The heiress darted a jealous, angry glance at Julia, which revealed to the latter the state of Clara's heart, which she would otherwise never have suspected. More, however, she did not even yet suspect. For Julia, though struck by Manderson's noble bearing, had not ventured to think of him again, and had really been surprised at his recognition of her. She knew how wide a gulf separated them socially, and the idea of his loving her had never, therefore, presented itself to her. Nor did

Digitized by Google

it, even now, find lodgment in her mind. The only interpretation she gave to Clara's look was that an all-engrossing affection had made the heiress absurdly suspicious. Yet Julia was not so perfect (what woman could have been?) but what she saw with secret pleasure that she had given pain to Clara, who had just been so impertinent to her; and when, after a few minutes of conversation, the two ladies moved off, something very like a smile of triumph passed, over Julia's face.

IX.—THE RESCUE.

Once or twice, during the succeeding week, Julia saw Manderson in the store, on which occasion she always had a bow from him, and sometimes a few words also. His manner, at such times, was as deferential as if she had been a queen in disguise. Without even thinking of love, in connexion with him, she could not but feel gratification at these attentions from one like Manderson. But this was not to last.

One evening, walking home after her hours of attendance at the store were over, Julia suddenly found herself in the midst of one of those wild mobs, which alarms of fire in a great city frequently produce. The scene of the conflagration was on the street she was accustomed to traverse, and as the flames had broken out suddenly, the alarm, and the crowd that it gathered, were nearly simultaneous.

Unaccustomed to such spectacles she was equally astonished and terrified. The quick, sharp tones of the great fire-bell had no sooner began than the streets were filled, as if by magic, with a tumultuous mob of men and boys, mostly workmen and apprentices in their shirt-sleeves. Some of these rushed at the top of their speed along the side-walk, so that whoever came in their path were jostled against, if not overthrown. Others assisted to drag the fire-engines over the rough carriage way, twenty, or even fifty catching hold of a long rope for this purpose, while a man at the head, who was generally distinguished by the uniform of the particular fire company, looked back continually, shouting through a hoarse trumpet.

Julia quickened her pace almost to a run, in hopes to reach the next corner before the mob overtook her. But it was in vain. Most of the houses being occupied as stores, or as work-shops for mechanics, every door poured forth its crowd of persons to swell the mass. In an instant, as it were, she was enveloped in the rush and whirl, powerless as a leaf caught up and hurried onward by an autumn gale.

The wild shouting, the tread of the thousand feet, and the thunder of the heavy fire-engines as they rattled furiously along, filled her with momentary terror. Every moment she expected to be trodden down. She attempted, meantime, to gain the shelter of the wall, but to cross the tumultuous current of the excited crowd was beyond her strength. Jostled hither and thither, she was forced to give up at last, though only a few yards interposed between her and what was partial safety at least. For the first time in her life almost she felt alarm.

Her dilemma, meantime, increased momently. For now two fire-engines, whose feud even the strong arm of the law, though often put forward for the purpose, had been unable to suppress, came racing down the street side by side, each drawn by at least a hundred excited partizans, the huge machines clattering on their heavy wheels, which bounded rather than revolved. What with the wild whoops and shouts of mutual defiance, the trumpets, the rattling engines, the tramp of the vast mob, and the great fire-bell clanging angrier and angrier, as it seemed every minute, it was a scene to make even one accustomed to the city anxious, much less a stranger like Julia, who had never imagined that there could be anything like this outside of Pandemonium.

But the worst had not yet come. Suddenly the two fire-engines came into collission almost in front of Julia. The shock checked them instantaneously, jerking many of those at the ropes backward to the ground. In a moment a thousand curses rent the air, and the angry partizans, crowding around their engines, like hornets that swarm when their nest is assailed, a furious riot began. Missiles were promptly produced, a mere spectator could not see whence, but there they were, glancing in the twilight, clashing against each other, or thumping down with a dead, horrible sound, that told they had struck a human body. The eye could not follow the rapid involutions of this living vortex of enraged men, which rose and fell, advanced and receded, like the tide that boils, in a tempest, among the jagged rocks of an iron-bound coast.

With difficulty Julia retained her feet, for the crowd pressed on her continually, swaying her to and fro at its pleasure. Yet, though pale as death, and almost exhausted by her exertions to escape, not a cry had escaped her lips. At last, however, when fire-arms began to be used; when she heard the crack, and saw the flash of a pistol close by; she shrieked in terror. Almost instantly she recognized a voice not unknown to her, calling to her to be firm and self-possessed, and directly Manderson appeared, clearing a pathway to her, by main force.

Digitized by Google

"Make way, make way. Will you frighten a lady to death?" he cried, dashing aside one brawny workman after another. "Shame on you. Make way, I say!"

These last words were addressed to a stout fellow, who stood, with his back to Manderson, directly before Julia, and seemed disposed not to pay any attention to the expostulation. As the man still neglected to move, they were accompanied, the moment after, by a blow that sent him reeling away, breaking a lane in the mob by the impetus he had received.

Enraged beyond description, the ruffian turned, rushed back, and just as Manderson was about offering his arm to Julia, struck the young man a violent blow. A cry of shame immediately rose from the spectators, for Julia's terror was now observed by all, which had not been the case before, the suddenness of the riot, the confusion, and the excitement having united to render her overlooked. Even a mob is respectful to a woman, in America, when their attention is once directed toward her, and they see that she is alarmed. Manderson, therefore, from offering to assist her, had the sympathies of the bystanders. Two or three persons laid hands on his assailant immediately, to drag him away, the man struggling however violently, and swearing vengeance at Manderson.

The presence of Julia alone deterred the latter from taking the punishment of the ruffian into his own hands. Among the accomplishments of young men in his station, at that time, the art of boxing held a high place; and Manderson had acquired this science, and become even a proficient in it, though without expecting ever to be called on to use it. But now, for the first time in his life, he felt a desire to reduce it to practical use. The thought of Julia, however, and the knowledge of her anxiety to escape from this scene of uproar, checked the rising wish, and smiling contemptuously in answer to his adversary's oaths, he moved on, supporting Julia with one arm, while opening a way for her with the other.

But he was not permitted to exercise the moderation he intended. The ruffian, perceiving that Manderson was about to escape him, all at once made a desperate effort, in which he had concentrated his entire strength, and breaking from his captors, darted on the retreating young man, striking him a blow near the temples, that nearly felled him to the ground, and Julia with him. Then the ruffian, drawing back, presented his huge, knotted fists, that seemed knobs of some gnarled oak tree, and vociferously cried for Manderson to come on, calling him by every vile epithet, and taunting him with his fine coat, which covered, he said, a coward. To crown all he made an insulting reference to Julia.

The blood of Manderson was now up. The bystanders would have held back the ruffian again, but as Manderson had managed, just as he was struck, to gain a store door, which now offered a temporary shelter to Julia, he pushed her into the open entrance, as soon as he had recovered his equilibrium, saying that he would join her in a moment, and turning to his assailant, bade him come on.

The resolute front with which, though slightly formed, he faced the big, burly bully before him, drew an involuntary cheer from the crowd. Most of the spectators, while they had their sympathies on Manderson's side, expected to see him terribly beaten; and several even expostulated loudly against the fight, as too unequal. But there were others who, as they gazed on the compact, well-proportioned person of the young man, and observed the easy attitude into which he threw himself, as one accustomed to self-defence, augured a different termination to the contest.

"Now, my bully," said Manderson, addressing the ruffian, who whether alarmed at the readiness which the young man showed, or frightened at the general outcry against himself, showed signs of holding back, "I'll show you that when a gentleman undertakes it, he can thrash a blackguard within an inch of his life. Here I am, and I'll not even take off my coat to you—come on!"

A laugh and a hurrah greeted this challenge, in the midst of which the ruffian, blind with rage, rushed at Manderson. He did not succeed even in touching the latter, who, quick as lightning, by a blow that few saw, so rapid was it, sent him flying backward as if shot from a sling. A hearty cheer, in which laughter again mingled, greeted this exploit. The bully gathered himself up speedily, however, and his fury being heightened by his disgrace, darted on Manderson more savagely than ever. But neither did he succeed this time in striking his antagonist. With a dexterous movement of one arm, Manderson threw up the intended blow, while with the other he struck full in the face of his opponent, the blood spouting from mouth and nostrils as the ruffian fell heavily backward.

"There, I think he has had enough," quietly said Manderson, turning down again his coat sleeves. "If the scoundrel isn't satisfied when he comes to, I'll give him another lesson, whenever he wants it."

With these words he made a slight inclination

Digitized by Google

of his head to the crowd, and entered the store, a loud huzza following him, for if there is any thing an American mob likes, it is to see courage and spirit triumph over merely brute force.

Calm and unruffled as if nothing had happened, Manderson appeared before Julia, who, conscious that he had just risked himself for her, blushed consciously. Nor could she, even in her secret heart, chide him, or think less of him, though she knew well the character of the strife he had been engaged in. For the store-door had been only half closed, and there were those inside who had watched the fight, so that she had heard of every event as it occurred, and felt every fluctuation of the strife.

It was a new and strange sensation to her, the interest she took in that contest; and she felt inexpressibly grateful at Manderson, more grateful than she dared show.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ALPINE HORN.

BY J. G. CHACE.

I.

'Tis sunset. On the mountain height
The last faint rays are seen—
And waning firs and crackling pines
Are nodding in its parting sheen;
When from those craggy heights afar
The shepherd winds his tra, la, la,
The shepherd sounds the sunset word,
Tra, la, la, la, "Praised be the Lord!"

II.

From height to height, from vale to vale,
From hill to hill, from dale to dale,
From point to point, from steep to steep,
Their sunset vigils always keep;
And from those craggy heights afar
The shepherd winds his tra, la, la,
Each shepherd sounds the sunset word,
Each echo peals, "Praised be the Lord!"

III.

Praised be the Lord, the echo's voice
Bids every shepherd's heart rejoice;
From hamlets rude, from grottoes haunt,
The mountain choir their voices chaunt!
From crag to crag, to mount afar
The shepherd winds his tra, la, la,
Each shepherd sounds the sunset word,
Tra, la, la, la, "Praised be the Lord!"

IV.

"Praised be the Lord!" ye mountains praise,
Lift up your heads high o'er the clouds;
Whose times and seasons, years and days,
Hast seen a thousand snowy shrouds!
From mount to mount, to glen afar
Ye shepherds wind the tra, la, la,
Ye mountains all with one accord
Take up the strain—"Praised be the Lord!"

I'M THINKING OF MY HIGHLAND HOME.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

I'm thinking of my highland home,
Far o'er the deep blue sea;
I'm thinking of the bonny lass
Who sweetly smiled on me;
And memory will ever stray
Where'er my feet may roam,
To one sweet spot beyond the sea,
My happy highland home.

I'm thinking of the happy time
I climbed the mountain's side,
Hard by my happy highland home
When Jessie was my bride.
But oh! the grass grows long and green,
And fair the hawthorn's wave,
And where once smiled my highland home
Is now my Jessie's grave!

Oh, happy days, I little thought
You could so soon have fled,
And oh! I yet can scarcely think
That Jessie can be dead!
And if 'twas not for one green mound
Across the deep sea's foam,
The spot where bonny Jessie sleeps
Should be my highland home.

Digitized by Google

ZANA.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, 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 88.

CHAPTER II.

Ah, what heavenly dreams possessed me during the days and weeks which I spent in that delicious little chamber; I think there never was a period in my life when a deep love of the beautiful did not haunt me. The delirium which accompanied my relapse into fever was like an experience in fairy land. Fantastic as the visions that haunted me were the most glowing changes of beauty broke through them all. Music floated by me on each breath of air that gushed through the windows; every sunbeam that stole through the gossamer curtains bent over me like a rainbow. It seemed to me that whole clouds of humming birds floated through the room, filling it with the faint music of their wings. Then the pretty things were chased away by fantastic little creatures in human form; smiling, fluttering, and full of the most exquisite fun, they trampled over my bed and nestled, mischievously, among the blossom colored hangings. I became wild with admiration of their rosy bloom, of their comical ways—I laughed at their pranks by the hour, and strove with insane glee to catch them with my hand, or imprison them under the bed clothes. But they always evaded me, and making the most grotesque faces at my baffled efforts, I could see them waltzing in dozens upon the counterpane, and sitting upon my pillow tangling their tiny hands and feet in my hair, shouting, laughing, and turning summersets like little mad-caps whenever I made a dart at them with my hands. So we kept it up, these exquisite little imps, and night and day, for we never slept—not we! the fun was too good for that!

There was only two of these pretty creatures that did not seem to enjoy themselves, and they were so odd, such droll, tearful, melancholy, ugly little things, that somehow their faces always made us stop laughing, though we could not suppress a giggle now and then at their solemn and sentimental way of doing things.

One was a little fellow about nine inches high, oh, how exquisitely droll he looked with that tiny hat set upon his powdered hair, and the face underneath looking so comically anxious, that it quite broke my heart to look at the little fellow standing there with the tears in his eyes.

I remember puzzling myself a long time regarding the materials which composed his red vest and small clothes, and of satisfying myself that they must have been made from the leaves of a tiger lily, peony, or some other great crimson blossom. The grave, drab coat, with its red facings, the golden buckles and hat defied my imagination altogether; but the face, that wizened, anxious face, was dear old Turner's, withered up to the size of a crab-apple. It seemed so sad, so mournful, I quite pitied him—but somehow couldn't keep from laughing at the priggish little figure he cut. Then there was a funny old woman, just the least bit shorter, in a blue dress and large cap, held up by the queerest high-backed comb, that spread out the crown like a fan; her face was old and darker than the rest, a little, wrinkled Spanish face, *so* ugly, but with something kind in it that sometimes kept me quiet minutes together. These two figures really saddened us—the rosy troop of sprites and myself—with their grave faces and muttered consultations with each other, as if life and death depended on what they were talking about.

Then the scene would change. These elfin revellers disappeared—flashes of lightning and clouds of cold white snow come slowly over me, drifting, drifting, drifting, and in their midst that beautiful face, so cold, so white, with its great, mournful eyes looking down into mine hour after hour—it haunted me then at times, it has haunted me ever since. Yet no fear ever came upon me—no superstitious dread crept through my frame—but a chilliness as if mountain snow were around me, nothing more.

At last this strange phantasmagoria cleared away; the elfin forms gave up their gambols and disappeared, all but the old man and the woman,

Digitized by Google

and they gradually grew larger, and I knew that they were the good Spanish woman and Turner.

How tenderly these two persons nursed me during the slow convalescence that followed—how ardent was the love that my infant nature gave back for this care, for mine was an impassioned nature; every sensation that I knew, love, hate, grief, fear—nay, not fear, I think that was unknown to my nature from the first!—but all other sensations were passions in me. Generous sentiments predominated. I am of that conviction yet. Then my life lies before me like a map, and every impulse of my soul has been analyzed with as much impartiality, and more knowledge than any man or woman ever gathered from the actions of his fellow man. And so as my reviewed life strengthened upon me, I began to love these singular benefactors with an energy of gratitude that made them the slaves of my wildest caprice.

Turner I saw at stated periods, when he could escape from the Hall to inquire after my comforts, and caress me in his quaint, tender fashion. I had learned to watch for the hour, when his gorgeous livery could be seen gleaming through the trees, with the most ardent impatience. No maiden ever watched the coming of her lover with more longing anxiety. He always brought me some pretty gift, if it were only a branch of hawthorn in flower, an early crocus, or a hatful of violets. He was an old, childless bachelor, and the poor child that had crept to his feet from the way-side, became the very pet and darling of a heart that had but one other idol on earth, and that was Lord Clare, his master.

Maria was with me always, carrying me in her arms when too feeble for an effort at walking; sitting by me as I played wearily with the abundance of rich toys that she found in endless variety in closets and hidden places of which I had no idea. This woman and I were alone in the house; the language in which she addressed me was not that which I spoke with Turner, but her caresses, her eager love were even more demonstrative than his, there was a pathos and power in her expressions of tenderness that he doubtless felt, but could not express in his own rougher language.

I spoke her language well and without effort, for it seemed more native to my tongue than the English; and sometimes I would address Turner in some of its rich terms of endearment, but he always checked me with a grimace as if the sound were hateful; nor would he attempt to comprehend Maria, except in her confused efforts at English.

There was another language too of which I had learned the sounds, but whether it was of human origin, or something that I had gathered from the wild birds, I could not tell. It had a meaning to me, and to my fancy expressed many feelings of my heart better than any sounds in which they could be uttered, but no one understood them, and so like the feelings to which this strange gift alone gave utterance, it was locked up in my heart to be hoarded and pondered over in secret.

I grew stronger and more contented as time went on. The stillness, the bright atmosphere, and the love with which I was surrounded were hushing my soul back into childhood again, for up to this time I can remember but few thoughts or sensations that partook of my infant years.

In truth there was something fairy-like in my position, well calculated to excite an imagination vivid as mine to most unhealthy action. Sometimes it seemed to me as if I had been a child of the air, for first memory went back to the lark's nest in the meadow; and my earliest idea of enjoyment was rich with bird music. Good as Turner and Maria were, it never entered my mind to consider myself as absolutely belonging to them, more subtle and refined affinities existed within me.

Everything that surrounded me was calculated to excite these feelings, the utmost prodigality of wealth could have supplied nothing of the beautiful or refined which was not mysteriously bestowed on me. The clothes I wore; the rooms allotted to me; the toys and books were of the most exquisite richness. The texture of every thing I touched was of peculiar delicacy, thus a natural worship of the beautiful inherent in my nature was fed and pampered as if by magic. During my convalescence I spent many a dreamy hour listening to Maria, as she repeated the strange legends and romances of her own land. Then I began to spell out words and read for myself. The house contained a library of richly bound books, in many languages, mostly classical, or on subjects of foreign interest—few romances were among the collection, but the poets of all countries, except England, were well represented. The best poetry of Italy, Germany and Spain, the ancient classics, and mythological subjects predominated; many of these volumes were in the original language, but there was no lack of English translations. The most remarkable thing about this collection was an entire deficiency in the works of native authors. A few of the poets were to be found, Milton and two or three others, but everything calculated to give an insight into the social life or history of England, seemed to have been excluded with vigilence.

The small hexagonal room which contained these books was connected with my sleeping

Digitized by Google

chamber by a brief gallery lined with pictures. Two or three statuettes, copies from the great masters, occupied pedestals in this gallery, and the lights were so arranged that every inspiration of the genius that had given life to the canvass or the marble, was thrown forward as by a kindred mind. This room and its gallery, unlike most of the other apartments, were left unlocked, and, with my imagination on fire with the legends in which Maria was constantly indulging, I loved to wander along the gallery, and ponder over the pictures, filling each landscape with some scene of active life, and reading a destiny in the strange faces that looked down upon me from the wall.

But more especially did the statuettes become objects of admiration, probably because they touched some latent talent of my own and awoke a desire of emulation. Even at this early period of my life I felt an appreciation of the beauty in form and proportion so exquisitely maintained in these objects, keen as the desire of a hungry person for food. An awkward position, an ill arranged article of furniture, cross lights upon a picture, anything which outraged that exquisite sense of the perfect, which has been both my happiness and my bane, was as vivid with me before I knew a rule of art as it is now.

So with this inherent sense of the beautiful guiding me like a sunbeam, I made play-fellows of the breathing marble and of pictures so rare, as I have since learned that a monarch might have coveted them. I grew ambitious to emulate the marble in my own person, and amused myself, hour after hour, in practising the graceful position which each maintained on its pedestal. This grew tiresome at length, and impelled by the genius within me, I began to invent and arrange new combinations for myself, before the large mirror that reflected back the gallery and all it contained, when my chamber door was open.

Was I struck by the vision of childish beauty that broke upon me from the mirror during these efforts? Yes! as I was pleased with the paintings upon the wall, or the statues that gleamed in their chaste beauty around me. I loved the wild, little creature that stood mocking my gestures in the mirror, because she was more brilliant than the paintings, and more life-like than the marble, because her arch eyes were so full of the life that glowed in my own bosom. Ah, yes, I loved the child—why not? she alone seemed my equal. I did not reflect that she was the shadow of myself, or in truth identify her with my own existence at all. She seemed to me like a new picture going through another progression toward life, they were so immovably changeless: but she was variable as a humming-bird, she smiled, moved, looked a thousand things from those great flashing eyes—oh, if she could have spoken. I was sure in my heart that she could have uttered that strange, hidden language of mine.

So I met the wild, little beauty each day in the mirror. Every graceful curve and line of the statues had become familiar, and almost wearisome to me, but here was infinite variety changing at my will, she was my slave, my subject, a being over which I had absolute control; and this was the first idea that I ever had of companionship.

In the library I found some books still done up in brown paper packages, as if ordered for some purpose and forgotten. These, of course, became objects of especial curiosity to a child always on the alert for discoveries. They were juvenile volumes, richly illustrated, containing all the fairy tales, I do believe, ever invented or translated into the English language.

I seized upon these books with eagerness—studied the pictures, and made toilsome efforts to spell out their meaning. So between Maria's horrible efforts at reading, and my own spelling out of words, we gathered up all the glowing romance, and this opened new visions to me, and gave a vivid impulse to my day dreamings among the pictures. It was only my wild spirit that wandered. At first the debility that followed my illness, and afterward Turner's earnest prohibition confined me to the house, or, as a great indulgence, to the little flower nook directly under the windows. A woman came now and then from some place, to me unknown, and performed the ruder work of our household. Then she went off down some avenue of the park, and her's was all the face I saw for months and months, save those of Turner and my good Maria.

A winter and spring went by, and then my fairy-like imprisonment ceased. Old Turner grew cheerful and indulgent; he gave me long walks among the trees, that from my windows had seemed like distant countries; he brought a pretty black poney upon which I rode, while he walked by my saddle.

My frame grew vigorous, and my spirits bird-like under this wholesome indulgence. Sometimes I caught glimpses of the old Hall, and a vivid remembrance of the morning Turner had found me upon its door-steps, swept back upon my brain. I wondered if the lady, with her dog, and that long, silver grey morning-robe was there yet, and if I should ever see her again. As my courage and curiosity grew strong, I inquired about these things of Turner. "No, the lady was

Digitized by Google

not there," he said, "she had gone up to London to be near her son, who was at Eton."

Where was London? Who was her son? What was Eton?

How eagerly I crowded all these questions together, when, for the first time, I found the dear old man disposed to indulge my curiosity. London, Eton were soon explained, but they still seemed like the cities I had read of in my fairy books. But when he told me of this son—that he was Lord Clare's nephew, and might one day become owner of the Hall, our own pretty home, and the broad fields and parks around us to the horizon almost, my heart fell, my thoughts grew dark, and for a moment the beautiful landscape disappeared. A cold mist surrounded me, it was but for a moment, but why was it?—how came this bleak vision to encompass me thus with its dreary indistinctness? Had some name jarred on my memory which refused to receive it, and yet felt the shock? Was that name—Lord Clare's? Why had neither Turner nor Maria ever mentioned him before? Who was he? What was Turner to him?

I asked these questions at once. Turner answered in a low voice, and I fancied with reluctance; certain I am, his voice was more husky than usual.

He explained that Lord Clare was his master, that he had gone into foreign lands, and might not come back for years. The lady whom I had seen was his sister, unlike him in everything, but still his sister; and during his absence her home was to be at the Hall whenever it might be her pleasure to reside there.

We had ridden to the brow of an eminence on the verge of the park while Turner was giving me this intelligence; the spot was unknown to me, and commanded a fine view of the country far and near. In a sweeping curve of the distant uplands stood a dark stone dwelling, not castellated, but still partaking of a style which admits of towers and balconies, so ornamented that it was impossible to guess to what age they belonged. It was an imposing building, and made both a grand and picturesque object, lapped as it was among the most verdant and lovely hills in the world. I looked toward this building with interest, it seemed like something I had seen before pictured perhaps in a book. "And that," said I, pointing my tiny fingers toward the distance, "that house yonder among the purple hills, is that Lord Clare's also?"

"That," said Turner, with a sigh, and shading his eyes with his withered hand, "that is the Green Hurst."

He paused, shook his head mournfully, and then, remembering that the name was not a full answer to my question, continued,

"Yes, yes, that is Lord Clare's also, it came to him through—through his—his—through Lady Clare."

"And who lives yonder, dear Turner?"

"No one; it is shut up."

"I think," said I, leaning down toward the old man, who stood with one arm thrown over the neck of my poney, "I think this world must have very few people in it for all that you tell me. No one at the Hall—no one out yonder—only you and Maria and me among these woods and fields."

"And is not that enough, child?"

I shook my head.

"Are you not happy with us, Zana? What more do you want?"

"I want," said I, kindling with the idea, "I want to see a child; you tell me the world is full of little girls and boys like me—where are they?"

"I have thought of this before," muttered Turner, uneasily, "its natural—its what I should have expected. What company are the Spanish woman and such a dry old chip as I am for a creature like this?"

His look of annoyance disturbed me. I could not bear to see his old face so wrinkled with anxiety.

"We should have to take a long journey to find the children, I suppose," said I, hoping to relieve his perplexity; "but Jupiter here is so strong, and so swift, if you could but keep up with him now, we might search for them, you know."

The old man still looked anxious, and bore down heavily on the neck of my beautiful steed with his arm.

"Don't," said I, "you will hurt Jupiter; see how his head droops."

"Poor thing, I would not hurt him for the world, if it were only for her sake," said the old man, smoothing the arched neck of Jupiter with his palm; "next to you, Zana, I think she loved this pretty animal."

"Who, who was it that loved Jupiter so?" I inquired, with eager curiosity.

"Your mother," replied the old man, and the words dropped like tears from his lips.

"My mother," I repeated, looking upward, and solemnly expecting to see that sweet face gazing down upon me from the clouds. "Let us go home, dear Turner, I am growing cold; do not say that again, the sound drifts over me here like a snow-heap," I said, pressing one hand upon my heart, "it hurts me here."

Turner seemed to struggle with himself. Then

Digitized by Google

lifting his pale blue eyes to my face, as if he had nerved his resolution to say something very painful, he answered,

"One minute, Zana! Tell me, child, what is it that makes you turn white and shiver so, when I speak as I did now of your mother?"

"I do not know!" I replied, looking upward, with anxiety. "The cold is here at my heart, I do not know why."

"Do you remember your mother? Now that you are well, something of the past should come back to you. Say, child, make an effort—that mother—what has become of her?"

I only shuddered—it was all the reply that I could give, I could feel, but all was blank and blackness to my thoughts.

Turner saw my distress, and his own become more and more visible. He looked upon the ground and began muttering to himself, a habit that he had when very much perplexed. His thoughts reached me in disjointed snatches, but I dwelt upon them long after.

"How can I send him word? What can I say? Even proof of her own identity is wanting—proof that would satisfy him. Besides, his anxiety was for her—poor thing—even more than the child. If she could but be made to remember. Zana, Zana!" he burst forth, grasping my arm, and looking imploringly into my face, "struggle with this apathy of the mind—strive, think—tell me, child, tell me something that I can get for a clue! Tell me if you can—try, try, my pretty Zana, and you shall have troops of children to play with. Tell me, where was it that you parted with your mother?"

I did make an effort to remember; my veins chilled; my cheeks grew cold as ice; I lifted my finger upward and pointed to a bank of clouds rolling in fleecy whiteness over us.

"Is that all?" exclaimed Turner, despairingly.

I could not speak, my lips seemed frozen; I sat like a marble child upon the back of my pony, everything around me had turned to snow once more.

Tears rolled down Turner's cheeks, great, cold tears, that looked like hail storms, they made me shiver afresh.

It was the last time that Turner ever tortured me with questions regarding my mother—questions that I had no power to answer, yet which brought with them such mysterious, such indescribable pain. Later, when my soul was called back from the past—but of this hereafter.

One day I had wandered through garden and out among the brave old chesnuts quite alone, for now that the family were absent from the Hall, Turner allowed me to wander almost at will anywhere between the old mansion and the more humble, but not less lovely home.

This time I took one of the great chesnut avenues hitherto unexplored, which led me, not toward the Hall, but by a curving sweep to the lodge, which I just remembered having passed in my progress from the meadows, on the memorable night when Turner found me upon the door-steps. Then it had seemed like a cliff, adown which great festoons of ivy were sweeping to the ground. Now I saw the thick foliage turned and forced back here and there, to admit light into the doors and windows of a rustic cottage, which had a stir of life within, though I saw no person.

I passed this lodge with a stealthy tread, for a sense of disobedionce followed me. I knew, without having been directly told, that both Turner and Maria would disapprove my passing beyond the limits of the park, but childish curiosity, with some vague remembrance of the placc, were too strong for my sense of right, and I passed on quite charmed with the broad slope of meadow land that lay before me, all golden crimson and white with mid-summer blossoms. A village with church tower in the distance rose upon my view like a glimpse of fairy-land. I felt then that the world, as Turner asserted, was full of people, and longed to know more about them.

I walked along the carriage track which wound toward the village through thick hedges just out of blossom, holding my breath as I recognized here a moss-covered stone, there a hillock, upon which I had set down to rest on that wearisome night. The grass was green and fresh where the tent, to which my first remembrance went back, had been, but I recollected the place well. As I stood gazing on it, the soft gurgle of waters fell upon my ear as it had then, and induced half by a feeling that seemed like terror, half by curiosity, I moved toward the hollow, wondering if I should find that impish little figure waiting for me again.

A spirit of adventure led me on then, as it has impelled me always, rather to anticipate than shrink from my destiny. I reached the slope, looked half timidly down, and remained breathless and lost in delight.

Upon the rock which I have mentioned covered with litchen and mossy grasses, sat a little girl, about my own age, I should think, busy with a quantity of meadow blossoms that filled the crown of a gipsey bonnet that stood by her side. All around her lay the gathered blossoms; her tiny feet were buried in them, they gleamed through the skirt of her muslin dress, and brightened the rock all around. She coquetted with them like a bird—bending her head on one side as she held

Digitized by Google

a cluster of violets in the sun, flinging it back with a graceful curve of the neck, when they dropped into shadow, and eyeing them coyly all the time as a robin regards the cherry he intends to appropriate at leisure.

What eyes the creature had! large and of a purplish blue, like the violets she held, and so full of smiling brightness; never before or since have I seen a creature so beautiful, so full of graceful bloom. Her profuse hair was in disorder, falling in golden waves and curls all over her white shoulders, from which the transparent sleeve was drawn with knots of blue ribbon, leaving the prettiest dimples in the world exposed. Her mouth was soft, red and smiling like a ripe cherry in the sunshine, and that rosy smile so innocent in its tenderness, so radiant with glee. Talk of women not feeling the glow of each other's beauty, why there is no feeling on earth so unselfish, so full of lofty, tender admiration as the love which one high-souled woman feels for the sister woman to whom her soul goes forth in sympathy. This appreciation, these attachments are not frequent in society, but when they do exist, the loves of the angels are almost realized.

I looked down upon this child, thus busy with her graceful flowers, and my heart filled with the sunshine of her person. As she trifled with her garlands, the smile broke into music on her red lips, and a few soft chirping notes, wild and untaught as a bird's, blended richly with the flowing waters.

At last she lifted a half twined garland high over her head that the sunshine might kindle up its blossoms, and as her eyes were turned upward they fell upon me. The garland hung motionless in her hand; the song died on her lips, leaving them like an opening rose-bud; and her blue eyes filled with a look of pleasant wonder. Thus, for the moment, we gazed upon each other, we who were to be a destiny each to the other.

"Come," she said, at last pushing her straw gipsey toward me, so eagerly that a quantity of flowers rolled over the brim, through which the broad strings rippled in azure waves—"come, there is enough for us both, let us pelt the brook and hear the water laugh as it runs away with them. Here jump to the rock, I will make room. Now for it!"

She gathered up her skirt, crushing the blossoms with her little dimpled arms, pushed back the gipsey, and left a space upon the stone for me to occupy.

I sprang down the bank breathing quickly, and with my whole frame in a joyful glow. I placed myself among the blossoms, weaving my arms about the charming infant's, and kissing her shoulders till she laughed aloud, as a bird breaks into music at the first sight of a kindred songster.

"Come," said the child, her voice still rich with glee—"come, let us go to work: which will you have violets, primroses, or some of these pretty white stars that I found by the brook?"

"All, all," I answered, with animation, "give them to me, and mind what a pretty crown I shall make for your hair."

She turned her great, wondering eyes on me as I wove the blossoms together; the violets with golden primroses, intermingling them with leaves and spears of long grass, a white star gleaming out here and there in silvery relief.

When she saw my garland, so different from her own, in which the flowers were grouped without method, the child seemed lost in admiration. After gazing on it a moment, and then upon me, she took her own half-formed wreath and cast it upon the brooklet with a charming little pout of the lips, that was lovely almost as her smiles had been.

I went on with my coronal, enjoying the task as an author does his poem, or a painter his picture, the tints harmonized under my fingers, the symmetrical grace filled my soul with the delight which springs from a natural love of the beautiful; even at that age I had all the feelings of an artist, all that love of praise which holds a place in those feelings.

"Ah," said I, weaving my wreath among her golden curls, "if you could see how beautiful you are together, you and the flowers."

"I can see," cried the child, springing up and scattering a shower of blossoms from the folds of her frock which fell into the water, disturbing it till it looked like a shattered mirror. "No, not now, naughty thing that I am, to make the poor brook so angry with my flowers—but wait a minute and you shall see!"

"No, no, not there!" cried I, seizing her in breathless fear, for I remembered the hideous thing that had frightened me from the depths of those very waters; "don't look in the water; let us go away. It may be lurking here yet."

"What?" questioned the child, anxiously.

"Something that I saw here once, a wild, wicked creature, with such eyes and hair——"

"What, in the water?" she asked, her blue eyes growing wider and larger.

"Yes, here in the pool, just by this rock."

We both stood up clinging to one another. In our upright position the pool lay clear and tranquil beneath us, and impelled by that sort of fascination which in moments of affright often

Digitized by Google

turns the gaze upon that which it dreads to see, our eyes fell at the same moment upon two objects reflected back as from a mirror. My little friend, so like one of those cherubs which Raphael half buries amid the transparent clouds in his pictures, and that other little friend, with whom I had become acquainted in the mirror at home.

"Ah, how came she here? Is she your friend also?" I said, pointing toward the dark brilliant child that pointed back to me, with a questioning smile as I spoke.

"Who, that?" asked my companion, waving her hand—a gesture that was sent back, as it seemed, with new grace from the water.

"Why, don't you know it again?"

"Yes, but do you? Does it ever speak to you, or only stand looking like that?"

She gazed at me with her wondering eyes, and then at the images beneath us.

"Why, don't you know me, there with the wreath on?—and you, it is so droll that any one should not know herself."

I caught my breath. "What?" I exclaimed, "does that child look like me? Is it me?"

"Why, yes, who else please?" cried my companion, gaily, "see, it is your hair, strange hair it is too, so black, and with a glow of your pretty frock too; and the eyes, they look like two stars in the water."

I looked upon the two figures, the fair, blooming little beauty, the dark, earnest, haughty, but sparkling face that bent over her. After a moment I said, slowly, as if speaking of a picture, "yes, it is me, and I am beautiful!"

"Indeed you are," exclaimed the child, with a gaiety that disturbed me, for this conviction of my own loveliness gave a serious, almost sad impression to my thoughts; "papa calls me his blossom, you shall be my star. Shall she not, my own darling papa?"

I looked up and saw a gentleman standing upon the bank looking calmly, and with a gentle smile upon us as we stood. He was dressed in black, somewhat worn, and had a subdued meekness in his deportment, which won my childish heart in an instant.

"Well, Cora, are you ready to return home, child?" he said, with the quiet, sweet smile deepening on his face.

"Oh, yes, papa," she cried, unwinding her arms from mine, and leaping from the rock. "Good-bye, come to-morrow," she cried, clambering up the bank, and pausing at the top to shower back kisses with both hands; "do you hear, come to-morrow, my star——"

The gentleman took her hand and led her away. I watched them till they disappeared, and then sunk upon the rock crying disconsolately. It seemed as if my life had just begun, and was swept away into darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG OF LIFE.

BY A. R. JOHNSON.

A TRAVELLER on a dusty road
Strew'd acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree,

Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heights of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.

The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way,
Amid the grass and fern—
A passing stranger scoop'd a well
Where weary men might turn.

He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle on the brink,
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.

He pass'd again, and lo! the well,
By Summer never dried,
Had cool'd ten thousand parched tongues
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd,
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death!

Oh, germ! oh, fount! oh, word of love!
Oh, thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Digitized by Google

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Fashionable Hotels.—The splendor of some of the hotels, lately erected in New York and Philadelphia, really almost exceeds belief. This is particularly true of the St. Nicholas, which was opened in the former city, a few days after the first of January. Outside, this palatial structure is of white marble, and built in the most ornate style of architecture: inside it is the climax of whatever can be done by gilding, by mirrors, by rich carpets, by sumptuous furniture. We have before us a graphic letter from a lady, who arrived at the St. Nicholas the day after it was opened. We cannot give our readers a better idea of this new hotel than by copying the epistle, which was written in the first flush of the inspection, and without any idea of ultimate publication.

St. Nicholas, 10½ P. M.

"Well, this is about the most magnificent place I have ever been in. The Arabian Night palaces were only prophecies of it. I cannot begin a description of it. The public parlors are all furnished differently, with Saxony carpets, chandeliers of the most gorgeous finish, mirrors, which seem to me almost priceless, five and six in one room; elaborately carved rose-wood furniture, covered with a satin damask which would almost stand alone, stiff with gold and silver thread; in one room it will be green, crimson and gold, in another of a white ground with flowers of the natural hue, woven together with silver thread, and in another still, of a rich cream color, with much the same pattern. Then the lace curtains too are beautiful beyond conception, loaded down with the very richest work. The halls and staircases are just as richly furnished with mirrors and Saxony carpets, damask and laces, luxurious brocatelle lounges and chairs as the drawing-rooms. The private parlors and chambers are equally gorgeous. Even our rooms up in the fifth story have brocatelle and lace curtains, Brussels carpets, rich gas-burners, and everything to make us comfortable but a wardrobe. The dining-room is in keeping with the rest of the house. You know I have no idea of size, but it is immense. There are eight large mirrors in it: three chandeliers, which for elaborate work outrival any of Cornelius', besides double-side burners; in all ninety burners in this one room. The tea-room is truly beautiful. The vases on the four mantels could not have cost less than a hundred dollars a pair; the hangings, as well as the mirrors, carpets, chairs, and consoles surpass anything I have seen displayed in Chesnut street, whilst the silver is of the most graceful pattern you can imagine, covered with grape leaves. As to the great bridal chamber it is *gorgeously vulgar*. It is so white that I shivered when I went in, for I felt buried in a snow-wreath. In the *middle* of the room stands a French bedstead, and from the centre of the ceiling depends white satin *wadded* curtains with lace ones under them, looped back with heavy cords and tassels and orange flowers. The bedstead itself is a gilded frame, covered with white satin, put on in a honeycomb style, and studded with gold-headed nails. The bed-quilt is white satin, quilted in the finest diamonds, and *over* this is thrown a priceless lace *spread*, of such material as the finest and most expensive capes are made. The sheets are of linen cambric, of as fine a quality as a handsome handkerchief, and edged with a thread lace worth two or three dollars a yard. There is one large pier and one mantel mirror. The window curtains are of lace and white watered silk. The toilette table is covered with white satin, with an oval mirror in a gilt frame, surrounded with lace and satin curtains, which depend from a Cupid who looks as if he was jumping a wreath of roses. The chairs and lounges are gilded, covered with satin, studded with gilt-headed nails. But the ceiling and wall are the most beautiful of all. The ceiling is exquisitely painted in most delicate colors, with flowers, and the wall is draped with fluted satin from ceiling to floor. Four glass chandeliers, which look as if they might have come from fairy land, hang at each corner of the bed.

"I suppose hundreds of visitors walked through the house to-night, just to look at it, every one as contented as possible, and, New York fashion, every one seeming to feel as if it was his own individual property, and to derive much satisfaction therefrom. The house is crowded." * * *

One cannot help asking, at least *we* cannot, to what all this is to lead? If every new hotel that is opened, is to base its claims to public patronage on surpassing all former ones in luxury and show, where will the race of extravagance stop? That, as yet, people are willing to pay for all this, appears from the success of such enterprises. The most incredible prices, indeed, are given, and given willingly, for the best apartments in these new hotels. One family at the St. Nicholas, consisting of a gentleman, his wife, his daughter, and a servant, pay, we hear, three hundred and fifty dollars a week. Chance travellers, even at two dollars and a half a day, the price asked at the St. Nicholas, are scarcely considered as remunerative, and are condemned to the upper stories, the lower ones being monopolized at higher rates. Truly we have fallen on a spendthrift age.

We have ourselves, during the past month, visited the St. Nicholas. Shall we confess the truth, and say that the style is not to our taste? Everything is too bright, and too glaring; gimcrackery reigns triumphant; it is what a flashy waistcoat and an enormous gold chain is among gentlemen. It would be the Paradise of a returned Californian. But a lady or gentleman of refined taste would desire something more subdued.

It is all very dazzling nevertheless. But we would rather see a few good pictures instead of so many mirrors, or purchase more comfortable chambers at the expense of some of the lace curtains. Every one to his taste, however. People that like to be vulgar *will* be vulgar, we suppose, and insist on having gilding, gimcrackery and bridal chambers. *Vive la humbug!*

Digitized by Google

MRS. STEPHENS' STORY.—The very serious, and indeed dangerous illness of Mrs. Stephens, prevented her continuing "Zana" in the February number. She has now, however, recovered so far as to be able to resume writing, and accordingly another chapter of her thrilling novel appears in this number.

THE RED RIBAND.—This interesting tale has been translated and adapted from the German, by Dr. Beyerle, expressly for this number. It is one of the best stories of the year.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lady-Bird. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. 1 *vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—The author of this novel is of that class, we judge, who "*like* to be miserable." In all her fictions that we have read, but most especially in this, she piles horror upon horror, as if people were born only to be unhappy. The result is that her books have a morbid effect, as if the reader had walked through a loathsome hospital. If the moral was good we should complain less. But the whole aim of the present fiction is to exalt minor virtues above greater ones, to deify asceticism, as it were, at the expense of all sweet household duties. If the hero and heroine, instead of foolishly vowing to part forever, in consequence of an absurd mistake, had worked out, in a righteous married life, their true destiny, virtue and religion would have been better, far better served, in our humble opinion.

Speeches of Macauley. 2 vols. New York: J. S. Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—In those two neat volumes we have the speeches of the Right Hon. W. Babington Macauley, from his entrance into parliament, just before the Reform Bill, up to the present time. They are on all subjects, and exhibit every variety of mood. Sometimes they are in attack, sometimes in defence, sometimes strictly argumentative, sometimes brilliant with retort. But they never fail to exhibit the great powers of mind and the almost unequalled rhetoric, for which Macauley is famous. In style, perhaps, they fall short of his elaborate essays, and even of his history, yet nevertheless they are more polished than most other essays, or histories. The volumes should be in the library of every person who makes either politics or oratory his study.

Clara Moreland. By Emerson Bennett. 1 *vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—We consider this altogether the best fiction which Mr. Bennett has yet written. In saying this we pay him the highest possible compliment, as he has long been one of the most popular of American novelists. His publisher has done everything that was possible to add to the public desire for the work, having issued it in a very handsome style, so that its dress might not disgrace its merits. "Clara Moreland" is destined to have an immense sale.

My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This delightful fiction is now completed, and published in two parts, each at thirty-seven and a half cents, by the Messrs. Harpers. On it and "The Caxtons" the fame of Bulwer will rest with posterity. It is really wonderful how this author, once the most deleterious perhaps that wrote in England, has become one of the most, if not *the* most moral that Great Britain can show. "My Novel" is at once brilliant and instructive, a true picture of modern England, and an excellent didactic lesson in disguise: and as such we recommend it to every American household.

History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By Alphonse de Lamartine. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Like all of Lamartine's writings this is a work of great brilliancy. It is indeed a series of historical pictures, such as are to be met with nowhere else, vivid, dazzling, ever changing, always animated. We think he scarcely does justice to Napoleon, but his prejudices in favor of the Orleans family, prejudices the result of many kindnesses received at their hand, doubtless account for this.

A Hero and Other Tales. By the author of "Olive." 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Among the many female writers of cotemporary fiction, in whom Great Britain delights, the author of these three beautiful stories is perhaps the best. Those who have read either "Olive," or "The Head of the Family," should lose no time in procuring this volume. It is published in a neat duodecimo style, with clear, large type; and is handsomely bound in cloth.

Bleak House. With Illustrations. By Charles Dickens. Part XI. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Of all the novels of Dickens this pleases us the least. The London Times, in a late article, truly remarked that the author of "Boz" was becoming, more and more, a delineator of manners rather than of character. We shall be glad when "Bleak House" is concluded, in hopes that he may strike out something in his old vein.

Ugly Effie and other Tales. By Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 *vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.*—In addition to "Ugly Effie," this volume contains "Neglecting a Fee," "The Village Pastor's Wife," "The Tempted," "Aunt Mercy," "The Stranger at the Banquet," and "The Two Uncles." Mrs. Hentz is one of the most popular female writers of the day. Such a number of her choicest stories, contained in a single volume, makes a very desirable book. Price fifty cents.

On the Lessons in Proverbs. By R. C. French. 1 *vol. New York: J. S. Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.*—This volume contains the substance of a series of lectures delivered, at Portsmouth and elsewhere, to Young Men's Societies. It is excellent in matter and manner alike, and has been issued in Redfield's usual neat style. Every page of it is full of sterling wisdom.

Digitized by Google

Alison's History of Europe from the fall of Napoleon in 1815 *to the accession of Louis Napoleon in* 1852. *Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—A good history of this period has been long wanted. No man living is better qualified than Sir Archibald Alison to write such a history. He has indeed serious faults as an author, for he is the inveterate foe of republicanism, heartily dislikes France and every thing French, and has a labored, heavy, and often stilted style. But he always manages to interest the reader, is laborious in collecting details, and when his point of view is considered judges generally with fairness. To those who know his prejudices, and are, therefore, guarded against them, his history will be quite valuable. The Harpers are issuing it in a style to match his former work, "The History of Europe during the French Revolution," published by them several years ago.

Waverley Novels. Illustrated Library Edition. Vols. XXI and XXII. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—That delightful novel, "Anne of Geierstein," and "Count Robert of Paris," almost the last fictions that Scott wrote, are here before us, admirably printed, illustrated with spirit, and bound handsomely. If any of our readers, who desire the Waverley Novels, have neglected to purchase this edition, now is the time to buy, as the series is nearly completed.

The Two Merchants. By T. S. Arthur. 1 *vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson*—A cheap edition of a novel, by a favorite author, neatly printed in clear, large type.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Fig. i.—A Riding Habit of dark green French Cloth, the skirt full, and about a yard and a half in length. Corsage plain, with a small polka skirt. Sleeves moderately wide, with *revers* at the hand *a la Louis Quatorze.* Linen under-sleeves, fastened at the wrist, and a small linen collar with a black neck tie. A small black beaver hat, turned up slightly at the sides, and a green gauze veil, which it is advisable not to have too long, as it is very much in the way in riding. Rosettes and strings to fasten the hat on are not so much worn as formerly, but in their place a narrow elastic band passing under the chin, is used.

Fig. ii.—A Walking Dress of dark blue Silk, trimmed with three deep flounces, each of which has an edge of *applique* work of black lace and silk on the edge. Corsage high and open in front with a *rever* in the same style as the flounces. Chemisette of thread lace, sleeves demi-long, finished with two ruffles in *applique* work. Under-sleeves with a deep thread lace ruffle. Bonnet of white silk, puffed, and trimmed with flowers. Straw colored kid gloves.

General Remarks.—There is nothing at all new as yet in the style of making dresses. Velvet trimmings in bands, rosettes, &c., are still very much worn, but must be dispensed with very soon, as they are too heavy for the coming warm weather. The pattern dresses, whether in stripes, checks, or bouquets, are immense; to such a degree that they seem more fit to furnish apartments, than to dress women.

The Robes a Disposition, that is with the figure running around the skirt or flounces in silk, de lain, &c., are still very much worn.

The sleeves of dress gowns are made in the *pagoda* form, trimmed like the skirt, with rich lace under-sleeves; those for ordinary occasions are sometimes square, laced from the bottom, or closed with an ornamental trimming; some which are called *Amadis*, have two hems; the lower part is rounded and laced; they do not quite reach the wrist, and leave visible the under-sleeves, which are puffed; a very pretty under-sleeve is made of one large *bouillon*, which surmounts the lace, and in which is placed a ribbon finished by a bow.

The greatest extravagance is now exhibited in laces. Honiton is the most expensive in vogue, and a chemisette, collar and under-sleeves of the least expensive kind cannot be obtained under twenty-five or thirty dollars. Capes, berthes, caps and handkerchiefs are all composed entirely or trimmed profusely with Honiton. A cape of this lace cannot be purchased for less than sixty or sixty-five dollars, and very handsome ones are much more expensive. Collars cost from eight to twenty dollars, and a narrow lace only an inch in width is four dollars a yard.

The Mousquitaire Collar with deep points is of the latest style.

All the bonnets have the crowns very low, are very open, and short at the sides; the inside trimmed excessively with *blonde* and flowers and velvet, or ribbon and velvet: long ends peeping out beyond the brim, and coming down below it, look very pretty, and are generally becoming. Evening caps are literally covered with flowers; they have also bows of ribbon placed at each side with very long ends falling.

A novelty in the form of mantelets has just been introduced in Paris, where it has met with pre-eminent favor. It is called the *mantelet echarpe* or scarf mantelet; and it combines, as its name implies, the effect of the scarf and mantelet. It may be made in black or colored silk, and is frequently trimmed simply with braid or embroidery. Sometimes the trimming consists of velvet or *passementerie*, and sometimes of fringe and lace.

Parasols are made of three different kinds. The Maintenon parasol is straight, and has a light stick or handle; it is of middle size, and has no fringe. The Marquise parasol is small, has the shape of a dome, and a joint in the handle; it is for carriage use. Richness, caprice and fancy are called to their height in this little parasol, the handle of which, for its elaborate workmanship, is often a remarkable work of art. It always has a rich fringe, with a lace head, and is lined with white marceline, or taffeta silk.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE FIRST LOVE LETTER.

Digitized by Google

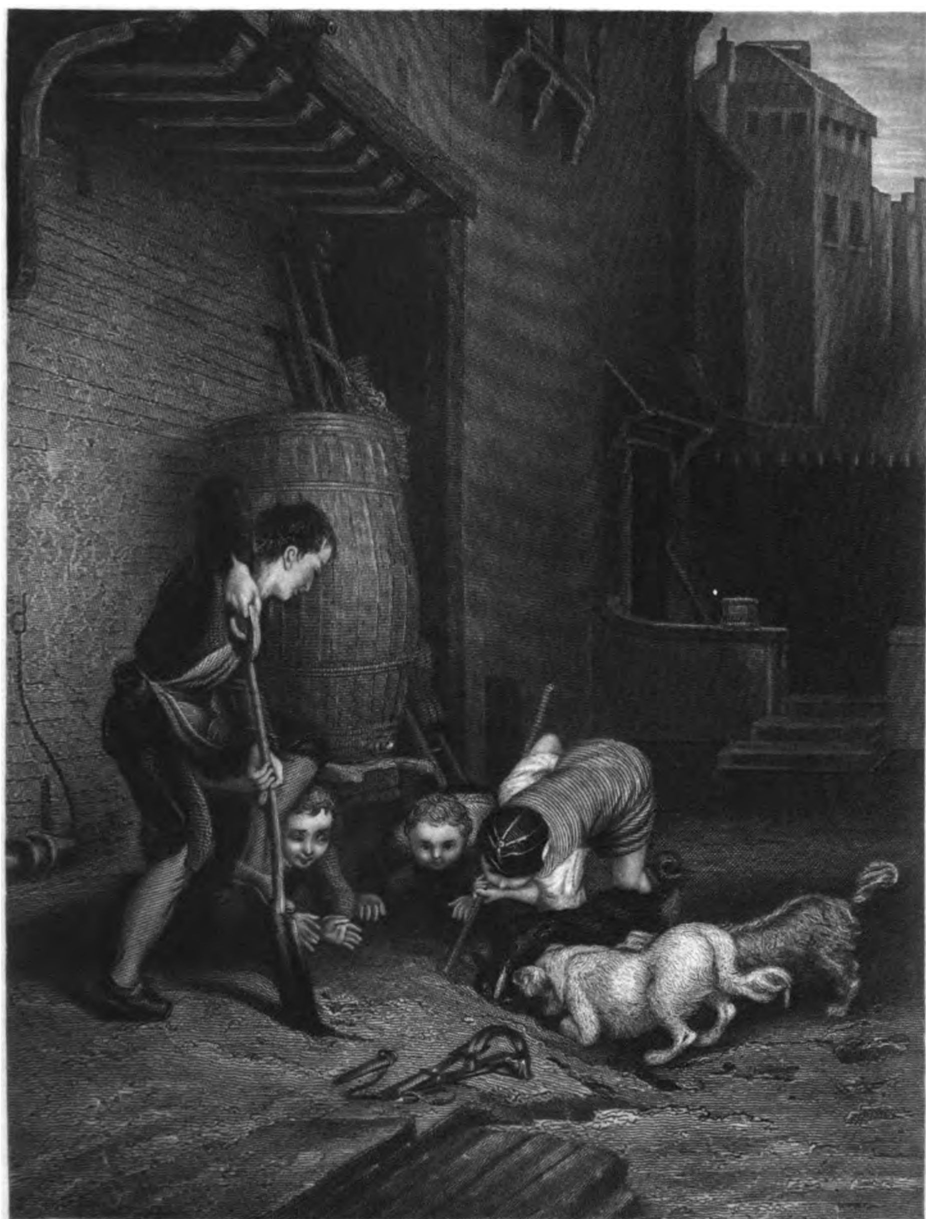
THE GRAVE OF ROBIN HOOD.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Sir David Wilkie — Illman & Sons

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1853. No. 4.

THE FIRST LOVE LETTER.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

CARRIAGE after carriage was rolling up and depositing gay groups at Mr. Carrol's door. Within, the brilliant lights, inspiriting music, and splendid dresses, made the hearts of the young beat faster, as they passed through the wide hall to the dressing-room. It was nine o'clock, and though unfashionably early, all the guests had assembled in the large drawing-room on the east side of the hall, whilst anxious eyes were occasionally turned to the parlor on the other side, whose door remained as tightly closed as the entrance to the cave of the Forty Thieves.

Presently a bell sounded, which was the "open sesame" of the room, and the parlor and part of the hall in almost total darkness, was seen. After the confusion of persons entering the room had somewhat subsided, the tinkle of a small bell was heard, and the green baize curtain across the farther end of the library rolled slowly up. An exclamation of surprise and pleasure, at the *tableau* before them, burst from the spectators.

The lights around the *tableau* frame were most ingeniously disposed, and revealed a beautiful girl in the regal dress of Mary of Scotland, extending her hand to one younger still, who with a youth of twenty was kneeling at her feet, as Roland Graeme and Catharine Seyton. Murmurs of applause passed around the room, and in a few moments the curtain fell.

Then came the haughty Elizabeth in the first flush of womanhood, before power and her cousin's rivalry had made her so unrelenting, listening to the impassioned vows of the gallant young Courtenaye. Then Rebecca, presenting her jewels to Rowena, with the drooping attitude, which said more forcibly than her words, "I will never wear jewels more." Then the young novice raising the white veil; Pickwick and Sam Weller; Edith Dombey and Carker; and then a fair penitent and her father confessor.

The gentleman who had played the part of confessor in the last *tableau* soon divested himself of the long white flowing hair and beard, and loose robe and beads, and as he was passing back of the scene to join the rest of the company, he thrust a letter into the hand of the young girl who was about stepping into the *tableau* frame. This was Honoria Carrol, the daughter of the host. With trembling hands she received the letter, and was about placing it in her bosom, when her brother, who raised the curtain and pronounced the subject of the *tableau*, with a mischievous glance at his sister, and a smothered laugh in his voice, called out, "The First Love Letter." Honoria was thunderstruck, for it was not at all the position she had intended assuming, but with admirable presence of mind she maintained her attitude, while a pleased smile and bright flush rose to her face, and made her look wonderfully lovely.

But the gentleman who had given Honoria the letter gazed upon the fair picture with astonishment and rage, which was not lessened by a conversation he overheard going on near him.

"How magnificently she looks in that crimson and gold lavender, with that dainty piece of lace just relieving her black hair," said a lady.

"Yes," replied another, "the dress was copied from a family portrait, which she is said to resemble very strongly. The original was a flirting dame of the court, a hundred years back, who broke hearts by the dozens, and then laughed at her victims, till she was caught in her own toils by some young gallant, who trifled with her, married another, and she died of a broken heart."

"I am afraid the resemblance extends to more than the person then," said the first speaker, a sour old maid, "for this same Honoria Carrol is the greatest flirt I ever knew. She cares for

Digitized by Google

nothing, I verily believe, but admiration and conquest, no matter at what expense."

"Was not that Mr. Clayton who did the confessor in the *tableau* just before Honoria?" asked the other, "I believe he is very attentive to her —some say engaged."

"I pity him if it is so," was the reply, "for she will never marry him, though it may please her to keep him dangling after her for a while, without a promise, or if she makes one, she is smart enough to find a good pretext for breaking the engagement."

Frederic Clayton listened and was convinced. For weeks he had been endeavoring to see Honoria alone, but she had always evaded the interview, as he now thought purposely, so he had resolved to write to her and declare his love; but her public exhibition of his letter, which, ignorant of the truth, he believed was done to wound him, irritated him beyond words.

Several *tableaux* had yet to be presented, and all this time Clayton was "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." At length, when the last scene was over, he saw Honoria enter the room still in the same dress in which she had appeared in the *tableau*. There was the same triumphant light in her eye, and the same smile on her lip as before, but she evidently avoided him.

Clayton approached, complimented her on her appearance, and said that as he did not think the attitude which she had purposed assuming was graceful, he had given her the letter in order that a natural expression might be called up to her face, even if it had been an indignant one.

Honoria's lips grew white, but still they smiled, and her eyes sparkled with something more than triumph as she answered gaily,

"Well, don't you think it was well done? Those careless attitudes are so much more graceful than studied ones. But I am glad you have explained that letter. I could not understand it, and I did not, for a moment, suppose you would *presume* to address me seriously in such a manner. You wrote you had reason to hope your love was returned, which was rather too much, as I had never given you cause to believe that I was doing more than amusing myself with you."

As she thus spoke, with a flushed face, she moved away, muttering to herself, "well, I have turned the tables upon him, I think."

Throughout the whole evening, Honoria mingled among the guests in her father's splendid parlors, with gay words and jests, and a self-possession which made Clayton again and again murmur, "she's thoroughly heartless."

But none heard, when she retired for the night, the groan which now and then rose through her closed lips, nor saw the blanched face and lustreless eyes, over which the heavy lids seemed to close in quivering agony.

The cold winter months passed on, and Honoria Carrol was called as great a coquette as ever. In all the gayest scenes of that season she was pre-eminent for her beauty, her wit, and her fascinating manners. She met Clayton constantly in company, with the same bright smile and passing jest as she had always done; but there were no more duetts together, no more wanderings in the conservatory away from the glare of the ball-room, no more appointments for the next day's ride or promenade.

By the spring time rumors of Clayton's engagement to a pretty Southern girl were abroad, and whatever hope Honoria may have had that there had been some mysterious misunderstanding on the night of the *tableau* party, died away as time seemed to confirm the report.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrol now became really anxious about their daughter. The mother was too much a woman of the world for Honoria to confide in, for though in a prosperous love she would have been a most sympathizing friend, in the present case her daughter knew that anger and mortification would be her predominant feeling.

But Honoria had lost her color, her appetite, and her spirits. "The effect of the unusually warm weather," said the mother. "Too much dancing and hot suppers," said the father. So it was decided that they should leave town immediately, for the quiet of the country. There accordingly, they went, and remained till the really hot weather came on, when of course they could no longer rest in the cool of their own home, but like all the rest of the fashionable world, hurried off to Saratoga, there to polka, dress, and worry themselves out of color, appetite, and spirits again.

"I really think Honoria shall not dissipate so much another winter," said Mr. Carrol to his wife, one morning, after they had been at the Springs about a week; for he had seen, through the open door, his daughter throw herself listlessly on the lounge in her own room; "she seems no better than when we came here."

But in a few days the father had no cause for complaint. All his daughter's old spirits had revived; she danced and sung, and rode and flirted with as much zest as formerly. But why? Clayton had arrived with a party from the South, among whom was Miss Harrison, the young girl to whom rumor said he was engaged.

The "season" was drawing to a close, when a fancy ball was proposed, and many who were

Digitized by Google

just ready to take wing, determined to remain till it should be over. The important matter of dress for the occasion immediately began to be the theme of discussion. Honoria's diplomacy induced her to appear as friendly to Miss Harrison as possible, so going into her room one morning, she said,

"Mary, what do you intend to wear at this ball?"

"Oh," was the reply, "do help me to decide, Honoria, you have so much taste. I have thought of a nun, or a peasant girl, or a dozen other costumes, and I really believe I shall end by being Lady Washington."

"My dear lamb, not one of those things will answer; you are too gay for a nun, too graceful for a thick shoed peasant girl, and not half dignified enough for good Lady Washington," replied Honoria, laughing.

"Well, it seems from your statement that I am just suitable for nothing at all," said Mary, rather petulantly.

"Oh, yes," answered Honoria, "I am going as 'night,' and I want you to appear as 'morning,' if you will, the dresses will be so unique; I am sure there will not be another in the room like them, besides one will not be obliged then to support a character, you know; at least by talking."

Miss Harrison gave a delighted assent, and set about busily preparing her costume, the style of which the two girls had decided should be kept secret till they made their appearance in the ball-room.

The night anticipated by so many eager hearts at length arrived. At an early hour, the ball-room was well filled, and Frederic Clayton stood by the door, waiting the entrance of the late comers.

Presently he saw Mr. Carrol, with his daughter and Mary Harrison on either arm, proceeding through the room, bowing to their friends, crowds parting before them, and murmurs of admiration and surprise at the wonderful beauty of the girls, following them.

Miss Harrison's dress was pink illusion, while a rose colored veil starred in silver was thrown over her head, and fastened just above the forehead by a large cluster of diamonds, whose brilliant light very well represented the rising sun. Her whole dress was so airy and graceful, and she so joyous, that she formed a striking contrast to her friend.

Honoria's style was more sombre. Her dress was of black illusion, worked with silver stars, and a black illusion veil, thickly covered with stars, was fastened on the top of her head by a diamond crescent; whilst a large diamond star was placed on the front of her breast.

Mr. Carrol was soon immersed in the discussion of the "latest advices" with some brother merchants, and the girls were speedily joined by Frederic Clayton.

"Really," said he, laughing, as he gave an arm to each, "I suppose I should have come in yellow, as noon; but indeed, ladies, my complexion wouldn't stand it."

"Or in grey, as twilight," answered Honoria, "but that is so grave and quiet, that I suppose it would not suit a gentleman of your mercurial temperament."

"Oh no, that was not the reason," was the reply, "but in that character I must have been merged entirely into 'morning' or 'night,' and indeed I should not have known which to have chosen."

"Day, unquestionably," said Honoria, "it is so fair and open, you know."

"That's true," answered Clayton, "I do not like the mystery of night, now veiling itself behind clouds, and now bewitching one with its wonderful, mysterious beauty."

"And then dame moon is so changeable, that one does not see her often under the same aspect," retorted Honoria, "but a word in your ear, fair sir, the day after belies the promise of the morning."

Mary Harrison had listened to this conversation, but taken no part in it. It was like Hebrew to her, but she felt that there was an half-hidden bitterness under the playful manner and light words of her companions, but just then a young knight, all waving plumes and velvet and lace, approached the beautiful Aurora, and whirled her off in a waltz as if he had the wings of the flying Mercury in his heels.

"How lovely she is," said Honoria to Clayton, as the two stood watching the retreating figure, while the rose-colored dress and veil seemed to envelope her in airy clouds, "really, your *penchant* for 'morning' is perfectly natural."

Frederic Clayton looked steadily into the dark eyes raised to his as he replied, "I think I rather prefer the night after all, one soon gets accustomed to its coquettish changes, you know."

"Do they?" was the half absent reply. "But, Mr. Clayton, will you not try to find ma, and say that I have retired, the heat of the night, and these crowded rooms makes me feel very faint."

"I will find your mother after I have seen you up stairs, Miss Carrol," answered Clayton, hurriedly; "how white you look," and he attempted to lead her up the staircase.

"Bring me a glass of water," he said, to a

Digitized by Google

servant, who was lounging on the steps looking in at the revellers, but before they had reached the first landing, Honoria fell heavily against him. Clayton threw his arm around her waist, and carried her to the passage way; and as the servant was unusually long doing his errand, as servants always are who should hurry, we judge that the gentleman found other remedies successful in reviving the lady, for when she took the glass with a trembling hand, and attempted to rise, she said,

"Really, Mr. Clayton, you have a most peculiar mode of calling a natural expression to one's face; but I felt very faint just now, and suppose I required so unheard of a remedy."

"Miss Carrol, will you not hear me for a moment, and then forgive me, if you can"—but a gay burst of music from below made the rest of the sentence audible only to the fair listener, though we judge that she fully heard all that was said, as before that time the next summer, Honoria Carrol had become Mrs. Clayton, and both she and her husband must have been fully satisfied with each other's explanation of "THE FIRST LOVE LETTER."

THE TWO GRAVES.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

THERE are two graves, far, far apart,
And the deep sea rolls between;
O'er one they piled the marble high,
O'er one the grass grows green.

In the one, within a gorgeous fane,
Lies she whom I called my bride;
Before whose feet I knelt of old,
In her father's halls of pride.

In the one behind the village church,
Where wild flow'rs nod in prayer,
Is resting the shade of the purest dream,
That brightened my life of care!

The one was a maiden proud, and high,
With the waves of her jetty hair,
All braided up with jewels rich,
And pearls and diamonds rare.

The other had curls of sunny light,
And a smile as faint and mild
As those which the olden artists paint,
In their dreams of the young Christ child.

One awed my heart with the prideful glance,
From her darkling orbs that fell,
The eyes of the other were purely blue,
As the home where the angels dwell.

One brought me a title proud and high,
And pearls, and gold, and lands,
With serfs to bow at my lightest word,
And go at my first commands—

The other brought but the earnest love
That glowed in her star-lit eyes,
And blest my heart like the downward rays
From the distant Paradise!

I wedded the one with stately pomp,
In a proud cathedral aisle,
And bells were ringing in high church towers,
A sounding chime the while.

I wedded the other as Quakers wed,
In the forest still and deep,
When hushed were the sounds of noisy life,
And the flowers had gone to sleep.

Oh, blithe was my night-haired love and fair,
And proud was her darkling eye,
But dearer far was my cottage girl
With her angel purity.

But the demons wandering over earth,
For the one spun out a shroud
And they laid her low, where way lights glow,
In the old cathedral proud.

The other, when holy stars shine down,
Was hearing the angels sing,
And a truant seraph folded her
In the clasp of his viewless wing!

They told me the one was lying dead,
And a tear came to mine eye—
But joy-dreams chased the gloom away,
And a smile went flitting by.

They told me the other had gone to sleep,
And I sought the battle's strife,
For I hated the light of the rosy day,
And I cursed the light of life.

The one lies still in her far-off tomb,
Where the tall wax tapers gleam—
And their ray falls down on the marble shrine
With a fixed and ruddy beam.

But over the other the night-stars swing,
When the light of day has fled,
And the wild winds sigh her gentle name,
Till I wish that I were dead.

Digitized by Google

ZANA.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, 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 223.

CHAPTER III.

All that night I lay awake, thinking of the morrow, longing for daylight, and so impatient of the darkness around me, that I left my bed again and again to fling aside the curtains and look forth for a glow in the east. I had told my adventure, and described the beautiful child to Maria, my kind bonne. She heard it all with pleasant curiosity, but strove to subdue the wild impatience with which I panted for another interview with this heavenly creature of my own sex and age.

The next day I started for the spring, and reached it in a glow of expectation, panting with the eager affection that burned like a fire in my bosom. Nothing was there. The grey rock with its trampled litchen, the pool sleeping softly beneath it, and the sweet current rippling through clusters of fragrant mint, alone met my ear and gaze. A few dead blossoms lay upon the rock, mocking me with a withered memento of the joy I had known the day before. I sat down among these blossoms and cried with bitter disappointment. After waiting hours in the hot sun, I returned home weary and disheartened. Why had she broken her promise? how could I ever trust her again if she did come to the spring? Who was she, a real being, or a fairy, who, for one moment, had taken pity on my loneliness, to leave me more desolate than before?

My hopes of seeing her again began to falter greatly after the third day, but still I persisted on going to the rock every morning for a week. The dead flowers among the litchen went to my heart every time I saw them, but I had no courage to brush them into the water, they were, at least, a proof that I had seen her.

One morning, after brooding over my disappointment, wondering and watching as a child, with a heart in its wish, only can wait and watch, I shook away the tears from my eyes and sprang up, nerved with a sort of inspiration. I would search for the child—wander right and left till she was found. I would weep no more, but go to work, nor yield again to tears while an effort could be made to find her for whose presence I pined.

I clambered up the bank, crossed into the highway, and wandered on toward the village that lay in lovely quietude before me, half veiled in a silvery mist. This village was the world to me, and an eager wish to see what it was like, mingled with a conviction that there I should find the child.

I drew near the village, looking eagerly on each side for the object of my wanderings. The church which, afar off, seemed in the very heart of the place, stood some distance from the large cluster of houses, and I reached this first. It was one of those low stone buildings so common in England, with deep gothic windows, and a single tower draped and overrun with ivy. Behind it was a grave-yard crowded thick with yew and cypress trees, under whose shadows the curious old grave-stones gleamed dimly, as if through the mournful mistiness of a funeral veil.

Near this church, and like it, built of grey stone, to which the ivy clung like a garment, stood a dwelling. White jessamines and creeping roses brightened up the ivy, garlanding the very eaves with blossoms, and a porch which was one mass of honeysuckles, led from a narrow gravel path bordered with flowers, to the front door.

The contrast of life and death was strong between this dwelling and the grave-yard. The one bright with foliage and gay with blossoms, around which the golden bees kept up a constant hum, and birds flitted in and out, too busy for singing, but bending their low, pleasant chirps with the sleepy bee music; the sunshine falling softly on bee, bird, and blossom: the dew here and there fringing the ivy leaves with diamonds, and one high elm tree sweeping over all. The other, that grave-yard, lying within the shadow of the church; the yews and cypress crowding together among the graves like giant mourners at a funeral; and some tall trees looming above all, laden down and black with rooks' nests, around

which the sable birds wheeled and circled in gloomy silence, broken only by an abrupt caw now and then, which fell upon your ear like a cry of pain from one of the graves. Thus it was that these two buildings, the church and parsonage house, struck me at the time. It is strange—I have no idea what possessed me—but I turned from the cheerful dwelling and entered the grave-yard.

The long grass was heavy with dew, and my tiny boots were soon wet to the ankles; but I wandered on among the ancient stones, wondering what they were, and why the joy had all left my heart so suddenly. I bent down and attempted to read the inscription on these stones, but most of the letters were choked up with moss, and of the rest I could make nothing. The great mystery of death had never been made known to me, and this was the first time I had ever seen a grave.

I sat down on a horizontal stone of white marble cut with deep, block letters, and, folding my hands on my lap, looked around saddened to the heart, and in this new impression forgetting the child I had come forth to seek. All at once, a strain of music swept over me from the church, slow, sad, and with a depth of solemnity that made every string in my heart vibrate. As if a choir of angels had summoned me, I arose and walked slowly toward the church. The door was open, and through it swept the music in deep, thrilling gushes, that seemed to bathe me in a solemn torrent of sound.

In the dim light which filled the church I saw a group of persons: some had handkerchiefs to their eyes, and others bent forward as if in prayer.

Directly in front of, what I afterward learned to be, the altar, stood an object that filled me with inexpressible awe. A quantity of black velvet fell over it in deep, gloomy folds, and those nearest it wept bitterly, and with heavy sobs that made my heart swell.

At last the music was hushed. A man stepped down from the altar in long, sweeping robes, whose heavy blackness was relieved by a wave of white sweeping over one shoulder and across his bosom. Some one lifted the masses of velvet, and I saw the flash of silver nails with the gleam of white satin as a lid was flung back.

Then all faded from my sight. I saw nothing but a tall man, also in robes that swept the floor, holding a child by the hand.

I uttered a low cry and moved forward. It was the child I had seen at the spring, but oh, how changed. Her lovely face was bathed in tears; that poor little mouth quivered with the sobs that she was striving to keep back. One dimpled hand was pressed to her eyes and dripping with tears—the blue ribbons—the pretty white frock, all were laid away; and, in their place, I saw the black sleeve of her mourning dress looped from the white shoulders with knots of crape.

I could not understand the meaning of all this, but my heart was full of her grief. I thought of no one present, but intent on her alone, walked up the aisle, and, flinging my arms around her, began to weep aloud.

The child felt my embrace, gave me a wild look through her tears, and, seeing who it was, forced away the hand her father clasped, and flung herself upon my bosom.

I was about to speak.

"Hush, hush!" whispered the child, in a voice that reminded me of the waters stealing through the violet hollow, it was so liquid with tears, "see!"

Cora drew me closer to the object buried beneath those folds of velvet, and I saw, lying upon a satin pillow fast asleep, as I thought, the sweetest and palest face my young eyes had ever beheld. Waves of soft, golden hair lay upon the temples, and gleamed through the cold transparency of her cap; the waxen hands lay folded over her still heart, pressing down a white rose into the motionless plaits of fine linen that lay upon her bosom. "Has she been long asleep?" I whispered.

"She is dead!" replied the child, with a fresh burst of tears.

Dead—dead! how the word fell upon my heart, uttered thus, with tears and shuddering visible before me in its marble stillness; my very ignorance gave it force and poignancy. I did not know what it meant, but its mysteriousness was terrible; I had no power to question further, but clung to the child no longer weeping, but hushed with awe.

It must have had a singular effect, my scarlet dress and rose colored bonnet, glowing like fire among the funeral vestments around me. But no one attempted to separate me from the child: and when the coffin was lifted, and the music once more swelled through the sacred edifice, we went forth clinging to each other; though one of her hands was clasped in that of her father, I felt quite sure he was unconscious of my presence, for as they closed the coffin I could feel the shudder that ran through his frame, even though I touched the child only. He walked from the church like a blind man, capable of observing nothing but the black cloud that passed on before, sweeping his heart away with it.

We entered the church-yard, and there, beneath one of the tall trees was a newly dug grave: I had

seen it before, but it had no significance then; now my heart stood still as we gathered around it.

The trembling that had shaken the child's frame ceased. We both stood breathless and still as marble while the service was read; but when they lowered the coffin into the grave, I felt the pang that shot through her in every nerve of my own frame. She uttered no sound, but my arm was chilled by the coldness that crept over her neck and shoulders. I do not know how the crowd left us, but we stood alone by the grave with its fresh disjointed sods, and the pale brown earth gleaming desolately through the crevices.

All efforts at self-restraint gave way now that the widower found himself alone, for in our grief children are looked upon like flowers, their sympathy is like a perfume, their innocence soothes the anguish they witness. Their little souls are brimful of beautiful charity, and their presence a foretaste of the heaven to which the Saviour likens them.

He stood in his silent grief, every nerve relaxed, every breath a sigh; his figure drooped, the child's hand fell loosely from his clasp. He leaned against the tree that was to overshadow the beloved one forever, and gazed down upon the grave as if his own soul were buried among the sods, and he were waiting patiently for the angels to come and help him search for it.

I felt that Cora was growing colder and colder. Her face was white as newly fallen snow; she ceased to weep, and allowed me to lead her away to the marble slab I had occupied when the funeral music led me to her.

We sat down together, and she leaned against my shoulder in profound silence, the eyelids closed languidly, and the violet of her eyes tinging their whiteness like a shadow. For some minutes we sat thus, when a hoarse caw from the rooks circling above the tree, at whose foot lay the grave, made her start. She gave a single glance toward the tree, saw her father and the green sods, and, bursting into a fresh agony of tears, cried out,

"She is there—she is there—mother, mother —I have no mother."

This cry awoke a strange pang in my own bosom; for the first time there was entire sisterhood in our grief. Mother, mother, that was the thing for which I had pined, that was my own great want—I had felt it in the meadow when the lark fed its young—I had felt it in my convalescence—in the picture gallery—everywhere, and now this harrassing want was her's also. As she cried aloud for her mother, so did my soul echo it; and, as if her own lips had uttered the sound, I wailed forth,

"Mother, mother—*I* have no mother!"

With that we flung our arms around each other, as flowers sometimes twine their stems in the dark, and were silent again.

But this intense excitement could not last with children so impulsive and so ardent. After a while Cora began to be impatient of her father's immovability, it frightened her.

"Let us go to him," she whispered; "he seems falling to sleep as she did. How white and still his hands look, falling so loosely against the black robe."

We crept toward the stricken man, and stood beside him in breathless awe. He did not observe us; his eyes riveted themselves upon the sods; the drooping of his limbs increased: he seemed about to seat himself on the earth.

Cora took his nerveless hand between her's, and raised her great blue eyes, now full of a light more touching than tears, to his face.

"Papa, papa, come home; you told me that she would never wake up again."

He turned his heavy eyes upon the child with a look of questioning weariness, as if he had not comprehended her, and remained gazing in her face, while a mournful smile parted his lips.

"Come!" said the child, pulling gently at his hand—"come!"

He yielded to her infant force as if he were himself a child to be thus guided, and walked with a feeble step toward the house. But its cheerfulness mocked him—bees that had been gathering stores from the honeysuckle porch—birds lodged in the great elm, and a thousand summer insects that love the sunshine, all set up a clamor of melody that made him shrink as if some violence had been offered. He said nothing, but I could see the color fade like mist from his lips. We had brought him too suddenly from the shadows of the grave; the soul requires time before it can leave the vale of tears to stand uncovered in the sunshine. We entered a little parlor, very simple in its adornments, but neat and cheerful as a room could be. The casements were draped with foliage, and this gave a soft twilight to the apartment, that soothed us all.

He sat down in a large, easy-chair, draped with white dimity, that gave a strong contrast to his black robe. Cora climbed to his knee, and put up her pale lips for a kiss; but he did not heed the action, and I saw her pretty eyes fill with tears—she, poor thing, who had shed so many that day.

I could not bear that look of sorrow, and pressed close up to his other knee.

Digitized by Google

"Sir, papa," for she had called him this: and why should not any other child? "Papa, Cora wants to kiss you, she has been trying and trying, but you don't mind in the least."

He looked at me with a bewildered stare, glancing down from my face to the brilliant garments that contrasted like flame against his black robe.

"It is Cora, poor little Cora, you should look at, not me," I said. "Look, her eyes are full again, and she has cried herself almost to death before."

He looked at the child. The hard gloom melted from his eyes, and drawing her to his bosom he dissolved into tears.

I took his hand and kissed it. I pressed my lips down on the child's feet, and smoothed her mourning frock with my hands. Tears were flashing like hail-stones down my own cheeks, and yet there was joy in my heart. Though a child, I knew that the worst part of his grief had passed away. Poor little Cora, how she clung and wept, and nestled in his bosom. His strange coldness had seemed like a second death to the child. I felt that both were happier, and looked on with a glow of the heart.

"My child—my poor, poor orphan," he murmured, kissing her forehead, while one little pale cheek was pressed to his bosom—"my orphan, my orphan——"

"What is an orphan, papa?" questioned the child, lifting up her face, and gazing at him through her tears. "What is an orphan?"

"It is a child who has no mother, Cora," was the low and mournful reply.

My heart listened, and I felt to its innermost fold that there was a mysterious sisterhood between the child and myself.

Cora had withdrawn from her father's bosom, and sat upright on his knee listening to him. There was a moment's silence, and then, for the first time, he seemed perfectly conscious of my presence.

"And who is this?" he inquired, laying his hand on my head with mournful kindness.

"I am an orphan like her," was my answer.

"Poor child!" he murmured, gently smoothing my hair again. "But how came you here? You have been crying too—what has chanced to grieve you?"

"They were crying, all except you," I answered. "I was looking for her, down at the brook spring; something told me to walk on—on—on till I came here. I saw Cora and that beautiful lady on the satin pillow, with all the black velvet lying so heavily over her. Cora was very unhappy: so was I; that is all."

"But who are you? What is your name?" he asked, looking tenderly in my face.

"Zana is my name?"

"Zana, what more? You have another name!"

"No—Zana, that is all."

"But who is your father?"

The question puzzled me, I did not know its meaning; no one had ever asked after my father before.

"My father!" I said, doubtfully.

"Yes, your father; is he living?"

"I don't know!"

"But his name, what was that?"

"I don't know!"

"Then you are indeed an orphan, poor thing."

"I have no mother; isn't that an orphan?"

"Truly it is, poor infant—but where do you live?"

"On the Rock, by the little spring pond; don't you remember, papa?" said Cora, beginning to brighten up."

"Yes, I remember," he replied, sinking back into the sorrowful gloom, from which my strange appearance had aroused him; "and this was the child then who made your pretty violet wreath?"

"Mamma smiled, don't you remember, when she saw me with it on, and said it was so lovely!" answered the child, with animation.

"She never looked on you, my poor darling, without a smile," answered the father, so sadly that my heart swelled once more.

He seemed to forget me again, and sat gazing wistfully on the floor; Cora too was exhausted by excess of weeping, and I saw that her beautiful eyelids were drooping like the over ripe leaves of a white rose. With a feeling that it was kind and right, I stole from the room and made my way home. It was a long walk, and I reached the cottage in a terrible state of exhaustion. My kind-hearted bonne took me in her arms without annoying questions, and I sighed myself to sleep on her bosom.

The next morning Turner called, and I told him my mournful adventure. He seemed greatly interested, and, after listening very attentively, sunk into a train of thought, still holding me on his knee. At last he addressed Maria,

"This may prove a good thing for the child," he said. "It is strange we never thought of it before. The curate's daughter is just the companion for Zana, and as they teach her at home it is possible—but we will think more of it."

Turner placed me on the floor as he spoke, and, taking Maria on one side, conversed with her for some time. Meantime I was eager to reach the parsonage once more—I felt that Cora would be expecting me—that I might even be

Digitized by Google

wanted by the broken-hearted man, whose grief had filled my whole being with sympathy.

I ran up stairs, put on my bonnet and little black silk mantilla with its rich garniture of lace, and pulling Turner by the coat, gave him and Maria a hasty good morning.

"Wait," said the kind old fellow, seizing my hand—"wait a bit, and I will go with you. All that I dread," he continued, turning to Maria, "is the questions that he will naturally ask."

"Oh, but you can evade them," answered Maria.

"Yes, by telling all that I absolutely know, nothing more nor less, and that every servant at the Hall can confirm; I must stick to simple facts, no conjectures nor convictions without proof; no man has a right to ask them."

I had gathered a basket of fruit that morning before the dew was off, and had buried the glowing treasure beneath a quantity of jessamine and daphna blossoms, for some intuition told me that pure white flowers were most fitted for the house of mourning. With this precious little basket on my arm, I waited impatiently for Turner to start if he was indeed going with me. But there was hesitation and reluctance in his manner, though at last he yielded to my importunity, and we set out.

It was a pleasant walk, and my enjoyment of its beauty was perfect. I had an object, something to fix my heart upon; the dreamy portion of my life was over, I began to know myself as a thinking, acting being.

We entered the parsonage. Mr. Clarke was in the parlor, sitting in the easy-chair exactly as I had left him the day before, with his silk robe on—and his eyes, heavy with grief, were bent upon the floor. Emboldened by the affection which had sprung up in my heart for this lone man, I went up to him as his own child might have done, and, kneeling down, kissed the hand which fell languidly by his side.

He did not lift his eyes, but resting his hand on my head, whispered softly,

"Bless thee—bless thee, my poor orphan."

He evidently mistook me for his own child.

"It is not little Cora, only me," I said—"me and Mr. Turner."

He looked up, saw Turner, standing near the door, shook his head sadly, and dropped into the old position.

I swept the white blossoms to one end of my basket and exposed the cherries underneath, red and glowing as if the sunshine that had ripened them were breaking back to the surface again.

"I picked them for you my ownself," I said, holding up the basket—"for you and Cora."

Poor man, his lips were white and parched, it is probable he had not tasted food all the previous day! With a patient, thoughtful smile he took a cluster of the cherries, and my heart rose as I saw how much the grateful fruit refreshed him.

"This is a strange little creature," he said, at last addressing Turner. "She was with us yesterday, and it seemed as if God had sent one of his cherubs. Truly of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

Dear old Turner, how his face began to work.

"She is a good girl—a very good girl. We've done all we could to spoil her like two old fools, her bonne and I: but somehow she's too much for us, as for the spoiling it isn't to be done."

I saw Cora through an open door, and laying a double handful of the cherries on her father's robe, ran toward her. She looked pale, poor thing, and her sweet eyes were dull and heavy. She was in a little room that opened to the parlor, and, still in her long linen night-gown, and with her golden curls breaking from a tiny muslin cap, lay upon the cushions of a chintz sofa; for, it seems, she had refused to be taken entirely from her father, and he had spent his night in the easy-chair.

"He was aching terribly," she said; "she had been awake some time, but papa was so still that it frightened her. She was afraid that he had gone to sleep like her mother, and never would wake up again"

The quick sympathies of girlhood soon rendered us both more cheerful. She began to smile when her father's voice reached us, and refreshed her sweet lips with my cherries, in childish forgetfulness of the sorrow that had rendered them so pale.

"I'm so glad you have come," she said, leaving the sofa, and gathering up her night-gown till both rosy little feet were exposed upon the matting, she ran to a side door and looked out, calling, "Sarah Blake—Sarah Blake!"

A servant girl, plump and hearty, with little, grey eyes, and cheeks red as the cherries in my basket, answered the summons. She looked upon me with apparent curiosity and evident kindness, and taking Cora in her arms, said, "so this is the strange little lady."

"Isn't she nice?" whispered Cora. "Isn't she like a star?"

"Yes, she is a nice playmate, I'm glad you've found her, Miss Cora, only one would like to know just who she is."

I sat down on the matting, as the door closed after them, and taking up the white flowers began to weave them into a crown. It was an

Digitized by Google

irresistible habit, that of sorting and combining any flowers that came within my reach. I often did this unconsciously and with a sort of affectionate carefulness; for the rude handling of a blossom gave me pain. It seemed to me impossible that they did not suffer as a child might, so, with a light touch, I wove my garland thick and heavy with leaves and blossoms. I never felt lonely when flowers were my companions, they seemed to me like a beautiful alphabet, which God had given me, that I might fashion out with them the mystic language of my own heart.

The voices of Turner and the curate reached me from the next room; they were conversing in a low tone, but I could hear that the stricken man was shaking off the apathy of his grief. There was interest and depth in his tone; as they talked, the door, which had been but half on the latch, swung open a little, and I heard him say,

"It is a strange and touching history. Have you made any effort to learn how she came to this forlorn condition?"

"Every effort that a human being could make."

"And you have literally no information beyond the morning when you took her from the door-step?"

"None whatever."

"Cannot she herself remember enough to give some clue?"

"Illness must have driven everything from her memory. The mere effort to recollect seems to shake her very existence. I will never attempt it again."

"She *must* be of good birth," said the curate, thoughtfully, "never did human face give more beautiful evidence of gentle blood."

"I never doubted that," answered Turner, quickly.

"Strange, very strange," murmured the curate.

"Is there any hope that you will aid us, sir?" said Turner, who used few words at any time, and evidently found the prolonged deliberations of the curate annoying.

"How can you ask?" replied the curate, gently. "I thought that was settled long ago; were she the poorest vagrant that ever asked alms, I would do my best to aid her. As it is, can I ever forget yesterday? Mr. Turner, we sometimes *do* find angels in our path—this one we shall not entertain unawares. I know that she will prove a blessing to this desolated house."

I dropped the flowers in my lap, and began to listen breathlessly. His beautiful faith in my future—his solemn trust in the good that was in me fell like an inspiration upon my soul. From that hour my devotion to that good man and his daughter was a religious obligation—yes, a religious obligation before I knew what religion meant.

"Ah! if *she* had only been near to help us," said the curate, and his eyes filled with those quiet, dewy tears with which God first waters a grief-stricken heart before he lets in the sunshine to which it has become unused. Tears and sunshine that sometimes make the soul blossom again with more than the brightness of childhood.

A strange thought came over me. I laid down the wreath and glided softly to the curate's chair.

"They told us yesterday that she had gone to God," I whispered, looking in his face with a sort of holy courage. "Is God so far off that she cannot help us?"

The curate gazed at me with a strange look at first, then a beautiful smile parted his lips, and laying both hands on my head, he gazed in my face still smiling, while his eyes slowly filled.

That moment little Cora came in. Her father reached forth his hand and drew her arm around my neck.

"Little children, love one another," he said, and falling back in his chair, with the smile still upon his lips, he closed his eyes, but great tears forced themselves from under the lids and rolled slowly downward.

I drew back with the child, and with our arms interlinked we glided into the next room. I took up my crown of white blossoms, and, as if she read the thought in my bosom, Cora whispered, "mamma, is it for her?" We stole through the parlor again, and went out. The curate sat with his eyes closed, and Turner had an elbow on each knee, with both hands supporting his forehead.

Without speaking a word, Cora and I turned an angle of the church and entered the graveyard. It looked more cheerful than it had appeared the day before. Long glances of sunshine shot across it, and some stray birds had lost themselves in the cypress trees, and seemed trying to sing their way out.

We laid our garland down upon the bleak, new grave of Cora's mother, just over the spot where we knew her cold heart was sleeping—its faint perfume spread like an angel's breath all over the grave, and we went softly away, feeling that she knew what we had done.

From that day my life was divided between the parsonage and the only home I had ever known. Turner had proved a more efficient consoler of the curate than a thousand sermons

Digitized by Google

could have been. In the hour of his deepest grief, he had opened a new channel for his affections as new means of usefulness. The overpowering anguish, that had almost swept him from the earth in twenty-four hours, never returned again. He would often say, looking upon us children with a peaceful smile,

"She is with God, and He is everywhere."

None but a good man could have been so easily won from such grief by the simple power of aiding others, for his wife had been the most devoted and loving creature that the sun ever shone upon, and her death was sudden as the flash of lightning that darts from a summer cloud. A disease of the heart, insidious and unsuspected till the moment of her death, had left her lifeless, in the morning, upon the pillow to which she had retired at night with trusting prayers and innocent smiles.

Thus I became the pupil of Mr. Clarke—the sister, nay, more than the sister of his child; and now, heart and mind, my whole nature began to expand. My profound ignorance of English life was slowly enlightened. The history of my native land was no longer a sealed book. I began to comprehend the distinctions that existed in society. The principles of government, the glorious advantages which follow each step that nations take toward freedom. I confess it took me a long time to comprehend why one man should, without effort of his own, possess lands that stretched from horizon to horizon—like Lord Clare—while others, who toiled from sun to sun, could scarce secure the necessaries of existence, nor have I yet solved the question satisfactorily to my sense of right.

No life can be really monotonous in which taste is gratified and knowledge acquired, certainly not where the heart is allowed to put forth its natural affections and weave them around worthy objects.

Cora and I took our lessons together, but she had little of that eager thirst for knowledge which possessed me; gentle, caressing and indolent, to escape her lessons was a relief, while I devoured mine, and found time for the gratification of a thousand fancies that she was ready to praise, but unwilling to share.

It is said that women of opposite natures are most likely to find sympathy with each other. I do not believe this, either in men or women. In order to perfect companionship, tastes, habits, intellectual aspirations, nay, even physical health must assimilate.

I believe no human being ever loved another more thoroughly than I loved Cora Clarke. To say that I would have given my life to save her's would be little, for life is not always the greatest sacrifice one human soul can make to another—but I would have yielded up any one of the great hopes of my existence, could the sacrifice have secured her happiness, and even in my childish heart these hopes were planted with roots of fire; but in less than three years I had outgrown Cora's companionship. My love, though unbounded, had a sense of protection in it. It was the caressing affection of a mother for her child, or an elder sister for her orphan charge.

Strange as it may seem, the companionship so essential to my character was found more thoroughly in the father than the child. He never wearied of teaching, and I never remember to have become tired of learning. My appreciation of all his arguments—and they were vast—was perfect. My love for him was more than than that of a daughter for her parent.

From the time I first entered his house, I had a conviction that, in some way, the love that I bore for these two persons would be brought into powerful action—that I should be called upon to support them in some great trouble, and that my own destiny was in some mystical way bound up in them. Thus time passed happily enough, till I reached my eleventh year. Lord Clare was still abroad in the far east, it was said, and I had begun to think of him as one dwells upon the characters in a history. The name had become familiar now, and I ceased to feel any extraordinary interest in it such as had first impressed me.

Certainly I knew something of his history. Mr. Clarke had told me of the sudden and singular death which had overtaken Lady Clare on the night of her marriage, and of the great probability that the earl would never marry again, in which case his nephew, the Etonian, would come in possession of the title and several large estates entailed with it.

One thing, I remember, interested me a good deal, for I was at the time informing myself regarding the hereditary privileges of the British nobility, and it was fixed upon my memory that this particular title, and its estates, descended alike to male or female heirs, as they happened to fall in succession, while a large property, acquired by Lord Clare's marriage, might be disposed of by deed or will.

I still possessed Jupiter, my beautiful black pony, and frequently rode him to the parsonage, taking a canter over the park before returning home. The Hall was still unoccupied, except by a servant or two, and my freedom in this respect was unchecked, because Turner supposed it to be without danger of any kind.

Digitized by Google

One day—I think this was a month after I entered upon my eleventh year—I took a fine, free gallop toward a portion of the park which has been mentioned as commanding a view of the Green Hurst.

I checked my pony on a ridge of upland, and was looking toward this house which, from the first, had contained a mysterious interest to me, when a man came suddenly from behind a clump of trees at my right, and walking up to Jupiter, threw his arm over the animal's neck.

I was not terrified, but this abrupt movement filled me with surprise, and, without speaking a word, I bent my gaze searchingly on his face and figure.

He was a man of middle age, spare and muscular, of swarthy complexion, and with eyes so black and burning in their glance, that mine sunk under them as if they had come in sudden contact with fire.

"What is your name?" he said, still keeping those fierce eyes on my face.

"Take your arm off Jupiter's neck," I answered, "he is not used to strangers."

He laughed, revealing a row of firm, white teeth that gave a ferocious expression to his whole countenance.

"I am almost answered," he said, with a low chuckle, "the blood spoke out there!"

His language was broken, and his appearance strange, I was sure that he came from foreign parts, and looked at him with curiosity unmixed with fear.

"Take your arm away," I repeated, angrily, "you shall not hurt my horse!"

He removed his arm, with another laugh, and then said, in a low, wheedling tone, that gave me a sensation nearer affright than I had yet known.

"Well, my little queen, I have taken my arm away; now tell me your name."

"Why do you wish to know it?" I demanded.

"Perhaps I have a reason, perhaps not, only tell me, if it is no secret."

"My name is Zana," I answered, reddening, for somehow the subject had become painful to me.

"In England, people have two names," he replied.

"But I have only one."

"And that is Zana—nothing more, ha?"

"I have told you."

"That should be enough," he muttered, "but it is well to be certain. Where do you live?" he added.

"Down yonder," I replied, pointing with my whip in the direction of my home.

"In a stone house, cut up with galleries, notched with balconies, buried in trees and smothered in flowers," he demanded.

"That is my home," I replied, astonished at the accuracy of his description.

"And how long have you lived there?"

"I do not know why you ask, but it is no secret, I have lived there five years."

"That is, since about the time that Lady Clare died," he observed, as if making a calculation.

"I believe it is," was my answer.

He hesitated a moment, and then said, in a courteous voice,

"Who is your father?"

I had learned to blush at my incapacity to answer this question, and when it was thus abruptly put, the temper burned in my cheek. Rising up, haughtily, in my saddle, I gave the bridle an abrupt pull, and poor Jupiter a lash that set him off like an arrow. He almost knocked the man down; I looked back to learn if he was harmed. He called after me in a language that I had never heard spoken before, at least that I could remember, but I understood it. The man was showering curses upon me or my horse.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GRAVE OF ROBIN HOOD.

BY H. J. VERNON.

In an ancient forest's shade,
Lies a grassy grave.
There, in simple grandeur laid,
Sleeps a patriot brave.
Centuries have come and gone
Since the hero died,
But the name of Robin Hood
Still is England's pride.

Pause, for by a holier grave,
Foot has never trod.
Grander than a minster's nave
Is this simple sod.
Tyrants called him outlaw, but
'Mid the great and good,
High in Freedom's Pantheon,
Stands bold Robin Hood.

Digitized by Google

AN UMBRELLA STORY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

Rain, rain, rain! Would it never stop? For days, for weeks, for *months* almost, there had been a continual pouring; a small patch of blue sky, and a slight gleam of sunshine, like a delusive ignus fatuus, would bring people out, as it seems, for the express purpose of being drenched through. Even Peter Rugg, with his everlasting horse and gig, must now be discouraged from his round; and it only needed Mount Ararat and the ark to make a second edition of the deluge complete.

It was amusing, to those who were safely housed, to sit at their windows and watch those who were fated to struggle with the dripping element; but never, perhaps, was the memorable speech of the frogs more completely shadowed forth in human type, than in the countenances of those unfortunates whose patience was trebly assailed by perverse umbrellas, an unrequested shower-bath, and smiles on faces that were only protected from the same evils by a pane of glass —surely, their ill-temper should have been forgiven them!

The swarm of locusts in ancient Egypt was nothing to the swarm of umbrellas that darkened the streets; and, like most other things unaccustomed to license, they took advantage of the circumstance. They became entangled together —they made desperate attacks upon the eyes of pedestrians—they wrenched themselves from the hands of their owners—they did everything, but keep off the rain. The moment that the drops began to fall a sudden eruption of umbrellas ensued, as though they had come down with the rain, or been thrown up from the bowels of the earth; and every man, woman, and child, was travelling under a black shed whose advent was certainly a triumph over mushrooms.

Moses Geldthorp was an old bachelor; one of those unfortunate beings who are the victims of designing landladies—the prey of thievish servants—and shuttle-cocks to the world in general. Why don't somebody institute a revolt in their favor? Why can they not be allowed to pursue the tenor of their own way, whether even or not? Even if their inclinations should lead them to adopt Mrs. Chick's suggestion, and walk on the ceiling like the flies—provided, of course, that the persons of those below were insured from accident. Such were the reflections in which Moses indulged, quite in a good-natured way; and he had fallen into the habit of asking himself questions without expecting any answers.

Still, he was by no means ungrateful for blessings; one of these was a landlady with whom he had boarded for years, and here Moses found himself so tenderly cared-far, and all his possessions in such excellent order, that, not being initiated into the mysteries of machinery by which it was accomplished, he adopted the current impression among the sex that "*man* wants but little here below." All he can get may be *little*, but he wants it, nevertheless.

Moses was the possessor of an independent property; and having distinguished his youth by receiving this bequest from a relative, he was now content to repose upon his laurels, and under the shade of Mrs. Elmfield's vine and fig-tree. In early youth, Moses had been distinguished for a good-natured drollery of manner, which rendered his society welcome in every circle that he frequented; and age and prosperity had not soured his temper. He was one of those easy, smiling gentlemen, who are always patting little children on the head, giving sixpences to ragged boys, assisting ladies in all sorts of dilemmas, and being taken in with the greatest good-nature. Moses could tell an excellent story—a more amusing and improbable one than any of Mrs. Elmfield's inmates; and while the elements were doing their best without, he was reigning within, the undisputed monarch of an eager circle of listeners.

The youngest boarder at Mrs. Elmfield's was Frank Ranger; and, although the two were sworn friends, never, perhaps, was there a greater contrast than between him and Moses Geldthorp. Moses had been erected upon a most liberal scale —he always took up more room in an omnibus, and wore the largest coats in the house; while Frank Ranger, though tall, had a slight, elegant figure, and an expression that was half melancholy, and half proud. He was young, talented, and poor; he found himself in the unenviable position of a lawyer without clients; and to punish himself for this misfortune, he seemed resolved to find as little enjoyment in the world as possible.

Digitized by Google

Moses Geldthorp had tried in vain to own an umbrella. He was the very man to have it stolen from him, to lend it to a lady, and never receive it again, and to dispose of it in every possible way. Could the ghosts of all the umbrellas that have been borrowed or stolen from the good-natured bachelor but rise up together, what an assemblage they would make! What a confederacy of whalebone, silk and cotton! And oh! what tales could they unfold of toil, and wrong, and cruelty!

Moses had nearly spent a small fortune in umbrellas, between original purchases and rewards for their recovery, when he smilingly made the discovery that Fate had resolved upon his performing his pilgrimage through the world umbrella-less, at least umbrellas would not stay with him, but took to themselves wings and flew away. He received the conviction easily, as he did every other *contre-temps*, and resolved to do no more battle in behalf of umbrellas.

The most sensible thing, in a storm, next to carrying an umbrella oneself, is to select a friend who patronizes that useful article; and this Moses took care to do. Frank Ranger was the very person to manage an umbrella; his strength of character was equal to all its windings and turnings. With him it was a thing to have and to hold forevermore; and being rather given to tragedy, an attack upon his umbrella would, doubtless, have produced an outburst equal to that of Fitz James:

> "Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I!"

He *always* had an umbrella; his name, written in legible characters upon the handle, seemed to defy all who would endeavor to deprive him of his property; and Moses wondered in vain how he contrived to retain it. In stormy weather they sallied forth together; Frank carrying the umbrella, and his friend humbly content under its borrowed shelter.

It was on a never-to-be-forgotten day, in that dreary catalogue of rain, when the sun had condescended to shine for two hours together, that the two friends went forth for an aimless stroll. Frank and his umbrella never parted company now-a-days; and although it didn't rain, it was best to be prepared for an emergency, so it was taken as usual; while Moses carried a heavy cane, which, he was convinced, gave him a very important look. They walked on; Frank moody and absorbed in his own thoughts—his companion effervescing with good-humor, and liberal of remarks upon all who passed.

Suddenly the air was darkened by a shower of umbrellas—the stones were sprinkled with quickly falling drops—handkerchiefs were tied over new bonnets—and those who had no umbrellas took to their heels. Frank walked on with his umbrella closed—apparently unmindful of the rain; and Moses cared too little for causes and effects in general to be disturbed by it. His attention was soon attracted by two pretty-looking girls, in fresh, spring dresses, who were walking just in front, and seemed to be in great distress for their white bonnets. Never before had he so much regretted the slippery character of the umbrellas that had deserted him; and he was just upon the point of requesting Frank's, when that individual, as if suddenly awakened from a dream, gleamed toward the woe-begone damsels—dashed past him—and offered his arm and umbrella at the same time.

Moses' eyes were bent upon the pretty face of the inside one; there would be no harm done, and the temptation was too strong to be resisted; so, almost at the same moment, he sprang forward, and elevating his cane with an important air, said: "Allow me, Miss," as though it were an umbrella. The young lady took his arm in the style of a drowning man catching at a straw; and falling behind the other two, they travelled on at a rapid pace.

Moses preserved a grave countenance, which he found somewhat of a task under the circumstances; but his companion was constantly nestling closer, as though doubtful of receiving her share of the umbrella. She dodged the drops continually, and feared that Moses considered *his* hat of more consequence than *her's*. Moses, with great politeness, would make a meaningless show of inclining the imaginary umbrella over her head; and, for a few moments, she would appear satisfied. But then her restlessness again continued; and she seemed to avoid looking in the face of her companion. Not so Moses; he had improved his opportunity well, and found himself linked with about five feet two of graceful young ladyhood, blue eyes, and a face fair, and somewhat pensive.

Frank's charge had beaming, mischievous black eyes, and a round, roguish face, that seemed constantly on the look-out for a subject of merriment. She and Frank were talking in a low tone with all the ease of old acquaintances; and Moses resolved to punish him for not having mentioned this acquaintance to *him*.

Suddenly, the front couple looked around: the young lady glanced at her cousin, Moses, and the cane, and then burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Frank followed her example; and the blue-eyed damsel, supposing her acceptance of

Digitized by Google

a stranger's arm the cause of their merriment, blushed in painful confusion. But her mischievous cousin was looking up at the cane—so was Frank—and, following the direction of their eyes, she too looked. She then glanced at Moses.

"Why, sir!" she exclaimed, in the greatest innocence, "your umbrella has no top to it!"

Her companion's gravity was completely upset.

"No, madam," said he, with a polite bow, "I am sorry to say that it never had any!"

The merriment of the others was almost uncontrollable; and although the white bonnet and lilac silk dress were now complete wrecks, a smile was soon dimpling the cheek of the pensive-looking damsel. Frank now performed a wonder of magnanimity; for, resigning his place beside his ladye-love, he went back to Moses, and the two cousins proceeded together with the umbrella. A thousand apologies were made for his remissness—a thousand pardons begged by the penitent Moses—and he was informed that the blue-eyed young lady was Miss Bulder, and the other one, Miss Markton.

With much talking and laughing, they approached a handsome house, with white marble steps; and as the gentlemen declined an invitation to enter, the young ladies expressed their thanks, and bade them adieu. Moses could not help thinking, as he turned homeward, of the merry gleam in Annie Bulder's eye—it was somewhat ominous; he remembered that seemingly quiet people were often the deepest in mischief, after all.

"That was a beautiful performance of yours," said Frank, after an interval of silence, "I should think that Miss Bulder would never speak to you again."

"You really believe, then, that she is angry?" asked Moses, in some alarm.

"Angry?" replied his companion, "oh, no! certainly not—young ladies are particularly fond of having their new dresses spoiled. But what possessed you to do it? I concluded that you had borrowed an umbrella of some one."

"You mean," returned Moses, "that the small circumstance of our existence had entirely passed from your memory. As to the how I came to do it, why, I was so bewildered by a pair of blue eyes that I was unconscious of everything save an intense desire to walk beside the owner of those eyes, and have her arm in mine. She looked toward me beseechingly, and 'upon this hint I spoke.'"

"Well," observed Frank, "I do not envy you your position."

With this consoling remark he entered Mrs. Elmfield's door, and the friends separated. Poor Moses! his dreams, that night, were haunted by the sweet face of Annie Bulder, turned into a fury, and holding up before him a discolored dress and dilapidated bonnet. What to do he didn't know; but, before long, he formed a plan of reparation, which, on account of its very wisdom, he resolved not impart to Frank until he could carry it out in perfection.

Moses became suddenly addicted to mysterious excursions; and, Frank, although somewhat puzzled, was too much engrossed by his own affairs to waste time in idle curiosity. But Moses was full of reproaches for his unfriendly secresy; and at last drew from Frank the confession that he had been for some time engaged to Miss Markton—that she was as poor as himself—and that her cousin, Miss Bulder, was the aim of fortune-hunters of every grade.

"You don't mean to say, then, that I have fancied an heiress!" exclaimed Moses, in evident disappointment.

"I think it quite likely," replied Frank, with a smile, "but, don't be alarmed—perhaps she will not fancy you."

"That is just what I feared," said Moses, mournfully, "I thought it barely possible that a young, pretty girl, as poor even as a church-mouse, would not laugh at an offer from me—but *an heiress*, too! How unfortunate!"

"Miss Bulder should hear you," said Frank, "I do not wish to marry an heiress," he continued, "neither do I mean to covet; but if Miss Bulder's uncle had been *my* uncle, and made *me* his heir, I should feel better satisfied."

Moses smiled at the distinction; and now, that he was aware of Frank's fresh difficulties, his generous heart set about some mode of improvement, but it seemed difficult to decide upon any thing that might not wound the young gentleman's pride. A large sum of money in a blank envelope suggested itself, but Frank would certainly guess *him;* and he remained in a perfect fever of restlessness. Frank was somewhat surprised that his invitation to call upon the young ladies should be declined; but Moses looked mysterious, and said something about not being ready, and he was obliged to go alone.

He was still more surprised when his friend, with great secresy, conducted him into his apartment, and opening a bureau-drawer, displayed to his astonished eyes a very gaudy silk dress, and a massive bracelet.

"What *does* this mean?" inquired Frank.

"For Miss Bulder," said Moses, pointing to the slip of paper on the dress, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. "I couldn't manage to find a bonnet," he continued, "the

Digitized by Google

milliners all looked so quizzical when I entered their shops—but this bracelet is worth more than twenty bonnets. Don't you think she will like them?"

Moses regarded his purchases with an admiring eye; but Frank, who was rather more experienced in worldly matters, indulged, much to his companion's astonishment, in a hearty fit of laughter. It was so like Moses; the dress was exactly such a one as he might be expected to select, or any other unfortunate masculine left to the tender mercies of dry-good clerks.

"Don't you know," said Frank, when he had recovered his gravity, "that you are only making matters worse by this magnificent expenditure? Were you to send these things, you would never find Miss Bulder at home—call as often as you might."

Moses' face, which had hitherto worn an expression of rapturous satisfaction, began to look cloudy.

"What shall I do with them?" said he, in a doleful tone.

"As to the dress," replied Frank, with rather a contemptuous glance at the resplendent fabric, "I advise you to present that to Susan, as a reward for keeping your room in such excellent order; the bracelet you had better lay aside, and see what turns up."

Poor Moses! It was without a fraction of the Micawber faith in "turning up" that he mournfully replaced the bracelet amid its folds of cotton, and locked it in his private drawer. Susan's eyes were delighted with the silk dress, radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, and she thought Mr. Geldthorp the very nicest gentleman that she had ever seen. Moses little imagined, during his industrious perambulations around the city, that he was exercising his taste and feet to gratify the chambermaid; but his accommodating temper, having failed of the height to which he aspired, became contented with the little.

Frank introduced his friend, trembling and agitated, into the presence of the pretty cousins; and, embarrassed by the recollections of their former meeting, Moses appeared very much like an overgrown Toots. Some wise person has observed that your really *good* man is the most diffident being in creation; and it was partly owing to his real superiority of heart that Moses Geldthorp found it so difficult to assert his own merits. Annie Bulder kindly endeavored to relieve his confusion; and Moses soon made the discovery that she was no ordinary girl, and wondered what Frank saw to admire so much in "that giggling Miss Markton."

From that day the two were constantly at the house. The other boarders laughed; they called them the Siamese twins, and wondered if they always hunted in couples; but Moses was too happy to care—and as to Frank, piercing the hide of a rhinoceros was as easy a task as to annoy him with ridicule.

"I can't imagine," observed Moses, one evening, when the two were locked up together in Frank's room, "what perverse fate sent me out with you that showery day—nor can I imagine," he added, more apropos than usual, "what ever became of all my umbrellas!"

Frank knocked the ashes out of his cigar, (*he* smoked, but Moses didn't) and inquired if his friend had grown tired of Miss Bulder.

"Dombey and Son" had not then made its appearance, or Moses would certainly have replied in the enthusiastic language of Toots, when he expressed a wish to be transformed into Miss Dombey's dog. As it was, he merely shook his head, and observed thoughtfully,

"If Miss Bulder could only meet with some mishap—lose her fortune, you know—or have the small-pox—provided that she got over it."

"I should feel better satisfied with her as she is," said Frank.

"There might *then* be some chance of her being satisfied with *me*," returned Moses, humbly.

"Moses, my dear friend," said the young lawyer, impressively, as he ensconced himself in his overcoat, "when I was at the winsome age of five years—a young nondescript in frocks that were all pockets and any quantity of gilt buttons—I went to dinner, one day, with 'a well-behaved little boy' of my own age. I conducted myself as usual: asked for what I wanted, and if refused, clamored until I got it; *I* was stuffed with every thing on the table, and petted by the company—while the well-behaved child, who had not once spoken, was, somewhere near the conclusion of the meal, rewarded with a chicken-wing. Young as I was, I became impressed with the conviction that modesty didn't pay. *You* can draw what inference you please."

So saying, he coolly walked out, and left Moses meditating desperate things over the expiring embers. Handy Andy was lying on the table; and Moses pondered deeply over the reprimand of the disappointed mother, when Andy, having escaped from the infuriated claws of Matty and her lover, relates his humble manner of ingratiating himself with his newly and unexpectedly made lady: "You Omaelharon, you! *Make a woman believe that you're no better nor her, an' she'll like you!*"

But Moses shook his head despairingly. The nursery rhyme that had so puzzled his childhood,

Digitized by Google

in which a cow jumped over the moon, was nothing to the wild impracticability of such an idea. How *could* people write so! He believed, though, that Frank had impressed Miss Markton with a conviction of *his* superiority; but then—she was not Annie Bulder!

When Frank returned, he found his friend fast asleep, with "Handy Andy" open upon his knee; and as he glanced at the page, he was at no loss to imagine the thoughts that had puzzled that honest heart. His smile was not entirely one of pity—respect for the simple goodness of Moses' character was mingled with it.

Everybody has made a wry face over *some* nauseous compound—has tightly closed his eyes, and taken a first swallow of unnatural dimensions to lower, if possible, the glass that *neither* exhilarates nor intoxicates; so felt Moses when he stood before Annie Bulder during the long-wished-for moment *after* the fatal plunge. Yes, he had done it at last; and now looked at her despairingly as she sat playing with the tassel of her apron.

"Mr. Geldthorp," said she, with a smile, as she raised her clear eyes to his face, "you will probably be surprised at what I am going to say."

"More *grieved* than surprised," thought Moses, who anticipated a gentle refusal.

"Ever since I arrived at the dignity of long dresses," continued the pretty heiress, "I have been pestered by various 'airy nothings,' who called themselves *men*. These suitors would, doubtless, have reversed the speech of the disinterested boatman who rowed Lord Ullin's daughter 'across the stormy water'—but, fortunately, not one of them approached even the ante-chamber leading to my heart. My cousin has often observed 'how pleasant it was to be an heiress!' but I am afraid that I owe to *that* circumstance the fact of my being a somewhat incredulous young lady, to whom the chivalry of olden times sounds like a fanciful dream. But, perhaps, instead of this long preface, it will be more satisfactory to you to hear that I am no longer an heiress."

She was smiling, but her eyes were bent searchingly upon Moses, whose countenance showed, like a clear lake, the heart that was "free from envy, malice, and all uncharitableness."

"I am *so* glad!" said he, softly, waiting for her to proceed. The smile was gone; but there came into her eyes a look that caused his heart to thrill with an almost incredulous sensation of happiness.

"My cousin," said she, "has, as you probably know, been for some time engaged to Frank Ranger; they were both too poor to marry, and upon her I have settled the half of my fortune, whose *real* amount would probably discourage my host of suitors. Do I not appear to you, as I should to the rest of them, a jackdaw stripped of borrowed plumes?"

Moses reverently kissed the hand that had been worrying the tassel; and, not to be outdone in generosity, innocently announced his intention of settling *his* fortune on Frank.

Annie laughed outright.

"And pray," said she, "what are *we* to live on?"

"*We?*" Was it really so? Moses was so absorbed in a vision of Annie, with a sweet, calculating face, as now, summing up accounts—or, in a neat-fitting morning-dress, with a bunch of keys at her side that meant no more than sleigh-bells, that he forgot to answer. But Annie brought the question before him, decided, in its stern necessity, as a bayonet; and, as he seemed somewhat hard to convince, she coolly observed,

"Well, sir, if you *are* foolish enough to marry me without my fortune, I have no intention of taking *you*, minus *yours*."

Moses awoke from a long dream. "My dearest Annie!" he exclaimed, "excuse me—everything shall be as you wish!"

Annie laughed again, but she suffered him to retain her hand; and Moses felt like the Peri at the gate of Paradise.

"Mr. Geldthorp," observed his lady, demurely, on their wedding day, "you took *me* in with an imaginary umbrella, and I took you in with an imaginary fortune—we are now square, I think."

"Not unless the plural pronoun is vested in *me*," returned Moses, as the mirror before which they stood gave back his substantial proportions and Annie's sylph-like figure. Newly married people have a great fancy for seeing themselves reflected together.

What Annie *did* in reply is, as Mr. Toots wisely observes, "of no consequence."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"Why does Kate sneer at lovers' bliss?
Was her gallant a bad one?"

"No, bless your heart! The reason's this—
Because she never had one."

S. J., JR.

Digitized by Google

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

BY J. THORNTON RANDOLPH, AUTHOR OF "THE CABIN AND PARLOR."

At the dead of night there was a cry. "Fire, fire, fire!"

Even in a great city, where thousands are at hand to render aid, it is a terrible cry at that hour. But on a lonely plantation how inexpressibly awful!

"Fire, fire, fire!" It rang through the wide halls, and was echoed from the negro quarter, in every variety of the tones of horror and alarm.

The mistress of the mansion, awaking at the cry, sprang from bed, and hurriedly began to dress, gazing around bewildered. For a moment she was conscious only that her husband was absent. She was recalled to something like herself by the shrieks of the maid who had slept in the room, and who, instead of assisting her toilet, was pointing, with terrified gesticulations, to the ruddy reflection playing against the trees in front of the house.

Suddenly, to add to the confusion of the scene, the chamber door was flung open, and a crowd of female servants rushed in, flocking affrightedly together, like a covey pursued by the sportsman. They closed around Mrs. Stewart's bed, screaming, weeping, wringing their hands, and depriving her of what little presence of mind had been left.

"Oh! missus, we shall be burned to death, we shall, all of us. The fire has caught the staircase. The blessed Lord above hab mercy on us." These, and similar exclamations, filled the air and distracted her attention.

Meantime the conflagration became more serious each minute. Had that terrified group listened, they could have heard the roar of the flames in the hall outside, and the crackling sound that announced the approach of the fire to the wood-work near the staircase, warning them that, if they would save their lives, their flight must be instant. But they only huddled the closer together, sobbing, moaning, embracing one another frantically.

All at once a man dashed into the room, with agitated face and dress disordered. Thrusting aside the terrified maids, he hastily approached his mistress.

"Fly," he cried, breathlessly, "this moment, or you'll be too late." And glancing rapidly around the room, he snatched the rich cover from a centre-table, which stood in the middle of the apartment, covered with books, pretty trifles, and flowers in vases. This he threw around his mistress, exclaiming, "it will keep the fire from catching. Come."

The sight of his face had reassured his mistress. Juba was about her own age, had been born in her father's family, and had always exhibited the most devoted attachment to herself personally. Above all the servants on the plantation he was distinguished for a strict, religious performance of his duties, for Juba was consistently pious. He was also shrewd and ready in every emergency, and Mrs. Stewart felt that he would save her, even at the peril of his life.

Juba, even while speaking, had seized her hand and dragged her toward the staircase. But now a gust of wind drove such volumes of thick, black smoke toward them, that she was almost suffocated, and she paused, unable to proceed. It was not a time to hesitate, so Juba, snatching her in his arms as he would a child, and dragging the cover entirely over her face, dashed into the rolling volumes of smoke, and down the great staircase.

He was not a moment too soon. Scarcely had he reached the bottom, followed by the affrighted maids, before the passage was closed entirely by a dense wall of flame. Neither he nor the female servants, indeed, escaped entirely unhurt. But the table-cover effectually protected Mrs. Stewart.

Juba had scarcely, however, placed his mistress safely on the lawn, before she started up, crying, "where is the baby? Who has seen the child? Oh! it is in the house yet." And she would have rushed toward the blazing doorway if she had not been instantly and forcibly detained.

The servants looked at each other in dismay. In the suddenness with which the conflagration had spread, and in the excitement of their mistress' danger, nobody had thought of the child. It was an only one, a boy about two years old, who slept with his nurse, or "mammy," as she was called in the household, in a back room in the upper story. Mrs. Stewart's first thought, on her escape, had been to look for her darling; and but for this the absence of the child might have been even longer overlooked.

The servants, we say, looked at each other in dismay. The hall of the house was now all in a

Digitized by Google

flame, the fire pouring out through the doorway as from the mouth of a furnace, so that ingress by that path was impossible. Most of the second story was also burning, and the entire first floor, for the conflagration had broken out there originally. To reach the apartment where the nurse, probably paralyzed by terror, was still with the child, seemed out of the question entirely.

But there was one there who determined to make the attempt. The sight of the mother's face, and the sound of her broken moans, as she sank into the arms of those who restrained her, exhausted by her struggles to escape, determined Juba to try at least to rescue his young master.

"I will go, missus," he said, "don't cry no more."

He looked around, as he spoke, for some means of scaling the second story. There was no ladder, and only one staircase, but the bough of an ornamental tree, that overshadowed the house, fortunately held out a means of access to a bold heart and a strong arm. Not stopping even to hear his mistress' thanks, he clambered up the tree, ran out on the limb, and dropping on the roof, disappeared within the dwelling.

How breathless were the moments that ensued. The flames were spreading with frightful rapidity. The eaves of the building began to smoke, showing that the fire within had reached the roof, and soon after the whole line of them flashed into conflagration. Meantime the lurid element poured out from the windows, ran upward licking the combustible front, and streamed in a waving, dazzling pyramid, high over the top of the mansion, far into the blue firmament. Millions of sparks, accompanied by volumes of rolling smoke, sailed down the sky before the breeze, completely obscuring the heavens at intervals, though occasionally this thick canopy partially blowing aside, the calm moon was seen, peacefully shining down through the rent, in strange contrast to the otherwise terrific scene. The roar of the conflagration had now became intensely loud: and, to add to the horror, there began to be heard the awful sound of timbers falling within the house.

Mrs. Stewart had watched the fire in silence, her hands clasped, and lips parted, ever since Juba had disappeared within the house. Each moment appeared an age to her. At last the suspense, thus lengthening out interminably, as it seemed, became intolerable.

"Oh! it is in vain," she cried, making a new effort to rush into the flames, "he cannot find my boy. Let me go myself. For the love of God——"

But at that instant, through the smoke that almost hid the only window that was not already on fire, appeared the faithful Juba, holding aloft the infant. The flames were all around, and in a moment more would overtake him. He made a rapid gesture for some one to approach.

Four of the males, comprehending his wish, snatched a blanket, and rushed promptly forward. The heat was intolerable, but they disregarded it, and standing beneath the window, with the blanket outstretched, they shouted to Juba to throw the child toward them. He had, however, anticipated them. The infant fell while they were speaking, was caught safely in the blanket, and was hurried immediately to Mrs. Stewart, who clasped it to her bosom with frantic delight. The whole was the work of less time than we have taken to describe it.

But simultaneously a terrific crash was heard, that made the very earth tremble beneath the spectators; a huge column of smoke shot up toward the sky, from where the roof had been; and, as if propelled from a force-pump, a gush of intense flame followed, leaping far up into the highest heaven.

The crowd, one and all, gasped for breath. Then came a deep, long-drawn sigh. For the roof and floors had evidently fallen in; and the faithful Juba, alas! was nowhere to be seen.

A dozen persons rushed toward the building, and, until driven back by the heat, stood close by the window where he had been latest visible. They had hoped to find him there. They had flattered themselves that there had been time enough for him to leap.

But it was now plain this had not been the case. He most probably felt the floor giving way, before he threw the child, and if so this explained the cause of his haste. They said this to each other, as they fell back.

But there was little time for words. Scarcely had this thought been exchanged, before there was another crash, and, with a momentary waving motion, almost the entire building fell in, so that what had been a stately mansion an hour before, was now only a shapeless pile of blazing timbers.

The shouts, the exclamations, the sobbings which had filled the air, but the instant before, ceased again at this appalling spectacle. Neighbor looked at neighbor, aghast with horror, the lurid light adding a wild, spectral look to each inquiring face. Then a simultaneous cry rose from the crowd, that Juba and the old nurse were buried in the ruins.

But suddenly, from out the flame and smoke, in the direction where the generous slave had last been seen, what seemed a human figure began to emerge, crawling painfully on hands

Digitized by Google

and knees. A human figure, yet crushed almost out of the shape of humanity, but still with life in it, for it moved.

And hark! a voice. A full, deep voice, coming from that mangled body. What did it say?

Not words of pain, reader: but words of joy: words that you and I may bless God if we can say, when dying.

They were words such as the martyrs used at the stake, or among the lions. "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" Nothing more. But continually, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"*

For was not he a martyr too? He had died to save his master's child. Oh! he was both hero and martyr. And now that he had "fought the good fight," that the "goal was won," God gave him strength to forget the agony of his crisped and mangled body, and to remember only that he was going to bliss everlasting.

Thus, over the renewed sobbing of the spectators, over the wild shriek of his mistress as she rushed toward him, over the roar and crackling of the conflagration, there rose, like a trumpet, the incessant cry, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

One would not have thought that it was a poor, maimed, bleeding, dying sufferer that spoke, but the happiest and proudest of men.

They reached him, stooped over him, would have raised him. But, at that moment, he looked up at his mistress, a triumphant smile breaking over his face, and then fell lifeless back, a "Hallelujah" still trembling on his tongue.

And so he died. His grave has a marble tablet, with the words "faithful unto death." What nobler motto could there be!

* A fact.

IDA VANE.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

When the world seems lone and weary,
And the winds go sobbing low,
Chaunting sad and mournful requiems
O'er the days of "long ago"—
Oft in strains of softest music,
Mem'ry breathes of thee again,
And thou com'st in dreams of beauty,
Dearly lov'd one—Ida Vane!

'Twas in days of gladsome boyhood,
That I learn'd to dream of thee,
And thine image woke within me
Songs of glorious melody.
But my heart, that beat so fondly,
Never thought of woe and pain,
Till each fair and cherished vision
Slowly faded—Ida Vane!

Then it was that sorrow nestled
Closely in my heart's deep cell,
As I mourn'd o'er days departed,
When I lov'd so wildly well.
Spring-time brought me dreams of gladness,
But when Summer robed each plain,
My heart's music breath'd of sadness—
Fondly worshipp'd Ida Vane!

But the world can never sever
Hearts that love like thine and mine,
And thro' all my tearful sorrow,
I'll still kneel at thy pure shrine;
For I know, when sad and weary,
Thou canst bring me dreams again—
Far more beautiful and lovely—
Bright and gladsome Ida Vane!

NOON.

BY CLARA MORETON.

The glorious sun is midway in the sky,
But for the clouds it scarcely can be seen—
Their shadows fall athwart the meadows green,
And o'er the brown fields where the sheaves still lie.
Ah! now my heart is filled with boding dread,
And tears break slowly from my downcast eyes,
Like drops of rain from all unwilling skies
When April's flowers bloom fair above the dead.
A whisper trembles through the noontide air!
The rustling of the pines the wind before
Mayhap—yet sounds a dirge-like "nevermore,"
And back I gaze upon the past so fair,
Yet glean not courage for the coming night,
From whence I see no ray of guiding light.

Digitized by Google

INDOOR HORTICULTURE.

GROWING MOSSES AND FERNS.

There is nothing so beautiful, in a parlor, as plants, especially in winter time, or in early spring before out-of-door flowers begin to bloom. They give a lightness and grace to an apartment which nothing else can bestow. It is a sure sign of a cultivated taste when a lady thus adorns her parlor.

On former occasions we have given directions for cultivating various in-door plants. A correspondent requests us now to give directions for cultivating mosses and ferns, those simple, yet beautiful productions of Nature. With this request we cheerfully comply.

It is a pity that those enlivening objects for the window of a drawing-room during the cold weather, are so rarely cultivated in this country. They will require but very little care or attention if grown in ornamental vases and under close glass covers. The larger varieties are planted in exceedingly small pots, as shown in figures 1 and 2, while the smaller do not require pots, but merely a little loose earth. Figure 2 represents a vase and its bell glass cover; figure 1 is a transverse section of the same. The upper edge

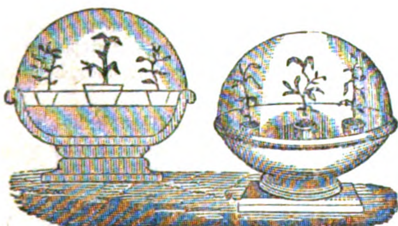


Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

VASES FOR MOSSES.

of the vase has a grove for the reception of the lower edge of the glass. This grove being kept constantly filled with water makes the junction air-tight. Figure 3 represents a table and vase for growing ferns, &c., upon a somewhat larger scale. The top of the table may be from two to three feet wide; the extension below, which is of smaller diameter and hollow, is for holding the earth in which the plants grow. If the ferns, lycopodiums, and mosses, or their seeds, are planted in thoroughly *moistened* but *not wet* earth, the whole being exposed to the light, and the cover removed only when it becomes necessary to clean the glasses, the plants will grow and flourish remarkably for many months, without

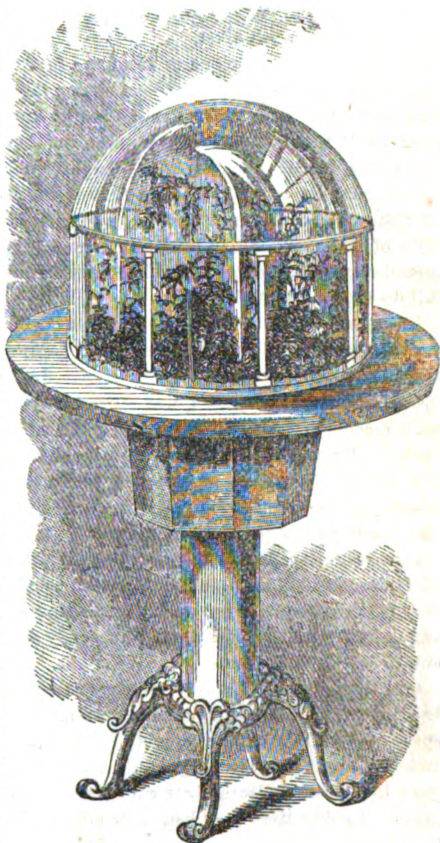


Fig. 3.

VASE FOR GROWING FERNS, ETC.

any further care than what is necessary to prevent their freezing. The influence of the sun causes the moisture from the soil to rise in vapor. The vapor is condensed upon the glass, and, trickling down its sides, remoistens the earth continually. This process is repeated *ad infinitum*, and the growth of the plant has no other limit than the size of the vase.

Digitized by Google

BOB HOUSTON'S EXPERIENCE IN THE POLKA.

BY FANNY SMITH.

I SHALL never forget my Cousin Bob Houston's experience of the Polka.

In the Western Pennsylvania village from which he came, the Mazourka, the Redowa, and the Schottish had only begun to be whispered of, but the Polka was in full blast.

I entered our parlor one evening and found a tall, somewhat awkward gentleman sitting there, who seemed to have more hands than he knew what to do with conveniently, with an incipient moustache, which he evidently thought would thrive more on city air, than on that of his far off village home, and an attempt at a fashionable style of dress, which had evidently come from a second-rate tailor, and was what Thackeray would call decidedly "snobbish."

I was introduced to the gentleman as a cousin, and after various questions regarding his journey and family, which were invariably answered with the addition of "mam," I was startled by his asking, "pray, mam, do they dance the Polka here?" My reply was of course in the affirmative, but I also spoke of the new fashionable dances, and described them, and in fact showed him the steps and positions of several.

But he declared that the Polka outdid them all for grace, dexterity, and excitement; so after tea my little sister played on the piano, and Bob and myself "polked" till I was completely worn out.

Our family were the only relatives whom he had in the city, so nearly all his evenings were spent with us. We still "polked" indefatigably, and as I found our intimacy would warrant it, I gave him some delicate hints with regard to his dress. In due time they had their effect. The forest green cut-away-coat with metal buttons, was exchanged for a quiet black frock; the plaided waistcoat, which looked as if it might have been made from Helen McGregor's shawl, was replaced by a dark claret velvet, or black cloth; the hat, which had been such a decided D'Orsay, had some of the brim uncurled; and the orange colored kids gave place to some sober brown or lead tint, which wonderfully improved the appearance of his hand.

The large, double gilt watch-chain, and the studs of red and green also gradually disappeared, and my Cousin Bob did really look like a gentleman.

I said nothing about the moustaches. Gentle reader! I have a *penchant* for them I admit, and Cousin Bob's were very handsome, so black and glossy. Altogether he was really a fine-looking fellow, good-hearted and naturally intelligent withal. I soon grew quite proud of my *protege.*

"Bob," said I, one evening, when he polked into the parlor, and then whirled himself into a chair by my side, "Bob, Mrs. Watson is going to give a splendid party this day week. Would you like to go as my gallant?"

"Like to go, Fanny, to be sure," and his eyes fairly sparkled with pleasure, "but," and here his countenance fell again, "but I have had no invitation."

"Oh, no matter for that; I saw Mrs. Watson to-day, and she told me to bring any gentleman whom I pleased, and you shall go with me if you will."

Bob gave a delighted assent, and immediately arose, and begged me to practise the polka with him again. My sister Nelly's nimble little fingers were put under contribution, and we flew up and down the room, looking about as sensible, I suppose, to uninitiated eyes, as the whirling Dervishes would to us.

My cousin at length took his departure, but after having closed the parlor door, he put his head in again, saying,

"Now, Cousin Fan, don't laugh, but as I am going with you, I ought to dress as you wish me to, you know; so what must I wear on Wednesday night?"

I prescribed a complete suit of black except the vest and gloves, and Bob went off again with many thanks for my kindness in taking him.

The great Wednesday night at length arrived, and with it Bob. He came into our parlor so gracefully and quietly, except with that everlasting Polka step, that I had no fear of any *gaucheries.*

We arrived late, and the band of music was playing the most inspiriting Polka possible. I felt that a little more would send Bob "polking" through the hall to the dressing-room, coat and all, but he went up stairs with only a subdued excitement visible in his manner, and when I rejoined him at the dressing-room door, I whispered as I took his arm,

Digitized by Google

"For mercy's sake, Bob, don't polk up to Mrs. Watson when we go in."

My advice really seemed necessary. To be sure he bowed gravely enough to the hostess, but he put his arm to my waist the moment we had passed her, and would have whirled me off immediately had I been willing. That I told him would look too eager, and from the length of time the waltze had been playing I knew it must be nearly through, but promised him my hand, or rather my waist for the next dance.

I introduced my cousin, however, to my pretty little friend, Kate Harvey, and as a plain quadrille was about being formed, he led her to it.

He really acquitted himself very well, but in a subdued manner rather, for it was terribly stupid and slow after the Polka, he said.

Then we had the Schottish and the Redowa, and though Bob looked on with interest, he evidently thought they fell short of his favorite.

"But, Fanny," said he, "what a beautiful young lady your friend Miss Harvey is, and she tells me that she doates on the Polka. She has promised me to dance the first one with me after the waltze to which I am engaged with you."

The evening passed till twelve o'clock most delightfully to Bob, then the supper room on the other side of the hall was thrown open, and the large drawing-rooms were deserted.

Bob almost gave a whistle of surprise at the magnificence of the table, loaded with flowers, candy temples, and all the most tempting delicacies of the season, but was soon too much engrossed with tasting the edibles to think of their appearance. Champagne corks popped in every direction, and though Bob did not, as a certain magistrate of the state, say it was "the best cider he had ever tasted," still he did acknowledge it to be wonderfully good "Heidsick."

In the course of half an hour or so, the band in the other parlor commenced the Polka waltze, in order to draw off those who had finished supper, as the room was very full, and I saw Bob with a triumphant air lead off Kate Harvey to the drawing-room.

There were just enough couples on the floor to make the waltzing pleasant. They circled in and out, producing figures which would have driven a military tactician wild, now scudding back and forth, as if impelled by a breeze, now here, now there, sometimes treading on the trains of particularly thin or elegant dresses, sometimes bounding up against the next neighbor like Indian rubber balls.

I watched Bob Houston and his fair partner with some anxiety. I do not think the champagne had at all got in his head, but it did certainly seem to affect his feet. He went around the room like a flying Mercury, almost lifting Kate off of her feet when he gave her a whirl, and making her fairly pant for breath. She, however, seemed as much excited as himself, and showed no signs of fatigue. On and on they went, advancing and receding, whirling and sliding aside of their neighbors with marvelous precision, till Bob's face grew crimson, his high pointed shirt-collar, which had been so beautifully stiff and glossy in the beginning of the evening, began to grow limp and fall, his breath came pantingly, and the perspiration was streaming down his forehead.

I was standing in the doorway of the supper-room cooling my mouth after the terrapin, with some deliciously large and transparent Malaga grapes, while Mrs. Woodley, a particularly fussy lady, with no children to annoy her, and who could never see a pin put in crooked without speaking of it, had just taken a cup of smoking hot coffee from a servant, and was holding in her other hand, a plate of chicken salad and stewed oysters which belonged to her husband, who had gone for some water.

As I said before, I was watching Bob and his partner with some apprehension, but thinking they must be nearly exhausted, was about turning away, when looking up, I saw them sliding backward directly toward us. Alas! alas! it was too late, for Bob had his back toward us, and Kate evidently saw nothing, so he came up plump against Mrs. Woodley, knocking the coffee cup out of her hand, the hot contents of which passed down his legs and made him fairly spring. This entangled him in Kate's fashionably long dress, and nearly threw them down together, whilst the oysters and chicken salad went on Mrs. Woodley's new dark green velvet, till she forgot her usually proper and decorous manner, and said things to, and about Bob which I should not like to repeat here.

No wonder, poor soul though, for the velvet dress had cost her nearly seventy dollars, and it was ruined.

Kate's pretty face too, was perfectly disfigured by her vexation. She had been laughed at by the bystanders, for her hard dancing and its unfortunate result, and this was a thing which her philosophy could not stand.

As for poor Bob, he first rubbed his legs where the hot liquid had run down, turned to make an apology to the affronted dame, and was told he was "no gentleman" for his pains; found he had put his foot through Kate's beautiful lace dress, and when he expressed his regret for the *contre-temps* in the most contrite manner, he was bowed

Digitized by Google

away in the most frigidly polite style, and Miss Kate turned her back to him before his sentence was finished.

Poor Bob! he "polked" no more that night; his very moustaches had a drooping look; and when in compassion for his feelings I left early, I had plenty of time for reverie on my way home, for my cousin never spoke a word.

Bob was reading law in the office of one of our ablest pleaders, and I knew that his evenings were not usually much engaged, but I did not now see him again for two or three weeks.

One evening, as I was sitting by the parlor fire reading, the door opened and Bob walked in, in a slow and dignified manner, very different from the hop, skip and jump with which he usually entered. Nelly's fingers and the piano were not called in requisition that night for the Polka. We talked of the sleighing, the opera, concerts, lectures, but never a word was said about Mrs. Watson's party or the Polka.

After this Bob got to visiting us again as formerly, coming and going quite like a domestic animal, but for a long while it seemed as if "Othello's occupation had gone;" he really did not know what to do with himself.

I said to him laughingly one evening,

"Bob, do you know that I am afraid you will be an old bachelor, you seem to settle down so quietly here; do try to find a wife."

"Do you find me a woman, Cousin Fan," said he, "who is lame, has a cork-leg, or anything else in the world that will prevent her from 'polking,' and I promise you to marry her."

Bob is still a bachelor, and he vows it is all because of his EXPERIENCE IN THE POLKA.

TWENTY TO-DAY.

BY FRANK LEE.

My girlhood years, a shining band,
Have fled like Summer hours away;
I hold life's flowers in my hand
And write—twenty to-day!
I bind my hair around my brow,
And braid each chesnut curl,
I wear no grape-like wreathings now
As when a joyous girl.

The bounding hopes of early years
Have with their roses fled,
I have no time for futile tears
Above their beauty shed.
Romance that lit my dreaming way
Has lightly pass'd me by,
On another life I look to-day,
It is—Reality!

I have no burning tears to weep,
No pining words to say,
But holy thoughts like sunlight sleep
Within my heart to-day,
My life has reach'd its starting place,
And far-off is the goal,
I bend my powers to win the race
With high and prayerful soul.

My days for idle dreams are gone
Like stars from th' Summer sky,
My soul has wak'd with thrilling tone
And knows its destiny.
Life has been sweet, too bright, perchance,
For th' shadows round my way
Were like the fleecy clouds that glance
Athwart the sky in play.

I mourn no buried love to-day,
No joyous heav'n o'ercast;
No blighted buds lie on my way,
No shadows o'er the past.
No scorching tears rain from mine eyes
O'er hopes that now are dust,
But holy anthems softly rise,
Flowing with hope and trust.

One link from out my household chain
Has left a void below,
And yet I ask her not again—
She is an angel now.
The Spring birds breathe their joyous song,
The winds go sighing by,
And on the air seems borne along
A glad voice from the sky.

My girlhood years, a shining band,
Have pass'd like Summer's hours away;
I hold life's flowers in my hand
And write—twenty to-day!
Those by-gone years were very bright,
Mine was a sunlit sky,
And yet my soul mourns not their light,
It knows its destiny.

My soul mourns not their thrilling light,
Another way is dawning,
The skies above are scarce less bright
Than those of early morning.
And joyous tones ring on mine ear,
And other hopes are born,
I've much to love and naught to fear
Upon this natal morn.

Digitized by Google

THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

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

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, 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 216.

X.—THE DEATH BED.

From this time Julia saw Manderson frequently. He never, indeed, appeared at the store, as he had so often before, but instead he came often to visit her in the evenings. At such times her father sustained the principal part of the conversation. He and Manderson talked of politics, philosophy, poety and *belles lettres*, for Mr. Forester, like American farmers of his class generally, was a man of considerable reading, and more reflection, and even his highly cultivated and travelled guest found instruction in listening to him.

Julia sat usually silent, but occasionally joined in the conversation, when either the question was one regarding her sex, or when, as was frequent, either of the speakers appealed to her. She was proud of her father, and watched him fondly, especially when he grew eloquent in his earnestness, as he often did. At such times Manderson delighted to watch her in turn, to mark the flash of the eye, the speaking blood that rose to the round cheek, and the erect, spirited carriage of the beautiful head. And as he looked he wondered how he could ever have thought, for a moment, of marrying Clara, and grew more in love with Julia continually.

It would be idle to say that Julia did not begin to reciprocate these feelings. She saw, by a hundred tokens such as love knows how to employ, that it was herself, not her father, that Manderson came to see. It was impossible longer to say to herself that it was folly to give a thought to one raised so much above her by fortune and social position. In refinement, in education, in everything but wealth and station, she felt herself the equal of her visitor; and the more she saw of him, the less she believed him likely to be influenced, in love, by merely adventitious circumstances. Ever since the night he had rescued her from the mob, she felt that she could stake her life on his truth. He was not one, she told her heart, who would seek her society thus, from mere wanton coquetry, and who would desert her as soon as he gratified his vanity by winning her affection.

Never had she been so happy. She regretted no longer the loss of the farm, nor the comparatively menial life she led. She could have gone singing all day, like a glad, free bird, if she had yielded to the gush of her feelings, which indeed it was difficult for her always to restrain. Her step had never been lighter. The rose came back to her cheeks. She grew more beautiful daily, for of all cosmetics, love, the most natural and artless, is ever the best.

But her dream of felicity was a short one. Already clouds were gathering about her, soon to settle down in tempest and night. Disasters and sorrows, some the result of hostile human influence, some the award of inscrutable destiny, were to be her lot; and the first of these was the serious illness of her father.

Though Mr. Forester had borne up bravely like a man, and resignedly like a Christian, against the loss of his property, the blow had nevertheless went to his heart. He did not exhibit any outward evidence of this, but struggled to conceal it, and in the effort wore away health and life. Even the loving eyes of Julia were deceived for a while. But at last the evidences of increasing feebleness grew so palpable that she became alarmed. Still, however, the father denied the truth.

"It is nothing," he said, in answer to Julia's eager inquiries. "I have been so used to constant exercise, and in the open country too, that this living, with nothing to do, in a great city, makes me paler than of old."

"But you eat nothing, dear father," remonstrated Julia. "I have watched you, for several days, and in all that time, you have not taken more than you sometimes used to, at a single meal."

"Ah! Julia, girls will exaggerate," replied the old man, with an effort at cheerfulness.

"Now, papa," she said, and tears came into her eyes, "don't try to deceive me, for I know you are not feeling well. I have seen you, when actually loathing food, try nevertheless to force it down, because you observed me watching you."

Mr. Forester could not gainsay this. He was

Digitized by Google

too sincerely truthful, and good in every way, to prevaricate; and her home questions convinced him of what he had been trying to conceal from himself, that he was rapidly failing. His eye fell before her's.

"Well, my child," he answered, "I will acknowledge that I don't feel as well as I used to. But I have thought it was the city air. Yet, within the last week, I have grown weaker very fast, faster than I suppose I ought."

Poor Julia! Her worst fears were confirmed. She turned away to hide her emotion. Her father followed her movements with his eyes, and though she had her back to him, and professed to be pulling the dead leaves from a rosebush she kept in a pot, he saw that her fingers trembled, and he put up a silent prayer that heaven would protect his child when he was no more.

A fortnight after that day Mr. Forester was confined to the bed from which he was never to rise again. Julia no longer went to the store, for there was no one to be with her father but herself, and though he insisted on her leaving him, declaring that he wanted no nurse, she would not consent. Her employer, at first, promised to retain her place for her. But he had expected that she would soon be able to return. When, however, the busy season came on, and when he found how protracted her father's sickness was, he was forced to provide a successor for her. This was a sad blow for Julia. But the increasing feebleness of her parent soon drove all other thoughts out of her mind. Meantime she supported themselves by taking in shop-work to make up with her needle, and by secretly selling, as necessity required it, one valuable after another of her own.

Manderson came often to inquire about her father, but Julia could no longer see him, except for a moment at a time. Very precious, however, were these interviews, short as they were. The sympathy, denied to her everywhere else, revealed itself in Manderson's every look and tone; and even if she had doubted before that he loved her, she could have doubted no longer now. Still he made no declaration in words. Nor could Julia have loved him as well if he had. For him to have brought his vows to the death bed of her father, would have seemed sacrelige to her; and Manderson, instinctively feeling this, refrained from speaking, though his heart yearned for the right to comfort her. But many a delicacy, such as an invalid demands, yet which Julia could not have purchased from her own slender means, came to her father, with the compliments of Mr. Manderson. Their frequency, at last, almost tempted her to refuse them, for the boarders began to gossip of her in connexion with the donor, and in a way to call the indignant blood to her cheek; but the knowledge that these little luxuries were necessary to her parent, and the conviction that they could be obtained in no other way, finally determined her to encounter the risk of misrepresentations rather than make her father suffer. As for Manderson, his noble nature was above suspicion of the vile motives, likely to be attributed to him, by the vulgar, prying inmates of a third-rate lodging-house. He only thought of the delicate appetite of the invalid, not of the possible misconstruction to which he subjected Julia.

Mr. Forester had been ill about six weeks, when, one afternoon, waking from a sleep, he called to his daughter.

"Here I am, dear papa," said Julia, stepping softly to his side. "You have had a nice sleep. You feel better, don't you? Would not you like some of this jelly?"

"I think I could eat a little, my love."

For nearly two days her father had taken no nourishment, and often had Julia wept secretly in consequence, for she deemed this utter want of appetite a sure forerunner of his death. But now the joyful tears rushed into her eyes. She hastened to bring the jelly, and to feed her father from a spoon, for he was too weak to help himself.

He took a mouthful, smiled on her sweetly, tried another, and then, with a faint gesture, intimated that he could eat no more. She was a little disappointed. But on the whole he looked so much better, and spoke with such a comparatively strong voice, that she was happier than she had been for weeks, and even began to have hopes of his recovery. She had heard that invalids often had a crisis, after which they grew better, and she said to herself that his rapid sinking for the last two days, followed by this rally, augured that such a crisis had come, and passed favorably.

"Dear, dear papa," she said, gently smoothing the pillow, her tears flowing softly, as happy tears do, "I am so glad to see you better. You will get well now, I know. And when you are able to be moved, I will find a place in the country, near to town, where we can board during summer, and where you can regain your strength entirely. I can easily find something to do."

She had been fixing the sheet, and arranging the quilt as she spoke, and now, having concluded her task and words, she turned to kiss her father. She was startled at the earnest, indescribable look with which he was regarding her.

Digitized by Google

She stopped, frozen into silence. Her happy tears ceased to flow. She began to tremble all over. Oh! death, who that sees thee, even for the first time in life, in the eyes of a loved one, but recognizes thee immediately, and shudders in every nerve at thy unearthly gaze.

"Father, father," she cried, her voice insensibly elevating itself. Then she paused, her lips half parted with terror, for she beheld a dark, ashen shadow, as it were, sensibly stealing over that dear face.

A faint smile struggled, for a moment, through the gathering shades of death on Mr. Forester's countenance. He essayed to speak.

"My child," he said, "I shall never get better. My hour has come. But God will take care of you. He will be to you a better father than I could be."

The dying man evidently spoke with a great effort, for his words came slowly forth, and there was a long pause between each sentence. Yet though that strange film over his eyes grew more terrible, though the ghastly pallor settled more night-like over his face, still through those failing orbs and that darkening countenance, there struggled, fitfully, a look so full of love that Julia felt as if never before had she known the depth of his affection.

She kissed those dear lips, that venerable forehead; she pressed her cheek fondly against his; she held his hand to her heart; she leaned down, and murmuring, "dear, dear father," listened eagerly for what next he had to say.

For a time he seemed to try vainly for words. He gazed at her imploringly, his whole soul rising to his eyes. She held her breath, watching his lips and eyes, and pressing his hand more tenderly.

"They shall hunger no more," he murmured, finally, and now Julia knew he was repeating some verses from Revelations she had read to him just before he slept, verses that since their misfortunes had been often in his mind, "neither thirst any more—for the Lamb—shall feed them —and shall lead them unto living fountains of water—and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

He looked fervently at Julia, and then to heaven, as if to add mentally that they should meet again.

She pressed his hand, she strove to smile, and following his glance answered, "and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

He looked pleased, nodded his head slightly, and his lips moved as if he was repeating the words after her. But no sound reached Julia's ears.

There was a moment of awful silence. Eagerly she gazed into his eyes, fervently she pressed his hand. But the look of love was no longer in that face.

Darker and darker over the countenance, like clouds shutting out a mountain landscape; deeper and deeper the film on the eyes, like night closing in on the eternal sea: and then utter darkness—utter night—death!

With a wild stare of doubt, and a shriek that summoned the whole household, Julia fell senseless by the corpse of her father.

XI.—THE GOVERNESS.

A MONTH had passed. Mr. Forester had been laid in an unostentatious grave, the expenses of the quiet funeral having been discharged by the sale of Julia's last trinket, and now our heroine, her old situation being lost to her, had accepted that of a governess in a West End family, no other employment presenting itself.

In some respects this new vocation was better than her former one, especially to one in Julia's present state of mind, for it gave her comparative seclusion. She had, at first, when she saw the advertisement of the place, hesitated whether to apply for it, for she had heard so much of the slights to which governesses were subject, that she feared to trust her proud spirit in such a situation. But necessity had known no law. She had literally reached the last dollar in her purse, and was compelled to take the first employment of any kind that offered. Yet though her place was, in most respects, even more distasteful than she had imagined it would be, she felt that it was better than being in a public store, where strange eyes that terrible ordeal to those in grief, would be on her. There were moments, too, when, in spite of every effort, uncontrollable bursts of grief would overcome her. At such times now she could escape observation, by hurrying out of the room till the emotion had passed. But she trembled to think that she might have betrayed herself, equally, even if she had been in a store, and before a score of curious people.

The family of the Elwoods consisted of a widowed mother, and two children, a son and a daughter. The father had been dead about two years. He had been a merchant in extensive trade, close and calculating in all his business affairs, but lavish in the expenditures of his household. It was his pride to have Mrs. Elwood's annual parties cited as the most elegant of the season. Her equipage, her dresses, and the furniture of her rooms were always of the newest styles and in character the most

Digitized by Google

costly. You could not flatter Mr. Elwood more than by complimenting him on the taste, luxury and *eclat* of his living. He would, indeed, deprecate your praise; perhaps now and then protest that he was but a poor merchant; but nevertheless his eyes would glisten with pleasure, and he would twirl his watch-key with evident satisfaction. Nay! ten to one he would ask you to an early dinner to taste the wines you had praised, or see again the pictures you had admired.

Mrs. Elwood had been the daughter of one of those old, but decayed families, such as may be found in most great cities. She was as proud of her ancestors, who had been judges and colonial secretaries a hundred years before she was born, as her husband was of his wealth, his fine house, and, we may add, of his aristocratic wife. She had a cousin, who was an English nobleman, and who once had visited America; and she was never weary of describing how he looked, and what he said, on the day he had dined at her table. There was scarcely a family of note in the city, unless among those whom she called upstarts, with whom she was not, or did not pretend to be connected by blood or marriage. She was a perfect living chronicle of genealogy. Lucifer, if human, could not have been prouder.

About two years before the period of our story Mr. Elwood had died suddenly, leaving her undisputed mistress of a third of his income and his splendid mansion. She had ordered a costly monument, and wore mourning for him duly; but as she had married him only for his wealth, she did not feel his loss very keenly. In her heart she had always despised him, partly for his really vulgar manners, and partly for what she called his low birth. All her affections were centered upon her only son. From his infancy, this child had been the pet of his mother, so much so that she would never allow him to be punished for a fault, even by his father. When he grew older, she refused to let him be sent to school, but had a tutor engaged for him, taking especial care that the "poor, dear boy," as she said, "should not have his health destroyed by too much study." She filled the young heir's mind, meantime, with the most absurd ideas of his importance. When the lad began to approach manhood, she resisted her husband's wish to place him in a counting-house, plainly telling the father that her son should condescend to no plebeian pursuits. The young man became consequently as worthless as he was idle; drank often to excess, gamed, and was profligate in all things. He was, in truth, dissipating the estate of the elder Mr. Elwood more rapidly than it had been accumulated. As to his general deportment the reader is already informed, for this was the person who had run over Mr. Forester.

The Elwood mansion had been closed only as long as decency demanded; for Mrs. Elwood could not live without society. Dinners were constantly being given. Every morning the reception room was crowded with visitors, where the gossip of the upper circles was canvassed, and the fashions or the opera discussed. But of these gayeties Julia saw nothing personally. She dined with the housekeeper, at a sort of upper servants' table. She had been a month in the house before she even saw the son. Her first meeting with him, however, she never forgot.

It was toward the close of a spring day, when she and her pupil were returning from a walk in the garden, that the interview occurred. The little Gertrude, Julia had already learned to love. The poor child, slighted by the mother, whose whole thoughts were given to the worthless son, enthusiastically welcomed our heroine, to whom she gave immediately her entire heart. The governess and the pupil were always together. It was a delight to Julia to watch the opening mind of the sweet child, to see how artless was her affection, and to endeavor to repay her for her ever ready sympathy; while on the part of Gertrude, there was such a pleasure in having some one who would not repulse her love, that she could not endure to be absent from Julia's side. It was the practice of the two, after the lessons of the day were over, and their dinner partaken of, to walk out for exercise together, sometimes in the streets, but oftener in the large old-fashioned garden back of the mansion. About the time Mrs. Elwood dined, which was between five and six o'clock, they invariably returned, however, in order that Gertrude might go in to the dessert; for though the child was not permitted to eat with her mother, she was expected to appear, for a few minutes, daily at this hour: and rarely, except at this time, did she see her parent.

Julia had noticed that Gertrude, instead of loving her brother, seemed actually to have a dislike to him. But as our heroine asked no questions, either of the child or housekeeper, she was not enlightened as to the cause, until on this evening, when, happening to enter the hall, just as the footman opened the front door, she saw, to her horror, a young man in a state of intoxication totter in. The scream of Gertrude, as she flew to the staircrse, dragging Julia with her, told who the intruder was. Julia was shocked not less at the footman's sneer, as he stood behind his master, as at the degraded

Digitized by Google

young man himself, who, with unsteady gait, stumbled forward.

Julia had ascended the staircase but a short distance, when the intoxicated Elwood, who had caught sight of her immediately, staggered toward her.

"I say—I say, young woman," he hiccuped, holding on by the banisters to steady himself as he spoke, and looking up toward Julia with a countenance in which vacancy and brutishness appeared by turns, "don't be—in—in such a hurry. You're the gov—gov—er—ness, I suppose, that Mrs. Elwood has been—getting—for Gerty. Stop a—minute—will you? Don't be in such a—con—con—founded hurry——"

Swaying to and fro, and looking up at Julia, his hat, which had been crushed on one side of his head, fell off suddenly at this point. The footman audibly tittered. Julia was angry beyond words, but embarrassed to an even greater degree, for Gertrude, who was always a nervous child, had become so frightened, that she had sunk powerless on the steps, where she cowered, almost within reach of her brother, gazing at him tremblingly, like a frightened, fascinated bird, so that poor Julia, who could not desert Gertrude, and was unable to carry her up stairs, knew not what to do. She stood with one foot on an upper step, and one on that where Gertrude lay, holding her pupil by the hand, sternly regarding the intoxicated man, though her heart beat very fast, and the indignant color mounted even to the temples.

When his hat fell, the inebriate stopped speaking for a moment, and regarded it, as it lay on the floor, with a half stupid, half puzzled look: then, turning to the footman, whom he nearly detected in a titter, he said, "here—you Jones—you Smith—or whatever your name is, you white neck-cloth scoundrel, pick that up."

The lacquey, now all obedience, approaching to perform this duty, the young man, with a drunken grin, as if the joke was the brightest conceivable, suddenly pushed him with one foot as he stooped. At this unexpected assault the footman plunged down headforemost. But he did not fall alone. His master, having unconsciously let go the banisters, when he turned to call the lacquey, lost his balance by pushing the servant over, and, in the very act of laughing at the latter's mishap, tumbled on top of the prostrate flunkey, the two rolling over together on the floor.

Julia did not, however, see this farcical end of the affair. She had succeeded in rousing her young pupil, as soon as the attention of the drunkard was turned away, and Gertrude and she were now flying up the staircase, with all the speed that fear on the one hand and disgust on the other could give.

"Oh! Miss Forester, isn't it dreadful?" These were the first words that Gertrude spoke, when, on gaining the school-room, she felt herself safe. "He often comes home so. The housekeeper says it wouldn't be so bad, if he waited till after dinner, but that to get tipsy before it, is what no gentleman ought to do. He does so frighten me. Isn't it very wicked in him, don't you think, Miss Forester?"

Julia scarcely knew what to say. Never before had she seen any person intoxicated, except the low vagabonds that lounged about the village tavern: and she was shocked inexpressibly, as well as indignant. But a moment's reflection told her that it would not be right to speak her sentiments before the young sister. She answered, therefore,

"Let us hope, let us pray, dear Gertrude, that he may never be so again. To-night, when you kneel at your bedside, pray for your brother, that he may be kept from temptation."

XII.—THE INSULT.

But this was not the last interview between Julia and Elwood. The fashionable profligate, in spite of his intoxication, had seen her beauty; and from that day began to persecute her secretly with his addresses. He intruded on her garden walks, waylaid her on the staircase, and omitted no opportunity indeed of meeting her when he could do so without his mother's knowledge.

But for Gertrude she would have left Mrs. Elwood's immediately that she became the object of these persecutions. But partly from affection, partly from a sense of duty, she could not bring herself to part with the dear child. She had now no one but Gertrude to love, and to this last link of human affection she clung tenaciously, resolving to endure everything short of insult, rather than surrender it. For, to her other sorrows, was now added the neglect of Manderson, whom she had not seen since her father's death.

At first, indeed, his absence had not disconcerted her. When she recalled the delicacy of his behavior during her parent's illness, she could not believe but that he loved her; and it was easy, while this confidence remained, to invent a hundred reasons for his not calling. Perhaps he had not been told where she had gone. Perhaps he was absent from the city. Perhaps he had been at Mrs. Elwood's, at some hour when she was engaged, and been denied to him without her knowledge. But these were all causes which time ought to have removed, and when weeks

Digitized by Google

became months, yet still he did not come, serious misgivings began to possess her. In this emergency she made bold to inquire if any one had ever called on her, and was answered in the negative. Gradually her misgivings become certainties. She said to herself that if Manderson had been compelled to leave the city, unexpectedly, he could have written to her. Finally she surrendered the delicious dream, in which she had secretly indulged, and with prayer and self-discipline, began to struggle for the eradication of her love.

It was with many tears that she arrived at the conviction of Manderson's perfidy. She never before had known how much she worshipped him, until now when she saw she must tear him from her heart. It was the destruction of almost her entire faith in life. She had already been a friendless orphan; and this final blow was almost too much for her faith; so that at times, she was tempted to question the justice of heaven, in thus leaving her alone, desolate, and almost broken-hearted. The burden seemed, at first, more than she could bear.

"Oh! why should I be singled out in this way?" she cried, in an agony of grief. "I see around me hundreds, who have never suffered from loss of fortune, who are still surrounded by their families, and who are not victims of man's perfidy. Why is my fate so much harder than theirs? Death would be welcome rather than a life like this. Father," she sobbed, passionately, as if the spirit of her lost parent could hear her, "could I but be with thee, could I but be with thee."

But juster reflections followed this burst of despair. When she had sobbed herself out, and the storm of grief had passed, the recollection of her sinful repinings filled her heart with pangs of keen remorse. For a time, in her horror, she could not even pray for forgiveness. But from the depths of her soul there went up a silent sorrow for her ingratitude to God, which, doubt it not, won acceptance in His sight, who is ever merciful. At last her lips found words.

"Saviour, forgive," was still all she could utter, and this was with renewed sobs, "Thou wast led like a lamb to the slaughter—yet thou didst not complain." And then she thought how He was buffetted, reviled, spat upon; how cruel hands crowned Him with thorns; and how He was nailed to the cross, between two thieves, as if the vilest of malefactors. These reflections abased her in the dust, so that, without raising her eyes, she could only sob, "forgive, forgive."

It was long past midnight, when, after her burst of passionate grief, followed by horrors of remorse and repentance, she sank into slumber. She woke late in the morning, exhausted physically, but strengthened in soul. A calm peace reigned in her heart. It was not joy, nor even happiness, but it was, at least, contentment. She felt that her cross was a heavy one, but she knew that He who gave it to her to bear, would supply the strength to endure it; and, with this conviction, she resolved to go forward, doing her duty faithfully, and complaining not, yet ready, when the time should come, to exchange this world for a better one. Often and often she recalled the text which had been in her dying parent's mind, and remembered that it was those "who had come up out of great tribulation," of whom the prophetic apostle had said that God should "wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Thus it was that, notwithstanding the annoyance of Elwood's admiration, she resolved to remain with Gertrude, for she thought she saw that duty called on her to save that dear child from the evil influences around her. "This is the one lamb of the flock, the precious talent, entrusted to my care," said Julia. "Heaven has sent me here, taught me to love her, and made the sweet girl love me in return, in order that I might be the instrument for her good: and to fit me for this task, God has disciplined my own character. Father above," she added, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes, "I thank thee that thou hast thus honored me."

Yet not a week passed that Julia did not have to endure, in some shape or another, the impertinent addresses of Elwood. Now he joined her in the streets, where he could not be shaken off without a scene, which he knew she would avoid for her own sake. Now he persecuted her with letters. Now he sent her gifts. Often she was on the point of abandoning Gertrude. But as often she reconsidered her resolution. At last Elwood surprised her, one day, in the sitting-room, when his mother and Gertrude were out together in the carriage.

She rose immediately to leave the apartment.

"Stay," he said, placing himself between her and the door. "I have something to say to you. You sent back my ring. Foolish girl, why will you not believe that I love you?"

Julia made no answer to this, but continued her efforts to pass him, which he as constantly frustrated. At last she said almost angrily,

"Let me go, sir. You insult me. Let me go."

"Not till you have heard me," resolutely answered her persecutor. "Cruel creature, why will you force me to be harsh? For hear me you must. My mother and sister will not be

Digitized by Google

back these two hours, and I have taken care to have no intrusion from the servants."

For a moment, when she heard this, Julia's courage almost gave way. What might not be attempted against her in revenge, she reflected, by this profligate. But her native bravery rallied immediately to her aid; the cheek flushed as rapidly as it had paled; and, drawing herself up to her full height, she flashed her indignant eyes full on the speaker.

"Once for all, sir," she said, "I wish neither your gifts, your explanations, nor your company. Let me pass."

But his answer was only a slight, incredulous laugh. Elwood had no faith in the virtue of woman, but believed that Julia's spirited words, as well as her former avoidance of him, were mere pretences. He gave her the credit of being, in his own phrase, "a deuced smart girl," and expected, therefore, that she would, to quote his language again, "drive a hard bargain;" but that she would finally yield to his suit, and exchange her hard life for one of ease and luxury, he never doubted for a moment: and, therefore, no sooner had she ceased, than with an incredulous laugh he seized her hand, and began to urge his infamous proposals.

We cannot soil our pages by repeating what he said. But it was everything that could be urged to gloss over sin, or paint the delights of the wealth he offered. Julia, outraged and indignant, in vain tried to get loose. He clung to her hand till the delicate wrist was bruised. She did not, she would not, however, hear his foul words. All she knew was that he was insulting her by the grossest proposals, such as, if she had been a man, she would have struck him to the earth for naming in her presence. That she had not the strength even to escape from him, was the one engrossing thought that now possessed her. In vain she struggled, with both hands, to free herself from his one. At last he attempted to sit down and draw her to his knee, still proceeding with his insulting offers. This final indignity gave her, for a moment, superhuman power. With a desperate effort, in which her very life seemed staked on success, she wrenched herself loose, fled from the room, and gained her chamber without being overtaken. Here, first locking and double-locking the door, she sank powerless on the carpet, breathless, and trembling, and incapable for a while of rising.

XIII.—MOTHER AND SON.

But had Manderson really abandoned Julia, after having, by so many acts and looks, though never yet in words, assured her of his love? Was he capable of such baseness? Or were circumstances his master, compelling him to avoid her presence, while he continued to love her as sincerely as ever? To explain his conduct we must go back to a period cotemporaneous with Julia's first arrival at the Elwoods.

Manderson was sitting, one day, at twilight, in his mother's parlors, lost in gloomy thought. He had discovered that afternoon, for the first time, whither Julia had gone. Delicacy had kept him from calling on her, during the mournful days immediately following the funeral, so that he had been in ignorance of her having left the boarding-house, until on calling there to leave his card, he had ascertained that she had accepted a situation at Mrs. Elwood's, which he regarded as little less than menial. Of all pursuits that of a governess was the last he would have wished his future bride to follow, and of all families that of the Elwoods the last he would have desired her to enter. His pride rebelled against it. Ignorant how reduced the Foresters had become, and unconscious, therefore, that no choice had been left to Julia; forgetful that she knew nothing of the son's character, which was so well known to him, and was a principal reason of his disliking her going there; he was almost angry at her, and felt injured because she had not consulted him. If he had reasoned more calmly he would have seen that he was the very person she could not consult. For what right had he ever given her to consult him? Had she been his plighted bride the case would have been different. But men in love, even the best of them, are as unreasonable as they are exacting.

He sat there, in that half dim parlor, gloomy and abstracted, as we have said, when his mother, who had been silently watching him, remarked suddenly,

"What ails you, Charles?"

He started, looked at her, and saying, "nothing ails me, mother," relapsed almost immediately into his gloomy mood.

"But something does ail you, my son," resumed Mrs. Manderson, after a pause, during which she continued to observe him. "You were absent and silent during dinner. You are so yet. Has anything gone wrong between you and Clara?"

He turned toward his mother, with a faint curl of his fine lips, as he uttered contemptuously the word, "Clara!"

"Charles," said Mrs. Manderson, with severity, "you should not allow any provocation to make you speak, in that way, of the lady you intend to make your wife."

"I never intend to make Miss Owens my wife,"

Digitized by Google

he answered, shortly, for he was annoyed at being disturbed.

"What *do* you mean?" replied his parent, rising, and approaching close to him, where she stood with her eyes fixed full on his face. "I have noticed that you visit Mrs. Rawlson's less than you did. Surely you cannot intend, after what has passed, to desert Clara."

His eye met his mother's without flinching, as he also rose and stood face to face with her.

"I don't know what you mean by deserting Miss Owens," he firmly retorted. "Certainly I never paid her serious addresses——"

"But you were pleased with her, you paid her very marked attention," interrupted his parent, "this you cannot deny: and is it honorable, after this, to withdraw?"

"I was pleased, for a while, with her grace, and with what I fancied was her goodness of heart. But, when I came to know her better, I saw that this grace was only conventional polish, and not a part of her natural character; and I discovered, almost as soon, that her amiability only existed where her selfishness was not in the way. Miss Owens is a pretty, perfectly polite, and sufficiently intelligent young lady; but she is no more a true woman, such as a true man ought to love, than paste is diamond."

His kindling eye, his animated tones, and heightened color revealed to Mrs. Manderson, who had not lived to be fifty without knowing human nature, that her son was in love with some one else, who formed, in his fancy, the antithesis to Clara Owens. The mother was bold, and frank, like himself, and she charged him with the fact immediately.

"I will not deny it," said our hero, though not without embarrassment, for so speedy an explanation with his mother he had not intended. "I do love, and love one as unlike Miss Owens, as gold is to tinsel, reality is to affectation."

"And who may this fine creature be?" The speaker could not prevent a slight shade of contempt creeping over her tones, for she knew that the lady could not belong to their set, else she would have discovered the affair before, and Mrs. Manderson, though anything but narrow-minded, was not without decided preferences in favor of family and wealth. But, observing the color flash across her son's countenance, she became aware of the error she had committed, and continued in blander accents. "If she is worthy of you, Charles, you know you will have my consent, though I must say that I am sorry things went so far with Clara."

"My dear mother," replied her son, respectfully taking her hand, "things did not go near so far as you would have yourself believe. You know that you wished the match, in fact almost manœuvred for it, and it was natural that you should magnify the slightest attentions into serious ones. I feel myself entirely innocent. But there is another quarter in which, though I have never yet told my love in words, honor would imperatively demand me to speak out, even if the inclination was wanting." He then, leading his mother to the sofa, took his seat beside her, and narrated in what manner he had become acquainted with Julia, how he had tried to drive her from his memory, how she had been accidentally thrown on his protection, and how in consequence the acquaintance had been renewed. "And now, dearest mother," he said, in conclusion, "I have a favor to ask of you: you must promise to call on Miss Forester, if she accepts me; and with this promise I will go to-morrow and ask her to be mine."

The story of her son's proceedings was entirely new to Mrs. Manderson, who had never so much as suspected the possibility of such an entanglement. To say that she was disappointed would fail to convey an adequate idea of its effect on her. At heart she was a good deal shocked that her idolized son could fall in love with a farmer's daughter; but she was even more incensed that he should have preferred a penniless girl to such an heiress as Clara Owens. We have said, in a former chapter, that the Mandersons were not rich, especially for their station in life. It had been necessary, indeed, for Mr. Manderson, in making his will, to leave his entire property to his wife, otherwise she would have been unable to keep up the family mansion. But he did this with the less compunction, because he fully believed that his handsome and intelligent son, whenever he desired to have an establishment of his own, could marry an heiress. In this opinion the mother had concurred. It was, therefore, a serious matter to find this son, from whom so much had been expected, about to throw himself away on a half-bred rustic, as Mrs. Manderson supposed, who had nothing but rosy cheeks to recommend her.

To frustrate her son in his boyish folly was the mother's instant resolution. She was a woman quick to decide, and her plan was determined upon, therefore, before Manderson had quite finished his tale. Indeed most of what he said about Julia's merits, at the end, was lost upon his parent, who though pretending to listen, was absorbed in maturing her course of conduct. When he had ceased to speak she was prepared accordingly to answer at once.

"My dear boy," she said, kindly, "you are

Digitized by Google

in love, and for the first time in your life; and, therefore, I excuse what otherwise would be the height of absurdity. The romance of this whole matter is that you would like to marry Miss Forester, because once you nearly ran over her father, and another time rescued her from the midst of a fire-riot: the reality is that you can't marry her, or anybody else, who is not an heiress, because you have no income to support a wife, and I can't give you one without beggaring myself."

Manderson knew this was true. He had, in the enthusiasm of the moment, conceived a wild plan of bringing Julia home to his mother's; and hence had spoken, as we have seen, of going immediately to propose for her. He looked down abashed.

"So think no more of the young woman," resumed Mrs. Manderson, elated with her evident success. "It was a bit of pardonable folly, excusable perhaps for this once," she added, smiling. "Dismiss it, dream no more, be a man of the world, and marry Clara Owens after a while."

She had gone too far. She saw it at once. Her son snatched his arm from her hand, as if it had been the touch of a tempter, and elevating his commanding figure to its loftiest proportions, said, coldly,

"Mother, you treat me as a child. You talk as if I, at five and twenty, had no deeper feelings than a school boy. Nay! hear me out," he added, impatiently, seeing she was about to interrupt him. "I *have* been boyish, at least in one respect, for I forgot that a man is a fool to speak of marriage, till he has earned the right by making himself independent. I am not angry; do not look as if you thought I was; it was never my intention to encroach on your comforts; and only my thoughtlessness could have led me to say anything from which you could draw that inference. Let there be no hard feelings between us, dear mother," he continued, kissing her hand. "But from this day forth, remember, I begin a new era in my life. I have heretofore trifled with existence, I will hereafter give myself to earnest labor. I will be the founder of my own fortunes."

The fond mother, though utterly skeptical, in her worldly wisdom, of the durability of these resolutions, could not but secretly admire the enthusiasm with which his words were spoken. She gazed a moment admiringly on her son's face, and then began to smile incredulously.

"And when you have won fortune, I suppose, you will offer yourself to Miss Forester."

"I will," replied the son, his eye meeting her's, and by its frank, high look awing down that skeptical expression.

"That is," added the mother, "if she has not forgotten you."

"She will not do that, if she loves me: and if she don't love me," he paused, and added quickly, "it won't matter."

"If she continues faithful," said Mrs. Manderson, half relenting at her son's emotion, "I will promise to receive her as a daughter. But with this stipulation, that you bind her by no promise meanwhile, for otherwise it will be no trial of her fidelity."

"I accept," said Manderson, eagerly. "Ah! mother, I shall have something now to work for, and work I will," he added, with energy.

"But meantime," said the mother to herself, "this designing creature, tired of waiting, and ignorant of the reward for her fidelity, will desert him. Or, if she really loves, she will feel hurt at this neglect, and so forget him." And the woman of the world congratulated herself on having outwitted her son, for his own good, as she conscientiously believed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STANZAS,

INSCRIBED TO CLARA MORETON.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

OH! ask me not to wake for thee a measure,
Whose joyous accents shall delight thine ear,
For, riven from my grasp is the heart's treasure,
And wasted love calls now for misery's tear.

Mine is a melancholy, sad awaking
From the bright, cherished dreams of other days—
And life's dark clouds upon my pathway breaking,
Have banished from my sight hope's cheering rays.

No more I listen to the whispered breathing
Of words that swept my bosom's inmost chords,
No more I meet the rapturous glance, revealing
Affection, prized beyond earth's golden hoards.

These all have passed away, and left me weeping
O'er blighted hopes, and joys which come no more;
My spirit's harp is mute—its notes are sleeping—
It yields no music—as in days of yore.

Digitized by Google

THE BIRTH OF THE SNOW-DROP.

BY JANE SAUNDERS.

Far away among the vine-clad hills of sunny France, there lived a poor woman with her only child. She was a soldier's widow and gained a scanty subsistence by working in the vineyards. Little Renie was only able to follow his mother in her labors; but he loved to sit under the vines, and see the rich purple grapes that hung among the green leaves like bunches of amethysts.

The widow dearly loved her little son, and often seating him upon her knee after the labor of the day was over, she told him of his father; how he was a good man and a brave soldier, who had died fighting for his country; and then she would sob and press the child to her bosom, as she related how handsome the soldiers looked marching on to the sound of fife and drum, and how not one ever returned again.

Renie was much too young to understand all this; but as he grew older he learned that his mother had left her home with a young soldier, and that her father never forgave the marriage, or saw his daughter again. The old man was living still in a distant province; but though the heart of the lonely widow yearned for home, and with a mother's pride she longed to show her boy, yet she knew the stern nature of her father, and dared not seek him.

At last the poor widow fell ill, and though it was the season when the rich hue of the grapes deepened into perfection beneath the warm sunbeams, she knew full well that she should not live to gather them.

The dying mother bade little Renie come very near to her, and then, in faltering tones, whispered that she must leave him, and perform a long, dark journey alone. But the child, with violent sobs of grief, clasped his arms about his mother's neck, praying to go with her, and not to be left behind.

Then the widow, whose strength was failing fast, comforted her child, murmuring, "I will not leave you forever, my son; we shall meet again—in my Father's house." She spoke no more—and soon poor little Renie was an orphan.

The peasants made the poor widow a grave in a quiet spot, and gave the little boy a home among themselves; but day after day he threw himself upon his mother's grave and wept, refusing to be consoled. Children gathered about and pressed him to join their sports, kind women drew him to their bosoms and promised to cherish him, strong-hearted men raised him up and bade him be of good cheer; but Renie turned from them all to the cold, damp sod, exclaiming, "she will not leave me forever; my mother will come back. I will wait for her here."

When they saw all their comforting words were of no avail, they left him, trusting that the natural joyousness of childhood would overcome his grief; but when weeks passed on and brought no change, they learned to respect the child's sorrow, and the grape-gatherers as they returned from the vineyards with baskets of the beautiful fruit, paused in their vintage song as they saw little Renie with his arms clasped about the wooden cross upon his mother's grave.

The leaves at length dropped dry and sere, and the snow rested upon the hills; then Renie himself fell ill, and for many weeks he could not rise from the little cot where a kind peasant and his wife nursed him tenderly; but during the tedious hours of illness his mother's image was ever before him; and remembering her words, "we shall meet in my Father's house," he resolved, when he grew strong again, to go and seek her, as she did not return to him.

The snow had not yet melted in the vallies, though the sun was shining warmly, when Renie feebly turned his steps once more toward the spot where his mother slept. He knelt down before the little cross, and his warm tears fell fast upon the snow, when, lo! just where the tears had fallen, appeared a tiny blade struggling to pierce the crusted ground; the boy tenderly scraped aside the snow that the little plant might feel the sun, and another warm shower of tears fell upon it as he did so, for he remembered his lost mother's love for the flowers.

When Renie came again to the grave, he saw with surprise a group of lovely white blossoms that seemed to bend sorrowfully over the sod. The child knelt beside them, and a strange feeling of peace crept into his heart.

"My mother has sent them from the land where she dwells," he thought, "to show that she has not forgotten me;" and a smile of hope beamed on his sad, pale face, as he looked fondly on the flowers.

Digitized by Google

But when the peasants beheld this mysterious little plant blossoming in the midst of the snow, and of a kind they had never seen before, they were filled with astonishment and awe.

"It is sent from the spirit land," they whispered, "and born of Renie's tears; see how each snow white drop quivers upon its stem like a tear about to fall; his mother knows his sorrow and would console him thus."

Gradually the grief of the little boy became more subdued, and hope and cheerfulness beamed upon his face once more; he loved to water and nurture the tender blossoms, and soon the grave was covered with the delicate and graceful flowers, gently bending toward the earth.

The good cure, who dwelt among these simple peasants, loved the little motherless boy, and spoke often to him, explaining how the child must one day join his mother, but she could no more come to him. Renie listened to the good old man with interest; still the words of his mother seemed ever present with him.

"We shall meet in my Father's house!"

And so one day the boy filled a basket with tufts of the spirit flowers, as the peasants called them, and going to the cure, said, firmly,

"My mother has sent me many messengers. See, I take some with me to show the way, and I go to seek her in her Father's house, where she told me we should meet again."

Then the good cure drew little Renie toward him, and told him of that heavenly Father's house where his mother awaited his coming; and as he dwelt upon the love and goodness of that all-wise Parent, and the eternal happiness prepared for his children, the boy was comforted.

As the kind teacher went on and spoke of the loneliness, and perhaps the remorse, of the old man who had refused to forgive his child, little Renie's heart swelled with tears, and as a sense of peace filled his own bosom, he longed to impart it to others. Suddenly he looked up with a brightened countenance.

"I will seek my grandfather," he said, "and carry these sweet flowers to him; they are messengers sent to console us both; and when I tell him my mother is gone home to her heavenly Father's honse, he will not be angry with her any more, but will love me for her sake."

The good cure blessed the little boy; the peasants gathered around with gifts and many kind wishes; and then Renie, after a last visit to his mother's grave, started on his journey, carrying with him the precious flowers.

He met with much kindness on his way; for all who listened to his simple story willingly aided the little orphan boy. Many wished to purchase the strange and beautiful blossoms which he carried, but Renie would not sell them; he regarded them with a love too holy to barter them for money. But whoever did him a kindness was rewarded by a little tuft; and if he met any one in sorrow he offered his simple tribute, strong in the faith of its power to soothe.

The twilight was fast fading into night when Renie entered a shaded lane, and softly opening a wicket gate, carried his treasured flowers to the well to water them, ere he sought a shelter for the night. The little garden into which he had entered was overgrown with weeds, and the low-roofed cottage wore an air of desolation. In the porch sat an old man, who with thin, silvery hair floating on his shoulders, leaned heavily upon a staff, and with mournful voice and shaking head constantly murmured to himself,

"My child, my child! I have driven you from me, and now am broken-hearted. I shall never see you more—my child, my child!"

Little Renie heard these words; a gleam of joy illumined his heart; lifting his basket of flowers he stood before the old man, saying as he offered them,

"Grandfather, see, I bring you consolation!"

The poor old man was for a time bewildered; but when he had heard Renie's story and read the letter of the good cure, he clasped the child in his arms and shed over him tears of mingled penitent sorrow and gratitude.

The weeds were uprooted, and the precious flowers planted in the garden, where they grew and flourished in luxuriant beauty. When Renie with his grandfather went to visit his mother's grave, tufts of the lovely blossoms met them at every turn, like the foot-prints of angels leading them on, and each one to whom Renie had given the flowers came out to welcome them.

When the next spring time came, the hills were covered with the delicate blossoms, and for many years the peasants named them, "Renie's consolation."

THE APRIL RAIN.

WHAT though the rain falls chill and fast,
It brings us all sweet flowers.

So life immortal, Heav'nly bliss,
Blooms under life's cold showers! C. A.

Digitized by Google

BERTHA.

BY MARY V. PENROSE.

At an unfrequented watering-place on the south coast of England, dwelt Mr. Bertrand Fitzsimon, a poor relation of an aristocratic family. But though poor, he was proud. The family was one of the oldest in England. Of course he held aloof from the gentry of the watering-place, except the few who were unquestionably rich.

There was one exception to this, however. Mr. Edgar, a young man of five and twenty, of whom nothing literally was known, was a welcome visitor at the Rosery. He owed this to having been the fortunate means of saving the life of Bertha, Mr. Fitzsimons' daughter, who would have been drowned but for him. What more was necessary to procure him an introduction to the family? No questions were asked about his pedigree. They saw he was a gentleman in manner; they knew that he had saved their daughter from a watery grave, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Fitzsimon objected to his visits. He became as one of the family: and Bertrand soon discovered that he had money at command, and was not loath to lend it. Bertrand, on his part, was not loath to borrow—a characteristic which human nature will sometimes retain in spite of the longest pedigree.

There was something peculiar about Mr. Edgar, however, which the Fitzsimons ere long perceived. In spite of his cheerful air, his extensive acquaintance with books and with the wider page of life, and the openness of his manner, there was a scrutiny in his look, a guardedness of expression, a power to repel inquiry when anything that had the appearance of even leading to it was attempted, that was not satisfactory. But the strongest thing of all to the minds of both Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimon, was the insensibility he displayed to Bertha's charms. This question had been much debated. Mr. Fitzsimon's hope of succeeding to the family estate was remote. The possessor was a man of his own age, and between them were three younger lives with a claim prior to our friend's. It was evident to him that Mr. Edgar was at all events rich. He had borrowed three hundred pounds of him, and the last hundred was lent as willingly as the first. Mr. Fitzsimon saw that this would not be a bad match for his daughter; Mrs. Fitzsimon coincided in his opinion; but Mr. Edgar showed no sign of falling in love. It is true he accompanied her in many a walk over the sands; that he had overcome her fear of boating. But, according to Mrs. Fitzsimon, there was no love in the business; and the husband chagrined that he should have entertained the thought of a condescension which was not likely to be appreciated, coiled himself up in a more rigid exclusiveness than ever.

The most unlikely things will sometimes happen in this world. One morning, news came that the Fitzsimon in possession had broken his neck in a steeple chase. Within a month from this time, one by one, the three intervening lives departed this earthly scene, and Bertrand found himself owner of two estates. All was now bustle at the Rosery. Bertrand proceeded to Herefordshire to take possession, and Mrs. and Miss Fitzsimon were charged to prepare for a speedy departure to the metropolis. A week passed. Bertrand returned to the Rosery to conduct his wife and daughter to town. The day came, and Edgar called to bid them good-bye. He found Bertha alone.

"You will be glad to go to London," said he, after the usual greeting had been exchanged; "you have not spent a season there yet?"

"No," answered Bertha, laconically.

"You have much to see then; a new life and a very different one from that which you have led hitherto in this retirement. You will find much to amuse you; much to delight the eye, the senses; much to admire in the brilliancy of fashion, the works of art, the displays of genius, the theatres, the opera, and those attractions for which the metropolis is famous."

"Yes——" said she, melancholy, a faint smile curling her lip into one of its many phases of beauty.

"You will also," continued Edgar, "you will also find much——" He paused. "But why should I render that tasteless to you on which your heart is perhaps set." There was an expression on his face as he said this, which Bertha had remarked before—an expression partly sad, but more stern.

"No, no; tell me," cried she, for the first time since he had entered the room seeming to be cognizant of what was passing; "what else shall I find?"

Digitized by Google

"Too much that is hollow and insincere, notwithstanding a fair outside. Do not think that in changing this wild life amongst rocks and cliffs, and with the storms of winter ever and anon raging before your eyes, that all will be gain."

"I would rather remain here," she replied; "I have been happy in the midst of nature."

"And are there no attractions in the world that claim your affection?"

"Indeed," replied Bertha, artlessly, "I shall never forget the friends I have loved here; and least of all, Mr. Edgar, shall I ever forget *you!*" Bertha held out her hand to him. He took it, but with an abstracted air, as if his mind was busy in another direction.

"Miss Fitzsimon," said he, after a pause, "we have spent so much time together, and interchanged so much thought, may I add feeling, that I am confident enough to say to you what I have not said to your father or to Mrs. Fitzsimon."

Bertha blushed; but no; he was not going to say what she expected.

"You have guessed there is a mystery about me. You have suspected it; and you are right. I am a man who, from my boyhood, have loved truth and sought after honesty. Where they were wanting, either in man or woman, I could see no virtue to compensate their absence, I have lived to be deceived by one who was utterly destitute of both. But what have you to do with this?" continued he, after a pause; "we will speak of something else."

"No, no! pray go on," exclaimed Bertha, so interested in what had fallen from Edgar, and her face so full of expression, that he thought she had never looked so lovely before.

"It is a long story, Miss Fitzsimon; but I perceive you partly guess it. I loved a woman whom I thought possessed of a heart as beautiful as her face: but, it was the face only was beautiful. From the time that I discovered my mistake, I withdrew from society, resolved to devote myself to those affections which books, the study of nature, and the wider phases of man's life supply. It was not long, however, ere I found that my heart was still alive enough to appreciate a more kindred love." Edgar paused, and turned his looked steadily on Bertha. Her large, expressive eyes were veiled in an instant by their scarce less lovely lids. A beautiful blush spread over her face, glowed for a moment, and then passed away.

"Bertha," cried Edgar, drawing closer to her, and taking her hand in his, "have you never suspected that I looked with no common admiration on your charms, or that I regarded with a deeper respect the more engaging qualities of your nature? Have you not suspected I had more than an ordinary regard for you?"

"Yes;" Bertha certainly had suspected it.

"Have you never dreamt that I dared even to love you?"

"Yes," she had dreamt that too; though she saw no great daring about it.

"I love you!" he said, "yes, with my whole heart. Do I love in vain?"

As he said this he drew still closer to Bertha, who, suffering her hand to remain in his, permitted him even to fold his other arm around her waist. Just then footsteps were heard upon the stairs.

"Do I love in vain?" repeated Edgar.

He felt her arm timidly placed upon his shoulder.

"You will not forget me?" cried he.

"Never!"

A month passed, and the Fitzsimonses were settled in London. It was the height of the season; and Bertha found herself in a new world indeed, exceeding in splendor and in beauty the wildest paintings of her imagination.

One day, some two months after her arrival, while mechanically turning over some sheets of new music, and running her fingers along the keys of her instrument, the door of the drawing-room opened one morning, and the servant announced Mr. Edgar. Edgar himself followed.

Bertha rose, blushed, stammered. Edgar perceived her hesitation. He advanced, and held out his hand. She placed her's within it, and the courtesies of meeting were exchanged, but somewhat stiffly.

"You are altered, Miss Fitzsimon," said he, after a time. "You have lost the ruddy health you brought to town with you. May I add, too, that in other respects I see a difference."

There was a melancholy in the tone in which he spoke that went at once to her heart. Altered! Yes; she was much altered. But whatever she might have said, was interrupted by the entrance of her father.

Mr. Fitzsimon had always held his head high, but now it was higher than ever. It seemed, indeed, as if his chin had usurped the position by nature allotted to his nose. As he stalked into the room, Edgar at once saw what reception he would have. Proceeding to the piano, he took Miss Fitzsimon by the hand, and leading her to the door, motioned her out, and closed it after her. Then returning—

"Mr. Edgar," said he, with an air of magnificence, which almost made our hero smile, "this

Digitized by Google

is very unseemly, sir; very indecorous and improper. You should have written had you wished to see me, and I should willingly have granted you an audience; but to take me by storm, to insist, as it were—though I hardly think your presumption could intend that—on forcing me to an interview—this is, I say, most indecorous, most unseemly."

Edgar was not taken aback; he knew his man, and expected nothing better from him.

"I have used this freedom with your leave before, Mr. Fitzsimon, and see no difference that two months can have made to render it indecorous now. I am not changed; are you?"

"Changed!" ejaculated Bertrand, in amazement at the man's reckless impertinence; "changed! Good God! am I to be addressed in this low, familiar manner, and asked if I am changed."

"Remember, sir," replied Edgar, sternly, and resolved to give no quarter where he found none, "you are still the man whose daughter I saved from what would probably have been death; still the man who has done me the honor to become my debtor in a pecuniary sense."

"Sir," exclaimed Bertrand, insulted, that these reminiscences should be regarded otherwise than as favors conferred upon the person who had saved the child and lent the money, "you are gross; you are evidently an ignorant man, who has forgotten himself and his position. There," continued he, writing upon a card, "my agent's address, sir. Take your claim to him; and let me never see you in this house again." With these words, he issued from the room as magnificently as he had entered it.

All this was nothing to Edgar. He had gauged the man before. But Bertha! Was she changed too. Again he had set his faith upon a woman, and was he deceived? Would she not steal to see him again? He paused, listened—no sound. Why did he expect it? He had marked her hesitation. He saw the blush of confusion with which she welcomed him, as if she was too proud to meet him heartily, yet too young to be wholly ungrateful. Was she coming? No! He took his hat; descended the stairs, wrapt in sorrowful mood, and in a minute more found himself in the street.

And had Bertha forgotten him? Not quite. Her confusion at meeting him was in truth only natural. She saw the insult her father intended, and almost sank with shame at the double ingratitude with which the friend of a less fortunate period was treated. The hall door had hardly closed behind him after his departure when she despatched her servant with the following note:—

"Dear Mr. Edgar.—Whoever else may be ungrateful, do not doubt that there is one in this house who can never forget you. So long as you value this assurance, believe it, BERTHA."

Edgar walked moodily along. He thought of what unadorned merit has to suffer in this world; and as his thoughts grew warmer, and his indignation rose higher, he walked the faster. Bertha's maid would much rather have been Bertha's mistress. A steam-engine could not get her to walk out of what she considered a becoming pace, nor could all the world have induced her to run. Perhaps she might have made a little more haste had Edgar been a "lord," or even a "sir;" but, as it was, she saw him gradually increase the distance between them till he entered the park. She pursued him, but in vain. Giving up the pursuit; she resolved to return home; and, as Bertha had ordered her on no account to come back without having delivered the letter, she further resolved to say that she had done so.

Bertha's mind was accordingly composed, and in due time she betook herself to her toilet. In less than an hour she was dressed for the evening, and the carriage being announced, the Fitzsimons drove off to Lady Harriet Temple's. There was a dinner party and also an evening party; they joined both: but what was Mr. Fitzsimons' confusion to find himself sitting *vis-a-vis* to his friend Edgar. Had the fellow lent her ladyship money, too? No; he was too much at home to be merely there on tolerance. More than that, there was an evident deference paid toward him, and—what!—was it possible that Bertrand heard aright!

"Lord Edgar"—"my lord"—"your lordship."

"And where and in what incognito has my fitful cousin been for the last six months? What have you been about, sir?" demanded Lady Harriet.

"Looking for honesty and truth," replied he.

"I hope you found them, my lord?" inquired Sir Charles Wilmot, with a laugh.

"I am not sure," he answered; "perhaps, 'yes;' possibly, 'no.'"

Did his eye wander toward Bertha as he said this? She thought so, and her heart beat rapidly. She thought of the letter. She rejoiced that he had received it before she had become acquainted with his true position. Not for the whole world would she have written it had she believed Mr. Edgar to have been Lord Temple. And yet, was it not strange that he should not address a single word to her; that his eyes should not be turned toward her; that after dinner he should neither seek her out to dance with him, nor ask her to sing one of those airs which had been such

Digitized by Google

favorites with him before? Hours passed away; and, finally, Mrs. Fitzsimon bade her hostess good night. The husband and Bertha followed the example. Lord Edgar was standing beside Lady Harriet. Fitzsimon bowed to him, a most gracious bow, which the other acknowledged by the slightest inclination of his head. But on Bertha he did not waste a glance. What could it mean?

"We shall be happy to see your lordship," said Mrs. Fitzsimon, from whom alone the invitation could come with any grace.

"I shall do myself the *honor* of calling," replied his lordship, in a tone tinged, as Bertha thought, with sarcasm. But he took no notice of her.

She slept little that night, and the morning found her pale and weary.

It was at two o'clock, as her maid was about to give herself an airing in the Park, which she did about that hour generally, to disembarrass her mind for a few moments of the afflicting duties of her position, that the hall door opened, and Mr. Edgar gave his card to the porter, inquiring for Miss Fitzsimon. The card was handed to the maid, which, when the maid read, it produced a revulsion in her economy that no permissible language can express. Turning round, and bowing at each step she took, lost in a maze of wonder and admiration, she led him to the drawing-room, and was about to hurry to her young mistress, when the thought of the letter occurred to her. Fortunately, she had not burnt it. Withdrawing it from her pocket she presented it with a triumphant air, as if she had been pursuing his lordship ever since yesterday and had run him down at last. Having performed this feat, she rushed off to her young mistress, who immediately fell into the most delightful agitation. Pins were in demand; frills and bijouterie; and ere Bertha was presentable, ten minutes had passed away.

In the meantime Lord Temple had opened the letter, read it, and attributed its professions of fidelity to the discovery that he was "Lord Edgar," and not "Mr. Edgar." The doubt of which till now he had given Bertha the benefit, was now clearly against her. It grated painfully upon the refined sensibilities of such a man, that so young and beautiful a girl should display such matronly craft; and that she should pretend to address him as "dear *Mr.* Edgar." The whole thing was evidently got up. Ineffably disgusted, he felt that his affair with Bertha was now utterly at an end. Why should he trouble her for an interview? No.

As Bertha was descending to the drawing-room, Lord Edgar was descending to the hall; and just as our heroine entered the drawing-room, his lordship issued into the street.

What did all this mean? Bertha rang for her maid. The maid was equally puzzled. Passing rapidly from one thought to another, Bertha's mind at last turned to the letter.

"You are certain you gave it to him, yesterday? If you failed, you have ruined me!"

"Oh, certain, Miss!" responded the maid, with a most determined resolution to stick to it.

But just then Bertha's eye fell on some torn scraps of paper, which were strewed upon the ground. The suspicion flashed across her mind that these were the fragments of her letter, and that it had not been delivered yesterday. Her own handwriting soon assured her of the former fact. Turning to her maid with a firm look that alarmed her the more from the death-like paleness of her face—

"You did not deliver it yesterday?" she said.

"No!" after a pause, responded the maid, trembling in every limb.

Bertha slowly reascended to her chamber.

It was not without pain that Temple came to the conclusion that Bertha was calculating and selfish, like the rest of the world. The one hope which had bound him to society was broken, and he felt inclined to abjure that faith in high things which had so much ennobled his character.

He had wandered into the garden. Rain was beginning to fall, and he entered one of the boxes. A long and noble avenue of trees was before him, and on the green turf, at their feet, a flock of sheep cropped the grass. There was no one near him, and he exclaimed,

"Nature, thou alone art true; true in beauty, true in fidelity to your destiny. It is summer, and you wear the livery of joy, bright, shining, smiling; filling the eye with beauty, the heart with gladness. Winter comes, and again you are like the time, true to it—ever faithful to the marriage vow which has bound you to the revolving year. Man alone is false; woman, beautiful and false!"

As he looked out upon the scene his mind was so deeply absorbed with these thoughts that he did not hear the footsteps which approached. They paused, came on again a little; paused again. He heard them not. Again they came on, and some one entered and set down. The rain was increasing, but Temple wished to be alone. He rose and stepped forth.

Good heaven! what voice was that? Who was it pronounced his name, in a tone so low and so sweet that it seemed to touch his very heart? He turned. The lady had risen and was standing

Digitized by Google

before him. She raised her veil a little and Temple beheld Bertha, her face pale and her lips quivering with emotion. In wonder he rushed back to her.

"Miss Fitzsimon," he said, softly, when she had sat down again, "what does this mean; or do I meet you again by accident?"

"No," she replied, recovering herself after a while, and loosing her hand from his. "I have followed you, I came on purpose. You have received a letter from me."

"I have to acknowledge that honor," returned Temple, coldly—the very thought of the letter chilling him in an instant.

Bertha remarked the change. She could no longer control her feelings.

"You have wronged me," she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

"Wronged you, Miss Fitzsimon; I believe, on the contrary, that *I* have to complain."

"You believe then," she continued, calming herself, "that I have condescended, out of deference to your rank, to *pretend* a part I had not played; to pre-date a letter in order to represent myself in a different light from that in which you viewed me, and that I supported this forgery by addressing you in your feigned name, when I had become aware of your real one. No! I have not done that. I wrote upon the instant, stung with shame at the ingratitude with which your friendship in less prosperous hours was repaid. My servant betrayed me. She failed to deliver that letter until after your true position had been revealed to us."

"Good heaven," exclaimed Temple.

"I do not ask you to believe me," replied Bertha, with a mixed expression of pride and scorn. "Nor have I followed you with any other aim but this—to free myself from an imputation under which I could not live. You will pardon my boldness, my lord. Perhaps I have the greater right to your consideration, since it might have been expected that you would have sought this explanation, not I."

Bertha rose to depart. Temple detained her.

"You are not less a gentleman, I trust," said she, proudly, "than when you appeared nothing more than one. Let my hand go, and suffer me to depart."

"But oh, Bertha, is this all; is nothing more to be said?"

"Nothing."

"But, by me! Yes! Much, if it were as easy to say as to know what we ought to say. You will not leave me? Listen to me."

He attempted to place his arm round her waist. She repulsed him.

"But stay, Bertha. Good heaven, you cannot be so cruel, so relentless."

He again folded his arm round her, but again she removed it.

"By the happy hours that we have spent together——"

"They are passed," exclaimed Bertha, lifting up her large and beautiful eyes, to withdraw them from his gaze.

"But not their memory, nor the love—in me, at least—which they engendered. Are they wholly dead in you, Bertha?"

He looked at her; a tear started from her eye, stood on her cheek a moment, and then rolled off upon his hand. Temple kissed it away. The rain came down in torrents.

"Look back, look back," he exclaimed, "to the last hour we spent together. Can that be forgotten—that promise never to forget me? Go back still further. I saved your life, Bertha."

He paused, and once more had encircled her with his arm, which her hand was about to remove, when he caught it in his, and pressed it with all a lover's fervor.

"Bertha, dear Bertha, I love you! Before heaven, I love nothing in the world but you. Be generous; be honest! Have you ceased to respect me?"

"No."

"Nor to love me, Bertha——"

His arm was tightened round her waist; her hand rested contentedly in his; nay, he thought once that slightly—very slightly—it even returned his pressure. Again she suffered herself to be reseated, and gradually her cheek came nearer to his.

"Nor to love me?" once more asked our hero.

There are looks that say more than words; murmurs, more expressive than articulate sounds.

Three months after this, Lord Edgar and Bertha sat again in that arbor—man and wife.

SPRING SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HŒLTY.

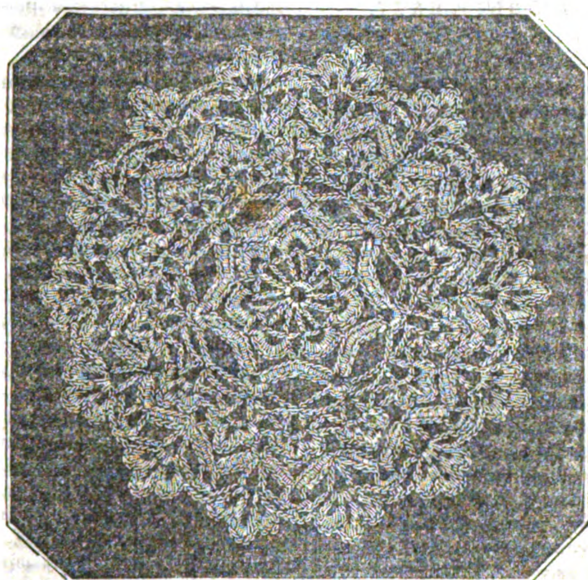
Oh, come, come all who love sweet May,
Enjoy the beautiful to-day!
The riches of God's bosom,
O'er all the land, on every hand,
Are emptied from each blossom.

E. H.

Digitized by Google

OUR WORK TABLE.

TO WORK D'OYLEY PATTERN.



WORK a chain of 7 stitches, and unite it by a single stitch.

1st round.—Work 11 chain and 1 plain in the foundation chain 7 times. Work 5 single stitches in the first chain of 11.

2nd round.—1 plain, 11 chain, 1 plain; (both these plain stitches are to be worked in the 11 chain of 1st round) 3 chain, miss 10, repeat and end with a single stitch.

3rd round.—11 plain, 3 chain, miss 5, repeat, end with a single stitch.

4th round.—14 chain, miss 13, 1 plain in the 3 chain of last round, repeat.

5th round.—Miss 1, 7 plain, 5 chain, 7 plain; repeat, end with 6 single stitches.

6th round.—7 plain, 9 chain, miss 12; repeat, end with three single stitches.

7th round.—1 plain, 9 chain, 1 plain, (both these plain stitches worked in the centre of the 7 plain of last round) 7 chain, miss 7; 1 plain, 9 chain, 1 plain, (both these plain stitches worked in the 9 chain of 6th round) 7 chain, miss 7, repeat; end with 2 single stitche s.

8th round.—1 plain, 7 chain, 1 plain, 9 chain, 1 plain, 7 chain, 1 plain, (these 4 plain stitches worked in the 9 chain of 7th round) 5 chain, miss 4, 1 plain in the centre of the 7 chain in the 7th round, 5 chain, miss 4, repeat, end with a single stitch.

9th round.—7 plain, miss 1, 9 plain, miss, 1, 7 plain, 3 chain, miss 13; repeat, end with 4 single stitches.

10th round.—13 chain, miss 15, 1 plain, 3 chain, miss 9, 1 plain; repeat, at the end, turn back and work 3 single on the last 3 chain, turn back.

11th round.—6 chain, 9 plain, 7 chain, 9 plain, repeat.

12th round.—1 plain, 11 chain, 1 plain, 13 chain, 1 plain, 11 chain, 1 plain, (these 4 chain stitches in the 6th chain of 11th round) 3 chain, miss 9, 5 plain in the 7th chain of 11th round, 3 chain, miss 9; repeat, and end with one single stitch.

13th round.—9 plain, miss 3, 11 plain, miss 3, 9 plain, 3 chain, miss 7, 1 plain in the centre of the 5 plain in last round, 3 chain, miss 7; repeat, end with one single stitch. Fasten off.

This may be worked in colored crochet thread, making the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd rounds amber; the 4th, 5th, and 6th green; the 7th, 8th, and 9th amber; 10th and 11th green, 12th and 13th amber.

It may also be worked for a lamp-mat in Berlin wool, in which case the ten first rounds will make it large enough, and five shades of worsted between the darkest and lightest, will have a pretty effect.

Worked with coarse linen, it may be used as a table-mat, as these are now more fashionable than the straw mats.

Digitized by Google

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A Gossip about Dress.—Since the accession of the beautiful and bewitching Spaniard to the French throne, nothing can exceed the extravagance and magnificence of the dress materials. They seem to be absolutely stiff with gold and silver. The so much vaunted stuffs of the time of our grandmothers, are left far behind by the fabrics of the present day, not merely in the superior richness of the materials, but for the greater finish in the pattern, and in the delicacy of the coloring. Dresses of tissue with gold or silver stripes, sparkling gauzes, *tulles* powdered with stars, light lace flounces embroidered in golden wreaths of flowers, brocades and lampas with flowers in relief, and worked with gold and silver in gorgeous patterns, are the most in favor for evening dress. Tunics and flounces divide the day, or rather the night: in the heavier materials, tunics probably predominating with trains. But whatever be the make or stuff, either with flounces or tunics, these dresses are immoderately full, and puffing out. This does not much agree with the rage which exists of packing in drawing-rooms, three times more people than they can accommodate. But imagine a court ball in which all this gorgeousness mingles. Did ever tale of fairy land convey an idea of it?

Gold is so much in fashion, that the lingere of the first repute in Paris, ornaments the vests which she makes for the great dames with it. This is the pure Oriental style; on white, black, green or purple cashmere these gold embroideries stand out in admirable relief. The short Turkish vests have gold tassels hanging from sleeves slit up *a la Sultane*, and also to the two points in front. Even the India cashmere shawls are wrought in gold and silver, and the *tournons* or opera cloaks are ornamented in the same style. Some are embroidered in flowers, the principal one of which is called the *Imperial*. These bouquets have here and there fluttering among them butterflies with gold wings, sparkling with precious stones.

And then the jewelry! One might imagine the mines of Galconda emptied into a Parisian ball-room. The precious stones sparkle on every article of dress, and the brains of even a French jeweler must be at a loss to furnish new designs. Among the latest vageries of which we have heard is a bracelet with a cameo clasp, surrounded by large pearls. This cameo represents the head and bust of a negress. The head is ornamented with a net of gold sprigged with small diamonds, and round the neck there is a diamond necklace. Imagine it, good reader, if you can.

The wreaths, too, for the head are covered with gold and gems. Conceive, if possible, those exquisite *coiffures*, some of a delicate peach bloom, or of fancy flowers bedewed with silver, or wreaths of violets, powdered with tiny silver stars, or a *coiffure* of roses and foliage, with small diamond butterflies fluttering over them!

In artificial flowers for evening parties, and balls, violets are the favorites. This is in compliment to the Emperor; unfortunately, they lose very much by night; in order to relieve them the foliage is sometimes in gold; and purple, grey, and white violets are grouped together; occasionally they are made in velvet; but though rich and beautiful in themselves, they are not becoming, nor suited to evening dress.

Another vagery of dame fashion is the use of powder, which is revived in the court and aristocratic circles; not such as our grandmother's wore, of pure white or delicate pink scented. The taste of the present day requires that which will make more glitter or show. To meet this demand, the great perfumer, *Legrand*, offers to the votaries of fashion, *gold* and *silver* powder Several of the reigning belles have appeared at the Italian Opera with their hair dazzling with this new ornament. Conspicuous among them was the fair Spaniard, whose marvelous beauty has enthraled the heart of the Emperor, and procured her a throne. Her magnificent blonde tresses were slightly powdered with silver: a few roses forming the only additional ornament to this becoming coiffure. The *gold* powder is worn by brunettes; black hair alone admitting the contrast of the bright yellow.

But *apropos* of hair and her Majesty, we hope that we shall not now see the hair of any American woman drawn off her face and rolled back, because this happens to be the way in which the charming young Empress wears her's; for while it suits a woman of her fine complexion and features, it will ill become all faces. There is no danger of the admiration-seeking French dames falling into this error, for they study too closely the mysteries of the toilet, ever to commit a *faux pas* in taste; but in England and America, whatever may be the fashion is implicitly followed, without any regard to its becomingness. We have seen some naturally beautiful women make themselves look perfectly hideous because they followed the fashion.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Ruth. A Novel. By the author of "Mary Barton." 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields.—There has no work of fiction appeared, for very many years, which we can so worthily commend as this. Not only is the skill of a most rarely accomplished artist revealed in the handling of the characters, but the whole story breathes throughout a spirit of the purest Christianity. Its influence on the heart is like that of a living and beloved monitor, while its powerful

Digitized by Google

scenes render it engrossing beyond description. The creation of Ruth, the heroine, is alone sufficient to stamp the author as among the first of living novelists. Indeed we know no character, in any similar fiction, which approaches it in its wonderful combination of moral beauty and naturalness. There have been heroines, perhaps, as lovely in character ideally. There have been others as true to life. But we can recall no one, we repeat, who unites such reality with such surpassing excellence. She convinces the most skeptical reader that it is possible, even in this world, to be "but little lower than the angels." Tragical as are the main incidents of the tale, and inexpressibly painful as the catastrophe, the author shows a fine artistic sense in not shrinking from them, but in carrying out his purpose to the end. Ruth, once betrayed, even though comparatively innocent, could never have been aught but what she became. To have allowed her to marry her wronger, to have blessed her with worldly grandeur, would have marred the fitness of things, destroyed the almost divine beauty of the story. By a life of self-sacrifice to expiate her faults was the only true career left for one so meek and repentant. We love her the better, "poor Ruth," yet saintly Ruth also, for her humility, her poverty, her heavenly patience. The rest of the actors in the tale are equally life-like. In any other novel the gentle, deformed pastor would have been a creature, whose Christian loveliness would have made the reputation of the book. Sally, the maid of all work, is incomparable in her line, and relieves, by her humor, the pervading pathos of the volume. Mr. Bradshaw, his wife, and his daughter are also strikingly individual. The novel is published in a neat style.

Chambers' Repository of Instructive and Amusing Papers. With Illustrations. Vol. I. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Philada: Danielle & Smith.—This is the first of a serial work, to be issued every other month, in neatly bound volumes, each to contain two hundred and sixty pages, and to embrace an agreeable variety of instructive essays, judicious criticisms, and well-told tales. The contents of the present volume are "The Cotton Metropolis," "Australia and its Gold Regions," "Helen Gray," "Madame de Sevigne, her Life and Letters," "The Rhine," "Maria Block," "The Pilgrim Fathers," and "Spirit of the Paradise Lost." The volumes may be had separately or together, for each is complete in itself, nor is there any connexion between them except in similarity of character, merit and variety.

The Lion Skin and Lovers Hunt. By Charles E. Bernard. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—These stories, especially "The Lion Skin," are sparkling and brilliant almost beyond description. In reading them, one scarcely knows whether most to admire the brisk character of the plot, or the exquisite finish of the style. Estelle, in the "Lion Skin," is drawn to the life, and so is the braggadocia lover Ralph. Mr. Redfield has published the book in capital style.

Waverley Novels. Illustrated Library Edition. Vols. XXIII, XXIV, XXV, XXVI and XXVII. Boston: B. B. Mussey. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This unequalled edition is now complete. It contains all the Waverley Novels, with the latest corrections; and in addition the entire series of "The Tales of a Grandfather." Each volume is illustrated with two graphic wood-cuts, printed on tinted paper. The type is large, and the binding handsome. In elegance, utility and cheapness, three rare merits, whose combination is rarer still, this edition far surpasses any yet published in America. The entire cost of the twenty-seven volumes is comparatively small, so that their purchase lies within the means of almost every intelligent person; and surely we need not say, to any of our readers at least, that no series of fictions in any language is so well worth having as Scott's.

The Queens of Scotland. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The long-expected life of Mary Stewart is begun in this volume. The biography promises to be the most complete ever published of Queen Mary. Miss Strickland has evidently ransacked every accessible document, public or private, which could by any possibility be expected to throw light on the subject of her memoir. The conclusion to which she has arrived is that Queen Mary was innocent not only of the murder of Darnley, but of all the other crimes laid to her charge. The present volume carries the story down to a period slightly preceding the marriage with Darnley. From this we judge that two additional volumes, perhaps more, will be required to finish the biography.

The Emigrant Squire. By P. Hamilton Meyers. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—We have quite enjoyed this novel, which passes from pathos to humor, and back to pathos again, with a naturalness, that keeps the interest continually alive, yet does not fatigue the reader. It is a prize story, originally appearing in that excellent weekly, "The Dollar Newspaper." Mr. Peterson has issued it in the cheap style for twenty-five cents.

Pleasant Pages for Young People. By S. Prout Newcombe. With Numerous Illustrations. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Philada: Lindsay & Blakiston.—This is intended as an aid to Home Education, and comes highly recommended. The variety of the subjects presented, the publishers say, is only equalled by the skill with which they are treated; and from a cursory glance over the pages we are inclined to think this is no exaggeration. When we have examined the work more thoroughly, we shall probably recur to it again.

The Miseries of Human Life. An Old Friend in a New Dress. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.—This is a book to laugh over, a panacea against all low spirits, a recipe to make a hypochondriac smile even at the climax of his despondency. The engravings are not less mirth-moving than the text.

Digitized by Google

The Deck of the Crescent City. A Picture of American Life. By William Giles Dix. 1 *vol. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.*—The title of this book is a key to its character, a noticeable fact in this age of deceptive outsides, alike in literature and in shop windows. The volume contains a good deal of pleasant reading, and those who wish to hear about "Young America," or have a daguerreotype of the crowded decks of a California steamer, will find it worth while to add the book to their library. Like whatever bears the imprint of Putnam, this little work is handsomely, almost daintily printed.

The Fortunes of the Colville Family. By the author of "Frank Fairlegh." 1 *vol. New York: H. Long & Brother.*—A capital story, full of fun, yet not without touches of sentiment and even pathos. It is a better tale, in every respect, than "Lewis Arundel," its immediate predecessor; and has, in reality, but one fault, which is its brevity.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

This is a month when there is rarely anything new out. The early spring fashions we gave in our last number, and it is too soon for the late spring fashions. We give, however, a plate, engraved on wood, of a morning costume, which is quite novel.

Fig. i.—Morning Dress.—Robe of worked muslin over a slip of pink jaconnet. The skirt is finished at the bottom by a hem about three inches in width, and above the hem are rows of rather large bouquets. These bouquets diminish in size as they ascend, and about the middle of the skirt they become merely small sprigs, which continue gradually diminishing till they reach the waist. The front of the dress is trimmed with two rows of Mechlin lace, set on nearly plain, and the edges turned in contrary directions. These rows of lace are folded in so as to become narrow as they ascend toward the waist. Small bows of pink sarcenet ribbon ornament the front of the dress, from the bottom of the skirt to the top of the corsage. The sleeves, loose at the ends, are edged with three rows of narrow Mechlin lace, and gathered up in front of the arm by a bow of pink ribbon. The cap is of Mechlin lace, and trimmed with bows of pink ribbon; the strings fastened very backward, so as to flow over the shoulders.

General Remarks.—The form of dresses has undergone very little change. In low *corsages* the bodies are a trifle lower than before, not pointed, and with a piece turned down at top that dies away to nothing in front and forms a bertha behind, it covers the sleeves and occasionally even replaces them altogether.

For Visiting or Walking Dresses, the *corsages* are made *a la Watteau*, that is, a high gathered body; or partially open, *a la Raphael*, such as have been worn for some time past. The waists are round; never pointed, the skirts are long and very full, and the sleeves half pagoda and half open, *a la Mousquetaire.*

But there is a greater variety in the make of sleeves than any other part of dress. Even the unbecoming, heavy, old-fashioned balloon sleeves, are trying to struggle into existence again, but we hope with no success. The Bishop or shirt sleeve is very generally used in morning dress, or demi-toilette. Then there is a tight sleeve with a large cuff; then still another with two large puffs, separated by a narrow band, about the elbow. But the modified pagoda sleeves are still the most worn.

For Evening Dress, sleeves are very short, and formed of one or two bouffants, divided by little bows, bunches of ribbon or pearl buttons. In under-sleeves there is a new style, called the *sabot* sleeve, which is either of lace or embroidered muslin; this sleeve is just wide enough to allow the hand to pass; at the wrist it is trimmed with a double-headed bouilionne, in which is passed a ribbon tied in a bow with two long ends; from this puffing escapes a deep ruffle, which slopes away on each side of the bow, and is exactly the *sabot* sleeve of the time of *Madame Dubarry.*

Cloth Dresses, with small circular capes, will be much worn for spring walking dresses. One is of dark blue, having a rather long basquine, open at the side. The sleeves have cuffs, rather raised, and remind one of the hunting sleeves under Louis XV. The front of the body is trimmed on each side, as well as the basquine with little palmettes of velvet two inches deep, bordered by a narrow galloon and applied on the cloth. This dress requires a flat collar of fine Holland on chemise cambric, closing down the front with little gold buttons. Under the sleeves, are plain white manchettes, closed nearly to the elbow with similar buttons.

For young ladies Evening Dresses are made of organdi, net, crape, sprinkled with gold and silver, or slight flowers sprinkled over a plain ground, generally white. The flounces are still in fashion; but the tunic is again appearing. It does not become everybody; but slender persons can wear it to advantage. It is made in various ways: some are opened at the side and tied up with bows or flowers; others are raised at the side; a third have several skirts: indeed, they are varied as much as possible, according to the taste and stature of the person. The edges of the tunic are embroidered or trimmed with gold and silver rings alternated, and the two flounces of the petticoat are trimmed to match.

For young persons we have also seen dresses made of silk gauze, with three or four flounces, which have each three dull satin stripes. The body, berthe La-valliere, is trimmed with satin stripes; in front, long falling ribbons are added.

Drawn Bonnets are still much worn, but not quite so much falling on the neck, and consequently sitting better on the head. The brim sits well to the face, and the inside is full trimmed with flowers and ribbon.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CROSSING THE BROOK.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1853. No. 5.

HANNAH MORE AND HER WORKS.

BY REV. JAMES STEVENS.

Hannah More

HANNAH MORE is a name, which, fifty years ago, was on the lips of every one, who honored talent devoted to high and worthy purposes. Her writings were read everywhere, in hut and hall, in England and America. Even now, though new reputations have partially crowded her's aside, her works might be perused to greater advantage than many more popular. In vain, among cotemporary authors, do we seek for a rival to "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." And her conduct was in harmony with her writings. Through a life, that extended nearly to a century, she was unwearied in charity, in humility, in kindness to suffering, in the conscientious discharge of duty. Her time, her sympathies, her pen, and her purse were ever at the command of the needy, the afflicted, and the oppressed.

Her father was a village schoolmaster, respectable, but comparatively indigent. Of five daughters she was the youngest. She was born at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, England, in 1745. At an early age her remarkable abilities displayed themselves. When but seventeen she printed a pastoral drama, which went through three editions immediately in London, and was republished on this side of the Atlantic, two years later, at Philadelphia. Other poems, some lyrical and some dramatic, appeared at intervals subsequently, producing her considerable reputation, so that when she visited London, in 1773, she was cordially received by all the eminent literary men of the day. Johnson petted her almost as much as he did Miss Burney. Burke paid her the greatest civilities. Sir Joshua Reynolds delighted in her conversation. Garrick, whose notice dukes and duchesses were proud to win, made her accept his house as her home, and so won upon her heart, that, half a century after his death, she spoke of him only with tears.

Her elder sisters had established themselves at Bristol, where they kept a superior boarding-school, and here Hannah joined them, after a residence of some years in London. The most devoted affection reigned among the five. They were a type, it would seem, of every domestic virtue. "I love you all five," said Johnson, on parting with Hannah. "I never was at Bristol, but I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together. I will come and see you. God forever bless you! You live lives to shame duchesses." They did, indeed, live such lives. They were memorable examples, that talent is strengthened by the practice of the domestic virtues, and that meekness, charity and

Digitized by Google

Christian piety adorn even the best abilities. Hannah was, however, the only one who wrote. Nor is it disparaging to her sisters to say, that she exceeded them, perhaps, as much in goodness, as she did in literary eminence.

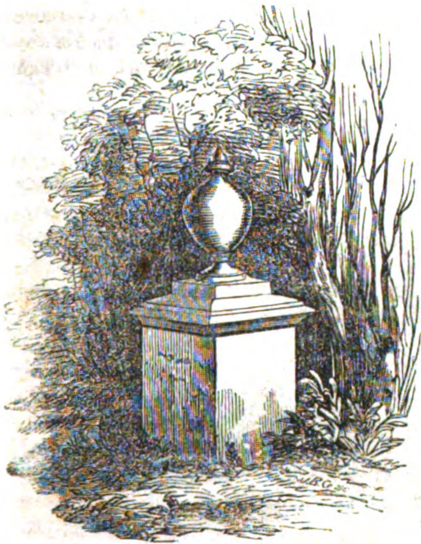
The true vocation of her life began in 1788, with the publication of her first prose work. For thirty years subsequently she was busily engaged in this department of literature, and everything she now wrote, without a single exception, had some moral or religious purpose. Her versatility was great. Books for the operatives, for the aristocracy, even for royalty itself were among her productions; she wrote for young females, she wrote for day laborers; and everything she put forth was marked by an ability which immediately commanded an audience. The best and most exalted in the land, did not think it beneath them to thank her, under their own hand, for the service she rendered to morality and religion. One of the most popular of her works, "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife," was written while she was confined to her bed, by a disease that caused her the most excruciating pain. The book appeared in 1809, ran through ten editions in the course of a year, and has since been sold, in England and America, by millions of copies almost. This remarkable popularity is to be attributed, not merely to the interest of the story, but partly also to the acute observations of the author on manners and domestic habits, and partly to the elevated tone which pervades the whole. In its kind it is a master-piece. It is worth, indeed, all the merely sentimental novels ever written. Tales of real life, when thus united with a moral purpose, and made the instrument of instruction as well as of amusement, become potent weapons in the hands of truth. While fiction is employed so extensively to undermine religion, morality and domestic virtue, their friends should not disregard so powerful an auxiliary. The Saviour himself often taught by parables. Give the young a healthy literature of this kind, and they will cease to crave for a morbid one. But deny them moral fictions, and they will resort to immoral fictions, for reading of this description appears to be a necessity of their existence, and is obtained often by secret fraud if it cannot be procured otherwise.

BARLEY WOOD COTTAGE.

The success of her works soon placed Hannah More in an independent position. About the year 1800 she purchased, with her sisters, a considerable property, in Somersetshire, on which they constructed a commodious and picturesque rural residence, which they named Barley Wood Cottage. Here the five resided for many years, dispensing their charities in the neighborhood, and laboring, with untiring assiduity, to elevate the peasantry from their ignorant and vicious condition. For a long period it seemed as if the task was to be hopeless. Many refused to listen to the voice of kindness, spurning advice, giving insult for exhortation. The females jeered at the club of industry which the sisters proposed to found. Parents frequently insisted on being paid for letting their children attend school. But the devotion, the perseverance, the tact, and the ever ready sympathy of these Christian women triumphed at last over every obstacle.

Digitized by Google

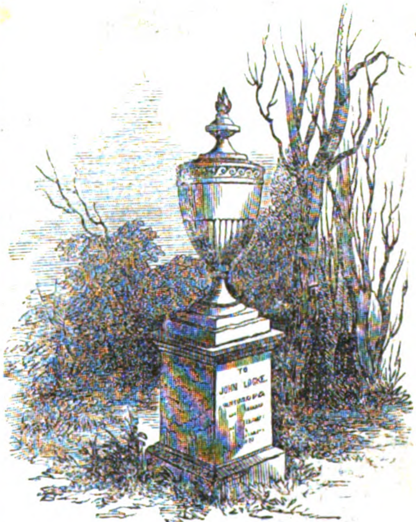
An annual festival was established, at which over a thousand children, with numerous members of the now flourishing club, were regaled by the bounty of their benefactresses. Peace and plenty sprang up where before had been dissension and want. A district, notorious for the degradation of its peasantry, became celebrated for qualities exactly the reverse. Never before was the text more strikingly exemplified, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it."



MONUMENT OF BISHOP PORTEUS.

In 1813 the first death occurred in this happy sisterhood. Mary, the eldest, was the victim. She died at the age of seventy-five, leaving the little household desolate from that hour. In 1816, Elizabeth, the next eldest, died, at the still riper age of seventy-six. The great enemy returned again and again, in the succeeding three years, Sarah dying in 1817, aged seventy-four, and Martha in 1819, aged sixty-nine. Hannah was now left alone. Six years had utterly devastated the once pleasant household. From this period, though there was no unchristian repining at her lot, it was evident that her heart was no longer in the things of earth. The loss of her last and youngest sister had particularly affected her. Martha had been her chief earthly comfort, companion, counsellor, fellow laborer. "I bless God," said the survivor, writing with tears, "that her last trial, though sharp, was short; that she is spared feeling for *me*, what I now feel for *her;* and though I must finish my journey alone, yet it is a very short portion of my pilgrimage which remains to be accomplished."

But these anticipations of a speedy death, which seemed but natural when her low health was considered, were not destined to be verified. To the astonishment of her friends, not less than of herself, she lingered on, surviving her youngest sister fourteen years. During most of this period she was an invalid, though not always confined to her couch. Barley Wood still continued to be the resort of all who reverenced goodness, and who had friends intimate with the proprietor, so as to obtain access there. The place had now grown to be as lovely as it was celebrated. The grounds were adorned with many tasteful decorations. At one spot a monument had been erected to the memory of Bishop Porteus, diocesan of London, who, during his life, had been one of Hannah More's most attached friends. In another spot, a cenotaph to John Locke, who had been born in the neighboring village, was put up by Mrs. Montagu, and presented to the owner of Barley Wood. In 1824, when Hannah More was in her eightieth year, the late lamented Bishop Chase, of Ohio, visited her, and dined, with seventeen others, at her table. The aged hostess was unable to appear at table, but she received the company in her apartment, after dinner, and maintained, for several hours, an animated and instructive conversation.



MONUMENT OF LOCKE.

For the last seven years of her life she was almost constantly confined to her chamber. Part of this time she lived at Clifton, having sold

Digitized by Google

Barley Wood, for she found the cares of the establishment too great for her health. She began now sedulously to "set her house in order" Yet she was cheerful even to the last. Death was to this good woman not a thing to be dreaded, but a welcome summons to a better world, where she should be reunited to her sisters, where she should once more behold the friends she had known on earth, where she should meet face to face the martyrs, prophets, and holy men of all ages. At last, on the seventh of September, 1833, she breathed her last, aged eighty-eight years.

She left a handsome fortune to be distributed in benevolent purposes. America was not forgotten in her legacies, a thousand dollars being bequeathed to the diocese of Ohio, and various sums to different institutions and objects in other parts of the Continent. She devised a large sum to endow a church in a destitute and neglected part of Bristol. Truly has it been said by Scripture, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Hannah More was buried in Wrighton churchyard, within sight of Barley Wood, in a quiet and retired spot, beneath an ancient, but still vigorous tree. A flat stone covers the tomb, surrounded by an iron railing. On that humble tablet are inscribed the names of the five sisters, lovely in life, and in death not divided. "Though dead, they yet live."

TOMB OF HANNAH MORE.

DAY DREAMS.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

There was a time long years ago,
  When hope and I went hand-in-hand,
I built bright castles in the air,
  And hope approved all that I plann'd.

And when my castles all were built,
  I peopled them with forms of grace,
Alas! my castles vanish'd are,
  And save in mem'ry left no trace.

Yet hope still linger'd by my side,
  And gayly pass'd the fleeting hours;
New pleasures sprang within my reach,
  My path was strewn with bright flow'rs.

I gather'd them, and made a wreath
  To place upon a lov'd one's brow,
They droop'd and wither'd one by one,
  And oh! where is that lov'd one now?

The golden hours went fleeting by,
  And shadows gather'd o'er my way,
Yet hope still whisper'd to my heart,
  "Thy strength is ever as thy day."

And though the day-dreams of my youth
  Have vanish'd as the early dew;
Yet mem'ry lingers with the past,
  And oft its day-dreams I renew.

Digitized by Google

CROSSING THE BROOK.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

Sweet Jean Struthers, but a very humble peasant girl was she, and so she ought to have been, for the rich can purchase the comforts of this life, but the poor can ill afford to do without the blessings brought by a character such as her's. She was the very light of her old grandfather's life, with her gentle, soothing ways and pious love for him, and he drank in with thankfulness the low tones of her voice, and the very hum of her wheel seemed to him like music.

None in all the parish was venerated more than Robert Struthers, none loved more than his grand-daughter. The old man was barely able to eke out a subsistence from the piece of inhospitable soil which he owned and tilled; and Jean's delicate health prevented her from taking any active part in the out-door work, usual in her country and station.

But the good matrons in the neighborhood, not daring to offer openly assistance to a man and girl, grand in their integrity and honest pride, found spinning and knitting enough for Jean to do, to add considerably to their very small income. Her chief dependance for this work was on Mrs. Grahame, of the manse, and Mrs. Stuart, the widow of a neighboring laird; and many must have been their messages in reference to it, for Allan Grahame and Angus Stuart were constantly at old Robert Struthers' under this pretext.

The two youths were only restrained by Jean's gentle presence from an open outbreak of rivalry. But her voice and smile had wonderful fascination for them, and as the two watched her by the glowing fire-light, pacing backward and forward by her large, old-fashioned wheel, with her right arm gracefully extended keeping it in motion, and the left hand lightly holding the soft roll that grew into such fine yarn under her dexterity, the waving motion of her figure, the drowsy hum of the wheel, the venerable figure of old Robert Struthers by the ingle-nook, and the little room lighted only by the warm fire-light, soothed the two in spite of themselves.

The young laird was of too restless and impetuous a disposition to sit quietly, so he amused himself by entangling Jean's rolls, teasing her pet cat, or reeling off the yarn which she had spun; but the minister's son ensconced himself in the corner of the fire-place opposite the grandfather, and repeated stirring stories of Bruce and Wallace, or mournful ballads of the Duke of Argyle, or sung in his clear, rich voice to the dreamy music of the wheel, the favorite hymns of the stern old Covenanters, which had so often re-echoed among the rocks in the neighborhood.

They had all been playfellows together. Angus Stuart had even fought the battles of his delicate little companion, and loved her with all the impetuosity of his nature. Allan Grahame had gathered the earliest flowers for her, had trained her pet birds, given her a taste for the ballads and stories he was so constantly repeating, and unknown to himself till now, had laid all his wealth of unselfish love on her altar.

One afternoon, as Jean and her grandfather were returning from a neighboring village, with a number of others, a loving altercation took place at a little brook which was to be forded, as to whom should ride Thistle, the old pony.

"Grandfather, you ride and take little Lizzy Moore on the pony too," persisted Jean.

"Yes, and I'll carry Jean," said Allan Grahame, who with some others was just behind.

"You? liver face!" broke in Angus Stuart, contemptuously, "you'll not touch her, for I'll carry her over myself," and he was about placing his arm around her waist, when she said,

"Oh, don't you remember how you used both to carry me 'Lady o' London' when I was little; if you won't let me walk, I'd rather be taken over that way."

The two rivals joined hands firmly. Jean seated herself, and they stepped into the water. By her ordinary manner none could have told to which she gave the preference; yet now the careless way in which she hung her arm over Allan Grahame spoke too much of the sister's calm affection; whilst the stronger weight borne on Angus Stuart's shoulder as he gazed up into her face, and the care she took of his cap told eloquently, though unconsciously of her choice.

In truth there was something in the disposition of the minister's son too much like her own, for her to regard him otherwise than a dear brother; whilst in the strong, self-reliant nature of the young laird, her yielding, dependant character found something to cling to and support it.

Digitized by Google

The brook was crossed, and all three passed on their homeward way amicably enough, each lover satisfied that himself was preferred.

The summer time had now come, and the fields were golden and purple with gorse and heather; the bees dipped in and out of patches of bloom with a sleepy music; birds sung, and soared, and tended their young; and flowers bloomed in sweet luxuriance: and yet among all this life and beauty, Jean Struthers' voice grew lower and her step more feeble as the season advanced. Old Robert Struthers looked on with an anxious heart. Alas! alas! he knew the symptoms too well. His wife and all his children seemed to have melted away beneath his sight, just so, and now this ewe-lamb of the poor man, this one comfort and treasure he possessed, was to be taken also.

But there was the making of a mystic in the white haired old man; he gave no outward sign of all this, but nursed and caressed his granddaughter with mother-like care, leading her gently along by still streams to the shadows of the dark valley, yet grappling with his own grief in stern silence.

And the two lovers met no longer at the cottage ingle as they had of old. Each knew that a greater rival was to bear away his bride; and the shadow of his skeleton hand effaced hope and bitterness together.

September had come with its warm days and chilly nights, to rack the frame of the poor invalid; and field and hill side were yet golden and purple, and the water gurgled around the stones in the burn close by the cottage, yet Jean Struthers saw none of this as she lay upon a couch by her chamber window, with the white curtains floating over her. The rich hues of the autumn sunset were streaming in upon her, forming a kind of halo around her face; and by her bed stood her grandfather and the minister, whilst Angus Stuart and Allan Grahame were on either side of her, holding each a hand. Sweet smiles flitted across her face as she said, joining their hands together,

"I know you'll love each other for my sake," and at the very gates of eternity by which she stood, true love, the unselfish bowed its head and dared not ask for more.

With a gentle smile she dismissed her lovers from her bed and called her grandfather. The old man went and knelt down by her, and as she stroked her hand over his thin, white locks, a moisture gathered in her blue eye, as she now thought of his lonely life to come. The good minister saw this, and knelt down and prayed that she might enter into the dark valley calmly, with a mind divested of all fears, and even whilst pouring out this supplication, Robert Struthers felt the hand which lay upon his head become cold and heavy, yet he stirred not, for he knew that she had blessed him in death, as she had ever done in life.

For several minutes there was a breathless silence over the little chamber, for the awe of the Great Mystery was upon all; then Angus Stuart went to the bed, kissed the cold lips passionately, and rushed from the house. The strong youth upon whose strength Jean had perhaps unwittingly relied, had no more control over himself than a little child; while Allan Grahame, the visionary and dreamer, knelt and whispered,

"It is good for me to be afflicted, 'Thy will not mine be done.'"

On a still Sabbath afternoon, a little band wound into the quiet kirk-yard, and filled a grave beneath a dark yew tree; and after all others had departed, a white headed old man and two youths stood side by side and wept, and talked of Jean, and the song of birds, and the perfume of flowers, and the murmur of the burn and bees which she had loved so much, that would steal here in summer; and then they embraced and parted. Oh, Death, thou Sanctifier.

The autumn passed, and the winter came with storms and bleak winds from the hill side, and the first snow lay like a winding sheet about two graves under the yew tree, and the little cottage by the burn side was tenantless.

NIGHT.

BY CLARA MORETON.

To-NIGHT a thick mist fills the valley wide,
And banks of clouds wall in the arching skies,
Hiding the starlight from my eager eyes.
Black loom the rocks upon the dark hill side,
And all is drear and lone, where late so gay
The reapers toiled amid the golden grain,
Leaving the rip'ned field with loaded wain,
To wait the dawning of another day.
Oh, gloomy night, thy shadow falls on me,
As in the shrouded future, I divine,
Still darker hours than ever yet were mine.
Then o'er my breast the waves of Sorrow's sea
Shall beat more fiercely for the calm before.
Oh, Life! how wild the storms that sweep thy shore!

LOVE DREAMS.

BY B. W. DEWEES.

I HAD been, one evening in summer, to visit a family of friends, who lived in the country. I have said a *family* of friends, and though they were indeed such, my conscience, a very tender one, convicts me of inaccuracy in the statement. I will, therefore, at once candidly make the confession, that had it not been for the bright, lustrous, divinely beautiful eyes of Serena, the *family* might not, perhaps, have enjoyed the pleasure of my society. Having by this bestowal of confidence propitiated my reader, I shall count upon the friendly lenity of his judgment for the history of the strange events which befell me during my courtship. I entreat him to be good-naturedly credulous, for being a timid person, the least doubt of my veracity would embarrass me, and I should be unable to proceed in my narration.

On the particular evening, of which I was about to speak, I was not Serena's only visitor; a whiskered young officer, Major B——, was also with her, and, as I thought, making himself much too busy about my flower—my beautiful Serena; I could not but compare him to an ugly yellow-jacket, or fierce wasp, concerning himself with a white lily.

As I sat, rather neglected, on a sofa opposite to the musicians, I had nothing better to do than to amuse myself by wishing ill wishes to the object of my jealous resentment. Might I not by a dexterous, and apparently casual movement of my foot at the right moment, trip him up as he stooped for a music-book? How delightful, if, by an awkward fall, he should change Serena's smiles into laughter! Or could I not, unsuspected, jerk aside the chair, round the leg of which the top of my walking-stick was hooked, just as he was about to seat himself? I rejected this idea as too vulgar and ill-bred, "but confound the fellow!" I muttered, as he opened wide his mouth to emit a fine note, "I wish I dared thrust the end of my walking-stick into the spacious cavern disclosed to view!"

All this while I had held a little apple in my hand, of the kind called lady-apple, which I had plucked from an orchard on my way to Serena's, and my attention being diverted a moment from the singers I was examining its bright colors, and passing it from hand to hand. A loud and prolonged note from the major's throat caused me to look up, and I saw his jaws distended to their utmost extent. In a flash, before I had time for a thought, (to this hour I know not whether it was myself or Satan did the deed) the apple sped from my hand with too true an aim, and the long-drawn note ended with a sudden—chug!

The ludicrous appearance my rival presented at this moment induced an irrepressible fit of laughter, and perceiving that my only safety lay in retreat, I rushed from the room before the bewildered major had recovered from his astonishment.

I sped swiftly homeward, half expecting to be pursued, but hearing no sounds behind me, I gradually slackened my pace, and finally loitered along quite lazily over the fields, looking at the sky, which began to present a very singular appearance. Rays of light were shooting from the horizon upward, and back again, with inconceivable brilliancy and quickness. I knew it was an effect of the "northern lights," but I had never before seen anything of the kind at all comparable in splendor, and brilliancy, to the magnificent spectacle on which I was gazing. A rose colored light shone at the zenith, and rays, as of fire spread out from it, like a great umbrella, reaching half down the heavens. Shifting vapors of all hues were flitting swiftly across the sky. Never before, and never since, have I beheld a sight so wonderful—so glorious!

When I again looked toward the horizon, I observed that the spear-like rays had come nearer to me, and straining my eyes, I perceived dimly, huge, vague forms behind these silver rays, which I now saw were spears of shining silver. Higher up I discerned other clouds—like forms, apparently opposing those below, for the spears were darting back and forth between them with lightning-like rapidity.

I turned my wondering eyes again to the zenith. From the centre of the rosy light—just where the flame colored beams met, like a flower's leaves in the middle, an angelic face gleamed for an instant, and was gone! I pressed my hand to my eyes, doubting my senses, for it seemed to me that the starry eyes of Serena had shone upon me!

Meanwhile the cloudy combatants had approached me yet more nearly, and were still

Digitized by Google

advancing; suddenly I found myself in the midst of a wild hurly-burly. Huge, vague forms were flitting confusedly, though hurriedly by, and glittering spears flashed incessantly about me. All at once I felt myself lifted and whirled suddenly upward, like a leaf carried on high by a gale. Dizzy and confounded, I knew not what happened for a few moments, but when I recovered myself, I was lying in perfect safety and security upon a pile of clouds which floated in upper air. Strange as my situation was, still more strangely, I felt no alarm, or even scarcely astonishment at it. I was as much at my ease, reclining on my ethereal couch as though I had left behind me my material part, and was there a spirit only.

Meanwhile I watched curiously to see what would follow. I perceived that the lower row of combatants had risen, (probably carrying me with them in their ascent) and having joined their former opponents, they were now soaring, cloud-like, still farther upward. I saw them ascend to the brilliant centre, where I had seen the angelic face, and return bearing a nymph, or fairy, or angel, (I know not what to call her) upon a rose colored shield, which resembled a radiating cloud. I could not see the face of this angelic maiden, for it was turned from me, but her form was of exquisite beauty, and I could discern that the lovely, graceful head was surrounded by a circlet of stars. From my hiding-place I watched her with great and peculiar interest, for, strange as it may seem, she in some way unaccountably reminded me of my earthly angel—Serena.

The cloud-heroes had disappeared, I knew not when or how, and a scene of wonderful beauty now presented itself. From all the surrounding clouds the most exquisite little beings began to emerge. Their misty, floating robes were of all hues—blue, purple, golden, pink, grey and white. They soared fleetly about from cloud to cloud, and from space to space, each bearing a long wand burning at one end. I soon perceived that they were lighting up the stars, of which nothing had previously been visible. Their task done, they came floating and dancing back, and formed a circle round the lovely lady who yet reclined upon her couch of rosy vapors.

Turning partly round, she said in a voice so sweetly familiar that it made me start,

"Ah, why were you so late in coming; I expected you sooner?"

I knew not why, but I seemed to feel an inward consciousness that these words were addressed to *me*—but the bright circle made answer. Another moment, and the fairy forms were scattered again—they darted off, here, there, everywhere to seek their pleasures. Some flew to sport among the stars, others merely floated serenely on the pure azure, but most of them began a lively game of hide and seek in the clouds; generally hiding, as I observed, in clouds of the same color as their garments. One little angel in white I had noticed with particular admiration. She was the prettiest, archest little fairy that ever danced on a wreath of mist; a beautiful face had she, and a dainty waist, that, airy as it was, might well tempt a mortal, and unspiritual embrace. I trembled with pleasure as I saw her skip to the cloud in which I was in search of a hiding-place. She nestled herself down quite near me—only a little mist between us! I could resist now no more than in a late case of temptation, and stretching out my arms I caught my fairy within them.

My triumph was of short duration. Instantly all became wild confusion, and I felt myself falling, falling, till from the dizzy, whirling motion my senses forsook me. I awoke with a shock, and found myself lying on the hill-top, much bruised, as though by a fall, and with a brain bewildered by the strange sights I had seen, or dreamt about. It was now daylight, and sitting on the turf I slowly recalled to memory the occurrences of the preceding night. I tried to convince myself that I had been dreaming, but the events seemed too vivid and real to have been merely dreamed, and certain very unmistakable bruises perplexed me, and left me still more in doubt.

The subject, however, haunted me all day, and at night fall, full of wild musings and fantastic thoughts, I took my way to Serena. As I approached the house I heard the sound of music, and I thought, with a jealous pang, that my detested rival was with her. I crept softly to the low, open window and looked in; there sat my beloved, alone, at her harp—her beautiful upraised eyes glistening with the emotion her own music excited. The instant I looked at her, the angel face I had seen at the zenith returned forcibly to my mind; round Serena floated a robe of pink gauze, which perhaps increased the fancied resemblance. I gazed at her silently—rapturously. She seemed to me to be of superhuman beauty and goodness. At last, unable longer to restrain myself, I exclaimed, "Serena!" and sprang toward her. She half turned her head and said, without looking at me,

"Is it you? You are late in coming. I expected you sooner."

The simple words seemed to thrill through my whole being—I felt a shiver of mysterious awe creep over me.

Digitized by Google

I know not what I replied, but something wild and incoherent I am sure, for Serena smiled, and said I must be dreaming.

I spent an hour or two of delicious love delirium by the side of my adored, whose eyes I thought seemed to read the love messages freely sent by mine, and sometimes to return sweet responses. When I rose to go, she came with me into the garden, and as we passed a jessamine vine I pulled a long flowing spray, which I twined round her graceful head. Scarcely had I done so, however, when again a feeling of mysterious awe returned to me. The white star-like flowers in Serena's dark curls gleamed in the moonlight, like *real* stars, and a light appeared to stream from her face transfiguring it.

"Angel! Serena!" I cried, "look thus forever! It was thus I saw you last night upon your rosy cloud, surrounded by your fairy maidens. Attempt not to disguise it—you it was, you alone, whom I saw last night!"

"That you saw me last night, I have no doubt," said Serena, after a pause, "since I had the pleasure of a visit from you and Major B——," she smiled roguishly, "but what you can mean by talking of rosy clouds, and fairies, I am at a loss to imagine."

"Nonsense, Serena," cried I, quite impatiently, "you *must* know what I mean; your's was certainly the face I saw at the zenith, surrounded by the rosy rays!"

Serena opened her bright eyes, and looked astonished—she certainly began to entertain doubts of my sanity. After a little thoughtful pause, she laughed—

"I am happy to have been the subject of your dreams," she said.

Had I indeed been dreaming? I began to think so—I could not tell, but if so, willingly would I have dreamt forever, for never had I been so happy.

In rather an absent mood I parted from Serena, and turned homeward. I wished, as I went along, indeed I almost *expected*, that something would occur to enable me to renew the dreams or realities, whichever they might be, of the previous night. I looked again and again to the heavens, all was serene and peaceful—the stars gleamed out as usual, and thin vapory clouds were sweeping by as I had often seem them, but there was nothing of the strange appearances of the night before—nothing supernatural save the mysterious beauty and grandeur of the starry heavens, which are, at all times, enough to awe the observing mind almost into fear. As I came to the barren hill I could not help lingering, but nothing happened, and I went slowly homeward.

All the next day, while I was at my work, the vision of Serena as I saw her the night before, with her jessamine wreath of stars, haunted me. I loved her with unspeakable tenderness, and now more intensely than ever before.

At sunset I set off impatiently to seek my dream love, as I called Serena to myself, determined to beseech her to share the burden of infinite love, which was becoming too great for my finite heart to bear alone.

The clouds were uncommonly gorgeous, tinged by the rays of the sinking sun, and I watched their changing hues as I walked along. When I came to the summit of the well-remembered hill I lay down on my back, and shading my eyes with my hand, looked up to see them, and peer into their depths as I had loved to do from childhood. I remained thus gazing and dreaming, as one will when so occupied, till the sun had long gone down. The glory had departed from the clouds, and grey shades, and streaks of mist began to appear in the valley. Suddenly I sprang to my feet with a startled feeling, and a certain consciousness that something strange was about to happen. Looking down, I saw the fog forming in the valley, in huge, heavy masses, like the cumbrous white clouds we see in summer. Slowly they began to roll up the hill—on they came to my very feet. They encompassed me on every side—I could see nothing but mist, and already as I looked about me I seemed to have left the earth, and to be in upper air. But presently I felt a soft, delicious motion. I sank back, and closing my eyes, I gave myself up entirely to the pleasure imparted by the dreamy, floating motion; even curiosity was suspended till I felt my cloud-car become stationary; then looking about me, I saw all around dimly visible the same giant, misty forms I had seen before. Black shades thickened on all sides, but whether they were clouds, or throngs of these same shapeless giants, I could not determine.

While I lay pondering and observing, thunders began to roll—at first faintly—then with terrific violence. Lightnings were hurled in every direction without a moment's cessation, and wild, tempestuous, phantom forms swept by. Awed and trembling, I gazed on the raging storm around, below, and above me, but I felt no harm, and after a time the tumult subsided. Little by little, all grew more and more quiet, more and more serene, till the silence of another world seemed around me. The moon came out in her lovely glory, and tipped all the clouds with silver, scattering the few black ones that were disposed to linger. I emerged a little from my resting-place and looked down. There lay the world

Digitized by Google

before me sleeping in the moonlight. Oh, how still and beautiful it looked with its gleaming waters, and here and there sparkling lighted cities glittering in the darkness. My attention was recalled by a sight which absorbed me altogether.

Two long lines of maidens, robed in misty white, appeared floating in the clear air; as they passed I perceived that they were drawing by a fine starry chain, a cloud, shaped like a car, in which was seated the same lovely being I had seen before. As she passed, she turned her face full toward me, and I beheld—Serena!

I sprang forward, and spreading out my arms, cried,

"Serena! Serena! Leave me not here! Thine am I now, and forever!"

A smile of heavenly beauty stole over the angel face, and stretching out her hand, my dream love placed me beside her. On we floated like disembodied spirits, while a feeling of ecstasy, indescribable and unutterable, pervaded my being; heaven itself seemed entered.

Then I stood with my companion in what looked like a dim, vast, misty cathedral; long vistas, and rows of faintly defined columns were visible in wondrous beauty and order. Before me rose the altar to this heaven-built church.

Serena was still beside me, and looking at her full of doubt and wonder, I saw that her head was encircled by the starry jessamine wreath my own hands had placed there. Her eyes met mine, and taking my hand in her's, she raised both together toward heaven, as though in attestation of a solemn vow. At this moment sounds like the music of the spheres floated by, and I exclaimed in a sort of ecstatic delirium,

"The morning stars are singing together!"

What happened after this I know not—I was conscious of nothing more, till, next morning, I opened my eyes and found myself lying cold and wet upon the barren hill-top.

The evening of the same day, with feelings almost of solemnity, I took my way to seek Serena. As I walked along, heaven and earth glowed in perfect beauty and peace, and a deep serenity and happiness fell upon my heart.

As I entered Serena's garden, she came out to meet me robed in silvery white, and in her hair gleamed a wreath of jessamine stars. I felt as I gazed at her that she was all in all to me—my heart yearned with unspeakable tenderness toward her.

Looking earnestly at her, I said with emotion,

"Serena! Serena! Leave me not alone in the world! Thine am I, now and evermore!"

She took my offered hand in her's, and while her tearful eyes were raised, said solemnly,

"Thine, too, am I, wholly and eternally—I feel that our souls were united in heaven."

TEARS.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

Why, oh, why doth that old man weep,
And shed those fast-flowing tears?
Is memory leading him back
To childhood's bliss-haunted years?
Ah, yes, and he sighs for those seasons of joy,
Those moments of pleasure all free from alloy.

His step is now feeble and slow,
And fast his eye waxeth dim,
The friends of his youth slumber low,
And earth hath no charms for him;
His tongue is now palsied, his locks have turned grey,
And fast from the earth-shades he's passing away.

Why, oh, why dost that strong man weep,
While others are blithe and gay?
Have shadows all darkling and deep,
In gloom enshrouded his way?
Do clouds of misfortune hang over his brow—
Why sad is his spirit—why weepeth he now?

Hopes, that so long he has cherished,
Alas! have taken their flight,
Dreams of his childhood have perished,
Like frost-work gay of the night,
Bowed is his spirit in gloom and in sadness,
The future may bring him no bright days of gladness.

Why, oh, why weeps that noble youth,
Has the future no charms in store?
He has found that the dreamings, forsooth,
Of his childhood days are o'er;
Yes, he's awakened to the dreamings of life,
And found this a world of contention and strife.

What maketh that young child weep?
He's lost a glittering toy,
And cloudlets now gather all deep,
And sad is the rose-cheeked boy;
The shadows are long under morning's fair sky,
That shrink to our step when the moon rideth high.

Digitized by Google

THE GRAND DUKE'S JASMINE.

BY A. L. OTIS.

The Tuscans have a saying—"she who is worthy to wear a crown of Jasmine, brings a fortune to her husband," and it is as common a custom in that country for brides, worthy and unworthy, to wear Jasmine in their hair, as it is here for them to wear orange blossoms. It is hard to choose between two such lovely flowers. A beautiful, refreshing fruit follows the orange blossom, therefore it seems to promise that the loveliness of the bride shall pass into the yet more perfect beauty of the dignified, useful, home-blessing matron.

But then the Jasmine is far the prettier flower, and the Tuscans have adopted it as their bridal emblem from a very interesting incident. It was as follows:

The Grand Duke had been passionately fond of flowers, and his greenhouse was the most perfect art, at that time—the close of the seventeenth century—could produce. His gardener, a silent, reserved, but enthusiastic young man, was not only a most successful and devoted practical cultivator, but a very scientific botanist.

I said the Grand Duke *had* been fond of flowers —now his whole thoughts were filled with but one, a most beautiful Jasmine. In its department of the hothouse no other blossom was allowed to expand—every bud was nipt off in the commencement of its tiny existence. The wandering eye must be attracted from the queenly flower by no rival, however humble. Not only this, but numerous plants must die a slow death to show yet more perfectly the beauty of the favorite. The dark, glossy Camilla, and the bright, exquisitely delicate Heath, must lend their foliage as back-ground and contrast to the graceful and idolized plant. When they pined and faded in the uncongenial heat, fresh victims must take their places. The flower was certainly surpassingly lovely, and numerous were the applications for even a little sprig of it; but the Grand Duke indignantly refused to give lest it should be propagated. He gloried in the hope that there was but one in the world, and that one his! His gardener had called the new variety into existence, and no plant like it lived. He was proud and fond of it, for the fame of it spread far and near.

If the Grand Duke cherished it as a lover would a mistress, the affection Wilhelm, the gardener, felt for it seemed to be that of a father for a lovely daughter.

In his wanderings in search of botanical specimens, Wilhelm often passed a little cottage garden, which never failed to attract much of his silent attention. It was beautifully kept, and in so favorable a position that flowers of every kind seemed to blossom there with remarkable magnificence. The most exquisite taste had chosen and grouped them. Wilhelm was never weary of leaning on the fence and feasting his eyes upon the rare beauty of the spot.

He had already twice seen its mistress, a graceful Italian girl of about sixteen, gathering flowers; and the third time, one warm autumn eve as he stopped as usual at the gate, she was tying up a rose so near it that it was necessary to speak. He said,

"Good evening, signorina—you love flowers."

"Yes, signor," and no other words passed between them, though Wilhelm looked long at the garden; longer still at the lithe form and lovely face of the peasant girl, who did not delay her work. But matters did not continue so. His evening walk was now uniformly past the beautiful garden—and from mere passing salutations they soon came to long, interesting conversations on their common subject of interest—flowers. Finally Wilhelm was invited to enter by the young girl's mother, and thus he learned the history of the family, being also desired to communicate his own. Aimee's father was a French gardener, whence her name and skill in raising plants; the mother said she herself was a Neapolitan, and she had given Aimee her luxuriant jetty hair and melting black eyes. They had come from France in the hope of obtaining the situation which Wilhelm held: but the father had died almost immediately after their arrival. Aimee now supported herself and her mother by selling bouquets.

Wilhelm's story was no more eventful. He was the fifth son of a noble, but poor German family; and when he left the University, he could not endure to live at home to increase its penury. His family had neither wealth nor influence to aid him, and he was glad to get any independent employment. Doubly happy he

Digitized by Google

imagined himself when he obtained the chief direction of the beautiful gardens of the Grand Duke, and so was able to gratify an intense love for the "gentle race of flowers," as well as to send home material aid to his parents.

Doubtless that autumn was a very happy one to him, but his nature was reserved, and a veil of German phlegm concealed the enthusiasm of his mind. But with her warm, glowing, passionate heart, her expressive face, and her instinctive love of the beautiful, how could Aimee resist the influence of Wilhem's most beautiful soul, or conceal the feeling he inspired? She loved as Italians love, but with dignity and womanliness, not without painful fears that she was not loved in return. It was a happy autumn nevertheless to both of them, for they were much together.

"Wilhelm," said Aimee, one day, "is not this pretty Jasmine quite as fine as the Grand Duke's?"

He shook his head in reply.

"Not?" said she, with a disappointed look. "Surely nothing could exceed the beauty of that cluster of star-like blossoms, with the dark and pretty foliage, unless it be a magic flower. Ah, they tell strange tales of the Duke's Jasmine!"

"What do they say, Aimee?"

"That it is no flower, but an imprisoned spirit, one of those wild flower spirits like the Undines, and that the Grand Duke loves her. The perfume is intoxicating, and she holds the Duke enchanted by it—but our Holy Mother protects him and keeps her prisoned in the flower. They say when he approaches the blossoms emit flashes of light, and the branches stir, stretching toward him. Tell me the truth about it."

"The Duke loves it. It is a beautiful thing, perfect in beauty and fragrance. As it is my child I also love it." Jealousy of the flower kept Aimee from continuing the conversation. Her heart beat yet more wildly to know the feelings of him she loved toward her. She was silent till he left her, and then wept passionate tears of suppressed affection, longing and fear.

A week after this evening she met him at the gate with a joyful exclamation—"it is my birthday—I am seventeen!" She had looked forward all day to receiving his good wishes—but Wilhelm said nothing. He held her hand, however, and looked on her downcast face till she feared her heart beat audibly. He said at last,

"In my country one may have one's own will without contradiction on one's birthday, and every wish must be fulfilled. I have brought thee no gift. Wilt thou not make some request that I may grant it?"

"Let me see the Grand Duke's Jasmine," asked Aimee, with a deep blush.

"Come now," he answered, smiling.

With eyes dancing with delight, Aimee set out with him. The sun was near its setting, and from the heavens descended the rapture of an Italian eve. But that is silent happiness, so Aimee spoke not a word. Her feelings were at a dizzy height of agitation, expectancy and joyful triumph.

As she entered the crystal portal of the conservatory, and passed through its blossom-lined avenues, she felt its heavily perfumed air weigh down her too buoyant spirit, and spread over her soul a dreamy calmness. A long avenue of Camillas, without a blossom or bud, led them toward a small circular space surmounted by a dome, and afar off the suspicion of a peculiar fragrance began to steal on the sense, growing momently more defined, stirring in Aimee's expectant heart a dreamy rapture.

They entered the charmed circle by a concealed door In its centre, raised on a green marble pedestal of graceful form, stood the Jasmine. Around it was a wide walk enclosed by a wall of foliage, so that the flower shone relieved from whatever side of the small apartment it was viewed. Beneath the plants which served as walls were ranged couches of moss colored velvet, on which the Grand Duke spent his leisure hours, satisfying his soul with the beauty of the beloved plant, and inhaling its delicious breath, which brought him thoughts pleasant as words uttered by beloved lips.

The young girl slowly advanced, and stood almost reverentially gazing, a deep, vague delight stealing over her upturned face as her eyes dwelt upon the rich clusters of white flowers, which seemed each composed of a thousand flakes of creamy snow, separate, yet moulded into the perfection of grace in a flower, and seeming to droop with the languor of their own sweetness. The heart of each fully expanded blossom seemed to glow, but the delicate half opened buds were pure. The foliage, light and airy, was a most beautiful dress for this Venus of flowers.

Aimee was surely spell-bound, so long did she stand there. Wilhelm had thrown himself upon one of the Duke's couches, and his eyes rested on the beautiful girl at her flower-worship, with an abstraction deep as her own. Darkness began to steal in, yet the white flowers gleamed against the dark green, and when the moonbeams penetrated they seemed to shine by a light of their own. The enchanting fragrance grew more intense, so searching, and spirit-

Digitized by Google

moving that Wilhelm must rise and stand close by Aimee.

"Ah," said she, "it sheds joy around it—it is divine—angels bend over it—and look at it with love."

"Dost thou see many? I see but one."

"It breathes into my heart," said Aimee, passionately.

Wilhelm plucked a cluster of blossoms and placed it in her hair—while the eyes of the young girl turned slowly from the flower to meet his gaze, and his lips that instant pressed into her soul the knowledge that she was beloved. Some time after seated by Wilhem, and supported by him, she suddenly started in horror.

"Thou hast broken the Grand Duke's flower," she faltered.

"I have broken it for thee!" he replied, with suppressed exultation.

"Yes, I am to blame, only I," she said, eagerly; "tell him so."

Wilhelm heard her voice not her words, and he only pressed her closer to him.

"Will the Duke be very angry—will he make you suffer?"

The distress of her tone recalled him.

"He will be angry doubtless: but I shall suffer nothing for that action: it will bring me only joy."

"Dost thou not love the flower?" asked Aimee, in a low tone. "How couldst thou break it?"

"A flower cannot fill *my* heart. It is only fit to become an ornament for thee. See," he continued, rising, and leading her out of the enchanted circle to a polished silver mirror, which had been used to reflect some former favorite of the Grand Duke's—"there is light enough for thee to see how thou art the Queen of Flowers, and this but a gem in thy hair."

But the girl drew bashfully back, and they passed again through the fragrant aisles to the open air. Hardly had they stepped into the moonlight, when the Duke's voice was heard asking for Wilhelm, and afraid lest Aimee should hear the storm which was coming he bade her fly home, and not even pause to take breath lest some harm should befall her. He delayed as long as possible appearing before his offended lord, that he might watch her on her way. She sped gladly home—passing a shrine she fell on her knees before it, took her flower from her hair, and laid it at the Virgin's feet.

"Oh, Virgin Mother, dear and beautiful," she murmured, "even this I could give thee, so do I love thee for interceding with thy Son and giving me this happiness. Oh, mother, who thyself knowest how to love, thou dost know better than I can ask how to shower upon *his* head every blessing. Bless him through this very flower. We are poor—we cannot be always near each other for long years, perhaps never, if thou dost not aid us—and to be separated is death to me, mother. If thou will accept this flower, which thou knowest is what is most dear of all my possessions, and wilt aid us—cause it to fade before my eyes."

Thus speaking, the young girl suspended her prayer, and seeing that the flower did not fade, her first impulse was to snatch and kiss it joyfully—but the fearful thought struck her that this fact was an evidence of the refusal of the Virgin to protect her.

With a burst of tears she laid the flower again at the blessed feet, and cried,

"Oh, take it, mother! Protect us—aid us, or we shall never be happy." For some time longer she earnestly supplicated favor, and then a bright idea suddenly occurring, she cried in hope, "but if thou wouldst signify that I should keep the flower—that it will not be counted to me for sin after having offered it to thee—that thou art satisfied with my willingness to give it up to thee, and wilt still take us under thy protection, let it not fade, and I will take it with me thankfully!"

Again she looked eagerly at the flower. It did not shrivel up before her fearful eyes, and she took it eagerly with a kiss, fervent, but light as that of a breeze. After some ejaculated expressions of gratitude to the Virgin, the little sophist hastened home; and her first care was to plant the precious gift, that if possible she might preserve it to be forever a token of her lover's affection. She watched it with solicitude, and did everything for it that care or skill could suggest. It lived and grew. But I am anticipating.

Wilhelm, I said, delayed meeting the Duke, and meanwhile two or three changes had taken place in the latter's mood. His anger when he saw the most beautiful cluster gone from his idol, was succeeded by grief at the injury his darling had received: and grief was followed by a more dreadful thought—whoever had the blossom might grow from it another plant, nay! many plants like his own!

Already he saw in fancy his peerless one multiplied to myriads, and decorating the gardens of despised peasants. He gave one reproachful glance at the flower, as if it had been voluntarily unfaithful, and its spell over him was broken forever.

Indignation, however, at being deprived of the former delight of his soul still remained; and it was while this feeling was dominant that

Digitized by Google

Wilhelm entered. He was questioned, and after telling the truth, instantly dismissed.

The Grand Duke's Jasmine was soon dethroned, and a fountain took its place. Once again the plants were allowed to nurse their little buds, and the walls of the circle glowed with blossoms of every hue. Restored to the common shelves, crowded among the other plants, the Jasmine could not live. The blossoms shrunk, their lambent flame was extinguished, the plant pined and died while the Duke's heart was filled with another love.

Wilhelm left the palace that night. As he passed the same shrine at which Aimee prayed, he paused, lifted his hat, crossed himself, and was going on his way, when he saw gleaming on the stone a flower fallen from the cluster he had given Aimee, and he lingered longer kneeling before the Virgin.

In the early morning he bade Aimee and her mother farewell, telling them his intention of visiting his parents, and seeking some means of earning a livelihood. He obtained the mother's permission to claim Aimee as his bride as soon as he could maintain her; and thus poor Aimee's cup of joy was dashed from her lips ere she had fully tasted it, for Wilhelm could not delay his journey.

A year passed, and Aimee's Jasmine almost rivalled the Duke's, except that the plant was much smaller. Persons eager to see it frequently called at the cottage, and its proud owner extolled its beauty, and told of its being the only descendant of the Grand Duke's, till the fame of it spread far and near. Many a gardener sighed with envy, and many a maiden wished for a like gift from her lover.

One day Aimee received an order from a noble in the vicinity, for flowers to decorate his palace on the occasion of a grand fete. Some delicate flowers were also bespoken to be worn in the hair of a young daughter of the house. Aimee always afterward believed that she was directly inspired by the Virgin to make for the lady a crown of her matchless Jasmine. She did so, and sent with it a history of the plant. The price she charged for it was in accordance with her estimation of its value. A circlet of gems might have been bought with the gold she received for it.

But what gems could match it, or rival its pure, graceful beauty—what jewels could breathe out its fragrance?

The crown was eagerly taken, and its story circulated. Jasmine became the fashion—no head-dress was complete without at least one cluster of its blossoms—ladies contended for even a single flower. Aimee's poor plant was soon dismantled of all save one cluster—the most beautiful, which she kept to represent her lover's original gift, though offered extravagant sums for it. Even the symbol of that gift was priceless.

Another year came and went, and Jasmine was no longer the rage; but gardeners came to purchase young plants, and the peasants to beg sprigs. To the latter Aimee gave freely, and the beautiful flower soon gladdened many a home, sending with its fragrance love and peace into young hearts.

On a summer day of this year, Aimee was walking in her shrubbery, when she felt a hand laid gently on her shoulder, and with a joyful cry she turned to meet Wilhelm's long, eager embrace.

His first words were sad, however—"I am poor as when I left thee, but I could no longer endure not to see thee."

"But I am rich," said Aimee, "with the flower thou gavest me wealth—the Virgin has blessed it to us. I am rich, and all that I have is thine!"

She then told him the story of her flower. But there was still a cloud on Wilhelm's brow, and when Aimee questioned he replied, "thou wilt give me enough in thyself—I must bring gold to thee. I, with a fortune, would dare to take thee—I will not take thy fortune with thee."

"Thou shalt," cried Aimee, passionately, "it is thine—take back what thou gavest me—I will not have it—it was thy gift." Then bursting into tears she said, laying her hand on his arm, and looking with irresistible persuasion into his face,

"Thou wilt."

Wilhelm could not refuse, but the cloud did not pass away till she poured out a history of the blessed inspiration of the Virgin, her hopes, her delight at success, and her intense happiness as she cherished the hope of securing his. Her passionate eloquence prevailed.

Not long after Aimee, her dark locks crowned with Jasmine, walked with her bridal maidens to the church to give herself to her lover. The aisles were thronged, for both nobility and peasantry loved the beautiful and far-famed flower girl.

Many valuable presents were given to the newly married couple, the Grand Duke himself causing to be erected for them a small circular greenhouse, and bestowing upon Wilhelm, in token of his forgiveness, the green marble pedestal of his former idol. But the Jasmine was not enthroned on it. A plaster cast of the Virgin took its place, and the plant at her feet was

Digitized by Google

trained around the pedestal. The people said the Jasmine was no longer the emblem of the exclusive, voluptuous, selfish love of the nobility, but of the pure, faithful wedded affection of their own class. Therefore in Tuscany it is a popular flower, and brides adopt it as their own.

NOTE.—The outlines of this story were taken from a paragraph in an old Horticultural Magazine. There is now in our greenhouses a plant called the Grand Duke or Tuscan Jasmine, therefore it is quite probable that the story is true.

PASSION'S FUGITIVE.

BY E. D. HOWARD.

A CHARM was thrown around me,
Which stole my sense in dream away;
A potent chain had bound me
Ere yet my heart divined its sway.
So sweet the joyous feeling,
Unlike all other bondage, this
No pain its power revealing,
Betrayed itself by throbs of bliss!

Oh, when some power unholy
Has crushed a noble spirit down,
Some being wronged and lowly
In slavery's fetters darkly bound,
How glorious is the moment
When fire heroic thrills his veins,
And braving all opponent,
One throb indignant breaks his chains!

But when the chain that binds us
Is clasped insidious on the heart;
When every pulse reminds us
How painfully its links will part;
When but to wear it ever
Were dearest boon this heart could crave;
When fates that would dissever
The chain which binds, must wound the slave.

Oh, then to nerve the spirit,
And tear those links of bliss away
Which cling so fondly near it,
It seems to break as soon as they!
And when they're rent forever
Such bitter drops of anguish flow,
That, spite of stern endeavor,
Back to its thrall the heart would go.

Thus—thus my soul hath broken
A charm which reigned so sweetly there;
And banished every token
Of thraldom once so fondly dear!
And yet—ah, yet there lingers
The fragrance of its wild control,
As perfume haunts the fingers
Which crushed the thorny rose they stole!

'Twas passions charm seductive,
A tie unworthy to be worn!
'Twas madness, more destructive,
Because its pain was fondly borne!
'Twere phrenzied joy to bind it
In folds of rapture round the heart,
But Purity untwined it,
And tore its glowing links apart!

TO MARY.

BY S. P. DANNER.

THOU wakest up sad thoughts to-night,
A spell is o'er me cast—
Life-like and fresh with flower, come back
The memories of tho past!
I think of one, whose sweet loved voice
Our hearts with joy oft filled—
Whose tones beguiled thus many an hour—
That voice in death is stilled.

How sad the contrast brought to mind,
As listening thus again,
My heart is borne to other days,
When first I heard that strain—

No shadow then was o'er my home—
No cloud was o'er my sky—
I thought not then of change and death,
Nor knew that they were nigh!

But now! These visions of the past!
They haunt me with their power—
The home! the voice! the forms have gone
Since that calm twilight hour.
I cannot bear such memories now,
I must not thus compare
The happy past with present gloom—
Cease then that plaintive air!

Digitized by Google

A DAY AT OLYMPUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

The time of the singing of the birds, the spring time of the year, had come. Softness and delight were in the air; and a rich purple glow was on the hills and in the vallies. The trees were still, like sentinels. Not a bough, hardly a leaf stirred. But there was the busy hum of newly awakened insect life; and the full, prolonged strains of the birds gushed out on every hand. The streams ran tinkling along; and mirrored faultlessly the blue sky, the white cloud, and the bordering trees—many of them leafless as yet, but aglow in the soft coloring of budding beauty. It was still everywhere that day among the dwellers on the earth; for even in the town, the softening influences were not wholly unfelt. Visions of green fields and woods, and yearnings to stray therein, went through and through many a brain. Even at Olympus new exhilaration was felt. Minerva passed out and in, in the morning hours, from one room to another, and from the rooms to the gardens among the pillars and vines; and wherever she went she had beaming eyes and thoroughly glorified mien. Venus plucked flowers and feather-like leaves and wrought them together into wreaths and crowns. If she passed a pillar she twined a wreath about it; and if she met a goddess or a nymph, she set a crown gracefully on her head. Truly Minerva and Venus *should* have been very happy on that glorious spring day. But as we mortals must almost always do somewhere in the midst of our best times, they sighed now and then as the day advanced; Minerva, that disquiets must so often come into the life that would be so beautiful and good, if her own heart and the hearts of Juno and of all the rest of the gods and goddesses, were worthy of that calm sky, that glowing expense of hill, vale and stream; Venus, that—why, that Vulcan had not a little, just a little more grace; that his feet must be so utterly uncouth, and so feeble in their services. It was so bad in a drawing-room among the rest of the gods who were so elegant! Heigh-ho. And Venus threw away a whole handful of choicest flowers and turned to the palace with languid steps; as if it were, after all, not worth while walking or doing anything, since her husband had such inelegance; and sighing, "heigh-ho—heigh-ho—I wish it were different! If it were only different!"

She sauntered into a long, long court; (you of Philadelphia have no conception of the length and breadth of that court, of the interminable vistas through the oleanders, mrytles, fountains and graceful architecture,) and there she found Minerva sitting pensively, with her head leaning against a pillar. If any of my readers believe that she had mild and well-pleased eyes on any of the beautiful vistas, or on the grand landscape stretching afar, and seen through the lofty windows and doors which were opened wide that day to the spring airs, they must be told, that, on the contrary, she only saw a dark stain on the carpet where Ganymede had that day upset a nectar flagon. She only thought that if Ganymede would be a little more careful, and if all the rest would be a little more careful, she need not be forever working carpets and tapestries; she might then study the philosophers to her heart's content, and grow wise, and improve herself indefinitely. So Minerva too said, heigh-ho! and sighed, and turned her eyes away to the grand landscape without seeing it.

Venus heard the sigh as she came along, tugging with impatient fingers at her girdle.

"Minerva!" said she, stopping before that goddess, and mechanically tearing a vine that touched her shoulder. "Minerva! did you ever think that, after all, there isn't anything in all Olympus that is worth one feather out of that owl's wing? There isn't, depend upon it!"

"But if we all were wiser, Venus! We spend our time in such a poor way! I've been thinking about it as I sat here; and I know that one may try *fetes* and flowers forever and ever; but one does not find a real, enduring kind of pleasure until one comes to be thoroughly learned and wise. I so long, on this account, to know all things!"

"Ah, ho!" laughed pretty little Venus, with a shrug. "I confess that sounds queer! I think I could be content if—now don't tell anybody, Minerva!" cuddling up close to Minerva, and clasping her arm in both her child-like hands. "Don't tell! but if Vulcan were a little handsomer! Do you know? I am sometimes fairly

Digitized by Google

ashamed of him; especially when Mars and Apollo are about. Don't tell now! Here let me put this spray of laurel in your hair. There, that's fine!" setting herself off at arm's length to look at her.

"Good-bye, Minerva! I'm gone!" And she glided gracefully away amongst the vines and pillars.

I wonder if my readers, many of them, know what the good German philosopher, Fichte, says of this discontent that must always be coming in; that infected Minerva and Venus; that infects us all more or less at times.

"And thus they long and wex away their life; in every condition in which they find themselves, thinking that if it were but *otherwise* with them it would be better with them, and then when it has become otherwise, discovering that it is not better; in every position they occupy for the moment, believing that if they had but attained yonder height on which their eye is gazing, they would be freed from their anguish, but finding nevertheless, even on the desired height, their ancient sorrow.

"And thus does the poor child of eternity, cast forth from his native home, and surrounded on all sides by his heavenly inheritance, which yet his trembling hand fears to grasp, wander with fugitive and uncertain step throughout the waste, everywhere laboring to establish for himself a dwelling-place, but happily ever reminded by the speedy downfall of each of his succeeding habitations, that he can find peace nowhere but in his Father's house."

And when Fichte talks here of "the Father's house," he is not thinking of the home beyond the grave. For "the Father dwelleth in *us*." Within ourselves is the fair inheritance, within our own souls. And if we look this way and that to find it in learning, or in elegant husbands with graceful feet, or in houses and lands, we look and search in vain. We find the learning and the lands, 'tis true. But we are still looking farther and in other directions. Our life is just as hollow as it was before; and must ever be, until we learn to sit quietly and look within our own souls.

It was very still among the dwellers in the country, on that early spring day; for busy men let go the wonted hurry of their steps, looked away on wood and hill, and thought a while of the unseen power that every spring time revivifies this ever old, ever new world. While they looked and listened, as if they might see or hear some of the slow works that went on in the lands about, they felt great thoughts going through them—of life, of Him who gave it to them; of death, and of the renewed life beyond; of its long, long course; of its delights for the guileless and loving-hearted child, of its rest and peace for the purified and strengthened man and woman, who come to it with the cross at their feet, and the crown of well-doing on their heads. They, the busy men of the earth, felt then that the life of the soul, begun here and carried on beyond the valley, was something to them, even a divine, beneficent reality; and that their actual, daily life, into which came so often vanity and sordid aims, blindness and deafness to beauty and pleasant sounds, was a poor farce, and that they themselves were little better than fools and harlequins; unworthy of the beautiful spring time, of the brightness of the sun, of the blossoms and the fruit which the earth was preparing to put forth; and especially unworthy of the rich and manifold endowments of the heart.

The little children sang with the birds. Their free, loving hearts expanded wide in the genial spring air and sunshine; and it was with them very much as if the good Saviour they so loved to be told about, took them into his arms and blessed them with his heavenly voice, as he was wont to bless the children of yore. They turned their wondering eyes here and there, up to the sky and away to the woods, with love for every little bird and for everything they saw. Some of them had read fairy tales and knew all about Genii, nymphs and graces. They knew how they go in their graceful white robes, chasing the wild roes and fawns over the hills and through the dales; and how they and the Muses sing and dance, playing upon their reeds and lyres. And they wandered away to the woods; for perhaps they would catch glimpses of them among the dark hazles by the brook. Perhaps they would find them bending at the little pond beneath the old trees, to put the arbutus flowers and the young oak leaves in their hair.

It was nearly in this wise that the poets, those men and women who are children to their dying day, felt and acted, in spite of all the depreciating things they had heard in their life-time from the tillers of the ground, the ore-diggers, the spinners and weavers, and all the men and women of vanity and worldly-mindedness. They too went to the woods and streams, longing that Muse or some sort of celestial creation might visit their eyes.

But they all, the poets and the little children searched and invoked in vain that day; or, in part, in vain; for on the morrow a *fete* would be given by the Muses on Mount Helicon; and already "the note of preparation had been sounded" in all Olympus, in all the tributary

Digitized by Google

islands and shores. The Naiads and the Neveides wore their green robes, bringing profusely into the borders, gems, plucked at will from the burnished roofs and sides of their grottoes. With the gems, the Neveides intermingled minutest rainbow colored shells gathered on the strands, just without the pillars; while the mountain nymphs, the fresh Oreiads, made chaplets of bay for their hair, and hemmed their long robes with the dark and lustrous olive leaves. The Dryades tried the effect in the hair, first of forest leaves, then of shells borrowed of the Neveides, afterward of gems given by the generous Naiads. But those who had taste and genius laid aside both gems and shells, after they had tried them in many lights, ending as they had begun, with their own forest leaves.

The Muses—they, indeed, had no time to attend to the children and the poets. But their hearts warmed toward them for the love they were paying; and they sent Euphrosyne, the youngest of the graces, her whose name being interpreted is Joy; and, unseen by them, she filled the hearts of the poets and the children with pleasure and gratitude, so that they thought it happiness enough just to live in such a glorious world. They gathered the arbutus and the many-hued mosses; and went back to their homes, richer ten thousand times than he or she ever can be, who, with miser-eyes on the ground, goes hurriedly, bearing heavy money-bags along.

CHAPTER II.

Do my readers know about Mount Helicon? Have my travelled readers ever rested their feet in the rich mosses of its groves? I imagine not; for it is chiefly of London and Paris, of Italy and the Rhine, and latterly indeed of Ireland and the Nile that one hears.

Mount Helicon then has soft airs and gentle slopes; and beneath the olive trees are cool springs, those pretty mirrors of the Muses. Little rills slip round in the groves of walnut and almond trees; and not a green mound rises along the plains, that the ilex and the arbutus do not deck it. The dark myrtle fringes heavily the banks of the streams; and here and there the lively oleander blooms. Not a ragged cliff is there, that clusters of flowers do not crown it, and the myrtle trail over its sides; not a precipice that a cascade does not leap adown it turning it unto beauty. There, in the shade of the groves, within sight and hearing of rill and cascade, overlooking the plain below and the Copiac Lake, the Muses had one of their beautiful homes. And here, on the day of which we would speak, the sisters and those ever-ready helpers, the charming graces, went from spot to spot, from room to room, with busy steps and skilful, well-trained fingers. All but Erato. She had been sent for to go to Olympus. Juno had need of her. Calliope, Clio and Hramia did their best to fill her place; only Clio declared that the latter spent half her time in the observatory; a place which, after all, none would exist unless it were Minerva and Prometheus. Thalia was in a distant apartment, with the eldest of the graces, the splendid Aglaia, with Melpomene, (her who presided over tragedy) and Apollo, who had come over from Olympus "to see to things," he said, as he was tucking his lyre into a corner, and unbuttoning the gay cloak that hung upon one shoulder. They were rehearsing some new *tableaux vivant.* Terpsichore was somewhere in the palace with Thalia of the graces, practising a new dance; and Euterpe had enough to do tuning her pipes. Odd things they were; Juno hated them; but the rest all liked them, she played them with such wondrous skill. Especially Jupiter liked them, *because* she hated them Juno fervently believed. And perhaps it was. It would be just like Jupiter, one must confess.

By-and-bye they all came together to twine roses and wreaths about the pillars and for festoons along the halls and corridors; to group them also, roses of every hue and shade, and laurel and myrtle, for the marble vases, the golden vases, and the vases of silver of exquisite workmanship; and, in their midst, laughter and song and good-natured jest did not once cease.

Venus came in the midst of it, a creature of light and beauty. She touched and rearranged a little the roses in the vases; ran her fingers lightly over the robes and chaplets the nymphs had made ready for the festival; and laughed at poor, diligent Vulcan, who came soon after her, a creature of right stalwarth arm and cunning fingers; but, then, a creature, after all, to be laughed at for his ugliness and his eccentricities. Venus laughed at him because he placed some new ornaments he had just brought, thus and so; and while she laughed she replaced them, so and thus; and then ran her white arm about his sinewy neck, when she perceived that she had vexed him.

"Vulcan—husband mine," she murmured, with her lips close to his ear.

"My wife—my pleasant one," said he. And it was with a good voice; for a great deal of tenderness was in it.

"I declare! I will never, *never* vex you in this foolish manner again! So help me Jove!"

"I declare I will never be vexed in this foolish

Digitized by Google

way again. For I wonder if I don't know that you love me right well. This ought to be enough, I am thinking, for a cramped, knotty old fellow like me."

"There! there! don't talk so, good one. I tell you the truth now!" coming up close before him, and getting hold of both his hands. "I often look at you and the rest of the gods, and think that I love you better than any of them, *because*—why not, to be sure, because you are a knotty old fellow, as you say; but because you are, in the upshot of the matter—not perfect." (*Par parenthesis*, my readers must believe Venus. It was true, as she said, that she did *often* love him, faults and all; and the better, because he had the faults that made him look up to her, and almost worship her; and that, at the same time, made her, in her good moments, feel tenderness for him and compassion.)

"I don't know why it is, I am sure!" continued Venus, with a pretty look of the slightest abstraction. "It may be there is no reason for it—although you know Minerva and Prometheus say there are reasons, enough of them, for all sorts of phenomena; and one day when I tried to make Minerva understand how I love you, in just what way, she went into a frightful disquisition on a law called 'attraction of opposites.' Only think, Vulcan! As if I would or could listen to anything with such hard names to it. I wanted to know awfully; but I wouldn't take *that* pains, would you now? Say! would you?"

She gave him a quick kiss on repeating the question; and Vulcan smiled on her and said, "no." But that was not true; he would.

"I thought you wouldn't. Well; as I was going to say, I love you because you ain't perfection itself. I could never love a beautiful and effeminate man—in the right way to call him husband, that is," she added, quickly, and averting her face a moment on seeing that Vulcan scanned her features closely while she said this. "Believe me, Vulcan; for it is the truth! I love to lay the hand they all call so tiny and fair, in your muscular, broad, toil-hardened palm thus! And to lean thus on the broad, faithful chest; and to know at the time that you are my own husband, and that I am your wife. They had a great deal to say about me and Mars, you remember," she added, still leaning on Vulcan's breast.

"Yes," replied Vulcan, listening intently for what would come next.

"Well, I just about hate him! I can't bear him! And Adonis, you know there was ever so much said about him and me. And it is true that I did like Adonis right well. But it was just like a mother's love for her boy. I was his protector! not he mine! Just think of it! I often laugh when I remember how worried I used to be about him always when he was in the chase. I should have been in what the mortals call consumption before this day, if I had had him instead of you for my husband. But with you I thrive nicely. Don't you think I do?"

Vulcan answered with an embrace and a hearty kiss upon her lips.

CHAPTER III.

"Erato, if you *would* leave that book for the present and help me on this robe a little!" Thus spake Juno with imperious voice and mien. "I am so tormented with this new stitch!"

"What stitch, mater? let me see," said Erato, coming with good-natured alacrity to sit on a cushion at Juno's feet.

"Why, this one for the heart of the narcissus! How the mortals ever invented such a stitch, or how *their* miserable spines and nerves, that are so often out of tune, endure it now that it is invented, is more than I can understand. My patience was never so tried."

Jupiter didn't believe it, it seemed. He brought his eyes up slowly from his sandal to her face, and said,

"H'm!"

"Yes! this is what you are always saying—'h'm!' I never, in all my life-time, saw so provoking a person. It would try anybody!" She jerked the silken floss and the threads of gold; and they, as if they shared the mischievous temper Juno saw in her husband, went every moment into unmanageable knots.

"See! I will just help you, mater," said Erato. "I remember I have always heard you say that your work troubles you most when you are most in haste."

"It does. And it is a real trial, whatever those may think who have nothing to do but sit and watch one and criticise one."

"It *is* bad that the floss troubles you so," said Erato, picking at a knot. She talked, as she always did, with the sweetest voice in the world. Jupiter listened to it as if it were music; and it had power even over Juno's irritable mood. "But it is only one of the very light afflictions. See there! the last knot! There, mater."

"Yes; a light affliction, to be sure," replied Juno. "But then, to be plagued so when one is in such a hurry!" She bent her head low over her embroidery.

"Oh, well! I have been reading such a sad, and yet, at the same time, such a beautiful,

Digitized by Google

beautiful story! It is of the sufferings of one among the mortals; and it made me feel as if I would forever be ashamed to open my lips in compliments. He was a martyr who loved the truth so well, that he died rather than give it up. That was a great thing to come to one, mater. Think how *he* would have overlooked tangled floss, and all our troublesome preparations for this festival. He had greater things in his great soul, I am thinking. Does the floss still——"

"Oh, it still knots continually. I wish you would try it."

"Yes, I will." She worked with far nimbler fingers than Juno. It was wonderful to watch how the flower spread out in the border; and, as if her own smooth spirit were passing electrically through the threads, they exhibited no more any vicious propensity whatever.

Juno looked on admiringly. "You are a dear child, I am sure," said she. "You always manage to keep such a sweet temper! Now work on the half open narcissus if you will. I don't know how it is; but the narcissus is the very flower I like best, and am the most desirous to succeed well in copying; and yet it gives me more trouble than all the rest. Minerva says that it would be so, of course. She says that to do a thing in a beautiful way, one must first be thoroughly qualified, and then have an easy spirit about it."

"Yes, certainly," replied Erato.

"Yes; but to keep the easy spirit, when one has so many perplexities! They are nothing to the martyr's I know you are thinking. Tell me something more about the martyr. I suppose he died well. This kind of mortals always do."

"Beautifully! like the swan! And he lived a life pleasant for us to think upon now it is over and the dear man is well at rest. If I were a mortal, I would count it a glorious thing to be a martyr—a glorious thing!—to be so steadfast in the right, and so strong!"

"Yes," replied Juno. "Yes, so would I, Erato." But she spoke without enthusiasm, and assorted her flosses at the same time.

"Oh, pooh!" said Jupiter, coming to his feet, and throwing a leaf he had been picking to pieces out of the window. "I guess you would count it a fine thing to be a martyr, indeed! and you can't get along with a few knots in your floss without going distracted, pooh!"

"Yes, I suppose so!" replied Juno, coloring with her vexation. "It was well enough for Erato to say; well enough for anybody but me."

"Well enough for you, wife, if you could say it with meaning and sincerity. Erato can. She has patience, and a liking for encounter with difficulties. Let Erato say then, that she would love to be a martyr, But when she says it, do you shudder prettily at the martyrdom and say, 'oh, why! would you though!—but do tell me, child, what I can do with this flower, this narcissus! It plagues my life out.'"

Wasn't this provoking enough, in Jupe? He laughed too with his might, and pinched Juno's nose and chin a little.

Erato laughed; and so, pretty soon, did Juno, her husband was really so good-natured, and was withal so elegant standing there before her. But she had tears in her eyes, and said, "you are too bad now, Jupiter!"

"Not in the least! I say it for your good, as your mothers say." He still had a gay air, but his face was fast growing serious. "If you will school and discipline yourself up to a high condition of patience and heroism in what we call the little things, it will be a sign infallible that in the deep, quiet places of your soul is something composed, self-assured and great, that would keep you close to the right, to truth, even if they led you on, on to the stake; and would make it a glorious thing, as Erato said, for you to die for them."

Erato had a kindling face. Juno let her embroidery lie in her lap, and had eyes full of tears.

"I say this who have no steadier patience than you, Juno," continued Jupiter, preparing to go. "I wish we were both a great deal better, don't you?"

"I wish I were, at least!" said Juno, passionately. "It grieves me to pieces that I must be so foolish, and suffer all that I do on account of it!"

"But be calm! be calm! have patience with yourself, in the first place. Good-bye. Have patience till I come again." An odd thing, by the way, for a "Thunderer" to be saying. It demonstrates anew the verity of this that Brownson said in his better days—"We are all of us better than even our best friends believe us."

CHAPTER IV.

Now, dear reader, go with me into the large company assembled in the drawing-rooms at Helicon. I will go as I am in this sombre suit; for, for me who am so plain, there is no benefit, but, on the contrary, positive disadvantage in effort. I will take a large share of friendliness and good-will along with me. These shall commend me. But you, dear one, who are so beautiful that it is a delight to look on your face, your movements, do you put on your softest

Digitized by Google

muslin, with the longest, farthest-reaching skirt, that shall float about you as if *it* were a light summer cloud, and *you* a beautiful spirit. Put a few delicate flowers and leaves in your hair and then we will go.

See, dearest! how the graceful forms move about, and mingle and commingle! Terpsichore does not once speak that she does not skip a little in harmony and laugh—the gayest little laugh that one ever hears. We know Clio by her laurel crown, and by the delicately chased trumpet hanging at her girdle. It is for her to preside over history, we know, and sound the fame of the heroes. 'Tis said the latter office is but a sinecure of late, since the heroes of these days are not on the bloody fields where the sword and the bayonet go clashing, so much as on the still "battle-fields of life," where slow trials are to be endured, weighty burdens to be lifted and carried, tight bands that bind men's hands and feet to be sundered and put aside. One feels instinctively that no trumpet is to be sounded for those who are making achievements on this field.

Away there is Melpomene; splendidly attired, but pale as the pedestal she leans upon, and weeping. She always weeps and imagines tragical things. She never knows that the sun is shining, that the birds are singing, that lyres are playing and that warm hearts are close by, waiting to love her, never! Thalia, she who sees to all good comedies, is wiser. Only she tears those vases all to pieces in making up a bouquet for herself. It is good that Apollo goes now and gaily puts himself and his lyre between her and them.

Now Aurora enters, fresh and beautiful as the morning. Iris comes with a note on a gold salver for "resplendent Juno." Jupiter, the king over all these gods and goddesses, is here on the left, sitting with a grave face and mien. A beautiful creature is by him, stroking the head of his favorite eagle, Bon by name. It cannot be Venus; for she has on no *cestus;* and one never sees Venus without this charm in so large a company. It cannot be Juno; for there is that goddess at the left hand of her lord, talking earnestly with Erato and Diana; nor Minerva, we already know Minerva, who is taller, and whose beauty is of the intellectual type, while that of this delicate creature is eminently spiritual. It must be Psyche; yes, for now Jupiter, who has been some time regarding her, says,

"Psyche—glorious Psyche! come here. Stand here close by me."

She approaches, and lays her wax-like arm and hand on the arm of his throne.

"You are a good little creature."

"Am I?"

"Yes. I never see you and have you near me a moment without thinking—'well, she is a fine creature. It softens us all and does us good having her here.'"

"Thanks, dear sire."

"You too, I fancy, must find a little pleasure where you confer so much! and pleasure of such a noble kind too! You are happy here?"

"Very happy, sire; happier for all the wanderings and troubles I had before I came; so that I am thankful for the sorrows as much as for the pleasures of my life."

"That is right! That is a good child!"

"Then Cupid is so dear to me! He is so kind a husband! And then I love everything. I love every plant and bird and insects so well; it does a great deal toward filling my life with happiness, as I go along. Only I have to see the dumb creatures buffeted so often; and the insects, and the beautiful flowers—the little blue flowers, that, more than all others, look as if they were speaking to us in their mute language; I have to see them trampled upon and disregarded, as if they were nothing, and as if we owed them nothing for their beauty and aroma. As if they had no intelligence, too; and they have a great deal; even the plants."

"The plants, Psyche?"

"Certainly! I never told you about those reeds by the river, that fairly spoke to me! that fairly told me what to do, and directed me as wisely as ever you, sire, could have done!"

"No. Tell me now." He bends his head a little closer; she draws a little nearer, speaking rapidly and in low tones.

"Well, it was when I was on the earth; when Venus, who now is so dear a mother-in-law to me, was so bitter, and set me to such hard tasks. She ordered me one day to go beyond the river to a place inaccessible to us mortals, as we all believed, and bring her a tuft of the golden wool from certain sheep that fed there. I was in despair—for I had already had so many troubles! I would drown myself, I thought. And when I came to the water's edge for this purpose, I trampled on some reeds that grew there. I quite overlooked them, as if they were nothing; but the dear things fell a whispering me what to do to get the tuft of wool. I *did* get it by their directions, bless them! and carried it to Venus. The ants helped me, too, poor diligent things! when she ordered me to separate the grains in the great heaps she made of barley, wheat, millet, peas, lentils, and I don't know what besides. They did it all for me, working so silently. A

Digitized by Google

noble eagle helped me. He brought water for me from a fountain that a monstrous dragon kept in those days. I was obliged to have the water for Venus. This makes me love every creature, and——"

But Juno talks with a voice that quite drowns Psyche's, and even Jupiter's, now that he speaks. Let us listen; for she has flushed cheeks and harsh manners and denunciatory voice. She shakes her head, as we have seen our ladies do when they blamed.

Juno. I must say that Latona does very wrong —very wrong!

Erato. (With a beaming look.) The mortals, 'tis said, have a God, a very great and loving being whom they call Father; and He can look into the hearts of all His children and see just what there is there. Perhaps if He can see our hearts and all our lives, and Latona's, He knows that she is as pure and as good as we. *We* can't judge. We don't know her or ourselves properly. We don't know what she has done; or what we would be and do in her place.

Diana. That is true. They all call me the strict, the decorous. I called myself the same, and found fault with others; and really thought that there was nowhere such another paragon. Until I loved Endymion. Then I would stir out of my straight path any time to see him. I even went, many a night when the moon was shining, to the mountains of Cazia, to look on his face that was so dear to me, as he slept. I did no harm; that Jove knows; and the one God of the mortals, if He saw my heart; but, see how blind and unjust I had been before to others! inasmuch as now I was doing the very things I had always condemned in them! I had a lesson in this. I have been slower in my condemnations since, and always shall be—I hope.

Juno. Yes, I presume so. Oh! I believe in charity and so on. Nobody believes in them as I do, hardly. But—ah, here is Iris with something for me! I am glad to have something come to me? Who sent it, Iris?

Thus it is with Juno. Nothing impresses her. She gets no high lessons, goes not one step forward. What she always has been, she is now and will be evermore; beautiful, that is, having fine skin, hair and teeth; but capricious, self-willed and "unstable as water;" quick in her resentments and retaliations, slow in her good offices and in an enlightened comprehension of motives and deeds. Fare thee well, poor Juno!

Pleasant it is to turn from her to Minerva, who has such dignity; and, at the same time, such grace and condescension! I wonder what she and Prometheus are saying to each other. Their heads are often together; and the Olympians think that their hearts are not far apart. Prometheus thinks the same, and says it to Minerva. The warm color comes to her cheeks; but she shakes her head a little, sighs a little and professes to be a great deal skeptical. She is his inspiration, however; this she must know. She speaks a kindling word or two, she lets a kindling glance meet and rest on his; and re-awakened enjoyment, reawakened purposes of greatness and beneficence thrills his brain and all his nerves. Thus is he ennobled. And, being thus ennobled, he goes forth to ennoble and to bless others. Let's listen.

Minerva. You shall be my friend and brother. I will think of you when you are away; and when you return, no one will be so well pleased to see you coming. I will be glad when you prosper. And if you have troubles any time, come to me and I will try to make them less.

Prometheus. *Dear* Minerva! This then shall be enough for me. And no sister was ever guarded and surrounded with comforts as you shall be by me.

They move slowly away, still talking between themselves, and with one and another whom they pass in the crowd.

Hebe joins them, the ever gay and blooming; and her husband, the good and manly Hercules. The call comes now; and they all move out to the feast. We too will go, dear reader. We will leave this short narrative altogether, when we have in company considered a little this one suggestive item in the experience of the good Prometheus. You know he offended Jupiter one time by bringing sacred fire from heaven to us mortals, when Jupiter had said that we should have no more fire at all. Jupiter ordered him to be taken to Mount Cancarus and bound fast to a rock for all eternity. Well, they carried him there and left him as Jupiter had commanded; and every day an eagle, or, as some say, a vulture, came to pick at him and torment him. But he daily mustered strength and patience to endure it manfully, and lost not one whit of his desire to do good; and, by-and-bye, in an emergency, he revealed a secret by which even Jupiter's throne was saved to him. Then Jupiter, who would keep his vow that bound Prometheus to the rock, and who would at the same time *virtually* free him and bring him to honor, caused a fragment of the rock to be mounted in a costly ring and gave it to Prometheus to wear. And thus we see that through his patience and wisdom, the rock that was doomed as an offence to him, became his highest distinction.

Adieu, dear reader.

Digitized by Google

THE ORGAN PLAYER.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

The other morning, having to visit my dress-maker, I made a call on a fashionable acquaintance, whose residence lay in the same direction. She had been at the opera the night before, and, in her languid way, entertained me by talking of it.

"Really, my dear," were her words, "Sontag is quite over-rated. To call her voice fresh is ridiculous, positively ridiculous, I assure you."

"Why do you go so often?" I said, half smiling.

"Well, I don't know, my dear, except that its the fashion. Niblo's is always full, and one can look at the people, you know: and besides how else could one get through one's evenings?"

She yawned slightly as she spoke, for, in truth, she was *ennuied* almost to death, and I was an old acquaintance, before whom she could be frank. I thought to myself that if my former schoolmate had to labor for a livelihood, she would scarcely be driven to the opera merely to see and be seen, merely to kill time.

"Granting that Sontag is not as perfect as she once was," I said, "yet surely the music one hears at her operas is admirable, and well worth going to Niblo's, night after night, if one can afford it."

"La, now, that's the way you always talk," drowsily replied my friend. "You are an odd creature, I know, and one can't expect you to be like other people. As for me I'm sick of music."

"And of dancing, and balls, and dress, and everything," I continued, briskly. "Confess now, are you not?"

A languid nod accompanied the answer.

"To tell the truth I am, at least nearly so. One sees so much of such things. I wish somebody would get up something new. It's the dullest winter ever I spent."

After I had left the fashionable heiress, I pondered, as I walked, on her lot. "Here is a woman," I said, "with every worldly blessing, yet she is not happy. At four and twenty she has exhausted life. Nothing any longer gives her pleasure. Even Sontag's music fails to elicit her admiration. She has nothing to look forward to, for she has enjoyed already all that fortune can bestow; and so she is fast sinking into discontent with herself and everything."

My reflections were cut short by arriving at the dress-maker's. Ushered into a room to be fitted, I found myself in the midst of young girls, all busily engaged in sewing. They were generally pale, and some wore quite a wearied look: none had the freshness that should have accompanied their years. And yet no one seemed positively unhappy. The peevish discontent, which was fast becoming the chief characteristic of my schoolmate's countenance, was entirely wanting in these faces.

Suddenly a street organ began to play. The instrument was an ordinary one, with the common tunes of the day. Most of them had a touch of plaintiveness, however, that went to the heart of the listener. "Old Folks at Home" was one of the number.

The girls simultaneously stopped work, and letting their sewing lie on their laps, listened silently and eagerly. During the whole time that the round of tunes was playing, not one of them spoke a word. Literally a pin might have been heard to drop. At last the organ-player moved on; and then the silence was broken at last.

"Oh!" whispered one, "wasn't it beautiful?" "How I wish he had staid longer," whispered another. Then, with a sigh, each resumed her work.

But when, shortly after, the organ-player stopped again, a few doors below, and repeated his round of airs, the girls all ceased sewing once more, listening to what they could catch, until the last faint sound had died away. It was again with a sigh that they took up their weary work.

Involuntarily I contrasted them with the fashionable heiress. "The capacity to enjoy," I said to myself, "they, at least, have not lost. Doubtless they consider their lot a hard one, and a hard one it truly is in many particulars, but it has its compensations, and not the least is, that, which by making pleasure a rarity, retains for pleasure its zest."

I went to the opera myself on the two succeeding nights. I heard Alboni in the "Barber of Seville." The next evening I listened to Sontag in "Lucrezia Borgia." But I doubt if I enjoyed half as much pleasure, with it all, as

Digitized by Google

the organ-player afforded my dress-maker's apprentices.

Often since, when I have seen the wealthy and fashionable *ennuied*, when I have beheld them turning listlessly away from fine pictures, or fine music, I have thought of those poor girls, and the zest with which they listened to THE ORGAN-PLAYER.

MY CHILD.

BY MRS. JESSUP EAMES.

She is Thy gift to me,
Thy pure and precious gift, and from her birth
Was consecrate to Thee—
Therefore, oh, Father, let this child of earth
The heir of Heaven be!

Dear daughter of my love!
Watch over her and guide her unto good—
Oh! let her live, and move,
And have her being in Thee, and be endued
With wisdom from above.

She is the cherished child
Of many hopes—of many fervent prayers—
Keep pure and undefil'd
This tender blossom of my shielding care,
Springing 'mid life's rough wild!

Give me the strength, dear Lord,
To guide her to the life that is in Thee—
For oh, too much adored
This evil world with all its snares may be!

Oh, Father, hear my prayer!—
Give me her sorrows—lay, oh, God, on me
The cross she ought to bear—
And let me be near her continually
To smooth away each care!

Oh, Thou all-loving One!
Protect and bless her—make her days serene:
When I am gone,
Give her Thy sheltering arm to lean
Ever upon!

But if this does not suit
Thine all-wise purpose, oh, let her become
Thro' trials better fit
To win her entrance to a happier home,
A lowly child of light!

Yea! mould her to Thy will—
Let love eternal linger on each breath;
Do Thou her whole life fill,
And let her be, dear Lord, in life and death
Thine own possession still!

THE TWO SONGS OF THE GOLD SEEKER.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

Hope dwelt in his breast as he went on his way,
And riches gleamed before him,
His spirit was light, and his face was gay,
For the sky of youth was o'er him.
With cheerful heart he crossed the sea,
And climbed the mountain bold,
And his merry song as he went along,
Was "Gold, glistening Gold!"

A year flew past, and the stamp of care
Might be seen on his sunburnt brow,
But still the bright sky of youth was there,
And his heart with hope did glow.
He searched the rippling river's bed,
Where treasures lay untold;
And his cheerful song, the whole day long,
Was "Gold, glistening Gold."

A few more years, on the prairie wild
An aged man was straying;
His heart was meek as that of a child
At the feet of its mother praying.
Weary his limbs, and coarse his fare,
His pillow his comrade's tomb;
And his weary song, as he trudged along,
Was "Home, peaceful Home."

He reached the spot where once smiled his home,
But of his friends 'twas riven;
And in the green church-yard a lowly stone
Told him their home was Heaven!
Then he threw his worthless gold aside,
And by those loved ones tomb,
Passed the soul away, of that old man grey,
To "Home, peaceful Home!"

Digitized by Google

THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

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

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, 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 263.

XIV.—MANDERSON.

From the hour of that conversation Manderson was a different person. His whole energies were now concentrated on one purpose, which was the achievement of an independence, in order that he might possess Julia.

"I will deserve her," he said to himself, as he sat alone in his chamber, after the interview with his mother, "I will deserve her, before I seek her again. Now heaven give me a fair field!"

Manderson, like many young men of family, had entered himself as a law-student, after he had taken his degree at college, and had prosecuted his studies in a desultory way ever since, more, however, with a view to acquiring a finished education, than with any design of practising a profession. But now he lost no time in completing his course, and applying for admission to the bar.

Fortune favored him in a way that she favors few. The very week in which he was enrolled, an appalling murder took place in one of the suburbs, under circumstances which, for a while, agitated the public mind intensely. The victim was an unoffending old man, who kept a small shop for people of the poorer class, and who was murdered in broad daylight behind his counter. He had but time, indeed, to follow the assassin to the door; to cry out that he was stabbed; and to point down the street, as if indicating the way in which the criminal had fled, when he fell and expired. A hue and cry was immediately raised. But it happened to be market day; the markets were immediately opposite; and amid the crowd the hunt was, for a minute, thrown off the scent. At last, however, one of the most active of the pursuers succeeded in recognizing the assassin, and having overtaken and collared him, proceeded to search his pockets. The bloody dirk was drawn from the side pocket of the overcoat, in presence of a score of spectators.

The prisoner, as is usual in such cases, protested his innocence. But when he found that this was of no avail, he sent for Manderson's old preceptor, who had the reputation of being the best criminal lawyer of his day. The attorney heard his client's statement, shook his head, and coolly said that nothing could be done. "I have a student just admitted," he added, however, "who will get you off if anybody can, for he is a young fellow of brilliant abilities, and will work like a dray-horse, at least in this case, since it will be his first. I will take him in as junior counsel, give him the benefit of my advice, and be ready, when the trial comes on, to cross-examine and address the jury. That is all I can do for you, and on these terms I accept the case."

In this way, Manderson, almost before his fashionable friends knew that he had become a lawyer, was engaged in what proved to be one of the most engrossing cases that had absorbed public attention for years.

For the popular mind was attracted not only by the flagrancy of the murder, but by the doubt, which began to grow up, respecting the guilt of the prisoner. Manderson, after his very first interview with the accused, disbelieved this guilt. His client said that the knife had been slipped into his pocket; and that he knew nothing of the antecedents of the murder. "I was running at the time I was arrested, I own," were his words. "But I had heard the hue and cry, and seeing the way the crowd took, ran with the rest." His whole manner, his former good character, and the naturalness with which he always repeated this story, convinced Manderson, more and more, that the man was a victim of the real assassin, who had slipped the knife into his coat pocket, and escaped in the mob.

But to clear the prisoner it was necessary to discover the real criminal. The train of circumstantial evidence was complete against his client, and he would infallibly be convicted, Manderson foresaw, unless the chain could be broken. Yet how was this to be done unless by bringing to justice the true culprit? And where was that culprit to be found?

The young lawyer only wanted a clue to start with: he felt, if he had that, he should ferret it all out. At last, one day, after having pondered over all the evidence for the twentieth time, it

Digitized by Google

flashed upon him that the blow, from its peculiar character, must have been struck by a left-handed man. No one had noticed this before, but, on calling in a physician, the latter confirmed the suspicion, wondering that the fact had not been suggested on the inquest. Manderson now remembered that the man who had first arrested the prisoner, and had drawn the dirk from the pocket, was left-handed. He had noticed this peculiarity, by the merest accident, during the man's examination on the inquest; for the witness being nervous, as is often the case at such times, had kept playing with his watch-key with his left hand. The young lawyer now made secret inquiries, and discovered that this man belonged to another city, from which he had arrived only the day before the murder. As the dirk was new it was natural to suppose it had just been purchased. Accordingly an agent was procured to visit every store in the neighboring city, where such articles were sold. After a week's scrutiny a man was found who recollected having disposed of such a weapon, and described accurately the person of the witness whom Manderson suspected. "He used often to buy cigars of me," said the shop-keeper, "and I recollect the dirk, because that sort of article is of slow sale; so much so that, when I close out my present stock, I intend to have nothing to do with such fancy cutlery, but shall stick to cigars and canes."

Our hero now felt that he had discovered the real culprit. But what was the motive? Unless he could show this he feared that his case would be regarded with suspicion. For he was no longer satisfied with proving the innocence of his client: he aspired to fasten the guilt incontestibly on the true criminal. Continuing to conduct his investigations with profound secrecy, he finally discovered that the murdered man had been in the habit of lending money at usury, and that, at the time of his death, he held a heavy claim against his assassin. When Manderson had collected all these proofs, the day appointed for the trial had arrived. He went to his old preceptor, and told him, for the first time, his entire success. "Keep silent till to-morrow," said the veteran. "You have done it all yourself, and deserve all the glory, so I shall not interfere except to advise you how to act. Go to court as if nothing of this kind was impending. Let the trial take its course. The real culprit will be there of course to testify that he found the knife on our client. When it comes to his turn, break him down on the cross-examination, by asking him if he did not buy the dirk himself, and I will assist you by sending, at this moment, the cigar vender to speak to you, so that the assassin may see and recognize him."

All happened as the veteran lawyer had planned and foretold. The witness turned ghastly pale when he beheld the man from whom he purchased the dirk; and when he knew, from Manderson's simultaneous questions, that the whole truth was out, he fainted dead away. Our hero received the entire credit of the whole affair, and, from that day, his reputation was made.

Business flowed in upon him in a flood. The veteran members of his own profession were the loudest to extol him, and to recommend to him clients, in criminal cases, which they no longer tried. "His eloquence is the least part of him," said one of these. "He's as keen as a briar, and as subtle as Fearne himself. Who else, at his age, would have taken up such a cold scent, followed it out, and pulled down the stag in presence of court and spectators? Gad, it was the finest thing I ever saw done, and I've been at the bar these five and twenty years."

But Manderson's triumph did not stop here. It was a season of intense political excitement; a Presidential election was at hand; and all the available talent, in both parties, was brought forward to address the people. As a popular speaker our hero soon gained a high reputation. Wit, logic and imagination were united, in his mind, in just that proportion to make a most effective orator. His fine person, his musical voice, and his graceful gestures greatly assisted the effect of his style and thoughts. He could, at will, move his hearers to laughter, excite their scorn, or rouse them to indignation.

In the midst of the canvass, a prominent candidate for Congress suddenly took sick, and in less than a week died. The popular voice demanded, almost by acclamation, that Manderson should be nominated in his place. It was unusual, indeed, for one so young to be chosen by such a constituency; and a few envious aspirants, and thorough-paced intriguers ventured to say so; but the general enthusiasm was not to be controlled, and our hero was accordingly elected by an unprecedented majority. The strength of his vote was greatly increased by the fact, that his constituents, at first, were sought to be prejudiced against him, by a garbled account of his rencontre on the night of the fire-riot. The false statement brought out affidavits from impartial spectators, and nothing helped more to swell his majority, than the proof these afforded of those generous qualities in which the people, especially the American people, delight.

During this rapid and brilliant career, Man-

Digitized by Google

derson had scarcely had time to think of Julia, so absorbed was he with the pursuit of his great object. For he was one of those men, who, having determined what to do, do it with all their might. There was no trifling in his earnest nature. The difficulty was to arouse him, but that once effected, his course was right onward till the goal was reached. Thus, though he never, in one sense, forgot Julia; though she was always present, in imagination, as the queen to crown him, when the prize was won; yet he wasted no precious moments in sentimental repinings over their separation, but put his whole soul rather into the struggle for fame and fortune, so that he might the sooner win her.

He had faithfully kept his word to his mother also. He made no effort to correspond with Julia, or even to see her. He had, indeed, little wish to do either, as long as she remained at Mrs. Elwood's. But he scarcely suspected the indignities to which she was subjected, for much as he knew of the son, he did not imagine that the profligate would insult a defenceless woman, beneath his mother's roof.

A greater misfortune was preparing for Julia meantime. On the very night, indeed, when a triumphant crowd, with torches, banners, and music, went to Manderson's residence to congratulate him on his election, fate made our heroine a witness of that proud hour, but in a way that was infinitely degrading to herself, and which led to what filled her with despair.

XV.—MRS. ELWOOD.

"I AM going to call on Mrs. Elwood, this morning," said Clara Owens' aunt, with a sly smile at her niece. "Will you accompany me, my dear?"

"Why not?" was the indifferent answer. "It will be as good a way as any to spend the morning. If I stay here, I shall die of *ennui*. Surely its no reason I should cease visiting Mrs. Elwood, because I have agreed to marry her son."

For Clara was affianced, at last, to the suitor whom, more than once, she had tacitly refused. How this had been brought about the reader may easily conjecture. Pique had led her to encourage Elwood's attentions in public, whenever Manderson was present, and this had given her old lover a hold over her, which he had improved to his advantage. Mrs. Rawlson had exerted her influence also in behalf of Elwood.

During this formal morning visit, Clara sat, utterly without interest in the conversation, clasping and unclasping a superb bracelet. Mrs. Elwood she had never liked, and when she thought of her as a mother-in-law, she almost regretted her engagement. Her attention was finally aroused by the opening of the parlor door, and the entrance of Julia. It was the first time the two had met since their interview in the store, and both seemed to remember this, for they colored unconsciously. Julia, however, did not advance into the room. Hurriedly apologizing, by saying that she had supposed Mrs. Elwood to be alone, she withdrew immediately, but not before Mrs. Elwood had noticed Clara's manner.

Before they left, Mrs. Rawlson took occasion to explain to Mrs. Elwood, in a whisper, a pretended cause of Clara's embarrassment, attributing it to the fact that Julia had once been befriended by Clara, and had since insulted her. This false tale, rehearsed for her injury, had its effect.

When the visit was over, Mrs. Elwood's first proceeding was to ring the bell, and order Julia into her presence.

"Pray, Miss," she said, haughtily, "for what am I indebted to your unwarrantable intrusion just now? Are you not aware that, when I wish you, it is my habit to send for you, and that, unless you are thus sent for, the parlor is not your place."

For the sake of Gertrude, Julia might, perhaps, have endured this reproof in silence, if the outrage of the day before had not rendered it impossible for her to remain longer in the house. She replied, therefore, with spirit,

"I came, madam, because I thought you alone; because I wished an entirely private interview with you; and because the conversation I desired to have could not be postponed."

Mrs. Elwood gazed in amazement. Was this the quiet governess who had invariably listened in silence? But recalling what Mrs. Rawlson had said of Julia's ingratitude and insolence to Clara, the haughty patrician lady answered imperiously,

"Speak at once, Miss, for since you have begun to dictate the times and themes of our conversations, I suspect I shall have to look out for a new governess, or cease to be mistress of my own house."

"It is on that point I came to speak to you," calmly replied Julia. "Your son, madam, insulted me, yesterday, in such a way that it is impossible for me, much as I love Gertrude, to remain in the house with him."

At these words, spoken in the tone of an equal, and with an indignation that could scarcely be repressed, Mrs. Elwood's face colored with anger. That a hired servant, for in that light only she considered Julia, should dare to address her in

Digitized by Google

such language, was not to be endured. She rose to her feet.

"Miss, you forget yourself," she said. "Your effrontery, indeed, surpasses belief, though I have just heard about it from my friends. My son persecute you with his addresses, for that, I suppose, is what you mean to imply." Julia bowed. "It is not true. Not a word of it," she was now so enraged that she forgot good-breeding, "don't stand there and tell me such a falsehood. It's you that's been insulting me, by persecuting him. I see it all now."

She paused, a minute, to recover breath. Julia seized the occasion to say, with calm dignity,

"Madam, what I say is true. It pains me to have to say it, and to you, but there is no other course left. I had hoped that, perhaps, you would protect me, if not for my own sake, at least for Gertrude's; but you leave me no alternative now, except to go."

These words increased the passion of Mrs. Elwood, who saw in them, and in the tone they were delivered, a tacit assumption of superiority.

"No alternative but to go," she repeated, in angry amazement. "Why, how dare you be so insolent? My son would not condescend to look at you even. Yes, you go at once, this day, this very hour. Not a word." And she approached to ring the bell.

But Julia advanced firmly toward her, and laid her hand on Mrs. Elwood's arm. With difficulty could our heroine retain her calmness, at this rude and insolent treatment; but she struggled to preserve the bearing and language of a lady, as she said,

"Mrs. Elwood, stop. You need not give yourself any concern about my not going, for, after such an interview as this, I should hate myself if I could stay. But, before I leave, I demand of you, as between one woman and another, that you retract your imputations against me. You know they are untrue. I am an orphan, with nothing but my character, and you cannot, you dare not assail my little all. Take back those words. Let us bury this thing in oblivion, and part in peace."

Anybody but an enraged mother, or a haughty patrician, would have been awed by the high spirit, not less than the justice of this demand. A noble soul, even in anger, recognizes nobility in others. But Mrs. Elwood was thoroughly ignoble, with all her outward varnish of refinement.

So she replied by a volley of abuse, such as enraged women, even fashionable ones, sometimes pour out on the objects of their wrath. Julia, as she listened, felt that mother and son were one. She was turning away to leave the room, when Mrs. Elwood, observing her purpose, and doubly incensed to find she would not listen, violently pulled the bell. Julia had only gained the foot of the staircase, Mrs. Elwood following her, when a servant appeared.

"Take that creature, James," said the enraged woman, "and turn her out of the house. See that she goes this minute. Her things can be sent after her. And take care that she don't see Miss Gertrude."

With these words, as degrading ones as the most criminal and lowest servant could have possibly deserved, Mrs. Elwood retired within the parlor, closing the door after her with a bang. The servant, who had seen his mistress, once or twice before, in similar fits of passion, followed her with his eyes, smiling sarcastically, as he had done on the evening when his young master came home intoxicated: and, taking advantage of this, Julia flew up stairs to her chamber.

Our heroine paused in her room only long enough to put on her bonnet and shawl, and hastily to arrange her things for removal. She had too much dignity to provoke another altercation, which she knew might be the case if she delayed. When she descended, she found the footman waiting for her in the hall. The man exhibited more respect for her than he had done for his mistress, for he bowed, and courteously asked where her baggage should be sent. Julia knew no place, except the boarding-house where she had once lived, and accordingly she mentioned it.

"They shall be left there to-morrow, Miss, or this afternoon, if you wish it." And, in a lower voice, he said, "mistress is going out this evening, and if you would wish to return, and fix your things, it can be done then. I shall be happy to oblige you."

"No, thank you," replied Julia, "if there is anything missing, I will send for it. But I arranged everything, I believe."

With these words she turned away. Yet though going out into the world houseless, penniless, and characterless, so far as Mrs. Elwood's influence could harm her, she thought not, in that moment, of herself, but only of Gertrude from whom she had been thus rudely torn.

XVI.—THE ARREST.

Julia found, before night, that her situation was far worse than she had expected. The landlady of the boarding-house received her coldly, not having forgotten the slanders propagated about her and Manderson; and was, at first,

Digitized by Google

tempted to refuse her altogether; nor did she consent, in the end, to do more than receive our heroine for a few days.

"My house is very crowded, Miss," she said, with a toss of her head. "But out of respect for your father, who was a good man, I believe, I will take you for a week or so. But I shall expect you to look out for a place elsewhere as soon as possible."

The color rose to Julia's cheek. She saw that, for some reason, she had lost favor with the landlady; but the true cause she never imagined. It would not do, however, she knew, to exhibit her opinion of so inexplicable a change of manner. For if this home was shut against her, where could she go? So she answered gently,

"I will not trouble you, ma'am, longer than is inevitable. I will endeavor, this very day, to find employment, which I can get, perhaps, in my old store; and that being secured, I will then seek another boarding-house. Meantime I throw myself on your kindness. Think what a daughter of your own, in my friendless condition, would suffer."

Never had Julia, in the worst of her troubles hitherto, felt more helpless than when she uttered these words. It appeared to her as if she had not now a friend left on earth. She remembered that she had sometimes read, in romances, of the destitute of her sex, in great cities, being reduced to starvation; and she shuddered to think that, perhaps, this might yet be her own fate. But the native resolution of her character soon rallied to her aid. She determined, as soon as dinner was over, to go out and seek for employment. Busy with these thoughts she did not observe how everybody at table regarded her with averted looks.

She had need of all her resolution that afternoon. It happened to be a season when there was unusually little demand for saleswomen in stores, for needlewomen, or for any other description of female operatives. Everywhere accordingly Julia met with rebuffs. Her old employer frankly confessed his inability either to get her a place, or to put her in the way of obtaining one. He even went so far as to hint that she had been very imprudent in leaving her late situation, and Julia could not exculpate herself, and regain his good opinion, without telling what she could not consent to. It was long after dusk before she could bring herself to abandon her task, and bend her weary and almost fainting steps home.

More spirit-broken and despairing than she had ever been in her life, tempted almost at times to question the justice of heaven, she was slowly dragging her jaded feet along, when suddenly she saw one of those impromptu torch-light processions, which mark elections in great cities, turning into the street just ahead of her. Warned, by former experience, of the difficulty of attempting to force a way through a crowd, she hurriedly sought shelter in a doorway, intending to remain there until the mob had passed. But the procession, when it reached the place where she stood, halted, instead of moving on; and, in almost as little time as we have taken to describe it, the whole thoroughfare was packed with a dense mass of human beings, above whose heads waved hundreds of lurid torches, while the calm moon smiled down on the agitated scene from her blue depths above. Naturally brave, Julia soon lost what little terror she had experienced at first, in admiration of the picturesque scene. The undulations in the crowd, like the heaving of a human sea; the occasional shouts that went up from the assembled thousands, that grandest music in the world; and the red flare of the countless torches, as they waved to and fro, and shot fantastic shadows on the faces of the upturned crowd:—all these appealed to the imagination of our heroine, and made her, for the time, forget even her sorrows.

Suddenly a window opening on a balcony, in the second story of a large house immediately opposite her, was thrown up; and a manly figure, which she recognized with a throbbing heart, stepped out. The huzza which greeted this person proved that it was he whom the crowd had sought. The shout seemed to Julia to shake the very houses around. Scarcely had it died out, before it was renewed, and then again renewed; and, then "three times three," as a voice called out, was added, each huzza now being quick, loud and sharp, like a volley of musketry. Our heroine was not a woman to be terrified at a scene like this. There was something heroic in the depths of her spirit which answered to the stir and enthusiasm of that crowd. She felt that she also, if a man, might be a politician. "Certainly," she said to herself, "if one could win popular acclamations like these, by serving one's country virtuously, and with no base arts, I too would be an orator."

When the shouts had subsided there was a dead pause; and then Manderson, for it was he, began to speak. If ever Julia had doubted that she loved, if ever she had persuaded herself she had conquered that love, the illusion now fell from her eyes. It seemed to her as if she could lay down her life for this orator. He spoke such noble sentiments, his power over that vast concourse was so great, there was such subtle

Digitized by Google

conviction of a true soul within him in all he said, that she felt she could not but love him, and secretly believe in his honor, no matter how appearances might be against him. Soon all other emotions, however, were lost in those conjured up by his eloquence. Now Julia was melted to tears, now her bosom heaved indignantly, now scorn, or mirth, or other sentiments were awakened. It added, perhaps, to her own emotions, that the crowd was swayed in a similar manner, for somehow it seemed to her as if his triumph was her's also: she had a right, the right of a profound, though secret love, to be proud at his honors, at his eloquence, at his command over that concourse. Never, in his best moments hitherto had Manderson seemed to her so worthy of love and worship as now.

She found her way home, as it were, in a dream. Long after the crowd had dispersed, she had remained, sheltered under that doorway, gazing, as if spell-bound, on the window where Manderson had disappeared. Once or twice a shadow had been visible against the lace curtains, and she had, in fancy, traced in it the outlines of his figure. At last, the town clock, striking the hour hoarsely, roused her; she recollected how late it was; and, alarmed at the hour, she almost ran homeward. But her mind was still so full of the scene she had left, that she scarcely knew how she gained the boarding-house.

She retired at once; for she could not talk on common themes that night; but it was late before she slept. When slumber at last closed her eyes, the procession, the shouts, the waving torches, the thousands of upturned faces, and the bare, majestic head of the orator still floated through her dreams; and she fancied herself in some way connected with them, in a strong personal interest. Gradually this notion assumed shape. Now she was herself the one honored, now she was the bride of Manderson. At this delicious climax she awoke to find it broad day, and the landlady standing over her.

"If you please, Miss," said the latter, in a short, dry tone, "its after our usual breakfast time, and there's been a person below, these two hours, waiting to see you."

Julia awoke, with a sigh, to the realities of life. With sleep faded romance. Supposing that the person waiting for her was the porter with her luggage, which had not been sent the night before, she began mechanically to calculate how much he ought to charge, for every expense, even the slightest, was important to her till her purse was replenished.

What was her surprise, therefore, on entering the sitting-room, to see looks of horror directed at her from all sides, and to observe a coarse, sinister man, after exchanging a glance with the landlady, rise and approach her.

"You are my prisoner, Miss," he said, touching her on the shoulder, and showing a piece of paper. And he continued, in answer to Julia's amazed look. "You're charged with the larceny of a bracelet, lost by Miss Owens, at Mrs. Elwood's yesterday, and found among your things."

For a minute Julia gazed aghast, first at the officer, and then at the boarders. But every face repulsed her. Some sneered, others frowned, a few turned away, in none was there hope. It was too much even for her brave spirit. The room reeled around her, and she fainted away.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

"SPEAK LIGHTLY."

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Speak lightly of a neighbor's faults,
  Forgetting not thy own,
Humanity is frail at best
  If left by Heaven alone;
How quick our eyes discover sin
  In every heart but ours!
And with a sweeping blight we crush
  The soul's remaining flowers!
Speak gently to the erring heart,
  With kindness lead it back—
Love is all eloquent to plead
  And smooth life's rugged track!

Crush not the drooping flowerets stem,
  But raise its lingered head—
It yet may bloom again, and still
  A pleasing fragrance shed;
If intellectual light be thine,
  Dispense it free to all,
Remember the refreshing shower
  Freely from Heaven do fall!
Oh! 'tis a glorious privilege
  Some good in life to do,
And kindly words refresh the soul
  Like God's ethereal dew!

Digitized by Google

BRIDE-MAIDS AND BRIDE-CAKE.

BY MRS. E. R. BOWEN.

It was anciently the custom at marriages to strew herbs and flowers, as also rushes, from the houses where persons betrothed resided, to the church, and among the first named, rosemary was held in high estimation. Branches of it, dipped in scented water, and sometimes gilded and hung with streamers of colored ribbon, were carried before the bride, and in the hands of the bridal party, as emblems of constancy and remembrance. The fragrant herb had a two-fold usage, for it was borne at funerals as well as at bridal ceremonials; and this is alluded to by Dekker, in 1603, when he says, "Here is a strange alteration; for the rosemary that was dipped in sweet water to set out the bridal, is now wet in tears to furnish her burial."

The practice of strewing flowers in the way is still kept up in Kent and many other parts of England; but the custom which formerly prevailed of crowning the bridegroom and bride with chaplets of flowers kept in the church for the purpose, is now obsolete, though the bride still retains a relic of the custom in the marriage wreath encircling her brow. This, in the time of Henry VIII., was formed of wheat-ears, occasionally of myrtle, while, for the present chaplet of orange flowers, symbolic of the purity of the fair bride, we are indebted, it is understood, to the French.

Another, now obsolete, custom at marriages, was to sprinkle wheat upon the head of the bride as she left the church.

When, with her newly-espoused husband, she returned home, a pot of butter and a wheaten cake were presented, as presages of future plenty and abundance of the good things of this life. This custom gradually merged into the present highly popular and important adjunct of the wedding feast, that peculiar province of the bride-maids—the bride-cake.

A slight trace of the origin of this delicate compound is still preserved, we believe, in Yorkshire to the present day, where small pieces of the cake are thrown over the heads of the married pair, previous to the precious morsels being distributed for "dreaming bread."

In old plays, frequent allusions are made to a fashion, which we think has, in modern times, been most judiciously transferred to the wedding feast at home. We allude to the "knitting cup," or nuptial drinking of wine in the church.

A cup, being first blessed by the priest, was handed round to the rest of the company, who drank the healths of the newly-espoused pair. The Jews preserve a somewhat similar custom to this day; and after the bride and bridegroom have tasted the wine, the glass is broken over their heads to remind them of their mortality.

The attendance of bridemaids at weddings, dates from the time of the Anglo-Saxons, "among whom," as Strutt informs us, "the bride was led by a matron called the brideswoman, followed by a company of young maidens, who were called the bride's maids." In later times, it was among the offices of the latter to lead the bridegroom to church, as it was the duty of the bridegroom's men to conduct the bride thither. We read of "a lady being led to church between two sweet boys, with bride laces, and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves." And at the marriage of Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan, at Whitehall, in the reign of James the First, the Prince and the Duke of Holst led the bride to the church. On returning, two married men escorted the newly-married lady, and for these services she presented each of the gentlemen with gloves during the time of dinner.

Gloves appear to have been given at wedding parties from the time they were first worn, and in a chronicle bearing the date of 1521, in which an inquiry occurs into the visitation of ordinaries of churches, one of the items is, "as to whether the curate refuse to solemnize lawful matrimony before he have the gift of money, hose, or gloves;" and in the marriage in high life above alluded to, we learn, from a letter written by one of the guests, "That no ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, or gloves." The more refined, and, we may add, judicious taste of the present day, has very properly limited the observance of ancient customs to the bride-cakes, favors, and gloves, and thus the fair bride is no longer exposed to the rude and uncourteous handling of such as were desirous of securing wedding trophies afterward to be worn in the hats of the winners.

Wedding favors were, as is well known, pinned in the dress of the bride; and the hapless Catha-

Digitized by Google

rine of Braganza is described as wearing "a gown of rose color, trimmed with knots of blue ribbon;" these knots the Countess of Suffolk, her first lady of the bed-chamber, at the conclusion of the ceremony, detached from her majesty's dress, and distributed as wedding favors among the company, giving the first to the Duke of York, and the others, as far as they would go, to the officers of state, ladies, and persons of quality, not leaving the queen one. "All the ribbons," says Sir Richard Fanshawe, "on the queen's dress were cut to pieces, and every one present had a fragment." We may imagine the scramble and competition that took place on such occasions.

The bride favors, or true love knots, ancient symbols of love, faith, and friendship, pointing out the indissoluble tie of affection and duty, did not, as might be supposed, take their name of true love knots from the words "true" and "love," but from the Danish verb, "Trulofa," that is, "I plight my troth, or faith." These knots were formerly distributed in great abundance; were worn in the hats by gentlemen, and consisted of variously colored ribbons, which were chosen by the bride and her maids, sometimes after long and serious discussions. We read of one which ended in favors of "gold, silver, carnation, and white ribbons;" and of another, in which the colors were at last fixed as follows:—"For the favors, blue, red, peach color, and orange tawny. For the young ladies, flame color, straw color, (signifying plenty) peach color, grass green, and milk white; for the garters, a perfect yellow, signifying honor and joy."

"Like streamers in the painted sky,
At every breast the favors fly."

Besides these wedding knots, "rings," were formerly given away at the festive season. In Wood's "Athænes Oxonienses," Brand tells us that there is an account of the famous philosopher, Kelly, of Queen Elizabeth's days, who was openly profuse, beyond the modest limits of a philosopher, for that he did give away in golden wire rings at the marriage of one of his maid servants, to the amount of four thousand pounds; a custom, which the provider of the wedding entertainment of the present day has little cause to regret having fallen into disuse.

"Gloves, rings, bracelets, and such small ware," as Strutt calls them, were wont to be frequently exchanged between the betrothed lover and his mistress; and the latter, in presenting a bracelet of her own hair, was considered to bestow a most especial mark of her favor. It was also a fashion for each of those betrothed, to wear a rose or other flower as an external or conspicuous mark of their mutual engagement; but the conceit of choosing such short-lived emblems of their plighted troth, cannot be thought a very happy or propitious mode of symbolizing the "eternal bond of love."

WHISPERS OF LOVE.

INSCRIBED TO L——.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

I LOVE thee—love thee, with no childish dreaming,
The beams that all my trembling heart illume,
Were kindled by the dear love-glances beaming
From eyes, whose smile could bless Fate's darkest doom.
I learned to listen, for thy low voice's music,
Long ere I dreamed the power was mine to chain,
The coldly proud in seeming, and the stoic,
Round whom the fairest wove their spells in vain!

I only knew 'twas bliss to linger near thee,
And that my highest thoughts were thine alone,
And never dreamed, so strange it seemed to fear thee,
Of doom-spells lurking in thy faintest tone—
But when I felt the still, and earnest pressing
With which those fond arms held me to thy heart,
The bliss of years, seemed prisoned in caressing,
Which woke a longing never more to part!

A strange, wild joy it seems to sit beside thee,
And lay this throbbing brow upon thy breast,
To feel that still if bliss, or woe betide me,
Mine, and mine only, is that place of rest!
I am so blest, with those dear eyes upon me beaming—
So many hopes are blooming in my soul,
I dare not think that o'er my fairest dreaming,
Some wave of gloom, or change may darkly roll.

Earth wears new brightness when thine arms enfold me,
Its fairest scenes seem gladdened by thine eyes—
My very soul, when thine embraces hold me,
Forgets its Heaven, and calls earth—Paradise!
I am all thine! my prayer at Summer dawning,
Is that its rays fall soft, and bright on thee,
And clearest moonlight, or serenest morning,
Are fair alone, when through thine eyes I see!

Digitized by Google

ZANA.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, 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 242.

CHAPTER IV.

After the appearance of this singular man the monotony of my life broke up, I became restless and self-centred, speaking of his presence in the park to no one, but thinking of it with continued wonder. Some mysterious sympathy, wild and painful, but oh, how intense, drew me toward this strange being. I feared, yet longed for his presence—longed to hear again that language at once so strange and so familiar, that had fallen as yet only in curses on my ear, but still carrying a fierce sort of fascination with it.

I rode to the portion of the park where I had seen him again and again, and sitting on my pony searched every dingle and group of trees, expecting each moment to see him start brigand-like from the leafy gloom. But he did not come, and, filled with restless disappointment, I at length sunk into the ordinary occupations of life, but with an unsettled feeling that had never possessed me before.

By this time I knew that some mystery was attached to my life, that I was nameless, motherless, fatherless. In short, that like a wild hare or a wounded bird, I had been picked up in charity by the wayside, and in charity nurtured by that unique Spanish woman and old Turner. I felt this keenly. As ignorance was swept from my mind, the painful mystery that clung around me darkened my soul with a feeling of unspeakable desolation. I had learned what shame was, and felt it to my heart's core every time my want of name or connections was alluded to. Still the entire force of this isolation, the effect it might have upon my after life and character, could not be felt in all its poignancy, as it was in later times—but its mistiness, the indefinite form which every thing regarding my past history took, made myself a subject of perpetual thought. Upon my memory there was a constant, but unavailing strain. There seemed to be a dark curtain in my mind, hiding all that my soul panted to know, but which I had lost all power to lift or disturb. Thus time wore heavily—heavily months and months—still I saw no more of the man whose memory hung about me like a superstition, which I had neither power or wish to throw off.

At last an event arose that completely destroyed the beautiful, but dull quietude of our lives. Lord Clare's sister arrived unexpectedly at the hall, and a large party were to follow her and her son down from London, to spend the shooting season.

This sudden invasion of the woods and grounds that had been exclusively ours for so many years, was a source of great annoyance to old Turner. His usual quaint, good-humor was sadly disturbed. He seemed quite beside himself with anxiety, and nervously besought me to give up my usual rides, and remain confined to the house if possible during the time Lady Catharine and her son might remain at Clare Hall. This was asking much of a young creature just verging into girlhood, and full of a strong, fresh curiosity for seeing and feeling the life of which she began to feel herself a vital part. Besides I was a creature of the open air: no bird ever felt a keener necessity for the bright atmosphere, and all the rich beauty of out-door life. Shut up in the house, I was like a wild lark in its cage, moaning, moaping, and with no hearty relish of existence left in me. I wished to obey good old Turner. He was so anxious on the point, and seemed so grieved at the idea of depriving me of a single pleasure, that had the thing been possible, I would have kept myself a prisoner for weeks, rather than increase his unaccountable anxiety.

But he was seldom with us now, that kind, strange man, and my confinement became terrible—when would it end? How long was I, who had never been confined in-doors a whole day in my life, unless in that one fever—how was I to endure weeks and weeks of this dull imprisonment?

It was too much, not even to please Turner could I endure this longer.

One day, I think it was the fourth, my restless spirit broke bounds. I took an opportunity when

Digitized by Google

Maria was occupied to steal out into the open air. Jupiter's stable, a pretty building that might have passed for a summer-house, stood a little back from the kitchen garden, and I heard him neighing sharply, as if he, like his mistress, were beginning to rebel.

For some reason I never knew what, except that Turner disliked to have servants about our place, the old man had always taken care of Jupiter with his own hands. With so few objects of love, I naturally often followed him to the pretty building where Jupiter was stalled, more like a fairy than the matchless pony he was.

The pleasant neigh which the animal set up as I approached, awoke all the wild-wood spirit that Turner's interdict had kept down in my bosom so long. I ran to the stable, dragged the side saddle with its pretty embroidered trappings from its closet, and girded it breathlessly upon Jupiter's back. The creature seemed eager as myself to be upon the hill side. His ears quivered with delight; he rubbed his head against my shoulder with a mellow whimper, and opened his mouth for the bit the moment he saw the embossed bridle in my hand.

Patting him on the back with a promise of speedy return, I entered the house, ran up to my room and hurried on my habit of soft green cloth, and the beaver hat with a long black ostrich plume that floated from one side.

The blood was hot in my cheek as I tied the hat on. Without staying to twist up the curls that floated away with the feather in picturesque confusion, I ran off to the stables, huddling up the skirt of my riding-dress with both hands.

I knew that it was wrong, that I should be sorry enough for it before night, but in my wilfulness this only gave a keener zest to the enjoyment I proposed to myself.

Away we went, Jupiter and I, dashing through the trees, over the velvet sward, and across the broad avenues, along which the morning sunshine lay in rivers of light. The branches rained down their ripe brown and golden leaves on me as I passed; and a crisp white frost that lay like frosted silver among the grass, gave forth a rasping sound more exhilarating than music, as Jupiter's feet flew over it. The air was clear and bright, with mingled frost and sunshine as it fell upon my face and swept my garments. The blood kindled like wine in my veins, I was wild with the joyousness of free motion, ready for leaping a ditch, flying through the air: any thing wild or daring that had life and quick motion in it.

Away we went toward the uplands, from which a view of the Greenhurst could be obtained. I thought of the strange man who had surprised me on that spot as we rushed along—laughed aloud as I remembered how Jupiter and I had baffled him once, how ready we were to do it again—I longed to see him, not for any specified purpose. Nothing their was important enough to have kept me motionless a moment: but abroad as I was, with a wild thirst for adventure of any kind, it would have been something like the excitement I wanted, could the mysterious language with which he had cursed me have threatened us with danger once more.

But though I searched for this being, riding around and over the eminence on which he had appeared but once, nothing but the cool, beautiful solitude rewarded me. The beautiful stretch of country between me and the Greenhurst, brown, hazy, and many-tinted, with the picturesque old building looming up through the rich shadows, all its clear outlines drowned in soft autumnal colors, all its hoariness and age mellowed down and lost in the dreamy distance—all this rare view with the upland on which we stood was wrapped in quiet. Not a human being was in sight.

A strange desire seized me to visit this building that had so often charmed me with its loneliness and beauty. It was some miles distant, I knew that, but Jupiter had merely tried his strength as yet, simply breathed himself in our progress to the uplands. He had been shut up in the stable for days, and seemed as wild for action as his mistress.

"Shall we try it, Jupiter?" I said, smoothing his mane with my whip. "There is a glorious run for us, Jupiter, as we have determined to be disobedient and naughty. Ju! suppose we do something worth while?"

At the sound of my voice, the pony began to quiver his ears, and snuffed the air saucily, as if he knew some mischief was afloat, and was eager for his share.

"Come, then," and I gathered up the bridle, shaking it gleefully. Jupiter gave his head a toss, and away we went toward the Greenhurst.

The eminence lay behind, and we were in a thickly wooded little valley moving rather slowly, for I was charmed by broken glimpses of a small stream, that flashed up from the shadows now and then like a vein of quick-silver, when the baying of hounds, the tramp of horses, and a wild confusion of sounds swept down the hollow, and before I could tighten my reins a stag shot by me, so close that Jupiter reared with a wild snort, almost flinging me backward from the saddle.

The stag, a noble animal, cleared the stream with one desperate bound, and for an instant I

Digitized by Google

saw him turn his great, wild eyes glowing with pain and terror through the shadows; blood specked foam dropped from his jaws; and his strained limbs quivered with an agony of terror, that made me tremble with sympathy upon my saddle.

As I looked, the poor animal, whose head was beginning to droop, gave a sudden start, flung up his antlers, and with a desperate staggering leap disappeared up the valley. I had not caught my breath again, when down through the opposite gorge came a train of hounds leaping forward, some breast to breast, others in single file, but all with great, savage eyes and open jaws, howling and baying out their blood-thirsty eagerness with cruel ferocity. They rushed by me, some on one side of Jupiter, some on the other, spotting his black coat with flakes of foam, and making him start with the fury of their noise.

For myself, I struck at the dogs with my whip, and madly flung it after them, my sympathy for the poor stag was a pang of such agony that it made me wild. But they swept away like the wind, howling back, as it seemed to me, their brutal defiance and derision of my helplessness.

Then like the rush of a tempest heavy with thunder and red with lightning, came the hunt. The flaming uniforms; those dark horses; the long riding-skirts streaming back like dusky banners; ostrich plumes flashing blackly upon the strong current of wind created by the quick motion of their owners. All this rushed by me, as I have said, like a sudden storm.

Directly over the spot where we stood bore down the hunt, sweeping us away with it as a swollen stream tosses onward the straws that it encounters.

The stag was nearly run down; the hunters were becoming tired; but Jupiter was fresh as a lark, and held his own bravely with the most noble-blooded hunter of them all.

The hounds were yelling, like fiends, ahead; some one called out that the stag was at bay. A huntsman, all in scarlet, shot out from the rest onward like an arrow. Jupiter gave a sudden bound. It may be in the fierce excitement that I urged him, but he gave a great leap and kept neck and neck with the huntsman.

Beneath a heap of rocks that choked up one end of the valley the poor stag was run down, with his delicate fore hoofs lifted up with a desperate effort at another leap; he stood one instant with his head turned back, and his great, agonized eyes fixed upon the dogs. The rocks were too steep, his poor limbs exhausted, he could not make the leap, but wheeled back and desperately tossed the first hound, who fell with a yelp upon the stones.

But the whole pack was upon him, scrambling up the rocks and making fiercely for his throat from all points.

"Save him—save him," I shouted, striking Jupiter with my clenched hand. "Save him—save him!"

I rushed by the huntsman. Hitherto we had kept, as I have said, neck and neck, but Jupiter felt the sting of my blow, and gave a mad bound that brought us in the midst of the dogs. I still urged him on, striving to trample down the fierce brutes beneath his hoofs. The stag knew it, I do believe: the poor animal felt that I was his friend. No human eyes ever had a deeper agony of appeal in them. I sprang from Jupiter's back down among the dogs, and cast myself before their victim.

I saw the huntsman leap from his horse and plunge among the dogs. "Move—come away, the hounds will tear you to pieces," he shouted, beating fiercely about with his whip.

"They shall not kill him; call them off, I say, these beasts shall *not* kill him," I shrieked, in reply.

That moment a hound sprang upon me, tearing my riding-skirt, and almost bringing me to the earth.

I cried aloud, but not with fear, the excitement was terrible, but there was no cowardice in it.

"Great heavens! she will be devoured." I heard him say this: then he leaped like a flame upon the dog, and grappling him by the throat, bore him backward to the earth.

"Now run, run!" he cried, panting with the hound in his power.

"No!" I answered, stoutly, "they will tear him to pieces if I do. Keep them off—keep them off."

He made no answer, but wrestled more fiercely with the hound.

That moment the whole hunt came up, men, keepers, and women surrounding us in their gorgeous dresses like a battalion of cavalry.

I heard a clamor of voices, the shrieks of women, the excited voices of huntsmen giving orders; keepers rushed in among the hounds with their clubs. In a few moments the dogs were driven back crouching and snarling among their masters. I stood alone by the poor stag with a host of eyes upon me, and then began to tremble.

"Here," said a stout old squire, whose white hair fell like snow from under the close hunting-cap. "Here, George Irving, you have won the right to cut his throat. Thomas, where is the knife?"

Digitized by Google

A keeper came forward, presenting a sharp hunting-knife.

"You will not—you will *not*," I said, clasping my hands, and standing face to face with the youth who had saved me. I felt that my lips were quivering, and that great tears were dropping like hail-stones down my burning cheeks—"you will not."

"No," answered the youth, taking the knife and holding it toward me. "It is not mine, this brave child was in first; I found her, like the stag, at bay, braving the hounds. Tell me, shall not the life of this animal be her's?"

A loud hallo answered him, echoed by a chorus of musical female voices.

The youth reached forth his knife again, but I rejected it. The stag was safe, and my heart so full of joy, that I felt it breaking all over my face. The noble face before me brightened as if from the reflection of mine, and for the first time I saw that it was a very young man who had saved me. Young and—but I will not describe him—for upon his features at that moment there was something of which no language can give the least idea.

I felt the blood rushing up to my face, for now all things became clear, and I knew that a score of strange eyes were wondering at me. The feather in my hat was broken, and fell prone upon my shoulder; my skirt had been badly wrenched and mangled by the dogs, their muddy foot-prints were trampled all over it; a morbid sense of the beautiful made me shrink with shame, as I saw all those eyes fixed upon my dilapidated state.

"Where is Jupiter?" I said, turning to my young friend. "Will you search for him, I should like to go away?"

But my pony had retreated beyond the crowd, and could not be seen. This increased my distress: I sat down upon a stone, and looking at the exhausted stag, began to think myself the most miserable object of the two.

I heard a buzz of voices around me, and could distinguish the words, "Who is it? She is strange to every one here. Where can the picturesque creature have sprung from?"

That moment a pang shot through my heart. Who indeed was I? How came I there? By a gross act of disobedience to my best friend? I felt that my face was bathed with blushes and with tears; for the first time in my life I was ashamed of myself.

A lady rode close up to me, so close that her skirts swept my shoulder.

"Whose little girl are you?" she said. "You are by far too young for a scene like this."

I looked up and knew the face. It was Lady Catharine Irving, a little more spare, and with a host of fine wrinkles accumulated on her meaningless face, but with the same cold, white complexion: the same self-satisfied look.

"Ah, you seem to know me," she said, settling her white beaver hat and feather a little more on one side, as if anxious that the poor child should see her, all her faded charms, at the best point of view. "Now tell me your name: don't be afraid."

"I am not afraid, not in the least," I answered. "Why should I be?"

"True enough; what a bright little wood-nymph it is," she continued, smiling back upon two scarlet clad gentlemen behind her. "I suppose there really is nothing superlatively frightful about me—ha!"

"Something superlatively the reverse," answered the gentleman thus challenged, looking remarkably ashamed of himself.

"You hear, little wood-nymph," she said, after appropriating this compliment with a playful shake of her whip, "there is nothing to fear, so speak out. Where do you live? How came you here among all these gentlemen and ladies?"

"I live in the park, near Clare Hall, madam, with Mr. Turner——"

"Ha!" exclaimed Lady Catharine, with a sharp glance at my face. "Go home, child—how came you here?"

"I came on my pony, madam."

"But the hunt, what on earth brought you there?" cried the lady, seeming to become more and more displeased.

"The hunt—if all this company means that—came across me, and carried Jupiter and I along."

"But how came you dismounted and among the hounds?"

"They were all upon the poor stag, and I could not bear it," I replied, simply.

"Mother," said the young lad, walking close to the lady, and speaking in a low voice, "let us take some other time for questioning her. Lead off the party, so many persons terrify the poor child."

"Mount your horse then," she replied, sharply, "I will see you again, child. Turner, you know, is my servant, I must have some explanation of all this. You are right, George, this is no place. Mount—mount!"

The youth hesitated, looked at me, at the stag, and then rather wistfully at his mother.

"We are waiting," she said, with an impatient waive of her whip, and a glance at me that brought a flash of red to my cheeks. I, in my

Digitized by Google

innocence, thought that she was displeased by the torn state of my poor dress.

The youth mounted, and the hunt dispersed, breaking up into groups and pairs, and scattering a red gleam through the woods.

I was left alone, I and the poor trembling, exhausted stag, who lay partly upon his knees, gazing at me through his filmy and half shut eyes.

I looked around for Jupiter, but he was not to be seen. No living thing but the worried stag and myself in all that dim solitude.

A sense of exhaustion and of loneliness fell upon me My heart grew mournful, and the poor stag with his stiffened limbs and the foam dried on his lips, filled me with compassion. I went down to the brook, brought up water in my hands, and bathed his mouth with it. When this was done, the animal struggled to his feet and staggered away down toward the water, leaving me alone. I felt this total desertion keenly, and, burying my face in my lap, began to cry like the child I was.

I sat full ten minutes rolling forth the desolation of my heart, when the quick tramp of a horse made me look up. I thought it must be Jupiter returning to his duty, but instead of him I saw the young huntsman riding gently through the trees, and now close by me.

I started up, ashamed of my tears, and looked resolutely another way, hoping to escape his notice, but he sprang off his horse and was at my side before I could dash the drops from my burning cheek.

"So you have been crying, poor child?" he said, with a sort of patronizing manliness that would have amused an older person. "No wonder, we were a set of savages to leave you here alone, and with no means of getting home."

"It was savage!" I said, realizing for the first time how badly I had been used; "but the animals were just as bad, the stag and Jupiter. I would not have believed it of Jupiter, he used to love me: and the very first trouble, off he goes with the rest!"

Tears came into my eyes again at this thought, but I quenched and crushed them between my eyelashes, too proud for an exposure of my keen distress at the desertion of Jupiter.

"Nay," said the youth, smiling, "but I have come back to see after you."

"Did you?" I replied, with a gush of gratitude; "to see after me, and for nothing else?"

"What else should bring me back?" he replied, looking around as if in search of something. "So the stag has gone too, ungrateful beast; I had a fancy to fasten some badge on his horns that he might be safe hereafter. He was a noble old fellow after all, no wonder he was glad to get away from this spot!"

"But, Jupiter," I said, with growing confidence in the youth, "what can have become of my pony?—how am I to get home? Oh, if I had only been good—if I had but stayed at home as they told me!"

"As who told you, lady bird?"

"Mr. Turner. He knew that I had no business abroad when the country was full of strangers!"

"And is Turner a relative? What control can he possess over you?"

"He," I replied, kindling with wonder that any one should doubt Turner's right to control me. "Mr. Turner, I belong to him! No one else owns me. Scarcely any one else cares for me. Why, in the wide, wide world, he is the only person who ever shall control me—dear, blessed Mr. Turner!"

"He is a whole-hearted, queer old soul, sure enough," was the reply; "but surely you are not his child, I never knew that he was married."

"His child!" I cried, breathless with the thought. "I—I don't know—how should I? I his child—his own—what put the idea into any one's head? It sounds so strange. Do you mean that Mr. Turner is my father that people ask after so often?"

"Nay, I mean nothing—only is Mr. Turner, as you call him, married?"

"No, I think not. Maria, I am sure, isn't married; but I never asked, never thought of it."

He was about to answer, but that instant a low, timid neigh from behind the spur of a rock close by made me start. "That is Jupiter—that is Jupiter!" I exclaimed, and with this joyful shout away I bounded, gathering up my torn skirt in both arms, and full of spirit once more.

Sure enough there stood my pony, sheltered and hidden by the rock, to which the pretty creature had fled from the crowd of huntsmen. The sound of my voice called forth his neigh, and never did a dumb creature express more satisfaction at the presence of its mistress.

"There you see—you see it was not Jupiter's fault, the dear, dear old rogue. He was so wise to creep away and wait till those hateful people were all gone!" I exclaimed, triumphantly laying my hot cheek against the glossy neck of my horse.

"And did all those people really seem so hateful," replied the youth, caressing Jupiter.

"All! I don't know. That lady was the only one I saw distinctly; the rest floated around me, surging up and down like a red cloud: but I shall never forget her!"

Digitized by Google

"And did she fill you with repulsion?—was she the hateful one?"

"I had seen her before: I knew her!"

"Indeed—where?" said the youth, in a displeased manner.

"I would rather not say—it is unpleasant to talk about," I answered, greatly annoyed.

"But it is years since my—that is Lady Catharine, has been at Clare Hall," he answered, thoughtfully. "Never, I think, since the very sudden death of Lady Clare. You must have mistaken her for some other person."

I was greatly excited. The remembrance of that heartless voice, when I was taken into the Hall so helpless stung me: the later remembrance of her supercilious treatment sharpened the thought.

"No—no," I answered, "there are some things one never forgets, never mistakes. I have seen that face in my dreams, and hated it in my thoughts too long for any hope of that!"

The youth drew himself back and ceased to caress my horse. There was a quiet dignity in his manner that made me ashamed of my own vehemence.

"That lady is my mother!" he said, calmly, but with a tone of cold reproof in his voice.

I scanned his face eagerly with a keen wish to disbelieve him. But now that he was angry, there was a resemblance between his features, with their present expression, and those I did in truth hate.

"I am sorry for it," I said, with a nervous sob—"very, very!"

"Sorry for what, that she is my mother—or that you have spoken disrespectfully of her?" he questioned, more gently than before.

"I am sorry for everything that has happened to-day, and for my own part in it most of all. It began in wicked disobedience, and will end—oh, how will it end? What will Mr. Turner think of me when he knows this?"

"Why, what great sin are you crying for?" he said, smiling once more. "Certainly you are a very free spoken little person; but we must not let Turner quite kill you: so don't be afraid!"

"He kill me. What, Turner? No—no, not that—afraid, afraid—yes, yes, I am afraid, for I have done wrong. Oh, what will become of me, I never was afraid before—never, never."

"But what have you done?" he asked, still more kindly.

"Mr. Turner forbade me leaving the house. He told me how wrong it was when the Hall company might come across me at any time; he tried—oh, so much to keep me happy in-doors—but it was of no use, I could not endure it. It was as if I were a bird beating my wings against a cage—the wickedness was in me all the time. I thought it was nonsense staying in the house, because other people might be abroad. Then it was so tempting, Mr. Turner away—my bonne out—the pony neighing for me to come and set him free. Really, after all, it seemed as if I could *not* help it——"

George Irving laughed so gleefully that I could not go on, but began to laugh too.

"And so you just broke loose and ran away?" he said, patting Jupiter again and again.

"Yes, I stole the horse, saddled him myself, and was off like a bird," I replied, reassured by his rich laughter, and feeling the consciousness of my disobedience borne away on his merry tones.

"And here you are full seven miles from home, all alone but for me, after braving a pack of hounds in full cry, afraid of old Turner's frown as if he were the grand Mogul."

He laughed again, but this light way of naming my benefactor awoke the conscience again in my bosom.

"It was very wrong—oh, that I had stayed at home," I exclaimed, with a fresh pang.

"Well, well, don't fret about it any more," he said, with a little impatient playfulness that made me smile again. "Let me lift you to Jupiter's back, a pretty pony he is, my little lady, and scamper home like a good child, ten chances to one old Turner will know nothing about it."

I allowed him to lift me to the saddle, and felt myself blushing as he arranged my torn skirts with evident anxiety to give them a decent appearance.

"Now," he said, springing on his hunter, "I must put your pony to his metal again. Unless I overtake Lady Catharine before she reaches the Hall, my position will very much resemble yours! Come, let us start as we came, neck and neck!"

"No," said I, brightening with new spirit, "I came in ahead, your hunter fell a little behind Jupiter."

"But try him now, his speed will be of use to us both," was the laughing reply. "My mother will be impatient, and her anger may prove worse to bear than old Turner's, let me tell you."

He put his horse into a quick canter, and my pony stretched himself vigorously to keep up.

"But please leave us to ourselves!" I pleaded, breathless, with a new dread; "I do not wish to go with you to Lady Catharine!"

"Well—no, I am afraid her ladyship might prove formidable, were she to be surprised after that fashion a second time," he replied, slightly checking his hunter, "I only propose to see you

Digitized by Google

and Jupiter safe in some avenue of the park, where you can scamper home in safety. I must be at the Hall before Lady Catharine, or this escapade will be difficult to account for."

My cheek grew hot with mortified pride, I felt that he was afraid of some annoyance, perhaps ashamed of having returned for me. Without a word I drew in Jupiter with a suddenness that made him leap—wheeled him on one side and dashed through the woods, leaving the gentleman, for the moment, unconscious of my desertion.

He followed directly, urging his hunter to a run, and calling after me as he dashed through the trees. I took no heed, and gave back no answer, the blood was burning in my temples; I felt my lips curve and quiver with insulted pride. No man or boy living should speak to me, or look at me who was ashamed to do it before all the world. Then my heart began to ache even in its wrath, I had thought so well of him, his interest in my loneliness, his brave fight with the hounds—why, why did he exert so much tender strength in my behalf to wound me so cruelly afterward? He was by my side, but I kept my head averted with girlish wilfulness, expressing my displeasure like any other spoiled child, but with more rudeness.

"Will you not tell me why you ran away?" he said, attempting to rest one hand upon my saddle as he cantered by me.

Oh, how I longed to lift my pretty riding-whip and strike him hard across the face, I think the act would have appeased me.

"Say, child, will you explain this bit of very bad manners?" he urged, evidently determined to provoke me to some reply.

"Child!" This was too much, the whole taunt stung me into speech. I checked Jupiter, and felt the fire leap into my face as it was turned toward my persecutor. He looked grave, offended.

"Because I wish to ride alone: I'm not used to company, and don't want any, especially of persons who are afraid or ashamed of being kind to me," I said, half crying amid my fiery vexation.

"I am not afraid, and am not ashamed," he answered, gravely; "yet you cannot understand, child, for with all that fierce temper you are but a child!"

"I am more than twelve—thirteen, fourteen, for what any one knows," I said, half blinding myself with tears. "I understand what it is just as well as you can tell me, you are afraid of that haughty person, your mother. You are not quite satisfied with having braved the hounds before a whole crowd of people, for a little girl who has only Mr. Turner to care for her. Oh, yes, I know—I could feel that without knowing!"

"Strange child," he said, with a grave smile. "Who taught you all this, so young, and without the faith becoming this girlish beauty?"

The anger was burning out in my heart, there was something manly and reproving in his calm seriousness that subdued me. He reached out his hand, while the smile brightened all over his face.

"Come, let us be friends—you cannot keep angry with me, because I have not deserved it!"

I gave him my hand, he stooped in his saddle as if to press his lips upon it, but checked the impulse, and, holding it tight an instant, let it drop, saying very earnestly,

"I would not have wounded you for the world."

That instant the undergrowth close by us was sharply parted, and Turner broke into the path on which we had paused.

I felt the blood leave my face, and, for the first time, trembled at the sight of my benefactor. The old man looked sternly across me to George Irving, whom he neither saluted nor addressed, but, taking Jupiter by the bit, said in a deep, husky voice, that made the heart die in my bosom,

"Zana, come away!"

I dropped the bridle, and covering my face with both gauntleted hands, cowered down upon my saddle with a keen sense of the humiliation which he was witnessing.

I listened breathlessly.

"Turner, if you will let the pony move on, I will dismount and lead my hunter while we have a little talk."

It was Irving's voice, and I listened breathlessly for the reply. Some seconds passed before it came, Turner's throat seemed husky.

"To-morrow, Mr. George, I'll be at the Hall," he said, "and then as much talk as pleases you; but now I must take this child home."

"But she seems terrified, you will not—surely you will not be harsh with her?"

"Harsh with her! with Zana—was I ever harsh to you in my life, little one?" urged forth the old man, and the husky voice was broken up with tenderness.

I uncovered my face, and holding out both hands to the old man, turned toward young Irving. "You know how wrong I have been—see how forgiving, how kind, how good *he* is!"

The old man's face began to work. The fine wrinkles quivered over his cheek and around his mouth, a sure sign of emotion in him. He lifted my two gloved hands and kissed them fondly;

Digitized by Google

all at once he dropped my hands and went up to Irving.

"Mr. Irving—my dear Master George, forget that you have seen her—forget all about it—promise me that you will."

"That would be difficult," answered the youth, glancing at me with a smile.

"It would indeed," said the old man, looking fondly in my face. "God help us—this is a bad business! At any rate leave us now!"

The young man turned, bent his head, and wheeling his hunter, disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES.

He who thinks an honest maid
  Lovelier than an artful belle;
Makes not trifling all his trade,
  Though he likes it quite as well.
Whatsoe'er his fortune be,
He's the one—the one for me.

He who loves to climb the hill,
  Loves all nature more than art;
Loves to trace the gurgling rill:
  He it is who has my heart.
Whatsoe'er his fortune be,
He's the one—the one for me.

He who loves not dimpled cheeks
  More than beauty of the mind;
He who after wisdom seeks,
  He who's not to virtue blind.
Whatsoe'er his fortune be,
He's the one—the one for me.

He it is, whose love will stand,
  When once fastened on its prize.
Yes, such an one shall have my hand,
  And with it love that never dies.
I care not what his fortune be,
He's the very one for me. ELVA.

A WELCOME TO MAY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

I bid thee welcome, fairy May,
  Sweet harbinger of Summer hours,
  Thou comest, crowned with fragrant flowers,
To drive our sadder thoughts away.

Now tearful April taketh leave,
  And from her fertilizing showers
  Spring into birth the sweet May flowers,
That we may floral chaplets weave—

The voices of the cheerful Spring
  Are heard in every dell and grove,
  Through which the feathered songsters rove,
Made vocal with their whispering.

Then welcome to thee, fairy May!
  The fields put on their robes of green,
  The air is quiot and serene,
And not a cloud obscures the day.

LILLY LEE.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

We have parted in sadness
  With pale Lilly Lee;
But her dim eye in gladness
  A bright band shall see—
She will go to inherit,
  A home with her God,
In the land of the spirit,
  No mortal hath trod.

We shall meet with sweet Lilly,
  On that distant shore;
Where the fever and madness
  Of life will be o'er.
There her form, that has faded,
  In beauty shall bloom,
Where no hearts ere are shaded
  With sorrow and gloom.

Digitized by Google

THE FAIRY WIFE.

BY MRS. H. JERMYN.

"I never had a dear gazelle
To woo me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die."—MOORE.

A MERCHANT married a fairy. He was so manly, so earnest, so energetic, and so loving, that her heart was constrained toward him, and she gave up her heritage in Fairyland to accept the lot of a woman.

They were married; they were happy; and the early months glided away like the vanishing pageantry of a dream. But before the year was over he had returned to his affairs; they were important and pressing, and occupied more and more of his time. Yet every evening, as he hastened back to her side, she felt weariness of absence more than repaid by the delight of his presence. She sat at his feet and sang to him, and prattled away the remnant of care that lingered in his mind.

But his cares multiplied. The happiness of many families depended on him. His affairs were vast and complicated, and they kept him longer away from her. All the day, while he was amidst his bales of merchandize she roamed along the banks of a sequestered stream, weaving bright fancy pageantries, or devising any gaieties with which to charm his troubled spirit. A bright and sunny being, she comprehended nothing of care. Life was bounding in her. She knew not the disease of reflection; she felt not the perplexities of life. To sing and to laugh—to leap the stream and beckon him to leap after her, as he used in the old lover days, when she would conceal herself from him in the folds of a water lily—to tantalize and enchant him with a thousand capricious coquetries—this was her idea of how they should live; and when he gently refused to join her in these child-like gambols, and told her of the serious work that awaited him, she raised her soft blue eyes to him in baby wonderment, not comprehending what he meant, but acquiescing, with a sigh, because he said it. She acquiesced, but a soft sadness fell upon her. Life to her was love, and nothing more. A soft sadness also fell upon him. Life to him was love, and something more; and he saw with regret that she did not comprehend it. The wall of care, raised by busy hands, was gradually shutting him out from her. If she visited him during the day, she found herself a hindrance, and retired. When he came to her at sunset he came pre-occupied. She sat at his feet, loving his anxious face. He raised tenderly the golden ripple of loveliness that fell in ringlets on her neck, and kissed her soft beseeching eyes; but there was a something in his eyes, a remote look, as if his soul were afar, busy with other things, which made her little heart almost burst with uncomprehended jealousy.

She would steal up to him at times when he was absorbed in calculations, and, throwing her arms round his neck, woo him from his thought. A smile, revealing love in its very depths would brighten his anxious face, as for a moment he pushed aside the world, and concentrated all his being in one happy feeling.

She could win moments from him—she could not win his life—she could charm—she could not occupy him! The painful truth came slowly over her, as the deepening shadows fall upon a sunny day, until at last it is night: night, with her stars of infinite beauty, but without the lustre and warmth of day.

She drooped; and on her couch of sickness her keen-sighted love perceived, through all his ineffable tenderness, that same remoteness in his eyes, which proved that, even as he sat there grieving, and apparently absorbed in her, there still came dim remembrances of care to vex and occupy his soul.

"It were better I were dead," she thought; "I am not good enough for him." Poor child! Not good enough, because her simple nature knew not the manifold perplexities, the hindrances of *incomplete* life! Not good enough, because her whole life was scattered!

And so she breathed herself away, and left her husband to all his gloom of care, made tenfold darker by the absence of those gleams of tenderness which before had fitfully irradiated life. The night was starless, and he alone.

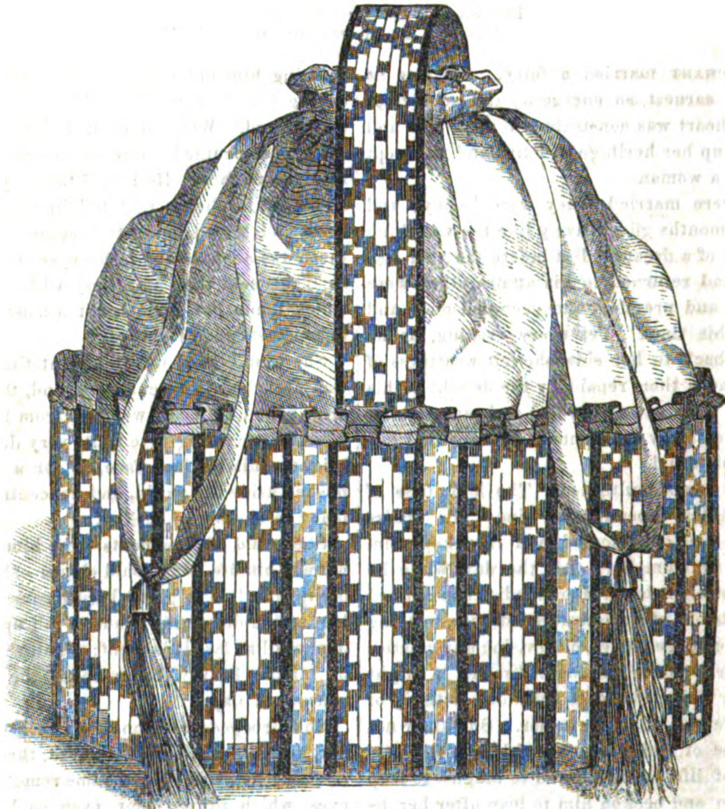
Our fairy tale is an apologue, reader. Can you not guess its secret meaning?

Digitized by Google

OUR WORK TABLE.

TRAVELLING BAG.

BY MLLE. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—Three-quarters of a yard of French canvass, about five inches wide; thirty yards of straw beading, four skeins of black Berlin wool, four of light scarlet, four of darker ditto, six of light green, six of darker, and twelve of a shade darker still. For making up the bag, half a yard of green silk, to match any one of the shades of wool, a piece of stout cardboard, ribbon for strings, and either narrow ribbon or straw trimming to conceal the joining of the canvass and silk.

Sew over the ends of the canvass, and, holding the end of the straw over two threads, cover it completely with black wool, taking the stitches across the straw. At the end of the row, turn the straw round, and work down the next line of two threads in cross-stitch, with the darkest green wool, thus:—⋈ 2 stitches, miss 1, 1 stitch, miss 1, 2 stitches, miss 1, ⋈ 4 times, 2 stitches, miss 1, 1 stitch. End the row with a single stitch across the braid, like the black ones.

Observe that, when a stitch is missed, two threads, with one space between them, are left, the straw appearing in all the missing parts.

3rd row: Same shade. Turn the straw round, and work in the opposite direction. 1 stitch across, like the black, ⋈ miss 1, 2 stitches, miss 3, 2 stitches, ⋈ 4 times, miss 1, 2 stitches, miss 1, take one straight stitch.

4th: Next shade. Turn. 1 straight stitch, miss 2, ⋈ 3 stitches, miss 5, ⋈ 4 times. End with two stitches.

Digitized by Google

5th: Lightest shade. Turn 1 stitch, miss 3, 1 stitch, (which should be over the centre of the five missed in the last row) miss 3, ⋈ 4 times, 1 stitch, miss 3. A straight stitch at the end.

6th: Like 4th. 7th: Like 3rd. 8th: Like 2nd. 9th: Like 1st.

10th: With the darkest red ⋈ 2 stitches, miss 1, ⋈ to the end.

11th: Lighter red. ⋈ 2 stitches opposite the missed one and the 2nd of the two; miss 1, ⋈ repeat.

12th: Dark red. Exactly like the 10th. Repeat these twelve rows until the piece of canvass is completely worked, then sew the ends together; cut out an oblong bit of cardboard, pointed at the ends, and cover it with silk; let it be such a size that the canvass will exactly fit it. Sew on the cardboard, and also a piece of the silk, to form the bag at the top of the embroidery. This must have a cord run in, to draw it, and a handle must also be worked on canvass, from the 9th row to the 13th inclusive. This handle is to be lined with silk and stiffened with a wire, which is to be concealed in it. Ribbon, about one and a half inches wide, quilled very full indeed, should be sewed, to conceal the joining of the corners and the silk bag.

TO ————,

WITH A GIFT OF FLOWERS.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

Spirit of Poesy—wake from thy slumbers—
Rouse a Promethean flame in my numbers!
How can I lure thee with winning caresses?
How charm thee forth from thy hidden recesses?
Aid me to sing of the loved of my heart,
Whose image doth ne'er from my bosom depart.
She thrills me with transport—awakens such bliss—
'T were vain to portray a devotion like this.
In sorrow—she beams like a star on the Ocean,
Which guides the frail barque 'mid the waves' fierce commotion.
In gladness, she hovers—a fairy dream—round me,
Still bright'ning the beacons of hope, that surround me.
Aid me to picture, in tints clear and warm,
Her beauty so witching in spirit and form!
Say, that her voice—like a lute's softest notes—
Is music most rapt'rous when o'er me it floats.
Spirit of Love, gently breathe on these flowers!
Bathe them with perfume most rare from thy bowers!
Affection unchanging encircles their leaves,
And truth's diamond cluster—'mid them enwreathes,
Twine with these buds—fondest hopes of my heart,
Where no other feeling of earth bears a part.
Spirit of good! Blessings pour, without measure,
On her whom this heart owns its first, dearest treasure!

LOVE, THE ARTIST.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

"Oh, Art, unto my longing eyes,"
I said, "her charms forever give;
In that sweet life that never dies
Forever let her beauty live."
And Art his eager pencil plied
To paint her charms, all charms above:
But soon, "In vain I strive," he cried;
"Oh, who can paint her—who but Love?"

I turned to Fancy—"To my sight,"
I murmured, "from the glowing air
Oh, let her gaze my soul delight,
As if she breathed before me there!"
At Fancy's call her image came—
Oh, not her charms, all charms above!
Poor Fancy's cry was but the same—
"Oh, who can paint her—who but Love?"

Then mighty Love, with laughing joy,
The pencil seized with wild delight,
And ere I well could mark the boy,
She laughed in life before my sight!
Oh, who like him such brows could draw,
Such dark, deep eyes, all eyes above—
Like him could paint the charms I saw?
Oh, who can paint her—who but Love?

Digitized by Google

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Fashionable Waltzing.—In Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for March, we find the following severe, but not undeserved remarks on fashionable waltzing. The writer, after speaking of the orignal plain waltz, which even Byron denounced, and characterizing it as the least objectionable and most graceful of the waltzes, proceeds as follows:

"The character of the waltz gradually became changed. From a graceful rotatory motion, it degenerated into a Bacchic movement, similar, no doubt, to the first Thespian performances, which were intended, as scholars tell us, to be in honor of the young Lyæus. Then came the galoppe, which was a still further manifestation of the triumphal processions of Ariadne. Dancing, as one of the fine arts, now received its virtual death blow. You saw an infuriated-looking fellow throw his arm round a girl's waist, and rush off with her as if he had been one of the troop of Romulus abducting a reluctant Sabine. Sabina, however, made no remonstrance, but went along with him quite cordially. They pursued a species of bat-like race round the room—jerking, flitting, backing, and pirouetting, without rule, and without any vestige of grace, until breath failed them, and the panting virgin was pulled up short on the arm of her perspiring partner.

"This, however, called for a reform; and it was reformed. But what? By the introduction of the polka—the favorite dance, and no wonder, of the Casinos. View it philosophically, and you find it to be neither more nor less than the nuptial dance of Bacchus and Ariadne. Our mothers or grandmothers were staggered, and some of them shocked, at the introduction of the ballet in the opera-houses. What would they say now, could they see one of their female descendants absolutely in the embrace of some hairy animal—fronting him—linked to him—drawn to him—her head reclining on his shoulder, and he perusing her charms—executing the most ungraceful of all possible movements, at the will of a notorious Tomnoddy? No doubt everything is innocent, and the whole dance is conducted—no one side at least—with perfect purity of idea. But, somehow or other, these grapplings, squeezings, and approximations, look rather odd in the eyes of the unprejudiced spectator; and we, who have seen the the feats of Egyptians Almas almost surpassed in British ball-rooms, may be pardoned for expressing our conviction, that a little—nay, a good deal—more of feminine reserve than is presently practised, would be vastly advantageous to the young ladies who resort to those haunts which they have been taught to consider as the matrimonial bazaar."

In this concluding warning we join. The young ladies, who think to win admirers by waltzing, make a grievous mistake. No sensible husband was ever won by the agility with which a belle performed the Polka, much less the Schottish. It will be noticed that Blackwood's indignation is aroused by the former waltz entirely. This requires an explanation. The Schottish is not danced in England, in respectable society; and we presume, therefore, that the writer never saw it. We are told, though we are not quite sure, that it is never seen at private parties even on the Continent. Had Blackwood ever witnessed this ungraceful, not to say disgusting waltz, his animadversions, we have no doubt, would have been far more severe. It is a dance fit only for Bacchantes. One can realize the possibility of such a waltz originating nowhere except in the orgies of inebriated wantons.

We have known so many young men, and they the most refined and intelligent, to cease going to balls or dancing parties at all, in consequence of their disgust at the Schottish, that we are heartily glad to find that it is going out of fashion. In the very best society it never was fashionable. But in many circles, otherwise well-bred, it somehow obtained a footing, we suspect through the recommendations of vulgar and impudent foreign dancing-masters. Young ladies danced it without any thought of wrong, and even yet, perhaps, are generally ignorant of the light in which honorable men regard it.

Corsets, or Shoulder Straps.—It is a false delicacy, we think, which prevents the truth, on certain subjects, being imparted to our sex in print. For example, the reason why shoulder-straps, or properly fitting corsets ought to be worn by every woman, is one. Nervous disorders among females are known to be increasing. Why? Physicians unanimously answer it is because of the weight of the skirts, which presses down the organs of the body, and consequently deranges them. More than one half the women in our great cities are said, by the profession, to have some variety of disease produced in this way: and every description of such disorder more or less deranges the nerves, beside afflicting the victim in other ways, and often producing consumption. The remedy for this is to wear shoulder-straps, or properly made corsets. If shoulder-straps make the wearer stoop, or if they are annoying, (as to some persons they are) then a French corset, in which thin whalebones are woven, and made to fit the person, should be substituted. For a corset, thus made, distributes the weight of the skirts over the entire upper part of the person, instead of confining it to the waist, as is the case when neither shoulder-strap nor corsets are worn. The ordinary corset we cannot recommend. The large bones in it box up the figure, so to speak, and are often exceedingly injurious. Every proper corset ought to be pliant, and the real French ones are. What are called French corsets need not come from Paris, however, for they can be made in this country on the same principle. Nor should the corset be worn too tight. In fact, tight-lacing and corsets, though frequently associated together, have

Digitized by Google

nothing necessarily in common. We have seen as much tight dressing among girls who wore no corsets as among those who did. The correct corset, which spreads out over the hip, and thus supports the skirts, is altogether more healthy than no corset, or perhaps than even shoulder-straps, for the weight of the skirts, in the latter case, frequently contracts the chest, by inducing stooping, while a properly made corset, fitting the figure, and not laced so as to contract the ribs, has none of these disadvantages.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

White, Red and Black. By Francis and Theresa Pulszky. 2 vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.—In these two neat volumes, we have the best book of American travels, which has, perhaps, ever been published. The Pulszkys, it will be remembered, accompanied Kossuth in his visit to this country. It seems that the wife kept a diary, which forms the principal portion of the work, the remaining chapters being by the husband, and consisting of an account of our federal and state constitutions, of education, of slavery, and of other matters interesting to political economists and statesmen. The part contributed by Madame Pulszky is chatty, lively, sensible, and womanly. The chapters by her husband are the most candid and appreciative any foreign tourist has yet written. In a few instances we notice blunders in fact, but they are not more frequent than the excitement and hurry of the visit will explain. With some of the opinions we cannot entirely coincide. The Pulszkys form a striking contrast, however, to those travellers, who find as much fault with Americans for not eating an egg *a la Anglaise*, as an American travelling in India would with the Hindoos for their Suttees and their Juggernaut. It will be a long while, we fear, before another book, equally fair, will be written. It ought to have an immense sale.

Agatha's Husband. By the author of "Olive." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—After the author of "Jane Eyre," the author of "Olive" takes next rank, in our estimation, among British female novelists. Her present work is altogether the most powerful she has written. From the first chapter to the last the story keeps the reader breathlessly interested. The characters also are well drawn. Anne, Agatha, her husband, the Major, Carrie, the Duke, and the old Squire are admirable, each in his or her way. But there is too much gloom throughout. Scarcely a bit of sunshine is let in on the picture, which wants consequently the relief, and, therefore, the freshness of perfect nature. All Agatha's misery is made to spring, moreover, from her husband's refusal to confide in her, a refusal which, under the circumstances, was an insult, instead of being, as the author regards it, a heroic act. No true woman but would feel outraged by such conduct on the part of one she loved. Only a characterless simpleton would have faith in a man, who acted as if he had no faith in her. This moral defect, so to speak, is the great error of the novel. The more than redeeming characteristic is the lofty, yet truthful idea of love inculcated, yet love without sickly sentimentalism.

Thoughts of Fancy. By Ella Rodman. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Taylor.—One of our own most valued contributors. It is a natural, easy, with one or two exceptions, unpretending volume, full of quiet and rich talent. The "Wisdom of all the Thoughts" is most to our fancy, and reminds us of something in this Magazine last year, by the same authoress—we forgot the title—which we looked upon as a gem. But we do not like the attempted satire on female writers, either in the spirit or execution. Satirical talent must be accompanied by a very bad temper to be at all poignant, and that, we are certain, Miss Ella Rodman does not possess. As for the very fanciful description of Magazine publishers, that strikes us in equally bad taste, and equally wide of the truth. During twelve years of uninterrupted literary intercourse with publishers, the lady editor—for she wishes to be responsible for this notice—has never found a single publisher who answered to the caricatures in this volume. But as we said before, satire or even graceful caricature, require a superabundance of dashing wit, and a degree of ill-nature that would be unfeminine and unlovely in any female.

Villette. By the author of "Jane Eyre." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Though this novel is, perhaps, superior to any one published this season, it is not near so good as either "Shirley" or "Jane Eyre." Indeed those who seek for brisk incident in a fiction will lay down the book disappointed. Even others, with tastes less morbid for stimulants, will find the first third of the volume dull reading. But when the reader gets fairly into the story, the minute truth of the detail, the originality of the real characters, the powerful style, and the deep earnestness of the author will quite absorb him or her, so that laying down the book unfinished will be found almost impossible. The heroine reminds us, in many things, of Jane Eyre. She is the same strong-minded woman, yet when she comes within the sphere of a strong-minded man, she becomes, in a similar manner, his "loving satellite," to quote from one of the old poets.

Amaranth Blooms: a Collection of Embodied Poetical Thoughts. By Mrs. S. S. Smith. 1 vol. Utica: J. N. Fuller & Co.—We have here a delicate little volume of poems, from one of our contributors, a book as praiseworthy in the getting up as in the contents. Mrs. Smith writes always with grace, and often with power. She has the true poetic feeling, an inborn ear for rythm, and a fancy ever ready to answer the demands of her subject. The volume is dedicated in a neat inscription, to her "Affectionate Friends," in which class we are proud to rank ourselves and the fifty thousand readers of the "National." Not the least merit of these poems is the deep religious sentiment pervading them.

Digitized by Google

Letters to Country Girls. By Jane G. Swisshelm. 1 *vol. New York: J. C. Riker.*—We most heartily recommend this book, for though crotchetty in one or two particulars, it contains, on the whole, more sound sense, in the shape of practical advice to young women, than we ever before saw put between the covers of a duodecimo. The style, too, is racy, and the selection of subjects capital. Nearly every thing interesting to the sex is discussed. For example, the heads of several chapters, taken at random, are as follows:—"Housekeeping," "Country Feasting," "Flowers and Trees," "Personal Cleanliness," "Tea, Coffee, and Saleratus," "Lilies and the Language of Flowers," "The Heart and Lungs," "Useless Sewing," "Filial Piety," "Riding-Dresses and Riding," "Bathing and a Case of Consumption." There are twenty-eight such chapters, all good, except one on dress-making, for Mrs. S. seems to entertain the absurd idea that taste in dress and tight-lacing are convertible terms. Mr. Riker has published the volume in a very pretty style, with two neat illustrations.

Nick of the Woods. By R. M. Bird, M. D. 1 *vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—A revised edition of what we have always considered Dr. Bird's best fiction. With all the absorbing interest of Cooper's Indian tales, "Nick of the Woods" has the merit of being true to life. Bird's red-men, for example, are real savages, not ideal creatures. Nathan also is a powerful original creation. We remember, even yet, the profound interest this fiction created in us when it first appeared, fifteen years ago; and we find, on a fresh perusal, that it was not our boyish enthusiasm, but the positive merits of the book, which awoke that interest. The publisher issues the volume in elegant style, with two capital illustrations.

A Child's History of England. By Charles Dickens. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—In this neat little volume, we have the first successful attempt, which has ever been made, to narrate the early history of England in a style suited to the comprehension of a child, yet with that broad effect necessary to impart correct views of the social and political condition of our mother country a thousand years ago. We recommend every mother to purchase the book, in order to introduce it among her children. It is quite as interesting as most fairy tales, and is a hundred times more instructive.

A Stray Yankee in Texas. By J. Paxton. 1 *vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—As mirth-moving a book as we have read for months. The author writes like one who has witnessed all he describes. He wields, moreover, a graphic pen, which brings vividly up the wild and reckless, yet fun-abounding life of the frontier. Two excellent illustrations adorn the volume.

Abbott's History of Nero. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Another of Abbott's delightful historical books for the young.

Ellen Linn. A Franconia Story. By Jacob Abbott. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Many a young heart will beat high at the announcement of this volume, which is a sequel to that charming story, "Rodolphus." The Franconia series of books for juveniles is, beyond question, the best before the public, for Abbott is equally successful in imparting a moral and in fascinating the attention of his readers. The publishers, moreover, continue to get up the volumes in a style of such beauty, that often young people, who would not be attracted otherwise, are won by the elegance of the binding and illustrations, and so induced to read.

Interviews, Memorable and Useful, from Diary and Memory Reproduced. By Rev. S. H. Cox, D. D. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this volume is an eminent Presbyterian divine of Brooklyn. The interviews recorded are five in number, one with Dr. Chalmers, another with Dr. Emmons, a third with John Quincy Adams, a fourth with two pseudo-apostles, and the fifth with a "fashionable lady," as Dr. Cox calls her, of Calais, in France. All are interesting. But the interview with Dr. Chalmers is especially so, and will repay any person for purchasing the book.

Lives of the Brothers Humboldt, Alexander and William. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The Brothers Humboldt have established such a world-wide reputation, that this volume will be hailed with general gratification. The biographies have been translated and arranged, by Juliette Bauer, from the German of Klencke Schlesier. Portraits of the two eminent brothers adorn the volume.

The History of the Royal Dauphin, Louis XVII., of France. With Engravings. 1 *vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The absurd story, got up lately about an Indian preacher being the son of Marie Antoinette, is entirely exploded in this volume. If we are not to believe that the Dauphin in question died in the Temple, we might as well burn all our histories and discredit all testimony of every kind.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

We have been so frequently applied to for new, or useful household receipts, that hereafter we shall, if possible, publish a number of them every month.

To Clean Oil Paintings, mix an ounce of spirits of turpentine with an ounce of spirits of wine; with this mixture wash the paintings gently with cotton wool; then wash with turpentine alone; if there are any stains which this will not remove, the paintings are to be washed with an infusion of kali; when dry, put on a thin varnish, composed of two ounces of mastic dissolved in six ounces of turpentine; at the end of a few days another coat of varnish, such as is sold by color-makers for oil paintings.

Digitized by Google

To Dry Flowers.—Take some fine white silver sand; wash it repeatedly until all dirt is removed and the water remains clear; dry it thoroughly, and half fill a stone flower-pot; in this, stick freshly gathered flowers when they are dry, and cover completely, taking care not to injure the leaves. Place the vessel in the sun, or in a room where a fire is kept, and let it remain until the flowers are perfectly dry; then carefully remove the sand, and clean with a feather brush. The process succeeds best with single flowers.

Veal Cake.—Boil six eggs hard, cut the yolks in two, and lay some of the pieces in the bottom of the pot; shake in a little chopped parsley, some slices of veal and ham; then add eggs again, shaking in after each some chopped parsley, with pepper and salt, till the pot is full. Put in water enough to cover it, lay on it an ounce of butter, tie over with a double paper, and bake for an hour; then press it close together with a spoon, and let it stand till cold. In a small mould this makes a very pretty side dish for supper.

A Charlotte.—Cut as many thin slices of white bread as will cover the bottom and line the sides of a baking dish, but first rub it thick with butter. Put apples in thin slices into the dish, in layers, till full, strewing sugar between, and bits of butter. In the meantime soak as many slices of bread as will cover the whole in warm milk, over which lay a plate and a weight to keep the bread close on the apples. Bake slowly three hours. To a middle-sized dish use half pound of butter in the whole.

To Make an Orange Salad, cut a dozen fine ripe oranges into slices, without peeling; then let the slices fall as you cut them into either a silver punch bowl or a porcelain one that will stand fire. Sprinkle over them a teaspoonful of pounded cinnamon and a quarter of a pound of lump sugar. Pour over the whole a pint of Cognac brandy. Set fire to the spirit, and stir it as long as it will burn. When the flame expires, help the salad round while hot.

To Clean a Carpet.—Have it carefully beaten and laid down; rub over with a brush dipped in ox-gall and a little water. When this is done, use plenty of cold water, still brushing; remove the moisture with a large sponge, and rub as dry as possible with clean, coarse cloths. The stains that will not yield to this process, rub with fullers earth and soap made into a paste with spirits of turpentine; allow this to dry, and then carefully brush off.

To Clean Black Silk, sponge it with water and ox gall on both sides; then rinse in clean water, and dry it in the open air. Then sponge slightly on the wrong side with a thin solution of isinglass, and brush it on the right side with a very soft brush in the direction of the selvage way of the silk. The proportions are, one pint of boiling water to three-fourths of a pint of ox-gall.

To Preserve Picture-Frames from Flies.—Boil three or four leeks in a pint of water; then, with a gilding brush, wash over with the liquid. It will do no injury to the gilded frames.

Italian Salad.—Pick the white portion of a cold fowl from the bones, in small flakes; pile it in the centre of a dish, and pour over it a good salad mixture, made of hard eggs, mustard, vinegar, and a large proportion of cream. Make a wall round with salad of any kind, laying the whites of boiled eggs, cut in rings, on the top as a chain.

The use of the marigold flower in soup or broth has for some reason gone out of fashion with modern cooks. The flowers well dried, and the leaves reduced to powder, will be found to impart a very agreeable and delicate flavor, with the advantage of the material being cheaply and easily procured.

An excellent Cement for uniting broken glass may be made by dissolving in a pipkin over the fire, (taking especial care it does not boil over) one ounce of isinglass in two wineglasses of spirits of wine. This will be a transparent glue.

A little warm Olive Oil is often efficacious in removing temporary deafness. Put in a few drops in a teaspoon, and place in the ear a bit of cotton. If after this the deafness continues, we would advise your application to a medical man.

White Kid Shoes may be cleaned in the same manner as gloves, by spirits of turpentine. Rub them well with a flannel dipped in this, or in spirits of hartshorn. In all our principal cities there are shops, where they are cleaned for a trifle.

To Make Rose Beads.—Beat the petals of red roses in an iron mortar for some hours, till they form a black paste, then roll into beads, and dry. They become hard, take a fine polish, and are very fragrant.

Salt of Wormwood or Chalk will remove the stain of mildew from muslin.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

We give, this month, a splendid steel engraving of the latest fashions, the patterns having been received from Paris in advance. Our descriptions of the spring and early summer styles will be found very full and complete.

Fig. i.—Dress of White Chalais, with three deep flounces striped with blue. Corsage low, with short sleeves, and over it is worn a "waistcoat *fichu*," as it is termed, of thin muslin, with the sleeves, front, and polka embroidered. This is a beautiful finish to a summer dress. Bonnet of French gimp, trimmed with wide blue ribbon.

Fig. ii.—Walking Dress of delicate Dove colored Silk, trimmed with three deep flounces, pinked in scallops at the edges. Corsage open and low in front. Mantilla of black lace, on which is run several rows of narrow black velvet ribbon, and finished at the edge with two rows of wide black lace. Bonnet of white crape, trimmed on the outside with a branch of apple-blossoms a wreath of the same surrounding the face on the inside.

General Remarks.—Nearly all the new patterns

Digitized by Google

for dresses come in robes *a disposition*, that is with wreaths, &c. &c., running around the skirt, or with flounces woven in the same way. This style is not so much in favor, however, in silks as with tissues, grenadines, bareges, and other thin materials.

As to the cut of the dress, it varies almost without limit, and adopts itself to the air, the physiognomy, and carriage of the person who is to wear it. The open corsage, displaying an elegant chemisette, is probably the most popular, though for the warm summer weather, those made low in the neck, with a waistcoat *fichu* like that of our fashion plate, or with a small cape, will be most in favor.

The quantity of small flounces has disappeared, to give place to wider ones, which usually number only three, though five are sometimes worn.

It is certain that during the forthcoming season, lace will be more generally fashionable than at any former period. It is worn on every article of dress on which it can be placed, and is now becoming a most expensive article of the toilet. This new impulse has been given by the French Empress, who is very fond of this graceful addition to her dress, and as it is a most becoming fashion, it has been very universally adopted. Bonnets, mantillas, sleeves and collars, are covered with it.

Scarfs of *tulle illusion* are very fashionable, and beautiful for full dress. Scarfs of this description are usually simply hemmed at the ends and up the sides; but some have, above the hem, a small running pattern executed in narrow white silk braid. Small boas of ermine or swansdown are also employed in evening dress for protecting the throat and chest. We have observed lately the revival of an old fashion, formerly very general in the ball-rooms, at the theatres, &c. We allude to small fichus or pelerines of satin, trimmed round with swansdown. These have recently been employed by ladies for throwing over the neck after dancing. For those who do not dance, a scarf of black or white lace forms an elegant adjunct to evening costume. The Algerian scarfs, and those of silk of various colors and richly embroidered, are also exceedingly fashionable.

We must not omit to notice a novelty in *chaussure* adapted for balls. It consists of a boot, which presents perfectly the effect of a satin shoe and a silk stocking; the upper part being actually covered with a white silk stocking with open-work clocks. Boots of silk or satin have long been the favorite *chaussure* of ladies who excel in dancing the polka; but the boot we have mentioned possesses the advantage of giving support, without sacrificing the light and elegant effect of the satin slipper. White shoes or boots are, strictly speaking, the only ones admissable for dancing; but ladies who do not dance, frequently wear, in full evening dress, shoes of a color corresponding with that of the dress. These shoes may be ornamented with rosettes, or with large Moliere shoe-knots, trimmed with gold or silver.

The mantilla called the Talma, which is nearly circular and falls in full folds around the figure, is still much worn. Some are made simply of silk with a deep fringe, or have two or three rows of rich ribbon braid run near the edge, whilst others are richly embroidered and trimmed with lace. Some of these Talma cloaks, of small size, have recently been made in white muslin, with no other trimming than a scalloped edge, finished with bottom-hole stitch. The hood, drawn and tied with colored ribbon, adds to the elegance of these little cloaks, which are peculiarly well adapted to young ladies.

For spring wear, some new mantillas or cloaks, as they are now called, have been prepared in Paris, which are very popular. They are made of silk of an extremely thick and stout texture, and they may be trimmed with velvet, with lace, or with the same material as that composing the cloak itself. They are of short length, and at the shoulders they are gathered or plaited, and the fulness set on a small neck-piece, in the style worn some years ago. We have had an opportunity of seeing two cloaks of this new form—a form which appears to be at once elegant and convenient. One was of rich cameleon silk—viz: silk presenting a variety of lustrous shades of color. The trimming consisted of a row of black velvet, surmounted, at the distance of a small space, by a Grecian scroll pattern in very narrow velvet. The cloak was fastened at the throat by a bow of black velvet, with ends descending very low. What rendered this cloak exceedingly elegant was a hood of black lace, edged with lace nearly a quarter of a yard broad. The hood was flat, and the lace with which it was edged fell over the shoulders, and formed a deep pelerine. This style of cloak may be appropriately worn in evening dress as a wrap for the opera, &c.; and the hood, when drawn over the head, presents the effect of a mantilla, owing to the drapery formed by the black lace which trims the hood. The other cloak was of very rich black silk, and trimmed with four rows of narrow stamped velvet. This velvet is about an inch in width, and two rows of it confined the plaits at the neck, and the edge of the lower row of velvet; a frill of pinked silk, gives the appearance of the cape.

Those mantillas composed of lace and silk *applique* are invariably of the pattern of that of our fashion plate.

The style of Bonnets has not materially altered. If there is any change the fronts are deeper, and the sides more flaring, admitting of a wreath of fine flowers around the face. This fashion, however, is not becoming to every one.

Collars of Honiton and other laces, and French embroidery, are worn immensely large, and with deep points.

Under-Sleeves are trimmed with a profusion of lace, and ornamented with bows of ribbons.

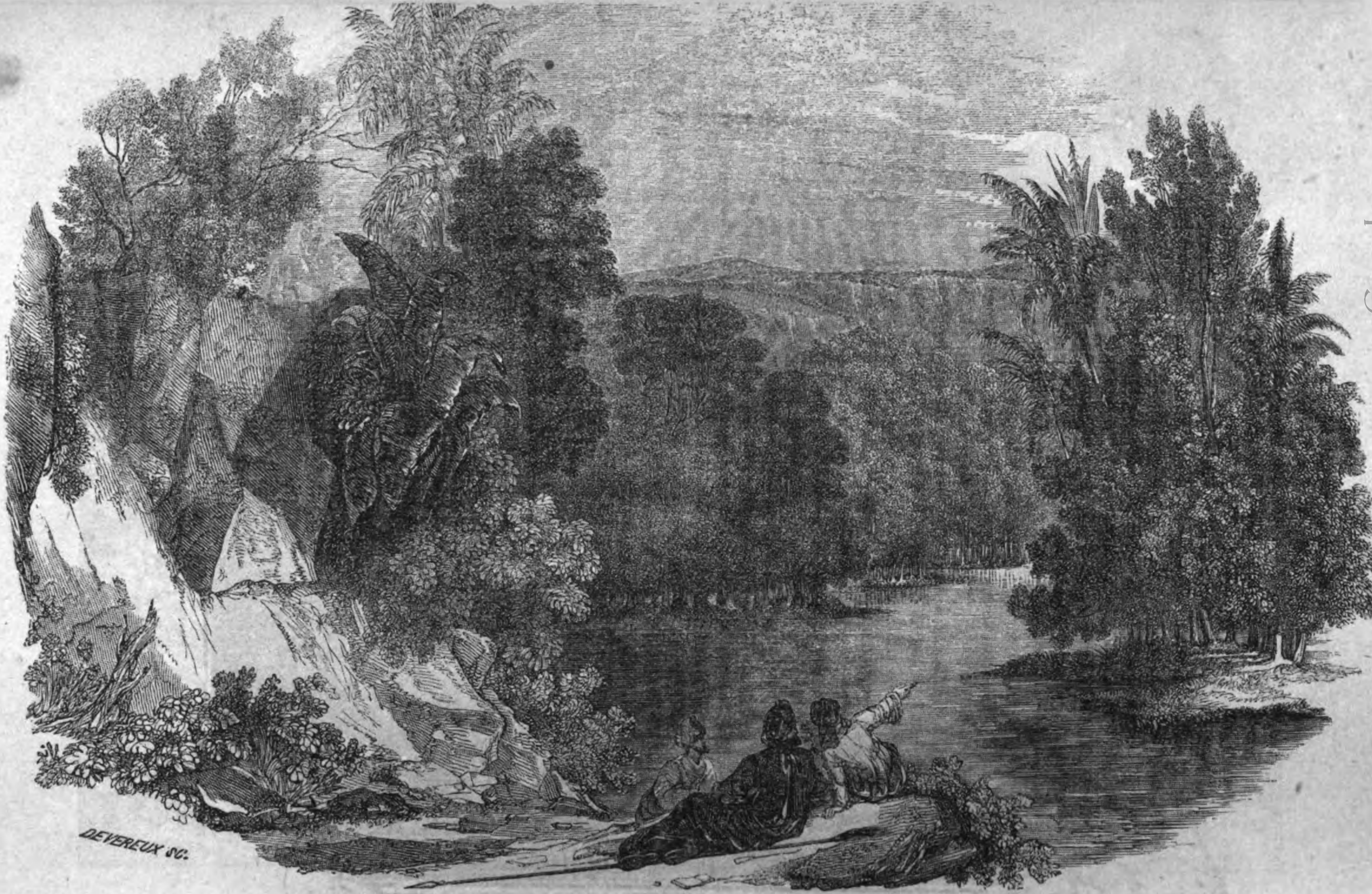
Caps are also trimmed with a profusion of ribbon, in small bows or loops placed in every conceivable place upon it, whilst long streamers of lace and ribbon fall upon the shoulders.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LILY OF LORNE

Digitized by Google



THE RIVER JORDAN.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A JUNE MORNING: PREPARING FOR THE CHASE.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1853. No. 6.

THE LILY OF LORN.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

DREAMS! dreams all!—the veriest dreams are those bright, joyous aspirations in which young hearts indulge. And saddened to know them such, the kindly older person smiles mournfully, and says, "dream on!—not for worlds would I destroy the illusions which must, at best, fade too soon."

The young man, gay and hopeful, conscious of talents and learning, adorned with youthful beauty, and feeling a restless energy within which he fancies is to conquer all things, rushes like a high-mettled steed into the world's race-course. But alas! he finds no smooth and graded road whence all impediments have been removed, and judges look on to see fair play. He stumbles from the first over petty and unforseen obstacles. Imminent perils meet him at every turn—rivals trip him up—pretended friends misdirect and deceive him, his eager and impatient efforts but involve him in greater difficulty, till at last, with a broken spirit, he is forced to exchange the noble bearing and fiery speed of the racer, for the dog-trot pace and patient air of the work horse.

I will show you another picture. See that young father and mother bending entranced over the cradle of their first child. A rapture is on their faces which only parents can understand. With tears, and smiles, and prayers they vow, with hands clasped above their sleeping boy, to guard him from all evil—to make him, so far as lies in their mortal power, good and happy—so help them God! A dream is in their hearts that their boy may prove, perchance, the exception to the general lot, and grow up untouched by sin or sorrow.

A few years pass, and but a few, and the child so loved and cared for has grown selfish, wilful, and, worse than all, untruthful. The gentle mother cannot rule him, and the father is much from home. The dreams are fading! The mother weeps and trembles. The father is wroth—

> "And to be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain."

The tenderness of a father for his first born contends in his heart with the anger a just man feels at mean and unworthy conduct, and in bitterness of spirit he exclaims, "great as is the delight parents have in their children, it is out-weighed by the anxiety they endure for them. Better, far to be childless than to have one child grow up bad and unprincipled."

See yon fair girl, known for her fragile and delicate beauty, her pale, spiritual loveliness—how she sits and dreams! Her hands are crossed on her knee, but she knows it not. She is looking out, with dreamy eyes, upon her future life as fancy pictures it to her—and this is the vision on which those dreamy eyes are gazing.

A quiet and happy *home*, where order and good taste prevail, where she herself moves the happy presiding goddess—happy, and dispensing happiness to all around her. There is ever one principal figure in this picture—it is he, the beloved, the husband—the good and strong man, loving and beloved, for whom, unseen—unknown though he be, she feels she could lay down her life. Do you not see the latent enthusiasm in that young face? and do you not know what it means? See, she blushes! unreal as that dream-lover is, she feels his arms around her, his kisses on her cheek; she smiles—and ah! she wakes. Her dream is over—often perhaps to be redreamt, perhaps never to be realized. Dream on, for those sweet dreams are most that life has for your craving heart. By inward struggles, and vain yearnings, and silent sufferings, and many prayers, you shall come at last to learn the hard lesson—to live chiefly on hope.

And yet not entirely unblest art thou! For thy fair, pale loveliness hast won for thee, over all the region around thy father's manorial hall, the name of "The Lily of Lorn." Something of suffering there is in thy face, of holy meekness, which adds truth to thy title, though few know why. But we, who see hearts past and future, and, magician-like, summon up, with our wand of fiction, the events of a whole, know well how that sweet melancholy came into thy countenance. It is a relic of what has been, and a prophecy of what is to be: a memento of suffering that is gone, and of an early death to come. Listen, reader, for we will share our secret and our prophecy with you!

Many years ago a couple of youthful lovers were sitting "dreaming" beside the waters of the gentle Avon, in merry England. The moonlight glowed and sparkled on the rippling water, and was reflected so brightly, that the enraptured lover who hung over her could note the blushes that rose and faded on the soft cheek of Mary Selden, "The Lily of Lorn." For the first time that night had she laid aside the maiden reserve, which had hitherto forbidden her lover to approach her with caresses. For the first time that night he pressed her in his arms, and covered her blushing face with his kisses. How could she repulse him, when the morning was to separate them for years? She could not—she had not the heart. With tenderness and dignity she responded to his love, and promised again and again at his demand to preserve her heart pure and loyal to him till his return.

"Farewell, my own beautiful betrothed," he whispered—"farewell for a few short years—with the energy inspired by the hope of winning you, wealth enough to satisfy your father must soon be won, and I return to claim this dear hand. Oh, Mary, do not forget me."

"Impossible, Henry!" replied Mary, looking up tearfully into his face—he bent over her, and one of her soft black curls touched his cheek.

"Mary, may I have this curl as a parting token?" asked the youth.

"They are all yours," Mary replied, smiling through her tears—"choose from your own."

Henry severed a silken curl from the beautiful head, and again farewell was said with oft renewed caresses, and the lovers parted.

On the morrow the youth sailed for America—that land of many dreams, and full of hope began his combat with the world. He had been highly educated at Cambridge, having been qualified for the profession of the law. But being without influential friends, and discouraged by the crowd of rival competitors in his own country, he hoped, not unreasonably, to make his way more successfully in a newer country. But alas! in a new country, if there are indeed fewer lawyers, there are also fewer clients, and our poor friendless adventurer met with small success. Meanwhile his scanty funds were exhausted, and yet unwilling to abandon his profession, for which he had been qualified at so great an expense, he endeavored to eke out his slender means by writing for the magazines and periodicals. Thus struggling, he persevered through much suffering and privation for several years, still hoping to bring himself into notice and success by some fortunate turn in events; but at last absolute distress compelled him to resign his long-cherished hopes, and look lower for some occupation by which to obtain the means of living. For some time he was unsuccessful in finding employment of *any* kind for which he was fitted, and at last was glad to accept a situation as clerk in a store, where, for the first year or two, his remuneration was barely sufficient to procure him the plainest boarding and necessary clothing. It was not till a small increase in his salary was made on the third year, that he was able to make a little allowance toward paying off some debts, which he had incurred during his former struggles, and which had hung like a clog round his conscience ever since.

It was eight years from the time of his leaving England, ere Henry Lober stood once more clear in the world, and could say, "I owe no man a cent." It was two more ere he had two or three hundred dollars which he could call his own. During all these years the thought of his own beloved Mary cheered and encouraged him through sorrow and trial. She wrote to him constantly—she was still faithful, but she too, poor girl, had had to do with struggles and sorrow. Her father had died, to the astonishment of all penniless; the estate passed to creditors; and she was left totally unprovided for. The fair and pensive lady, whom we have seen gazing wistfully out into vacancy, during the first years of Henry's absence, was now no longer lovely, for sorrow and care had sharpened her features, and removed the delicate hue from her cheek. She was no more "The Lily of Lorn," for flatterers had left her with her fortune. Neglected by all, she had been forced to open a little school, by which means she with difficulty made a scanty living. Her health, never strong, failed under her trying and laborious life, and disappointment and sorrow entered deeply into her once joyous heart. Knowing these circumstances, therefore, as soon as Henry Lober could gather the means to pay their passage, he set off, with his emlpoyers'

Digitized by Google

permission, to claim his bride, that at least they might have the poor consolation of suffering together.

Arrived in England, Henry hastened without waiting a moment to the banks of the beloved Avon, and sought the favorite haunt most dear to Mary and himself in past times; the hour of sunset was approaching, and he rightly divined that Mary would be likely to wander there. Enough romance still lingered in his world-beaten heart to make him wish to meet his beloved, after so long and trying an absence, in a spot so sacred to old memories. The river and its banks were unaltered, save that to Henry's eye the stream seemed much smaller than of old, and at some distance more dwellings peeped from their shady coverts. Their own beloved haunt was unchanged; "Mary's walk" was as fresh and green as ever, and the lover paced it impatiently, yet sadly, with busy thoughts. Here he was, after ten years absence, after waiting and struggling, no richer in pocket than when he left home, and with a heart in his bosom so deadened and hardened by long contest with the world, that it had but one soft spot in it—his love for the bright, beautiful girl, who on this very spot had permitted his farewell kisses and embraces—those kisses whose remembrance had had power, through all those years, to thrill his heart, so often as thought recurred to them.

The rustle of an approaching step awoke Henry from his reverie, a slight female form was advancing slowly, and he drew quickly back behind some trees and shrubs, thinking to gaze on his beloved, one moment, first, himself unseen. She advanced—his Mary—but how altered; ten years had changed the beautiful girl of twenty to the faded woman of thirty. Sickness too, and hope deferred, and struggles with poverty and sorrow had done their work, and not a trace remained of that beauty which was painted in fadeless colors on the lover's memory. Even the curls so associated in his mind with Mary's image were gone, and the pale, sad face he looked on was shaded by smooth, dark hair, plainly and simply arranged.

Poor Henry! (blame him not, reader, it was but human nature) was inexpressibly shocked; his highly-wrought feelings underwent such a revulsion that he could not advance to meet this *stranger*, whom, though he yet *knew* her to be his Mary, he did not recognize—he allowed her to pass on, and escaping from his concealment, he hastened to his lodgings, and locked himself in his room.

Let us not inquire to narrowly into the throbbings of that troubled and disappointed heart.

The next day Mary received the following letter:—

"MY DEAR MARY—After ten years absence I am once more on English ground. I have returned to renew to you the offer of my hand, but I must not conceal from you that I am an altered and a disappointed man—that even the youthful enthusiasm of my passion for you, the last dream the world spared me has faded, never I fear to be renewed in its first warmth and glow. I have not even a competence to offer you, notwithstanding all my efforts. All I now dare to hope is, that we may bear our burdens together, aiding and sustaining each other. A sad end to our early dreams, Mary—pardon me the want of success which has made your life, I fear, as well as mine, a blank—God knows I strove to have it otherwise.

"Mary, in your hands lay my few remaining earthly hopes, HENRY LOBER."

Mary replied—

"Come to me, Henry—you cannot be so much changed as I am—youth, health, and beauty gone—gifts so prized for your sake, but my heart reremains the same—the heart that adores you.

Ever your faithful MARY."

The meeting so long delayed, so long pined for was painful to both—both felt the changes time had made, and the past, and past feelings, to one of them, at least, had vanished like a dream. It was not with the idolized Mary of his youth that Henry now held converse, but with another, different—and yet most loving and gentle being, to whom he felt himself irresistibly drawn by a new and strange tie. She, alone in all the world, knew and understood his past life. She too, like him, had suffered, and the strong bond of sympathy knit their souls together.

They were married, and Henry Lober carried his delicate wife with him across the Atlantic. He returned to his business, but every moment he could call his own was devoted to the frail, tender being, to whom his heart clung more fondly every day. To him she looked for every thing, and he came to love her with a depth and tenderness unknown to the passion of his youth. He learned to rest on her loving heart as on the one thing certain in a world of change. One last fond dream he yet indulged in—it was the picture of his Mary restored to health by his watchful care, smiling and happy. But in vain, that gentle and loving being was cherished and tended too late. Ere she left England sorrow and care had planted death in her bosom, and in a few years Henry consigned to the earth that frail, beloved form, and with her was buried the last dream of his youth.

Still faithful to the memory of that gentle,

Google

constant spirit, as life wears on Henry Lober's heart admits no new love, and often in the evening, sitting by his solitary fireside, the old man draws forth from some secret hiding-place two locks of hair; one is a jet black, glossy curl—the other a faded tress of strait hair, streaked here and there with grey. They are the relics of the two Marys—for him they are always two. The old man gazes at them wistfully—he knows not which is the most dear; his eyes grow dim—surely he is dreaming still—yes; but his dreams are now not hopes, but memories.

THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

He lay within his garret,
  The roof sloped dim and low;
Through the disjointed shingles
  Came down the sifted snow.

His watchers! had they left him
  In his pauper bed to die,
And go shivering to his Maker,
  With no one standing by?

None listened to his groaning,
  But the scanty quilt was stirred
By the wintry wind, whose moaning
  Was all the sound he heard.

The rafters loomed above him
  With a blackness grim and dread,
Like dark, unstable bridges,
  That his weary soul must tread.

No father, mother, near him,
  No sister hovering round!
No kindred love to cheer him
  In the darkness so profound.

He knew that he was dying,
  That no human help was near,
And from his marble eyelids
  There rolled a single tear.

His breath came hard and dumbly,
  His hands were meekly pressed
And folded—oh, how numbly—
  Upon his torpid breast.

His dying eyes were lifted,
  And through the solemn gloom,
Where icy gusts were drifted
  In wailing through the room—

There came a single starbeam,
  A flash of holy light,
And he knew that God was watching
  By his death-bed in the night.

Those lips were almost marble,
  But they brightened into prayer.
When they found him in the morning
  A smile had frozen there.

A LOVE CHAUNT.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

When again the soft-lipp'd zephyrs
  Kiss the roses sweet of June,
And the sea is gently swelling
  'Neath the pale and loving moon;
When the winds go chaunting sweetly
  To the fair and drooping flowers,
Wooing them, with low complaining,
  All the still and dreaming hours;

When the streamlet's murmur'd music
  Thrills the heart with thoughts of love,
And the stars look down like angels
  Dreaming in their homes above;
When the fays once more are romping
  By the hill-side—in the glen—
Bringing back each glorious vision;
  Lov'd one, I will meet thee then!

And the kiss of soft-lipp'd zephyrs
  Shall not rival that of mine,
Nor the water's song of gladness,
  Half so sweet as tones of thine;
Nor the star-gems, wildly gleaming
  'Midst the breathless Summer skies,
Thrill me like the fire sleeping
  Deep within thine love-lit eyes!

With my dear and warm caressing,
  Ev'ry earth-born care will flee,
And the rosy, "mist-hung future,"
  Seem one dream of love to thee;
And with deep and fond devotion
  I will sue at thy pure shrine,
Whilst the blest may gaze in envy,
  As I clasp thee, love, as mine!

Digitized by Google

PROCRASTINATION.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

"Sure, sir, and here's little Master Charles nearly tumbled out of winder and broke his precious neck, the jewel."

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Garston, in alarm, "I told you to be particularly careful, and not to let him go near the open window."

"Sure, sir, and it was myself that watched him like a cat watching a mouse, but you see when I turned my back to him a minute, what does he do but run to the winder and climb up to it, and when I set eyes on him, whisht!—it was all, but he was out; but I took holt of him by the skirts, and saved the jewel."

"You must be more careful in future, Bridget."

"If I might make so bould, sir, I would say that if you was to get the bars that you were talking about put up——"

"Yes, yes, I recollect. I will try to think of it by-and-bye, but I have so many things to think of. I'll get them by-and-bye, Bridget, and then there will be no more danger."

Mr. Garston took his way to office, intending to call on a carpenter on his way and send him to the house. He was alarmed at the narrow escape of his only child, for since the death of his wife, a year before, he had concentrated all his affection on the little boy, and was in hourly dread of losing him.

The carpenter's shop lay a little out of his regular way to office, and when he came to the corner of the street leading to it he hesitated.

"There'll be that countryman waiting for me, and I can call on the carpenter when I go home to dinner."

So he passed on to his business and thought no more of his son's danger.

"Here's been an insurance agent," remarked the book-keeper, "and left his card."

Mr. Garston took it up, and then glanced around the warehouse.

"Yes, I shall have to get the stock insured, as most of this property will have to lie in store for some time. I'll call on this agent some time soon and see about his terms."

"Had you not better call to-day?" inquired the book-keeper. "There was a fire in Clay street, last night, and they say there are incendiaries about."

"Indeed! Well, I'll call immediately. Such things should not be neglected. What day is this—Friday? Dear me, there is a note of a thousand dollars due at the bank to-day, and I have not yet provided for it. I must gather up some funds to meet it or there will be a protest. How much money have you got there, Smith?"

"Only eighty dollars, or so, and there is Carter's bill to be paid to-day."

"True—true. Let me see—hum—let me see—ah, yes—I'll go and see."

The forenoon was passed in the endeavor to collect money enough to meet the note, but every one seemed to be short as well as himself. One had just paid a bill, another had a note to meet at bank, and a third could have done it very well yesterday, but had made some heavy purchases which had taken up all his funds. So he turned home, somewhat dispirited, to get his dinner.

"Plaze, sir, did you see the carpenter about them bars?" inquired Bridget, as she arranged his solitary dinner.

"No," he replied, rather curtly, "I have got something else to think of just now."

"But Master Charles," persisted Bridget.

"I'll see about it in the evening," interrupted he, in a tone that cut short all further conversation.

Hastily despatching his meal, he made his way to office.

"Has any money come in?" was his first inquiry.

"Jones & Green have paid in one hundred dollars on account," was the answer.

"Nothing more?"

"Not a dollar. Have you seen about the insurance yet?"

"No, have had no time for it."

"The insurance office is just in the way to the bank," persisted the book-keeper, "and they might be gone when you go by in the evening."

"I can't stay to bother about it now," was the testy answer, "I must see how to meet that note. Confound it, if I had seen about it yesterday, it would have been all right."

"I told you yesterday morning of its being due to-day," remarked the book-keeper.

"I know that; but I didn't think everybody was going to be so short to-day, and thought I

Digitized by Google

should have no trouble in collecting it: but there it is, it can't be helped now."

After another round, the money was collected, and the note taken up just before the bank closed. Tired with his exertions, he returned to his office, and flinging himself into a chair, took up a newspaper.

"Seen the insurance agent?" inquired the book-keeper.

"No, not yet. I'll go home a little earlier and drop in to see him. The insurance must be effected at once, that's a fact."

An interesting article in the paper took up his attention for some time, then a neighbor dropped in, and a discussion relative to the merits of the affair treated of in the newspaper was entered into. Suddenly Mr. Garston pulled out his watch.

"Half past five, I declare! It's no use trying to find the insurance agent to-night, but I'll call on him the first thing in the morning."

As he passed homeward, he recollected the window bars, and turned up the street to see the carpenter. The carpenter said he would call on the following day and fix the bars, and with the feeling of having done his duty he went home.

"Who's there?" exclaimed Mr. Garston, as he started from his bed that night in obedience to a loud rapping at the door, and loud calls for him.

"Get up, Mr. Garston; it's Bridget. There's a great fire down town, and they are shouting it is near your store."

Mr. Garston ran to the window and threw it up. The sky was lit up with the reflection of a great fire, and a single glance sufficed to show him that his store was involved in the conflagration.

"Ruined—lost—no insurance—not a dollar!" gasped the unfortunate man, as he staggered back. "And I might have saved it all!"

He was dressed in a few moments, and was soon at the scene of destruction. The moment he came at the edge of the crowd he saw he was a ruined man. His large store was one body of fire.

Pushing his way through the crowd, he soon reached the inner edge of the crowd, where he encountered his book-keeper.

"Anything saved, Mr. Smith?"

"Nothing, sir. The building was all on fire before any one could get in."

The ruined merchant stared vacantly at the burning pile, until the walls fell with a heavy crash, and then with a burdened heart he turned toward home.

"Oh, Mr. Garston, oh, sir, oh—oh!" sobbed Bridget, as she opened the door to admit him.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed he, in dread of some fresh disaster.

"Oh, sir; Master Charles——"

"What—what—in the name of heaven, what has happened to my boy?" gasped Mr. Garston, clutching the arm of his domestic.

"The winder, sir; the winder was open for us to see the fire—and Master Charles came up by the sly to look out—and—and—oh, sir, oh——"

Dashing past the woman in a perfect frenzy of despair, he rushed into his parlor, and flung himself beside the couch on which was stretched the form of his boy, with his features all dabbled with blood, and his bright locks clotted together.

"Speak to me, Charles, my boy, my own boy—speak to me. Oh, God! my boy, my own darling boy!"

He felt his breast and his temples, but there was no sign of life—all was cold—yes! deathly cold.

"Oh, that I had attended to the danger before—that I had not put off what I ought to have done at once! My boy, my own bright boy, lost through my PROCRASTINATION!"

THE YOUNG EMIGRANT GIRL.

BY REV. G. W. ROGERS.

STAINLESS and bright, a being of light,
She grac'd the circle that festal night,
Then pass'd away.
Brief was her stay,
As the flowers they wove in her garland that day
For the festal night.

Sadly they stand, while she parts the band,
To seek her love in a strange land,
And find him not.
Her's was the lot,
Like that garland to fade ere she reach'd the spot,
In that distant land.

Slowly they gave her form to the wave,
To sleep unseen in its coral grave.
She lists no more
The wild sea's roar,
She sleeps far away from that bright sunny shore,
In her coral grave.

Digitized by Google

A "THOROUGH-BRED" REVENGE.

BY KATE HARKAWAY.

"Doctor Morgan," as his diploma made him, or Tom Morgan, as his friends called him, was certainly a good representative of manly beauty, as he sat in his negligent attitude that fine September morning, with his loose blouse displaying to the greatest advantage his tall, graceful figure, and his low-crowned, wide-brimmed Palmetto shading his fine bronzed face and open brow, around which the black hair curled negligently. But the charm of Tom's face, in his own opinion, was his moustache. In fact, dear reader, it *was* a model moustache! his white teeth gleamed out in such contrast with its silky blackness, and then it formed such a beautiful arch above the finely-cut chin, and below the aquiline nose with its mobile nostrils, that we do not wonder that Tom made such a pet of it, uneffeminate as he was.

Well, Tom Morgan was whistling away for dear life snatches of tunes, in which Yankee Doodle and a favorite hunting song bore a prominent part, examining his fishing-tackle and assorting his artificial flies with care, when his sister Lucy stepped out of the French window on the piazza.

"Oh, Tom," said she, "I'm so glad you are here. I've just had a letter from papa, and what do you think? he says he has persuaded Grace Stanley to come home with him."

"Why, I think that I had much rather she would stay away," was the ungracious reply.

"Oh, Tom! but I do want you to know Grace so much, she is so beautiful, and fascinating."

"So is a rattle-snake," was again the rejoinder, to which was added a whistle on a low key.

Lucy's fair face was clouded as she answered. "But papa is so pleased with her, that he says he urged her to come very much, and he is quite fastidious, you know. And——" here her face brightened as she run her eyes down the letter, "and oh, Tom, she rides beautifully, and is going to bring her own horse with her."

Tom threw down his fly with a jerk, and stared at his sister, saying,

"Lucy, I believe you're a born fool. That paragon of yours has every virtue under the blue canopy, and 'rides beautifully' besides. Pray, where does a young lady, who has lived in the city all her life, learn to ride?"

"Why in the riding-schools to be sure," said his sister.

Tom gave a more expressive whistle than any which had preceded it, and went on with his flies as if the subject admitted of no further discussion.

"But, Tom, papa has seen the horse, and says it is both gay and beautiful."

"So is a young lamb, or a calf," retorted the brother; "but I judge there would not be much difficulty in sticking on their backs, particularly if one was learned in a riding-school. I expect Miss Grace's horse is like the model one for young ladies in novels, with beautiful arched neck, long tail, gay and spirited, yet gentle and docile, &c. &c.; now I tell you a horse isn't worth his feed if he hasn't a spice of the de'il in him."

"Well, but you can teach Grace," said Lucy, coaxingly, thinking that by flattering his *amour propre*, she could enlist her brother's vanity in her friend's favor.

"Teach her indeed! Yes, and I suppose that after one or two lessons she would be able to ride 'Lightning,' or papa's 'Thunderbolt,'" was the answer.

"I dare say she could," replied Lucy, quickly. "I never saw her undertake anything at school which she did not accomplish."

"Well," said Tom, ironically, "there *is* a strong resemblance between mastering the French verb 'to love,' and a horse like 'Lightning.' But there is no use talking about it, Lu, and instead of staying at Mayo's for only a few days, till I'm tired of fishing, I may be gone some weeks. I can't stand fine lady airs, and otto of rose scented handkerchiefs, and all that sort of thing. I really believe that there are but two sensible women in creation; my mother and yourself."

"And Bell Hamilton," said Lucy, slyly.

"Well, yes, Bell is a fine woman; good-hearted and unaffected; and then she rides like a Camanche; and drives a four in hand as if she had been born on a stage-coach."

"But, Tom," and here Lucy placed her little hand coaxingly on his shoulder, "don't stay longer at Mr. Mayo's than you at first intended. Grace will be here now in about a week, and it will look so rude for you to be away."

Digitized by Google

"No use talking about it, Lu, I tell you I can't stand it. I think I shall take a trip to the West. You can tell your friend that the doctor has ordered a diet of bear's meat or buffalo steaks for me."

So Tom went on his fishing excursion, and Mr. Morgan and Grace Stanley arrived and found him absent.

And now these beautiful September mornings saw Grace and Lucy on horseback, galloping over fields sparkling with dew, and taking the low fences and narrow ditches in their way; Grace only practising, it is true, for though her leaping in the riding-school had tended to give her a firm seat, it had scarcely prepared her for the bars which would *not come* down if her horse's feet struck them; but he strode them like a noble fellow as he was, and after a little time she felt no fear of any fence in the county.

Tom Morgan at last grew tired of good old Izaak Walton's gentle sport and returned home, little suspecting that Grace, who had obtained a pretty accurate insight into his character from his father and sister, had prepared herself with a whole battery of mischief with which to charge him.

"By Jove, Miss Stanley, that beast of yours is a beauty," said he, after his inspection of the stables, which followed immediately upon his shaking hands with his father and mother. "Blooded too! pretty near a thorough-bred, I should say," continued Tom, "clean limbed, and as light as a deer. Make a splendid racer; I should like to put him around the course."

"I hear that you are so good a judge of horses that I feel flattered by your approval," replied Grace.

"Oh, but, Tom, you ought to see him in action, he is magnificent, I assure you," said his sister.

"Well, let's take a gallop to-morrow morning immediately after breakfast, I want so to be on Lightning's back again. I won't ride very fast, if you are timid about it, Miss Stanley," said Tom, suddenly, as he noticed Grace's elegant dress and quiet manner, which made her look as if she had never been out of a drawing-room in her life.

"No, sir, I am not *very* timid; I think I may venture to go, if you did not ride *too* fast," replied Grace, with a sly smile at Lucy, who turned away her laughing face.

"A pity that such a fine animal should be wasted on a *woman*, and one who can't appreciate him too," muttered Tom to himself. "I'd like to buy him if I dare make the offer; and, by Jove, I bet Bell Hamilton could ride him."

"Come, Grace, dear, give us some music, we've had none to-night," said old Mr. Morgan.

Grace took her seat at the piano, and in spite of his contempt for women in general, and city women in particular, Tom could not but acknowledge that she was very beautiful. Her tall, slender, but rounded figure was so graceful in its outlines, there was so much character in her face, lighted up by her large, hazel eyes, and shaded by the abundant chesnut hair with its golden tinge, which did not curl, but wave down the side of her face. Every motion and attitude, whilst perfectly unaffected, had the unrestrained self-possession acquired by habitual intercourse with society.

"A perfect doll in appearance, with not a bit more character," soliloquized Tom, as Grace played brilliant overtures, and sung popular opera gems.

"Do you like ballads, Mr. Morgan?" asked the lady, whilst an arch smile rippled over her face, to be succeeded by a provoking demureness; and forthwith she commenced "The Lone Moore," and "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary," besides one or two others in the same key; and when she had finished them she exclaimed,

"Really as you like that kind of music so much, I must sing you the tender ballad of 'Lord Lovell,' it's so sentimental."

"By Jove! no, madam, if you please. I despise ballad music; I feel as if you had been singing my death song," said Tom, vehemently, his irritation getting the better of his politeness, "I must bid you good evening, as I have come so far to-day."

But he had not closed the parlor door, when Grace commenced in her clear, rich voice the famous old hunting song, "A southerly breeze and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning."

Tom stood in the hall and listened for a moment, then returned to the parlor to look for a newspaper, which he knew perfectly well was in his own coat pocket. Grace finished her song with a spirit and dash that delighted him; but immediately after commenced the beautiful little one of Bulwer's, "When stars are in the quiet sky."

Tom gave an almost audible groan, and bid the family good night for the second time, muttering "humbug" between his teeth as he went up stairs.

The next morning, with its bright sunshine and delicious air, found the horses saddled for our equestrians before the hall door.

Grace's tall, slender figure looked remarkably well in her forest green riding habit, and low-crowned black hat with its long floating plume; but it must be confessed that in despite of her

Digitized by Google

beauty, Tom watched her approach with a slight feeling of annoyance, for he had worked himself into the belief that Miss Stanley was a mere fashionable, awkward, and timid horseman, and that his morning's ride would be spoiled in consequence.

"Bell Hamilton's scarlet dress is a great deal handsomer; she knows how to do the thing up right—the English women always follow the hounds in scarlet," soliloquized Tom, as Grace descended the steps, just raising her long skirt enough to expose the tip of a beautiful little patent leather Wellington.

Miss Stanley approached her horse, examined the saddle-girths and curb-chain, patted him on the neck, and was about placing her hand on the pommel to be mounted, when Tom called out to the groom,

"Here, you black rascal, where is Miss Stanley's martingal?"

"She not ride wid one, sar, he, he, he!" answered Sam, grinning from ear to ear, and no more minding being called a "black rascal," than if he had been termed a gentleman.

"Not ride with a martingal, Miss Stanley? Why your horse will rear, or throw up his head and run off, as sure as you mount him," said Tom, "but I might have expected some such folly from a young lady who learned the management of a horse in a *riding-school*, forsooth!" but this last sentence was *sotto voce.*

Grace said not a word, but stood quietly with her hand still on the pommel, and Tom was about lifting her into the saddle, when he saw Sam standing a few yards off watching the operation.

"What in the name of mischief do you mean, Sam? Come here, right away, and hold the horse's head while I mount Miss Stanley."

"She no want him held, Massa Tom," answered Sam.

"Do as I tell you, you lazy dog, or I'll break my riding-whip over you," thundered Tom, now almost angry with Sam, who only laughed. He, however, took hold of the bridle at a threatening gesture from his master, but the horse plunged and reared so, that it was impossible to attempt mounting.

"Let go, Sam, if you please," said Grace, quietly. "Steady, Sultan, steady, sir," continued she to the horse, caressing him, and patting him on the shoulder, and in a moment he was obedient to her voice, and rubbing his head on her arm. Again she took the reins firmly in her right hand, placed it on the pommel, and putting her little foot in Tom's huge palm, she rose to her saddle with the lightness of a bird.

"You have your curb-rein too tight, I think, Miss Stanley," said Tom, as he was turning away to look for Lucy.

"No, sir, I always ride with it so. You see my horse is obedient to my lightest touch: look how finely his neck is arched. And what a splendid position it is in, and that too without the aid of a martingal."

Tom thought to himself, "wait till he gets into a canter or a trot, and we'll see the 'position' his head will be in," but as Sultan commenced pawing the air and ground, and throwing his head about as if in delight at having his mistress on his back, Tom could not help feeling that all these innovations on the good old style of riding, heterodox though they might be, were really wonderful.

Lucy was soon mounted, and the party started off on a brisk canter. Tom looked at Grace in astonishment. Bell Hamilton's bold horsemanship was forgotten in that of the lady by his side. Such steadiness but lightness of hand, such a firm seat, such readiness and completeness of management of one of the gayest animals he had ever seen, such unity of action in horse and rider, threw him into ecstasies of delight.

"What do you think of 'Lightning,' Miss Stanley?" asked Tom, for he now considered Grace quite competent to give an opinion on the subject.

"He is a fine horse, but I should not like to ride him," was the reply.

"He is quite gentle, and there would be no danger, for you, I think!" said Tom.

"Oh, I have no fear of him," retorted Grace, "but he is not properly trained," and though the side of the cheek which was turned toward the gentleman was exceedingly demure, her eyes sparkled, and her mouth dimpled with suppressed mischief.

"'Not properly trained'—pray, Miss Stanley, can you instruct me how *to* train him properly?" asked Tom, ironically, whilst an incipient flash, which very much resembled the name of his horse, shot from his eyes. In truth, Grace had touched him on a most tender point; he considered himself the best breaker of horses in Maryland.

"I should really like to take lessons from you: can you teach me?" he continued, with a mocking smile.

"Oh, very easily, if you have any capacity for learning; but some persons are *so* stupid about horses," replied Grace, with provoking gravity.

Tom bit his lip, put his spurs into Lightning's side, deeper than they had gone since he was a colt being broken, and rushed off in a gallop.

Digitized by Google

Grace gave a little, merry laugh, chirruped to Sultan, and followed.

They rode on for half a mile, side by side, without drawing rein, till Tom suddenly recollected his sister, who on her little mare Gipsey, was coming along at a more moderate pace.

"I think," said Grace, as they turned to meet Lucy, "that you gentlemen who take riding as children do the measels, ought to be brought under proper treatment. Now there are the spurs, which should be used only to gather a horse with properly, I see you use just to irritate him. Lightning would not have run off just now, if he had not been improperly spurred."

Lightning run off! shade of Nimrod! didst thou desert Tom Morgan, of hunting memory, in that dilemma.

In truth, Tom was angry enough to have put the spurs deeper still in Lightning's side; but he remembered that Miss Stanley was his father's guest, so he said as calmly as possible,

"I was not aware that my horse *did* run off, till you informed me."

"Oh, excuse me, sir," replied Grace, "I thought he did; he pulled so, that I wonder your arm is not drawn from the socket. But then I ride Sultan with so easy a curb that perhaps I am no judge. It's a pity though that Lightning is not properly trained," and placing her whip for a moment on her horse's neck, she put him into a trot, and started off.

Tom Morgan rode home moodily enough. Grace and Lucy had all the conversation to themselves, and their gay sallies and merry laugh irritated that miserable gentleman only the more.

"Oh, there is Bell Hamilton's horse. She's come to call on you, Grace," said Lucy, as they approached the house. "She's been on a visit in Delaware, or I suspect she would have been to see you before."

And there she was, sure enough, striding up and down the drawing-room, in the famous scarlet habit which Tom admired so vastly, with a couple of large dogs following her, very much in the same manner as the Danish coach-dogs which we see running between carriage wheels.

Tom greeted the young amazon with unusual *empressement;* it was quite refreshing to find some one who admired his riding and his horse unconditionally, after the severe criticisms of Grace; and Bell and himself had always preserved inviolate, a mutual admiration on that subject.

"She's deucedly handsome," said Tom, inwardly, as if to convince himself of the fact, if he had had any misgivings, and then he turned his eyes to the centre-table, by which Miss Stanley was leaning in a graceful attitude, drawing off her Swedish leather gauntlets. But after all *her* face seemed to bewitch him, as gay or grave thoughts passed across it like sunshine and shadows, while she sat now with one white hand on the table toying with her little whip.

Bell's loud laugh struck his ear a little unpleasantly just then, as she was describing with great glee to her listeners, her adventures with a pair of almost unbroken colts which she had been endeavoring to drive tandem.

She was unquestionably though, a fine-looking woman, with her large, well-developed figure, and handsome, though somewhat bold face. She was sitting now in a negligent attitude on one end of the sofa, with her right limb stretched out to its full length, tapping her boot with her heavy riding-whip, whilst her two dogs crouched at her feet. Grace with her artist eyes could not help admiring her; and she felt some curiosity to see the greatest horsewoman in Maryland in the saddle.

"By Diana, Miss Stanley, that's a splendid animal of yours," said Bell, looking out of the window; "most too light though, I should think, for much service, especially such service as our horses get here in fox-hunting, he'd be used up in no time;" and then she went into so knowing a disquisition upon the stock and pedigree of her own horse, that it astonished Grace.

An appointment was made by Miss Hamilton to meet them for a ride on the following morning; and then whistling to her dogs, who in the meanwhile had gone into the hall on an exploring expedition, she rose to take leave.

"I wonder you don't fall in love with her, Mr. Morgan," said Grace, to the gentleman, as he returned to the room from mounting Bell, "she'd make a splendid picture of the hunter's goddess, by whom she's so fond of ejaculating. Diana herself was never handsomer. Probably she objects though to the honor of your hand—she seems to have a good deal of common sense," and Grace, who turned to pick up her gloves and whip, did not see the expression of Tom's face as he replied,

"I never saw a woman yet I would have for a wife, though Miss Hamilton comes nearer to it than any one I know."

"Oh, you *could* get her then if you wanted her? Well, she is really a fine creature, I'd advise you to think better of it," and with a smile Grace left the room.

Tom Morgan walked up and down the parlor almost stamping with anger; his irritation which had been accumulating all the morning, now

Digitized by Google

nearly approached a climax, for every single man's self-love is touched when a woman resigns so coolly all title to his admiration or love as Grace had done.

But alas for the equestrians! the next day, and the next, and the next, they awoke to find the rain beating drearily against their window panes, and to hear the wind in fitful gusts moan around the chimney-tops. The roads were almost hock deep in mud, and consequently impassable.

And yet Tom Morgan was not as near being *ennuied* to death as usual. He scarcely yawned once an hour, and did not above a dozen times a day, go to the window to gaze out with his hands in his pockets, whistling a melancholy tune. Grace and Lucy employed themselves as ladies usually do at such times, in fancy work, chatting, reading, music and singing, and now and then practising the last new waltz.

The fourth day of their imprisonment dawned as drearily as the rest. It seemed to be the advent of a second deluge, without—but within, all was as cheerful as a good-sized, comfortably furnished room, a blazing hickory fire, just giving out enough warmth for a chilly day, books, work-tables, and musical instruments could make it. Grace was at the piano, now rattling off a gay, dashing waltz, now playing a spirited march, then again gliding into something so sad and melancholy, that the ivory keys seemed to sob under her fingers. Old Mr. Morgan was seated in his comfortable arm-chair, spectacles on nose, luxuriating in some half dozen newspapers, which Sam had just brought from the post-office, and would have done well to have sit as a stereotype picture of a man who enjoyed the good things of this life, and took the world easily. Lucy was near the window, with her work-table by her side, engaged upon one of those mysterious pieces of worsted work which women so delight in, and which never appear finished; and Tom was lounging nearly at full length upon the sofa, leaning upon one elbow, and busy in entangling and disarranging his sister's zephyrs.

"Tom," said Lucy, "do give me that skein of green worsted, see how you have broken it. Why don't you find something to do. You'll make a pretty doctor, you never read a book; and none of the slaves even get sick for you to practice upon."

"A doctor," said Grace, who had wheeled around on the piano stool, with one hand still on the keys, and her large, hazle eyes open as if in astonishment, "a doctor! what an idea," and a merry laugh completed the sentence, and she again turned to the piano.

"Yes, madam! a doctor! Is there anything so improbable in that? I can show you my diploma."

"Can you? not worth much, I suspect, for I don't doubt but you felt much more interest in the result of a horse-race than you did in that of your examination."

"Nevertheless," answered he, as calmly as he could, "I *did* pass, and have a legal right to kill any one."

"Lucy dear," said Grace, "if I should be taken ill, please don't let your brother administer any thing to me; he looks now as if he would like to kill me, and he won't hesitate when he has a 'legal right' to do so. Oh, I wouldn't let him extract a splinter from my finger."

"So you doubt my skill as a physician, do you, Miss Grace?" asked Tom.

"Oh, you might make a second or third-rate veterinary surgeon," was the reply; "but I suspect the only medicine you know how to give is Glauber salts."

The gentleman looked completely discomfited; Lucy laughed; old Mr. Morgan's loud, hoarse ha, ha! could be heard half over the house; and Grace commenced singing, "Doctor Calomel."

Tom heard the song to the end, affecting to play with his sister's pet spaniel, but the poor dog got a kick or two more than he was in the habit of receiving, for not performing his tricks correctly, and then his tormentor got up and left the room.

He returned in about an hour, and found Grace and Lucy practising a new waltz.

"Oh, Mr. Morgan, beg pardon, *Doctor* Morgan, don't you want to learn this beautiful waltz? I'll teach you," said Grace.

"Thank you, madam," Tom always emphasized the madam to Grace when he was particularly annoyed—"thank you, madam, I've no ambition to make a humming-top of myself."

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't find dancing easy—one, two—you seem rather stiff and awkward. Really you ought to be suppled—one, two, three—as they do the horses under the Baucher system."

Tom looked on with a lowering brow, and at last exclaimed,

"If the women had—any sense, it would be inconceivable how they could make such fools of themselves. As it is, I don't see how the deuce they can spend their time hopping around like peas on a hot shovel."

"Oh, we glide into the men's hearts that way—one, two—and at last whirl ourselves into matrimony," replied Grace.

"Well, a man who'd be caught by such a

Digitized by Google

tee-totum would deserve his fate. It wouldn't be me."

"No," was the answer. "A woman would have to ride into your heart on horseback, or drive in with a four in hand. One, two—Lu slide a little more, if you please."

"Tom, just whistle for us, it puts Grace almost out of breath to dance and count the steps at the same time," said Lucy, "this is it, la, la, la!"

But her brother flatly refused.

"How beautifully Cousin Charles used to whistle," said Grace, "when we waltzed together. Oh, *he* danced divinely," and here her great hazle eyes were rolled up in ecstasy. "You never saw him, did you, Lucy? He's in the Navy, you know, and is somewhere up the Mediterranean now. He promised me a beautiful Spanish mantilla when he returns—they can't be bought in this country."

"Take care, Gracie, that he don't bring you home a Spanish cousin, as well," said Lucy.

"Oh, there's no danger of that; he's called me his little wife ever since I can remember," replied the gipsey, glancing out of the corner of her eye at Tom; but keeping secret the fact that he was engaged to her elder sister.

"Is he very handsome, Grace?" queried Lucy.

"Oh, remarkably; those blue coats with metal buttons are so becoming; and then his imperial! Lucy you never saw *such* an imperial! he don't wear moustaches, they are decidedly vulgar, you know; nobody, scarcely wears them now, but tobacconists and tailors."

Tom had refused to whistle for the girls to waltz by, but he was doing it now for his own amusement, and drumming time vigorously against the window pane with one hand, whilst with the other he fondly stroked his own hirsute pet, which he had thought such an addition to his face in its glossy blackness.

Really this confirmed bachelor of twenty-five, this contemptuous derider of women, was to be pitied. Grace seemed to have taken it upon herself to revenge her whole sex. His own words, uttered before her arrival, almost seemed like a prophecy. Lucy had said she was both beautiful and fascinating, and he had replied that so was a rattle-snake: and very much such a fascination did she now exercise over him. He tried to despise or hate her heartily, but he found himself constantly in her way without power to withdraw. He would leave the room in which she was, twenty times a day, with the determination to avoid her, and as often find himself back again after a very short absence, sometimes with but a frivolous pretext for returning, sometimes with none at all.

At the end of the week the rain had ceased, the sun came out, the roads dried up finely, and our party, with Bell Hamilton, was once more in the saddle.

"Can you take a fence or a ditch?" asked Tom of Grace, as they cantered slowly along.

"Not a very high fence, nor a very wide ditch I'm afraid," was the answer.

"*Miss Hamilton* thinks *nothing* of one of our jagged worm fences," said Tom.

They were now approaching the place where the girls had practised leaping, during Tom's absence; and as Grace had her head turned partially back speaking to Lucy, Sultan, recollecting his old lessons, suddenly left the road and took the fence.

His mistress was unprepared for the movement, but she never swerved in her saddle. Tom Morgan was breathless with astonishment; and Bell cried out, "bravo, bravo," at the top of her lungs.

Grace had checked her horse the instant he touched the ground, and he now stood pawing the earth, and tossing his head as if he had really done something worthy of praise.

"Wait a moment, Miss Stanley, and I'll let down the bars for you," said Mr. Morgan.

"No, thank you, sir, Sultan came over for his own pleasure, and now he must go back for mine," and cantering a short distance across the field, she turned and put his head at the fence. The horse took it beautifully, and this time Tom Morgan cried, "bravo," as well as Bell Hamilton.

"You're a perfect centaur, I declare, Miss Stanley, you look like a part of your horse," said Bell. Bell was not classical nor mythological, dear reader, but she had some knowledge of the centaurs, of Pegasus, and by the steeds of the sun.

"Now, Miss Stanley, draw your horse up a little," said Tom, as they entered a large field, "there is the widest ditch in Maryland, I verily believe, at the other side. We must go at it in a gallop. Sultan took that fence so kindly that I think he can stride it; if not," and here he laughed maliciously, "you will come out rather muddy. No danger to bones though, it is very soft, I assure you."

Grace knew her horse and herself both too well to feel much doubt about clearing the ditch, but as she approached it at a gallop she felt a moment's hesitation—it looked to her almost as wide as a small creek. The doubt was fatal, for in her unwonted nervousness she drew up her horse's head and spurred him too soon, and he was ready for the leap three feet too far from

Digitized by Google

the ditch. He gathered himself beautifully, however, and sprang like a deer, but instead of clearing the opposite bank, Sultan's feet stuck in the mud, about half way up the further side, and only recovered himself from a complete stumble by Grace's firm hand, though he had nearly unseated her.

"Splendidly done by Jove," called out Tom, who was safe on *terra firma*, "that recovery showed better horsemanship than a clear leap would have done."

Bell Hamilton came over after them with as good a stride as Tom's own; but Lucy, who was not so adventurous, rode further down and took the ditch at a narrower place.

Every day now saw the party galloping over fields, taking fences and ditches in their way, sometimes through thick woods, with such low hanging branches that their heads were on their horse's manes. Miss Hamilton sometimes drove over to take Grace out for a "trot," as she termed it; carried a stop watch, and felt as much anxiety about the difference between 2-38 and 2-40, as if a large purse depended on it. In that one thing she did certainly excel Grace;—she handled the "ribbons" as dexterously as any Jehu in the state.

"Hollo! my embryo Loyo, where are you?" she called out to Grace one morning, as she mounted the steps of Mr. Morgan's piazza.

Grace made her appearance at the breakfast room window.

"Get your bonnet, child," said Bell to her, "I've come to give you a splendid ride, such a pair of horses you never were behind yet. Really it's a pleasure to drive one who appreciates it as you do; but as to that chicken-hearted Luce," continued she, laughingly, "I always expect a fit of hysterics before I get her back."

"Grace, I warn you not to go," said Lucy, "Bell is naturally a reckless driver, and she's determined to break your neck from sheer jealousy of your horsemanship."

Bell's whip was raised threateningly at the speaker, but Grace making her appearance just then, bonnet in hand, they sprang into the stanhope and were off.

"Isn't that leader a beauty?" queried Bell, for she was driving tandem, "whew! what a time I had with him the first day I tried him, but I drove him till he was pretty well mastered, and he has been on his good behavior ever since."

"Are those the colts I heard you speaking of?" asked Grace, who now began to think that Lucy's remark about Bell's recklessness nearly true.

"Yes, to be sure, but *ain't* they beauties?" and touching the leader with her whip, they started off into a fine trot.

The splendid animals seemed really to merit their mistress' encomiums. They went along evenly and quickly enough till they became sufficiently warmed up to bring out their spirit. Then the signs of an incipient rebellion began to show themselves, and the leader swerved and turned restlessly. Bell's long whip was used unsparingly, but somewhat injudiciously, and the leader even jumped so high once or twice that he nearly cleared the traces. His spirit seemed contagious, for the other horse, who till now had been comparatively manageable, grew as restive as his companion. At last, in spite of Bell's self-possession and firm hand, they got entirely beyond her control, and though Grace never said a word, she expected to be dashed to pieces every moment. They were tearing along now at a terrible pace, but Bell was beginning to hope that as nothing impeded their way, they would soon tire themselves down, and with steady eye and hand she was preparing to guide them so as to avoid a huge oak tree which stood in the middle of the road, when a gun-shot close by them, made the horses spring and dash forward; the stanhope struck the tree, and the girls were thrown to the ground. The infuriated animals never slackened their pace, but kept on with part of the carriage at their heels, whilst Bell, but momentarily stunned, crept out from beneath Grace who had been thrown upon her.

Just then the sportsman, whose gun had caused the misfortune, came hurrying to the spot, with his game-bag and powder-horn slung across his shoulder. It was Mr. Morgan.

"Oh! my God, what have I done?" he cried.

"Is she dead?" asked Bell, pointing to Grace, who lay perfectly insensible.

"I think not, but terribly stunned; run to the brook down yonder and wet these handkerchiefs; we've nothing to carry water in."

Bell started off, making as much haste as the long grass would permit her, whilst Tom raised Grace's insensible form in his arms, and whispered strange words over her; which brought the rosy light flashing across her face, like the Aurora Borealis, on a clear night. To this day we know not what the magic sentence might have been, but Grace vows it was only the ordinary pow-wowing of a medicine man, and seemed satisfied with its efficacy.

A wagon was procured from a farm house near, and Grace was lifted in, a sprained wrist and a few bruises the worse, for her drive with Bell Hamilton.

Digitized by Google

"I will send Sam for Doctor Murray immediately," said Tom, as he placed Grace upon a sofa.

"Surely that's unnecessary; you know what should be done for such a sprain," was the reply.

"Yes, but then you would not trust it with only 'a second rate veterinary surgeon,' would you?"

Grace laughed merrily in spite of the pain, which her wrist caused her, and Tom proceeded to bathe and bind it up with much dexterity, though the lady declared a better physician would have done it in half the time.

"So he might, if he had not been so deucedly in love as I am," thought Tom; and like all young doctors with but little practice, he seemed inclined to make the most of his patient.

The time at length arrived when Grace's wrist was relieved from baths and bandages, though Tom carefully held it as if not quite assured of its strength, whilst the Aurora Borealis light was again flashing across the lady's face, as she laughingly catechised her physician.

"You'll never say again, that there are no sensible women in the world, except Lucy and your mother, will you?"

"No, no, I promise you."

"You'll let me, sometimes, sing sentimental ballads?" Grace continued, archly.

"Yes, nothing will be too doleful."

"You'll acknowledge that a lady from the city can ride?"

"Yes, better than myself."

"You'll learn to waltz?"

"Yes, I'll go on my head, like a Chinese juggler, if you wish it."

"Well, then, if you will do all that, you may keep your moustache, for it is much handsomer than an imperial, and before you are as old as Methuselah I *may* consent to—*marry* you," but the two last words were said in a whisper, and Grace hurried from the room.

On a bright autumn morning, Tom Morgan was walking up and down the piazza, his head erect and chest thrown back, with all happy emotions lighting up his fine face. His sister joined him, and placing her arm within his, she said,

"But, Tom, how could you give me a woman like a rattle-snake for a sister—a lady full of fine airs and ottar of roses?"

"Luce, have mercy, if you please! I *do* believe she has fascinated me, though. She is such a thorough-bred lady, as well as a thorough-bred horseman."

"Yes," said Lucy, and it was the only time she was guilty of a pun in her life, "and, Tom, she has had a THOROUGH-BRED REVENGE."

REMEMBRANCES.

BY WILLIAM H. EGLE.

I REMEMBER how glorious it was,
When we wander'd together at night,
And counted the stars, which merrily gleam'd
Far up in the azure height;
And how we chose from the shining host,
That glitter'd in bright array,
A favorite star, which should guide us on
Upon life's gloomiest way.

I remember, too, in after years,
When we were sundered afar,
How pleasant it was, in the sweet night-tide,
To gaze on that beaming star;
For I knew that other and dearer eyes
Were watching it in that hour,
And the sweet thought came to my weary heart
With wondrous and kindly pow'r.

I remember how often I've lain awake,
'Till mine eyes with tears grew dim,
And I thought I heard the eve-stars chaunt
A wild and wierd-like hymn;
And the loving one we chose in youth,
As it joined in the symphonies,
Smiled sweetly down from its azure home
Far away in the glowing skies.

I remember, too, when its ray grew dim,
And its light burn'd faint and low,
That pleasure gave place to the heart's deep pain,
And joy to sorrow and woe.
Then, too, when it sparkled bright and gay,
I was happy and gladsome again,
And glorious visions from golden-hued clouds
Fell sweetly like April rain.

There must be something true in what
The astrologers say of Mars,
When fiery it glows, and brightly too,
Gleam Jupiter's radiant bars—
That it ever forbodes the strife of men—
Contentions and angry wars;
For by experience have we not learn'd
That there's truth in the lore of stars?

Digitized by Google

HOW I FELL IN LOVE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY PAUL PERIWINKLE.

The first time I saw Mrs. Periwinkle, was when she was "sweet sixteen." It was at a party my sister gave to her schoolmates, and Amelia Ann, for that was the dear creature's name, was the divinity of the evening. She wore a blue dress—I shall never forget that dress—which was cut low on the neck, showing a pair of the whitest, roundest and most polished shoulders in the world: and she had long, golden ringlets that flowed down her back:—in short, I thought I had never seen anything half so angelic.

Perhaps she was as much impressed by my appearance; she has often since told me she was; for she allowed me to dance with her almost every set; said "yes" to everything I proposed; and drank a glass of champagne at supper, at my urgent request, though insisting that she had never done such a wicked thing in her life before. When Harry Hanson spoke to her, and asked her to eat a philœpena with him, I felt as if I could have knocked him down. Dear creature, I heard her afterward refuse to let him see her home, and shall never forget how chop-fallen he looked, when she said, with a toss of the head, "no, thank you, I'm engaged."

It was I that escorted her to her father's door, and when she asked me in, I didn't know, for a minute, whether I stood on my head or my feet. But I declined, pleading the late hour. On my way home I whistled, sung, and occasionally danced; never had I felt so happy: it seemed as if I could almost fly. "Oh! Amelia Ann," I kept repeating, thinking what a pretty name it was: and then I would break out into "Zip Coon," or perhaps "Dan Tucker:" till at last a watchman tapping me on the shoulder, told me not to "cut them shines," or he'd take me up for being tipsy. Frightened half out of my wits, I gave him a dollar, and had the satisfaction of hearing him growl out, in return, that he saw I was a gentleman, "vich saved my bacon."

I reached home, and began to undress, but had to stop, with a stocking half way off, to try and recall how Amelia Ann had looked. I shut my eyes, and leaned back dreamingly in my chair, to call up satisfactorily the image of her plump shoulders and round white arm. It was a bitter cold night, but in spite of it, I paused in turning down the sheets, and when one foot was already raised to get into bed, for it suddenly struck me that, perhaps, Amelia Ann was thinking of me at that very moment: yes! sitting abstractedly before her chamber fire, all in virgin white, blushing and ruminating. "Ah! dear Amelia Ann," I ejaculated, clasping the air, and dropping the coverlid; and in that ecstasy I stood till the cold bit me like a pair of nippers in ten thousand places at once; and then I popped into bed, and curling up like a whip-lash, repeated "lovely Amelia Ann," till, falling asleep, I dreamed of her all night.

I called three times that week to see her. She played on the piano divinely, and sang like a St. Cecilia. Her "Last Rose of Summer," was enchanting, better than Jenny Lind's, I thought. I have never forgiven her two boisterous brothers, who used to talk aloud while she sang, and who, even when silent, never listened to her. The rude boors!

The second week I knew Amelia Ann, I spent every evening but one with her; and then she had a headache, and could see nobody. How I walked up and down, on the other side of the way, looking up at the window which I knew to be her's, and where a light was burning! Once or twice a shadow was reflected on the curtain; and that was almost as good as seeing her. "Dearest Amelia Ann," I said, "if I could only have your headache for you."

The next Sunday I proposed. Everybody but we two had gone to church, and we remained at home to read "Lallah Rookh." I can still point out the exact spot, on the back parlor sofa, where she sat when she promised to be mine.

We have been married five years, but, somehow or other, she don't care for dress any more; and, as for poetry, she declares its "trash." Her hair is worn plain, and often looks frowsy; but she says its impossible, with all her family, to be fixing it forever. In truth, our three darlings occupy so much of her attention that she has time for nothing. She never opens the piano; "she does not know the new pieces," she says, "and is tired of the old ones."

She often tells me it is a wonder she looks as well as she does, considering the troubles of housekeeping, especially the perversity of

children and the difficulty of keeping servants. Her cares, she declares, "are wearing out her life," so that I consider it a miracle she survives at all. It is true I endeavor to lighten the load for her by nursing the baby all the evening, and getting up, at night, to carry it if it cries. I allow her, too, unlimited credit at the milliners; for she vows she could not be happy without four new bonnets a year.

I used to think, before we were married, that she lived on air, perhaps like a chameleon, or without eating. But she has an excellent appetite now. If it wasn't for that, she says, she would long since have sunk under her troubles. She was very fond of porter, till she joined the temperance society, since which time she has found great benefit in drinking the strongest black tea. She has certain dishes, which are quite favorites with her, for it was but yesterday she said: "Be sure you come home to dinner, love, for we are going to have what I like above all things, beefsteak smothered in onions."

And thus I fell in love with a blue dress and white shoulders, that beeksteaf and onions might come of it.

Good Mr. Editor, do all sentimental young ladies turn out slovens?

A MOTHER'S MIDNIGHT PRAYER.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

Earth is darkness; and all sounds of laughter
Now are buried in the midnight deep;
Stars in yonder firmament are glowing—
Others slumber—Love is not asleep.

Mother's love awakes in earthly dimness—
Finds in Heaven above a fairer lot;
Rest fond heart, though thou oft mayst slumber,
There's another knoweth slumbering not.

He is bending o'er my life's fair flowers—
Little children softly laid to sleep;
Oh, not vainly come his holy angels
Silent watchers by the couch to keep.

'Tis a Bethel. On a Heavenly ladder,
Messengers seem going down and up.
Here my Lord himself seems often near us,
Bearing in His hand life's sparkling cup.

I seem to feel the white wings gentle motion
Waving all about the room so still,
While low praying calms all wild commotion,
Bringing peace, from Heaven, my thought to fill.

Come, oh, come, with all unspoken blessing,
Thou who listenest to the mother's prayer!
Thou who from the earth, with sweet caressing,
Little hands and hearts draw'st to Thee there!

These are thine. To me thou hast them given,
Thus I lay them on thy heart again!
Thou hast set Thy seal upon their foreheads,
Oh, let nothing make the impress vain!

Wert Thou not the strengthener of the way,
Trembling I must fall these cares among;
Tears alone I'd offer to my children,
But Thou livest—giving life and song!

TO ELVA.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

One who thinks the violet's hue
Lovelier than the flaunting rose;
Loves the bright ethereal blue,
Loves the pleasant evening's close.
Though fortune to him fickle be,
Said'st thou, he's the one for thee?

One who loves the mountain height,
Loves the valley green and still;
Loves the torrent in its might,
Loves the gently murmuring rill;
Though fortune on him e'er did frown,
Said'st thou he thy hand might own?

One who'd rather virtue win,
Than fading, fickle beauty's ray;
One who thinks it not a sin
With Innocence to romp and play;
Lady, said'st thou he should be
The one who'd win a smile from thee!

One who loves each flower and tree,
Loves all nature bright to view;
One who loving once could be
Ever constant, fond and true.
Lady, could he these things prove,
Said'st thou, he could win thy love?

Digitized by Google

STAYS AND STAY-MAKING.

BY E. J. TILT, M. D.

Philosophers, milliners, and medical men have given much attention to the dress of women; but the little philosophers know about the operations of the human mind does not qualify them to give an opinion upon dress; and as dress-makers have not generally given themselves the trouble to study the form of the object given them to fit, medical men are alone competent to understand and to decide upon this matter. This is our excuse for offering a few remarks upon the subject.

The stays are the basis of feminine attire. Most of the other habiliments are fastened to them, and to a great extent they govern the shape and appearance of the rest of the dress.

To point to the unirritable females of warmer climates, who are accustomed to go with very little clothing, or to the strong, hardy peasants of our own country, and say that because they wear no stays, the women of our present civilization are to do the same, seems to us unreasonable; for when once the body has taken its full set, we see no objection to women wearing rationally-constructed stays: indeed, so long as the dresses are made tight and full of bones, after the present fashion, those who do not wear stays will equally experience the evil effects attributed to them. Badly-constructed stays, however—those not made to fit the body—from the undue pressure on some parts, help to produce spinal curvature.

But to consider tight-lacing. In her natural condition, woman expands the ribs during respiration more freely than man. Tight-lacing prevents this free action of the ribs; for if by the undue pressure of the stays on the abdomen, that portion of the act of breathing which was intended to be performed by the midriff is much diminished, then the ribs are called into increased action, as it is often seen in the tumultuous heaving of the chest in singers, and in most women under the influence of emotion.

While the functions of the lungs are hereby impeded, the midriff cannot descend and influence the abdominal viscera by its perpetual upward and downward movements; the liver becomes so indented as to oppose a permanent impediment in the way of digestion of food and its assimilation; and thus a catalogue of dyspeptic and nervous symptoms are set on foot. Can we, then, wonder that the sex suffers from shortness of breath, palpitation, indigestion, hysteria, and a host of maladies, which, though not immediately fatal to life, are incompatible with sound health?

It is generally supposed that tight-lacing tells most on the system, by accelerating the approach of consumption. Thus it has been remarked, that between the ages of fifteen and thirty, the very time that tight-lacing is most employed, the deaths of females are more by thirteen per cent. than those of males; and as eight per cent. more females die of consumption than males, the habit of tight-lacing is considered one of the causes of this excessive mortality. Dr. Hutchinson, however, to whom science is much indebted for his accurate study of respiration, informs us that many who think themselves affected with consumption, suffer only from a form of dyspepsia presenting many symptoms similar to the more severe infliction; and it is probable enough that the imperfect aëration of the blood induced by badly-formed stays, must predispose to debility and spinal curvature.

Those who seek to solve the stay-problem should bear in mind that women ought to feel as easy in their clothes as we do in ours. Stays, therefore, should not unduly press upon any part of the body, but form an anatomical fit like the cast to a statue. They should have as few bones as possible, and these should be so placed as not to press on any of the bones of the bust, and merely of sufficient strength to prevent the creasing of the stays. The busk is generally objected to on account of its weight, and lately it has been accused of "carrying off by its polarization the electricity of the body." We see no reason for objecting to the busk on such grounds; and if it be necessary for the conformation of the stay, it should not be made of too thin steel, for in that case it would press against the breast-bone every time the body bends forward; neither should it have the curve which gives rise to undue pressure on the chest. The waist should be made below the floating ribs, and not on the true ribs, as in ordinary stays; and in addition to all these requisites the stays should contain broad bands of elastic tissue in

their whole length from the armpits downward; for if they fit the bust accurately, so as to prevent the possibility of tight-lacing, it is evident that when the elastic web is warmed by the heat of the body, the stays thus made will permit of food and of exercise being taken without impeding either digestion or respiration.

One of the great objections to ordinary stays is that two inches, or even more space, was left, so that women may fit into their stays by dint of tightening in, whereas those we have described accurately fit the body, nearly meeting on each side of the spinal processes of the vertebral column, and as the vulcanized elastic tissue gives two inches, there is no possibility, as with other stays, of a young lady tight-lacing.

It must not be supposed that a perfect stay, one completely modelled to each particular figure, will ensure a lady from injudicious pressure on the vital organs. If the petticoats are made to tie tightly round the waist in front, there will be undue pressure independently of the stays. To meet this difficulty, the petticoats should be retained in front by a hook soldered to the busk, all strings should be tied behind, and the divided weight of the petticoats would be made to bear upon the hips. Here also we may remark that those who boast of wearing no stays at all, do not tell us how many additional bones the dressmaker employs to form their corsage. The bones in the dress and the strings often mark the body with red lines, and make such ladies experience many of the evil effects of badly made stays.

These observations refer to morning dresses; but it will be evident to all who give the subject a little reflection, that evening dresses are also liable to many objections. The two or three upper inches of the body of the dress are always made much tighter than it should be: this prevents the free expansion of the chest, and as the dress is thrown off the shoulders, the arms are necessarily pinioned, and could not be raised without splitting the dress. By the pinioning of the arms, the shoulders are raised and the head is awkwardly pushed forward. This injudicious practice must be prejudicial to the carriage of those ladies who wear low dresses every evening; and is perhaps the cause of a mode of carrying the head which is far from graceful, although frequently to be met with in the wealthiest classes of society. If fashion renders it necessary to expose the shoulders, there is at least no reason for pinioning the arms. Why cannot dress-makers contrive to leave the arm completely free? They could easily cover as much of it as they liked with a fall of silk or of lace, which could be looped up with flowers or with riband.

"I SHALL DIE IN MY NEST."

BY SARA H. BROWNE.

"I SHALL die in my nest," said a bright winged bird,
And she soared and sang
Till the firmament rang
With echoes of gladness her melody stirred!

"I have chosen a spot that is safe," said she—
"No prowling beast
On my young shall feast,
But here shall they flutter and sing with me.

"I have built it nice, and strong, and high—
I have tethered it fast,
So the stormy blast
May pass it unharmed as it thunders by.

"I have stolen down from the royal swan
She had torn for her nest,
From her snow-white breast,
To cradle my dainty brood upon.

"And more than this, I have sought and found
The silk-worm's lair,
And have stripped him bare
Of the shining tissue he vainly wound!

"And it floats at my secret vestibule—
It drapes my door,
And carpets my floor,
And tangles the dew-drops pure and cool.

"And here will I dwell as a queen might choose—
My heart is light,
And mine eye is bright,
My plumage all stained with the rainbow's hues!"

But while she was spreading her wing to soar,
A fibre of down
In her eye had flown,
Obscuring the arch of her silk-draped door!

Forward with random haste she sprang;
When a silken thread
Entangled her head,
And fast in its tether she strangled and swung!

Alas for the pride of a vain young heart!
Its treasure and boast,
What it prizes most,
Full often concealeth the deadly dart!

Digitized by Google

THE MORTGAGOR'S DAUGHTER.

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

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, 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 304.

XVII.—THE PLOT.

It is necessary to go back a few hours in our story in order to explain the arrest of Julia.

She had scarcely left the parlor, after her altercation with Mrs. Elwood, when the latter lady, retiring to prepare for her morning drive, the apartment became, for a moment, deserted. During this interval the son, who had agreed to ride with her, entered. On the carpet, close by where Clara had been sitting, he saw a bracelet, which, picking up, he recognized as belonging to his betrothed.

"I will put this in my pocket, and tease her about it," he said to himself: and he had scarcely done this when the carriage was announced, and his mother entered. No sooner had he taken his seat beside his parent, than the latter, still indignant from the late interview, proceeded to describe Julia's manner and words, embellishing them not a little in the narrative. The son was still in a state of exasperation from the treatment he had received from Julia, and the knowledge that she had complained to his mother excited his rage almost beyond control. He secretly swore to be revenged in some way. The opportunity presented itself, when, on returning home, he learned that Julia had left her baggage temporarily behind her; for remembering Clara's bracelet, he knew that, if he could secrete it in one of Julia's packages, a charge of theft could easily be maintained against her. Accordingly, watching his chance when the servants were at dinner, he stole up to Julia's room, and carefully placed the bracelet among her wardrobe, saying nothing, even to his mother, of his base scheme.

As he had expected, the evening had not passed, when a note arrived from Clara, addressed to his mother, asking if a bracelet had been found in the parlor. "We called at no house but yours," wrote Clara, "and I missed the trinket as soon as I came home. I am almost sure I dropped it in the parlor. Pray search for it, and send it by bearer." But though a search was immediately instituted for the bracelet, it was not to be found; and Mrs. Elwood was about replying to that effect, when her son asked her casually if Miss Forester had not been in the room.

"Yes," answered the mother, "and now I think of it, she was the only person that was here. Could she have taken it, do you think?"

"I don't know. I should think not. But it would be as well to search her effects, perhaps," indifferently replied the son.

"That I will," retorted Mrs. Elwood. "And I'm not so sure that she's innocent, the impudent upstart! Girls as forward as she is, are ready for anything. She could easily have secreted the bracelet, when I turned my back on her to ring the bell, especially as she stood, as I now recollect, by the end of the sofa where Clara had been sitting."

The son, aware that his mother's obstinacy would be increased by opposition, pretended still to argue against her views; and in consequence so wrought up Mrs. Elwood, that, in a little while, she started up, declaring that a search should be instituted at once. Accordingly several of the servants were called, and lights were ordered up into Julia's late chamber.

The investigation proceeded, for a while, ineffectually. At last, after locks had been broken, and dresses tumbled out in vain, the inquiry was about being abandoned, when a work-box, which no one had thought of looking into, was pointed out by Elwood.

"You haven't examined this," he said, taking it up.

"Pshaw," testily replied his mother, "you don't think the minx would leave it in so public a place—she's too deep for that."

"Excuse me, madam," answered her son, "but, just because she is deep, she would select her work-box to hide the bracelet in, for she would argue to herself that no one would think of searching it; and the proof of her shrewdness exists in the fact that you have not looked into the box, and perhaps will not."

"We'll soon see about that," angrily said Mrs. Elwood, snatching the box from her son, and emptying its contents promiscuously on the floor. As she did this, something heavier than spools of

Digitized by Google

cotton, thread and silk fell on the carpet; and instantly the bracelet was discovered.

"Good heavens," exclaimed the son, with well affected horror.

"Well, I never," burst forth from Mrs. Elwood, after a pause, for, to do her justice, she had really not expected this.

The servants, with whom Julia had never been popular, because she was not familiar with them, began immediately to remind each other how often they had said it would come to this: all except the footman, who looked as if there was something in the matter he could not comprehend, and who gazed at his young master with a dubious expression, partly of distrust, partly of incredulity.

There was one other person in the room who viewed Elwood in an equally strange manner. It was Gertrude, who had entered unseen, almost at the moment the bracelet was discovered. Her large eyes were distended with horror, and her countenance was deadly white, as she looked at her brother, when, after a while, he declared there was now really no doubt that Julia had stolen the bracelet. For a moment she glanced at him, half in indignation, half in sorrow, and then, covering her face with both her hands, burst into tears, and rushed from the room.

XVIII.—THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

When Julia recovered from her swoon, and realized again her situation, her feelings of shame and horror almost overpowered her a second time. The officer, however, hurried her immediately into a carriage, and drove rapidly to the Mayor's Office.

On alighting, Julia was led, half fainting, through a long, narrow hall, into a large room, filthy and close, and redolent with the odor of tobacco juice. In a recess, opposite the entrance, was a raised platform, on which was placed the chair of the chief magistrate of the city. In front of this dignitary's seat, a space was railed off for officers and attorneys. Large docks, or more accurately speaking pens, were at the side, crowded with prisoners of every color and age, the majority being sturdy beggars in rags arrested for vagrancy, or the victims of a debauch and riot the night before, whose intoxication was not yet entirely off.

With her veil drawn closely over her face, Julia had followed the officer, but when he paused at the entrance to one of these pens, and moved aside for her to enter, she shrank back. To be herded with such loathsome objects seemed to be the last degree of insult and ignominy; and instinctively, without pausing to think, she turned to the Mayor, clasping her hands. That functionary happened to be looking up when she entered, and had followed her graceful figure with curiosity and surprise. Her gesture immediately attracted his attention. He was a humane man, as well as a sagacious judge, and recognizing in Julia a different sort of prisoner from those usually brought before him, he called in a sharp voice to the officer having her in charge,

"Mr. Morgan, take that young woman into another room. I will hear her case directly."

The officer, somewhat abashed, bowed to the magistrate, and led Julia, with an air of more respect than he had shown before, into a small apartment on the right of the hall. Here he pointed her to a chair, and went out in silence; but, lest Julia should forget she was a prisoner, locked the door after him.

And now Julia, for the first time since she had been arrested, had an opportunity calmly to review her condition. The first paralyzing effect of the blow had passed, and beginning to recall clearly the events of the preceding day, she had no difficulty in divining that she owed her arrest to some nefarious plot. But whether Mrs. Elwood, or the son, or both, were the originators of the scheme, she knew not.

"Yet what benefit is it for me to know I am the victim of treachery," she said to herself, "if I cannot prove it. Oh! Thou, who art the friend of the orphan," she cried, raising her eyes to heaven, "send deliverance to me in this extremity."

She had scarcely spoken, when, as if in answer, the key turned, the door was opened, and Gertrude, flying in, fell weeping into her arms.

"Oh! my dear," she said, "to think of finding you here." And, in broken language she continued, sobbing and speaking by turns. "It is too cruel. That ever he should be so bad. But you're innocent, and I'll swear to it, if he don't let you free first——"

"My child," said Julia, recovering herself from her first astonishment, and thinking, from these incoherent words, that Gertrude was temporarily beside herself, "compose yourself. I know you believe me innocent; and that will be a consolation to me, come what will! But, my love, I hope your mother knows you are here. And how *did* you get here?"

Gertrude, at these words, ceased clinging to Julia, and withdrew at arm's length, gazing curiously on our heroine. Gradually, as she observed Julia's perplexed look, she began to smile. A child still, mirth and sorrow succeeded each other, like April sunshine and rain, in her bosom.

Digitized by Google

"Oh! I see you don't know anything about it," she cried, clapping her hands. "You think I've only come to tell you I believe you innocent. But I've come to prove you so—to free you, to free you," and she flung herself impulsively into Julia's arms, weeping afresh.

Our heroine began to tremble with joyful agitation. Could it indeed be as Gertrude said? Julia was scarcely able to control her voice, as she answered,

"What *do* you mean, dearest? What can *you* know about my arrest? Again, my child, *how* did you get here?"

"How did I get here?" replied Gertrude, archly looking up, smiling through her tears. "Why, I rode, with my lawyer, in a carriage——"

"Your lawyer!"

"To be sure," continued the girl, enjoying Julia's amazement. "How can one do anything at law without a lawyer? And he's such a nice lawyer too—such a young and handsome one, I mean—a great man also—and says he'll get you off as soon as he can speak a word to the Mayor."

What was it that made Julia blush, and avert her eyes from Gertrude's eager face? Was it that, in her secret heart, she believed there could be but one young, handsome and celebrated lawyer? Yet it was not possible, she thought, that he could be this one.

"But I must tell you all about it," continued Gertrude, sobering down, and tears even coming into her eyes as she went on. "When I think how wicked, wicked he has been, I don't know what to say, and I almost hate him, though he is my brother. Yes, Miss Julia, it was Elwood put the bracelet among your things. I saw him, with it in his hand, going up the staircase, long after you had left: and I know that he did it, and no one else. This I'll swear to, before the court, if he doesn't withdraw the charge."

But we will not delay the impatient reader, by giving Gertrude's story in her almost incoherent sentences. We will shorten the narrative, on the contrary, by substituting our own. What it took her nearly half an hour to rehearse to Julia, we shall be able to tell in very few sentences.

It seems that Gertrude, the day before, had been so overcome, on returning home, to find Julia discharged, that she rushed up to her room to weep alone over her misfortune. Some time after, she heard a step ascending the stairs, softly, as if that of a woman. It sounded too stealthy and slow for Julia's, but yet, in the wild hope that it might be her's, the girl had flown to the banisters and looked over. To her surprise she saw her brother coming up with a bracelet in his hand. His cautious air aroused her curiosity. She drew back into her room, leaving the door on a crack, when to her amazement she saw Elwood enter Julia's late apartment. Later in the evening, when she heard of the search going on in Julia's chamber, and going there saw the bracelet produced and the accusation made, the whole plot had flashed upon her.

Young and inexperienced she knew not at first what to do. It was already late, moreover, and to go out was impossible. Having heard that her mother had discharged Julia, she feared to trust her parent any more than her brother: consequently she said nothing, but retiring to bed, lay awake half the night scheming what to do. The plan she finally resolved upon was to rise early the next morning, seek out Julia, and warn her of her danger. Accordingly, almost as soon as the servants were up, Gertrude arose, attired herself for a walk, and slipped out. Before she could reach the boarding-house, however, the officer had arrested our heroine. But, nothing daunted, the young girl, who had, when once aroused, a self-reliance above her years, determined not to abandon her innocent friend. She knew that, things having gone so far, the aid of a lawyer would be necessary; and accordingly she called a chaise, and ordered the driver to take her to the residence of the only lawyer she knew.

"It was Mr. Manderson, whom maybe you've seen," she said, "I'd met him, when he first came back from Europe, at our house now and then: and I knew he'd recollect me, and be kind, and tell me exactly what was wisest to do."

At the mention of this name, Julia's agitation became so great, that, to conceal it, she was compelled to bury her face on the table while Gertrude proceeded. For a while subsequently she heard nothing. The thought that Manderson, after having abandoned her, was to meet her in this degrading situation, made her, for a moment, wish the floor would open and swallow her from his sight. Yet when she reflected on her innocence, and when she recalled the noble sentiments that had fallen from his lips the night before, she took courage again. "At worst," she said, "he cannot despise me, for I have done no wrong. And high as he is, I am, in that, his equal." With these reflections she raised her head proudly, and attended again to Gertrude's story; but several questions were necessary, before she could recover the thread of the narrative, lost during the interval.

Her cheek flushed again, and her heart beat fast, as Gertrude described how she drove first to Mr. Manderson's office, and afterward to his

mother's house, and how, on hearing Julia's name, he had sprung into the carriage immediately, declaring he would listen to the facts there, as not a minute should be lost. "We came so fast," continued Gertrude, "that you had just arrived, we heard: and Mr. Manderson, leading me to the door, told me to come in and tell you all, while he spoke to the Mayor. He said it would only be necessary to say what I could swear to, in order to have you at once discharged; and that this would save Elwood from public exposure, which would be inevitable if you were tried."

Gertrude had scarcely said these words, when there was a gentle tap at the door. An instinctive feeling told Julia whose it was. She would have said, "come in," but her heart rose to her throat; and if her life had depended on it, she could not have spoken. Her companion looked at her inquiringly. Yet still Julia was unable to utter a word.

"May I come in?" now said a rich, manly voice, almost in a whisper.

"Oh! that is Mr. Manderson," cried Gertrude, jumping up. "Its all right, I know it is. I may let him in, mayn't I, Julia?"

Julia bowed her head. Do all she could, words would not come, but blushes would; and she inclined her face, as much to conceal her rising color as to signify assent. But Gertrude did not wait for an affirmative. With the bounding step of a young fawn, she sprang to the door, and opening it admitted Manderson.

He came in, with an eager, joyous look, but yet not without embarrassment. Nodding smilingly to Gertrude, he passed on immediately to our heroine, who sat, visibly trembling, with her head buried on the table, utterly unable to meet his look. With the gentle courtesy of a Bayard he stooped over her, and said, in a low, agitated voice,

"Will Miss Forester let an old friend, and one who hopes he is not forgotten, escort her home?"

There was not much in the words. But the tone in which they were uttered—oh! how eloquent was that to Julia. She felt at once that the cloud, whatever it was, which had come between her and him, and had kept him from her so long, had passed away forever: that he still loved her; that he sued tacitly for her pardon; and that he could explain everything. There are inflections of the voice, at certain crises of the heart, which are revelations in themselves; and this was one of them. All was forgiven and forgotten in that moment. The old full trust in Manderson came back, warm and gushing, to Julia at his words. She lifted her face, blushing rosily, and gazed into his eyes, and, as their look of truth met her's boldly in return, she placed her hand in his frankly, and said,

"I will go with you."

Not another word was said. But in the mutual glances that were rapidly exchanged, a mightier question was asked and answered; it was, "will you go with me through life," and the reply, like Ruth's, was, "where thou goest, I will go." Full now of divine faith and trust, Julia could answer thus, and await the explanation of her lover at another time.

Manderson led the way to a private entrance, by which the three hastily left the Mayor's Office. Having placed Julia in the carriage, which was already awaiting them there, he begged her and Gertrude to wait a moment, while he attended to some necessary formalities. In about five minutes he returned, and having spoken a few words to the driver, which the ladies did not hear, seated himself opposite Gertrude, and gave the signal to proceed.

The ride was quite a long one, at least Gertrude thought so; and, once or twice, she was on the point of asking where they could possibly be going: but a meaning look from Manderson silenced her. At last, much to her surprise, the carriage drew up before an elegant mansion, the door of which was already wide open, with a stately, yet still handsome woman standing there as if to receive some honored guest.

XIX.—THE WELCOME.

Mrs. Manderson had not yet recovered from the excitement and triumph of the preceding evening, when the sudden departure of her son, in a strange carriage, threw her into a state of renewed agitation. He had been quietly breakfasting with her, when the servant had announced a person as wishing to speak with him: he had gone out accordingly to the front door; but, instead of returning, had taken his hat almost immediately, entered the chaise, and driven rapidly off. All that Mrs. Manderson could learn, in explanation of this strange affair, was that a young lady, a very young lady, the servant said, was in the coach.

The proud and happy mother was still wondering what all this could mean, and trying to remember if her son had ever spoken of having any young lady for a client, when a note, directed in Manderson's handwriting, was brought to her. It was dated from the Mayor's Office, and was evidently scrawled in the greatest haste. Indeed, in some parts it was almost incoherent, so hurried were the sentences; and we shall, therefore, give its substance, instead of quoting it entire.

Digitized by Google

It began by reminding Mrs. Manderson of the promise she had made, a year ago, to receive Miss Forester as her daughter, whenever the writer should have entitled himself to claim her. "There was a condition, you are aware, and a hard one for your son," continued the note, "it was that I should not seek Julia until my fortune was assured. Most faithfully, but most cruelly to her, have I kept that pledge." The writer then stated how he had, by accident, met Miss Forester that morning, just when, for the first time, he had felt again at liberty to seek her: and added that he had found her faithful still, "though, God knows, I had no reason to expect it," were his words, "considering how I had abandoned her, and without any explanation." Then, hinting at the forlorn and friendless situation of Julia, Manderson concluded as follows:—"And now, dearest mother, I claim the fulfilment of your pledge, to receive Miss Forester as your daughter, and at once. She has literally no home but your house. We have united to do her a great wrong, which she divinely forgives, and we should now unite to make the reparation. I will drive about the city, for half an hour, in order to allow time for you to receive this and make ready to welcome your daughter. Of my plan she knows nothing. If I were to suggest it, she would refuse; but, when once she is with you, you will conquer. Meet us, dear mother, at the door, and merit the gratitude of your son."

Mrs. Manderson resembled her son in one respect, she never did things by halves. By the time she had finished the note her mind was made up to enter into her son's plans, and receive Julia as if she was a princess, instead of a portionless bride. "If Miss Forester has remained true to Charles," she soliloquized, "notwithstanding his complete avoidance of her, it is a case of such unusual womanly trust, that she must be a paragon among her sex. Besides it is evidently no boyish whim for a pretty face, that has kept Charles true to her; this passion is plainly the passion of his life; and it would be but wise to yield to what I cannot prevent, even if my word had not been already passed."

It was, therefore, Mrs. Manderson whom Julia saw standing in the door.

The embarrassed girl had never before seen her lover's mother, but she recognized the house, and instinctively drew back into a corner of the chaise. Manderson, springing out, intercepted for a moment the view of his parent; but the next instant the face of Mrs. Manderson, with a kindly smile on it, looked in. Gertrude had followed the gentleman.

"Welcome, my daughter," said Mrs. Manderson, extending her hand; and, with the words, she drew Julia to her in a warm embrace. "You look fatigued. I must insist on your breakfasting with us. Charles never pleased me more than in giving me the hope of such a child."

Bewildered, overcome, touched by such kindness, yet oppressed with coy reserve, Julia did not know what to say, or do. Covered with blushes, she stood hesitating, but, while she did this, Manderson approached, handed her almost forcibly, though tenderly out of the chaise, and putting her arm within his own, while his mother retained her other, the two carried, rather than led her into the house. Here, all confusion, Julia sank down on a sofa, and was glad when her lover, taking his mother's hand, led the latter out of the room, for then, casting herself on Gertrude's bosom, she gave way to a burst of weeping.

Her tears relieved her. She could now judge more truly of her position. She saw that literally she had no home to go to, except that where she was, the home of her who was to be her future mother. Gradually the feeling of conventional shame, which had at first oppressed her, departed. Secure in the love of Manderson, and certain of the welcome of his mother, "why," she asked herself, "should false notions of delicacy make me cold to those who are so kind?" When, therefore, after a space, Mrs. Manderson appeared, and kissing her parentally, led her to the breakfast room, she returned the embrace fervently, though with still partially averted eyes, and followed, Gertrude accompanying them.

It would be easy for us to describe at length that happy meal: the tender assiduity of Manderson, and the thoughtful tact of his mother on one side; the wondering looks of Gertrude, and the coy consciousness of Julia on the other. It would not be more difficult to depict the apparently chance *tete-a-tete* which followed, when Mrs. Manderson, asking Julia to look at her conservatory, managed to leave our heroine alone with her son, by arranging to be called out, and taking Gertrude apparently accidentally with her. But it is not our habit to dwell on scenes like these. Such things should ever be sacred: the heart's deepest mysteries are not for profane eyes:—and, therefore, we must content ourselves with a succinct statement of what passed.

Yet this the reader has already partially guessed. No sooner had the door closed on his mother than Manderson began his justification. He told everything fully and frankly; everything except the pledge his mother had exacted; for he thought it wisest not to risk prejudicing Julia

Digitized by Google

against his parent. After a while, he reasoned, when his wife understood his mother better, the story could come out more judiciously. He, therefore, blamed his want of self-reliance more than was strictly just. "I had been brought up never to contemplate the idea of supporting myself; and I could not reconcile myself to ask you, dearest, to share a poor man's lot: so, after many inward struggles, I determined to stop visiting you; to surrender you, in short. It was a cowardly resolve, and I soon found I could not execute it, at least in the sense of altogether giving you up. Then, for the first time, I said to myself:—'why not carve out a way to fortune, like a true man?' I resolved at once to begin. You know the result. But ah! when I look back on the risk I ran of losing you, I cannot feel too proud and happy to hold this dear hand in mine."

On her part Julia was equally frank, for why should she conceal her love? But of her extreme poverty, and of the indignities she had suffered, she said nothing. An hour and more passed before Mrs. Manderson returned. She came in smiling, and saying,

"I have taken a great liberty, my children; but as I never expect to ask Julia to obey me again, I shall look for her to do it now; and as for Charles, I shall always insist on his being dutiful:—in a word," she continued, taking our heroine's hand, and placing it in that of her son, "as this dear girl has promised to be my daughter, I have sent for our excellent rector, that I may not be defrauded, for even another hour, of so precious a gift."

"Oh! my dear Mrs. Manderson," began Julia. But the words were not allowed to be finished. The pleading look of her lover, and the gentle peremptoriness of the mother silenced her; and the latter, tenderly taking her arm, led her into the drawing-room, where the robed priest stood awaiting them, while the smiling Gertrude prepared to act as bride's-maid.

There have been showier wedding dinners, than what took place at Mrs. Manderson's that day, but none where the bride was more beautiful, or the groom happier.

XX.—CONCLUSION.

The marriage of the young member of Congress was "a nine day's wonder." That the bride had been a governess, that he had chosen her for her virtues alone, and that there were understood to be many romantic circumstances attending the match, was generally whispered; but the correct details of the affair rumor failed to procure. The Elwoods, who could partially have unravelled the mystery, were glad, for their own sakes, to keep quiet.

It was but a few months afterward that Clara gave her hand to Elwood. The two brides, moving, to some extent, in the same circle, often met; were of course introduced to each other; and were mutually civil, as etiquette required; but their acquaintance never became intimate, as it had been when they were children, though Clara made, at various times, advances to that end. For as Julia's social position was now above her own, she would have courted her, if Julia had allowed it.

Failing in this, Clara endeavored to become her rival, and by costly entertainments to eclipse her. But neither in this did she succeed. The circumstances of Manderson did not allow him to waste money on such showy feasts, and his taste as well as that of Julia was opposed to them: but the receptions they gave were so refined, select, and intellectual, that it soon came to be considered proof of the highest social position to be invited to them. When, in the second winter of their marriage, Julia accompanied her husband to Washington, Mrs. Elwood followed, hoping there to renew the struggle with some better chance of success. But she failed in the capital of the nation even more completely than she had failed in Philadelphia. The merely fashionable Clara, whom some grave Senators even dared to call silly, the wife of a mere billiard-playing, betting spendthrift, sank into insignificance, even with all her ostentation of wealth, alongside of the brilliant and beautiful Mrs. Manderson, whom everybody of mark courted, not less for herself, than on account of her husband, "the most rising young man," as the President said, "then in the House."

A career like that run by Clara and her husband never lasts long. Mr. Elwood had already become embarrassed, when a great monetary crisis came on, and, finding him engaged in certain speculations, undertaken to relieve himself, ruined him completely. In a last desperate effort to recover Clara's fortune, he forged to an immense amount on her father; was detected; and blew out his brains. The old miser, tormented between the disgrace of his child, and anxiety lest he might lose by some speculations into which he had been led by his son-in-law, took sick himself, on hearing the news, and never rose from his bed. Clara did not long survive him. She died in giving birth to a posthumous child, the heir of broken fortunes and a ruined name. Mrs. Elwood sank also under this complication of sorrows, surviving her daughter-in-law scarcely six months. But Mrs. Rawlson,

Digitized by Google

unimpressible to the last, weathered all, only saying that it was "very hard she had so much trouble, when some people had none."

Manderson and Julia took Gertrude home, as well as her little, helpless nephew. To repair their shattered fortunes was Manderson's care, and he succeeded, finally, in saving something from the wreck. Thus did Julia's indignant words, addressed to the miser on that memorable winter day, come substantially true; for his children, if not himself, became comparatively penniless, and were at her mercy. But they found at her hands charity and love, which neither she, nor her father, had found at his.

Who can paint the lily? Who can gild refined gold? We will not attempt, therefore, to describe the happiness of Julia and Manderson in their married state. She is to him a "helpmate" in the widest sense of that good old Saxon word: and he is to her the loving husband, counsellor, and friend, though to all the world else, the great statesman.

"What would I have been without you?" he often says. "A mere drone in fashionable society! It was love for you, dearest, that roused up all that was good and strong in me."

"Nay! Charles," she replies. "I was but the instrument: it was God that worked through me."

"And is not every true woman," he invariably answers, "the angel to some one man?"

He was right. It is that which is woman's mission, and what a glorious one too!

UPWARD.

BY MARGARET LEE RUTENBUR.

Mortal being! art thou laden
With the scenes of earth and time?
Upward look! for Heaven has comfort
In its pure and changeless clime!
Wandering outcast! art thou stricken
With a sorrow worse than death?
Was thy heart in life's pure morning
Blasted by the tempter's breath?
Know thee there are sinless regions,
Where cold treachery's arts are o'er?
Upward look, thy God can pardon;
Hope in Him, and err no more!
Parents! do ye mourn the birdling
That hath fled the cradle nest?
Upward look! its wing is folded
On the Saviour's gentle breast!
Weeping sister! dost thou linger
Long within the church-yard bound?
Do thy tears of anguish glisten
On a brother's grassy mound?
Went he to the shores of Eden,
Leaving thee all sad and lone?
Upward look! thou drooping mourner,
Where no tear of grief is known!
Brother! hast thou lost a sister,
One whose counsel gave thee joy,
One who shared thy merry pastime
When thou wert a happy boy?
Dost thou miss those kindly accents?
Dost thou miss that beaming eye?
Upward look! the spirit waits thee
In the blue and tranquil sky!
Pensive maiden! art thou dreaming
Of a dark and treacherous tongue,
That in hours of by-gone gladness
Falsely of affection sung?
Cheer thee! o'er a theme unworthy
Let thy heart no longer pine!
Upward look! a love will greet thee
From a spirit all divine!
Husband! vanished is the being
Who was wont to soothe thy care?
Upward look! she yet is waiting
For thy soul her bliss to share!
Widow! in thy need and sorrow,
Dost thou yearn to hear the voice,
That, in tones of kind affection,
Ere while made thy heart rejoice,
When thy little lambs are nestled
In their fold, at twilight dim?
Upward look! a God will gather
Thee, and them, at last, to Him!
Aged Pilgrim! tottering onward,
With the furrow on thy brow,
By each holy thread of silver,
Know that God is calling now!
Calling thee to scenes of rapture,
Where no eye with age is dim—
Upward look! a rest is for thee,
Pilgrim! thou art near to Him!
Homeless orphan! art thou weary
Of the cold earth's crowded mart?
Doth its mingled tones fall harshly
On thy crushed and bleeding heart?
Falter not! for God is with thee!
Bear His image in thy breast!
Upward look! those sacred curtains
Soon may shield thee! there is rest!

Digitized by Google

THE HUSBAND'S SISTER.

BY MRS. ANNIE RENDRICK.

"I DECLARE it is too bad," exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, as she entered her neat parlor on the last morning of her mother's visit.

"What is too bad?" said Mrs. Allan, looking up from the beautiful child of fifteen months, whose first irregular steps she was attempting to guide.

"Why Maria, Robert's youngest sister, you know, has sent word that she will spend the afternoon with us; and she knows that you are to leave to-morrow—and your visit has been so short, too."

"But she probably comes out of respect to me as your mother," said Mrs. Allan, in a soothing tone; "you recollect she was detained at home when her sister was here."

"Yes, but if she had the quick perceptions she would have others believe her to possess, she would know that the most delicate mark of respect would be, to leave us without the presence of a stranger. But she always spoils my pleasure in some way, so I must submit to it, I suppose, with as good a grace as possible."

"You speak strangely, my daughter," said Mrs Allan, "I hope we shall spend an agreeable afternoon if she is here."

"No, mother, that is impossible; I am never happy when I breathe the same air with her."

"I am afraid you have allowed yourself to become prejudiced against her; I have always thought her a rather agreeable girl."

"Very likely, and so I thought before my marriage," replied Mrs. Hastings, "but since I have been in the family and have seen how utterly selfish she is, her manners are more repulsive to me than those of the most forbidding person I ever met; she is a great talker, and always manages to drag herself in, whatever the subject may be, telling of some benefit she conferred here, or some sacrifice she made there, till you would almost wonder how society moved along where she was not. She has been out of health for some time, and I have no doubt suffers much, but I think that is no excuse for exacting quite as much attention as she does; she expects her sister, who is nearly as delicate as she is, to wait upon her at any hour of the day or night—even when she requires rest and care herself—and yet Maria never seems to bestow a thought upon the trouble she is making; and then if everything is not done in accordance with her wishes, she will go pouting for days without speaking or scarcely eating unless coaxed—oh, mother, you don't know what a trial she is to me."

Mrs. Allan was silent a few minutes before she replied, and then it was with great seriousness—

"Yes, Ellen, I know too well the unhappiness a husband's relatives can create if their nature does not assimilate with your own; and I know too that these feelings can be measurably overcome and turned into a better channel. Your father had a sister, who I should think might be the exact counterpart of this one who disturbs your peace, and she embittered the early years of my married life too much for me ever to forget the suffering I endured——"

Mrs. Allan was interrupted by the call of "da" ma, "da" ma, from the little girl at her feet, who had till now played contentedly on the carpet, but becoming tired of her toys, climbed to her grandmother's knee and reached up her tiny hands to attract attention.

Mrs. Hastings took her up, and as she folded her in a loving embrace, remarked,

"I dislike Maria so much that I cannot even bear to have her touch Lillie; my flesh shrinks back when she caresses her on my lap. Indeed a stranger to see us together, might fairly suppose that I was only the hired nurse and she the lady mother—so soothingly will she attempt to still her cries, even when the child is in my arms, or endeavor to enforce obedience if she is wilful, as though her authority was entirely paramount to mine. I fear her influence as Lillie grows up, and the more as the child seems fond of her."

"Then there must be some good in her," said the elder lady, "children, you know, are instinctive judges of character."

"Perhaps not of general character," returned Mrs. Hastings, "though they certainly are very quick at distinguishing those who are likely to prove their friends. But of course there are some good qualities in Maria. Indeed it has never been my misfortune to meet with a person who had not some redeeming traits. She has always been very kind to me in sickness, and

Digitized by Google

during our late pecuniary difficulties she showed much generosity, and that with more delicacy than is usual with her; for her kindness is too apt to become intrusion, and her generosity ostentation."

"I hope my daughter does not allow herself to be blinded by her feelings," said Mrs. Allan, earnestly, "and consider that intrusion which is prompted by a good motive—one who is kind in sickness deserves our gratitude, however disagreeable they may otherwise be to us."

"I mean to do her justice as regards myself," said Mrs. Hastings, in reply, "and I do feel grateful for her kindness to me, but that does not prevent my feeling indignant when I see her let her own sister really suffer for the attentions she so readily bestows upon a stranger. But when I am in health she is far too ready in proffering assistance without considering whether it is needed or even desired; when she is here she seems to wish me to give up everything into her hands and lounge in the rocking-chair myself, and as I prefer to be mistress rather than guest in my own house, I cannot but feel annoyed by such a course."

"I do not doubt it—but as it seems to me that it arises from a want of a just sense of propriety rather than a bad intention, I wish you could overlook it and show her that her real kindness is justly appreciated."

"Indeed, mother, I feel an obligation toward her too heavy to rest very easily under it; and I, therefore, try to repay act for act, but where the heart is as little in it as mine is, acts are of little worth; she is very sensitive, and cannot fail to perceive my feelings toward her, at least in a measure, for I cannot talk to her with any ease, the words seem to freeze in my throat, and their chilling influence apparently effects even her propensity to talk, for when we are left alone together—which I always take especial pains to avoid if possible—there will be an almost total silence. Then too I cannot look with a clear, full glance into her face, as I always wish to when conversing with any one."

"Does Robert know how much you dislike her?"

"Not fully, I think, though he himself told me soon after we were married, that she possessed a very unhappy disposition; there was a prospect at that time of her living with us, and I suppose he thought it would shock me less to have some previous knowledge of the fact; but no man, unless in the intimacy of married life, can know the curse of such a disposition."

"Can it be, my daughter, that you feel so bitterly?" said Mrs. Allan, sadly, "you who have always been so mild too."

"I know that others have thought me mild and amiable, and I have always thought myself so till now," returned Mrs. Hastings, not without a corresponding sadness in her own voice, "but Maria seems to be my evil genius to develope the worst passions of my nature."

"Say rather, my dear Ellen, that it is a sore trial, but wisely sent by the Disposer of all human events, to reveal the secret iniquity of your own heart. If we fail to gather a lesson from the imperfections of others, by which to correct some corresponding one of our own, so surely will our faults strengthen till they deform the character as effectually as those you see so plainly in poor Maria."

"But, my dear mother, I hope you don't see those faults in me that I have been telling you of in her. I should want to fly from myself if I thought so. I know that I have many, and they occasion me much painful thought, but I should be sorry to number those in the list."

"Still they develope new ones in you, and I would have you watch and crush them in the bud—it is what you cannot do, however, with your own unassisted strength; have you ever made this a subject of prayer?"

"Not of especial prayer," replied Mrs. Hastings, in a low tone, and with less excitement in her voice than had hitherto been apparent.

"But this is a peculiar trial, and as such needs special strength—it has already fretted your temper a good deal, and if not overcome will produce a habit of irritability which will not only materially diminish your own happiness, but be the source of much misery to your family, for you know that as your face is clothed in sunshine or in darkness, so will be the reflection in the little world of which you are the centre. Go then to him, my daughter, who 'giveth liberally' to those who ask, and be assured you will be strengthened in conquering this temptation."

Whilst Mrs. Hastings was busily engaged in her household duties the remainder of the morning, her mind earnestly pursued the train of thought that had been started by her mother at the close of their conversation; the subject had been presented in a different point of view from any in which she had ever regarded it, and she felt troubled at the reflection that such evil passions had been allowed to flourish unheeded in her heart like weeds in a neglected garden, while she had been so prompt to detect the failings of another; and for the first time she deeply felt the necessity of "plucking the beam out of her own eye," before she could even "see clearly" the imperfections of those around her; and notwithstanding her numerous engagements she

Digitized by Google

found time, in the retirement of her own room, to seek for wisdom and guidance from that divine source which promises strength equal to our day.

Meanwhile the time flew rapidly along till the dreaded visitor arrived—she came at an early hour, all smiles and graciousness for the ladies, and caresses for little Lillie. Mrs. Hastings met her with serious cheerfulness, this time, the result of the late conversation.

Maria was not in reality a loveable person, although she frequently made a favorable impression upon those who were not close observers, or who only saw her occasionally and for a short time. She belonged to that large class who consider it necessary in order to recommend themselves to favor to talk almost constantly, while inordinate vanity led her to occupy the most prominent position in every conversation in which she engaged. Then too she had the disagreeable habit of anticipating what was about to be said, taking, so to speak, the words out of a person's mouth, frequently mutilating the idea that would have been expressed, if not substituting an entire new one in its place.

The unwonted kindness of Mrs. Hastings' reception gave Maria, on this occasion, such an unusual flow of spirits as to exhibit some of her characteristics in a marked light; but when Mrs. Allan turned to her daughter to note the effect upon her, she saw that the weary recital of personal history upon which Maria had launched, was listened to with a strong effort to appear interested.

Shortly afterward, during the transient call of an acquaintance, when Maria expressed sentiments in direct opposition to what she had advanced in the previous part of the afternoon, when the same subject had been conversed upon, and that without appearing in the least conscious of her inconsistency, the scornful look that curled Mrs. Hastings' lip for a moment was changed to one of humility, as the feeling in her heart was discovered and instantly subdued. The whole afternoon was in fact a series of trials that she found it difficult entirely to overcome, but she was firmly resolved upon self-control, and the exertions she made were consequently well rewarded by an approving conscience.

When her husband came in to tea, the smile of welcome with which she met him was mingled perhaps with a sense of relief, but her eyes wore a serener light than if she had as usual given way to her natural dislike toward his sister. The disagreeable guest left early in the evening, and the remainder was spent by Mrs. Allan and her children in converse, pleasant, though tinged with sadness, such as those only know whose hearts are knit together in strong affection, and who feel upon their spirits the shadow of an approaching separation.

It was only when the mother was taking her leave on the following morning, that she found an opportunity to whisper in her daughter's ear, "you have nobly commenced, my dear Ellen, but watch and pray lest you enter into temptation."

Nearly a year after Mrs. Allan's return home, Mrs. Hastings wrote to her thus:

"You ask me how I succeed in conquering my dislike to Maria. I am glad you have not inquired earlier, for now, after a severe struggle of many months, I feel that a degree of success has rewarded my efforts. It was only by glancing into my own heart, and fixing an earnest gaze upon the many evil thoughts and feelings that stirred its depths, that I was enabled to put in practice that 'charity which covers a multitude of sins.' My nature rebelled, calling it hypocrisy to appear even tolerant of those traits of character which in themselves were so unlovely, and whispered that my standard of excellence would be materially lowered by treating the person who indulged them with any cordiality. But I find the reverse to be the case, for the more I strive to place her virtues foremost and forget her faults, so much greater watchfulness do I exercise toward myself, and I hope it may thereby purify my character from many imperfections which I entirely overlooked while captiously picking flaws in another. I cannot easily forget what I owe to you, my dear mother, for turning my mind from the contemplation of her faults to my own. I feel, however, that only a commencement has as yet been made, and I need both 'faith and patience' to persevere while the trial remains. Pray for me, mother, that both may be given."

ON A LOST CHILD.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

She was the sunshine of our home,
An angel to us given!
Just when we learned to love her most,
God called her back to Heaven!

Oh! Death is not a valley dark,
But the celestial portal,
Through which, star-lit by Calvary,
We pass to life immortal.

Digitized by Google

ZANA.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GIPSEY GIRL.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, 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 314.

CHAPTER V.

I SPENT a wakeful night, disturbed by a host of new feelings and strong thoughts, that crowded upon me like a rush of waters. All night long a review of the day's hunt went forward in my fancy—the brilliant dresses, those strange faces circled me with a sort of fascination. Sometimes they smiled wearyingly, then they gibbered at my torn garments—and foremost of all was the sneering, white face of Lady Catharine. Oh, how I began to hate that woman! It was the bitter antagonism of a life-time striking root deep in my heart.

Toward morning I thought of old Turner, and with a pang that was punishment enough for the sin of my first disobedience. I knew that he was not only grieved but plunged into difficulties on my account—that all the evils he had been so anxious to guard against were already brought on by my obstinate self-indulgence.

This reflection made me heart sick, and I turned away from the soft daylight as it broke through my room, ashamed to receive it on my ungrateful face. With faltering steps I went down stairs and seated myself in the little breakfast-room. Turner was in the garden, but though I had not the cowardice to shrink from encountering him in the house, I could not summon courage to seek him.

He saw me at the window looking sad enough, I dare say, and, coming up, gave me a handful of tiny white roses, which were the glory of a house plant that he had never allowed to be touched before. I felt the tears rushing to my eyes, and bounding forward toward the old man, murmured in the deepest humility,

"Oh, Mr. Turner, why don't you scold me? Why not punish my wickedness?"

"Because," said the old man, with a miserable shake of the head, "because you will be punished enough, poor thing, before night, or I am mistaken."

"I hope so—I'm sure it would be a satisfaction to be soundly reprimanded. You break my heart with all this kindness."

"Here comes one," said Turner, growing red in the face, "who will not sin in that way, I can answer."

I followed his look, and saw Lady Catharine Irving coming through the garden, walking rather quickly, and brushing down the autumn flowers with the sweep of her garments. On seeing us she resumed the languor usual to her movements, and stooped now and then to gather the snowy flowers of a chrysanthemum, which she seemed to examine curiously while approaching the house.

"Ah, Turner," she said, drawing toward the window, "what a pretty little nest you have have here: and what flowers! I have never seen any thing to compare with these," and forming a ring with the thumb and fore finger of her left hand, she drew the snowy tufts softly through it as Nero might have played with a kitten. "Why, you live here with your little family quite like fairies; no wonder you are so often absent from the Hall."

"I hope that none of the duties my lord left for me to perform are neglected, madam," answered Turner, with a degree of dignity that charmed me.

"No, no—I do not complain—far from it, good Turner—that I am here is a proof of it. That sweet child, I could not get her out of my head all night—I hope she was neither frightened nor hurt by the hounds."

"No, madam," I answered, leaning through the sash. "It was rather lonesome being left by myself with the poor stag; but the young gentleman——"

"Hush!" said Turner, sternly, glancing toward Lady Catharine, on whose cheek a feeble color struggled for life.

I saw the color and the glitter in her pale blue eyes, more expressive still, and even Turner's caution could not control me. I was determined she should know that her son had returned to

protect me: the remembrance that he had seemed to fear her knowledge of it only urged me on. "The young gentleman came back and put Jupiter and me into the right path: but for that I don't know what would have become of us,"

"Your daughter seems a bright, and—forgive me, good Turner—rather forward little thing," said the mother, drawing the flowers softly across her lips, as she gave him a sidelong glance. "I am very glad though, that she is unharmed."

Turner looked at her, and then with a restless movement at me. The color came up among his wrinkles, and his features began to work as if some unfinished resolution had set them in motion. Before he could speak, however, the artificial softness of Lady Catharine's voice broke in again.

"And your wife—my good Turner—really I must have a sight of her and this pretty home of your's: quite a *bijou* in the grounds truly!"

Placing a richly enameled glass to her eyes, the lady took a quiet survey of the old building before Turner could find words to answer her.

Never had I seen the old man so agitated. The color came and went beneath his wrinkles; his thin lips grew pale and purple by turns; his state of irresolution was painful.

"Come, now, I will step in and see your wife!" said Lady Catharine, dropping her glass to the full length of its Venitian chain, and looking around for the door.

Now Turner became calm, every muscle and nerve settled down; he stood more firmly on the ground, and looking his tormentor steadily in the face, answered quietly,

"Some one must have been joking at my expense, my lady. I have no wife!"

"No wife!" exclaimed Lady Catharine, with a start that even I could see was premeditated. "No wife—and this child?"

"You are mistaken," said Turner, "this is not my child. Yourself saw me when I took her up from your own door-stone, or rather the door-stone of Clare Hall, eight years ago."

A cold, sneering smile curled Lady Catharine's lip. She lifted her glass again and eyed me through it. "I remember the circumstance," she said, and the hateful smile deepened—"I remember too that a child disappeared very mysteriously but a short time before from this nest—two children in fact—if my people told me aright."

"They did tell you aright, lady," said Turner, sternly—but she interrupted him.

"One, the elder, went out to service, I fancy. This one dropped, miraculously, on my door-step. Well, well, my good Turner, no one thinks of quarreling with this fanciful way of adopting your own children; but her mother—unless you are really married to this woman she must go. I cannot answer it to society—to Lord Clare, the most particular man on earth—if she is allowed to remain on the estate a day longer."

"Madam," said Turner, "I have said but the truth: Zana there is no more my daughter than her Spanish bonne is my wife!"

"Who is her—her father?—who is her mother then?" asked Lady Catharine. I remarked that her voice faltered in putting this question, and she could not look steadily in Turner's face.

Turner looked at her firmly, and a faint smile stirred his lip. Lady Catharine saw it, and once more there arose a shade of color in the ice of her cheek.

"Lady, I can answer these questions no more than yourself, for you were present when I found the poor child."

"And had you never seen her before?" questioned the lady, still eyeing him askance.

Turner hesitated and seemed to reflect, but at last he answered firmly enough. "It is impossible for me to say yes or no."

The lady played with her flowers a while, and then spoke again very softly, and with a degree of persuasion in her voice.

"Well, Turner, we will not press you too hard. I cannot forget that you are my brother's favorite and oldest servant—that he trusted you."

"He did indeed," cried the old man, casting a glance full of affection at me.

"I am sure you would do nothing that could cast reproach on him," continued the lady, placing a strong emphasis on the pronoun.

"Not for the universe," ejaculated Turner.

"And yet, while you live thus—while there is a doubt left regarding this child—cannot you see, my old friend—cannot you see that even my noble brother may be condemned as—as sanctioning—you understand—this species of immorality—on his estates, and in his own personal attendant."

"But how am I to prevent this?" exclaimed Turner, after a moment of perplexed thought, during which he gazed on Lady Catharine, as if searching for some meaning in her words which they did not wholly convey.

"Let me tell you—for I have been thinking on this subject a good deal—she is a fine spirited girl that, a little wild and gipseyish: but a good many of our guests were struck with her."

"No wonder!" exclaimed Turner, with his face all in a glow. "Who could help it?"

"So they inquired a good deal about her, and when it come out that she lived here under your

Digitized by Google

protection, of course, it led to questions and old things—nonsensical gossip about by-gone times that quite made me nervous—you understand, good Turner. So I told them what I am sure is the truth even yet—that the Spanish woman here is her mother, that she is your own child—that you are married."

Turner shook his head.

"Then it must be so," persisted the lady, "or as I said before, both woman and child must leave the estate."

"You cannot be in earnest!" said Turner.

"Does it seem like earnest when you find me here at this hour in the morning?" replied the lady.

"But it was Lord Clare's desire—his command—that I have control of this house until his return," persisted Turner.

"He mentions nothing of this in his letters to us. Besides you cannot mean to say that he has made such provisions for these females."

"No, Zana was not here at the time; but I know, I am sure——"

"Be sure of nothing," exclaimed Lady Catharine, with more energy than she had yet exhibited—"be sure of nothing, if you love your master, but that you can *serve* him and his best by silencing this subject of public gossip at once. Marry the woman with whom you have been so long domesticated!"

"*Marry!*" exclaimed Turner, with a terrible twist of the face, as if the word had not really come home to his heart till then, "marry at this time of life, and a Spanish woman. Wouldn't it do as well, my lady, if they set me in the pillory for an hour or so?"

"It might not do so well for the girl, perhaps," was the quiet reply.

"For her sake I would do anything!"

"It is a great pity to keep the poor thing caged up here: and what is to become of her in the end? As your daughter she can come up to the Hall and see something of society."

"What, a servant, madam?" cried Turner, reddening fiercely.

"No, no—nothing of the kind, you are no common man, Turner; and certainly that child, with her wild, arch, nay, haughty style, might pass anywhere, she shall come to the Hall and obtain some accomplishments. I should fancy her greatly about the house—she might pick up a little education from my son's tutor, who will be down in a week or two, and become quite an ornament to the establishment."

"She would be an ornament to any place," said Turner, proudly.

"Yes," replied the lady, smiling upon me, "any man might be proud of her for a daughter. I dare say we shall be excellent friends soon—meantime think of what I have said; this is a charming place, it would be a pity for the child to leave it. To-morrow let me have your answer, and come up to the hot-houses for some fruit for Zana: a sweet name, isn't it?"

She moved softly away, holding up her dress and winding carefully through the flower beds, as if her errand had been trivial as her manner.

I could not realize the importance of her conversation all at once. It had been carried on so quietly, so like the ordinary common-place of her patrician life, that its meaning seemed lost in sound. I could even amuse myself with the excitement of poor Turner, who, folding his arms behind him, went furiously pacing up and down the garden, treading everything down in his path, and wading knee deep through the tall autumn blossoms, jerking his feet through now and then, as if it were a relief to destroy anything that came in his way.

I had never seen the old man in this mood before, and almost thought him mad, for he muttered to himself, and seemed quite unconscious that I was a witness to the scene.

At last he came by the window with a long pendant of honeysuckle trailing from his boot.

"Mr. Turner," I said, laughing softly as he came up.

"Oh, you can be amused—easily amused—children always are!" he exclaimed, savagely. "Now can you see what mischief that ride has done? Sit and laugh, truly—but what am I to do?"

"Lady Catharine says you must get married," I answered, mischievously, for rage, instead of appalling, was invariably sure to amuse me.

"Married!" almost shrieked the old man, "and so you have brought me to *that*, you—you!"

The contortions of his face were absolutely too droll, I could not keep from laughing again.

"Zana," said the old man, and tears absolutely stood in his eyes, "I was good to you—I loved you—what right had you to bring this misfortune on me? I knew that evil would come of it when I found Jupiter's stall empty; but marriage, oh, I did not dream of that calamity."

"And is marriage always a calamity?" I inquired, sobered by his evident feeling

"Yes!" He hissed forth the monosyllable as if it had been a drop of poison that burned his tongue.

"And you dislike it very much?"

"Dislike it!" There is no describing the bitterness that he crowded into these two words.

Digitized by Google

"Then do not—for my sake do not be married. Why should you? I'm sure it will do me no good. I don't care in the least for it!"

His sharp eyes brightened for an instant, and he looked at me eagerly, like a convict on whom sudden hopes of escape had dawned.

"Then you wouldn't much mind leaving this place, Zana?" he said.

My heart sunk, but I strove to answer cheerfully. "No, no, I—I don't think it would seem so hard after a little!"

"And Jupiter, and Cora?"

I burst into tears.

"There now, that is it—I'm answered—I was sure it would break her little heart," cried the old man, desperately—"I'll do it. I'll bind myself, hand and foot—I'll make an eternal old fool of myself. I'll—I'll. It's no use of struggling, I'm sold, lost—tied up, married!"

He uttered the last word ferociously, casting it down as if it had been a rock.

"Not for me, Turner—not for me," I said, losing all sense of the ludicrous in his genuine repugnance to the measure Lady Catharine had proposed. "I do not understand this—what on earth is the reason they cannot let us live in peace?"

"Because you must be cutting loose from my authority, cantering about like a little Nimrod in long skirts—fighting hounds—getting acquainted with young men whom you ought to hate, to hate, I say, Miss Zana! Because you are a little fool, and I an old one. Because, because—but it's no use talking."

I began to see my disobedience in its true light. Certainly it was impossible to comprehend why it had led to the necessity which my old benefactor so much deplored, but I felt to the bottom of my heart that this evil, whatever it was, had been brought on by myself.

"Mr. Turner," I said, "if I stay in-doors a month, nay, a whole year, will it do any good?"

"No—not the least!"

"What can I do? Indeed, indeed, Turner, I am very sorry," I persisted; "but let us go away, it will be far better to leave Cora and Jupiter, the house, and everything at the Hall." Why did I loose my voice so suddenly? Why did the thought that George Irving was at the Hall depress my heart and speech? I felt myself growing pale, and looked despairingly around the lovely garden, for the first time realizing how dear every flower had become.

Turner looked at me wistfully, and at length went away. I saw him an hour after wandering to and fro in the wilderness; I did not leave the window, though breakfast had been long waiting, the whole conversation had bewildered me. Why should Turner dread this marriage so much?—was it not right? It seemed to me a very easy thing when so much depended on it. Yet how terribly he had been moved. I had never thought so much of marriage in my whole life as at this moment, and its very mysteriousness made me look upon Turner as the victim of some hidden evil. I was resolved that he should not be sacrificed. What was bonne, friends, Jupiter, to the comfort of an old friend like him?

I went forth into the wilderness, and found him sitting at the root of a huge chesnut, with his clasped hands drooping idly down between his knees, and gazing steadfastly on the earth.

"Zana," he said, reaching forth his hand, "sit down here, and tell me all about it. What have I been saying? have I been very cross, darling?"

His kindness went to my heart. I sat down upon a curved root of the tree, and leaned softly against him.

"Yes, a little cross, but not half so much as I deserved," I said, meekly. "But tell me now, Mr. Turner, what is this marriage, what is there so dreadful about it?"

"Nothing, child—nothing," he answered, with forced cheerfulness. "I dare say it is very pleasant—very pleasant indeed to some people. I know of persons who are very fond of weddings, quite charmed with them; but for my part a funeral seems more the thing, there is some certainty about that. It settles a man, leaves him alone, provides for him."

"I never saw a wedding," said I, thoughtfully, "and but one funeral, that was very sad, Mr. Turner; if a wedding is like that, don't be married, it is dreadful! Are weddings like that funeral ever?"

"I have seen weddings a great deal more solemn," he answered, still gazing on the ground. "One that seemed but the mockery of a funeral, and ended in one!"

"What one was that?" I questioned, while a cold chill crept mysteriously through my veins.

"It was Lord Clare's wedding that I was thinking of," he answered, looking up, "and that happened three days before I found you on his door-step."

I looked fearfully around. It seemed as if a funeral train were creeping through the woods, the ghost of some procession that lived in my memory, yet would not give itself forth.

"And do they wish your wedding to be like that?" I whispered, creeping close to him.

"Like that!" said Turner, lifting up his eyes, "God forbid! Mine, if it must be, is but the expiation of that!"

Digitized by Google

"And would Lord Clare desire it?—would he insist like Lady Catharine?" I questioned. "Would he turn me out of doors unless you married Maria, do you think?"

"He turn you out of doors—he child? I only wish we had some way of reaching him!"

"Where is he now?"

"In Africa, the last we heard, searching for what he will never find."

"And what is that, Mr. Turner?"

"Peace, child, peace, a thing that he will never know again on this side the grave!"

"Is he a bad man then?" I persisted, strangely enthralled by the subject.

"Millions of worse men will live and revel while he has pined himself into the grave.

"Let us leave this place and seek for him," I said, filled with a sympathy so deep that my very heart trembled. "If he is unhappy you and I may do him some good."

"Oh, child, if you could but remember. If I had but some little proof," he answered, gazing at me impressively.

"Proof of what, Turner?—what can you wish to prove?"

"That in which nothing but God can help me!" was the desponding reply.

"It seemed to me," said I, pressing each hand upon my temples, for they were hot with unavailing thought—"it seemed to me as if the thing that you wish to know was beating in my brain all the time. Something there is, blank and dark in my memory—how shall I bring it forth that you may read it?"

"Wait God's own time, my child," answered the old man, gently taking the hands from my temples, "sooner or later that which we wish to learn will be made clear. Come now, let us go home!"

"But they will not let us stay there, and I am ready to go," I remonstrated.

"Yes, they will let us stay now," he answered, with a grim smile.

"Why?"

"Because I shall marry the *Spanish woman* to-morrow."

There was a lingering bitterness in the emphasis placed on the word—Spanish woman, that lengthened the phrase for a moment. It was the last I ever witnessed, old Turner did not sacrifice himself by halves.

"Zana," said the noble old man, as we moved slowly toward the house, "you must not tell Maria of Lady Catharine's visit, or of—of my shameful passion after it. Women have strange ideas about love, and so on, and she might take it into her head to ask awkward questions if she knew all. Do you understand?"

Yes, I understood perfectly. He was anxious to save the poor Spanish woman from a knowledge of his repugnance to the marriage. I promised the secrecy that he desired.

We entered the breakfast-room together. Maria had been waiting for us more than an hour, but she ran cheerfully for the coffee urn and muffins without a word of comment.

I saw Turner look at her with some appearance of interest once or twice during the meal. The queer old philosopher was evidently reconciling himself to the fate that an hour ago had half driven him mad. Maria certainly looked younger and more interesting than usual that morning. Unlike the Spanish women in general, she wore her years becomingly, the moist climate of England, and the quiet of her life conspiring to keep from her the haggard look of old age that marks even mid-life in her native land. The picturesque costume which she had never been induced to change, was also peculiarly becoming; the dark blue skirt and bodice of black cloth; the long braids of her hair, slightly tinged with snow, but gay with knots of scarlet riband; the healthy stoutness of her person united in rendering my faithful bonne anything but a repulsive person. I began to have less compassion for Turner, and with the mobility of youth amused myself with fancying Maria's astonishment when she should learn what the fates had in store for her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PREPARING FOR THE CHASE.

BY H. J. VERNON.

Up! for the sun in the Heavens is high;
  Up! for the dew is exhaling apace;
Hounds wake the echoes with clamorous cry,
  Steeds snort impatient to be on the chase.

Up! lady fair, for the gallants are here,
  Up! cavaliers, nor be laggard of speed.
Fast through the forest the stag flies in fear,
  Up, if to-day ye would do gallant deed.

Digitized by Google

THE BRIDAL DRESS.

BY A. H. BOWEN.

In the centre of the city of Berlin stands a building, styled the Colosseum. It is at present entirely devoted to purposes of amusement for the less wealthy classes of that city—balls, concerts, and theatrical exhibitions being there given at a very moderate charge. During the carnival masked balls are given here. Upon such occasions, the immense dancing-saloon is crowded to excess; and the galleries, which entirely surround it, are likewise filled with the spectators of the moving panorama below.

On one of the evenings set apart for these masquerades, I accompanied two officers of the regiment of guards to this scene of merriment, we being all carefully equipped for the occasion. To my companions the concealment of their persons was essentially necessary, since their recognition as officers of the army would have compelled them to forego the pleasures of the dance. On entering, we found the music had already commenced, and the sets for the *contredanse* which was to open the ball already formed. In order more perfectly to enjoy the scene, we pressed our way through the supper-room, up stairs, and succeeded in gaining a position in the gallery which commanded a full view of the exhilarating spectacle. The young girls were generally dressed in some fancy garb, which, though far from being rich or magnificent, yet displayed much taste. The throng which pressed upon the dancers was kept back by a dapper little master of the ceremonies, who, having at length marshalled his forces to his liking, stepped into the middle of the vacant space, and, clapping his hands, gave the signal to the musicians, who at once set loose the feet of the impatient multitude. Now the scene was at its height, for the stirring music created a vivacity which it was impossible to resist.

The Polonaise, as danced in Berlin, is much more stirring and varying than what is tripped in England under that name. In one of the manœuvres which belong to it, each lady in her turn is led to the centre, where she is danced around by the gentlemen; whilst she, holding a handkerchief in her hand, at length tosses it in the air, and she becomes the partner of him whose superior activity gains the possession of it. This had been often repeated with much harmless mirth, when we observed a female more sumptuously dressed than her companions enclosed in the circle; and as a tall young man dresed in black caught her handerchief, and claimed her hand, he suddenly started back, and uttered one of those piercing cries which betokened some agonizing horror. He retreated from the girl as if he had discovered in her something pestiferous, and, overcome apparently by some terrible feeling, he sank senseless into the arms of those who were standing near him.

An incident of this nature is sure to produce confusion in a ball-room; and, from the singular circumstances which attended the one in question, the dancing and music almost instantly ceased. A general rush took place toward the young man, whose mask had been removed, and exhibited features which had already assumed a death-like hue, whilst a cold perspiration stood upon his brow. As it was impossible to keep off the crowd, who, in their eagerness to observe what was passing, threatened to suffocate the unfortunate object who had caused so general an interest, he was removed into the supper-room, and laid upon one of the settees which stood about. Here a gentleman, pulling off his mask, discovered himself as the prince royal, and exercising the authority which his rank entitled him to, he requested the room to be immediately cleared, and a physician to be sent for. My companions and myself had in the meantime descended into the room where the patient lay extended; and as I had fortunately a lancet in my pocket, I suggested to the prince the necessity of instantly bleeding him. A young surgeon who was present, hearing the suggestion, offered his aid in the operation, and the preparations were in a moment completed. It was with some difficulty that a little blood was drawn, but it had the effect of bringing the young man back again to sense. Even yet, his mind seemed a prey to some horrible phantasy, for, starting up, his whole frame shook with a violent convulsion, and with marks of the most vivid terror, he ejaculated several times, "I saw her! I saw her!" He appeared to have come alone to the ball, for no one stepped forward to claim acquaintance or kinsmanship with him; and it was judged best to remove him to a coach the moment he was

Digitized by Google

able to endure motion. Fortunately, a card in his pocket revealed his address, and with proper precautions, he was thus sent home.

On our return to the saloon, we found the masked lady who appeared to have been the immediate cause of this extraordinary event, very unconcernedly pursuing her sport, and seemingly unconscious of the speculations that were formed respecting her. She was eagerly interrogated by several persons present as to the young man, to whom her presence had apparently given such a shock, but she persisted in denying any knowledge of him, or of any circumstance which could elucidate the affair. The intensity of the feeling that had been raised now seemed gradually to subside, and the crowd returned to the pursuits of the evening. Some few there were who, feeling that something more than ordinary was involved in the mystery, indulged in numberless vain conjectures; and as the fertility of their imaginations was increased by sparkling champagne, no limit was set to the dark conjurations into which their inherent passion for romance led them. It would be idle to deny that the affair had roused my curiosity in a very considerable degree, and the gloomy versions with which I heard others regale themselves, induced in me a restless anxiety to clear up the mystery. It was, however, some time before I was able to procure a relation concerning this young man on which I could place an implicit reliance, and his history was told to me in very nearly the following terms:—

His father was a small proprietor in the neighborhood of Berlin, and cultivated his own farm. This was his only son, and he had been sent at the proper age to the university of Berlin, where he had been distinguished as much for his superior abilities as for the warmth of his feelings. He was destined to the medical profession, and the progress he had made in the various studies of that important calling, held out the brightest prospects of his future success and eminence. Whilst in his attendance on the medical classes, he had formed an intimacy in a family to which accident had gained him an introduction, that of a respectable merchant and banker. He had become deeply attached to the daughter of the merchant, and had every reason to believe that his passion was returned. She was a beautiful young girl, the graces of whose person did not surpass the beauties of her mind. Amiable and accomplished, she was formed to charm; and in the ardent eyes of the young student, she seemed more than earthly.

It was long perhaps before any absolute declaration had revealed to each other the feelings of their hearts; and, by a thousand little incidents, their affection was increased and strengthened, until it became to each the absorbing passion of the soul. Their minds, tinged with the deep romantic feeling so prevalent amongst the young of Germany, considered the vows that had passed between them as linking their destinies, sacred and indissoluble. It was not, however, an easy task to overcome the scruples of the lady's father as to the prospects of his future son-in-law; and though the reputation of the young student was spotless, the calculating banker required more than the inclinations of his daughter, and the amiable properties of her admirer, to induce him to consent to their union. Money was a necessary possession in the eyes of a worldly-minded man, who shook his head when they talked of love and mutual happiness. How the old man became at length softened into an approbation of the match, did not clearly appear; but certain it is, that, after the student had passed his examination and obtained his degree, a day was appointed for the betrothing, with his full consent. It may be imagined with what feelings the young physician looked forward to an event which was in his eyes the most important in his life.

The great fair of Leipsic occurred a short time before the auspicious day which was to unite these two happy beings, and the physician hastened to buy his mistress a bridal dress from out the vast magazines of manufactures which are there collected. He selected one which was equally rich and engaging, being a white satin festooned with worked flowers of the most brilliant colors. His present was received with a smile of approbation, which repaid him tenfold for the labor he had undertaken, and the promise to wear it on her betrothment rendered his joy supreme.* The ceremony was performed with every circumstance that could heighten the prospects of the parties concerned. Their parents were there consenting, and friends surrounded them whose smiles added their cheering influence. The bride wore the dress which her lover had procured for her, and in his eyes she had never appeared so attractive. The vows were at length pronounced, and the contracts signed. The marriage day was fixed for the following week. After the ceremony, a sumptuous feast was prepared, in the midst of which a feeling of indisposition compelled the young bride suddenly to seek her chamber. She threw herself on the bed, and—such are the insecurities of a

* In Germany a betrothment precedes the marriage, and is almost as ceremonious as the nuptials themselves.

Digitized by Google

fleeting existence—rose from it no more. A virulent fever attacked her delicate frame, and carried her unresistingly and remorselessly to the tomb. The feelings of an impassioned youth, thus robbed of her who was so shortly to have become his wife, may be more easily imagined than described. To say that he wept, and raved, and tore his hair, would perhaps little express the deep intensity of his anguish. Only one request he made: it was, that she should be buried in the dress which she wore at their betrothal. He followed her to the grave, and, overpowered by his feelings, threw himself upon the coffin as it was about to be covered up, and, with a frenzied vehemence, insisted upon having one more look before the grave was closed forever. The coffin-lid was taken off, and he gazed upon the clammy features of the decaying corpse until his head grew dizzy, and he was drawn senseless from the grave.

It was not only to the bereaved lover that the view of the dead body of his mistress had been of moment: the grave-digger had perceived with emótion the magnificent habiliments which adorned the corpse, and his cupidity was excited. In the dead of night, he despoiled the body, and presented to his own daughter the flowered satin frock which had formed the bridal dress of the deceased young lady. It was long after these events that she wore this identical dress at the masked ball at the Colosseum. The girl herself was ignorant of the mode by which her father had gained possession of it, though the richness of his gift had in some measure excited her surprise. She, therefore, adorned herself in the spoils of the grave, in perfect unconsciousness of the unhallowed violation that had been committed. It is needless to add, that it was this dress which caused the young man's sudden horror, which I have described. It was a garment so peculiar as scarcely to allow a doubt as to its identity; and when it suddenly flashed before his eyes, he thought he saw his departed mistress arisen from the grave, to upbraid him for the levity which permitted his presence at a ball. It was stated that a remarkable resemblance existed in the figures of the two females; and as the grave-digger's daughter was masked, the horrible conception of the young enthusiast will not be considered as altogether unnatural or incredible.

From the notoriety which the circumstance gained, an inquiry was instituted into the affair, and, by an inspection of the rifled tomb, the guilt of the grave-digger was made apparent, and he is now expiating his crime as a convicted felon. From the information I acquired respecting the physician, it appeared that he overcame the shock which he had received, though he had passed through many fits of delirium, and had suffered from a fever which had often threatened the extinction both of his reason and of his life.

THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

One by one, like rosy blossoms,
Earthly friends around us fall—
Oft the dearest to our bosoms
Are the frailest of them all!
Hearts there are of sterner fashion
That each loss can calmly bear—
Others swayed by softer passion
Keenly feel each sorrow there.
Why was not a sterner nature
Made my portion here below?
Wise, I know, is our Creator,
Tho' His will we may not know—
I have lived to see life's beauty
Stricken from its fragile tree!
Spirit! aid me in my duty,
Let me bow and trust to Thee.

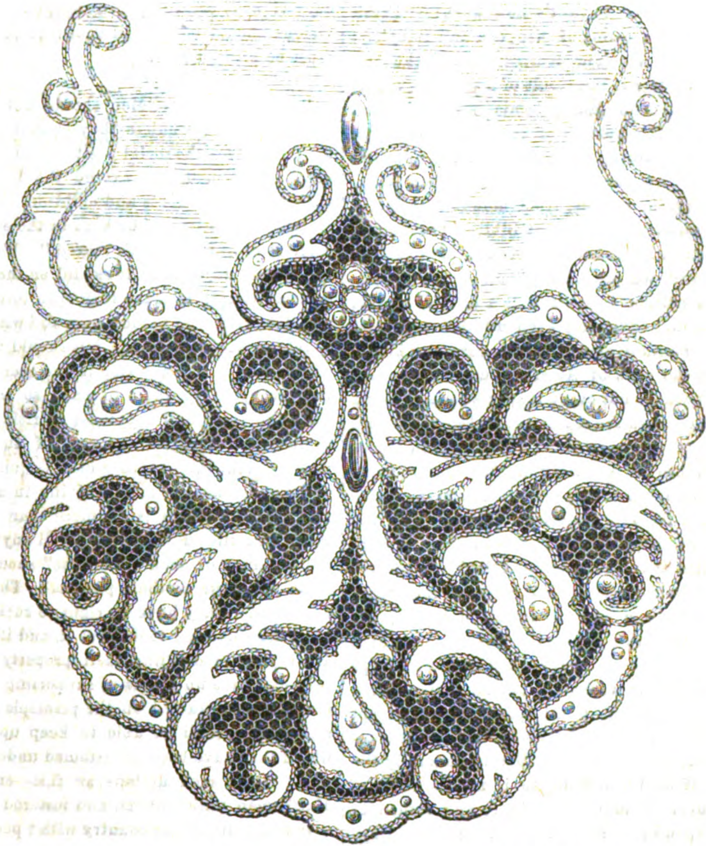
Many a bosom friend departed
Make my days seem desolate:
Lovely ones and faithful hearted
Died beneath the blast of fate!
May I learn this truthful lesson,
Earthly joys are born to die—
Seek my soul a deathless blessing
In a fadeless world on high!
I remember some in sorrow,
Not unmixt with tenderest love—
They have found a brighter morrow
In their sainted homes above:
But I feel a lonely stranger
As life's changing days decline,
When in trial and in danger
Where's the tear to answer mine?

Digitized by Google

OUR WORK TABLE.

LADY'S CRAVAT OR NECK-TIE, IN APPLIQUE.

BY MLLE. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—Three-quarters of a yard of broad glace, or sarsenet ribbon, blue, pink, or white; a few bugle pearls, some graduated round ditto; some rather stiff white net, and sewing silk, which may be white, or to match the ribbon.

This cravat is one of the very prettiest of Parisian novelties; it has the further merit of being very easily and rapidly worked. The engraving gives the full size of one end of the neck-tie; the two, of course, correspond; and a small piece of the ribbon, near the ends, must be also worked. The cravat is worn with a simple knot and ends, without bows.

The design is to be traced on thick writing-paper, from the engraving; then all the outlines must be pricked, at regular intervals, with a coarse needle. The ribbon is then to be marked at each end in the manner in which embroidery patterns are generally prepared. Tack the net underneath it, and work all the outlines in common chain-stitch, which is to be done rather closely, especially at the edges. Then, with fine lace-scissors, cut away the ribbon from all those parts where the net is seen in the engraving, and add the pearls.

Grey ribbon, with black net beads and bugles, worked with black silk, is extremely pretty for half mourning. Warm tints, such as rose, cerise, dark blue, are also worked with black. It is always advisable to choose a stiff net; that which is soft and silky is not strong enough to support the weight of the thick ribbon and beads.

Digitized by Google

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

American *vs.* English Books.—We are glad to see that Harper & Brothers are about to publish an American edition of Layard's new work:—"Fresh Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon; with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert." The volume is the result of a second expedition to the cities of Mesopotamia, undertaken at the expense of the trustees of the British Museum, and besides containing a record of many new and valuable facts respecting social life in ancient Nineveh and Babylon, verifies, from monuments lately discovered, numerous important Biblical prophecies. Every person, who read the account of Layard's expedition, will, we presume, purchase *this edition*. We say this edition, because it is a faithful reprint of the London, containing even all the maps and engravings; because also it is cheaper; and lastly, because it is the work of American mechanics. An attempt, as perhaps not every reader knows, is being made to break down the reprinting of English books. In the case of this very book, a few English copies were thrown into the American market—at a reduced price from the London one, yet still at a higher price than is asked for this American edition—with the avowed intent to prevent a republication. We are glad to notice that the attempt failed. Whatever may be the conclusion of the international copy-right question, let us, one and all, insist on having our books printed in this country. The dollar, which buys an American book, is expended here, and helps to support American workmen; but the dollar, which buys an English book, is all spent abroad, except that part which goes to the bookseller as his commission; and even this bookseller is generally the mere agent of an English house, if not the cadet of one come over to make a fortune, and return to London to spend it. Evil will be the days, if English publishers succeed in monopolizing the book-trade of America, as they are now attempting to do, through some pretended American houses. Farewell to everything national in our literature, in that event; and farewell also to cheapness, when once the monopoly gets established. Under cover of the alleged justice of copy-right protection, the most bitter assaults have been lately made on certain really American publishing houses, to whom, after all—let the envious say what they will—the country owes, in a great measure, its cheap good books. For ourselves we are for sustaining American publishers. We buy no books, in the English, if American editions can be obtained. While we support our own mechanics, we have a certainty of cheap reading, and of the gradual growth of a national literature; but if ever we make London the great manufacturing market for our books, both nationality and cheapness will be gone. Now every English edition of a book that is bought helps to bring on this evil, and make us tributary to Great Britain. If an international copy-right is passed by Congress, one of its first provisions should be that all books, to be entitled to it, must be printed here.

Begin Aright.—"Men should not marry," it is commonly said, "unless they cannot only maintain for themselves the social position to which they have been accustomed, but extend the benefits of that position to their wives and children. A woman who marries is entitled to be kept in the same rank and comfort in which she was reared." We entirely disavow these doctrines. It should be the aim of every married couple to make their own fortune. No son and daughter, who become man and wife, are entitled to rely on their patrimony, but should willingly commence life at a lower step in the social ladder than that occupied by their parents, so that they may have the merit and happiness of rising, if possible, to the top. Imagine the case of an aged couple, who by great perseverance have acquired possession of immense wealth, andare living in a style of ease and splendor which is no more than the reward of their long life of industry. Will anybody say that the children of such "old folks" should live in the same grandeur as their parents? The idea is preposterous. They have no right to such luxury, they have done nothing to deserve it, and if their parents are honest in dividing their property among them, they can have no means of supporting it. Yet marriages are contracted on the principle that the married couple shall be able to keep up the rank to which they have been accustomed under the paternal roof. It is such notions as this—engendered by Malthusian philosophers, and fostered by lazy pride—that are filling our country with "poor old maids," with coquettish young ladies, with nice cigar-smoking, good-for-nothing, young men.

Summer Riding Habit.—The new Empress of France, it is well known, is an accomplished horsewoman. The following description of an equestrian costume, just completed for her, will interest our fair readers. The dress is composed of the finest summer cloth—the waist very long and tending to a point in front; it is cut so as to come over the hips, thus forming the beginning of the lappet, which is from six to six and a half inches deep, very little separated in front and slightly rounded. The top of the corsage is high behind, open half way down in front, and accompanied by a roll collar of black silk, the sleeves reach to the waist and are half wide, like those of a gentleman's coat, the cuff is from three to four inches deep and bordered, as is like-

Digitized by Google

wise the body, by a very narrow silk ribbon; the wristband of the shirt appears below the cloth sleeve, and is fastened by two jet buttons. The waistcoat, which is high to the throat, is made of yellow embroidered *Valencias*, terminated by a little collar, not quite half an inch deep, covering the lower part of the blue watered silk cravat which supports a small white cambric collar. The skirt of the habit is plaited all around, and sewed to a flat piece, thereby avoiding any thickness at the wrist. A man's black beaver hat, with a low crown and a black ostrich feather, retained in front by a ribbon bow, and falling to the side, completes the costume.

THE EVENING BULLETIN.—We publish, on our cover, an engraving of the celebrated "Bulletin Buildings," occupied by the "Evening Bulletin," one of the most popular of our Philadelphia dailies. In the same building is published also "The Saturday Gazette," a well known and spirited weekly, formerly "Neal's Gazette." Of both these journals, Alexander Cummings, Esq., is proprietor. Mr. C. is an able, far-sighted, energetic man, and always up with the times; as the "Bulletin Buildings" show both by their beauty outside and by their completeness within. Their location is on Third street, just below Chesnut, in the very centre of business, and next door to the handsome edifice formerly occupied by the first United States Bank, but now leased by the Girard Bank. Perhaps no daily newspaper, in the entire country, has as handsome quarters as the "Evening Bulletin."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare's Plays. From Early Manuscript Corrections in a Copy of the Folio, 1632, in the Possession of J. Payne Collier. 1 vol. *New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber.*—It is well known that the plays of Shakspeare, when originally published, were printed, not from the author's manuscript, but from copies furnished by short-hand writers, who took down the several dramas as they heard them on the stage. The great poet seems never to have interested himself about the publication at all, appearing to have thought that the plays belonged exclusively to the theatres, to which they had been sold, and that it would be dishonorable in him to assist in destroying this monopoly. The result was, however, that the published copies were full of blunders, the short-hand writer often mistaking the meaning. In vain have commentators labored since to restore the original text. Moreover, in two centuries, many errors of printing and punctuation have crept in. The end has been that everybody who has read Shakspeare, has often been puzzled to tell what the great bard means, and sometimes has been forced to pronounce passages sheer nonsense. All have felt the necessity of corrections, but no one knew how to make them. Accident at last has done more to amend Shakspeare's text than the commentators in a hundred and fifty years.

About four years ago, a copy of the folio of 1632 was purchased, by Mr. Collier, who, some time before, had edited an edition of Shakspeare. The book lay unnoticed on his shelves for a considerable time, when, happening to open it one day, he discovered that it was full of manuscript corrections. Some of these striking him as particularly happy, he was induced to give the volume a full examination. He was rewarded by finding nearly twenty thousand emendations, scattered over the nine hundred pages of the folio, many of them of incalculable value, and most of them proving themselves. The book had evidently either been in use in some theatre, where its blunders had been corrected, or had belonged to some play-goer, thoroughly conversant with Shakspeare's text, as spoken by the actors. The great value of this waif from the past induced Mr. Collier to issue the most important of the corrections, in a supplemental volume to his edition of Shakspeare: and this is the book now republished by Mr. Redfield.

Our narrative of the causes of the defects in Shakspeare's text, and of the origin of these emendations is sufficient, we know, to induce all, who have a copy of the great English dramatist, to purchase this book as a necessary adjunct. Nevertheless we cannot resist giving a few of the corrections. Here are some where the short-hand writer has mistaken the words. In Cymbeline, where Imogen is speaking of an Italian courtezan whom she supposes to have seduced Posthumus, the common editions make her say:—

"Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him."

This arrant nonsense is corrected in Mr. Collier's folio, as follows:—

"Some jay of Italy,
Who smothers her with painting, hath betray'd him."

Again, in Coriolanus, Marcus says, in the ordinary editions:—

"You shames of Rome! you herd of —— Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, &c."

This the corrected folio makes to read thus sensibly:—

"You shames of Rome! *Unheard of boils and plagues*
Plaster you o'er, &c."

In Macbeth the following ridiculous passage occurs. It is where Lady Macbeth is reproaching her husband for not being ready to murder Duncan, though he had previously vaunted his determination to do it.

"What *beast* was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man."

None of the commentators could suggest the real meaning. Yet the misprint of a single letter causes all this nonsense. The real reading is as follows:—

"What *boast* was't then,
That made, &c."

Another example of a misprint, making a whole passage absurd, occurs in Falstaff's description of Mrs. Ford in the Merry Wives, Act I., Scene III. The common reading is: "She discourses, she *carves*, she gives the leer of invitation." By the simple transposition of two letters in the word "carves," turning it into "*craves*," the annotator makes the passage intelligible.

The reader is now able to judge for himself or herself of the great value of this volume. It has been published in a handsome, yet cheap style. A fac-simile of one of the pages of the original folio, containing corrections and all, makes an appropriate frontispiece.

Yusef. By J. Ross Browne. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is almost as fresh a book as "Eothen," and is decidedly better, in many respects, than "The Crescent and the Cross." The author is a young American, whom we remember, years ago, before he thought of travel, and when he first began to have an ambition to appear in print. Subsequently he went on a whaling voyage, wrote a capital book on the subject when he came home, and has since travelled through much of the East, and written this other book; while, all the while, we have been quietly sitting at home, here in Philadelphia, living as methodically as a vane on top of a meeting-house. So goes the world! We are glad to see an old contributor turn out such a popular writer, not only because we predicted it, but because he really deserved success. We advice all who wish an agreeable book, the best thing published on the Orient for many a day, to purchase this spicy volume.

The Mother and Her Offspring. By Stephen Tracy, M. D. Formerly a Missionary Physician of the A. B. C. F. M. to the Chinese. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—For young married females this is an excellent book. It is, indeed, the only one of the kind we have ever seen, which we can recommend. Much valuable information, indispensable to health, is contained in it, all imparted in a decorous manner, and with great clearness.

Carlotina and the Sanfadesti; or, A Night With the Jesuits at Rome. By Edmund Farrane. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Taylor.—This is a story of Italy, during the revolution of 1848. Its purpose, as may be seen from the title, is polemical as well as political. Parts of its display much power. But other parts appear to us in very bad taste.

Woman's Life; or, The Trials of Caprice. By Emilie Carlan. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A spirited story, by a Swedish author, who is regarded, in her country, as superior in many respects to Miss Bremer.

The History of the Crusades. By Joseph Francois Michaud. Translated from the French, by W. Robson. 3 vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—Of the many histories of the Crusades this is the most complete. For a long period it has enjoyed a European reputation of the highest character, so that we are surprised it has never before been translated into our tongue. Though an elaborate work, it is yet not a dull one, but, on the contrary, is often as absorbing as a romance. The more intelligent portion of the reading public owe their thanks to Mr. Redfield, for having placed these volumes before them, in so elegant a style, yet at so comparatively low a price. No other history of the Crusades will be read, in America, after this. Maps of Syria, and other places mentioned in the volume, depicting the boundaries of states in the time of the Crusades, accompany the work.

Vinet's Pastoral Theology. Translated and Edited by the Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D. D. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Whatever Dr. Skinner undertakes he does well, whether it is preaching a sermon, lecturing from the chair professorial, or translating a book. We need only say, therefore, that this famous work, on the theory of the evangelical ministry, will never, it is probable, find a better dress in our English tongue, and that consequently, all who are interested in the subject, should add it, as a standard book, to their collection.

Three Tales. Translated from the French of the Countess D'Arbourville. By M. B. Field. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Three charming stories, not only moral in the strictest sense, but told with a wonderful delicacy and beauty. Their titles are "The Village Doctor," "Resignation," and "Christian Van Amberg." The translation is not only faithful, but what is rare in such cases, idiomatic.

The Catanese. By Ella Rodman. 1 vol. New York: Bunnell & Price.—This is a literary effort, by our popular contributor, in a new field. Leaving, for the time, stories of modern life, she enters the world of medieval romance, choosing for her theme the life of Joanna of Naples. The tale is deeply interesting, and should have a large sale. It is neatly published.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

To Wash White Silk Stockings.—Wash in lukewarm water to get out the rough dirt, then boil in soap and water ten minutes; rinse in clean water and wash again with white soap if necessary. For flesh color, a little saucer pink may be used in the rinsing water; for pale lilac, cudbear, tied in a bit of muslin and squeezed in cold water in which a bit of washing soda has been dissolved. Dry and put them face to face on a leg tree, then polish them with a glass rubber, or send them to be calendered or mangled. Care must be taken not to give too deep a shade of color.

Digitized by Google

To make an Omelette Souflee.—Separate as they are broken the whites from the yolks of six eggs; beat the yolks thoroughly, first by themselves, and then with four tablespoonfuls of dry sifted white sugar, and the rind of a lemon, finely rasped. Whisk the whites to a solid froth, and just before the omelet is poured into the pan, mix them well but lightly with the yolks. Put four ounces of fresh butter into an omelet or small frying-pan, and, as soon as it is all dissolved, add the eggs, and stir them round, that they may absorb it entirely. When the under side is just set, turn the omelet into a well buttered dish, and put it in a tolerably brisk oven. From five to ten minutes will bake it, and it must be served the instant it is taken out. It will have risen to a great height, but will sink and become heavy in a very short space of time. Sugar may be sifted over it, but must be done very quickly.

To Prevent Rust.—Add to a quart of cold water half a pound of quick lime; let this stand until the top is quite clear; pour off the clear liquid, and stir up with it a quantity of sweet oil, until the mixture becomes a thick cream, or rather of the consistence of butter which has been melted for the table, and become cold. Rub the iron or steel which is to be put by with this mixture, and then wrap it in paper. Knives, &c., treated in this way will not acquire the least rust. If the nature of the articles will not admit of their being wrapped in paper, they will still remain free from rust, by covering them more thickly with the mixture.

To Pickle Tomatas.—Select those which are mature, but not dead ripe. Short stalks may be left upon them, as they will be ornamented rather than otherwise. Wipe them dry with a soft cloth, put them in a jar, and mix them with a few eschalots and silver onions already pickled and fit for eating; cover the whole with cold vinegar in which the usual spices have been boiled, close the jar, and in three weeks its contents will be ready for use.

To Preserve Eggs.—Put them in a jar with bran, to prevent their breaking; cork and hermetically seal the jar; put into a vessel of water heated to two hundred degrees Fahr., or twelve degrees under boiling. The vessel with water being taken from the fire, the water must cool till the finger may be borne in it; remove the jar. The eggs may then be taken out and will keep for six months.

To Wash Blonde.—Wind it singly on a bottle, then cover this fold with two or three of muslin. Soak in clean strong soap suds and rub and press through the muslin till all dirt is removed. Rinse well without removing and apply to it a weak solution of gum arabic. Dry it nearly by applying cloths, and as it is unrolled pass an iron over it.

Cream may be Preserved for several weeks by dissolving in water an equal quantity of white sugar to the cream you wish to keep. Use only as much water as will dissolve the sugar, and make a rich syrup. Boil this, and while hot add the cream, stirring them well together. When cold, put in a bottle and well cork.

To Clean a Gold Chain.—Dissolve three ounces of sal ammoniac in six ounces of water, and boil the article in it; then boil for a few minutes in a quart of water, with two ounces of soft soap; wash afterward in cold water, rub dry, and shake the chain for some time in a bag with dry bran.

Sugar and Bread should be very sparingly given to canaries; but they suffer more from sudden changes in temperature than most people are aware of, and should be shaded from the intense heat of the sun, as well as never be hung in a current of air.

To wash a Feather.—Pass through a strong and hot solution of white soap; rinse in tepid, then in cold water; then bleach with sulphur vapor, and placing it near the fire, pick out every part with a bodkin, frequently shaking it.

Strawberry-Runners should be pegged down for planting in new beds in June, and in August or September be planted in a rich soil well manured; all runners and blossoms should be cut off the plants the first year.

Animal Food is rendered harder and less digestible by being salted. Meat may be preserved fresh for months, by being immersed in molasses.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

We give, this month, a fashion plate engraved on steel, representing the most graceful costumes of the season for children: also a walking dress, and patterns for a berthe and canezou, inserted below.

Fig. I.—Dress for a little Girl seven or eight years old.—Skirt, chemisette and sleeves of fine white lawn, and a bodice *a la Raphael* of dark blue silk, or black velvet. Pantalettes of cambric, with a deep hem. Gaiters of dove colored cashmere.

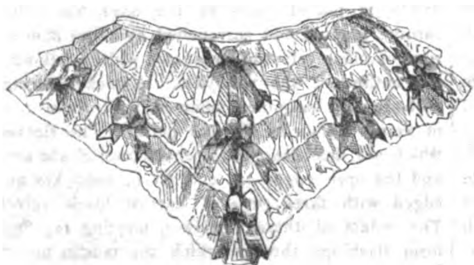
Fig. II.—Dress for a Boy eight or nine years of age.—Pantaloons of dark blue *cashmarette,* gathered slightly at the waist. Jacket of white linen, nearly plain on the shoulders, and fuller at the waist; medium sized shirt sleeves, and a wide collar turned down over a gay plaided handkerchief. Gaiters of drab colored cloth, with patent leather tips.

Fig. III.—Visiting Dress of Cinnamon colored Chalais.—The skirt is trimmed in a very novel style: a bias piece of silk, cut out in large vandykes, is placed quite at the edge, the points turning upward, and surrounded by about a dozen rows of black velvet of graduated widths, following the outline of the vandykes. A jacket corsage with square basquines trimmed with three rows of velvet set on in Chinese points. The sleeves, which are demi-long, are open in front of the arm, and the open edges are cut out in vandykes and edged with three rows of narrow black velvet. The points of these vandykes, meeting together, form slashings, through which the muslin under-sleeves are seen in full puffings. About the middle of the lower arm the fulness of the under-sleeve is

Digitized by Google

III.

IV.



V.

gathered on a band of needle-work insertion, to the lower end of which are attached two ruffles of muslin ornamented with needle-work, falling as low as the wrist. Bonnet of white silk, with a white ostrich feather on each side. Under-trimming, flowers and loops of ribbon, and a plait of hair passed across the upper part of the forehead. We give this dress chiefly to show our readers a new style of sleeve.

Fig. iv.—Canezou.—This very elegant canezou is composed of rows of lace and puffings of tulle, with runnings of pink ribbon within the latter. The ends of the canezou cross one over the other in front of the waist, where they are fastened with a bow of pink satin ribbon. Bows of the same on the shoulders. The sleeves are formed of puffings of tulle, edged with rows of lace.

Fig. v.—Berthe.—The form is half high, and the foundation of tulle is covered with rows of lace set on in easy fulness. The trimming in our pattern is blue satin ribbon, but the color of the trimming should harmonize with the dress with which it is intended to be worn.

General Remarks.—The dress-makers have confirmed our prophecy of "low necked" dresses for the warm weather, and for this reason we have given the cut of the beautiful and becoming *canezou* in our present number. Embroidery, lace, and tulle illusion will be plentifully levied upon for this graceful addition to the toilet. Some of the low corsages which we have seen have fronts like that of the *canezou*, except that the ends instead of hanging loose are fastened back nearly under the arms. The open space in front is filled with rows of lace.

For summer Bonnets, a favorite trimming is very light creeping branches, that is to say they do not simply hang down at the side, but run along the bonnet; the inside is trimmed in the same manner. The branches are made of lilacs, bindweed, periwinkles, or simply of verdure. A good many straw flowers of extraordinary delicacy will also be worn, which are inferior only to the feather clematis, the most graceful thing in the world.

Some new Talmas, which have just been imported, are made very small, very much like the old-fashioned "fireman's" or circular cape, reaching just to the waist, and trimmed with three rows of black lace with deep-pointed edge, set on with a *very* slight fulness to a black net foundation. Black silk is not so much worn as formerly for mantillas, the fancy colors predominating, as apple green, lilac, and the different shades of drab, and dove. These two latter colors are more universally worn, as they most readily harmonise with any dress or bonnet. Black is also good for this season.

Digitized by Google